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# QUIET HOURS.

*A COLLECTION OF POEMS.*

Second Series.

*Mrs. Mary W. F. Tilton*

“O Thou, the primal fount of life and peace,  
Who shedd’st Thy breathing quiet all around,  
In me command that pain and conflict cease,  
And turn to music every jarring sound.”

BOSTON:  
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THIS little volume, like the first series of "Quiet Hours," contains poems of nature and religion.

I must express my thanks to the authors who have kindly allowed me to make this use of their poems, and to the publishers who have been so good as to permit me to print copyrighted poems, — Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., and Messrs. Roberts Brothers. To the latter I am indebted for several poems by Jean Ingelow, from a volume called "Holy Songs, Carols, and Sacred Ballads."

M. W. T.

NOVEMBER, 1880.





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# QUIET HOURS.

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## NATURE.

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### FROM "THE PRELUDE."

Ere we retired,  
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky  
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse  
And open field, through which the pathway wound,  
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent  
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,  
Glorious as e'er I had beheld — in front,  
The sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,  
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,  
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light ;  
And in the meadows and the lower grounds  
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn —  
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,  
And laborers going forth to till the fields.

Ah ! need I say, dear Friend ! that to the brim  
My heart was full ; I made no vows, but vows  
Were then made for me ; bond unknown to me

Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,  
 A dedicated Spirit. On I walked  
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## THE VOICES OF NATURE.

· · · · ·  
**V**OICE of Nature in the heart,  
 Narrow though our science, though  
 Here we only know in part,  
 Give us faith in what we know !  
 To a fuller life aspiring,  
 Satisfy the heart's desiring : —

Tell us of a force, behind  
 Nature's force, supreme, alone :  
 Tell us of a larger mind  
 Than the partial power we own :  
 Tell us of a Being wholly  
 Wise and great and just and holy : —

Toning down the pride of mind  
 To a wiser humbleness,  
 Teach the limits of mankind,  
 Weak to know, and prompt to guess,  
 On the mighty shores that bound us  
 Childlike gathering trifles round us : —

Teach how, yet, what here we know  
 To the unknown leads the way,



As the light that, faint and low,  
    Prophesies consummate day ;  
How the little arc before us  
Proves the perfect circle o'er us : —

How the marr'd unequal scheme  
    That on all sides here we meet,  
Either is a lawless dream,  
    Or must somewhere be complete ; —  
Where or when, if near, or distant,  
Known but to the One Existent.

— He is. We meanwhile repair  
    From the noise of human things  
To the fields of larger air,  
    To the shadow of His wings :  
Listening for His message only  
In the wild with Nature lonely.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

FROM "THE RECLUSE."

OF truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,  
    And melancholy fear subdued by faith ;  
Of blessed consolations in distress ;  
Of moral strength and intellectual power ;  
Of joy in widest commonalty spread ;  
Of the individual mind that keeps her own  
Inviolatè retirement, subject there  
To conscience only, and the law supreme

Of that intelligence which governs all —  
 I sing: “fit audience let me find, though few!”

Beauty — a living presence of the earth,  
 Surpassing the most fair ideal forms  
 Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed  
 From earth’s materials — waits upon my steps ;  
 Pitches her tents before me as I move,  
 An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves  
 Elysian, fortunate fields — like those of old  
 Sought in the Atlantic main — why should they be  
 A history only of departed things,  
 Or a mere fiction of what never was ?  
 For the discerning intellect of man,  
 When wedded to this goodly universe  
 In love and holy passion, shall find these  
 A simple produce of the common day.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### RESUSCITATION OF FANCY.

THE edge of thought was blunted by the stress  
 Of the hard world ; my fancy had wax’d dull,  
 All Nature seemed less nobly beautiful, —  
 Robbed of her grandeur and her loveliness ;  
 Methought the Muse within my heart had died,  
 Till, late, awaken’d at the break of day,  
 Just as the East took fire and doff’d its gray,  
 The rich preparatives of light I spied ;

But one sole star — none other anywhere —  
 A wild-rose odor from the fields was borne ;  
 The lark's mysterious joy filled earth and air,  
 And from the wind's top met the hunter's horn ,  
 The aspen trembled wildly, and the morn  
 Breath'd up in rosy clouds, divinely fair !

CHARLES TURNER.

**M**OST sweet is it with unuplifted eyes  
 To pace the ground, if path be there or none,  
 While a fair region round the traveller lies  
 Which he forbears again to look upon ;  
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
 The work of fancy, or some happy tone  
 Of meditation, slipping in between  
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
 If thought and love desert us, from that day  
 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse ;  
 With thought and love companions of our way,  
 Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,  
 The mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews  
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

FROM "ENDYMION."

**A** THING of beauty is a joy forever :  
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.  
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways  
 Made for our searching ; yes, in spite of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils  
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills  
 That for themselves a cooling covert make  
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,  
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :  
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;  
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :  
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

JOHN KEATS

FROM "DEJECTION : AN ODE."

**A** GRIEF without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
 In word, or sigh, or tear —  
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,  
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,  
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,  
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green :  
 And still I gaze — and with how blank an eye !  
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
 That give away their motion to the stars ;  
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,  
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen :  
 Yon crescent moon as fixed as if it grew  
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;  
 I see them all so excellently fair,  
 I see, not feel how beautiful they are ! •

My genial spirits fail ;  
 And what can these avail  
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?  
 It were a vain endeavor  
 Though I should gaze for ever  
 On that green light that lingers in the west :  
 I may not hope from outward forms to win  
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,  
 And in our life alone does Nature live :  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !  
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the earth —

And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

TO A SKYLARK.

**E**THEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 Mount, daring warbler ! — that love-prompted strain,  
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :  
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

**I**T is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;  
 The holy time is quiet as a nun  
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
 The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea.  
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder everlastingly.  
 Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,  
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;  
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1802

**T**HE evening breeze is blowing from the lea  
 Upon the fluttering elm ; thou hast a mind,  
 O star ! methinks, to settle in the tree —  
 But, ever baffled by the pettish wind,  
 Thou movest back and forward, and I find  
 A pastime for my thoughts in watching thee ;  
 In thy vast orbit thou art rolling now,  
 And wottest not how to my human eye  
 Thou seemest flouted by a waving bough,  
 Serving my fancy's needs right pleasantly ;  
 Thou wottest not — but He who made thee knows  
 Of all thy fair results both far and near,  
 Of all thine earthly, all thine heavenly shows —  
 The expression of thy beauty there and here.

CHARLES TURNER.

## "THREE YEARS SHE GREW."

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown.  
This child I to myself will take ;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse ; and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her : for her the willow bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.



“ The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

“ And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake. The work was done ;  
How soon my Lucy's race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And nevermore will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1799

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING.

LIFE with yon lambs, like day, is just begun,  
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.  
Does joy approach ? they meet the coming tide ;  
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun  
Pale twilight's lingering glooms, — and in the sun  
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied ;  
Or gambol, each with his shadow at his side,

Varying its shape wherever he may run.  
 As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew  
 All turn, and court the shining and the green,  
 Where herbs look up and opening flowers are seen,  
 Why to God's goodness cannot *we* be true?  
 And so, His gifts and promises between,  
 Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1838.

### WIND ON THE CORN.

FULL often as I rove by path or stile,  
 To watch the harvest ripening in the vale,  
 Slowly and sweetly, like a growing smile —  
 A smile that ends in laughter — the quick gale  
 Upon the breadths of gold-green wheat descends;  
 While still the swallow, with unbaffled grace,  
 About his viewless quarry dips and bends —  
 And all the fine excitement of the chase  
 Lies in the hunter's beauty: in the eclipse  
 Of that brief shadow, how the barley's beard  
 Tilts at the passing gloom, and wild-rose dips  
 Among the white-tops in the ditches reared:  
 And hedge-row's flowery breast of lace-work stirs  
 Faintly in that full wind that rocks the outstanding firs.

CHARLES TURNER.

## THE FELLED OAK:

GRASBY VICARAGE, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

**W**HEN the storm felled our oak, and thou, fair wold,  
 Wert seen beyond it, we were slow to take  
 The lesson taught ; for our old neighbor's sake,  
 We found thy distant presence wan and cold,  
 And gave thee no warm welcome, for whene'er  
 We tried to dream him back into the place  
 Where once he stood, the giant of his race,  
 'T was but to lift an eye and thou wert there,  
 His sad remembrancer, the monument  
 That told us he was gone. But thou hast blent  
 Thy beauty with our loss so long and well,  
 That in all future grief we may foretell  
 Some lurking good behind each seeming ill,  
 Beyond each fallen tree some fair blue hill.

CHARLES TURNER.

## A PHOTOGRAPH ON THE RED GOLD.

JERSEY, 1867.

**A**BOUT the knoll the airs blew fresh and brisk,  
 And, musing as I sat, I held my watch  
 Upon my open palm ; its smooth bright disk  
 Was uppermost, and so it came to catch,  
 And dwarf, the figure of a waving tree,

Backed by the West. A tiny sunshine peeped  
 About a tiny elm, — and both were steeped  
 In royal metal, flaming ruddily :  
 How lovely was that vision to behold !  
 How passing sweet that fairy miniature,  
 That streamed and flickered o'er the burning gold !  
 God of small things and great ! do Thou ensure  
 Thy gift of sight, till all my days are told,  
 Bless all its bliss, and keep its pleasures pure !

CHARLES TURNER.

THIS gray round world, so full of life,  
 Of hate and love, of calm and strife,  
 Still ship-like on for ages fares.  
 How grand it sweeps the eternal blue !  
 Glide on, fair vessel, till thy crew  
 Discern how great a lot is theirs.

JOHN STERLING.

### THE ROBIN.

THOU need'st not flutter from thy half-built nest,  
 Whene'er thou hear'st man's hurrying feet go by,  
 Fearing his eye for harm may on thee rest,  
 Or he thy young unfinished cottage spy ;  
 All will not heed thee on that swinging bough,  
 Nor care that round thy shelter spring the leaves,  
 Nor watch thee on the pool's wet margin now  
 For clay to plaster straws thy cunning weaves :

All will not hear thy sweet out-pouring joy,  
 That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song,  
 For over-anxious cares their souls employ,  
 That else upon thy music borne along  
 And the light wings of heart-ascending prayer  
 Had learned that Heaven is pleased thy simple joys to  
 share.

JONES VERY.

### ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM, PAINTED BY  
 SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile !  
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :  
 I saw thee every day ; and all the while  
 Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !  
 So like, so very like, was day to day !  
 Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;  
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no sleep ;  
 No mood which season takes away, or brings :  
 I could have fancied that the mighty deep  
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! *then*, if mine had been the painter's hand,  
 To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,  
 The light that never was, on sea or land,  
 The consecration, and the poet's dream,

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,  
Amid a world how different from this !  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile,  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss

A picture had it been of lasting ease,  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;  
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
Such picture would I at that time have made ;  
And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been ; 't is so no more ;  
I have submitted to a new control :  
A power is gone which nothing can restore ;  
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been !  
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;  
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend who would have been the  
friend,  
If he had lived, of him \* whom I deplore,  
This work of thine I blame not, but commend —  
This sea in anger and that dismal shore.

\* His brother, Captain John Wordsworth, who was lost at sea.

Oh, 't is a passionate work — yet wise and well,  
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;  
 That hulk which labors in the deadly swell,  
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear.

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which it braves,  
 Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,  
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
 Housed, in a dream, at distance from the kind !  
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
 Is to be pitied, for ' tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,  
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne !  
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here ! —  
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1805.

SEE what a lovely shell,  
 Small and pure as a pearl,  
 Lying close to my foot,  
 Frail, but a work divine,  
 Made so fairily well  
 With delicate spire and whorl,  
 How exquisitely minute,  
 A miracle of design.

What is it? a learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name!  
Let him name it who can,  
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore.  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow frill?  
Did he push, when he was uncurled,  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
Thro' his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap  
Of my finger-nail on the sand,  
Small, but a work divine,  
Frail, but of force to withstand,  
Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three-decker's oaken spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock,  
Here on the Breton strand.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



## THE RECOLLECTION.

## I.

WE wandered to the pine forest  
That skirts the ocean's foam ;  
The lightest wind was in its nest,  
The tempest in its home.  
The whispering waves were half asleep,  
The clouds were gone to play,  
And on the bosom of the deep  
The smile of Heaven lay ;  
It seemed as if the hour were one  
Sent from beyond the skies,  
Which scattered from above the sun  
A light of Paradise.

## II.

We paused amid the pines that stood  
The giants of the waste,  
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
As serpents interlaced.  
And soothed by every azure breath,  
That under heaven is blown,  
To harmonies and hues beneath,  
As tender as its own ;  
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,  
Like green waves on the sea,  
As still as in the silent deep  
The ocean-woods may be.

## III.

How calm it was ! — the silence there  
By such a chain was bound,  
That even the busy woodpecker  
Made stiller by her sound  
The inviolable quietness ;  
The breath of peace we drew  
With its soft motion made not less  
The calm that round us grew.  
There seemed from the remotest seat  
Of the wide mountain waste,  
To the soft flower beneath our feet,  
A magic circle traced,  
A spirit interfused around,  
A thrilling silent life ;  
To momentary peace it bound  
Our mortal nature's strife ; —  
And still I felt the centre of  
The magic circle there,  
Was one fair form that filled with love  
The lifeless atmosphere.

## IV.

We paused beside the pools that lie  
Under the forest bough ;  
Each seemed as 't were a little sky  
Gulfed in a world below ;

A firmament of purple light,  
Which in the dark earth lay,  
More boundless than the depth of night,  
And purer than the day —  
In which the lovely forests grew,  
As in the upper air,  
More perfect both in shape and hue  
Than any spreading there.  
There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,  
And through the dark-green wood  
The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
Out of a speckled cloud.  
Sweet views which in our world above  
Can never well be seen,  
Were imaged by the water's love  
Of that fair forest green :  
And all was interfused beneath  
With an Elysian glow,  
An atmosphere without a breath,  
A softer day below.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## AN EVENING VOLUNTARY.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR  
AND BEAUTY.

### I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
With flying haste, I might have sent  
Among the speechless clouds, a look  
Of blank astonishment ;

But 't is endued with power to stay,  
And sanctify one closing day,  
That frail mortality may see —  
What is ? — ah no, but what *can* be !  
Time was when field and watery cove  
With modulated echoes rang,  
While choirs of fervent angels sang  
Their vespers in the grove ;  
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,  
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite,  
Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
From hill or valley, could not move  
Sublimier transport, purer love,  
Than doth this silent spectacle — the gleam —  
The shadow and the peace supreme !

## II.

No sound is uttered, — but a deep  
And solemn harmony pervades  
The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
And penetrates the glades.  
Far-distant images draw nigh,  
Called forth by wondrous potency  
Of beamy radiance, that imbues  
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues !  
In vision exquisitely clear,  
Herds range along the mountain side ;  
And glistening antlers are descried,  
And gilded flocks appear.

Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal eve !  
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,  
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
That this magnificence is wholly thine !  
From worlds not quickened by the sun  
A portion of the gift is won ;  
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread  
On ground which British shepherds tread.

## III.

And if there be whom broken ties  
Afflict, or injuries assail,  
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes  
Present a glorious scale,  
Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
To stop — no record hath told where !  
And tempting fancy to ascend,  
And with immortal Spirits blend !  
— Wings at my shoulders seem to play ;  
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
On those bright steps that heavenward raise  
Their practicable way.  
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,  
And see to what fair countries ye are bound !  
And if some traveller, weary of his road,  
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,  
Ye Genii ! to his covert speed,  
And wake him with such gentle heed  
As may attune his soul to meet the dower  
Bestowed on this transcendent hour !

## IV.

Such hues from their celestial urn  
 Were wont to stream before mine eye,  
 Where'er it wandered in the morn  
 Of blissful infancy.  
 This glimpse of glory why renewed?  
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;  
 For, if a vestige of those gleams  
 Survived, 't was only in my dreams.  
 Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve  
 No less than Nature's threatening voice,  
 If aught unworthy be my choice,  
 From Thee if I would swerve;  
 Oh! let Thy grace remind me of the light  
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;  
 Which, at this moment, on my waking sight  
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored;  
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,  
 Rejoices in a second birth!  
 — 'T is past. The visionary splendor fades,  
 And Night approaches with her shades.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## AN EVENING VOLUNTARY.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND (EASTER-SUNDAY,  
 APRIL 7), THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

THE sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,  
 Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,  
 Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,

Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.  
 Look round — of all the clouds not one is moving ;  
 'T is the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.  
 Silent and steadfast as the vaulted sky,  
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie :  
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore ?  
 No ; 't is the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
 Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be !

Thou Power Supreme ! who, arming to rebuke  
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,  
 And clothe Thyself with terrors like the flood  
 Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,  
 Whatever discipline Thy will ordain  
 For the brief course that must for me remain,  
 Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice  
 In admonitions of Thy softest voice !  
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,  
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of Thy grace,  
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere,  
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear ;  
 Glad to expand ; and, for a season, free  
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TO LADY FITZGERALD,  
 IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

SUCH age how beautiful ! O Lady bright,  
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined  
 By favoring Nature and a saintly mind

To something purer and more exquisite  
Than flesh and blood ; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,  
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,  
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,  
And head that droops because the soul is meek,  
Thee with the welcome snowdrop I compare ;  
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb  
From desolation toward the genial prime ;  
Or with the moon conquering earth's misty air,  
And filling more and more with crystal light  
As pensive evening deepens into night.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE HARVEST MOON.

**H**OW peacefully the broad and golden moon  
Comes up to gaze upon the reapers' toil !  
That they who own the land for many a mile  
May bless her beams, and they who take the boon  
Of scattered ears ; Oh ! beautiful ! how soon  
The dusk is turned to silver without soil,  
Which makes the fair sheaves fairer than at noon,  
And guides the gleaner to his slender spoil ;  
So, to our souls, the Lord of love and might  
Sends harvest-hours, when daylight disappears ;  
When age and sorrow, like a coming night,  
Darken our field of work with doubts and fears,  
He times the presence of His heavenly light  
To rise up softly o'er our silver hairs.

CHARLES TURNER.



## ORION.

**H**OW oft I've watched thee from the garden croft,  
 In silence, when the busy day was done,  
 Shining with wondrous brilliancy aloft,  
 And flickering like a casement 'gainst the sun :  
 I've seen thee soar from out some snowy cloud,  
 Which held the frozen breath of land and sea,  
 Yet broke and severed as the wind grew loud. —  
 But earth-bound winds could not dismember thee,  
 Nor shake thy frame of jewels ; I have guessed  
 At thy strange shape and function, haply felt  
 The charm of that old myth about thy belt  
 And sword ; but, most, my spirit was possest  
 By His great presence, Who is never far  
 From His light-bearers, whether man or star.

CHARLES TURNER.

## FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

## CXIX.

**S**AD Hesper o'er the buried sun,  
 And ready, thou, to die with him,  
 Thou watchest all things ever dim  
 And dimmer, and a glory done ;

The team is loosened from the wain,  
 The boat is drawn upon the shore ;  
 Thou listenest to the closing door,  
 And life is darkened in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,  
 By thee the world's great work is heard  
 Beginning, and the wakeful bird ;  
 Behind thee comes the greater light :

The market-boat is on the stream,  
 And voices hail it from the brink ;  
 Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,  
 And seest the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name  
 For what is one, the first, the last,  
 Thou, like my present and my past,  
 Thy place is changed, thou art the same.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the west,  
 The evening star does shine ;  
 The birds are silent in their nest,  
 And I must seek for mine.  
 The moon, like a flower  
 In heaven's high bower,  
 With silent delight,  
 Sits and smiles on the night.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## MORNING AND EVENING.



### A MORNING PRAYER.

THE golden morn flames up the eastern sky,  
And what dark night had hidden from every eye  
All-piercing daylight summons clear to view :  
And all the forests, vale or plain or hill,  
That slept in mist enshrouded, dark and still,  
In gladsome light are glittering now anew.

Shine in my heart, and bring me joy and light,  
Sun of my darkened soul, dispel its night,  
And shed in it the truthful day abroad ;  
And all the many gloomy folds lay bare  
Within this heart, that fain would learn to wear  
The pure and glorious likeness of its Lord.

Glad with Thy light, and glowing with Thy love,  
So let me ever speak and think and move  
As fits a soul new-touched with life from Heaven,  
That seeks but so to order all her course  
As most to show the glory of that Source  
By whom her strength, her hope, her life are given.

I ask not take away this weight of care ;  
No, for that love I pray that all can bear,  
    And for the faith that whatsoe'er befall  
Must needs be good, and for my profit prove,  
Since from my Father's heart most rich in love,  
    And from His bounteous hands it cometh all.

I ask not that my course be calm and still ;  
No, here too, Lord, be done Thy holy will ;  
    I ask but for a quiet childlike heart ;  
Though thronging cares and restless toil be mine,  
Yet may my heart remain forever Thine,  
    Draw it from earth, and fix it where Thou art.

True Morning Sun of all my life, I pray  
That not in vain Thou shine on me to-day,  
    Be Thou my light, when all around is gloom ;  
Thy brightness, hope, and courage on me shed,  
That I may joy to see when life is fled  
    The setting sun that brings the pilgrim home.

C. J. P. SPITTA.

## MORNING HYMN.

SWEET Morn ! from countless cups of gold  
Thou liftest reverently on high  
More incense fine than earth can hold,  
To fill the sky.

One interfusion wide of love,  
Thine airs and odors moist ascend,  
And 'mid the azure depths above,  
With light they blend.

The lark, by his own carol blest,  
From thy green arbors eager springs ;  
And his large heart in little breast  
Exulting sings.

A joy from hidden paradise  
Is rippling down the shiny brooks,  
With beauty like the gleams of eyes  
In tenderest looks.

The fly his jocund round inweaves,  
With choral strains the birds salute  
The voiceful flocks, and nothing grieves,  
And naught is mute.

In man, O Morn ! a loftier good,  
With conscious blessing, fills the soul,  
A life by reason understood,  
Which metes the whole.

From earth, and earthly toil and strife,  
 To deathless aims his love may rise,  
 Each dawn may wake to better life,  
 With purer eyes.

Such grace from Thee, O God ! be ours,  
 Renewed with every morning's ray,  
 And freshening still with added flowers,  
 Each future day.

Like earth, awake, and warm and bright  
 With joy the spirit moves and burns ;  
 So up to Thee, O Fount of Light !  
 Our light returns.

JOHN STERLING.

ECCE JAM NOCTIS TENUATUR UMBRA.

**L**O, fainter now lie spread the shades of night,  
 And upward shoot the trembling gleams of morn ;  
 Suppliant we bend before the Lord of Light,  
 And pray at early dawn, —

That His sweet charity may all our sin  
 Forgive, and make our miseries to cease ;  
 May grant us health, grant us the gift divine  
 Of everlasting peace.

BREVIARY, translated by Edward Caswall.

## MORNING HYMN.

VOUCHSAFE, O LORD, TO KEEP US THIS DAY WITHOUT SIN !

**D**EAR Lord ! Thou bringest back the morn ;  
 Thy children wake ; Thy children pray :  
 O ! make our souls divinely yearn !  
 Pour Thy best beauty on the day !

Yes, make our best desire most strong !  
 O, let not sin one hour oppress ;  
 But spread each shining hour along  
 The beauty of Thy holiness.

In myriad gifts streams forth Thy love ;  
 What countless joys each minute brings !  
 But O ! the cleaving sin remove  
 That darkens all these precious things.

The thoughts, that in our hearts keep place,  
 Lord, make a holy, heavenly throng ;  
 And steep in innocence and grace  
 The issue of each guarded tongue.

Lend our slow feet that speed of Thine ;  
 Our busy hands from evil stay ;  
 Lord ! help us still to tasks divine —  
 Still keep us in the heavenly way.

The weaklings plead ; the sinners pray ;  
 But, Lord, Thy grace exceeds our sin :  
 We cannot ask too bright a day ;  
 Too much of Thee we cannot win.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL

## MORNING.

**A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

In conversation be sincere ;  
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;  
Think how All-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine  
Let thy own light to others shine ;  
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept !  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake !

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.



## COME TO ME.

COME to me, Lord, when first I wake,  
As the faint lights of morning break ;  
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,  
Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

Come to me in the sultry noon,  
Or earth's low communings will soon  
Of Thy dear face eclipse the light,  
And change my fairest day to night.

Come to me in the evening shade ;  
And if my heart from Thee have strayed,  
Oh! bring it back, and from afar  
Smile on me like Thine evening star.

Come to me through life's varied way,  
And when its pulses cease to play,  
Then, Father, bid me come to Thee,  
That where Thou art Thy child may\*be.

HENRY V. .

O SILENCE DEEP AND STRANGE.

O SILENCE deep and strange !  
 The earth doth yet in quiet slumber lie,  
 No stir of life, save on yon woodland range,  
 The tall trees bow as if their Lord passed by.

Like to one new-create,  
 I have no memory of grief and care ;  
 Of all the things which vexed my soul of late  
 I am ashamed in this calm morning air.

This world, with all its band  
 Of clamorous joys and griefs, shall be to me  
 A bridge whereon, my pilgrim-staff in hand,  
 I cross the stream of Time, O Lord, to Thee.

J. F. EICHENDORF

RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEUS.

L ORD of eternal truth and might !  
 Ruler of Nature's changing scheme !  
 Who dost bring forth the morning light,  
 And temper noon's effulgent beam :

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,  
 The wasting fever of the heart,  
 From perils guard our feeble life,  
 And to our souls Thy peace impart.

BREVIARY.

## RULES AND LESSONS.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun  
 The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave  
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.

Give Him thy first thoughts then ; so shalt thou keep  
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures. Note the hush  
 And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring  
 Or leaf but hath his morning hymn. Each bush  
 And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing ?

O leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,  
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,  
 Keep thou thy temper ; mix not with each clay ;  
 Dispatch necessities ; life hath a load  
 Which must be carried on, and safely may.

Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart  
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Seek not the same steps with the crowd ; stick thou  
 To thy sure trot ; a constant, humble mind  
 Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too ;  
 Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet self-privacy in a right soul  
 Outruns the earth, and lines the utmost pole.

When night comes, list thy deeds ; make plain the way  
 'Twixt heaven and thee ; block it not with delays,  
 But perfect all before thou sleep'st : then say,  
 " There 's one sun more strung on my bead of days."  
 What 's good score up for joy ; the bad well scanned  
 Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close not thy eyes  
 Up with thy curtains ; give thy soul the wing  
 In some good thoughts ; so when the day shall rise,  
 And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring  
 New flames ; besides where these lodge, vain heats  
 mourn  
 And die ; that bush, where God is, shall not burn.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

### THE HOURS.

THE minutes have their trusts as they go by,  
 To bear His love who wings their viewless flight ;  
 To Him they bear their record as they fly,  
 And never from their ceaseless round alight.  
 Rich with the life Thou livest they come to me,  
 Oh may I all that life to others show ;  
 That they from strife may rise and rest in Thee,  
 And all thy peace in Christ by me may know.  
 Then shall the morning call me from my rest,  
 With joyful hope that I Thy child may live ;

And when the evening comes 't will make me blest,  
 To know that Thou wilt peaceful slumbers give ;  
 Such as thou dost to weary laborers send,  
 Whose sleep from Thee doth with the dews descend.

JONES VERY.

### THE NIGHT.

DEAR night ! this world's defeat ;  
 The stop to busy fools ; care's check and curb ;  
 The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat  
 Which none disturb !  
 Christ's progress and his prayer time ;  
 The hours to which high heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight :  
 When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all  
 His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;  
 His still, soft call ;  
 His knocking time ; the soul's dumb watch,  
 When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud evil days  
 Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,  
 Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice  
 Is seldom rent ;  
 Then I in heaven all the year  
 Would keep, and never wander here.

There is in God, some say,  
 A deep, but dazzling darkness ; as men here  
 Say it is late and dusky, because they  
     See not all clear.  
 O for that night ! where I in Him  
 Might live invisible and dim.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

### EVENING.

*" Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor till the evening."*

THE sun is gone, the long clouds break  
     And sink adown his golden wake ;  
 Behold us, met now work is done  
 To seek Thy grace at evensong.

Half-hearted, tardy, cold are we,  
 Warm us, and draw our souls to Thee ;  
 Draw us to follow, as the sun,  
 Thy servant, vassal worlds draw on.

We would not meagre gifts down-call  
 When Thou dost yearn to yield us all ;  
 But for this life, this little hour,  
 Ask all Thy love and care and power.

Show us thy pureness, here, on earth ;  
 Into Thy kingdom give us birth.  
 We would not wish or dare, to wait  
 In better worlds a better state.

But save us now, and cleanse us now,  
 Receive each soul and hear its vow :  
 " My father's God, on Thee I call,  
 Thou shalt be my God, and my All."

JEAN INGELOW.

### ABIDE WITH ME.

**A**BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide ;  
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
 Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;  
 Change and decay in all around I see ;  
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

HENRY F. LYON

## EVENING.

'T IS gone, that bright and orbéd blaze  
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;  
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

When round Thy wondrous works below  
My searching rapturous glance I throw,  
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,  
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ; —

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
And all the flowers of life unfold ;  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.



## VESPER HYMN.

THE day is done, the weary day of thought and toil  
is past,  
Soft falls the twilight cool and gray on the tired earth  
at last :  
By wisest teachers wearied, by gentlest friends oppressed,  
In Thee alone, the soul, outworn, refreshment finds  
and rest.

Bend, Gracious Spirit, from above, like these o'er-  
arching skies,  
And to Thy firmament of Love lift up these longing  
eyes ;  
And, folded by Thy sheltering Hand, in refuge still  
and deep,  
Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as drop the  
dews of sleep.

And when refreshed the soul once more puts on new  
life and power ;  
Oh, let Thine image, Lord, alone, gild the first waking  
hour !  
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow, fairer than  
Morn's first ray,  
And Thy pure radiance overflow the splendor of the day.

So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,  
 When deeper slumber shall be given, and fresher life  
     be born,  
 Shine out, true Light! to guide my way amid that  
     deepening gloom,  
 And rise, O Morning Star, the first that dayspring to  
     illumine!

I cannot dread the darkness where Thou wilt watch  
     o'er me,  
 Nor smile to greet the sunrise unless Thy smile I see;  
 Creator, Saviour, Comforter! on Thee my soul is cast;  
 At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be Thou my  
     First and Last!

ELIZA SCUDDER, October, 1874.

### NIGHT.

I THANK Thee, Father, that the night is near  
 When I this conscious being may resign;  
 Whose only task Thy words of love to hear,  
 And in Thy acts to find each act of mine;  
 A task too great to give a child like me,  
 The myriad-handed labors of the day,  
 Too many for my closing eyes to see,  
 Thy words too frequent for my tongue to say;  
 Yet when Thou see'st me burdened by Thy love,  
 Each other gift more lovely then appears,  
 For dark-robed night comes hovering from above,  
 And all Thine other gifts to me endears;  
 And while within her darkened couch I sleep,  
 Thine eyes untired above will constant vigils keep.

JONES VERY.

## INWARD STRIFE.



### SIN.

L ORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round !  
Parents first season us : then schoolmasters  
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound  
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,  
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,  
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,  
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,  
The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;  
Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;  
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array  
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## THE SINFUL WISH.

**I**F I have sinned in act, I may repent ;  
 If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim  
 My silent error, and yet feel no shame ;  
 But if my soul, big with an ill intent,  
 Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,  
 Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse  
 And incapacity of being worse,  
 That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent  
 In keen expectance of a Carnival, —  
 Where, in all worlds that round the sun revolve  
 And shed their influence on this passive ball,  
 Abides a power that can my soul absolve ?  
 Could any sin survive and be forgiven,  
 One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## “MULTUM DILEXIT.”

**S**HE sat and wept beside His feet ; the weight  
 Of sin oppressed her heart ; for all the blame,  
 And the poor malice of the worldly shame,  
 To her was past, extinct, and out of date ;  
 Only the *sin* remained, — the leprous state ;  
 She would be melted by the heat of love,  
 By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove  
 And purge the silver ore adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair  
 Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch ;  
 And He wiped off the soiling of despair  
 From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.  
 I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears :  
 Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

O FATHER ! I have sinnéd. I have done  
 The thing I thought I never more should do.  
 My days were set before me, light all through,  
 But I have made them dark, — alas ! too true, —  
 And drawn dense clouds between me and my Sun.

Forgive me not, for grievous is my sin :  
 Yea, very deep and dark. Alas, I see  
 Such blackness in it, that I may not be  
 Forgiven of myself, — how then of Thee ? —  
 Vile, vile without ; black, utter black, within !

If my shut eyes should dare their lids to part,  
 I know how they must quail beneath the blaze  
 Of Thy Love's greatness. No ; I dare not raise  
 One prayer, to look aloft, lest it should gaze  
 On such forgiveness as would break my heart !

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

## LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER and fret and aimless stir,  
And disappointed strife,  
All chafing, unsuccessful things  
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,  
And sameness doubles cares,  
While one unbroken chain of work  
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke ;  
The streets resound with noise ;  
And the soul sinks to see its peers  
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me, smiles are near,  
Kind welcomes to be had,  
And yet my spirit is alone,  
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

Sweet thought of God, now do thy work,  
As thou hast done before ;  
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,  
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,  
Without or praise or prayer,  
Gives light to know, and life to do,  
And marvellous strength to bear.

O there is music in that thought,  
 Unto a heart unstrung,  
 Like sweet bells at the evening time  
 Most musically rung.

'T is not His justice, or His power,  
 Beauty or blest abode,  
 But the mere unexpanded thought  
 Of the eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,  
 Nor even that He is ;  
 Words fail it, but it is a thought  
 Which by itself is bliss.

I bless Thee, Lord, for this kind check  
 To spirits over free,  
 And for all things that make me feel  
 More helpless need of Thee.

FREDERICK WM. FABER.

### AN APPEAL.

WHAT mean these slow returns of love, these days  
 Of withered prayer, of dead, unflowering praise ?  
 These hands of twilight laid on me, to keep  
 Dusk veils on holy vision ? This most deep,  
 Most eyelid-heavy, lamentable sleep ?

Lo, time is precious as it was before ;  
 As sinful sin ; my goal as unattained :  
 And yet I drowse, and dream, and am not pained  
 At God far off as ever heretofore,  
 At sin as flagrant as of old, or more.

Dear Lord, what can I do ? I come to Thee,  
 I have none other helper. Thou art free  
 To save me, or to kill. But I appeal  
 To Thy dear love, which cannot otherwise deal  
 Than prove Thyself my friend, Thy will my weal.

Wake, wake me, Lord ! Arouse me. Let Thy fire  
 Loosen these icicles, and make them drop  
 And run into warm tears ; for I aspire  
 To hold Thee faster, dearer, warmer, nigher,  
 And love and serve Thee henceforth without stop.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

## A CRY OF THE SOUL.

'O DIEU DE VÉRITÉ, POUR QUI SEUL JE SOUPIRE.'

○ GOD of truth, for whom alone I sigh,  
 Knit Thou my heart by strong, sweet cords to Thee.  
 I tire of hearing ; books my patience try.  
 Untired to Thee I cry ;  
 Thyself my all shalt be.



Lord, be Thou near and cheer my lonely way ;  
 With Thy sweet peace my aching bosom fill ;  
 Scatter my cares and fears ; my griefs allay ;  
 And be it mine each day  
 To love and please Thee still.

My God ! Thou hearest me ; but clouds obscure  
 Even yet Thy perfect radiance, Truth divine !  
 Oh for the stainless skies, the splendors pure,  
 The joys that aye endure,  
 Where Thine own glories shine !

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE CORNEILLE.

### DIVINE LOVE.

THOU hidden love of God ! whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows —  
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose.  
 My heart is pained ; nor can it be  
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still  
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;  
 And fain I would ; but though my will  
 Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;  
 Yet hindrances strew all the way —  
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'T is mercy all, that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in Thee !  
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see.  
O when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to Theeward tend ?

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?  
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone —  
The Lord of every motion there !  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.

O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart  
To save me from low-thoughted care ;  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Through all its latent mazes there ;  
Make me Thy duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry !

Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
" I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

## PETTISHNESS.

**M**Y mind was ruffled with small cares to-day,  
And I said pettish words, and did not keep  
Long-suffering patience well; and now how deep  
My trouble for this sin! in vain I weep  
For foolish words I never can unsay.

Yet not in vain, oh surely not in vain! —  
This sorrow must compel me to take heed;  
And surely I shall learn how much I need  
Thy constant Strength my own to supersede,  
And all my thoughts to patience to constrain.

Yes, I shall learn at last; though I neglect,  
Day after day, to seek my help from Thee.  
O aid me, that I always recollect  
This gentle-heartedness; and O correct  
Whatever else of sin Thou seest in me!

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON, 1854

## PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

**F**ATHER, before Thy footstool kneeling,  
Once more my heart goes up to Thee,  
For aid, for strength, to Thee appealing,  
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Hear me ! for heart and flesh are failing,  
My spirit yielding in the strife ;  
And anguish, wild as unavailing,  
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

Not mine the grief which words may lighten ;  
Not mine the tears of common woe :  
The pang with which my heart-strings tighten,  
Only the All-seeing One may know.

And I am weak ; my feeble spirit  
Shrinks from life's task in wild dismay :  
Yet not that Thou that task wouldst spare it,  
My Father, do I dare to pray.

Into my soul Thy might infusing,  
Strengthening my spirit by Thine own,  
Help me, all other aid refusing,  
To cling to Thee, and Thee alone.

And oh ! in my exceeding weakness,  
Make Thy strength perfect ; Thou art strong :  
Aid me to do Thy will with meekness, —  
Thou, to whom all my powers belong.

Oh ! let me feel that Thou art near me ;  
Close to Thy side, I shall not fear :  
Hear me, O Strength of Israel, hear me ;  
Sustain and aid ! in mercy hear.

## UNCERTAINTY.

O FATHER, hear !  
The way is dark, and I would fain discern  
What steps to take, into which path to turn ;  
Oh ! make it clear.

It is Thy child,  
Who sits in dim uncertainty and doubt,  
Waiting and longing till the light shine out  
Upon the wild.

My Father, see  
I trust the faithfulness displayed of old,  
I trust the love that never can grow cold, —  
I trust in Thee.

And Thou wilt guide ;  
For Thou hast promised never to forsake  
The soul that Thee its confidence doth make ;  
I 've none beside.

Thou knowest me ;  
Thou knowest how I now in darkness grope ;  
And oh ! thou knowest that my only hope  
Is found in Thee.

## THE LOST CHERITH.

“He drank of the brook. And it came to pass after a while that the brook dried up.” 1 KINGS xvii. 6, 7.

THOU hast but claimed Thine own. Lord, I surrender  
 Thy precious loan ; for I would do Thy will.  
 Let me not doubt Thy love, so true and tender ;  
 Say to my quivering heart-strings, “Peace ; be still !”

Thou heard'st my cry when sore athirst and weary,  
 And on my path in pity cast Thine eyes ;  
 Then, in the arid waste, all parched and dreary,  
 Thou bad'st for me a bubbling streamlet rise.

“Drink,” Lord, thou saidst ; and I in mute thanksgiving  
 Drank of the stream that by the wayside burst,  
 Sweet drops of love from Thy deep fount upspringing,  
 That soothed my weariness, and quenched my thirst.

Now at Thy word dries up my pleasant Cherith ;  
 Oh, let me not in selfish grief repine !  
 Only Thy voice my mourning spirit heareth ;  
 Thou hast not taken mine, O Lord, but *Thine*.

“Nay, *thine* and *Mine*” (thus came a whisper stealing  
 On my sad heart, and tenderly it fell) ;  
 “That spring of joy I sent, My love revealing,  
 And its deep secret thou must ponder well.

“ ’T is Mine and thine. It was My love that lent it,  
Thy lonely pilgrim path to wander by ;  
Fear not, my child, it was thy Father sent it,  
And the same love now bids the brook run dry.

“ The cistern fails — the fountain flows for ever !  
Child, to My care thy dearest ones resign.  
My arms uphold thee, I will leave thee never,  
And all I am and all I have are thine.”

O Lord ! Thou art my fountain ever flowing ;  
Love passing knowledge, knowing no decline ;  
All, all is love, in taking or bestowing,  
And my sweet wayside brook is Thine and mine.

ANNA SHIPTON

### MY QUEST.

**L**ONG had I wavered ’twixt belief and doubt,  
This way and that, turning my faith about,  
To keep the truth and sift the error out.

My hold on truth seemed lessening day by day,  
The ancient landmarks failed to point the way ;  
I could not reason, I could only pray

That He who gladly hungry souls doth feed  
Might give me what was lacking to my need,  
And into ways of truth my footsteps lead.

And while my strong desire to God I brought,  
That He would grant the light and peace I sought,  
These words of Christ sprang sudden to my thought, —

“More blessed ’t is to give than to receive.”  
No more — no mystic dogma to believe,  
Only a thread in each day’s life to weave ;

Only a common duty, in such wise  
Transfigured by new light, that straight my eyes  
Saw how above all truth *true loving* lies ;

Saw that, forgetful of my own soul’s need,  
Filling my life with gracious thought and deed,  
I might leave time — and God — to shape my creed.

My prayer was answered ; not as I had thought,  
I had not found the knowledge that I sought,  
To live without it was the lesson taught.

The end of all my long and weary quest  
Is only failure ; yet a sense of rest,  
Of deep, unwonted quiet, fills my breast.

And though some vexing doubts still hold their place,  
Yet is my faith no measure for His grace,  
Whose hand still holds me though He hide His face.

And day by day I think I read more plain  
This crowning truth, that, spite of sin and pain,  
No life that God has given is lived in vain ;



But each poor, weak and sin-polluted soul  
 Shall struggle free at last, and reach its goal,  
 A perfect part of God's great perfect whole.

My heart believes — yet still I long for light,  
 Surely the morning cometh after night,  
 When Faith, the watcher, shall give place to sight !

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

CXXII.

THAT which we dare invoke to bless ;  
 Our dearest faith, our ghastliest doubt ;  
 He, They, One, All ; within, without ;  
 The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,  
 Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;  
 Nor through the questions men may try,  
 The petty cobwebs we have spun :

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,  
 I heard a voice, " Believe no more,"  
 And heard an ever-breaking shore  
 That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt  
 The freezing reason's colder part, .  
 And like a man in wrath the heart  
 Stood up and answered, " I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear :  
 But that blind clamor made me wise ;  
 Then was I as a child that cries,  
 But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am beheld again  
 What is, and no man understands ;  
 And out of darkness came the hands  
 That reach through nature, moulding men.

ALFRED TENNYSON

### LORD, I HAVE LAIN.

LORD, I have lain  
 Barren too long, and fain  
 I would redeem the time, that I may be  
 Fruitful to Thee ;  
 Fruitful in knowledge, love, obedience,  
 Ere I go hence :  
 That when I come  
 At harvest to be reapéd, and brought home,  
 Thine angels may  
 My soul in Thy celestial garner lay,  
 Where perfect joy and bliss  
 Eternal is.

If to entreat  
 A crop of purest wheat,  
 A blessing too transcendent should appear  
 For me to hear,

Lord, make me what Thou wilt, so Thou wilt take  
    What thou dost make,  
    And not disdain  
To house me, though among Thy coarsest grain ;  
    So I may be  
Laid with the gleanings gathered by Thee,  
    When the full sheaves are spent,  
    I am content.

FRANCIS QUARLES

## LIFE AND DUTY.



### LIFE MOSAIC.

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

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

### WORK.

**W**HAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;  
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,  
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,  
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.

God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,  
 To wrestle, not to reign ; and He assigns  
 All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,  
 For younger fellow-workers of the soil  
 To wear for amulets. So others shall  
 Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,  
 From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,  
 And God's grace fructify through thee to all.  
 The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,  
 And share its dew-drop with another near.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### ONE DAY AT A TIME.

ONLY one day  
 To bear the strain  
 Of living, and to battle with the pain.

Only one day  
 To satisfy  
 With food and covering, as the hours slip by.

Only one day ;  
 To-morrow's care,  
 To-morrow, if it come, itself shall bear.

Only one day ;  
 Then waste it not  
 In futile plannings *where the Lord is not*.

Only one day  
 God gives to me  
 At once — oh, may I use it faithfully !

EMMA S. WATSON.

## GOOD TEMPER.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,  
And half our misery from our foibles springs ;  
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
And though but few can serve, yet all may please ;  
O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,  
A small unkindness is a great offence.

HANNAH MORE.

## FROM "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

FOR something that abode endued  
With temple-like repose, an air  
Of life's kind purposes pursued  
With ordered freedom sweet and fair.  
A tent pitched in a world not right  
It seemed, whose inmates, every one,  
On tranquil faces bore the light  
Of duties beautifully done,  
And humbly, though they had few peers,  
Kept their own laws, which seemed to be  
The fair sum of six thousand years'  
Traditions of civility.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

## FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

CIX.

THE churl in spirit, howe'er he veil  
His want in forms for fashion's sake,  
Will let his coltish nature break  
At seasons through the gilded pale :

For who can always act? But he,  
To whom a thousand memories call,  
Not being less but more than all  
The gentleness he seemed to be,

So wore his outward best, and joined  
Each office of the social hour  
To noble manners, as the flower  
And native growth of noble mind ;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,  
Or villain fancy fleeting by,  
Drew in the expression of an eye,  
Where God and Nature met in light ;

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soiled with all ignoble use.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

“SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.”

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food ;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;



A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a spirit still, and bright  
 With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1804.

### THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

“The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.” Ps. xxv. 14.

JUST to let thy Father do  
 What He will ;  
 Just to know that He is true,  
 And be still.  
 Just to follow hour by hour  
 As He leadeth ;  
 Just to draw the moment's power  
 As it needeth.  
 Just to trust Him, this is all !  
 Then the day will surely be  
 Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,  
 Bright and blesséd, calm and free.

Just to trust, and yet to ask  
 Guidance still ;  
 Take the training or the task,  
 As He will.  
 Just to take the loss or gain,  
 As He sends it ;  
 Just to take the joy or pain,  
 As He lends it.

He who formed thee for His praise  
 Will not miss the gracious aim ;  
 So to-day and all thy days  
 Shall be moulded for the same !

Just to leave in His dear hand  
*Little* things,  
 All we cannot understand,  
 All that stings.  
 Just to let Him take the care  
 Sorely pressing,  
 Finding all we let Him bear  
 Changed to blessing.

This is all ! and yet the way  
 Marked by Him who loves thee best :  
 Secret of a happy day,  
 Secret of His promised rest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

**A**BOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw within the moonlight in the room,  
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold ;  
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
 And to the Presence in the room he said,  
 "What writest thou ?" The vision raised its head,  
 And with a look made all of sweet accord,  
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
 "And is mine one ?" said Adhem. "Nay, not so,"  
 Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,

But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."  
The angel wrote and vanished; the next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT

## VIRTUE.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky :  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
My music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

BE useful where thou livest, that they may  
 Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.  
 Kindness, good parts, great places are the way  
 To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,  
 And meet them there. All worldly joys go less  
 To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

I SEE them far away,  
 In their calm beauty, on the evening skies,  
 Across the golden west their summits rise,  
 Bright with the radiance of departing day ;  
 And often ere the sunset light was gone,  
 Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,  
 As with new strength, all weariness and pain  
 Forgotten in the hope those blissful heights to gain.

Heaven lies not far beyond,  
 But these are hills of earth, our changeful air  
 Circles around them, and the dwellers there  
 Still own mortality's mysterious bond.  
 The ceaseless contact, the continued strife  
 Of sin and grace, which can but close with life,  
 Is not yet ended, and the Jordan's roar  
 Still sounds between their path and the Celestial shore.

But there the pilgrims say,  
On these calm heights, the tumult and the noise  
Of all our busy cares and restless joys  
Has almost in the distance died away ;  
All the past journey a "right way" appears,  
Thoughts of the future wake no faithless fears,  
And, through the clouds, to their rejoicing eyes,  
The city's golden streets and pearly gates arise.

Courage, poor fainting heart !  
These happy ones in the far distance seen  
Were sinful wanderers once, as thou hast been,  
Weary and sorrowful, as now thou art.  
Linger no longer on the lonely plain,  
Press boldly onward, and thou too shalt gain  
Their vantage-ground, and then with vigor new,  
All thy remaining race and pilgrimage pursue.

Ah ! far too faint, too poor  
Are all our views and aims — we only stand  
Within the borders of the promised land,  
Its precious things we seek not to secure ;  
And thus our hands hang down, and oft unstrung  
Our harps are left the willow-trees among.  
Lord ! lead us forward, upward, till we know  
How much of heavenly bliss may be enjoyed below.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE DIVINE LIFE.

**H**UMBLE, and teachable, and mild,  
 O may I, as a little child,  
 My lowly Master's steps pursue !  
 Be anger to my soul unknown ;  
 Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone ;  
 In love create Thou all things new.

My will be swallowed up in Thee ;  
 Light in Thy light still may I see,  
 Beholding Thee with open face ;  
 Called the full power of faith to prove,  
 Let all my hallowed heart be love,  
 And all my spotless life be praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## TRUE MANLINESS.

**T**HRICE happy he whose name is writ above,  
 And doeth good though gaining infamy ;  
 Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,  
 And recks not what befalls him outwardly :  
 Whose worth is in himself, and only bliss  
 In his pure conscience that doth nought amiss ;  
 Who placeth pleasure in his purgèd soul,  
 And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem ;  
 Who can his passions master and control,  
 And that true lordly manliness doth deem ;

Who from this world himself hath clearly quit,  
Counts nought his own but what lives in his sprite.

So, when his sprite from this vain world shall flit,  
It bears all with it whatso'er was dear  
Unto itself, passing in easy fit,

As kindly ripened corn comes out of th' ear.  
Thus, mindless of what idle men will say,  
He takes his own and stilly goes his way.

HENRY MORE.

#### THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

**H**OW happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame, or private breath ; —

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice ; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumors freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of His grace than gifts to lend ;  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

### BEFORE LABOR.

**F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,  
 My daily labor to pursue ;  
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,  
 Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil !  
 In all my works Thy presence find,  
 And prove Thy acceptable will.

Preserve me from my calling's snare,  
 And hide my simple heart above,  
 Above the thorns of choking care,  
 The gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand,  
 Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;  
 And labor on at Thy command,  
 And offer all my works to Thee.



Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
 And every moment watch and pray;  
 And still to things eternal look,  
 And hasten to Thy glorious day.

For Thee delightfully employ  
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given ;  
 And run my course with even joy,  
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY

#### ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

O GOD, what offering shall I give  
 To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?  
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,  
 A holy, living sacrifice.  
 Small as it is, 't is all my store ;  
 More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

Now then, my God, thou hast my soul ;  
 No longer mine, but Thine I am :  
 Guard thou Thine own, possess it whole !  
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame !  
 Thou hast my spirit ; there display  
 Thy glory to the perfect day.

Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,  
 Devoted solely to Thy will :  
 Here let Thy light for ever shine :  
 This house still let Thy presence fill :

O Source of Life, live, dwell, and move  
In me, till all my life be love !

Send down Thy likeness from above,  
And let this my adorning be :  
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,  
With lowliness and purity :  
Than gold and pearls more precious far,  
And brighter than the morning star.

Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might ;  
Since I am called by Thy great name,  
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,  
Of all my works be Thou the aim :  
Thy love attend me all my days,  
And my sole business be Thy praise.

JOACHIM LANGE. *Tr. by John Wesley.*

**T**AKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days ;  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift, and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;  
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;  
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart ; it *is* Thine own ;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

### THE ELIXIR.

**T**EACH me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see,  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for Thee.

A man that looks on glass,  
 On it may stay his eye ;  
 Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
 And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake :  
 Nothing can be so mean,  
 Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)  
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
 Makes drudgery divine :  
 Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,  
 Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone  
 That turneth all to gold :  
 For that which God doth touch and own  
 Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT

### SONNET.

**M**ETHOUGHT that in a solemn church I stood.  
 Its marble acres, worn with knees and feet,  
 Lay spread from door to door, from street to street.  
 Midway the form hung high upon the rood  
 Of Him who gave His life to be our good ;  
 Beyond priests flitted, bowed, and murmured meet  
 Among the candles shining still and sweet.  
 Men came and went, and worshipped as they could,

And still their dust a woman with her broom,  
 Bowed to her work, kept sweeping to the door.  
 Then saw I, slow through all the pillared gloom,  
 Across the church a silent figure come :  
 " Daughter," it said, " thou sweepest well my floor !"  
 It is the Lord, I cried, and saw no more.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

### SENSITIVENESS.

**T**IME was, I shrank from what was right,  
 From fear of what was wrong ;  
 I would not brave the sacred fight,  
 Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense  
 And sorer shame aside ;  
 Such dread of sin was indolence,  
 Such aim at heaven was pride.

So when my Father calls, I rise,  
 And calmly do my best ;  
 Leaving to Him, with silent eyes  
 Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led ;  
 Men count my haltings o'er ; —  
 I know them ; yet, though self I dread,  
 I love His precept more.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

*“For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.”*

**H**E with good gifts that most is blest,  
Or stands for God above the rest,  
Let him so think — “To serve the dear,  
The lowlier children I am here.

“It is the children’s bread I break ;  
He trusts me with it for their sake ;  
(Hunger I must if none it shares)  
It is but mine when it is theirs.

“That which I teach, it most is mine,  
Dear child of God, to make it thine ;  
When thou hast learned it, I shall see  
The perfect meaning first in thee.

“That song I made, it was not mine,  
Nor fraught with incense for the shrine,  
Till, when thou sang’st it sweetly through,  
I with thy voice sang praises too.

“That which I am, it is not mine ;  
The earth unto the moon doth shine —  
Not to herself, for oft her way  
Seems but a dark and cloudy day.

“ O Church of God ! my life is lent  
 For yours, to spend and to be spent ;  
 O Christ of God ! let my death be  
 Not to myself but Thee — but Thee ! ”

AMEN.

JEAN INGELOW

### THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I WAS sitting alone towards the twilight,  
 With spirit troubled and vexed,  
 With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy  
 And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing  
 For the child of my love and care,  
 Some stitches half wearily setting  
 In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the “ building,”  
 The work some day to be tried ;  
 And that only the gold, and the silver,  
 And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,  
 The wretched work I had done,  
 And, even when trying most truly,  
 The meagre success I had won !

“ It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,”  
 I said : “ it will all be burned —  
 This useless fruit of the talents  
 One day to be returned.

“ And I have so longed to serve Him,  
And sometimes I know I have tried ;  
But I ’m sure when He sees such building,  
He will never let it abide.”

Just then, as I turned the garment,  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eye caught an odd little bungle  
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,  
And something blinded my eyes  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me ;  
I knew ’t was the best she could do ;  
But O, what a botch she had made it —  
The gray mismatching the blue !

And yet — can you understand it ? —  
With a tender smile and a tear,  
And a half compassionate yearning,  
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,  
And the dear Lord said to me,  
“ Art thou tenderer for the little child  
Than I am tender for thee ? ”

. . . . .  
And there in the deepening twilight  
I seemed to be clasping a hand,  
And to feel a great love constraining me  
Stronger than any command.



Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness  
 'T was the hand of the Blessed One,  
 Which would tenderly guide and hold me  
 Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,  
 My faith no longer is dim ;  
 But my heart is strong and restful,  
 And mine eyes are unto Him.

K. H. JOHNSON.

*“ Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house.”*

SUCH as have not gold to bring Thee,  
 They bring thanks — Thy grateful sons ;  
 Such as have no song to sing Thee,  
 Live Thee praise — Thy silent ones.

Such as have their unknown dwelling,  
 Secret from Thy children here,  
 Known of Thee, will Thee be telling  
 How Thy ways with them are dear.

None the place ordained refuseth,  
 They are one, and they are all  
 Living stones, the Builder chooseth  
 For the courses of His wall.

Now Thy work by us fulfilling,  
 Build us in Thy house divine ;  
 Each one cries, “ I, Lord, am willing,  
 Whatsoever place be mine.”

Some, of every eye beholden,  
 Hewn to fitness for the height,  
 By Thy hand to beauty moulden,  
 Show Thy workmanship in light.

Other, Thou dost bless with station  
 Dark, and of the foot downtrod,  
 Sink them deep in the foundation —  
 Buried, hid with Christ in God.

JEAN INGELOW.

### WORK ON EARTH.

**W**HY dost thou talk of death, laddie ?  
 Why dost thou long to go ?  
 The Master that hath placed thee here  
 Hath work for thee to do.

Why dost thou talk of heaven, laddie ?  
 What wouldst thou say in heaven  
 When the Master asks, "What hast thou done  
 With the talents I have given ?

"I gave thee wealth and influence,  
 And the poor around thee spread :  
 Where are the sheep and lambs of mine  
 That thou hast reared and fed ?

"I gave thee wit and eloquence,  
 Thy brethren to persuade :  
 Where are the thousands by thy word  
 More wise and holy made ?

“ I placed thee in a land of light,  
 Where the Gospel round thee shone :  
 Where is the heavenly-mindedness  
 I find in all my own ?

“ And last I sent thee chastisement,  
 That thou mightst be my son :  
 Where is the trusting faith that says,  
 ‘ Father, Thy will be done ’ ? ”

JOHN WILSON.

### NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

“ TWO HANDS UPON THE BREAST, AND LABOR IS PAST.”

RUSSIAN PROVERB

“ **T**WO hands upon the breast,  
 And labor 's done ;  
 Two pale feet crossed in rest —  
 The race is won ;  
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
 And all tears cease ;  
 Two lips where grief is mute,  
 Anger at peace ; ” —  
 So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot :  
 God in His kindness answereth not.

“ Two hands to work address  
 Aye for His praise ;  
 Two feet that never rest,  
 Walking His ways ;

Two eyes that look above  
 Through all their tears ;  
 Two lips still breathing love,  
 Not wrath, nor fears ;”  
 So pray we afterwards, low on our knees ;  
 “Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these.”

DINAH MARIA CRAIK.

## SONNETS

FROM “WITHIN AND WITHOUT.”

GO thou into thy closet ; shut thy door ;  
 And pray to Him in secret : He will hear :  
 But think not thou, by one wild bound, to clear  
 The numberless ascensions, more and more,  
 Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before  
 Thou comest to the Father’s likeness near ;  
 And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear  
 That, step by step, their mounting flights passed o’er.  
 Be thou content if on thy weary need  
 There falls a sense of showers and of the spring ;  
 A hope, that makes it possible to fling  
 Sickness aside, and go and do the deed ;  
 For highest aspiration will not lead  
 Unto the calm beyond all questioning.

Hark, hark, a voice amid the quiet intense !  
 It is thy Duty waiting thee without.  
 Rise from thy knees in hope, the half of doubt ;  
 A hand doth pull thee — it is Providence :

Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence ;  
Go forth into the tumult and the shout ;  
Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about ;  
Of noise alone is born the inward sense  
Of silence ; and from action springs alone  
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.  
Then, weary, go thou back with failing breath,  
And in thy chamber make thy prayer and moan ;  
One day upon *His* bosom, all thine own,  
Thou shalt lie still, embraced in holy death.

And do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain  
More than the father's heart rich good invent ?  
Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent,  
We know the primrose time will come again ;  
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe our pain.  
Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent  
Is confidence unto the Father lent :  
Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain.  
His thoughts are as thine own ; nor are His ways  
Other than thine, but by their loftier sense  
Of beauty infinite and love intense.  
Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of praise,  
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays ;  
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

GEORGE MACDONALD

## THE SONG OF THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

COME, brethren, let us go !  
The evening closeth round,  
'T is perilous to linger here  
On this wild desert ground.  
Come, towards eternity  
Press on from strength to strength,  
Nor dread your journey's toils nor length,  
For good its end shall be.

We shall not rue our choice,  
Though straight our path and steep,  
We know that He who called us here  
His word shall ever keep.  
Then follow, trusting ; come,  
And let each set his face  
Toward yonder fair and blessed place,  
Intent to reach our home.

Come, children, let us go !  
Our Father is our guide ;  
And when the way grows steep and dark,  
He journeys at our side.  
Our spirits He would cheer,  
The sunshine of His love  
Revives and helps us as we rove,  
Ah, blest our lot e'en here !

Come, children, let us go!  
 We travel hand in hand;  
 Each in his brother finds his joy  
 In this wild stranger land.  
 The strong be quick to raise  
 The weaker when they fall;  
 Let love and peace and patience bloom  
 In ready help for all.

Friend of our perfect choice,  
 Thou Joy of all that live,  
 Being that know'st not chance or change,  
 What courage dost Thou give!  
 All beauty, Lord, we see,  
 All bliss and life and love,  
 In Him in whom we live and move,  
 And we are glad in Thee!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731

### WORLDLY PLACE.

*EVEN in a palace, life may be led well!*  
 So spoke the imperial sage, purest of men,  
 Marcus Aurelius. — But the stifling den  
 Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,

Our freedom for a little bread we sell,  
 And drudge under some foolish master's ken,  
 Who rates us, if we peer outside our pen, —  
 Matched with a palace, is not this a hell?

*Even in a palace!* On his truth sincere,  
 Who spoke these words, no shadow ever came;  
 And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame

Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,  
 I'll stop and say: "There were no succor here!  
 The aids to noble life are all within."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### QUIET WORK.

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,  
 One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
 One lesson of two duties kept at one  
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity —

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;  
 Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
 Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,  
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
 Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,  
 Still do thy quiet ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;  
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
 Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.





## NOT IN VAIN.

LET me not deem that I was made in vain,  
Or that my being was an accident  
Which Fate, in working its sublime intent,  
Not wished to be, to hinder would not deign.  
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain  
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent  
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent  
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.  
The very shadow of an insect's wing,  
For which the violet cared not while it stayed,  
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,  
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade.  
Then can a drop of the eternal spring,  
Shadow of living lights, in vain be made ?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

## ALL APPOINTED.

THOU camest not to thy place by accident,  
It is the very place God meant for thee ;  
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,  
Do not for this give room to discontent ;  
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent  
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be  
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free  
From outward hindrance or impediment :

For presently this hindrance thou shalt find  
 That without which all goodness were a task  
 So slight, that Virtue never could grow strong :  
 And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,  
 The Imposer's — over-burdened thou shalt ask,  
 And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near ;  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 Than some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even,  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven ;  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great task-Master's eye.

JOHN MILTON.

TO MR. CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, this three-years-day these eyes, though  
 clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overlied  
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain  
mask,  
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

JOHN MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour :  
England hath need of thee ; she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1802.

## CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
— It is the generous spirit who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought;  
Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright;  
Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care;  
Who, doomed to go in company with pain  
And fear and bloodshed — miserable train! —  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower:  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;  
By objects which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling rendered more compassionate;  
Is placable, because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more; more able to endure  
As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
— 'T is he whose law is reason; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends;

Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He fixes good on good alone, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows :  
— Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means, and there will stand  
On honorable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire ;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth or honors, or for worldly state ;  
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all ;  
Whose powers shed round him, in the common strife  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,  
Is happy as a lover ; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;  
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need :  
— He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,

Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans  
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes —  
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
Are at his heart, and such fidelity  
It is his darling passion to approve ;  
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :  
'T is, finally, the man who, lifted high,  
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,  
Or left unthought of in obscurity ;  
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,  
Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
Where what he most doth value must be won ;  
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpast ;  
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
Forever and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or he must go to dust without his fame  
And leave a dead unprofitable name,  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :  
This is the happy warrior ; this is he  
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1806.

## RUGBY CHAPEL.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

COLDLY, sadly descends  
The autumn evening. The Field  
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts  
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,  
Fade into dimness apace,  
Silent : —hardly a shout  
From a few boys late at their play !  
The lights come out in the street,  
In the school-room windows — but cold,  
Solemn, unlighted, austere,  
Through the gathering darkness, arise  
The Chapel walls, in whose bound  
Thou, my father ! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom  
Of the autumn evening. But ah !  
That word, *gloom*, to my mind  
Brings thee back in the light  
Of thy radiant vigor again !  
In the gloom of November we pass'd  
Days not of gloom at thy side ;  
Seasons impair'd not the ray  
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.  
Such thou wast ! and I stand  
In the autumn evening, and think  
Of by-gone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round  
Since thou arosest to tread,  
In the summer morning, the road  
Of death, at a call unforeseen,  
Sudden. For fifteen years,  
We who till then in thy shade  
Rested as under the boughs  
Of a mighty oak, have endured  
Sunshine and rain as we might,  
Bare, unshaded, alone,  
Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore  
Tarriest thou now? For that force,  
Surely, has not been left vain!  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labor-house vast  
Of being, is practised that strength,  
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,  
Conscious or not of the past,  
Still thou performest the word  
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live —  
Prompt, unwearied, as here!  
Still thou upraisest with zeal  
The humble good from the ground,  
Sternly represses the bad!  
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse  
Those who with half-open eyes



Tread the border-land dim  
'Twixt vice and virtue ; reviv'st,  
Succorest !— this was thy work,  
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life  
Of mortal men on the earth ?—  
Most men eddy about  
Here and there — eat and drink,  
Chatter and love and hate,  
Gather and squander, are raised  
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,  
Striving blindly, achieving  
Nothing ; and then they die —  
Perish — and no one asks  
Who or what they have been,  
More than he asks what waves,  
In the moonlit solitudes mild  
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,  
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

And there are some whom a thirst  
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,  
Not with the crowd to be spent,  
Not without aim to go round  
In an eddy of purposeless dust,  
Effort unmeaning and vain.  
Ah yes ! some of us strive  
Not without action to die  
Fruitless, but something to snatch  
From dull oblivion, nor all

Glut the devouring grave !  
We, we have chosen our path —  
Path to a clear-purposed goal,  
Path of advance ! — but it leads  
A long, steep journey, through sunk  
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow !  
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth ;  
Then, on the height, comes the storm !  
Thunder crashes from rock  
To rock, the cataracts reply ;  
Lightnings dazzle our eyes ;  
Roaring torrents have breach'd  
The track, the stream-bed descends  
In the place where the wayfarer once  
Planted his footstep — the spray  
Boils o'er its borders ! aloft  
The unseen snow-beds dislodge  
Their hanging ruin ! — alas,  
Havoc is made in our train !  
Friends, who set forth at our side,  
Falter, are lost in the storm.  
We, we only are left ! —  
With frowning foreheads, with lips  
Sternly compress'd, we strain on,  
On — and at nightfall at last  
Come to the end of our way,  
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks ;  
Where the gaunt and taciturn Host  
Stands on the threshold, the wind  
Shaking his thin white hairs —

Holds his lantern to scan  
Our storm-beat figures, and asks,  
Whom in our party we bring?  
Whom we have left in the snow ?

Sadly we answer: We bring  
Only ourselves ! we lost  
Sight of the rest in the storm.  
Hardly ourselves we fought through,  
Stripp'd, without friends, as we are.  
Friends, companions, and train,  
The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou would'st not *alone*  
Be saved, my father! *alone*  
Conquer and come to thy goal,  
Leaving the rest in the wild.  
We were weary, and we  
Fearful, and we in our march  
Fain to drop down and to die.  
Still thou turnedst, and still  
Beckonedst the trembler, and still  
Gavest the weary thy hand !  
If, in the paths of the world,  
Stones might have wounded thy feet,  
Toil or dejection have tried  
Thy spirit, of that we saw  
Nothing — to us thou wast still  
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm !  
Therefore to thee it was given  
Many to save with thyself ;

And, at the end of thy day,  
O faithful shepherd! to come,  
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.  
And through thee I believe  
In the noble and great who are gone ;  
Pure souls honor'd and blest  
By former ages, who else —  
Such, so soulless, so poor,  
Is the race of men whom I see —  
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,  
Seem'd but a cry of desire.  
Yes! I believe that there lived  
Others like thee in the past,  
Not like the men of the crowd  
Who all round me to-day  
Bluster or cringe, and make life  
Hideous, and arid, and vile ;  
But souls temper'd with fire,  
Fervent, heroic, and good,  
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God! — or sons  
Shall I not call you? because  
Not as servants ye knew  
Your Father's innermost mind,  
His, who unwillingly sees  
One of his little ones lost —  
Yours is the praise, if mankind  
Hath not as yet in its march  
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

See! In the rocks of the world  
Marches the host of mankind,  
A feeble, wavering line.  
Where are they tending? — A God  
Marshall'd them, gave them their goal. —  
Ah, but the way is so long!  
Years they have been in the wild!  
Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,  
Rising all round, overawe;  
Factions divide them, their host  
Threatens to break, to dissolve. —  
Ah, keep, keep them combined!  
Else, of the myriads who fill  
That army, not one shall arrive;  
Sole they shall stray; in the rocks  
Labor forever in vain,  
Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need  
Of your fainting, dispirited race,  
Ye, like angels, appear,  
Radiant with ardor divine.  
Beacons of hope, ye appear!  
Languor is not in your heart,  
Weakness is not in your word,  
Weariness not on your brow.  
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,  
Panic, despair, flee away.  
Ye move through the ranks, recall  
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,  
Praise, reinspire the brave.

Order, courage, return ;  
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,  
Follow your steps as ye go.  
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,  
Strengthen the wavering line,  
Stablish, continue our march,  
On, to the bound of the waste,  
On, to the City of God.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.



### BE NOT AFRAID TO PRAY.

**B**E not afraid to pray — to pray is right.  
Pray, if thou canst, with hope ; but ever pray,  
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay :  
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.  
Far is the time, remote from human sight,  
When war and discord on the earth shall cease ;  
Yet every prayer for universal peace  
Avails the blesséd time to expedite.  
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,  
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see :  
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven  
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be ;  
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,  
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

### PRAYING IN SPIRIT.

“ But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret.” ST. MATT. vi. 6.

**I** NEED not leave the jostling world,  
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,  
To fold my palms in secret prayer  
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless, cloistered room,  
As high as heaven, as fair as day,  
Where, though my feet may join the throng,  
My soul can enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thoughts,  
Of sinful works the fruitful seed,  
When folly wins my ear no more,  
The closet door is shut indeed.

No human step, approaching, breaks  
The blissful silence of the place ;  
No shadow steals across the light  
That falls from my Redeemer's face !

And never through those crystal walls  
The clash of life can pierce its way,  
Nor ever can a human ear  
Drink in the spirit-words I say.

One hearkening, even, cannot know  
When I have crossed the threshold o'er,  
For He, alone, who hears my prayer,  
Has heard the shutting of the door !

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

### HELP FROM PRAYER.

**L**ORD, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parchéd grounds refresh, as with a shower !



We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;  
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear ;  
 We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.  
 Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,  
 Or others — that we are not always strong,  
 That we are ever overborne with care,  
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
 And joy and strength and courage are with Thee.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

### LEAVE THYSELF TO GOD.

○ LEAVE thyself to God ! and if indeed  
 'T is given thee to perform so vast a task,  
*Think* not at all, — think not, but kneel and *ask* !  
 O friend ! by thought was never creature freed  
 From any sin, from any mortal need ;  
 Be patient ! not by thought canst thou devise  
 What course of life for thee is right and wise ;  
 It will be written up, and thou wilt read.  
 Oft like a sudden pencil of rich light,  
 Piercing the thickest umbrage of the wood,  
 Will shoot, amidst our troubles infinite,  
 The Spirit's voice ; oft, like the balmy flood  
 Of morn, surprise the universal night  
 With glory, and make all things sweet and good !

THOMAS BURBIDGE

FROM "THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER  
EASTER."

THEN, fainting soul, arise and sing :  
 Mount, but be sober on the wing ;  
 Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer,  
 Be sober, for thou art not there ;  
 Till Death the weary spirit free,  
 Thy God hath said, 'T is good for thee  
 To walk by faith and not by sight :  
     Take it on trust a little while ;  
 Soon shalt thou read the mystery right  
     In the full sunshine of His smile.

JOHN KEBLE.

A PRAYER.

O BROODING Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,  
 Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,  
 Absorb me in Thine own immensity,  
 And raise me far my finite self above !  
 Purge vanity away, and the weak care  
 That name or fame of me may widely spread ;  
 And the deep wish keep burning in their stead,  
 Thy blissful influence afar to bear, —  
 Or see it borne ! Let no desire of ease,  
 No lack of courage, faith, or love delay  
 Mine own steps on that high thought-paven way  
 In which my soul her clear commission sees :  
 Yet with an equal joy let me behold  
 Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled !

SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

## A PRAYER.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

L ORD! who art merciful as well as just,  
 Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!  
 Not what I would, O Lord! I offer Thee,  
 Alas! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me man,  
 And bade me look to heaven, for Thou art there,  
 Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.  
 Four things which are not in Thy treasury,  
 I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition :  
 My nothingness, my wants,  
 My sins, and my contrition.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

## DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

O FOR the happy days gone by,  
 When love ran smooth and free,  
 Days when my spirit so enjoyed  
 More than earth's liberty!

O for the times when on my heart  
 Long prayer had never palled,  
 Times when the ready thought of God  
 Would come when it was called!

Then when I knelt to meditate,  
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,  
Countless and bright and beautiful,  
Beyond my own control.

O who hath locked these fountains up?  
Those visions who hath stayed?  
What sudden act hath thus transformed  
My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will  
Dry as the desert sand,  
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts  
That come without command, —

If this drear change be Thine, O Lord!  
If it be Thy sweet will,  
Spare not, but to the very brim  
The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,  
O show that sin to me,  
Not to get back the sweetness lost,  
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread; —  
To have a secret spot  
That separates my soul from Thee,  
And yet to know it not.

O when the tide of graces set  
So full upon my heart,  
I know, dear Lord, how faithlessly  
I did my little part.

But if this weariness hath come  
A present from on high,  
Teach me to find the hidden wealth  
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I can learn  
To tremble and adore,  
To sound my own vile nothingness,  
And thus to love Thee more, —

To love Thee, and yet not to think  
That I can love so much, —  
To have Thee with me, Lord, all day,  
Yet not to feel Thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord, for hire,  
Hire which Thy beauty showed,  
Ah! I can serve Thee now for naught,  
And only as my God.

O blessed be this darkness then,  
This deep in which I lie,  
And blessed be all things that teach  
God's great supremacy.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

#### DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

AH! dearest Lord! I cannot pray,  
My fancy is not free;  
Unmannerly distractions come,  
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day  
Glow bright on me at prayer,  
And plans that ask no thought but then  
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems  
Of dreamy sight and sound,  
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,  
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,  
New hopes start into life,  
And past and future gayly blend  
In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits ;  
My changeful limbs conspire  
With all these phantoms of the mind  
My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray ; yet, Lord, Thou knowest  
The pain it is to me  
To have my vainly-struggling thoughts  
Thus torn away from Thee.

O Father ! teach me how to prize  
These tedious hours, when I,  
Foolish and mute, before Thy face,  
In helpless worship lie.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord,  
In weak distracted prayer ;  
A sinner out of heart with self  
Most often finds Thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul  
 From all illusions free,  
 And teaches it how utterly  
 Dear Lord ! it hangs on Thee.

O Father ! why should I complain,  
 And why fear aught but sin ?  
 Distractions are but outward things ;  
 Thy peace dwells far within.

These surface-troubles come and go,  
 Like rufflings of the sea ;  
 The deeper depth is out of reach  
 To all, my God, but Thee !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

### SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

**W**HY dost thou beat so quick, my heart ?  
 Why struggle in thy cage ?

What shall I do for thee, poor heart,  
 Thy throbbing heat to assuage ?

What spell is this come over thee ?  
 My soul ! what sweet surprise ?

And wherefore these unbidden tears  
 That start into mine eyes ?

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord !  
 Dear Spirit ! it is Thou ;

Deeper and deeper in my heart  
 I feel Thee nestling now.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord !  
 The simple are Thy rest ;  
 Thy lodging is in childlike hearts ;  
 Thou makest there Thy nest.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !  
 If Thou wilt stay with me,  
 Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
 I'll build a nest for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine,  
 But Thou, my heavenly Guest ?  
 Let no one have it then but Thee,  
 And let it be Thy nest.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

### MY PRAYER.

ONE gift, my God, I seek,  
 To know Thee always near ;  
 To feel Thy hand, to see Thy face,  
 Thy blessed voice to hear.

Where'er I go, my God,  
 O let me find Thee there :  
 Where'er I stay, stay Thou with me,  
 A presence everywhere.

And if Thou bringest peace,  
 Or if Thou bringest pain,  
 But come Thyself with all that comes,  
 And all shall go for gain.



To walk with Thee, my God,  
 O blessed, blessed grace ;  
 My homely features, Lord, shall shine  
 For looking in Thy face.

Long listening to Thy words,  
 My voice shall catch Thy tone,  
 And locked in Thine, my hand shall grow  
 All loving like Thine own.

B. T.

## ALONE WITH GOD.

ALONE with Thee, my God ! alone with Thee !  
 Thus wouldst Thou have it still — thus let it be ;  
 There is a secret chamber in each mind,  
     Which none can find  
 But He who made it — none beside can know  
     Its joy or woe.  
 Oft may I enter it, oppressed by care,  
     And find Thee there ;  
 So full of watchful love, Thou know'st the why  
     Of every sigh.  
 Then all thy righteous dealings shall I see,  
 Alone with Thee, my God ! alone with Thee.

The joys of earth are like a summer's day,  
     Fading away ;  
 But in the twilight we may better trace  
     Thy wondrous grace.

The homes of earth are emptied oft by death  
    With chilling breath ;  
The loved departed guest may ope no more  
    The well-known door ;  
Still in that chamber sealed Thou 'lt dwell with me,  
And I with Thee, my God ! alone with Thee.

The world's false voice would bid me enter not  
    That hallowed spot ;  
And earthly thoughts would follow on the track  
    To hold me back,  
Or seek to break the sacred peace within  
    With this world's din.  
But, by Thy grace, I 'll cast them all aside,  
    Whate'er betide ;  
And never let that cell deserted be,  
Where I may dwell alone, my God, with Thee.

The war may rage ! — keep thou the citadel,  
    And all is well. . .  
And when I learn the fulness of Thy love  
    With Thee above —  
When every heart oppressed by hidden grief  
    Shall gain relief —  
When every weary soul shall find its rest  
    Amidst the blest —  
Then all my heart, from sin and sorrow free,  
Shall be a temple meet, my God, for Thee.

FATHER ! replenish with Thy grace  
 This longing heart of mine,  
 Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,  
 Thy sacred inmost shrine !  
 Forgive that oft my spirit wears  
 Her time and strength in trivial cares,  
 Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,  
 So she from all but Thee may cease !

ANGELUS SILESIVS, 1657.

### HYMN AND PRAYER.

INFINITE Spirit ! who art round us ever,  
 In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,  
 May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,  
 Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen, — yet not unfelt, — if any thought  
 Has raised our mind from earth, — or pure desire,  
 A generous act, or noble purpose brought,  
 It is Thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of Thy creatures, kneeling,  
 Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,  
 Give such a force of holy thought and feeling  
 That I may live to glorify Thy name ;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,  
 That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,  
 O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,  
 Walk humbly, softly, leaning on Thee still.

I am unworthy. — Yet for their dear sake  
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found,  
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,  
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,  
Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches'  
dew ;  
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded ;  
Make me for their sake firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold,  
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,  
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,  
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,  
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest,  
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,  
When on His soul the guilt of man was pressed.

Tender and sensitive, He braved the storm,  
That we might fly a well-deserved fate,  
Poured out His soul in supplication warm,  
With eyes of love looked into eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,  
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed ;  
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make me clean !  
O speak the word, — Thy servant shall be healed !

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

*“O let not the Lord be angry, and I will pray but this once.”*

EMPTIED of good, with many cares oppressed,  
 Full oft I long to cast them on Thy breast ;  
 But not that I may lose them, Love Divine,  
 O rather craving Thou wouldst count them Thine.

They are not cares for my poor wants nor loss ;  
 Their sorrows — whom I love — are my worse cross :  
 Do as Thou wilt with me, all shall me please,  
 Only be gracious, Perfect Love, to these

Whose souls I thus present before Thy Throne.  
 It is not hard to trust Thee with mine own, —  
 But these — they mourn for griefs, they may not flee,  
 And I can tell them, Lord, to none but Thee.

O might I pray, “Do Thou as I would do  
 For those I love — were my love strong as true ;”  
 But who may ask Thee thus, though, long withstood,  
 He mourneth after God and after good ?

“As I would do.” Ah ! now methinks I hear  
 Thy comforting, kind voice, my Lord, most dear ;  
 I feel Thy grace, Thy sweetness on me shine —  
 Poor as my treasure-store of love to Thine.

What wouldst Thou have me learn? — my trust, my all;  
 I call down blessings — grief and trouble fall. —  
 And yet Thy heavenly whisper teacheth me  
 Love is of God, and mine is born of Thee.

There is but one love, and its will is one;  
 But Thy love seeth all things — my love none.  
 Mine eyes are held, for so, and only so,  
 My love would cast their lot, if I might know.

Then take, Lord, on Thyself my load of care,  
 Kind to my fear, and gentle with my prayer;  
 With these it shall be well, my rest is one,  
 Because Thou lovest them most — Thy will be done.

JEAN INGELOW.

### THE GIFT.

“Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.” HEBREWS x. 35, 36.

“**A**LL things are yours!” Yea, Lord, I know it;  
 But oh, how cold my heart must be,  
 To doubt the love that can bestow it,  
 And tarry still afar from Thee!

I claim Thy gift; I come to plead it;  
 Behold, I take Thee at Thy word;  
 Thou seest how much to-day I need it —  
 Help for the helpless, gracious Lord!

Look on my sick, my dumb, my dying,  
Touch Thou my blind that they may see ;  
This broken heart, in anguish sighing, —  
I bring them one and all to Thee.

My heart's best treasures, here I give them,  
To be within Thy temple stored ;  
And as life's landmarks there I leave them,  
“ Because I asked them of the Lord.”

When love would fail in fruitless yearning,  
Thy golden censer wafts my prayers ;  
I see the perfumed incense burning :  
All things are mine, all things are theirs.

I bring the care sharp and oppressing,  
The way perplexed, the path untrod ;  
This feeble service for Thy blessing,  
Oh, crown it “ *Given* thee of God !”

I ask for patience, faith, and meekness,  
And love divine that all endures :  
Give me Thy strength to meet my weakness,  
Since Thou hast said, “ All things are yours.”

I bring the sin my soul distressing,  
That Thou mayst cleanse me pure and white ;  
The faint foreboding past expressing,  
But clear before Thy searching sight.

Oh, let me feel Thee ever nigh me !  
 And seek Thy smile all gifts above ;  
 No *good* thing will Thy grace deny me,  
 The object of Thy changeless love.

Thus shall I tread the rolling billow,  
 Looking to Him who hears it roar ;  
 Thy hand my guide, Thy breast my pillow,  
 Lord, let me trust, and doubt no more !

Safe in the bark Thou bad'st me enter,  
 I'll triumph in Thy power divine ;  
 And on Thy word my all I venture,  
 For *Thou* hast said, "All things are mine."

ANNA SHIPTON.

## THE NIGHT SERVICE.

"Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord." PSALM CXXXIV. I.

FROM the awaking of the glorious sun  
 In the far chambers of the crystal east,  
 To where he goeth down in pomp and power  
 Beyond the western seas, the name of God  
 Is to be blessed and praised.

In morning hours,  
 When the sweet singing voice of birds is heard  
 On every side, when mighty forests wake  
 And stretch their hands to God, when through the earth  
 The breath of life is blowing, — then the Saints  
 Arise from sleep and sing.

. . . . .



And through the long bright day  
There is no silence, for at every hour  
Some soul is praising God.

But who shall praise God in the Night?  
The Night, that lays her finger on the lips  
Of men, and hushes them to something like  
The calm of Death? Now sleeps the prisoner,  
And the oppressor sleeps; the wicked cease  
From troubling, and the weary are at rest.  
Ah, who shall praise Him in the Night? the Night,  
That stretcheth mournful wings from shore to shore,  
Till silent lie the singers of the world  
Beneath the shadow.

It *is* the Night:

And in the Temple of the Lord, not made  
By mortal hands, the lights are burning low  
Before the altar. Clouds of darkness fill  
The vastness of the sacred aisles. The dumb  
And breathless Spirit of the Night is here  
In all his power; no rushing mighty wind  
Of organ-harmonies is sweeping down  
The shadowy place. A few short hours ago,  
And all the Temple-courts were thronged with those  
Who worshipped and gave thanks, before they went  
To take their rest. Then many voices joined  
To sing the praise of God; but who shall bless  
His name at midnight?

Lo! a band of pale  
Yet joyful priests do minister around

The altar, where the lights are burning low,  
In the breathless Night. Each grave brow wears the  
crown

Of sorrow, and each heart is kept awake  
By its own restless pain, for these are they  
To whom the night-watch is appointed. See!  
They lift their hands, and bless God in the Night!  
Whilst we are sleeping, those to whom the King  
Has measured out a cup of sorrow, sweet  
With His dear love, yet very hard to drink,  
Are waking in His Temple, and the eyes  
That cannot sleep for sorrow or for pain  
Are lifted up to heaven; and sweet low songs,  
Broken by patient tears, arise to God.  
Bless ye the Lord, ye servants of the Lord,  
Which stand by Night within His Holy Place  
To give Him worship! Ye are priests to Him,  
And minister around the altar, pale  
Yet joyful in the Night.

The priests must serve,  
Each in his course, and *we* must stand in turn  
Awake with sorrow, in the Temple dim,  
To bless the Lord by Night. We will not fear  
When we are called at midnight, by some stroke  
Of sudden pain, to rise and minister  
Before the Lord. We, too, will bless His name  
In the solemn Night, and stretch our hands to Him.

BARBARA MACANDREW.

## TRUST AND ADORATION.



### WITHIN.

**W**ITHIN! within, O turn  
Thy spirit's eyes, and learn  
Thy wandering senses gently to control ;  
Thy dearest Friend dwells deep within thy soul,  
And asks thyself of thee,  
That heart, and mind, and sense, He may make whole  
In perfect harmony.  
Doth not thy inmost spirit yield  
And sink where Love stands thus revealed ?  
Be still and veil thy face,  
The Lord is here, this is His holy place !  
Then back to earth, and 'mid its toil and throng  
One glance within will keep thee calm and strong ;  
And when the toil is o'er, how sweet, O God, to flee  
Within, to Thee !

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

## ADORATION.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,  
 For I have none to give ;  
 I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,  
 For by Thy life I live.  
 I am as nothing, and rejoice to be  
 Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

Thou, Lord, alone, art all Thy children need,  
 And there is none beside ;  
 From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,  
 In Thee the blest abide, —  
 Fountain of life, and all-abounding grace,  
 Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

MADAME GUYON.

## COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

COMMIT thy way to God,  
 The weight which makes thee faint ;  
 Worlds are to him no load,  
 To Him breathe thy complaint.  
 He who for winds and clouds  
 Maketh a pathway free,  
 Through wastes, or hostile crowds,  
 Can make a way for thee.

Thou must in Him be blest,  
Ere bliss can be secure ;  
On His work must thou rest,  
If thy work shall endure.  
To anxious, prying thought,  
And weary, fretting care,  
The Highest yieldeth nought ;  
He giveth all to prayer.

Father ! Thy faithful love,  
Thy mercy, wise and mild,  
Sees what will blessing prove,  
Or what will hurt Thy child.  
And what Thy wise foreseeing,  
Doth for Thy children choose,  
Thou bringest into being,  
Nor sufferest them to lose.

Hope, then, though woes be doubled,  
Hope, and be undismayed ;  
Let not thy heart be troubled,  
Nor let it be afraid.  
This prison where thou art,  
Thy God will break it soon,  
And flood with light thy heart  
In His own blessed noon.

Up ! up ! the day is breaking,  
Say to thy cares, good-night !  
Thy troubles from thee shaking,  
Like dreams in day's fresh light.

Thou wearest not the crown,  
 Nor the best course can tell ;  
 God sitteth on the throne,  
 And guideth all things well.

PAUL GERHARDT.

*Translated by* ELIZABETH CHARLES.

## I.

“HE MADE THE STARS ALSO.”

WHEN the ardent sun rides high,  
 Then the uncorrupt pure blue  
 Shows itself a worldless sky ;  
 Children, thus it shows to you.

When the sun withdraws his light,  
 Lo ! the stars of God are there ;  
 Present hosts unseen till night —  
 Matchless, countless, silent, fair.

Children, oft when joy shines clear  
 Lost is hold of hope divine ;  
 Then the night of grief draws near,  
 And God's countless comforts shine.

As its darkness deep outbars  
 All things else they start to view ;  
 Mercies, countless as the stars —  
 Matchless, changeless, perfect, true.

## II.

“HE HATH PUT THE WORLD IN THEIR HEARTS.”

AS the veil of broidery fine  
 For the temple wrought of old,  
 Dropped before the awful shrine,  
 Bloomed in purple, gleamed in gold ;

So the broidered earth and sky,  
 Ever present, always near,  
 Charm the soul and fill the eye —  
 Marvellous, matchless, beauteous, dear.

While the veil our God hath wrought  
 Hangs before the holy place,  
 It must reign o'er sight and thought,  
 Drawn between us and His face.

When the veil is rent in twain  
 Shall the present God appear ;  
 We shall see Him then full fain —  
 Matchless, changeless, perfect, fair.

JEAN INGELOW.

## THE RESTING-PLACE AMID CHANGES.

ALL things hang on our possessing  
 God's free love and grace and blessing,  
 Though all earthly wealth depart ;  
 He who God for his hath taken,  
 'Mid the changing world unshaken  
 Keeps a free heroic heart.

He who hitherto hath fed me,  
And to many a joy hath led me,  
Is and ever shall be mine ;  
He who did so gently school me,  
He who still doth guide and rule me,  
Will not leave me now to pine.

Shall I weary me with fretting  
O'er vain trifles, and regretting  
Things that never can remain ?  
I will strive but that to win me  
That can shed true rest within me,  
Rest the world must seek in vain.

When my heart with longing sickens,  
Hope again my courage quickens,  
For my wish shall be fulfilled,  
If it please His love most tender ;  
Life and soul I all surrender  
Unto Him on whom I build.

Well He knows how best to grant me  
All the longing hopes that haunt me,  
All things have their proper day ;  
I would dictate to Him never,  
As God wills, so be it ever,  
When He wills, I will obey.

If on earth He bids me linger,  
He will guide me with His finger  
Through the years that now look dim ;



All that earth has fleets and changes  
 As a river onward ranges,  
 But I rest in peace on Him.

ANONYMOUS. In a Nuremberg Hymn-book of 1676.

*“ Though I take the wings of the morning.”*

SWEET are His ways who rules above,  
 He gives from wrath a sheltering place ;  
 But covert none is found from grace,  
 Man shall not hide himself from love.

What though I take to me the wide  
 Wings of the morning, and forth fly,  
 Faster He goes, whose care on high  
 Shepherds the stars and doth them guide.

What though the tents foregone, I roam  
 Till day wax dim lamenting me ;  
 He wills that I shall sleep to see  
 The great gold stairs to His sweet home.

What though the press I pass before,  
 And climb the branch, He lifts His face ;  
 I am not secret from His grace ·  
 Lost in the leafy sycamore.

What though denied with murmuring deep  
 I shame my Lord, — it shall not be ;  
 For He will turn and look on me,  
 Then must I think thereon and weep.

The nether depth, the heights above,  
 Nor alleys pleached of Paradise,  
 Nor Herod's judgment-halls suffice :  
 Man shall not hide himself from love.

JEAN INGELOW.

*"In Him we live, and move, and have our being."*

THE measureless gulfs of air are full of Thee :  
 Thou art, and therefore hang the stars ; they wait  
 And swim, and shine in God who bade them be,  
 And hold their sundering voids inviolate.

A God concerned (veiled in pure light) to bless,  
 With sweet revealing of His love, the soul ;  
 Towards things piteous, full of piteousness ;  
 The Cause, the Life, and the continuing Whole.

He is more present to all things He made  
 Than anything unto itself can be ;  
 Full-foliaged boughs of Eden could not shade  
 Afford, since God was also 'neath the tree.

Thou knowest me altogether ; I knew not  
 Thy likeness till Thou madest it manifest.  
 There is no world but is Thy heaven ; no spot  
 Remote ; Creation leans upon Thy breast.

Thou art beyond all stars, yet in my heart  
 Wonderful whisperings hold Thy creature dumb ;  
 I need not search afar ; to me Thou art  
 Father, Redeemer, and Renewer — come.

JEAN INGELOW.

## THE FLOWER.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are Thy returns ! even as the flowers in spring ;  
To which besides their own demean,  
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.  
    Grief melts away  
    Like snow in May,  
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart  
Could have recovered greenness ? It has gone  
    Quite under ground ; as flowers depart  
To see their mother-root, when they have blown ;  
    Where they together  
    All the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,  
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell  
    And up to heaven in an hour ;  
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.  
    We say amiss  
    This or that is :  
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,  
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !  
    Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither :

Nor doth my flower  
Want a spring-shower,  
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,  
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,  
Thy anger comes, and I decline :  
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone  
Where all things burn,  
When thou dost turn,  
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,  
After so many deaths I live and write ;  
I once more smell the dew and rain,  
And relish versing : O my only light,  
It cannot be  
That I am he  
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,  
To make us see we are but flowers that glide :  
Which when we once can find and prove,  
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.  
Who would be more,  
Swelling through store,  
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## PERFECTION.

O HOW the thought of God attracts  
And draws the heart from earth,  
And sickens it of passing shows  
And dissipating mirth.

God only is the creature's home,  
Though long and rough the road ;  
Yet nothing less can satisfy  
The love that longs for God.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,  
Can win their way above ;  
If mountains can be moved by faith,  
Is there less power in love ?

The freedom from all wilful sin,  
The Christian's daily task, —  
O these are graces far below  
What longing love would ask !

Good is the cloister's silent shade,  
Cold watch and pining fast ;  
Better the mission's wearing strife,  
If there thy lot be cast.

Yet none of these perfection needs : —  
Keep thy heart calm all day,  
And catch the words the Spirit there  
From hour to hour may say.

O keep thy conscience sensitive ;  
 No inward token miss ;  
 And go where grace entices thee ; —  
 Perfection lies in this.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,  
 Love Him as He loves thee ;  
 Time and obedience are enough,  
 And thou a saint shalt be !

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

### RECEIVING.

“ Non vox sed votum, non chordula musica sed cor,  
 Non clamans sed amans, cantat in aure Dei.”

MY heart is fixed on One above, —  
 To win His smile, to please His eyes  
 My heart is fain : because I love,  
 I serve, — nor yet with tears and sighs ;  
 By patient duty love must rise, —  
 And late and early, far and near  
 I sought Him gifts ; to Him are dear  
 The things that others still despise.

I sought for Him in Spring-time cold ;  
 The trembling palm that comes in haste,  
 The little crocus all in gold,  
 The slender snow-drop, and the bold  
 Mezereon, on its leafless stem,  
 Fair things that do not fear to waste  
 Their gentle souls ! and after them

Another store I chanced to find  
Of things forgotten, left behind.

Some soft white fleece by briers torn  
From off the flock, — some ear of corn  
Dropt careless from the gleaner's breast,  
The last red berry on the thorn,  
Or prize of some forsaken nest.

There came on earth a weary time;  
If this be Autumn, where is now  
The fruit upon the laden bough,  
The harvest redd'ning in the broad  
Calm sunshine, where the squirrels' hoar,  
The winding clear of hunter's horn?  
Leaves only, withered leaves I found;  
A mournful silence, mournful sound  
Of wind that rustled through the sere,  
Stark boughs, and from the shrunken ear  
Shook out the thin and blighted corn.

But while I mourned thereat, more clear  
Than song of bird at Autumn eve,  
A voice was borne upon mine ear,  
A voice that said, "Why wilt thou grieve,  
And must I still from thee receive?  
How hast thou learnt which pleaseth best,  
The gift thou bringest, or the free  
Firm open palm held up to me?  
*The less is of the greater blest.*"

“ Oh then,” I said, “ at this Thy word  
I take Thee now, through zeal I erred,  
Through love, that bids me now confess  
My fault ; to give be Thine ; to bless  
Is Thine ; dear Lord, to Thee I leave  
The greater blessing ! with the less,  
So well content I will not grieve  
From Thee forever to receive,

“ And still receive ! and never cease  
To gaze on all this wealth of Thine,  
To joy in all Thy flocks’ increase,  
Far more than if my cup with wine  
And oil ran o’er, and store of wheat  
In finest flour, and honey sweet  
From out the stony rock were mine !

“ ‘ To give than to receive more blest !’  
Thou saidest. Oh, Thou Giver free !  
Good measure, shaken down and press’d  
Together, now I ask from Thee ;  
Oh ! give to me, dear Lord, and still  
Increase Thy boons ! make broad the place  
Where Thou dost dwell in me, and fill  
My hands with gifts, my heart with grace ;  
But let me look upon Thy face.  
What need to mourn if Thou on mine  
But little comeliness should trace  
When love can give me all of Thine ?



The loved are fair, the loved are dressed  
In garments rich and fresh and rare.

Oh ! bless Thou me and I am blest,  
Oh ! love Thou me and I am fair !”

DORA GREENWELL

### NO FEAR.

“ I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.” PS. XXIII. 4.

**I**N Heavenly Love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear,  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back ;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim, —  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen ;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where the dark clouds have been.

My hope I cannot measure,  
 My path to life is free,  
 My Father has my treasure,  
 And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING

### REST IN GOD.

**Y**EA, my spirit fain would sink  
 In Thy heart and hands, my God,  
 Waiting till Thou show the end  
 Of the ways she here hath trod ;  
 Stripped of self, how calm her rest  
 On her loving Father's breast !

And my soul complaineth not,  
 For she knows not pain or fear,  
 Clinging to her God in faith,  
 Trusting though He slay her here.  
 'T is when flesh and blood repine,  
 Sun of joy, Thou canst not shine.

Thus my soul before her God  
 Lieth still, nor speaketh more,  
 Conqueror thus o'er pain and wrong  
 That once smote her to the core ;  
 Like a silent ocean, bright  
 With her God's great praise and light.

WINKLER, 1713.

## PSALM CXXI.

UP to those bright and gladsome hills  
Whence flows my weal and mirth,  
I look, and sigh for Him who fills  
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,  
That I shall not be moved ;  
His watchful eye is ever ope,  
And guardeth His beloved.

The glorious God is my sole stay,  
He is my sun and shade ;  
The cold by night, the heat by day,  
Neither shall me invade.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd,  
Or else within my door,  
He is my pillar and my cloud,  
Now and for evermore.

HENRY VAUGHAN

\*      \*      \*  
THY WILL.

TAKE Thine own way with me, dear Lord,  
Thou canst not otherwise than bless ;  
I launch me forth upon a sea  
Of boundless love and tenderness.

I will not fear Thee, O my God !  
The days to come can only bring  
Their perfect sequences of love,  
Thy larger, deeper comforting.

Beneath the splendor of Thy choice,  
Thy perfect choice for me, I rest ;  
Outside it now I dare not live,  
Within it I must needs be blest.

Oh ! it is life indeed to live  
Within this kingdom strangely sweet ;  
And yet we fear to enter in,  
And linger with unwilling feet.

We fear this wondrous rule of Thine,  
Because we have not reached Thy heart ;  
Not venturing our all on Thee,  
We may not know how good Thou art.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

### GOD'S SUPPORT.

**E**VEN as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace  
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,  
Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,  
Nor does uphold him for a step or two ;  
But when she finds that he begins to fall,  
She holds him up and kisses him withal ; —

So God from man sometimes withdraws His hand  
Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand;  
But when He sees his feeble strength begin  
To fail, He gently takes him up again.

QUARLES.

## JOY IN THE LORD.

AH, dearest Lord! to feel that Thou art near  
Brings deepest peace, and hushes every fear;  
To see Thy smile, to hear Thy gracious voice,  
Makes soul and body inwardly rejoice  
With praise and thanks.

We cannot see as yet Thy glorious face,  
Not yet our eyes behold its love and grace,  
But Thee our inmost soul can surely feel,  
Oh clearly, Lord, canst Thou Thyself reveal,  
Though all unseen!

Oh well for him who ever day and night  
Should only seek to feed on Thee aright!  
In him a well of joy forever springs,  
And all day long his heart is glad and sings:  
Who is like Thee?

For Thou dost love to meet us as a Friend,  
Our comfort, healing, hope, and joy to send;  
Patient to pity and to calm our woe,  
And daily to forgive us all we owe  
Of Thy rich grace.

Whene'er we weep soon bid our tears to cease,  
 And make us feel how strong Thy love and peace ;  
 And let the soul see Thee within, and learn  
 From need and love alike to Thee to turn  
                     With ceaseless gaze.

So shall we all, until Thy heaven we see,  
 Like children evermore be glad in Thee,  
 Though many a time the sudden tear may start, —  
 If only Thou wilt touch the throbbing heart,  
                     And still is pain !

CHRISTIAN GREGOR, 1778

### CHILDLIKE.

**D**O like a child, and lean and rest  
 Upon thy Father's arm ;  
 Pour out thy troubles on His breast,  
     And thou shalt know no harm ;  
 Then shalt thou by His hand be brought,  
     By ways which now thou knowest not,  
 Up through a well-fought fight,  
 To heavenly peace and light.

PAUL GERHARDT

## MOUNT OF OLIVES.

WHEN first I saw true beauty, and Thy joys  
Active as light, and calm without all noise,  
Shined on my soul, I felt through all my powers  
Such a rich air of sweets, as evening showers  
Fanned by a gentle gale convey, and breathe  
On some parched bank, crowned with a flowery wreath ;  
Odors, and myrrh, and balm in one rich flood,  
O'erran my heart, and spirited my blood ;  
My thoughts did swim in comforts, and mine eye  
Confessed the world did only paint and lie.  
And where before I did no safe course steer,  
But wandered under tempests all the year ;  
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,  
And was blown through by every storm and wind,  
I am so warmed now by this glance on me,  
That midst all storms I feel a ray of Thee.  
So have I known some beauteous paysage rise  
In sudden flowers and arbors to my eyes,  
And in the depth and dead of winter bring  
To my cold thoughts a lively sense of spring.

Thus fed by Thee, who dost all beings nourish,  
My withered leaves again look green and flourish ;  
I shine and shelter underneath Thy wing,  
Where sick with love I strive Thy name to sing ;  
Thy glorious name ! which grant I may so do,  
That these may be Thy praise, and my joy too !

HENRY VAUGHAN

## FROM "THE PRELUDE."

WHEN first I made  
Once more the circuit of our little lake,  
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,  
That day consummate happiness was mine,  
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.  
The sun was set, or setting, when I left  
Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on  
A sober hour, not winning or serene,  
For cold and raw the air was, and untuned ;  
But as a face we love is sweetest then  
When sorrow damps it, or whatever look  
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart  
Have fulness in herself ; even so with me  
It fared that evening. Gently did my soul  
Put off her veil, and self-transmuted, stood  
Naked, as in the presence of her God.  
While on I walked, a comfort seemed to touch  
A heart that had not been disconsolate :  
Strength came where weakness was not known to be,  
At least not felt ; and restoration came  
Like an intruder knocking at the door  
Of unacknowledged weariness. I took  
The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself.  
— Of that external scene which round me lay,  
Little, in this abstraction, did I see,  
Remembered less ; but I had inward hopes  
And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and soothed,



Conversed with promises, had glimmering views  
How life pervades the undecaying mind ;  
How the immortal soul with Godlike power  
Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep  
That time can lay upon her ; how on earth,  
Man, if he do but live within the light  
Of high endeavors, daily spreads abroad  
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.  
Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love  
Of innocence, and holiday repose ;  
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir  
Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end  
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### CHANGE.

FATHER! there is no change to live with Thee,  
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;  
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,  
I but rejoicing hasten on the way ;  
The morning comes with blushes overspread,  
And I new-wakened find a morn within ;  
And in its modest dawn around me shed,  
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn ;  
Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend,  
Yet they could never reach as far as me,  
Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,  
That I a child might sleep awhile on Thee,  
Till to the light restored by gentle sleep  
With new-found zeal I might Thy precepts keep.

JONES VERY.

## ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

“ Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it ; for I will give it unto thee.” GEN. xiii. 17.

“ All things are yours . . . things present.” 1 COR. iii. 22, 23.

WHILE toil and warfare urge us on our way,  
 And heart is answering heart in signs of pain,  
 Have we no words of strengthening joy to say —  
 No songs for those who suffer but to reign ?

Behold, the paths of life are ours — we see  
 Our blest inheritance where'er we tread ;  
 Sorrow and danger our security,  
 And disappointment lifting up our head.

Kings unto God, we may not doubt our power,  
 We may not languish when He says, “ Be strong ” —  
 We must move on through every adverse hour,  
 And take possession as we pass along.

We need no haste where he has said “ Be still ” —  
 No peace where He has charged us to contend ;  
 Only the fearless love to do His will,  
 And to show forth His honor to the end.

O ye that faint and die, arise and live !  
 Sing, ye that all things have a charge to bless !  
 If He is faithful who hath sworn to give,  
 Then be ye also faithful, and possess.

Take thy whole portion with thy Master's mind —  
Toil, hindrance, hardness, with his virtue take —  
And think how short a time thy heart may find  
To labor or to suffer for his sake.

Ours be a loyal love for service tried,  
To show, by deeds and words and looks that cheer,  
How he can bless the scene in which he died,  
And fill his house with glory even here.

ANNA L. WARING.

### CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint  
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope  
Indeed beyond the zenith and the scope  
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow faint  
To muse upon eternity's constraint  
Round our aspirant souls ; but since the scope  
Must widen early, is it well to droop,  
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?  
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,  
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,  
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread  
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod  
To meet the flints ? at least it may be said,  
"Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee, God."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GOD'S PRESENCE THE SOURCE OF ALL  
JOY.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." PSALM XVI. 11.

O FRIEND of souls, 't is well with me  
Whene'er Thy love my spirit calms !  
From sorrow's dungeon forth I flee,  
And hide me in Thy sheltering arms.  
The night of weeping flies away  
Before the heart-reviving ray  
Of love, that beams from out Thy breast ;  
Here is my heaven on earth begun ;  
Who were not joyful had he won  
In Thee, O God, his joy and rest !

Through deserts of the cross Thou leadest,  
I follow leaning on Thy hand ;  
From out the clouds Thy child Thou feedest,  
And giv'st him water from the sand.  
I know Thy wondrous ways will end  
In love and blessing, Thou true Friend,  
Enough, if Thou art ever near !  
I know, whom Thou wilt glorify,  
And raise o'er sun and stars on high,  
Thou lead'st through depths and darkness here.

To others Death seems dark and grim,  
But not, Thou Life of life, to me ;  
I know Thou ne'er forsakest him  
Whose heart and spirit rest in Thee.

Oh who would fear his journey's close,  
 If from dark woods and lurking foes,  
     He then find safety and release?  
 Nay, rather with a joyful heart  
 From this dark region I depart,  
     To Thy eternal light and peace.

O Friend of souls, 't is well indeed  
     With me, when on Thy love I lean!  
 The world, nor pain, nor death I heed,  
     Since Thou, my God, my joy hast been.  
 Oh let this peace that Thou hast given  
 Be but a foretaste of Thy heaven,  
     For goodness infinite is Thine.  
 Hence, world, with all thy flattering toys!  
 In God alone lie all my joys;  
     Oh rich delight, my Friend is mine!

WOLFGANG DESSLER, 1692

## ON A LONG AND PERILOUS JOURNEY.

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my task,  
     The counsel of my God I ask,  
     Who all things hath and can;  
 Unless He give both thought and deed  
 The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,  
     And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail?  
 My care, my watching all must fail,  
     Unless my God is there;

Then let Him order all for me  
As He in wisdom shall decree ;  
On Him I cast my care.

For nought can come, as nought hath been,  
But what my Father hath foreseen,  
And what shall work my good ;  
Whate'er He gives me I will take,  
Whate'er He chooses I will make  
My choice with thankful mood.

When late at night my rest I take,  
When early in the morn I wake,  
Halting or on my way,  
In hours of weakness or in bonds,  
When vexed with fears my heart desponds,  
His promise is my stay.

Since then my course is traced by Him  
I will not fear that future dim,  
But go to meet my doom,  
Well knowing nought can wait me there  
Too hard for me through Him to bear ;  
I yet shall overcome.

To Him myself I wholly give,  
At His command I die or live,  
I trust His love and power ;  
Whether to-morrow or to-day  
His summons come, I will obey,  
He knows the proper hour.

Then, oh my soul, be ne'er afraid,  
 On Him who thee and all things made  
 Do thou all calmly rest ;  
 Whate'er may come, where'er we go,  
 Our Father in the heavens must know  
 In all things what is best.

PAUL FLEMMING, 1631.

### GOD IS FAITHFUL.

“ God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.” 1 COR. 1. 6.

**B**OWED with a burden none can weigh save Thee,  
 Strength of my life, on Thee I cast my care ;  
 My heart must prove its own infirmity,  
 But what shall move me, if my God be there ?

Oh for a thankful song with every breath,  
 While amid fading flowers and withering grass,  
 I, with Thee, through the grave and gate of death,  
 On to my joyful resurrection pass.

Armed with the spirit of my Master's mind,  
 How shall I spare a thought that he would slay !  
 Lord, I would leave those things that are behind,  
 And press towards Heaven through all the narrow way.

Bright be my prospect as I pass along ; —  
 An ardent service at the cost of all, —  
 Love by untiring ministry made strong,  
 And ready for the first, the softest call.

Yes, God is faithful — and my lot is cast ;  
 Oh, not myself to serve, my own to be !  
 Light of my life, the darkness now is past,  
 And I beneath the cross can work for Thee.

ANNA L. WARING.

### DISAPPOINTMENT.

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

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

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

Our plans may be disjointed,  
 But we may calmly rest :  
 What God has once appointed  
 Is better than our best.

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



What though we seem to stumble,  
He will not let us fall ;  
And learning to be humble  
Is not lost time at all.

What though we fondly reckoned,  
A smoother way to go  
Than where His hand has beckoned,  
It will be better so.

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

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

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

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

## OUR STRONGHOLD OF HOPE.

**G**OD liveth ever !  
 Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !  
 Our God is good, in every place  
 His love is known, His help is found ;  
 His mighty arm, and tender grace  
 Bring good from ills that hem us round ;  
 Easier than we think can He  
 Turn to joy our agony ;  
 Soul, remember 'mid thy pains,  
 God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !  
 Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !  
 He who can earth and heaven control,  
 Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,  
 Whose presence fills the mighty Whole,  
 In each true heart is close at hand ;  
 Love Him, He will surely send  
 Help and joy that never end.  
 Soul, remember in thy pains,  
 God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !  
 Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !  
 When sins and follies long forgot  
 Upon thy tortured conscience prey,  
 Oh, come to God, and fear Him not,  
 His love shall sweep them all away.

Pains of hell at look of His  
Change to calm content and bliss.  
Soul, remember in thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !  
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !  
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,  
Who stand bewildered with their woe,  
God gently to His bosom takes,  
And bids them all His fulness know ;  
In thy sorrows' swelling flood  
Own His hand who seeks thy good.  
Soul, forget not in thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !  
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !  
What though thou tread with bleeding feet  
A thorny path of grief and gloom,  
Thy God will choose the way most meet  
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.  
For this life's long night of sadness  
He will give thee peace and gladness ;  
Soul, remember in thy pains,  
God o'er all for ever reigns.

*“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee : because he trusteth in Thee.”* ISA. xxvi. 3.

O THIS is blessing, this is rest —  
 Into Thine arms, O Lord, I flee :  
 I hide me in Thy faithful breast,  
 And pour out all my soul to Thee.  
 O tenderness — O truth divine !  
 Lord, I am altogether Thine.  
 I have bowed down, — I need not flee —  
 Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

And now I count supremely kind  
 The rule that once I thought severe ;  
 And precious to my altered mind,  
 At length, Thy least reproofs appear.  
 Now to the love that casts out fear,  
 Mercy and truth indeed seem one ;  
 Why should I hold my ease so dear ?  
 The work of training must be done.  
 I must be taught what I would know —  
 I must be led where I would go —  
 And all the rest ordained for me,  
 Till that which is not seen I see  
 Is to be found in trusting Thee.

ANNA L. WARING

## TO MYSELF.

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,  
 Or too regretful,  
 Be still ;

What God hath ordered must be right,  
 Then find in it thine own delight,  
 My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
 About to-morrow,  
 My heart ?

One watches all with care most true,  
 Doubt not that He will give thee too  
 Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,  
 Nor seek earth's favor,  
 But rest :

Thou knowest what God wills must be  
 For all His creatures, so for thee,  
 The best.

PAUL FLEMMING, 1609-1640

## CONFIDO ET CONQUIESCO.

“ Scit ; potest ; vult : quid est quod timeamus.”

ST. IGNATIUS

FRET not, poor soul : while doubt and fear  
 Disturb thy breast,  
 The pitying angels, who can see  
 How vain thy wild regret must be,  
 Say, Trust and Rest.

Plan not, nor scheme, — but calmly wait ;  
 His choice is best.

While blind and erring is thy sight,  
 His wisdom sees and judges right,  
 So Trust and Rest.

Strive not, nor struggle : thy poor might  
 Can never wrest  
 The meanest thing to serve thy will ;  
 All power is His alone : Be still,  
 And Trust and Rest.

Desire not : self-love is strong  
 Within thy breast ;  
 And yet He loves thee better still,  
 So let Him do His loving will,  
 And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear ? His wisdom reigns  
 Supreme confessed ;  
 His power is infinite ; His love  
 Thy deepest, fondest dreams above ; —  
 So Trust and Rest.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

### ONLY THINE.

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear  
 The image of Thy Godhead here ;  
 Who soughtest me with tender care  
 Through all my wanderings wild and drear, —  
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who soon shalt bid me rise  
 From out this dying life of ours ;  
 O Love, who soon o'er yonder skies  
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers, --  
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER (ANGELUS SILESIVS), 1657

THOU knowest that I am not blest  
 As Thou would'st have me be,  
 Till all the peace and joy of faith  
 Possess my soul in Thee ;  
 And still I seek 'mid many fears,  
 With yearnings unexpressed,  
 The comfort of Thy strengthening love,  
 Thy soothing, settling rest.  
 And while I wait for all Thy joys,  
 My yearning heart to fill,  
 Teach me to walk and work with Thee,  
 And at Thy feet sit still.

ANNA L. WARING.

*"All things work together for good to them that love  
 God."* ROMANS viii. 28.

O WHAT a load of struggle and distress  
 Falls off before the cross ! The feverish care ;  
 The wish that we were other than we are ;  
 The sick regrets ; the yearnings numberless ;  
 The thought, " this might have been," so apt to press

On the reluctant soul ; even past despair,  
Past sin itself — all — all is turned to fair,  
Aye ! to a scheme of ordered happiness,  
So soon as we love God, or rather know  
That God loves us ! — Accepting the great pledge  
Of His concern for all our wants and woe,  
We cease to tremble upon danger's edge ;  
While varying troubles form and burst anew,  
Safe in a Father's arms we smile as infants do !

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.



## HEAVEN AND THE SAINTS.



FROM "ELEANORA."

AS precious gums are not for lasting fire,  
They but perfume the temple, and expire;  
So was she soon exhaled, and vanished hence;  
A short, sweet odor, of a vast expense.  
She vanished, we can scarcely say she died;  
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:  
She passed serenely with a single breath;  
This moment perfect health, the next was death:  
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue,  
Or, one dream passed, we slide into a new;  
So close they follow, such wild order keep,  
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:  
So softly death succeeded life in her:  
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.  
No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise;  
Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS.  
CATHERINE THOMSON,

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16 DECEMBER, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee  
never,  
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load  
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.  
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavor  
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Followed thee up to joy and bliss forever.  
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,  
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

JOHN MILTON.

“SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN  
WAYS.”

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone  
 Half hidden from the eye!  
 Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be;  
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
 The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1799.

#### ELEGY ON MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY.

SHE, of whose soul, if we may say, 't was gold,  
 Her body was the Electrum, and did hold  
 Many degrees of that; we understood  
 Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood  
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
 That one might almost say, her body thought.

. . . . .

She whom we celebrate is gone before:  
 She who had here so much essential joy,  
 As no chance could distract, much less destroy;  
 Who with God's presence was acquainted so,  
 (Hearing and speaking to Him), as to know  
 His face in any natural stone or tree  
 Better than when in images they be:

. . . . .

Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day ;  
 Who dreamed devoutlier than most use to pray :  
 Who, being here filled with grace, yet strove to be  
 Both where more grace and more capacity  
 At once is given. She to Heaven is gone,  
 Who made this world in some proportion  
 A Heaven, and here became unto us all  
 Joy (as our joys admit) essential.

JOHN DONNE.

**T**HE good, — they drop around us, one by one,  
 Like stars, when morning breaks ; though lost to  
 sight,  
 Around us are they still in Heaven's own light,  
 Building their mansions in the purer zone  
 Of the invisible ; when round are thrown  
 Shadows of sorrow, still serenely bright  
 To faith they gleam ; and blest be sorrow's night  
 That brings the o'erarching heavens in silence down,  
 A mantle set with orbs unearthly fair !  
 Alas ! to us they are not, though they dwell,  
 Divinely dwell in memory ; while life's sun  
 Declining, bids us for the night prepare ;  
 That we, with urns of light, and our task done,  
 May stand with them in lot unchangeable.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

THE hand of Death lay heavy on her eyes, —  
For weeks and weeks her vision had not borne  
To meet the tenderest light of eve or morn,  
To see the crescent moonbeam set or rise,  
Or palest twilight creep across the skies :  
She lay in darkness, seemingly forlorn,  
With sharp and ceaseless anguish racked and torn,  
Yet calm with that one peace which never dies.  
Closed was for her the gate of visual sense,  
This world and all its beauty lost in night ;  
But the pure soul was all ablaze with light,  
And through that gloom she saw, with gaze intense,  
Celestial glories, hid from fleshly sight,  
And heard angelic voices call her hence.

JOHN MOULTRIE

## FROM "WALLENSTEIN."

HE is gone — is dust.  
He, the more fortunate ! yea, he hath finished !  
For him there is no longer any future,  
His life is bright, — bright without spot it *was*  
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour  
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.  
Far off is he, above desire and fear ;  
No more submitted to the change and chance  
Of the unsteady planets. O 't is well  
With *him* ! but who knows what the coming hour  
Veiled in thick darkness brings for us !

That anguish will be wearied down, I know ;  
 What pang is permanent with man ? from the highest  
 As from the vilest thing of every day  
 He learns to wean himself ; for the strong hours  
 Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost  
 In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.  
 For O ! he stood beside me, like my youth,  
 Transformed for me the real to a dream,  
 Clothing the palpable and the familiar  
 With golden exhalations of the dawn.  
 Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,  
 The beautiful is vanished — and returns not.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

*Translated by* SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

FROM "LACRYMÆ PATERNÆ."

WHY, day by day, this painful questioning ?  
 I know that *it is well*. I know that *there*  
 (O where ?) thou hast protectors, guardians, friends,  
 If such be needed : angel companies  
 Move round thee : mighty spirits lead thy thoughts  
 To founts of knowledge which we never saw.  
 I know that thou art happy — fresh desire  
 Springing each day, and each day satisfied :  
 God's glorious works all open to thy view,  
 His blessed creatures thine — where pain nor death  
 Disturbs not, nor divides. All this I know —  
 But O for one short sight of what I know !

HENRY ALFORD.

## FROM "LAODAMIA."

**H**E spake of love, such love as spirits feel  
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;  
 No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,  
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;  
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;  
 Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there  
 In happier beauty : more pellucid streams,  
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;  
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## PEACE.

**M**Y soul, there is a country  
 Afar beyond the stars,  
 Where stands a winged sentry  
 All skilful in the wars.  
 There, above noise and danger,  
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,  
 And One born in a manger  
 Commands the beauteous files.  
 He is thy gracious Friend  
 And (O my soul ! awake)  
 Did in pure love descend,  
 To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst but get thither,  
 There grows the flower of peace,  
 The rose that cannot wither,  
 Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
 Leave, then, thy foolish ranges ;  
 For none can thee secure  
 But One, who never changes,  
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN

### THE FUTURE LIFE.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
 When all of thee that time could wither sleeps  
 And perishes among the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;  
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there ?  
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given !  
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
 And wilt thou never utter it in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,  
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,  
 And larger movements of the unfettered mind,  
 Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?



The love that lived through all the stormy past,  
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,  
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,  
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,  
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,  
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;  
And wrath has left its scar — that fire of hell  
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,  
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,  
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,  
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,  
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this —  
The wisdom which is love — till I become  
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### TO MARY WORDSWORTH.

O DEARER far than light and life are dear,  
Full oft our human foresight I deplore;  
Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear  
That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more!

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,  
 Mix with the day and cross the hour of rest ;  
 While all the future, for thy purer soul,  
 With "sober certainties" of love is blest.

If a faint sigh, not meant for human ear,  
 Tell that these words thy humbleness offend,  
 Cherish me still — else faltering in the rear  
 Of a steep march ; uphold me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,  
 And love is dutiful in thought and deed ;  
 Through thee communion with that Love I seek ;  
 The faith Heaven strengthens where *He* moulds the  
 creed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MAKE ME TO BE NUMBERED WITH  
 THY SAINTS.

O WHEN my God, my glory, brings  
 His white and holy train  
 Unto those clear and living springs  
 Where comes no stain !

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,  
 And joy, and rest,  
 Make me amongst them, 't is my suit !  
 The last one and the least.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,  
And yet the monument proclaims it not,  
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought  
The emblems of a fame that never dies,  
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,  
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.  
A simple name alone,  
To the great world unknown,  
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,  
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,  
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart  
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,  
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands  
The passions that consumed his restless heart ;  
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,  
Gentlest in mien and mind  
Of gentle womankind,  
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame :  
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made  
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,  
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade  
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here  
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,

And armies mustered at the sign, as when  
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East, —  
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men  
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.  
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave  
The victory to her who fills this grave :

Alone her task was wrought,  
Alone the battle fought ;

Through that long strife her constant hope was staid  
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look

That altered not beneath the frown they wore,  
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took

Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.

Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,  
And calmly broke in twain

The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.

By that victorious hand despair was slain,  
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame  
Evil with good, in her great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,

Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;

But when she entered at the sapphire gate

What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !

How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes  
rung,

And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung !

And he who, long before,

Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,

The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,  
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat ;  
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,  
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low ;  
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.  
O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go,  
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.  
Brief is the time, I know,  
The warfare scarce begun,  
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.  
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee ;  
The victors' names are yet too few to fill  
Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armory,  
That ministered to thee, is open still.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### LIFE.

**L**IFE! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part,  
And when, or how, or where we met,  
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
'T is hard to part when friends are dear, —  
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;

Then steal away, give little warning,  
 Choose thine own time ;  
 Say not Good Night, — but in some brighter clime  
 Bid me Good Morning.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

**I**T is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make man better be ;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere !  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night, —  
 It was the plant and flower of Light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

### THEY ARE ALL GONE.

**T**HEY are all gone into the world of light,  
 And I alone sit lingering here !  
 Their very memory is fair and bright,  
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest  
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days ;  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility !  
High as the heavens above !  
These are your walks, and you have shewed them me  
To kindle my cold love

Dear, beauteous death ; the jewel of the just !  
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know  
At first sight if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams,  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;  
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,  
She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
 Created glories under thee!  
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall  
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
 My perspective still as they pass;  
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill  
 Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN

### HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,  
 Where with the choir of saints forevermore  
 I shall be made Thy music, as I come  
 I tune the instrument here at the door,  
 And what I must do then, think here before.

JOHN DONNE.

### FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

I came to the place of my birth and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" and an echo answered, "Where are they?"

I SOUGHT you, friends of youth, in sun and shade,  
 By home and hearth — but no! ye were not there;  
 "Where are ye gone, beloved ones, where?" I said;  
 I listened, and an echo answered, "Where?"



Then silence fell around — upon a tomb  
I sat me down dismayed at death, and wept ;  
Over my senses fell a cloud of gloom,  
They sank before the mystery, and I slept.

I slept — and then before mine eyes there pressed  
Faces that showed a bliss unknown before ;  
The loved whom I in life had once possessed,  
Came one by one, till all were there once more.

A light of nobler worlds was round their head,  
A glow of better actions made them fair ;  
“ The dead are there,” triumphantly I said,  
Triumphantly the echo answered, “ There ! ”

MRS. ARCHER CLIVE

FROM “ IN MEMORIAM.”

XXXIX.

COULD we forget the widowed hour,  
And look on Spirits breathed away,  
As on a maiden in the day  
When first she wears her orange-flower !

When crowned with blessing she doth rise  
To take her latest leave of home,  
And hopes and light regrets that come  
Make April of her tender eyes ;

And doubtful joys the father move,  
And tears are on the mother's face,  
As parting, with a long embrace,  
She enters other realms of love ;

Her office there to rear, to teach,  
Becoming, as is meet and fit,  
A link among the days, to knit  
The generations each with each ;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit,  
In such great offices as suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !  
How often shall her old fireside  
Be cheered with tidings of the bride !  
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
And bring her babe, and make her boast,  
Till even those that missed her most  
Shall count new things as dear as old !

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low ;  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscovered lands.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE VERDICT OF DEATH.

**H**OW does Death speak of our beloved  
When it has laid them low ;  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow ?

It clothes their every gift and grace  
With radiance from the holiest place,  
With light as from an angel's face ;

Recalling with resistless force,  
And tracing to their hidden source  
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course.

This little loving fond device,  
That daily act of sacrifice,  
Of which too late we learn the price !

Opening our weeping eyes to trace  
Simple, unnoticed kindnesses,  
Forgotten notes of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be  
Sacred as hymns in infancy,  
Learned listening at a mother's knee.

Thus does Death speak of our beloved  
When it has laid them low ;  
Then let Love antedate the work of Death,  
And do this now !

---

How does Death speak of our beloved  
When it has laid them low ;  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow ?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,  
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,  
Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

It shows how such a vexing deed  
Was but the generous nature's weed,  
Or some choice virtue run to seed ;

How that small fretting fretfulness  
Was but love's over-anxiousness,  
Which had not been, had love been less.

This failing, at which we repined,  
But the dim shade of day declined,  
Which should have made us doubly kind.

Thus does Death speak of our beloved  
When it has laid them low ;  
Then let Love antedate the work of Death,  
And do this now !

---

How does Death speak of our beloved  
When it has laid them low ;  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow ?

It takes each failing on our part,  
And brands it in upon the heart  
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained,  
A giant stature will have gained  
When it can never be explained ;

The little service which had proved  
How tenderly we watched and loved,  
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved ;

The little gift from out our store,  
Which might have cheered some cheerless hour,  
When they with earth's poor needs were poor,  
But never will be needed more !

It shows our faults like fires at night ;  
It sweeps their failings out of sight ;  
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

O Christ, our life ! foredate the work of Death,  
And do this now !  
Thou who art love, thus hallow our beloved !  
Not Death, but Thou !

## A MEDITATION.

“ I believe in the Communion of Saints.”

AND oh, Beloved ones, my lips are fain  
To speak of you ! this heart of mine so long  
Hath communed with you, they may not refrain  
To pay you honor in a guileless song ;  
I will not fear to do the Master wrong  
In praising you, His servants, whom, unseen,  
I love in Him. As oft a stranger's mien  
Grows sudden dear through summoning the face  
Of friend beloved, so have I joyed to trace  
Your features back to His, and in the tone  
Ye use, a sweeter voice hath still been known ;  
Nor read I blame within their ardent eyes,  
Our elder, stronger Brethren of the skies,  
That unto me their names, their effigies  
Have been less dear than yours, who did not move  
About your work with them, whose feet of flame  
Upon their Master's errand went and came  
As in the lightning flash ; with footsteps slow  
And wearied oft, kind ministers ! *ye* went  
About this lower House of His, intent  
On humblest household tasks, and for the sake  
Of this great family, with care opprest,  
That it might fare the sweeter, ye did wake  
Betimes, and watch that it might safer rest.  
Ye wore not then the Halo on your brow,  
But bound on rugged paths where once of old

Your Master toiled, where toil your brethren now,  
 Ye had not Angels for your mates, but cold  
 Dull hearts were round you, that within your own  
 Ye warmed, till oft their chillness deadly grown  
 Hath made your hands, hath made your bosoms ache !

Now have ye reached the Mount of God ! no stain  
 Lies on your robes, and all your faces shine  
 As shone they never here, while yet in frail  
 Coarse vessels all your heaven-won treasure lay,  
 While oft the light within would pale and pine  
 Because the lamp that bore it was of clay —  
 Now, far behind the shrouding veil, your way  
 Leads on from grace to grace. —

— And even thus we meet,  
 And even thus we commune ! spirits freed  
 And spirits fettered mingle, nor have need  
 To seek a common atmosphere ; the air  
 Is meet for either in this olden, sweet,  
 Primeval breathing of Man's spirit — Prayer !

DORA GREENWELL

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,  
 Who strove in Thee to live,  
 Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored  
 Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,  
 Accept our thankful cry,  
 Who counted Thee their great reward,  
 And strove in Thee to die.

They all in life and death,  
 With Thee, their Lord, in view,  
 Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath  
 To suffer and to do.

Thy mystic members fit  
 To join thy saints above  
 In one unmixed communion knit,  
 And fellowship of love.

For this Thy name we bless,  
 And humbly beg that we  
 May follow them in holiness,  
 And live and die in Thee.

RICHARD MANT.

## THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

“ All live in Him.”

**L**ORD! if our dwelling-place Thou art,  
 With all Thine own we dwell ;  
 O never may those lovers part  
 Who love the Lord full well.



Death has no bidding to divide  
The souls that dwell in Thee :  
Yes, all who in the Lord abide  
Are of one family.

They mingle still their songs, their prayers,  
Thy people, Lord, are one,  
Thy people in the vale of tears,  
Thy people near the throne.

The souls most precious to us here  
May from this home have fled ;  
But still we make one household dear ;  
One Lord is still our head.

Midst cherubim and seraphim  
They mind their Lord's affairs ;  
O ! if we bring our work to Him,  
Our work is one with theirs.

THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL

### THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

**W**HEN the powers of Hell prevail  
O'er our weakness and unfitness,  
Could we lift the fleshly veil,  
Could we for a moment witness  
Those unnumbered hosts that stand  
Calm and bright on either hand ;

Could we see, though far and faint,  
 (Sight too great for eyes unholy,)  
 Face of some departed saint  
 Tinged for us with melancholy ;  
     Oh, what strength of shame and woe  
     Would start up to slay the foe !

Oh, what joyful hope would cheer,  
 Oh, what faith serene would guide us !  
 Great may be the danger near,  
 Greater are the friends beside us ;  
     Oh ! what reverent heed would then  
     Guide our footsteps among men !

Lord ! Thy saints in evil hour  
 So did feel Thine armies round them,  
 That no sin could overpower,  
 And no shape of Death astound them —  
     Make our faith what theirs hath been —  
     Evidence of things unseen.

ANONYMOUS.

### FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

**W**HITHER, oh ! whither wilt thou wing thy way ?  
 What solemn region first upon thy sight  
 Shall break, unveiled for terror or delight ?  
 What hosts, magnificent in dread array,  
 My spirit ! when thy prison-house of clay  
 After long strife is rent ? Fond, fruitless quest !  
 The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,

Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,  
And through their parting leaves, by fits revealed,  
A glimpse of summer sky; nor knows the field  
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.  
Thou art that bird! — of what beyond thee lies  
Far in the untracked, immeasurable skies  
Knowing but this — that thou shalt find thy Guide!

FILICIA D. HEMANS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.



### THE UNFAILING ONE.

“He faileth not.” — ZEPH. iii. 5.

**H**E who hath led will lead  
All through the wilderness ;  
He who hath fed will feed ;  
He who hath blessed will bless ;  
He who hath heard thy cry  
Will never close His ear ;  
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh  
Will not forget thy tear.  
He loveth always, faileth never,  
So rest on Him, to-day, forever !

Then trust Him for to-day  
As thine unfailing Friend,  
And let Him lead thee all the way,  
Who loveth to the end.

And let the morrow rest  
In His belovéd hand ;  
His good is better than our best,  
As we shall understand, —  
If, trusting Him who faileth never,  
We rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

### COMPELLED TO BEAR THE CROSS.

MY Lord, if I had chosen  
And asked a cross of Thee  
I think unto its bearing  
My heart would stronger be.  
Who takes his cross and follows  
With solemn will and choice,  
He feels Thy hand uplifting,  
He hears Thy calling voice.  
But my reluctant spirit  
It faints at toil and pain,  
And back to easy living  
Turns ever and again.

I think of the Cyrenian  
Who crossed the city gate  
When forth the stream was pouring  
That bore Thy cruel fate.  
From quiet country places  
The startled man was caught  
By that fierce human tumult  
Where maddest passion wrought.

I ponder what within him  
The thoughts that woke that day,  
As his unchosen burden  
He bore, that unsought way.

For I, O Lord, Thou seest  
A heavy cross I bear,  
Yet in its choice, or making,  
I had nor will, nor share.  
The souls that lived before me  
This load for me did make,  
They left it me for birthright,  
I could not choose but take.  
This will toward good uncertain  
Yet vehement toward wrong,  
These yearnings that are feeble,  
These passions that are strong—  
Low, stubborn facts that cramp me,  
High visions that are vain, —  
The spirit that aspires,  
The body that 's a chain, —  
This nature 's not my choosing —  
This cross, I cannot see  
How bearing it I ever  
Can follow after Thee.

Yet, "Tempted He as we are"!  
Oh Lord, was Thy cross mine?  
Am I, like Simon, bearing  
A burden that is Thine?  
Thou must have looked on Simon —  
Turn, Lord, and look on me

Till I shall see, I follow  
 And bear Thy cross with Thee.  
 Then though I *was* compelled,  
 I'll claim as boon the woe  
 Through which my feet are learning  
 The path where Thou dost go.

HARRIET WARE HALL.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

STRONG SON OF GOD.

**S**TRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
 Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
 Believing where we cannot prove !

Thou seemest human and divine,  
 The highest, holiest manhood, Thou ;  
 Our wills are ours, we know not how ;  
 Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day ;  
 They have their day and cease to be ;  
 They are but broken lights of Thee,  
 And Thou, oh Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;  
 For knowledge is of things we see ;  
 And yet we trust it comes from Thee,  
 A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music, as before.

## XXXII.

**H**ER eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face,  
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure ;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?



## XXXIII.

O THOU that after toil and storm  
    Mayst seem to have reached a purer air,  
Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,  
    Her early Heaven, her happy views ;  
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse  
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith through form is pure as thine,  
    Her hands are quicker unto good.  
O, sacred be the flesh and blood  
To which she links a truth divine !

See, thou that countest reason ripe  
    In holding by the law within,  
Thou fail not in a world of sin,  
And e'en for want of such a type.

## XXXVI.

THOUGH truths in manhood darkly join,  
    Deep-seated in our mystic frame,  
We yield all blessing to the name  
Of Him that made them current coin ;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,  
 Where Truth in closest words shall fail,  
 When Truth embodied in a tale  
 Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought  
 With human hands the creed of creeds  
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
 More strong than all poetic thought ;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave  
 In roarings round the coral reef.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE BLESSED LIFE.

O BLESSED life ! the heart at rest,  
 When all without tumultuous seems ;  
 That trusts a higher will, and deems  
 That higher will, not mine, the best.

O blessed life ! the mind that sees, —  
 Whatever change the years may bring, —  
 A mercy still in everything,  
 And shining through all mysteries.

O blessed life ! the soul that soars,  
 When sense of mortal sight is dim,  
 Beyond the sense — beyond, to Him  
 Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed life ! heart, mind, and soul,  
From self-born aims and wishes free,  
In all at one with Deity,  
And loyal to the Lord's control.

O life ! how blessed ! how divine !  
High life, the earnest of a higher !  
Father ! fulfil my deep desire,  
And let this blessed life be mine !

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON, 1866.

### AFTER STRIFE.

THE Sabbath sunshine blessed the earth to-day  
With large, still utterance of a thought divine ;  
For ever freely thus — it seemed to say —  
Doth heavenly love on human darkness shine :  
O bright beyond all suns that wondrous light of  
Thine !

To-night, the Sabbath moonlight, with white wings,  
Dove-like, doth brood o'er Earth's dark, fevered  
breast ;  
So God's great calm its gift of healing brings  
To souls long tossed in sorrowful unrest,  
And leaves therein the peace that cannot be ex-  
pressed.

INDEPENDENT.

## AFTER REST.

THE loving skies lean softly down to bless ;  
The hills reach upward for that mute caress ;  
White calms of clouds are floating on their way,  
As winged with that sweet peace of yesterday.  
Sunrise with singing in the east is born,  
And the whole earth is jubilant this morn,  
After the Day of Rest.

From out the white tent of that blest repose  
We pass, as one who unto battle goes,  
His head anointed with a kingly oil ;  
And, as we climb anew the hills of toil,  
The work-day world, elate and all astir  
With eager tumults, looketh hopefuller  
After the Day of Rest.

Thus o'er our path the Sabbath lilies spring,  
Through hours of strife their dewy sweets to fling ;  
With bells of peace to call our hearts away,  
Expectant still of that eternal day  
When souls that burn on tireless wing to rise,  
Shall find all high and pure activities,  
And weariness, all rest

## THOUGHTS IN A CITY CHURCH.

**F**ORGIVE the fault, if sometimes on Thy day  
And in Thine house, my prayer hath folded wing ;  
My spirit turned from Thee to things of sense,  
And found delight in vain imagining.

Ah, cool and quiet places where men pray !  
Without, the gentle sound of cawing rooks,  
Within, the country faces flushed with health,  
The white smocks bent above the dog-eared books ;

Soft breath of mignonette and scented thyme  
From the warm hands of children sitting by,  
And through the open door a veil of elm  
Across the glory of the summer sky ;

The sound of voices in the shady lane,  
The trembling heat above some quiet mound ;  
And here the sunbeams' painting on the wall,  
The ivy's shimmering shadow on the ground ;

And everywhere a presence, without name,  
Subtle, ineffable, — a spell, no more, —  
Breathing from arch and elm, from flower and groin,  
Ay, from the trodden stones upon the floor, —

A something that we know is not, to-day,  
A something that gives strength to prayer and song ;  
And if we miss it, as we kneel to pray,  
Art Thou extreme, O Lord, to mark it wrong ?

Nay, for the desolate town was never Thine,  
 Unloveliness hath never part in Thee !  
 Yet, where gross man has marred Thy handiwork,  
 Souls that he could not reach, are white and free.

So that I breathe the breath of fragrant lives,  
 And learn that where flowers sicken, hearts grow  
 strong,  
 The better man within me cries, "Content !"  
 Albeit the weaker whispers still "How long ?"

SPECTATOR.

### HYMN TO THE CITY.

NOT in the solitude  
 Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see  
 Only in savage wood  
 And sunny vale, the present Deity ;  
 Or only hear His voice  
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold  
 Thy steps, Almighty ! — here, amidst the crowd,  
 Through the great city rolled,  
 With everlasting murmur deep and loud —  
 Choking the ways that wind  
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes  
 From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,  
 And lights their inner homes ;  
 For them Thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,  
 And givest them the stores,  
 Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,  
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;  
 And this eternal sound —  
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng —  
 Like the resounding sea,  
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest  
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,  
 Hushing its billowy breast —  
 The quiet of that moment too is Thine ;  
 It breathes of Him who keeps  
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

**E**ARTH has not anything to show more fair :  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty :  
 This city now doth like a garment wear  
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields and to the sky ;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Sept. 3, 1802.

### A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,  
 Shed from the bosom of the morn  
 Into the blowing roses,  
 (Yet careless of its mansion new  
 For the clear region where 't was born,)  
 Round in itself incloses,  
 And, in its little globe's extent  
 Frames, as it can, its native element.  
 How it the purple flower does slight,  
 Scarce touching where it lies ;  
 But, gazing back upon the skies,  
 Shines with a mournful light,  
 Like its own tear,  
 Because so long divided from the sphere.  
 Restless it rolls and unsecure,  
 Trembling lest it grow impure ;  
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,  
 And to the skies exhales it back again.



So the soul, that drop, that ray,  
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,  
 Could it within the human flower be seen,  
   Remembering still its former height,  
   Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,  
   And, recollecting its own light,  
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express  
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.

  In how coy a figure wound,  
   Every way it turns away ;  
   So the world excluding round,  
   Yet receiving in the day.  
   Dark beneath, but bright above ;  
   Here disdainng, there in love.

  How loose and easy hence to go ;  
   How girt and ready to ascend ;  
   Moving but on a point below,  
   It all about does upward bend.

Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,  
 White and entire, though congealed and chill ;  
 Congealed on earth, but does dissolving run  
 Into the glories of the almighty Sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

### THE RETREAT.

**H**APPY those early days, when I  
 Shined in my angel-infancy !  
 Before I understood this place  
 Appointed for my second race,

Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white, celestial thought ;  
When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first love,  
And looking back, at that short space,  
Could see a glimpse of his bright face ;  
When on some gilded cloud or flower  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity ;  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense,  
But felt through all this fleshly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient track !  
That I might once more reach that plain  
Where first I left my glorious train ;  
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees  
That shady city of palm-trees.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

## ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY,

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

## I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore ; —  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

## II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose ;  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair ;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
    And while the young lambs bound  
    As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief :  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
    And I again am strong :  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng ;  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
    And all the earth is gay ;  
    Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
    And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday ; —  
    Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
    shepherd-boy !

## IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call  
    Ye to each other make ; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
    My heart is at your festival,  
    My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.

O evil day if I were sullen  
 While the Earth herself is adorning  
     This sweet May morning,  
 And the children are pulling  
     On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm : —  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
     — But there 's a tree, of many one,  
 A single field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone ;  
     The pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat :  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

## v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
     And cometh from afar ;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
     From God who is our home :  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy ;  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows  
     He sees it in his joy ;

The youth, who daily farther from the East  
Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended ;  
At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And even with something of a mother's mind,  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' darling of a pygmy size !  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly learned art ;  
A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral,  
And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song :  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part ;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
     Thy soul's immensity ;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage ; thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind—  
     Mighty prophet ! seer blest !  
     On whom those truths do rest  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by ;  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX.

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction — not, indeed,  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:  
 Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,



Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,  
    To perish never ;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
    Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
    Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
    Which brought us hither,  
    Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## x.

Then sing, ye birds ! sing, sing a joyous song !  
    And let the young lambs bound  
    As to the tabor's sound !  
We in thought will join your throng,  
    Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
    Ye that through your hearts to-day  
    Feel the gladness of the May !  
What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now forever taken from my sight,  
    Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind ;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which, having been, must ever be,  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering,  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet ;  
The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1803-1806.

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