



THE following hitherto unpublished lines are from the pen of Lady LISTON FOULIS, of Ratho, near Edinburgh, a warmly-attached member and active supporter of the Schemes of the Church at home. Her little poems, signed M. A. L. F., may be often seen in religious periodicals:—

THE EMERALD BOW.

Rev. iv. 3.



ABOVE the throne on high
An emerald bow I see,
What does it signify?
What lesson bear to me?

It tells of covenant to be,
That spans our cloudy sky;
It shines in rain drops here,
But there in cloudless sky.

It tells of promise sure,
Of words that never fail;
It tells of love, most pure,
For us within the veil.

Are we in sorrow here?
With clouds and tempest bound,
Ah! still the emerald bow
Around the throne is found.

Are we in lonely grief?
As if forgotten quite,
There's still the emerald bow
Undimmed and shining bright.

Our Jesus, still the same,
Who was and is to be;
Our covenant God of love,
We'll put our trust in thee!

Prov. xv. 1.



SOFTLY, softly, answer not
With heated words of strife,
These grievous words do but stir up
The angry springs of life.

Softly, softly, answer give,
With loving, gentle word;
Then only are you like to Him,
The loving, gentle Lord.

Softly, softly guide the young
To speak with loving voice;

Teach them to turn the angry word
With love the angry noise.

Softly, softly Jesus spoke,
When taunted and reviled;
Softly, softly we must speak,
When tempted and beguiled.

If wrath was turned thus away
By soft and loving speech,
How happy we might ever be
Is it within our reach?