

In these lines we find nothing new, no attribute which has not been applied to the Deity for ages. But yet there is something striking in the lines—not in any one line, but in the whole stanza. It produces in us some such awe as we are wont to feel in Byron's "Ocean" when we read—

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests, etc.

And yet there is a vast difference between them, for while the charms of Byron's lines is due mostly to their effect on the imagination, that of Faber's is begotten not alone from this but from the simple faith expressed in things which, to the mind of "little man" seem impossible. Thus, "single," "lonely," "yet sublimely Three." Then, as if overwhelmed by his sacred theme, he confesses his inability to tell the "wondrous story," though in another stanza he ventures to present to us a half-seen vision of the better land :

Splendors upon splendors beaming
Change and intertwine ;
Glories over glories streaming
All translucent shine !
Blessings, praises, adorations
Greet Thee from the trembling nations !
Majesty Divine !

Among the many beautiful things that have been said and written on this subject, rarely do we find anything more pleasing to the imagination than the above stanza. The first four lines so beautifully descriptive of the Divinity's abode seem to transfer us in spirit to the realms of eternal bliss, whence in the last three we view the "trembling nations" as they breathe forth their faith, their hope, their love, to the "Great White Throne." Such faith, perhaps, as this :

Thou wert not born ; there was no fount
From which Thy Being flowed ;
There is no end which Thou canst reach :
But Thou art simply God.

Such hope, perhaps, as this :

My God ! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-seat
In depths of burning light !

Such love, perhaps, as this :

We too, like Thy coequal Word,
Within Thy lap may rest ;
We too, like Thine Eternal Dove,
May nestle in Thy Breast.

All these stanzas, but especially the last,

appeal in a special manner to the Christian soul ; and rightly so, for they are not the floundering of one essaying to "spell out the fragments of the message of the One Reality" by the aid of reason alone, but the result of a mind schooled in Christian revelation, the product of a heart taught in Christian meditation.

Many other hymns on kindred subjects will well repay perusal, especially such as "The Eternal Word," "The Eternal Spirit," &c., but space does not permit of further exemplifying. We shall, therefore, pass on to another class of his hymns—a class, which, perhaps, more than any other, shows the simple faith with which the heart of this noble Englishman was animated. I speak of those treating of the "Sacred Humanity of Jesus," under which heading he deals with not less than twenty different subjects. From these I shall give two examples of which the first is taken from "Blood is the Price of Heaven:"

Blood is the price of heaven ;
All sin that price exceeds ;
Oh come to be forgiven—
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds !
Bleeds !

Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The Blood drops from His brows,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds !
Bleeds !

Does their simplicity offend? If so, you have not the heart of a true Christian and Faber wrote for none but those who simply trust and love. That God loved was to him a foregone conclusion ; with Robert Browning he believed :

"That the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid His worlds."

Hence the simplicity of the above heart-song to the Precious Blood—only love for love. For those who hold that man is pure intellect, he had no message ; but for those who hold that man, as Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding well says in *Things of the Mind*, "is life ; and life is power, goodness, wisdom, joy, beauty, yearning, faith, hope, love, action," he had a message of God's own consolation, a message of unbounded love, a message tending to perfect this