

J. C. Emberson.

A PERFECT FACE.

A face where tender shadows fleet
 Responsive to the passing mood,
 Sweet memories, promises more sweet,
 Nay,—certainties of endless good.

A face that courts the wildest breeze,
 And woos the sun in summer hours
 Lies chequered 'neath the flickering trees,
 And vies in tint with vermeil flowers.

And some little lakelet clear
 Reflects the sky's unmeasured whole,
 So heaven's unnumbered charms appear
 All mirrored in this single soul.

Wouldst thou have such a face? then say
 Bright orisons at rise of sun,
 At evensong recall and weigh
 Each deed the parting day hath done.

Cast out all fear and all desire ;
 Fear God, fear nothing else beside ;
 Thy life-song,—“ Higher ! ever higher ! ”
 Like spray-snow on the vaulting tide.

My darling,—sun thyself in God,
 His mother-comfortings, His grace,
 His guidance, voice,—His loving rod,—
 And enter Heaven with such a face.