

Christ is the vine, and we the branches are,
And in His life our life and increase lie ;
Though one with Him we grow at liberty
To move to subtlest influence in the air.
'Twixt earth and heaven our life grows, and we share
In all their good on Christ's security.
While He lives we live—not in idleness.
His life sways ours, and ours cannot do less
Than stir and move in His to fruitfulness.

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Soul that must put all to the proof, yet fain
Wouldst hold fast what is good, what thinkest
thou [bow
Of Christ ? Whose son is He ? Canst thou not
Thine heart to worship Him ? Must all His pain,
His vows, His prayers, His love for thee, be vain ?
Poor heart of doubt, that, doubting, dar'st avow
There is no wisdom in the Crucified,
Nor power of God, art sure thou dost not hide
Thy sin from thee, and so hast Christ denied ?