

All Hallows in the West.

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Poetry.

BY THY CROSS AND PASSION.

By anguish that made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints, that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.
Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown—
No mortal grief deserves that crown!
O Supreme Love! Chief Misery!
The sharp regalia are for Thee,
Whose days eternally go on!
—E. B. Browning.

BY THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.

Rise, heart! Thy Lord is risen! Sing His praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise;
That, as His Death calcined thee to dust,
His Life may make thee gold and much more just!
—Herbert.

BY THY ASCENSION.

Then shall the gates and everlasting door
At which the King of Glory enters in,
Be to the Saints unbarred, and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom; where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is free from passion—there we'll celebrate
With worthier members Him Who is and was,
And in immortal prowess, King of kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.
—C. Smart, 1747.

Jesus, Perfect Man.

The Ascension is, above all things, the triumph of humanity in the person of the representative Man. At Ascension-tide we celebrate, and thank God for the enthronement of Man in Heaven. Man has passed through the gates of Heaven, now never more to be shut to him. Since the first Ascension Day we have a repre-