

Brother, far away from home,
Restless as the wave's light foam,
When temptations round you come,
Pray for strength to Him who said—
"It is I; be not afraid."

Brother, when death draweth near
And your spirit shakes in fear,
From its portals damp and drear,
Trust your soul to Him who said—
"It is I; be not afraid."

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

Ho! ye who in noble work
Win scorn, as flames draw air,
And in the way where lions lurk
God's image bravely bear;
Though trouble-tried or torture-torn,
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
Still springeth from the cloud;
And soul ne'er soared the starry seven
But pain's fire-chariot rode,
They've battled best who've boldest borne,
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow,
Doth into glory burn;
And tears that from love's torn heart flow
To pearls of spirit turn,
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

As beauty in Death's cerement shrouds
And stars bejewel night;
God-splendours live in dim heart-clouds
And suffering worketh might.
The murkiest hour is mother o'morn,
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

GERALD MASSEY.