

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

(MARK XVI. 12, 13; LUKE XXIV. 13-35.)

Slowly along the rugged pathway walked
 Two saddened wayfarers, bent on one quest;
 With them *Another*, who had asked to share
 Their travel, since they left the city's walls;
 Their converse too intent for speed; and oft,
 Where lingered on the rocks the sunset's tints,
 They checked their footsteps, careless of the hour
 And waning light, and heavy falling dews,
 For from the Stranger's lips came words that burned
 And lit the altar fuel in their hearts,
 Consuming fear and quickening faith at once.
 God's words grew luminous as he spoke;
 And all along the ages good from ill;
 And light from darkness sprang, as day from night.

Thus on their path they communed, till they reached
 The lowly wicket; and their urgent plea,
 "Day is far spent, abide with us," prevailed.
 The lamp is lighted o'er the simple board,
 And there is silence for a space; but, lo!
 The *Stranger* takes the bread and blesses it
 And breaks; and like a dream the veil is rent
 Which hid their Lord and Master from their gaze;
 It is *His* eye, *His* hand, *His* voice, *Himself*.
 Fain had they fallen at His feet, and fain
 Clung to Him as of old; it *may not be*;
 His place is empty, but *His love* is there,
 A calm, abiding Presence in their hearts.

O Jesus, Saviour, hear *our* cry. We, too,
 Are weary travellers on life's rough path,
 And Thou art still unchangeably the same.
 Come, Lord, to us, and let us walk with Thee;
 Come and unfold the words of heavenly life,
 Till our souls burn within us, and the day
 Breaks, and the Day-star rises in our hearts.
 Yea, Lord, abide with us, rending the veil
 Which hides Thee from the loving eye of faith;
 Dwell with us to the world's end evermore;
 Until thou callest us to dwell with Thee.—E. H. B.