

THE CHRIST.

"Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe."

Ah, how could hearts be troubled, Master, dear,
What time thy gracious countenance gave cheer
To longing souls who did from thee receive
Health, grace and up-lift, strength to fight, reprieve
From the tormenting devils born of fear,
From the vague future stretching blank and drear!
Thy passing near, what could they else but grieve!

It fares not so with us who toil to-day
To bring the blessed kingdom in. We fight
A vaster issue; wider is the night
In which our souls must wander; rough the way,
Nor flashes far the goal. Ah, that we might
Touch thee as those did, call thee Life and Light!