

All Hallows in the West.

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The Coronation Day.

The hosts of Heaven are gathering met
Around the Mount of Olivet,
In all their bright and glad array
To hail the Coronation day ;
For to His Throne above the skies
The King of kings this day shall rise.

The Earth in all her beauty fair
Of fresh'ning green, and soft spring air,
Yonder clear depth of eastern blue,
Where Heaven seems opening on the view,
All seem alike with joy to sing
The Coronation of the King.

The three and thirty years at last,
So full of pain and grief, are past ;
Beneath His Feet the Olive shade,
Where He in anguish knelt and prayed,
Lies not forgotten, but—passed by,
Upon this day of Triumph high.

O day most glorious! Even now
Both angels and archangels bow
Before the Man Whose Feet have trod
The paths of death, and call Him GOD !
And CHRIST, true Man, all worlds must own
One with the FATHER on His Throne.

Hark to the shout which rends the sky !
" Ye everlasting doors on high,
And all ye golden gates give way !
The King shall enter in to-day."
" The King of Glory !" " Who is he ?"
Come forth, ye heavenly Hosts, and see.

In Human Form, where still there show
The marks of pain He bore below,
With pierced Hands and Feet and Side,
Behold Him come !—the Crucified !—
His rightful place on high to claim,
Sharing the Everlasting Name !

Wonder of wonders ! On the Throne
Manhood with Godhead joined, we own,
Since there henceforth sits CHRIST the LORD
By all the universe adored,
Our very human nature shares,
And evermore that nature wears.

Man fell—but oh ! to what a height
Of wondrous power and glorious light
GOD hath uplifted him—since we
Man on the Throne of Godhead see!
While all creation owns His sway
And hails the Coronation Day !

ELLEN M. BLUNT.