

That last benediction over,  
While its parting tones did hover,  
Instant rose the morning sun :  
Quickly as his beams flash'd o'er them,  
From the solid earth before them,  
By a power perceiv'd of none  
Lifted upward was the Master,  
Soaring from them,—higher—faster—  
Vanishing, with downward face  
Beaming still a farewell grace.

Long have roll'd the circling ages  
Since the early Christian pages  
Were in history's volume writ :  
From Apostles' faithful telling,  
Spite of persecution swelling,  
On the wings of faith did flit  
Knowledge of the Godly Mystery,  
Of the sacred God-man's history,  
Kindling wherso'er it came  
Faith and love to holy flame.

ἡ Ἐπιφανία τῆς Παρουσίας αὐτοῦ.

None may deem our longing bootless  
Nor our expectation fruitless :—  
On His plighted word we trust :—  
This high hope no pow'r shall banish ;  
For His truth can never vanish,  
Though the earth and heaven must !  
Every day his bright appearing  
Must be ever nearing—nearing !  
And with foresight keen inspir'd,  
All our soul with joy is fir'd.  
Blackest storm-clouds swiftly riding  
On the tempest's breath, and hiding  
High o'erhead the blazing day,  
Suddenly with flashing lightning  
Every shape and crevice bright'ning  
Shall reveal His chariot-way,  
Lit with glory all supernal,—  
Roadway meet for King Eternal !  
Centupled in purest white,  
Dazzling with its blinding light !

Quiv'ring stood they, upward peering,  
Till with angel-words of cheering  
Comforted, they heavenward turn'd  
To the work the Lord assign'd them,  
Leaving traitor-fears behind them.  
Though both poor and little learn'd ;  
Yet one ray of truth from Heaven  
Far outshines the brightness given  
By the myriad words of men,  
Suasive tongue and fluent pen.

ὁ Μεταξῶν.

Keenest tortures and derision,  
Heresy and base division,  
Long beset the faithful band ;  
Gloomy failures, bright successes,  
Peaceful joys, and dark distresses,  
Still o'er-ruled by Higher Hand,  
Through the ages was upholden,  
Dim or bright, the truth-lamp golden ;  
And the hearts of men still yearn  
For their promised Christ's return.

Down that road celestial sweeping,  
Shining myriads shall be keeping  
Raptur'd time and harmony,  
In the Royal March transcendent !  
Brilliant with a joy resplendent,  
That eternal symphony  
Pealing forth shall tell the story  
How the Saviour, king of glory,  
Heir of Everlasting Throne,  
Most exults to claim His own !

Glorious Central Figure, riding  
'Mid those bright battalions, hiding  
In His splendour human form,  
We shall see Him forward bending,  
And with ecstasy descending,  
'Mid that dazzling glory-storm !  
All His radiant visage glowing,  
Fullest satisfaction flowing  
From the travail He has done,—  
Myriad souls for ever won.