

MENTAL TROUBLE, CLOUDING THE FAITH
OF AN AGED SAINT

O cruel Grief, O Trouble of the Mind,
Why dost thou fall on one well stricken in years,
Drowning dim eyes in floods of scalding tears,
Till agony has left them almost blind?
Why after years of trust, press thou, the rind—
The bitter rind of dread and ceaseless fears—
Against those trembling lips, till there appears
No hope in Life or Death of any kind?

O leave that soul, so crystal-clear before—
So full of Faith, of Hope and Charity,—
Then shall the sight be strong again to see
The Saviour's hand held out in deathless love;
The soul rest satisfied—serene once more—
Full of the love that nothing can remove.

"O LOVE, IMMORTAL AND UNCHANGING"

O Love, how is it that the songs
The Poets of thee sing,
So oft bemoan thy faithlessness
With melancholy ring?

For Love, if thou indeed be love,
Tho' ruin round thee spread,
Thou wilt but show more gloriously,
More nobly lift thy head.

Tho' all else perish, thou wilt live
Unchang'd, Immortal thing,
Untouch'd by taint of faithlessness:
True Love, to thee I cling,

Knowing that tho' the way be dark,
And dim with tears mine eyes,
If I hold fast to thy strong hand,
Thro' darkness I shall rise

To that great light—more bright than day,
That floods the realms above,
That never wavers, fades nor fails,—
The Light of Perfect Love.