

"Strong son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

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"Forgive these wild and wandering cries
Confusions of a wasted youth,
Forgive them when they fail in truth
And in Thy wisdom make me wise."

¶ His last poem, or almost his last, is said to have originated thus,---

¶ An old servant happened to remark to him that among all his poetic efforts he had never composed a hymn. The next morning he removed her reproach by reading to her "Crossing the Bar."

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.