

things tender and true in spiritual life as well as beautiful in poetry. In the prayer with which the book opens we read :—

“It shames me not to have passed by
The temple doors in every street,
Where men profaned Thee : but that I
Have left neglected, choked with weeds
Defrauded of its incense sweet
From holy thoughts and loyal deeds,
The fane Thou gavest me to enshrine
Thee in, this wretched heart of mine.
The satyr there hath entered in ;
The owl that loves the darkened hour ;
And obscene shapes of night and sin
Still haunt where God designed a bower
For angels.”

It is a pity that this passage should be marred by the touch of scorn with which it opens, and that the cultivated aristocrat had not been satisfied to utter the humble confession and prayer of the publican without prefixing the Pharisee's “Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men.” The following passage from another poem gives expression to the human need that has been met by Emmanuel, God with us :—

“What message, or what messenger to man ?
Whereby shall revelation reach the soul ?
For who by searching finds out God ? How can
My steps unguided gain the goal
Of necessary knowledge ? It is clear
I cannot reach the gates of Heaven and knock
And enter : though I stood upon the rock
Like Moses. God must speak 'ere I can hear,

And touch me 'ere I feel Him. He must come
To me (I cannot join Him in the cloud),
Stand at the dim doors of my mortal home ;
Lift the low latch of life ; and enter, bowed
Unto this earthly roof ; and sit within
The circle of the senses ; at the hearth
Of the affections ; be my guest on earth,
Loving my love, and sorrowing in my sin.”

This extract and the following from the Epilogue are only poetical versions of what may be heard in any Methodist love-feast, or in any gathering of Christians, no matter what their name,