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YE DID IT UNTO ME. .

[The author of the following beautiful poem is not known except by the initials C. P. It was published by Broughton & Wyman, New York, and is a beautiful commentary on Matt. xxv. 45.]

I sat and gazed upon my sunny home ;
 All pleasant things were there—
 Bright things to look at, and sweet soothing
 sounds,
 That came and went upon the perfumed
 air.
 The sunbeam glanced and quivered
 Through the many-colored pane,
 And the marble floor at the open door
 Mirrored it back again.
 The flowers blushed in beauty ;
 The birds sang forth their glee :
 I looked and listened, and I thanked my
 Father
 That 'twas all for me.

And then I thought of One who had been
 here
 In days of yore,
 Wearily walking on the world He made—
 The Son of man, and yet the Son of God,
 Despised and poor !
 I thought of Him when first His infant
 form
 Needed a resting place and there was none :
 The King of heaven was waiting to be
 housed—
 Earth's dwellings had no room !
 I thought of Him upon the mountain side,
 When all night long
 The silent stars looked down upon His
 loneliness,
 For Jesus had no home.

I thought and thought, until my gushing
 heart
 Groaned forth its longings :
 " Oh ! had I been there,
 What tender ministry, what fostering care
 Would'st Thou have known,

Thou blessed One !
 What kindly words !
 What thoughts and deeds of love !"
 The hot tears gathered fast :
 I laid me down and wept.

Was it a breeze that stole into the room
 So like a voice ?
 That came quite close—close to my burning
 brow,
 And whispered, "*Why not now ?*"
 It came again : I brushed the tears away ;
 And, as I bent my head down very low,
 I thought I heard Him say,
 "*But why not now ?*"

" There is a doorway in a narrow street,
 And close beside that door a broken stair,
 And then a low, dark room.
 The room is bare ;
 But in a corner lies
 A worn-out form upon a hard straw bed,
 No pillow underneath his aching head—
 A face grown wan with suffering, and a
 hand
 scarce strong enough to reach the small dry
 crust
 That lies upon the chair :
 Go in—for I am there !
 I have been waiting wearily in that cold
 room,
 Waiting long lonely hours—
 Waiting for thee to come.

" There's a low quiet corner in a green
 churchyard,
 Where deep, sad shadows lie,
 And sound of passing feet goes seldom by :
 I want thee there.
 In that still place, beside a new-made grave,
 A woman has been weeping all day long.
 None marked her where she sate,
 And now 'tis getting late,
 And stars are coming out—
 Beautiful stars ! *my* stars
 That used to gaze on me at Olivet.