

Type, strange type of Israel's early glory,
 Heaven-sprinkled when the earth was dry ;
 Mystic type, too, of her sad declining,
 Who doth desolate and dewless lie,

When all earth is glistening in the presence
 Of the Sun that sets not night or day,
 When the fulness of His spirit droppeth
 On the islands very far away.

Dream no more of Israel's sin and sorrow,
 Of her glory and her grievous fall ;
 Hath that sacrament of shame and splendour
 To thine own heart not a nearer call ?

There are homes whereon the grace of heaven
 Falleth ever softly from above—
 Homes, by simple faith and Christian duty,
 Steeped in peace and holiness and love ;
 Churches where the voice of praise and blessing
 Droppeth daily like the silver dew,
 Where the earnest lips of love distilleth
 Words like water running through and through.

There are children, trained in truth and goodness,
 Graceless, careless, in those holy homes ;
 There are hearts within those Christian temples
 Cold as angels carved upon the domes.

Places are there, sin-defiled and barren,
 Haunts of prayerless lips and ruined souls,
 Where some lonely heart in secret filleth
 Cups of mercy, full as Gideon's bowls :

Where some Christ-like spirit, pure and gentle,
 Sheddeth moisture on the desert spot,
 Feels a tender spirit, in the darkness,
 Dewing all the dryness of his lot.

Christ be with us ! that these hearts within us
 Prove not graceless in the hour of grace ;
 Dew of heaven ! feed us with the sweetness
 Of Thy Spirit in the dewless place.

As the winds of winter lash the ocean into turbulence, so angry words lash a man into passions, through which he oftentimes makes disastrous shipwreck of his hopes, his all.