

New courage give along the night of toil,
 Diffuse the fragrance of the holy name.
 The night is silent and the stars look down ;
 Come near, in secret safety bid me stay.
 Thy light shall chase the ever-gathering gloom.
 And help me climb the ever-climbing way.
 Naught else avail but deep and wasting fear,
 Nor strength, nor song, nor springs of joy
 to be;
 Let me but taste with sons of light the cheer,
 And urge my way to usefulness and thee !



Rahab.

I see thee at the windlass on the wall,
 Hoisting the flax for brothers strong to spin;
 Now lower with steady hand the valiant ones;
 Pledged in solemn bond for highest good.

Didst thou not dye the rope of scarlet hue,
 Keeping a strand for signal, bold and clear,
 Athwart the window in the day of stress ?

That strand hath made thee fast to fairest
 fame,

Enrolled among the saints a rescued name,
 A trophy from the siege in Jordan's vale.