

# All Hallows' in the West.

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" *SERVIRE DEO SAPERE* "

## The Light.

O Love Divine ! Whose constant beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
And waits to bless us, while we dream  
Thou leavest us because we turn from Thee !  
All Souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit,  
And dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire  
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.  
Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st  
Wide as our need Thy favours fall ;  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
Stoop seen or unseen o'er the heads of all.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Shine, light of GOD, make broad Thy scope  
To all who sin and suffer ; more  
And better than we dare to hope  
With Heav'n's Compassion make our longing poor.  
*Whittier.*

## Psalm 119.

Best of all the Psalms I love the 119th : yet as a child, what a weary thing I thought it ! It was long, it was monotonous, it dwelt with tiresome persistency, I used to think, upon dull things—laws, commandments, statutes.

Now that I am older, it seems to me the most human of all documents. It is tender, pensive, personal : other psalms are that, but psalm CXIX is *intimé* and autobiographical. One is brought very close to a human spirit ; one hears his prayers, his sighs, the dropping of his tears.

Then, too, in spite of its sadness, there is a deep hopefulness and faithfulness about it, a firm belief in the ultimate triumph of