

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

FEBRUARY 2.

AND was thy building saddened, holy house,
By recollections of the days of yore?
And did the aged shed unwilling tears,
Helpless thine ancient beauty to restore?

And did the hymn fall gloomily on ears
Wont, in time past, to hear more glorious song?
And seemed the Lord all absent from the home
Where the bright presence erst had dwelt so long?

Ah! had ye seen what we in faith behold,
(Maybe ye saw it from your resting-place);
Your voices too had joined the thankful strain,
No tear-drop sure had stained your joyous face.

For now He comes more truly than of old,
More brightly e'en than in Shechinah-flame,
Now comes He as He never came before,
And in His holy temple sets His Name.

O Simeon and Anna, blest above
All that e'er waited for the expected Lord;
O lowly faith, O lonely widowhood,
How great the bliss He doth to you accord!

He Who ne'er faileth, now His word fulfils,
Ye seek Him, and He suddenly is here:
Never more mightily did God approach,
Ne'er lowlier Babe did lowlier mother bear.

O ye, who rest-of all earth's fleeting joys,
Helpless and aged, love the Church's shade;
Take courage, love it more: your weariness
Shall never want the Lord's almighty aid.

But not alone to age, to youth He comes,
He comes to manhood, comes to all who seek;
Most nearly in His own sweet altar-feast,
To cheer the weary and to help the weak.

H. R. J.