

His efficacy be physical, or moral, or both combined, it is equally wonderful, equally gracious, equally transcendental. O, of what wonders are we not the theatre by the love of Jesus! We are lost in God! We are heaven on earth already, we, even we, who miserably know ourselves to be what we really are. Let us collect ourselves within our own souls, and hushing every noise of earthly care and wordly wish, let us refresh ourselves with the odour of Jesus haply still within us, and worship Him in the silent interior temple from which he has but just withdrawn and where the fragrance of His incense is still clinging to the flesh-built walls. Would that He might hasten the hour when He will dwell within us with an eternal dwelling, the hour when we shall possess Him so as never more to lose Him.

FABER.

---

❁ To Morrow ❁

---

“Lord, what am I that with unceasing care,  
Thou should’st seek after me—that Thou should’st wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?”

“Oh strange delusion! that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude’s unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.

“How oft my guardian angel gently cried—  
‘Soul, from thy casement, look, and thou shalt see  
How He persists to knock and wait for thee’.

And oh, how often, to that voice of sorrow,  
‘To-morrow we will open’, I replied—  
And when to-morrow came, I answered still—

‘To-morrow!’ ”

in  
io:  
to  
a s  
nic  
giv  
in  
bu  
say  
of  
oth  
whi  
of r  
of t  
cuss  
mar  
herr  
prep  
it.  
did  
day,  
their  
A  
harro  
morr  
by th  
“It  
the a  
a ha  
blood  
the c  
All w  
preser  
wound  
to the  
vestm