

POETRY.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Matthew xxv, 25—40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love—I know not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread.
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing from want of bread;
I gave him all—he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock, his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew,
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.
I had, myself, a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew;
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

From the Church of England Magazine.
THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

Bright city of the living God!
Our hearts ascend to thee;
By angels' steps thy streets are trod,
And there our own would be.
Brilliant and fair thy social scene;
But dreary all the space between.

Bursting from the eternal hills,
Thy living waters flow,
In thousand and ten thousand rills,
To our lone world below,
To heal our earth, and speed delight
From lowly vale to mountain height.

Mansions of light, not made with hands,
In matchless grandeur rear
Their summits o'er the heavenly lands,
And cast their shadows here;
Telling vain man, those distant, dim
Abodes of bliss, remain for him.

And there are thrones of glory set
And saints ascend thereon;
The pilgrim and the stranger yet,
And crowds in ages gone;
The poor, the slave, the outcast, share
The kingdom of the Father there.

Bright city of the blest and free!
Angels and holy men!
The lonely long to visit thee,
Not to return again,
Till the new heavens and earth shall rise
All light, and love, and Paradise.

SIC VITA.

BY DR. HENRY KING, CHAPLAIN TO KING HENRY 8.
Life to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on waters stood:
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The light is past—and man forgot.