

“CHRISTIANOS AD LEONES.”

[“The Christians to the lions” was the cry of the heathen populace in the days of the Roman emperors, when being thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre was a common punishment.]

’Tis bright, all bright before me, and the hours
 Hasten me on to the eternal brightness,
 The blest inheritance of the saints in light.
 Sorrow is all behind me, and the beams
 Of the fast coming day upon my soul
 Kiss into glory all the clouds that hung
 Once heavily o’er my path. How all is changed !
 They linger now about me but to catch
 And to throw back the dawn in radiance
 Like to the rainbow glory round the throne.

O world, poor world, that didst not know thy Lord,
 Nor value heaven’s treasures in His hand,
 Nor know the love that brought Him down to thee
 Abased and emptied of the form of God !
 That didst misdeem the lowliness of grace,
 Which, saving others, could not save itself !
 The Cross of shame, the Cross thou gavest Him,
 Thou knewest not must be transformed when He,
 The Holy One, hung on it ; knewest not
 That death with all things else must own the One
 Whom only man rejected,—that His death
 Was but thy sentence, and His cross *thy* cross.

Poor world, that ne’er shall see such sight again,
 The only glory and the only joy
 Amid thy shadows is the lonely path
 Of One who had not where to lay His head,
 Of One who has ennobled poverty,
 Made joy of sorrow and endear’d rejection.
 Come to be with us, come not to be served,
 But in the blest necessity of love
 To serve even unto death, to serve for ever,