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"WHENCE COMETH MY HELP."

BY JAMES BOWKER.

When I look out across the lovely land
At break of summer morn, far o'er the
meads
Flecked with the shifting shadows of the
clouds
That sweep before the vap'rous sweet south
wind,
The mountains lift unto the roseate sky
Their sloping shoulders golden with the
gorse;
And, dark amid the bracken's feathery
fronds,
The lonesome cromlech rises sharp and clear,
'Neath which the Celtic King, blind to the
dawn,
Sleeps, undisturbed by songs of moorland
birds.

From tint to tint they change throughout
the days,
Until the twilight deepens, dusk and warm;
And, flooding all the valley with soft light,
The crescent moon glides up beyond the
pines
On green Tibradden, which stands far and
dim,
As are the hills of heaven in wistful dreams
Of those whose life drifts to the tideless sea
Bordered by flowery fields of asphodel.

Then through the lanes wheat-crowned Har-
vest strays
With Autumn apron-filled, and in the fields
The reapers sing amid the royal sheaves;
And over all the beech's flameless fire,
The amber of the chestnuts' fading leaves,
The scarlet of the rowan's lurid fruit,
The spectral pomp of summer's ling'ring
death;
The mountains many-coloured stand heath-
clad,

Against a sky barred with deep crimson
streaks,
And streamers running swift before the
gales
That herald winter.

The sad months die down
In ruddy sunsets, and in storm and snow,
The sullen ocean murmurs in the gloom,
The mist swirls up and sweeps around the
vale,
Hiding the hills in cere-clothes wan and
weird;
And in my heart is born a nameless dread
That only in a dream I saw their slopes,
Purple in shimmering sheets of heather
bloom;
Or watched their outline in the eventide
Sharpen against the saffron sky, and fade
Into the starlit night. But as I muse
How all things change and crumble into
dust,
Above the sighing of the homeless wind,
The loving promise of our God I hear:
"The mountains shall depart, the hills re-
move,
But yet my kindness never shall depart,
Nor shall my covenant of peace be moved."
And so I lay me down in trust and sleep,
Childlike within the everlasting arms.

"THERE is nothing that can wipe out
wrong but right."

WHEN God intends a man to do a great
thing He puts him through a great school-
ing. No one writes a true poem unless some
of his own heart's blood goes into it. No
one preaches a great sermon who has not
felt the throb of a great sorrow. The dis-
cipline may be trying, the process of refining
painful, but the drilled and polished work-
man finds himself so fully equipped for the
highest service that he extols the methods
of God.—*Sel.*