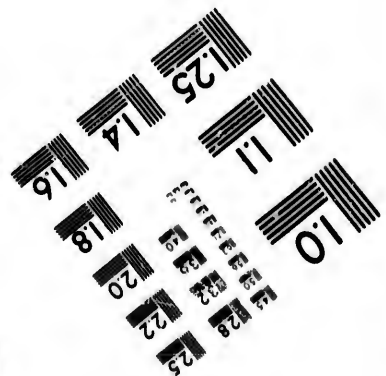
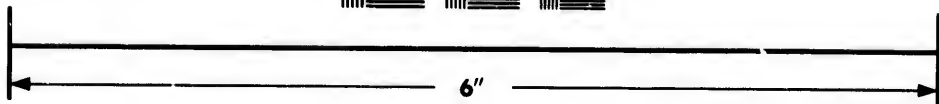
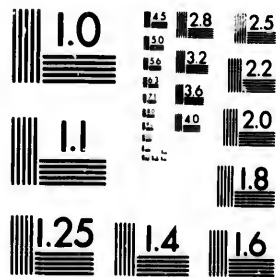


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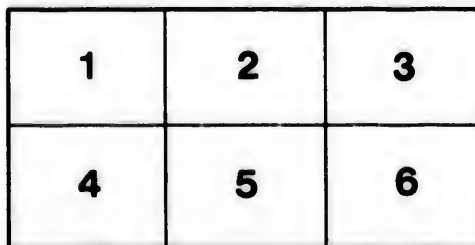
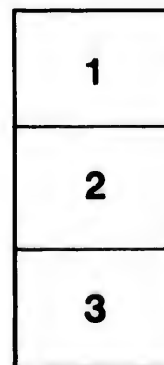
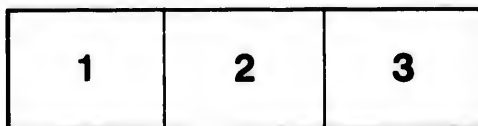
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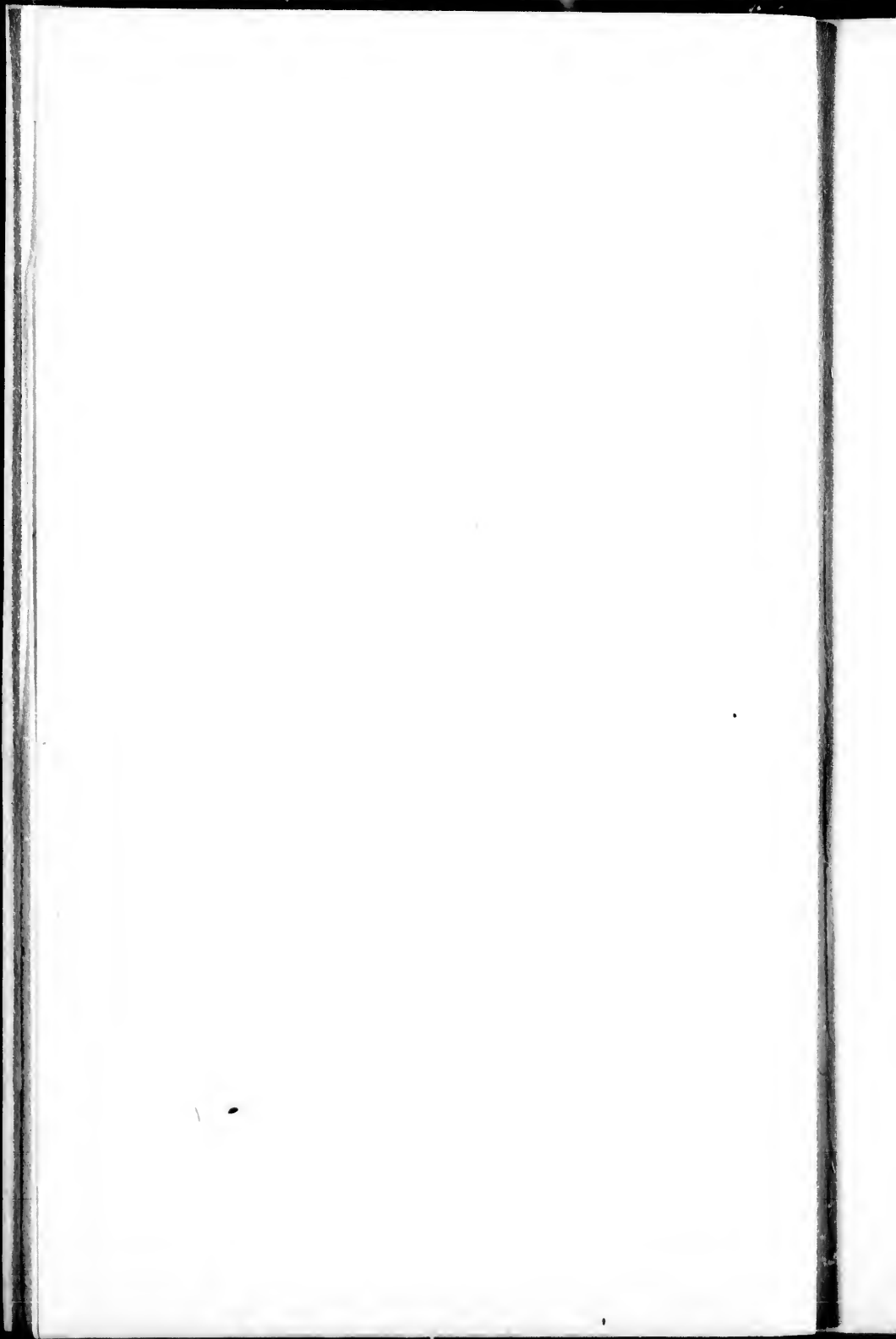
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POEMS AND HYMNS.

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POEMS AND HYMNS.

BY THE

REV. C. I. CAMERON, A.M.



TORONTO:

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, 5 JORDAN STREET.

1879.

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P R E F A C E .

MR. CAMERON died while arrangements were being made for the publication of this little volume; with the exception, therefore, of a few pieces which appeared in an earlier collection, and which are here reprinted, the accompanying poems could not be revised by their author while they were passing through the press. Had they enjoyed that revision it is possible that some alterations might have been made, but they are here presented in the form in which they were left by him.

Amid the pressing cares of pastoral work it was not in Mr. Cameron's power to devote much time to such literary labours as did not bear directly upon the duties of his office. He desired, however, to write something that might fitly express certain phases of Christian experience, and these poems are, for the most part, the result of efforts in that direction.

The translations from the Gaelic of Dugald Buchanan will commend themselves especially to those who are familiar with the original; and it is hoped that the volume, as a whole, may be regarded as a worthy contribution to our devotional poetry.

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WINTER.

Translated from the Gaelic of Dugald Buchanan.

I.

THE golden summer days have fled away,
And winter stern again assumes his reign;
The ruthless enemy, whose icy sway
Deforms the field and desolates the plain,
Invades our country with his hostile train
To trample under foot whate'er is fair,
Each line of grace and joy to blur and stain.
No pity moves his heart to wait or spare,
His aim to clothe the face of earth in cold despair.

II.

His darkening wings around us wide he spreads;
Behind him hides the gladsome sun from sight;
His cold-hatched brood from his domain he leads,
Each man and beast with pitiless scourge to smite.
And now the feathery snow, so sheen and white,
Descends incessant from the womb of heaven,
And now the changeful hail's inconstant might,
With furious gusts of stormy north wind given,
Like showers of deadly shot with sulphurous thunder
driven.

III.

Each tender shrub and odorous flower dies,
 Whene'er his chilly breath around it blows;
His wasteful lips, like nipping shears, he plies
 To strip the garden of each blooming rose;
 The leafy grove his plundering fury knows.
The stately forest through its wide extent
 Is bare and leafless, while the stream that flows
Adown the hill, or in the vale, content
 To wander slow, is choked by icy barriers pent.

IV.

The frozen blast of his infuriate breast
 Awakes the boisterous tempest in its might,
Ferments the ocean into wild unrest,
 And drives the swelling billows foaming white
 Upon the rocky shore, and on the height
Of every hill and mount congeals the snow
 Into a sheet of diamonds glittering bright;
The stars in heaven does he burnish so
 Their brightened lights with dazzling brilliance glow

V.

Each man and beast who, careless of his fate,
 Neglected in due season to provide,
To undo his error finds it now too late.
 Driven by the heedless tempest far and wide,
 Foodless and shelterless, he must abide;

For those who laboured hard and diligent
Their thrifty hoard with churlish feelings hide;
They will not lend unto the indolent,
Though in the snow he die with cold and hunger spent.

VI.

The bee and ant, by certain instinct taught
The winter's danger to foresee and heed,
In summer's golden days incessant wrought
To amass a store against the time of need;
And now on grain and honey safe they feed.
No want they know, no lingering famine fear,
Nor storm nor tempest do they ever dread;
Hid in the ground from frost and snow, they hear,
Scatheless, the howling tempest raging wildly near.

VII.

The thoughtless flies that through the livelong day
In merry mood danced in the summer sun,
Wiling in careless sport the hours away,
Eager to enjoy the passing hour alone,
Heedless how soon their sporting span would run,
And yield to tempest, gloom, and cold a place,
Have left all preparation thus undone;
And now they reap the fruitage of their ways,
While everywhere they die, a self-devoted race.

VIII.

But hark! thou aged man, with earnest heart,
Receive the import of the tale you hear;

To you its words instruction sound impart,
 Your life's nigh spent, and death is drawing near.
 This is the winter that concerns you here;
 For if he find you unprepared to go,
 Careless and indolent, 'tis much I fear
 A death-bed preparation will not do
 To save your soul from wrath and justice' coming blow.

IX.

High time to seek the Lord without delay,
 Since now old age its marks has plainly shewn.
 Thy locks, once dark, are turning thin and grey;
 Thy teeth in gaps are few and useless grown;
 Thy rugged face with wrinkles seamed and sewn;
 Thy forehead shorn; thy bleared, uncertain eye
 No more avails to lead thy steps alone.
 Thy back, with weight of years, is bending nigh,
 Instinctive to the earth, where thou so soon must lie.

X.

The rills, which once flow'd spreading through thy frame,
 With quick pulsation throbbing full and strong,
 Merrily bounding through long years the same,
 The rhythmic cadence of a ceaseless song,
 Have ceased their frolic mood, and move along
 Sluggish and weak upon their torpid way.
 The passion-fires, which flared when life was young,
 Are dark and low, to ashes burnt away,
 Leaving thy frame to cold and death a helpless prey.

XI.

g near.
 The bellows which supply the breath of life,
 Useless and worn, to silence fast incline;
 Shrivelled and dry they gasp in painful strife
 With every short and laboured breath of thine.
 Thy body fashioned with a skill divine,
 A harp attuned to praise thy Sovereign Lord,
 Refuses now to meet the grand design;
 Sure sign of its decay does this afford;
 The worn and slacken'd strings will now no longer chord.

XII.

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 must lie.
 Youth's brilliant morning passed away full soon;
 The hour of manhood's mid-day strength is gone.
 Gone also life's bright transient afternoon;
 All red and lurid gleams thy setting sun.
 The night of death, when no more work is done,
 Is closing o'er thee dark and fearfully.
 Oh! man, while now thy course is almost run,
 If faith and work neglected were by thee,
 Awake and act, or life thou nevermore shalt see.

XIII.

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 Just as the life is spent to self and sin,
 Or given to God in pure and holy ways,
 So must it end, when God the gift calls in,
 In misery dire, or never-ending praise.
 The habit founded deep in early days,
 Confirmed through life by gay or grave event,
 Can now no more be rooted from its place;

For true as truth the word by all consent
The twist an old tree has is seldom e'er unbent.

XIV.

And thou, strong stalwart youth, whose buoyant heart
Nor age nor weakness nor disaster fears,
From folly's treacherous ways betimes depart,
To wisdom's voice incline the ear that hears.
For, sure and fast, are coming with the years
Twin deadly ills, whose power you little know,
The age that robs, the fell disease that wears;
And if his grasp around thee either throw,
Thy light to gloom will turn, thy merriment to woe.

XV.

The age that tracks thy steps with ceaseless tread
Will mark its presence with a startling blight,
On thy keen sight a twilight shade will spread,
And furrows deep in face and forehead write,
Thy glossy locks with chilling hoarfrost smite.
Thy bright and ruddy face, all blanched with pain,
Wan death will shadow with his coming night;
And never warming sun nor softening rain
Will come to thee to bring thy youth-spring back again.

XVI.

But worse, far worse, than this shall come to thee,
The failure of the powers of brain and mind,
Reason from day to day shall weaker be,
Sensation duller grow, perception blind;
Thy memory deceitful thou shalt find;

Thy tact and shrewdness shall forsake thee quite;
 Thy mental being, stunted and confined,
 Unto thy dotage turned, a piteous sight;
 Foolish and childish ways shall be thy whole delight.

XVII.

The moral powers shall suffer like decay.
 The heart in evil set, impenitent,
 With dull inertness holding on its way,
 No suasive power can change its downward bent,
 No pleading voice will win its glad consent,
 As, when with iron rind the earth is held,
 While winter reigns with all its force unspent,
 Though men and beasts in myriads tread the field
 The stubborn glebe will scarce to the impression yield.

XVIII.

Mark well the hurrying year's impressive round,
 And from its changing seasons wisdom gain.
 Is autumn with a copious harvest crowned?
 You must in spring have ploughed and sowed the
 grain.
 If, when the winter desolates the plain,
 Your home with brightness, warmth, and comfort glow,
 These blessings you by labour must obtain;
 But if you fail the season's work to do,
 You also must the fruit of timely toil forego.

XIX.

If in the fertile spring-time of thy youth
 You fail with watchful industry to sow

With liberal hand the seeds of love and truth,
 The enemy his tares will broadcast strew;
 And these, be sure, without delay will grow
 In every form of fleshly lust and ill.
 For this is God's stern law for weal or woe,
 In heaven and earth the same, inflexible,
 The same that you have sown, that also reap you will.

XX.

If thus thy youth undisciplined is spent,
 And youthful lusts and passions have their way,
 As years advance so grows the evil bent,
 And, like a wild horse, scorns the feeble sway.
 The sapling, which you failed to root away,*
 When rising young and feeble on the plain,
 Through time will gain in strength by your delay;
 And, as its branches spread to sun and rain,
 Its roots within the earth a stronger hold obtain.

XXI.

A thousand ills surround thy daily way,
 Which death may bring to thee at any hour.
 Oh! then, while there is time, do not delay
 To make thy calling and election sure.
 Of man's most frequent failure to secure
 His aims and hopes, what is the common ground?
 Procrastination is the fatal power.
 Repentance on a death-bed oft is found
 As futile as to sow when winds of winter sound.

* Literally: "The sapling which you failed to *twist*." The idea is taken from the Highland practice of making ropes of young saplings by twisting them.

XXII.

The earnest sun that, without stay or rest,
 His way pursues in the still blue o'erhead,
 As, night by night, he sinks into the west,
 Marks out a stage in the death-march you tread.
 With aim unerring, and untiring speed,
 Through thy life's warp the noiseless shuttle flies,
 Weaving a wondrous garment, thread by thread,
 Which, when complete at last in death it lies,
 The worms of earth shall unmolested make their prize.

XXIII.

Silent and sudden, like the thief unseen,
 If the last solemn hour will come to thee,
 Before thy startled soul, ah! what a scene,
 Of sin unpardoned, and of wrath to be!
 Thy guilt and judgment thou shalt plainly see,
 While conscience, slumbering long, shall wake again,
 Torturing thy quickened senses ceaselessly,
 A torture harder for thee to sustain
 Than if thy flesh were torn by arts of keenest pain.

XXIV.

Behold the doom of the imprudent fly,
 Condemned by nature's law un pityingly;
 Unsheltered in the winter it must die,
 Because it spent the summer recklessly.
 The lowly emmet's prudent foresight see,
 And from his ways superior wisdom learn;
 While youth and health and time are still with thee,
 Thy true, eternal interest discern;
 Lay hold of life:—to God in all thy being turn.




RESURRECTION HOPE.

Translated from the Gaelic of Dugald Buchanan.

IN thy silent dwelling sleeping,
 Brother! rest in Jesus' keeping
 Till the voice of the Archangel
 Shall thy peaceful slumbers break.
 Then, released from earth's pollution,
 Safe from change and dissolution,
 From thy sleep in joy and wonder,
 Pure and deathless shalt thou wake.

God shall order thy adorning
 Like the radiant sun of morning,
 As he rises, fair and cloudless,
 From the mountain's dusky brow.
 And these orbs, so marred and sightless,
 He shall dower with vision nightless,
 Till, like stars of heaven, forever
 In thy head they burn and glow.



To thine ear shall then be given
Power to hear the praise of heaven,
Till thy being thrill responsive
 To the songs the blessed sing,
And thy voice for praise eternal
Be endowed with grace supernal,
Clear and loud to raise the anthem
 In the presence of the King.

Then, as Christ in power descending,
All the pomp of heaven attending,
Comes His faithful ones to gather
 To His home of love and light,
Thou, from earth in joy upspringing,
To His throne thy glad way winging,
Swift shalt fly, as flies the eagle,
 Joyous in his sunward flight.

From His lips in music sounding,
There, with angel hosts surrounding,
Gladdest welcome shall He give thee
 To His heart and His abode.
There, unsullied and immortal,
Nevermore to leave its portal,
Endless life thou shalt inherit
 In the fellowship of God.



“THE GLORY THAT EXCELLETH.”

O FAIR the gleams of glory,
And bright the scenes of mirth,
That lighten human story
And cheer this weary earth;
But richer far our treasure
With whom the Spirit dwells;
Ours, ours in heavenly measure,
The glory that excels.

The lamp-light faintly gleameth
Where shines the noon-day ray;
From Jesus' face there beameth
Light of a sevenfold day;
And earth's pale lights, all faded,
The Light from heaven dispels,
But shines for aye unshaded
The glory that excels.

No broken cisterns need they
Who drink from living rills,
No other music heed they
Whom God's own music thrills.
Earth's precious things are tasteless,
Its boisterous mirth repels,
Where flows in measure wasteless
The glory that excels.

Since on our life descended
Those beams of light and love,
Our steps have heavenward tended,
Our eyes have looked above,
Till through the clouds concealing
The home where glory dwells,
Our Jesus comes revealing
The glory that excels.





IN MEMORIAM.

—
W. A. M.
—

FAIR as this world is, there is fairer far
Beyond the azure where the glory hides;
We love this well, where home and loved ones are;
We love that better where our Lord abides.

We watch with wistful eyes the curtained scene,
Whence gleams the glory down the dusk of night;
How the heart pants to see the things unseen,
And step within the veil, where all is light!

O, this is ecstasy! that we at last
Shall share His chosen's heritage above,
And gaze, as John did at the Paschal feast,
With wondering worship in the face of Love.

And shall we grudge when one we dearest hold
Springs from our clinging grasp with joy-lit eyes?
Is it aught strange that souls of heavenly mould
Should rise exultant to their native skies?

We walk together down the vale of life,
 And deem no love with ours can e'er compare;
 Our claim Love questions; sharp and short the strife;
 The crown of love 'tis Love alone must wear.

He calls them, and they leave us, as the two
 Who left their father on Bethsaida's strand.
 Ah! well we know Who beckons them, and so,
 Tearful and mute, in meek submission stand.

We too had gone if ours had been the call;
 We soon shall follow when the call will come,
 And join our brother in the Banquet-Hall
 In endless fellowship with Christ at home.





THE NEW YEAR.

IT comes in darkness, as the others came,
 Hiding its secrets from our longing eyes;
 The profit and the loss, the praise and blame,
 The disappointment sore, the glad surprise.

“O God, what will it bring us?—us and ours?”
 We ask with trembling, as we forward gaze;
 Shall it be sunshine bright and fruitful showers?
 Or nights of sleepless care and weary days?

We can but wait with patience till the hour
 Unfold the mystic doors and bring the light;
 But, blessed be our God, our weal is sure,
 The Lord is ever near, our guide and might.

Let us but hear His voice and we are calm,
 Though tempests rage and darkness shroud our path,
 Through the drear gloom shall rise the joyous psalm,
 And faith shall thrive amid the signs of wrath.

His love, that led us safely through the last,
Shall guide us safely through the present year,
His kingly bounty, that supplied the past,
Shall fill our lives with good, our hearts with cheer.

He never failed us yet, He never will,
Eternal Truth can neither faint nor fail;
Whate'er betide us, be it good or ill,
His boundless mercy shall in all prevail.

"Glory to God"—we thus begin the year,
"Glory to God" shall be on earth our song,
And, when our pilgrimage is ended here,
Eternity shall still the strain prolong.





SONGS IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE.

I.

“Sorrowful, yet always Rejoicing.”

THE night is dark, the way is long,
 But sad and weary though I be,
 Yet would I sing a joyous song
 To Thee, my Lord, to thee.

My life, my joy, my hope, Thou art,
 My light, in darkness guiding me;
 I can but sing with grateful heart,
 To Thee, my life, to Thee.

I thank Thee that on earth, even now
 At night a song Thou givest me;
 And would with lowly spirit bow
 One boon to ask of Thee.

No wealth, no power, no fame I crave,
No life from care or trouble free,
A heart devoted, loyal, brave,
Is all I ask of Thee.

So shall I sing my fearless song,
Stormy and dark though night may be,
Nor think the journey sad or long,
My King, for love of Thee.

And soon before Thee, face to face,
I'll raise the Song of Jubilee
With all the loved and ransomed race,
Ever, my Lord, to Thee.

II.

*"Here we have no continuing city: but we seek one
to come."*

THROUGH scenes of joy and sorrow
We hold our pilgrim way,
While aye the bright to-morrow
Lights up the dark to-day;
Our hearts oft brim with sadness,
And oft our eyes with tears;
Still gaze we on with gladness
Beyond the pilgrim years.

So pass we on unheeding,
Of life's wild fever dreams,
Our souls on manna feeding,
Our drink, the living streams,
In scenes of joy or sorrow
One hope surmounting all,—
The fair and sure to-morrow,
That knows no evening's fall.

Earth's fairest dawn but endeth
In shades of night full soon;
The morn of Faith ascendeth
To high eternal noon;
No shade of doubt need linger
The pilgrim's spirit o'er,—
Still points Hope's constant finger
To glory's fadeless shore.

Our Lord is coming surely,
And surely we shall stand
In glory then securely,
By grace at His right hand.
Then welcome joy or sorrow
Let good or ill befall,
That fair and sure to-morrow
Will make amends for all.

III.

"Whom having not Seen ye Love."

L ORD, I am Thine; Thy grace unsought
Stooped to redeem me from above,
My life from sin and bondage bought,
And bound me with the cords of love.

My eye has never looked on Thee,
My ear has never heard Thy voice,
But O, my Lord, Thou lovest me,
And in that love I now rejoice.

'Mid toil and sorrow here I rove
With strangers in a world of sin,
But Thou wilt come from Heaven above,
And with Thy loved ones take me in.

Preserved and guarded by Thy grace
Into Thy home I shall be brought,
And I shall see Thee face to face,
With joy beyond the power of thought.

The bleeding brows once crowned with thorns,
With glory crowned I shall see,
The form once decked in robes of scorn,
Enrobed in peerless majesty.

And I shall join the white-robed throng
 That cast their crowns before the throne,
 Ours, ours, the never-ending song,
 The grace, the glory, all thine own.

O haste away, ye lingering days,
 And bring the morning from above,
 When we at last shall see His face
 Whose love, unseen, has won our love.

 IV.

*"But ye know Him ; for He dwelleth with you and
 shall be in you."*

O HAPPY day of grace and love !
 That saw Thee, Holy Spirit, come,
 A willing exile from above,
 To make the church Thy temple home.

The breath of God in tongues of flame,
 They saw Thee resting on each brow ;
 The breath of God in fire, the same,
 Within the heart we know Thee now.

For through the ages ceaselessly
 The church Thy desert home has been,
 As with the tribes that crossed the sea
 The glory-cloud of old was seen.

And now our Guide, our Light Thou art,
By whom alone the way we learn,
The present Christ within the heart,
And earnest sure of His return.

O shall we weary by the way,
Or shrink from peril, shame, or care,
With Thee our comforter and stay
That shame and peril all to share ?

Or shall we basely yield to sin,
And Christ our Lord and King deny,
With shadows cloud the light within,
And grieve Thee in Thy sanctuary ?

Forbid it, Lord! with sacred awe
Help us to own ourselves as Thine,
From Thee our strength and comfort draw
And guard with jealous care Thy shrine.

And let Thy pure and peaceful light
Glow in Thy temple more and more,
Till faith at length shall merge in sight,
And the long desert march is o'er.

V.

"The children of light and the children of the day."

WE, a lost and rescued race
In a world by sin defiled,
Pardoned, justified by grace,
To our Father reconciled,
Children are of God above,
Objects of His grace and love.

Dark above us broods the night,
Sin and woe around we see ;
Bright within us shines the light,
Children of the day are we,
Travelling to our home above,
Joyful in our Father's love.

We in pain and care have wrought,
Yet must work in care and pain ;
Daily we with sin have fought,
And with sin must fight again ;
Children still of God above,
Happy in His care and love.

Our salvation is secure,
More than victors we shall be,
To the end we shall endure,
And our Lord in glory see ;
Children we of God above,
He will ne'er deny His love.

the day.”

Sing we then with joyous heart,
Move with steps unwearied on,
Bravely do and bear our part
Patient till the night is gone ;
Then we rise to God above,
Evermore to sing His love.

VI.

“For ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God.”

WE died with Christ our surety,
With Him we left the dead,
And in the heavens are seated
With our exalted Head.
The grave, and death and judgment
Behind forever lie,
Before us peace and glory
In life which cannot die.

With Christ our life is hidden
Secure in God above,
Within the calm untrodden,
Walled in by endless love ;
Beyond the scathe of sorrow,
Beyond the curse of sin,
Secure from outward trouble,
And safe from blight within.

We may be oft in danger,
In sorrow oft we may,
The seven-fold heated furnace
May sometimes bar our way ;
Praise God ! we cannot perish,
All foes we can defy ;
With Christ our life is hidden,
And Christ can never die.

We died to sin with Jesus ;
Then let our actions prove
His Resurrection's power,
The holy walk of love ;
With loins for ever girded,
With lamps for ever bright,
Until the Christ from heaven
Shall greet our longing sight.

The grave may claim this body,
This frame may turn to dust ;
'Tis but a short-lived triumph,
Our Lord shall keep His trust ;
Forth springing from Death's portal
We soon shall shout and sing
' O Grave, where is thy victory ?
And where, O Death, thy sting ? "

If sleeping then or waking,
The hour shall shortly come
When the azure veil shall open
And Christ will call us home ;

Our life shall be unveiled
In light and power divine,
And we in glory with Him
For evermore shall shine.

VII.

“ Lord, to whom shall we go ? ”

A FEEBLE, poor and helpless race,
In faith we cleave to Thee, O Lord,
Our help—Thy never-failing grace,
Our hope Thy ever faithful word.

As Moab's daughter left her home,
Her friends, her gods, for Israel's God,
So have we left our all to come
With Thee and Thine to Thy abode.

Homeless in all the world beside,
With Thee our lot must ever be ;
Where Thou abidest we abide,
And where Thou goest follow Thee.

Thy love has won us to Thy side,
Our wills to Thee Thou madest bow,
For life or death whate'er betide,
O Lord, we cannot leave Thee now.

The world is dark without Thy smile,
Its dearest treasures worthless seem,
Even duty is but heartless toil,
And life's best aim an empty dream.

There is no song to charm the ear,
There is no love to fill the heart,
There is no hope to banish fear,
And peace and joy and strength t' impart.

But, in Thy presence, Lord, is light,
The sunshine of an endless day ;
Terror and darkness take their flight,
And love and peace attend the way.

Even labour then is sweet employ,
And hope mounts gladsome on the wing,
The heart's waste places sing for joy,
And winter wears the smile of spring.

O Jesus, this is heaven to know
Thy boundless love and share Thy grace,
No higher seek we here below,
Nor henceforth, but to see Thy face.

VIII.

*“Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on
the water.”*

art.
 “**B**ID me come upon the water,
 I will go to Thee
 Through the dreariest gloom of midnight,
 O'er the stormiest sea.”

g,
 Thus my heart with love o'erflowing,
 While my eyes were dim,
 Thinking only of my Saviour,
Of my love to Him.

e,
 Hark, that summons! how the accents
 Made my heart rejoice;
 “Come!” across the night it uttered,
 Surely 'twas His voice!

Out I ventured, nothing recking
 Of the tempest's might,
 Under foot the treacherous billow,
 O'er, the leaden night.

Ah, the darkness! it appalled me:—
 Doubting stood I then,
 Gazing for His form, and listening
 For His voice again.

Doubts and fears began to gather:
Was the voice I heard
But the moaning of the night-wind
Shaped into a word?

Was the form that faintly quivered
On my straining sight,
But a vagrant fancy painted
On the pall of night?

As I doubted thus, I tottered,
Sinking in the wave,
Crying out in fear and anguish,
"Save me, Master, save!"

And the Master stood beside me,
While His voice I hear:
"Faithless one, why doubt and falter?
I am ever near."

Whether raged the sea I know not,
But I sank no more,
Walking with Him firm and fearless,
Till I reached the shore.

Now I go where'er He bids me,
Be it land or sea,
Safe with Him, and thinking only
Of His love to me.

IX.

Longing.

HE is coming from the ages,
Surely now He must be near;
Weary Nature! hush thy wailing,
If His footsteps we may hear.
Long has been the dreary watch-night,
Sick our hearts with hope deferred;
Oh, my longing soul! be patient,
Resting on His faithful word.

Lord, how long? Thy plighted promise
Bids us trust the hour is nigh:
"Quickly, lo! I come:" Thou sayest;
"Quickly, Lord," our hearts reply.
Blessed day of endless brightness,
Dawning on the troubled night,
When the glory, long expected,
Bursts upon our raptured sight.

Oh! to see Him crowned in glory,
Once by men in mockery crowned,
Join the myriad-voiced Hosanna,
Raised by ransomed hosts around!
Oh! to fill the lowliest station
In Emmanuel's kingly train!
Solace this for many a lifetime
Spent in watching, toil, and pain.

X.

*"Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet
appear what we shall be."*

SONS of God ! O peerless favour,
Kingliest gift of love Divine !
Holy Father ! gracious Saviour !
What transcendent grace is Thine !
Sunk in guilt, from God and Heaven
Homeless, hopeless souls we strayed ;
Now in Christ redeemed, forgiven,
Sons and heirs of glory made.

Hopeless, homeless now no longer,
Though as yet away from home,
Hope is growing clearer, stronger,
As we near the rest to come.
Though we walk through toils and dangers,
Should our hearts be sad or weak ?
Princes we, and kingly strangers,
While our Fatherland we seek.

Oh, to know our full salvation !
Oh, to rest in perfect love !
Boldly claim our royal station,
And our Sonship's right approve !
To the likeness of our Brother
Daily growing nearness show ;
Learn to know and love each other,
Whom the world refuse to know !

Wait we thus until the morning
Break upon our dark abode,
And our Lord, from Heaven returning,
Manifest the Sons of God.
Then to see as now He sees us !
Know Him as we now are known !
Share the glory with our Jesus,
Reign with Him upon His throne !

XI.

" The Lord Jesus Christ, our hope."

WE are pilgrims here, and strangers,
Travelling onward to our home ;
Hope of rest we cannot cherish
Till our Lord, our Hope is come ;

For our souls have seen His glory,
And our hearts are sick with love,
And we cannot still their longing
Till we rest with Him above.

Not in weariness nor sorrow
Tread we life's rough, changeful way,
Our Redemption is approaching,
And we hail with joy the day ;

Oh, 'tis sweet to wait with patience,
While for such a Hope we wait !
Oh, 'tis joy to watch and labour
For a love so true and great !

With such Hope we dare not linger
'Mid the scenes of bliss below ;
Well we knew, too well we loved them,
But we now no longer know.

All we know 's this—that Jesus
Gave his life to set us free ;
All our soul's deep, constant breathing,
Our dear Lord, to be with Thee !

Come, O come, Thou gracious Saviour !
Quickly bring that joyful day,
When our eyes shall greet Thy coming,
On Thy glorious bridal way !

Then our eyes shall see Thy glory,
And our hearts shall rest in love,
And our souls shall still their longing,
Ever more with Thee above !

XII.

"To whom be the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

ETERNAL Son of God most High !
The eternal Father's image bright !
We would with lowly hearts draw nigh,
And grateful hymn Thy grace and might ;

Thy grace that saved us at the first,
Raised us from death to life in Thee,
The chains of sin and error burst,
And bade us walk in liberty !

Thy grace that led us safe till now,
Through all the dangers of the past,
That grace shall bring us safely through,
Till crowned as conquerors at last.

And let our crowns be e'er so bright,
Those crowns—we'll cast them at Thy feet ;
Thine, Thine alone, the grace and might,
Whereby we're made for glory meet !

Thine be the glory—Thine the praise,
Eternal King !—Incarnate Lord !
Both now and to eternal days,
By saints and angel hosts adored !

XIII.

"Abba, Father."

HID in unapproached glory,
 Far removed from mortal eye,
 Angel armies bow before Thee,
 Holy, holy, holy cry ;
 Abba, Father !
 Thee we call, O God most high !

Humble, reverent, yet fearless,
 With the saints we take our place ;
 'Twas Thy love and wisdom peerless,
 Snatched us from our hellward race ;
 Abba, Father !
 Thou hast saved us by Thy grace.

'Twas Thy love and grace that sought us
 Wandering far in misery ;
 From our helpless bondage bought us,
 Gave Thy Son for us to die ;
 Abba, Father !
 Thou Thyself hast brought us nigh.

Thou hast given to us Thy Spirit,
 Sons and heirs of Thee to be ;
 Born the Kingdom to inherit
 With our Lord eternally ;
 Abba, Father !
 All the glory be to Thee !

XIV.

*"The city which hath foundations, whose builder and
maker is God."*

A PILGRIM band are we,
Upon the earth unknown,
Looking abroad with happy hearts,
Where we no portion own.

We have no city here,
No dwelling place have we ;
Homeless amid the homes of earth—
Amid its troubles free.

Our city is above—
Jerusalem the free :
We cannot stay, we cannot rest,
Till we its joys shall see.

The New Jerusalem,
Oh ! how surpassing fair !
Decked out in royal majesty,
In light and glory rare.

That is our native land ;
Among the twice-born race
As citizens we now are known,
And soon will claim our place.

There is our King and Lord,
 There shall we see His face,
 There in His presence shall we dwell
 With all the blood-bought race.

His advent now we wait
 To bring us to our home,
 And pray with longing, hopeful hearts
 O! come, Lord Jesus, come!

 XV.

"The Time is Short."

COURAGE, ye fainting saints
 Who tread the narrow road
 With weary, bleeding feet, nor sink
 Beneath life's heavy load!
 'Tis but a little while;
 Be patient and endure;
 The time is short, the end is near,
 And your reward is sure.

If sore oppressed with ills,
 With trouble, toil, and care—
 Fightings without, and fears within—
 Oh do not still despair!
 'Tis but a little while;
 Lift up the languid eye;
 The battle's almost won, and your
 Redemption draweth nigh.

Though now the howling winds
 Blow fierce, the curtained night
 Be dark and cheerless, nor the East
 Betoken warmth or light ;
 'Tis but a little while ;
 The storm shall pass away,
 And calm, and light, and beauty come
 With never-ending day.

Yea, though the frequent fires
 Of trial's furnace burn
 With seven-fold fury, and the eye
 No issue can discern ;
 'Tis but a little while ;
 And then the Lord will come,
 And call our weary souls to rest
 For evermore at home.

 XVI.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

YES! it is best,
 Though wave on wave of trial o'er us sweep ;
 And seeking rest,
 We're tossed about upon a restless deep.

Oft on the brink
 Of ruin, 'mid wild seas and wilder sky,
 We cannot sink ;
 A Presence breathes around us—Christ is nigh.

The crested deep
His pathway is ; the stormy winds His wings ;
He does not sleep
When cloud-robed Night her gloom and terror bring

He trod the wave
When winds descended fierce from Hermon's height,
Intent to save
His loved ones in that wild and starless night.

Still He is nigh ;
Though oft we see Him not for blinding spray,
Or tear-dimmed eye ;
We *feel* Him, and in trust pursue our way.

Our hearts are sad,
And breaking almost, sometimes, but we seek
No other road ;
The spirit fears not, though the flesh is weak.

'Tis best ; we know
'Tis best ; we would not even wish to move
One pain, or woe,
Or sorrow from our path. We know 'tis love

Hath planned the whole ;
And when at last we've gained the heavenly rest,
From that blest goal
We can look back, and *see* that all was best.

XVII.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126. 5.

WORKING and waiting still,
Scattering the seed from morn till eventide,
No harvest blessing comes with joy to fill
Our bosom's yearning void.

We watch with weary eyes
For early shower or latter rain ; alas!
The barren earth as iron seems, the skies
A firmament of brass.

Yet must we not give way
To weakening doubt, but trust upon the Lord
That we shall reap in due time, if we stay
Our hope upon His word.

In the approaching years
Some seedling struggling through the clods of earth,
Watered with sighs and prayers in dimming tears,
May spring to glorious birth,

And in our presence grow
To cheer us with the Master's favouring smile,
Reaping with thankful hearts while still below,
The first-fruits of our toil.

Or if our work should end—
The busy feet be still, the lips be mute,
Ere we have reaped, another, God will send
To gather in the fruit.

Then let us faithful prove,
Sowing with lavish hand the precious grain,
Assured that if we sow in faith and love,
Our work shall not be vain.



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ALONE WITH GOD.

ALONE with Thee, my God ! when morn is breaking
 With soften'd radiance from the glowing east ;
 When shadows vanish and the soul is waking
 To light and labour from its slumbers past ;
 Alone with Thee ! from Thy pure word to gather
 Guidance and courage for the coming day ;
 To plead the care and blessing of my Father,
 Ere setting out upon the narrow way.

Alone with Thee, my God ! when noon-day swelters
 With swooning heat, a moment from the strife,
 To rest beneath the shadowing rock which shelters
 The gushing fountain of the stream of life ;
 To drink and feel the living draught restoring
 My faint and jaded frame with full-tide strength ;
 To drink, and so receive with heart adoring
 The assurance of full victory at length.

Alone with Thee, my God ! when shades are falling,
 And day's appointed task is almost done ;
 And through the gloom the Master's voice is calling
 The souls to rest whose race is nobly run ;

Alone with Thee! in that dread hour to gather
Strength for the parting journey from Thy word,
To seek for grace and pardon from my Father,
Ere I lie down to sleep in Christ, my Lord.

Ever with Thee, my God! in morning ardor,
In noon-day heat and weakness, and at eve
When flesh and heart fail, and the welcome warder
Echoes the blessed home-call to relieve.
Ever with Thee! when life's brief toil is over,
Nor morn, nor eve shall more divide the day,
With deepening love and wonder to discover
The grace that led me through the toilsome way.



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 OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

*"Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight ; yet I will look
again toward thy holy temple."—Jonah, chap. ii. 4.*

OH God ! in mercy deign a pitying glance
 Unto a wretched creature, bowing down
 Low at Thy feet in bitterness of soul
 And heart with sorrow brimful. Hear, O God !
 And save me in Thy love from going down
 Quick into hopeless ruin ; Thou hast found
 A ransom for me. For His sake who bore
 The bitter curse and drank the cup for me,
 My life deliver. Stay not ! Haste, Oh haste !
 My soul stands trembling on the brink of Hell,
 Ready to slip into the jaws of death.
 The enemy triumphs with malicious joy
 Above the prey as if it were his own
 Already. Clouds and thickest darkness veil
 That gracious countenance whence used to flow
 The beams of light and love which made my life
 A foretaste of the life above, and gave
 A blessedness the world can never give

Nor take away. And now in misery
And utter wretchedness I lie before thee,
Burdened with the consciousness of Thy displeasure
Which I a thousandfold have merited
For my unfaithfulness to Thee my King.
'Tis darkness all within, and darkness round
On every side ; my eyes with looking up
And waiting for the expected day-spring fail.
It never comes. How long ? O Lord, how long

But thou art gracious, merciful, and just
In all thy doings ; mine alone the guilt.
I've wandered far from Thee, like a lost sheep
Deceived by pleasant fields before me seen,
And ever seeming fairer to the sight.
But as I reached them one by one, I found
Them gall and wormwood to my taste. But I,
The shadow followed still, though at each step
The briars tore my feet, and o'er my head
The thunder rolled, and forked lightnings flashed.
And now I cannot go ; for on my path
The darkness from eternal hills has fallen,
Enfolding me as in a living tomb ;
And mocking voices through the gloom, cry "Lost
Lost ! Lost !" — Lost ! am I, O my God ?
Where art Thou, gracious One, who savest those
Who call upon Thee when nought else can save.

I cannot see Thee, but I call to Thee.
Shall darkness evermore Thy face conceal,
And dread despair shut up my hopeless soul

In dumb and nerveless death for evermore?
 No! No! It cannot be! Can darkness hide
 From Thee the suppliant? Can thick clouds shut
 out

His prayer from Thy Mercy seat? Art Thou
 Not stronger than the Grave, and Death, and Hell?
 Is not Thine arm Omnipotent to snatch
 From deepest depths of ruin? Is not Thy love
 From all eternity? And is it not
 To endless ages changeless? Hast thou not
 So loved the world as to give up Thy Son—
 Thine only and beloved Son—to die
 That whosoever looks to Him in faith,
 Might never, never perish? Is He not
 The living One who died and rose again,
 And liveth evermore? Who over Death,
 And Hell, and Satan triumphed, and has now
 The keys of Death and Hell, and whom He saves
 Shall never, never perish? Is He not
 The Shepherd of the flock, and follows after
 The wanderers from the fold?

Oh! hear me then,
 Thou gracious Shepherd! In Thy mighty arms,
 The guilty, wandering sheep bear to the fold;
 That 'mong the hosts of heaven there may be joy,
 That I, redeemed, Thy mercy may proclaim,
 On earth to men, and evermore in Heaven,
 Sing hallelujahs to Thy Holy Name.



UNDER THE UPAS TREE.

COME, I will tell you what I have seen
 Under the upas tree,
 Whose clustered leaves look so fresh and green,
 Revealing the rich ripe fruit between ;
 Oh ! false is all to him who hath been
 Under the upas tree.

There is many a sad and woeful sight
 Under the upas tree ;
 Skeleton leaves which once shone bright,
 Flowers withered in a night,
 And fruit smit through with a deadly blight,
 Under the upas tree.

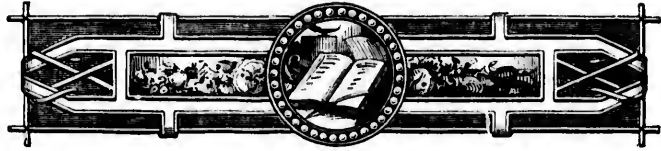
There are broken resolves all lavishly strewn
 Under the upas tree ;
 Budded hopes which have never blown,
 Blighted seedlings in tears once sown,
 Noble designs, at the first overthrown,
 Under the upas tree.

There are fair young faces grown old with care
 Under the upas tree ;
 Clouded minds which once promised fair,
 Broken and bleeding hearts are there,
 And souls which languish in nerveless despair,
 Under the upas tree.

And yet in our land we let it grow,
 This baneful upas tree ;
 It towers o'er the roof-tree of high and low,
 Swaying its branches to and fro,
 Scattering its poison o'er all below—
 The fatal upas tree.

We vainly try to thin it out,
 This dark-shaded upas tree ;
 With gossamer fence we fence it about,
 With gossamer fence we fence it about,
But from Heaven there comes a mighty shout,
'Tis the voice of God the world throughout—
 CUT DOWN THE UPAS TREE !





THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

IT is not always May,
Nor does the sun forever cloudless shine ;
Dark shadows aye
On earth with brightest sunbeams intertwine.

The morning streams
From orient mountains with its flood of light ;
Yet soon those beams
Shall waiting stand before the gates of Night.

The flowers of Spring
Shall fall and wither where they sweetly rose ;
The lark's light wing
Shall droop at length in silence and repose.

All things must die,
Or change, or wither, or be lost in gloom ;
Beneath the sky
There's but one certain destiny—the tomb.

And yet not all!
Athwart the clouds soft rays of sunlight stray;
And where they fall
They fill the soul with never-ending day.

The flowers which grow
Within the Christain's heart nor fade, nor die;
But bright below,
Shall brighter bloom around the throne on high..





DAYDREAMS AND PURPOSES.

(A Poem read at the close of Session 1862-3, Queen's University, Kingston.)

PROLOGUE.

ONCE more we meet. For many a day
 We have lived and loved and laboured here,
 And now before we pass away,
 Would spend one hour of social cheer.

The years in varying change have flown
 Since first we met within this place,
 And many a bud of hope has blown,
 And sorrow clouded many a face.

Shall we then now these scenes recall
 And trace the records of the past ?
 Ah no ! The lay would heedless fall
 This night in silence let them rest.

What is the Past ? 'Tis but a dream
 Where Passion's voice in silence falls,
 And gleams of Memory fitful stream
 Like moonbeams through the empty halls

Of ruined castle, old and lone,
On some wild headland by the main ;
The revellers long since are gone,
And never shall return again.

And Quiet sits upon the wall
And listens to the fitful moan
Of restless waves that rise and fall
But tell no story but their own.

Its joys are like the broken strings
Of harp that sounded through the night,
When song and dance awoke the springs
Of merriment and wild delight.

Its sorrows like the broken chain
That rusts within yon dungeon keep,
It wakes no more a double pain,
Nor clanks to make the captive weep.

Its hopes—alas ! what were they e'er,
But gossamer webs in moonlight wrought,
And rent before a breath of air
They broke, and strewed the wold with—nought.

And now that Passion's tide runs high
And gimmers in the sunlight bright,
We can't afford a smile or sigh
For byegone pain or past delight.

For facing manhood's grand ideal
Eager its mystery to unseal,
These shadowy scenes are too unreal
The impatient heart's desires to fill.

Let then the Past her treasured dead
Of joys and griefs in silence hoard,
We will not wake her from her bed,
A ghost beside our festive board.

While Fancy with a fearless hand,
Her harp attunes to a bolder key
Through the circle of the mystic land,
And revels in the bliss to be.

PART I.—DAYDREAMS.

O SPRING! what beauty slumbering lies
Within thy wide extended bounds.
What harmonies of heavenly sounds,
What blendings of all brightest dyes.

The mantling snow has passed away,
The ice-bound brooklets leaping run,
And wakening 'neath a kindlier sun
The Earth prepares her bridal day.

Resistless energies diverge
Through Nature's frame in every part,
The life-blood coursing from the heart
Throbs quivering to the farthest verge,

Swells in the maple's bursting leaf,
Trills in the robin's morning glee ;
The promise of the wealth to be,
When Harvest binds the golden sheaf.

We gaze upon the awakening earth
And verdure struggling into life,
Impatient of the silent strife,
And longing for the fuller birth

Which Summer brings in flower and leaf
When earth assumes her regal dress,
Nor statlier Autumn crowns the less
With russet leaves and ripened sheaf.

What joys are thine, O manhood's Spring !
What promise of the days to be,
When Youth full-leaved and flowered shall see
The Autumn richer trophies bring !

And standing here upon the shore
Of Life, impatient of delay,
Our souls would rise and haste away
Its hidden treasures to explore.

Come Fancy! launch upon the sea
Of future bliss and boundless joy,
Where Love and Hope have no alloy,
And life is nought but harmony.

Let Reason close his dotard eyes,
Let Doubt assume an angel smile,
And fairy Fancy lead the while,
And revel in her fantasies.

The waters sparkle in the light,
The sails are filled with perfumed air,
And all in heaven and earth is fair,
And fairer grows upon the sight.

Delicious music fills the soul
And blends with thousand harmonies,
While distant murmurs o'er the seas
Their deep-toned diapason roll.

Before us o'er the smiling deep
Bright palaces and groves arise,
And bathed in sunlight, to the skies
Green mountains rear their flowery steep.

A magic loveliness surrounds
The fairy landscape near and far,
The gem-like glimmerings of a star
Bedewing it through all its bounds.

Joy! joy! Let every voice ring clear,
Joy! joy! Let sea and sky resound,
And Love and Youth in eddying round
Dance giddy as the shout they hear.

—Hush! I am weary of my lay,
It is not real; my soul would clasp
The Phantom, but it shuns my grasp,
And fades in cold damp mist away.

My aching head is zoned with pain,
I wake from out my flimsy dream;
The strings have snapped; my eyes are dim,
And emptiness and darkness reign.

PART II.—PURPOSES.

ONCE more, my Harp, attune thy strings
To nobler, loftier, holier strains,
Calm Hope, and Faith which e'er remains
The substance of eternal things.

Life is a noble thing and true,
A priceless gift from God above,
Which may be wrought in deeds of love
Or filled with crimes of blackest hue,

Or squandered thriftless in pursuit
Of pleasure and inferior joy,
Which mar the spirit, and destroy
Each flower which else might grow to fruit.

Ours be the nobler task to use
Our life subservient to its end,
And all our powers with vigour bend
To action in the path we choose ;

To work the work that God has given,
To grow in truth from hour to hour,
In purity and love and power,
The traits that mark the Sons of Heaven ;

To battle with each giant wrong
Which meets us on our daily road,
To bear the weaker brother's load,
And aid in right the brave and strong.

The mount of life before us lies—
True life of noble thoughts and deeds ;
Peak beyond peak in light recedes,
Summit o'er summit seeks the skies.

The good and great of other times,
Who climbed those heights and drank those
streams,
And bask immortal in the beams
All glorious of unfading climes,

Have left their footprints on the road,
Rugged and rough, which upwards leads,
To teach us by their godlike deeds
How we may gain that blest abode.

Come, let us go, nor longer stay
Where Pleasure tempts with luring smile ;
Strain every nerve to generous toil,
In dust and sweat to gain the day.

Like them, above the crowd to rise,
Like them, while we have life to live,
And take of all that life can give
The highest and the worthiest prize.

What though beside us pale-faced Fear
And faltering Doubt our pathway cross,
And point to Failure and to Loss,
Twin spectral sisters hovering near,

We heed not. On our listening soul
Fall harmonies of coming times,
And stirring calls and bracing chimes
O'er rainbow-arched valleys roll.

And He who travailed in the race,
And life's rough pathway bravely trod,
Resisting even unto blood,
To gain for us a higher place,

And open life's high portals wide,
That we may enter in and view,
Through opening vistas ever new
The home where Love and Truth abide,

Stands over all to cheer us on ;
Extends to us the helping hand,
To lead us to that glorious land
By paths which He pursued alone.

Come, let us go, nor lingering stay,
While life and glory call us on
To a loftier than an empire's throne,
A prouder than triumphal day.

And so those seeds of soul desire
Which spring to being here below,
Shall spite of storm and tempest grow
With hourly growth from high to higher.

Till God shall end this yearning strife
And we shall know our nobler birth,
And Spring's bright promise shall bring forth
The Harvest of an endless Life.



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