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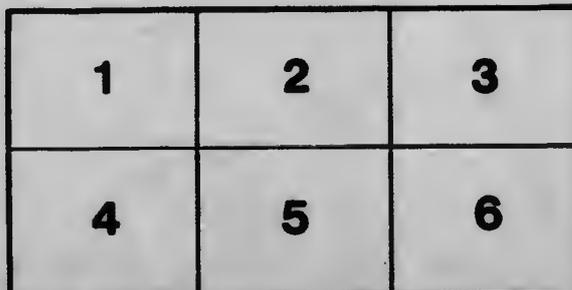
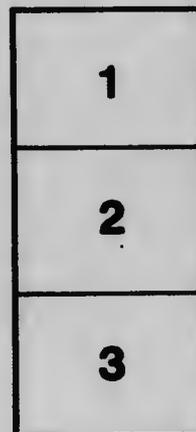
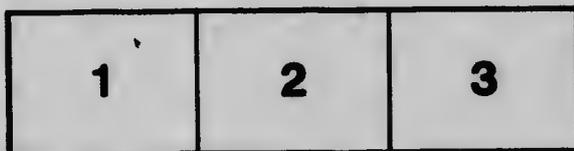
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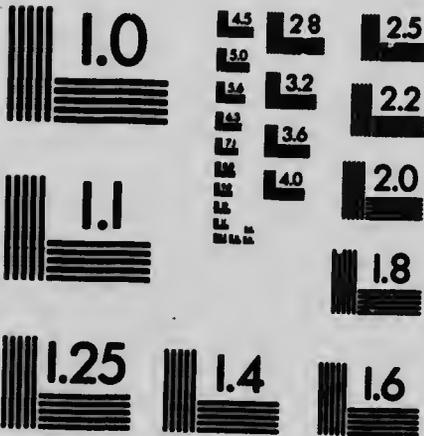
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R. WALTER WRIGHT

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Among the Immortals

Songs and Sonnets from the Hebrew

BY
R. WALTER WRIGHT

Author of "The Dream of
Columbus," etc.



TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1906

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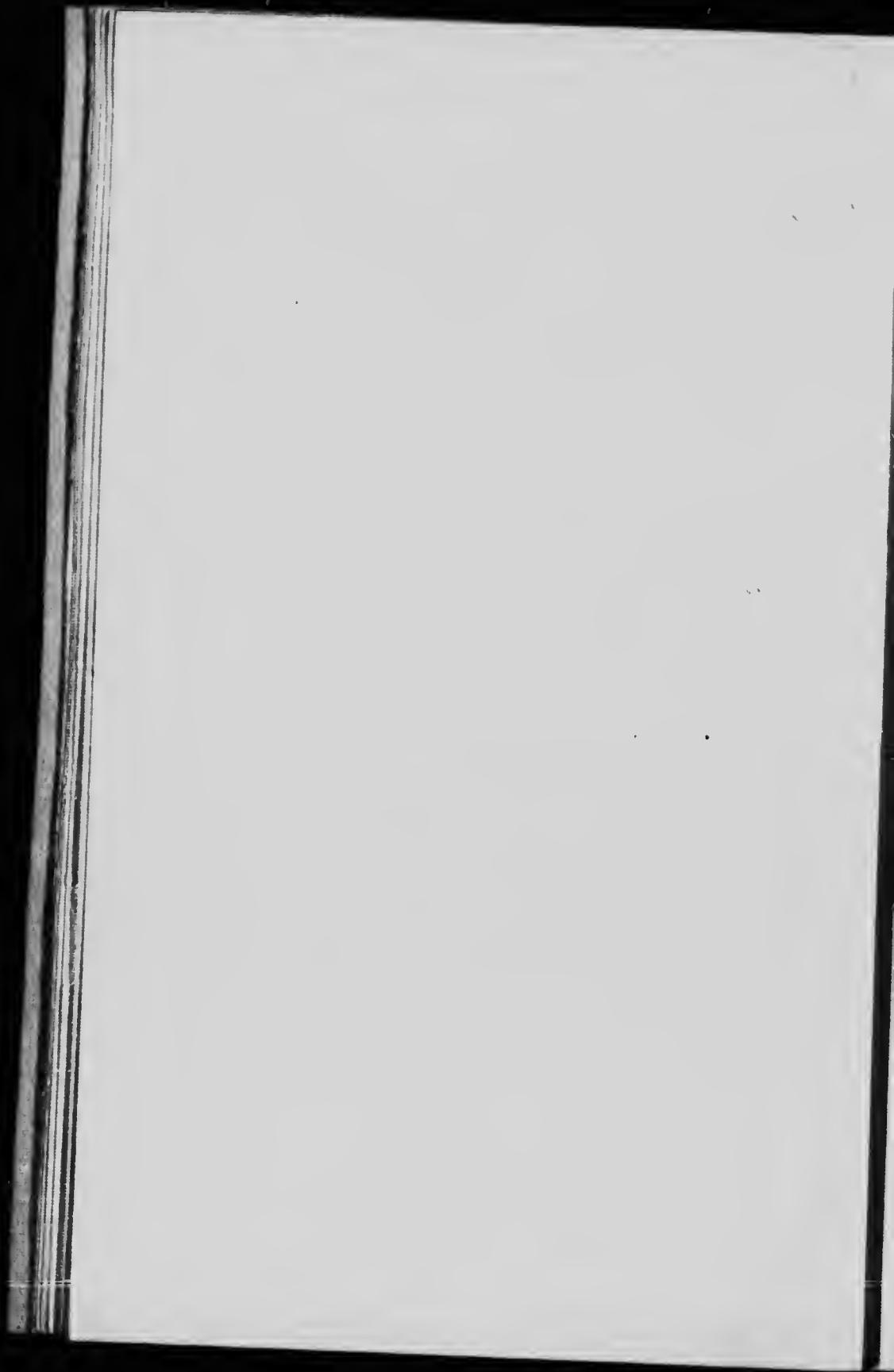
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TRANSLATED TO

THE HIGHER LIFE DECEMBER 5TH, 1905

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DEDICATION SUPERLATIVE.

*To Thee, O Living Christ, the Poem great
Writ on all time and all eternity,
On earth and stars and glittering nebulae,
Phrased in man's language on the Scripture scroll,
Graven by God's finger on the human soul
In love's immortal sonnets—Heaven's ode
To erring earth, the mightiest poem of God—
All beauty, love, all pathos, power, romance,
Out-beaming from the God-man's countenance—
To Thee, O Poem, these songs I dedicate.*

PROEM.

HERE are heart-thoughts. Some have gladdened
Me as when an angel sings;
Some were breathed when life was saddened,
Tinged with its deep colorings.

Not from man's erratic doings
Have I chosen themes for rime,
Not from love's mysterious wooings,
Not from scenes of strife and crime,

Nor from classic superstitions,
Whence so many rivers start,
But from nature's gray traditions,
From the legends of my heart,

From the life-thoughts, grand and graphic,
Which the Word of God supplies,
Gazing down like eyes seraphic
From the windows of the skies.

Among the Immortals

GENESIS.

God! God alone! and naught beside—no height
Nor depth; no time in hours or days or years;
No sound so harsh to vibrate mortal ears;
And intermingled with the dark no light
So dim that mortal eyes could bear the sight;
No trembling ether seas, no rolling spheres,
No element, no sensuous bound appears,
No everywhere, but all the Infinite.
Elohim! Fullness of all Majesty
And Power, Sum of Universal Force!
Jehovah! Being Absolute and Source
Of Thine Eternal Self! Not the Unknown,
For there were none to know—God, God alone—
“In the beginning,” one supernal “Me.”

CREATION.

God! God alone! then elemental dark;
 Then brooding motion on the finite vast
 Of chaos—Love's first breath o'er earth's wide waste.
 "Let Light be"! and the desolations hark.
 From God, not grinding flints of fate, a spark
 Leaps forth, and light through all the abysses passed,
 First messenger of love. And then were massed
 The earth and seas—Life set on them was mark
 Of unimpeachable divinity;
 God's finger-gem, whose rays flash everywhere.
 Then sang the swarms of the abysmal sea,
 The lark that trilled the firmament above,
 And man, of all God's handiwork most fair,
 Creation's first and greatest anthem—Love.

EGO.

I, AND the universe, and God! And I
So small of stature 'twixt the infinites
Of spirit and of space! What depths, what heights
Are all about me; what great mysteries lie
Like suns eclipsed in silence; yet how nigh
A Presence which intuitive invites
My sense-bound soul to know and claim its rights,
And as a god to rise and reign on high!
The oceans and the continents which are
Unknown and unexplored within my soul
Are vaster than the earth, their mysteries far
Exceeding all the secrets of the pole,
And native light that pales the brightest star—
I, more than worlds all fire-doomed at their goal!

THE MAKING OF A NATION.

As IN creation's age sublime,
 Controlled by the Almighty's plan,
 Through cycles long of patient time,
 Grew simplest elements to man.

I in my country's annals find
 Not dicer's thoughts of chances crude;
 Disorder stands with law combined
 To issue in the very good.

So trace I Canada's advance,
 From fiery mists and reeking slime,
 Up the great steps of Circumstance,
 To living manhood in our time.

Primeval chaos shrank away,
 To heaven's light there was unrolled
 A land of granite, fertile clay,
 Of iron, silver, and of gold.

Mound-builders watched the fogs withdraw,
The sky and earth asunder blown;
The Huron and the Iroquois
Called all the wide expanse their own.

With the Cabots, the lands and seas
The throb of liberty first felt;
And springing life, like grass and trees,
Came with the Saxon and the Celt.

Along the brightening zodiac
Shone sun and moon and stars of night—
Cartier, Champlain and Frontenac,
Who led the way to purer light.

Though oft with strife the times were torn,
Fierce monsters on the land appeared,
In seas were demon creatures born,
The air was filled with spectres weird,

Yet life evolved through fire and flood
And many a cataclysmic shock,
And patriot hearts heroic blood
Poured forth in Wolfe, Montcalm and Brock.

Then came the present age, all fair;
Swarmed higher, nobler forms of life
With potent promise everywhere;
And savage nature ceased its strife.

THE MAKING OF A NATION

The tyrant rulers curbed their spite,
And learning peaceful victories won;
Came larger reason, clearer light,
With Baldwin, Brown and Ryerson.

And all was good, but needed still
Dominion's godlike element
To stamp with one supernal will
The dust of a whole continent.

With plan 'divine Macdonald wrought,
And shaped a nation strong and great;
Angels, with high expectant thought,
Stood round the threshold of its fate.

It stood erect—great brain enshrined
'Neath godlike face and golden locks;
A priceless bond, but yet unsigned;
A new-built ship, still on the stocks.

A form all-perfect—Canada!
Of ages long the final goal—
God breathed a breath through Laurier,—
Our land became a living soul.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BACK in the primal light of earth I stood,
The air unbreathed, no footprints on the dust,
The great first thoughts unwritten, and the lust
For littleness, that serpent, was not; good
Was all, for all was great; such truths were food
For angels, truths great men have held in trust
For all the world, rubbing from them the rust
That they might flash divine similitude.
Here Moses, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare thought,
Plain brothers of the human race, and brought
The common truth which all can share and be
More godlike—yet say they, "Greater than we,
Whose work is wrought, are ye whose present lot
Stands face to face with possibility."

REST.

"He rested from all his work."—Gen. 2:3.

O God, didst thou rest when thy work was completed,
 And appeared very good a new world in thy gaze,
 When the stars of the morning with anthems earth
 greeted,
 And shouted thy sons their loud pæans of praise?

Not like Thee, my Father, my world unperfected
 Still lies in half-chaos, unmeasured and dark,
 With many a flaw in its framework detected,
 With once living ideals now breathless and stark.

The earth, air, and waters impatient of fixture,
 The lightnings discovered in forms ever new;
 The good and the evil in strange intermixture;
 No firmament lifted its circle of blue.

I said, "Let be light," but the darkness grew deeper,
 Defied the faint gleams of my sun and my stars;

I said, "Let be life," but no flower nor creeper
Quivered forth from Death's silent and motionless
bars.

Said, "Let me make man " (for no height bounds our
folly),

His life-breath shall be true Philosophy's air;
And I carved out in characters, likeness most holy,
But it stood like a sphinx in the sands of despair.

And now, though my work be so sad and unskilful,
I crave of thee, Lord, the sweet boon of thy rest;
With a body so fragile, a spirit so wilful,
In Thee I am only of Sabbath possessed.

So weary, so weary, O Seed of the woman,
On Thy breast lie these slumber-pressed temples of
mine;

Thou knowest the pains and the aches of the human,
And the longing for rest that is also divine.

MOTHERHOOD.

"I have gotten a man, the Jehovah."—Gen. 4 : 1 (*Heb.*).

THE world was young, but death was trampling o'er
 Its grandeur. Sin, in sad monotony,
 With blight had cursed the bird, the flower, the tree,
 Till the weird, withered face of nature wore
 The wrinkles of old age; and at the core
 Of all things beautiful there seemed to be
 A gnawing worm; and e'er the mystery
 Of life and death and man, grew more and more.
 O Spirit of Motherhood, with hopes that blaze
 Through all the night when other beacons fade,
 Thrilling the soul of Eve! The promise high
 Alone she seized; how the divine should raise
 The human through a child—and earth was made
 Forever new with the first infant's cry.

THE SILENT RIVER—A SONG OF THE
CENTURIES.

"In my dream, behold, I stood upon the brink of the river."—
Gen. 41 : 17.

OUT from the Land of the Unknown,
From mystic glacier or morass,
Floweth a river vast and lone,
As crystal clear, and smooth as glass :
And on, and on, and on, and ever,
Floweth the Silent River.

Wide are its waters; each soul-craft
In the great world finds room to sail;
The stately barge, the humble raft,
Are there, the waters never fail :
And on, and on, and on, and ever,
Floweth the Silent River.

Its depths to reach all anchors fail,
No rock or shoal its course impedes;
Its canyon banks no foot can scale,
No shallow beach, no sighing reeds :

THE SILENT RIVER

And on, and on, and on, and ever,
Floweth the Silent River.

And on and down, and never back,
Perforce each voyager must go;
Choosing somewhat his forward track,
But drifting with the river's flow:
And on, and on, and on, and ever,
Floweth the Silent River.

Nor wind, nor tide, nor steam, nor oar,
The speed retards or quickeneth;
Each helmsman lone, at stern or fore,
Hears but the sound of his own breath:
And on, and on, and on, and ever,
Floweth the Silent River.

We find ourselves upon this stream;
But how, and whence, and why, who knoweth?
A star shines out upon a dream—
We know we are—the river floweth:
And on, and on, and on, and ever,
Floweth the Silent River.

Some day, and suddenly the star
Shines out—the dream is ended thus;
And yet, oh, yet, we know we are—
The river flows, but not for us:
And on, and on, and on, and ever,
Floweth the Silent River.

THE SONG OF THE LAND.

"The choice fruits of the land." (*Heb.*) "the song of the land."—
Gen. 43 : 11.

O WONDERFUL Singer, O wonderful song!
This music sublimest hath raptured me long.
Now rising and falling, a worshipful psalm,
As aroma of spices, of myrrh and of balm;
Now like a love-whisper pure honey distils;
Now with nature's great bounties the vales and the hills
Are mingled in chorus—an orchestra grand
Thrills the air and the sky with the song of the land:
The heart-swelling accents roll world-wide and strong,
For God is the Singer and Plenty the song.

His love-chords of harmony still all our fears,
Swinging on with the rhythm of the infinite spheres.
He beateth His time by the sweep of the stars,
The days are His measures, the nights are His bars,
The rich-laden orchards and fields are His notes,
On the fragrance of flowers His melody floats.

THE SONG OF THE LAND

His bass is the winter, loud, stormful and deep;
His alto, the spring, with soft life-breathing sweep;
The summer, soprano, high-trilling and clear;
The autumn His tenor, with jubilant cheer.

The blue dome of heaven the amphitheatre vast,
Where galleried eternities listening are massed;
The sun and the moon are the great chandeliers
Whose light floods with glory the hall of the years.
O Infinite Poet! Thou only couldst write
Acceptable words for such notes of delight.
The world's greatest masters are weak, incomplete,
All human in language, all faltering in feet.
Our poor heart's thanksgivings we wed to the song—
Accept them, O Singer, to Thee they belong.

THE PATRIARCHS.

ARE these but myths? The men who stamped upon
The plastic earth their footprints? Ay, they say,
'Twas cosmic forces reared the mountains gray
Of the great moral world, and in earth's dawn
Sowed continent and sea with spirit-spawn,
Which grew a great God-life in the full day
Of following ages. Fools! I tell you, Nay!
Nor bow before your shrine of soulless brawn.
Men, personal men, in whom God's Spirit thinks,
Highways divine have through the ages paved,
Defied earth's downward-tugging forces, built
The pyramids of manhood, carved the sphinx
Of destiny, trampled on Falsehood's silt,
And Truth's imperishable tablets graded.

EXODUS.

Who praises Greece and Rome, the ancient shrines
Of empire? Britain and her scion great
Beyond the sea, whose lyre would celebrate?
List ye, I sing a nation which combines
More strength which sways, more beauty which refines,
More light and liberty to elevate,
More names heroic to adorn the state,
Than each beside. A nation that entwines
Its mystic influence round all years of time;
Whose God is God of all, whose laws supreme
Command obedience everywhere, whose dream
Prophetic seeth sin from kingship hurled,
Whose great Messiah is the fact sublime
On which doth lean the hopes of all the world.

MOSES.

STRONG, keen, lithe as an Arab, but with mind
 Attempered with all rare Egyptian lore;
 A great and reverent soul which must adore
 The invisible Jehovah; yet we find
 The human heart which bound him to his kind:
 Man's greatest man—save He our sins who bore—
 Midst lightnings' canopy and thunders' roar,
 He saw the Lord in radiant Duty shrined.
 As Sinai stands, law-crowned, sublime, between
 The old world and the new, and at its feet
 The pulse of this world's commerce is abeat,
 Mid restless tides of thought this man still stands,
 Lone, high, and lit with Heaven's eternal sheen—
 A moral peak which all the world commands.

LEVITICUS.

ONE mighty woe through all the years has lain
With untold burden on the human heart—
Sin's agony and insufferable smart.
Earth's wisest, strongest, sought to move in vain
The stubborn incubus, and so attain
The peace of pardon; altar, priestly art,
Propitiatory symbols failed to impart
A regnant holiness to lives profane.
But Hope ne'er sank its star in utter night,
And yearning earth looked for its jubilee,
Man's heart seemed but a wilderness, yet through
Its deeps a scapegoat wandered with the light
Of mercy on its brow, and Simeons true
Peered through the dark the coming Christ to see.

NUMBERS.

O HEART, how oft thou hast in confidence
Of certain conquest counted o'er thy host,
Beneath the towering standards made thy boast,
And dreamed God's benediction thy defence.
But when there came the self-denying test, suspense
Of creature joy, and Want, a grim, weird ghost,
Ten thousand traitors shouted, "All is lost!
Faith is but folly, let us trust in sense."
And so the land of promise, looming nigh
With rest and fruitfulness, we enter not.
Through weary years till every traitor die,
Wandering in aimless wildernesses on,
At last we say—our mighty Moses gone—
"Faith's all, man's nought—what hath Jehovah
wrought!"

BALAAM.

WANDERING alone on the highlands of Pethor,
'Neath him there 'swept with deep flow the Euphrates,
Round him the midnight stood clad in dark silence;
Balaam, the mighty soothsayer, bareheaded,
Beating his breast, and with prayers oft-repeated,
Wrestled in frenzy, as all men have wrestled,
Once and forever with God and with conscience.

“ Did he not say ”—and his eyes turned to westward
O'er the bleak sand-mounds and rocks of the desert—
“ Moab's chief honors, her glories resplendent,
Coronets of coral, and titles viceregal,
Treasures of gold and all vessels of silver,
Sapphires and emeralds, all gems in profusion,
All should be mine if I would but curse Israel ”?

“ Did He not say ”—and his face trembled heavenward;
Venus gleamed white in immaculate beauty,
Pure as the light from the soul of an infant;
Yonder Orion and Sirius stood beckoning,

Pleiades poised like a fast-speeding angel;
 Eyes of the infinite gleamed in his spirit—
 "I am Jehovah, and shouting with triumph
 Israel beholdeth her Monarch and Leader;
 Strong as the wild-ass and fierce as the lion,
 Jacob defies the diviner's enchantment."

"Did he not say"—and the sheen of a beacon
 Iahmaelites kindled afar on the mountains
 Wrested his eyes and his thoughts from the heavens—
 "Curses, anathemas are thy battle-weapons,
 Use them as useth the soldier his armor,
 Sell them as selleth the merchant his chattels;
 Man and his goods are distinct, independent."

"Did He not say"—Did ye see yon star falling,
 Fated to fade from its place in the ether,
 Cut by its pride from its moorings celestial,
 Blazing its swift path down utter to darkness—
 "I am the Lord, and thine eyes have I opened,
 Rifting the heavens with a flash of My wisdom.
 Jacob beside the Great River as cedars,
 Fragrant as aloes, shall flourish and blossom,
 While Amalek withers uprooted and outcast."

"Did he not say"—and the mist from the river
 Fell a dense cloud, cold and deathlike in dampness—
 "Curses need not be in words that are uttered;
 Hide them from God and from man in thy bosom,

Crouch them as lions beside the still waters,
Cloak them as serpents 'neath curtains and pillows,
Wreath them as asps with the beauty of roses.
Be a true prophet, God-fearing, corruptless,
Yet in thy scrip hold the hire of wrong-doing."

"Did He not say"—and the moon uprose blood-red,
Rayless, a coal from Despair's chaos-furnace;
Dead were the stars in the firmament o'er him—
"There shall from Jacob a Star rise transcendent;
King of the nations with sceptre far-reaching,
Like the great galaxy spanning the welkin;
Blessed the vision, the future's great fruitage."

Balaam, exhausted, lay now 'neath a broom-tree;
Deep in his soul was a huge viper feeding,
Fixed were the eyes of his soul on the darkness;
Murmured he, "Great is the present, the future—"
Ere he had finished the sentence he slumbered.

DEUTERONOMY.

A BACKWARD glance o'er darkened ways of sin,
And great deliverance by Jehovah wrought—
Fit use of all the past is but the thought
Of thankfulness and warning, that we win
New sense of God and self, and so begin
A fiercer fight with wrong than we have fought,
And find in law a liberty untaught
Save by God's covenant writ our hearts within.
When we have left behind Life's wilderness,
Beneath our feet, Truth's Rock whence mercy flows,
Within, a heart all Israel's tribes to bless,
The vale of death becomes the mount of song;
From Nebo's height, where gorgeous sunset glows,
The eye undimmed sees Canaan's visions throng.

JOSHUA.

No POET, he, to paint in lines of fire
Like David, God's benign and marvellous ways,
But scant of words, crisp, soldier-like in phrase,
A man of deeds and daring, his soul-lyre
Was tuned to battle-blasts and Conquest's ire.
His brows ne'er wore unwarranted the bays
Of fame; a patriot true, he sought to raise,
By faith in God and man, his nation higher.
No waverer—all about were trembling hearts—
Fixed on the Rock of Everlasting Right,
He never learned the coward's guileful arts;
He laid the grip of his o'ermastering will
On heaven and earth; to him, in Duty's might
All-dominant, the sun and moon stood still.

LIFE'S CALLING.

A HYMN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Whithersoever thou sendest us we will go."—Joshua 1 : 16.

O WHAT visions glow before me
 As I on life's threshold stand;
 All the prospects, all the glory,
 Of a wondrous promised land.

May no doubt, or foolish weakness,
 Or unmanly truce with sin,
 May no haughty lack of meekness,
 Bar my soul from entering in.

Lord, it is the star of Duty,
 Shedding round me influence sweet—
 Providence in silent beauty—
 Which can guide my hopeful feet.

Time's camp rings with clang and clamors,
 Mingles unoping gloom with mirth,

Brawn and brain with sordid hammers
Shape the golden gods of earth.

Doing present duty, waiting—
Though the world calls loud and shrill—
Till some Jordan's flood, abating,
Opens up my Father's will.

Let my life, with all its powers
Saved from self, by Christ be owned;
All its treasures, promise, dowers,
Are but gifts the Lord hath loaned.

With Thy presence, Lord, assure me;
With Thy strength and love endue;
That the wrong may not allure me,
Right no courage need to do.

Wisdom's voice, O let me hear it,
Heaven's kind mercy be my guide;
In the counsels of the Spirit
My life's work would I decide.

THE BOOK OF JUDGES.

The Book of Judges is the Great Rapids of Israelitish history, torn and turbulent yet ever flowing onward in its providential way.

BORN in the heights,
 In the heart of the ether,
 In the vast cloud-summits
 Where the lone lightning flashes
 In the presence of God!

Soul of the granite!
 Pulse of the glacier!
 Lost in the stillness,
 Draped in the darkness,
 Torn by the tempest,
 Lashed in abysses
 Of infinite writhings,
 Sparkling in pureness
 Like eyes of the angels,
 Spread like a veil o'er
 The cheeks of the mountain,
 Breath of the spirits
 That dwell in the caverns,

Rising like incense
Of prayer to Jehovah,
Rushing in torrents
Free and resistless,
Roaring and foaming
In cascade and fountain,
A thing of the heavens,
It reaches the plain.

Turbid and tainted
With evil inrushings,
Losing its sparkle,
Its breath and its glory,
In earthiness stagnant
Where grow the rank rushes,
Shades where the hemlock
Flings gloom into noonday,
Where the frog and the lizard,
The kite and the raven,
Sing soul-sorrowing praises
To Baal and Ashtoreth.
Yet ever the lily
O'erblooms the dark waters,
Tongues ever speaking
Of truth and of holiness,
Goodness and beauty,
Though anchored in slime.

On to the rapids,
Murmuring, moaning,

Sighing and sobbing,
Burdened with sadness,
'Neath cypress and willow—
Onward it rushes,
Past the great boulders,
Surging and dashing
Through the lone canyon,
With invincible torrent.
Rocks everlasting
Weep o'er its fury,
Screams the wild eagle,
Voicing its terror,
Shrieking its doom!

Broader and stronger,
Madder and fiercer,
Whirl mighty eddies
Athwart and backward,
Turbulent, fateful.
Demons in battle,
Hissing like serpents,
Lunging like monsters,
Booming like cannon—
Voices unearthly,
Raving in pain!
Slaves in the pillory,
Scourged by grim tyrants,
Blood-spray far-leaping,
Beaten out from the gashes—

Ghosts ever rising
With faces pale, haggard,
Astonished and stricken,
Fade into chaos!

Yet ever onward
In the great channel
Traced by the finger
That holds and restraineth
Forces of nature
And all that is human.
Onward though backward,
Onward though beaten,
Onward to ocean,
Onward to God!

SAMSON.

O WHICH shall conquer, you or I?
The flesh or spirit? 'Tis the cry
Of every soul, in every clime,
Through all the ages of all time.

The powers of heaven, the powers of hell,
Are locked in fight with furious yell;
The battle-thunders ever roll—
The Armageddon of the soul.

The Spirit, like the sun, is light
And strength to all who love the right;
The devil a destroyer strong,
Who brandisheth the club of wrong.

Self is of heaven, from the blight
Of things unclean a Nazarite.
Self is of earth, a thing of lust,
A serpent trailing in the dust.

Man is a riddle, who may guess
His paradoxes numberless?
His tongue with limpid honey speaks,
His heart a lion's carcass reeks.

A man is strength to smite and slay,
To bear great Gaza gates away;
A man is weakness all in all
When siren voices to him call.

He breaks all ropes and withes and pins—
He lieth helpless in his sins.
He all the Philistines defies—
He falls beneath Delilah's eyes.

His gleeful craft outwits the fox,
Burns in broad fields the standing shocks;
His hopeless heart sits all alone,
And grinds the heavy prison stone.

The Spirit comes upon him, he
In God's great temple moveth free;
The demons mock his power supine,
He maketh sport in Dagon's shrine.

O which shall conquer, you or I?
The flesh or spirit? 'Tis the cry
Of every soul, in every clime,
Through all the ages of all time.

HEBREW WAR-SONG.

CLANG aloud, clang aloud, be jubilant,
 O ye timbrels, wildly beat!
 Saw ye not the Baalim reeling
 Like a drunkard in the street?
 Fallen the Asherim, and Dagon
 Broken 'neath Jehovah's feet!

Why are ye silent, ye trumpets,
 When the heavens with thunder-peals
 Roar in their joy, and the lightning
 The sword of Jehovah reveals,
 And the winds with the wings of seraphs
 Are Victory's chariot-wheels?

God is a lion that roareth,
 Breaking the bones of His prey;
 A torrent from Lebanon sweeping
 The tents of the wicked away;
 He scorneth the spears of the heathen,
 Laughs at their battle array.

HEBREW WAR-SONG

Where are thy chariots, O Pharaoh?
Sisera, where is thy host?
Edom, who smote thy proud castles?
Sidon, the ships of thy coast?
Where is thy pride, O Damascus?
Sennacherib, where thy loud boast?

God is our God, O ye nations!
Sing it, sun, moon, in your light;
Shout it, O ye great sea-billows;
Stars, ye our heroes in fight;
Wail it, lost spirits of Sheol,
Dwelling in tents of the night!

Sing, O ye women; ye daughters
Of Israel, dance as ye sing;
Thy strength and thy song is Jehovah;
Priests, sons of Aaron, bring
Incense of praise and sweet ointment
To honor the head of the King.

RUTH.

A HEROINE, not of the sword or spear,
But of the sweet simplicities of home;
A fragrant rose that budded o'er the tomb
Of buried love, the aroma of whose cheer
Was shed through desert wastes of Want and Fear.
She loved those higher, nobler thoughts that come
To souls with questful eyes asking large room
Where God and Truth may find their perfect sphere.
The love that sparkles in the maiden's eye,
Regnant forever in the mother-soul,
Unites all races 'neath the doming sky,
And binds the wandering earth to heaven above,
Finds full unfolding and its utmost goal
In David's Son, Divinest Flower of Love.

SAMUEL.

His youth a crown of morning-glories wore,
Of consecration to his God; he, first
Of that great roll of prophet-priests who burst
On Israel's deadness with the Spirit's power,
Like living fountains dotting deserts o'er
With rich oases. 'Twas a dark day curst
With hopelessness, in Israel's history worst,
When Samuel rose a nation to restore.
He is a statesman true whose touch reforms
The deepest life, brings back the ark of God,
In true repentance lays foundations broad
For Ebenezer's triumphs; yet his face
Is toward the future, as his great heart warms
To younger men and things—he giveth place.

CANADA AND THE RECENT WAR-SCARE.

(December, 1895.)

"And Saul blew the trumpet throughout all the land."—1 Sam. 13 : 3.

LOVERS of peace were we, and scarcely o'er
 The placid vista of our thoughts had passed
 The gorgon shade of war; with projects vast
 Of trade absorbed, we watched each opening door,
 Sought to keep step with earth's advancing lore,
 The highest truth attain by shrewd forecast,
 To build on honesty's foundations fast;
 Forgot the blood-dyed past, and gazed before.
 One Sabbath night, when men slept dreamlessly,
 And babe and mother, free from all alarms,
 Nestled in Love's embrace, throughout the land
 War's furious tocsin clanged from sea to sea.
 A moment dazed, we failed to understand—
 When morning broke the nation stood in arms.

JONATHAN:

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."—
2 Sam. 1 : 26.

WONDROUS love of man for man,
What its height and depth can span?
Who can friendship analyze,
Sparkling in a young man's eyes?

When the prince the shepherd meets,
Each a heart all princely greets;
When the shepherd meets the prince,
Simple love they each evince.

Souls, by fortune parted far
As the space from star to star,
May a comrade-spirit see.
Through the deeps of destiny.

Strands of strange affinity
Tremble o'er the ether sea,
And a brother's magic kiss
Bridges o'er the vast abyss.

Love for woman stronger seems,
With its glamor and its dreams,
With its fateful flaming fire
Sweeping than the heavens higher.

But, though rich and rare its dower,
Jealousy destroys its flower;
Glance of eye, betraying trust,
Turns its treasures into dust.

When a young man meets a friend
Hero-hearts together blend;
Each finds each a magnet-pole,
Loving each as his own soul.

Mutual is the covenant then;
They are brothers, they are men;
They exchange the bow and sword,
Each robes other with his word.

Shoulder then to shoulder pressed,
True they bear Life's battle-test;
Heart to heart in fearless faith,
Nought can sever, no, not death.

Though earth-wanderers they be,
O'er the mountain, on the sea;
Though ambition smites between,
Kingly mandates intervene—

JONATHAN

Still love is no changeful moon,
Plays no heartless, flippant tune;
Friendship's arrow flieth straight
Safety's path to indicate;

With no traitor's hand lays bare
Secrets in an empty chair.
Though they never meet again,
They are brothers, they are men.

I. KINGS.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

UPON Moriah's holy height,
With lavish gold and sculptures rare,
The temple stood, a crown of light—
Earth's greatest wonder flaming there.

For David's wealth, and Tyrian skill,
And Solomon's artistic pride,
With nature's sweep of towering hill,
Conspired in heaven's very bride.

Far Sheba's queen its cloisters graced
With gifts of sapphire and of gold;
Though every tongue its beauties praised,
Yet still the half was never told.

More beauteous than all ancient art,
Than all earth's wonders more sublime,
Is God's great temple in the heart
Of man in every age and clime.

Than molten sea with lilies rife,
Than altar, ark, and cherubim,
The consecrated soul and life
Are more acceptable to Him.

For as on Christ the Rock we build,
And make His cross our only boast,
Our souls with the Shekinah filled
Are temples of the Holy Ghost.

Lord, in these bodies by thy word
Wilt Thou Thy glorious temples rear;
No human axe or hammer heard,
Yet shall Thy every grace appear.

War wrecked Jerusalem's famous pile,
And enemies its treasure stole;
These temples grow more beauteous while
The great eternal æons roll.

MACDONALD'S DREAM.

"And Judah and Israel dwelt safely . . . from Dan even to Beersheba."—1 Kings 4 : 25.

MIDNIGHT with scent of flowers bestrewn,
 With zephyrs cool and starlit sky,
 In silent grace the gorgeous June
 Had ushered in July.

Lulled by the rush of Chaudière,
 And Rideau's deep and muffled swell,
 Released from the long round of care,
 Macdonald slumbered well.

Pearls from the oceans, east and west,
 From inland lake and mighty stream,
 Richer than Eastern prince possessed,
 Lay scattered in his dream.

Magicians gathered from the floor
 The precious jewels thus dissevered,
 All vainly they with subtlest lore
 To bind in one endeavored.

MACDONALD'S DREAM

For linen cord and hempen strand
And silk of fine and closest grain
Were all as fickle bonds of sand
When subjected to strain.

But one was wiser than the rest:
A cord of sinewy steel he got,
And with the fiercest, roughest test
The pearls were scattered not.

Sir John awoke, the long disease
Of sundered interests to heal;
He bound the pearls of Provinces
With double thread of steel.

ELIJAH.

O SWIFTNESS of lightning, O splendor of fire!
 "The chariots of Israel, the horsemen thereof,"
 With strong bows of vengeance and scythes of sharp
 ire,
 Through the armies of Baal and Ashtoreth they
 drove.

Jehovah, the Captain, led onward the train,
 With clangor of trumpet and clear battle-song;
 Fiery heavens above them were sealed from the rain,
 Earth shook with the thunderous shouts of the
 strong.

The chariots of iron—thy courage sublime;
 The horsemen—thy faith and thy zeal that o'errode
 The mountains of folly, the rivers of crime;
 An invincible army—thou prophet of God!

The Ahabs, the Jezebels, royal in might,
 Had trampled the altars of God in the mire,

Flung Baal's bloody banner in the face of the light,
Proud hosts had they marshalled with cymbal and
lyre.

Then swift as the eagle that swoops to the sward,
And fearful as war-horse that snorts for the fight,
Elijah swept down in the name of the Lord,
And the haughty battalions were scattered in flight.

Injustice ne'er baffles the strength of God's arm,
Omnipotence reigneth and triumpheth still;
In the calm of the morn, or the wrath of the storm,
The raven, the angel alike do His will.

Not war's great munitions appealing to sense,
Not armies and navies and patriot song,
Are chiefest and best in a nation's defence,
But lovers of righteousness sterling and strong..

O greatest of prophets! as long as the name
Of reformer or hero with jewels inwove
Resplendent is cherished, this, this is thy fame:
"The chariots of Israel, the horsemen thereof."

A STILL, SMALL VOICE.

1 Kings 19 : 12.

IN the silence of the morning, through the softly-rising
mist,

As the chrysolite of dawning ripened into amethyst,
Came a voice so clear, peremptory, that my soul could
not but list:

“Unto thyself be true.”

In the rush and swirl of noontide, 'mid a gale of voices
loud,

And keen eyes that flashed their lightnings over faces
thunder-browed,

Came a voice imperious, alien to the voices of the
crowd:

“Be to thy brother true.”

In the calmness of the evening, when the winds had
sunk to rest,

When no earthquake heaved its fury, burned no fire
within my breast,

Came a still, small voice so tender, it the heart of
Christ confessed:

“Unto thy God be true.”

Then I saw all selfish longings were far other than
divine,

And the shrunken deeds of mercy lean as Pharaoh's
hungry kine—

Be that sound of gentle stillness ever in this heart of
mine:

“Unto thy God be true.”

ELISHA.

2 Kings.

No SERAPH he, with light of stars besprent,
Nor rough-clad, mystery-loving anchorite,
Nor, to sustain heaven's honor, prophet-knight
To slay God's foes in some fierce tournament.
Man's fellow-man, in common garb he went
In common ways, yet more than halo-light
Beamed from his pitying eye; in mercy's might
Of gentleness he stood pre-eminent.
As Christ he healed the leper, raised the dead,
Increased the loaves, but, more than miracle,
Came like the Master into daily life
A benediction calming all its strife,
The poison from earth's pottage to expel,
And beauty o'er its barren grounds to spread.

DAVID.

1 Chronicles.

RESPLENDENT name! Beloved of Israel!
A mailed warrior who quelled her foes;
Patriot and statesman-architect, there rose
From scattered tribes, touched by his genius-spell,
A national temple without parallel.
The splendor of its great ideal glows
O'er all the nations yet, and overthrows
With light of liberty the darkness fell.
A kingly man, a kingly prophet, too,
Inspiring all with spirit of worship true,
He tuned their hearts to pure ecstatic song,
Taught them to expect the greater King; and hence,
Though once he stooped to deep and deadly wrong,
We see him kingly in his penitence.

SECOND BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

GREAT things of earth are only great when God
 Is centre, source, and goal; severed from Him,
 Their inner light and glory waxeth dim.
 All lordly might and huge magnificence that strode
 The earth with royal mien, beneath the load
 Of godlessness fell down like Nephilim,
 Primeval giants, hybrid heroes grim,
 Beneath the whelming waters of the flood.
 This Israel's, Judah's history, as unveils
 The changeful panorama; grace and guilt
 In the fierce lists of generations tilt;
 The expectant heavens quiver, smile or frown.
 As in the clash evil or good prevails;
 Till the nation's last great hope goes crashing
 down.

JOSIAH.

THE dews of morning on his head,
The sunrise in his eye,
Like richest gardens round him spread
All kingly honors lie.

Enchanting as the sweetest lyre,
From many an idol shrine,
Burning with Baal's all-fragrant fire,
Voices which seem divine

Woo his young heart—his father bowed
In reverent worship there;
What than the host of heaven more proud,
Than Ashtoreth more fair?

But clear above the augur's din,
Sweeter than wizard's gong,
There breaks upon his ear within
An angel's mighty song.

A song of love and truth and right,
 Which all his spirit thrills;
 Henceforth before Jehovah's sight
 That which is right he wills.

The hallowed images he smote
 And trampled in his path;
 The blasphemies his fathers wrote
 He blotted out in wrath.

He built God's temple, long-defiled
 By the vile heathen throngs;
 And through its courts, with echoes mild,
 Rolled David's holy songs.

God's book by Moses given he found,
 In rubbish, dust and dark;
 Its startling words his conscience bound;
 He bade his people hark.

Forthwith a covenant he made,
 And God's great feast observed;
 His strong reforming hand ne'er stayed,
 His heart no foe unnerved.

Young men, that song ye hear to-day,
 That book ye read: O, then,
 Be yours the mandate to obey,
 And quit yourselves like men.

EZRA.

HE was the law incarnate, in him burned
The swift reforming fire which with white heat
Consumed the chaff, though it might scorch the
wheat;

The law must be supreme, evil o'erturned,
From bleeding hearts the dearest loves be spurned.

O Zeal, how oft thou art thine own defeat,
When spirit is dead and love is obsolete,
And Pharisees are but with form concerned!
Yet he was true, and to his mighty soul

We owe treasures untold, which men to-day
Oft hold with reckless hand—that golden scroll
Of God's great library, our synagogues
Of worship where we meet the Christ and lay
At His dear feet the sin which life beclogs.

NEHEMIAH.

MEN in their smaller moods and weaker hours,
When self grows large and earth is everything,
Desire is conqueror and Passion king,
And flouted conscience its high signal lowers,
Need then a man who fleeth not nor cowers
At insolence of evil, who can sing
A war-song to its challenge, cause to spring
From rubbish vile a city's walls and towers;
A kingly man in this world's downward drift,
A Nehemiah who their lives may lift
To higher levels, whose own life can show
Them manhood built on God Almighty's plan.
Yet have we more—One whom each heart may know
As perfect Strengtheners—the Son of Man.

ESTHER.

"THIS book apocryphal," say some, "unfed
 From inspiration's holy fount, because
 No name of God appears." "And many flaws
 And fictions in its pages," it is said.
 But what is God? A name of love or dread?
 A sentiment expressed by word or clause?
 Nay, God is Truth, great principles His laws,
 Which firm in every soul themselves imbed.
 Where'er the honest heart in league with truth
 Bears goodly fruitage, and with heaven-born tact
 Meets every artifice of malice fell,
 What need of words or rhetoric forsooth?
 God is the lever; the hard fulcrum, fact—
 He sweeps the good to heaven, the bad to hell.

JOB.

DAYBREAK and perfect sky,
 And hearts that lie
 In the pure ether bliss
 Of a sweet world that is—
 No breeze-born voice that questions, "Why?"

A shade beats o'er the sky,
 A challenge to content,
 A ghost of weird presentiment,
 And mutterings dim,
 From 'neath the far horizon's rim,
 Of sin—yet why?

Then from the noonday sky
 There breaks the tempest wild,
 And wealth, and home, and child
 Drift down a vast abyss
 Where devils yell and hiss.
 Amid a thousand hopes that die
 Rises a man's despairing cry:
 "Why? God, my God, O why?"

And 'neath the palled and shivering sky,
Old men from their experience
Give learned words of what and whence,
And a young man more wise gives store
Of sage-like counsel; but the roar
Of deafening elements on high
Are dominant in a thunderous "Why?"
And jagged lightnings on the writhing sky
Write one weird word with fiery fingers, "Why?"

Then speaketh God the Lord,
Earth hangeth on his word:
"It is enough that I am I—
Not 'Why?'"

Sunset and perfect sky,
And hearts that lie
In the pure ether bliss
Of God's great promises—
No breeze-born voice that questions, "Why?"

THE PSALMS.

PEAL upon peal—God's great cathedral bells
Moving with melody the sonorous air
Of ages—from Heaven's high dome they bear
Glad music through the universe, which tells
Creation of all-potent love that swells
A Father's heart and feels all human care;
And souls responsive rise to song and prayer,
Till rapturous hope this world's wild discord quells.
Here is sin's drama, tragical, complex;
The sob of penitence; the thrilling joys
Of great salvation; all the cares which vex;
The promises, faith's tower and refuge strong;
A nation's fears and hopes—Messiah's song
Rises o'er all with clear, triumphant voice.

DAVID'S PSALMS.

O SEER of Bethlehem, whose songs have thrilled
The listening ears of ages; with the lure
Of thy sweet lyre, enchanting, yet so pure,
The saint has been with heaven's high rapture filled,
The sinner's tempest of wild fears has stilled,
The soul with Saul-like 'madness found a cure,
The fainting, faltering heart strength to endure,
And Hope has blessed whom rude Despair has chilled.
And thou for me, O bard of Israel,
Hast day by day appropriate melody
The ever-changing moods of life to inspire
With master-thoughts of God unutterable,
And feed my feeble lamp of minstrelsy
With clearer flame than old Prometheus' fire.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

"At thy right hand doth stand the queen in gold of Ophir."—
Psa. 45 : 9.

QUEEN, Empress, Mother, Saint, and whatsoe'er
 Of title may express our reverent love!
 Noblest and best of rulers, shrined above
 Others, though famed as valorous and fair!
 None gathered round them satellites so rare,
 A nation's honor to advance none harder strove,
 Victory for none a greener laurel wove.
 Not these as richest jewels didst thou wear;
 The glory of thy fourscore years o'errun,
 Purples in virtue's amaranthine crown.
 The world's most willing homage, true renown
 Thy woman's love, and life so Christlike, won;
 Though thou hast laid our British sceptre down,
 Thy reign o'er human hearts is but begun.

THE HARVEST CROWN.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—Psa. 65 : 11.

I SAW before me, throned in splendor stately,
A fair and noble queen,
All daughters of Old Time exceeding greatly
In majesty of mien.

Her throne was vine-clad hills with purple clusters,
Her footstool barns replete;
And carpets of all colors, mingled lustres,
Were spread about her seat.

Her robes were rich, and woven of diverse texture,
With flowers begarlanded;
The air was balm from blooms of love and nectar,
O'er palace gardens shed.

But most enchanting was her crown resplendent—
A faery wonder-sight,
A thousand jewels flashed their rays transcendent—
A dazzling sun of light.

I asked, "Who is this queen, and what this glory,
This diadem of gold?"
The autumn breezes heralded the story,
A thousand times retold.

"It is the Year, in which thy soul beholdeth
Such majesty benign;
The heart of nature which fore'er unfoldeth
The Providence divine.

"The Father's goodness, which to all He shareth,
Through her is widely strown;
The royalest insignia that she weareth
Is the great harvest crown."

RABBI BEN ABEL.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom."—Psa. 90 : 12.

"LIFE is a breath of air,
 A mist of gloomful care,
 With feeble glints of sunshine here and there.
 O most uncertain breath!
 O mist that thickeneth!
 O light forever fading into death!"

So often on his bed
 Rabbi Ben Abel said,
 As flocks of night-thoughts hovered o'er his head:
 His woes to God in prayer
 Would through the angels bear,
 Who with light foot ascend the Bethel stair.

“Lord, who with Fate’s keen knife
 The silver cord of life
 Cutt’st when Thou wilt, ending this mortal strife,
 Heaven surely is not dumb!
 Wisely denied to some,
 To me reveal the day when death shall come.”

One night an angel fleet
The Rabbi thus did greet:
"Come with me down the silent moon-lit street."
Yielding, he straightway rose,
And through the town's repose
Sped out where fields and flocks dreamed not of woes.

Upon a threshing floor,
Carefully covered o'er,
A little heap of wheat they found in store.
A husbandman at even,
In vow that gift had given,
A token of his gratitude to heaven.

The angel said, "Each grain
Count o'er, and soothe thy pain;
God deigns to thee Life's mystery to explain.
Each grain doth represent
An hour; the time thus lent
For strict account, let no grain be misspent."

With joy-dilated eyes,
And trembling with surprise,
He knelt beside the long-desired prize.
So eager to survey,
And all his doubts allay,
Saw not, unthanked, the angel speed away.

But soon his face across
Ran thoughts of pain and loss,
As molten metal darkens with its dross;

His head was lower bent,
 " 'Let no grain be misspent,'
 Some may be lost—'tis surely this he meant.

"The thief may steal my joy,
 The bird or beast destroy,
 The fire consume, or damp and mold alloy;
 And though the number sure,
 To know of death the hour
 Would blight my life, in branch, and fruit, and flower.

"Life is uncertain; this
 I see a source of bliss,
 Unseen before, but now God's hand I kiss.
 He is the only wise;
 The man who restless pries
 Into His dark things e'er hath blinded eyes.

"A life, though transitory,
 May wear a crown of glory
 Far richer than the head with age all hoary.
 A Samuel or Ruth
 May for all time in youth
 Laurel their lives with some immortal truth."

He the symbolic hoard,
 Its secret unexplored,
 Returned in consecration to the Lord;
 Gave the uncounted wheat
 To one with nought to eat,
 Resolved with good to make his life complete.

EDUCATION.

Psa. 147 : 5.

"His understanding infinite," declares
 The Word—of all his natural attributes
 Omniscience most sublime. In stones and brutes
 And stars the Pantheist's god all mindless stares;
 The atom-worshipper his shrine prepares
 To Law and Force; of sceptic thought these mutes
 Set forth to-day the vaunted fairest fruits:
 Our God alone the crown of Knowledge wears.
 What is in man the world-wide rage to know
 All truth, all mystery? Why the willing fee
 Of daily brain-sweat? 'Tis the heat and glow
 Of his ambition vast, nearer to be
 To the Supreme Intelligence—to grow
 Like God is Education's highest plea.

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

THE wisdom of the ages
Finds rich expression here,
Exceeding all the pages
Of heathen saint or seer.

Old Socrates may greet us,
And Plato's wisdom flow,
Plutarch and Epictetus,
And glowing Cicero,

With Seneca may thrill us
With subtle periods,
And daily may distil us
The nectar of the gods.

But all their precepts glowing,
Their words of hoarded gain,
Are human fountains flowing
Compared with heaven's rain.

And all the wealth of morals
Which that old time embowers
Is cold and stark as corals
Beside the living flowers.

The sapphire theirs, resplendent,
And gleam of lustrous spars;
The sunlight ours, transcendent,
The glory of the stars.

Their thoughts, though high and regal,
Gush not from lips of love,
But here the keen-eyed eagle
Meets with the gentle dove.

Here wisdom true, supernal,
Life arches as a dome,
And all the Soul Eternal
Is poured o'er heart and home.

ECCLESIASTES.

I.

ALL earthly things are vanity supreme,
 So sang Koheleth; all life's weary round,
 All joy in wine or wealth or women found,
 All wisdom and philosophy, we deem
 But vanity! Wild paradoxes seem
 All times our vast ambitions to confound,
 And truth itself is but an empty sound,
 Life now and evermore a troubled dream!
 All vanity! yet brooding over all,
 A weird and shadowy form with threatening rod,
 The Spirit of Judgment—a power to recall
 The evil and the good, make fast the soul
 With Duty's firm, invisible cords to God,
 Its one sublime, all-satisfying goal.

II.

ALL vanity! so wails its burial song,
 The covenant old—man powerless, in vain
 Moralities and rituals which fain

Would link the heart to God. All life we wrong
 All manhood, and all heaven, when we throng
 Our fancies with despair; let us maintain
 Our souls erect, o'ertopping grief and pain,
 And in all charity and patience strong.
 All vanity! ne'er so spake Jesus Christ;
 Life not to Him chance, tears, and prison-bars,
 But a realm of opportunity unpriced
 Where vast ideals loom through growing light—
 The world, God's kingdom and our own by right,
 An action-sphere 'neath ever-hopeful stars.

OLD AGE.

Eccles. 12.

MUST I grow old, and in my heart expire
 The clarion voices of the infinite,
 The vast ideals which filled the inner sight,
 And all the great enthusiasms which fire
 The soul of youth; and must my being entire
 Grow callous to the great world's growing light,
 And fail and pale 'neath Time's all-shrinking blight;
 And silenced be my life's full-chorded lyre?
 Nay, nay, O God, I must be young, nor doubt
 The coming morrow, with expansive mind
 And fertile heart welcome fresh thoughts and find
 Uprising new great splendid loves, till I,
 A wondering child in spring's full flush, roam out
 O'er the green fields of immortality.

OLD AND WEARY.

A SONG FOR THE DEPARTING YEAR.

"All things are full of weariness."—Eccles. 1 : 8.

O FOR the rainbow hues of youth,
 The tremble of eager stars,
 The tender blue of the morning skies,
 The fiery flash of sunlit eyes,
 The dash and clash of coming wars!
 But I am old and weary.

O for the throb of a long-lost heart,
 The rush of a spirit free,
 Ambitions once of dauntless wing,
 And hopes that in their boundless swing
 Outswung, outrung eternity!
 But I am old and weary.

O for the thoughts all mountain-vast
 That loomed through the mists of morn,
 The steady stride of heroic mood

OLD AND WEARY

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That ranged the plains of infinitude
Beyond where yonder stars were born!
But I am old and weary.

Living or dead? Between I swing—
Under an autumn tree
I finger over the empty shells,
And try to ring the tongueless bells,
No bloom from the loam looks up to me,
For I am old and weary.

But what of the light that dawns at death,
The life of the great To Be,
When earth falls off as a worthless clod,
And the prisoned soul breaks into God?
'Tis near, I hear the call for me,
And I am old and weary.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

"JESUS of Nazareth! Never as He
 Spake man," did they not say? If poetry
 Is thought and feeling at its highest reach
 Incarnate in the forms of human speech,
 Why wrote He not some epic whose white fire
 More potent grows the ages to inspire?
 None read the weird traditions of the heart,
 The wisdom of the desert and the mart,
 None saw the spirits rose-red and lily-white,
 Horrors of darkness, splendors of the light,
 Heard speech articulate in every breeze,
 Nor walked the waves of human tragedies,
 Kenned earth and heaven in one communion joined,
 Airy phantasms in vast ideas coined,
 As He. Why not some lyric beautiful,
 Some fragment at the least, some spark of soul
 Excelling Sappho, some love-flower with scent
 Imperishable to all ages lent?
 Why not—?

Think ye a drama, epic, song,
 Must written be? The canons all are wrong.
 The poet's greater than the poem. Fail
 To see the drama in life's thrilling tale,
 The epic in its mighty purposes,
 Song in the heart's love-wild vibrations? This
 Is poetry more sweet, sublime, and true
 Than pictures that word-artists ever drew.
 O Christ! no song like Thee can charm the heart.
 The lyric of eternal love Thou art;
 The tragedy of all the universe
 Bleeds in the bearer of its blight and curse;
 The world's great Epic! and the ages are
 Its cantos, showing how the Hero-Star
 Grows brighter though the wild seas rave beneath.
 And dense, unriven darkness may ensheath
 The truth, yet vast, sublime the verses roll
 The triumphs of the great All-Loving Soul.
 Through all the mystic earthly symbolry,
 The cross, the crown, the face enhaloed, see
 Love's evolution at its furthest line;
 Man perfected, imbathed in the divine.
 The mightiest force on all this earth that moves
 Is the true heart that loves, and loves, and loves.

* * * * *

O love, be a seal on my heart and my arm—
 O love, thou art stronger than death—
 I yield my full soul to thy blossom and charm,
 I faint in thy fragrance of breath.

O flash forth and flame, thou fire of the Lord,
The floods cannot drown thy fierce blaze;
Love circles my heart with its pure silken cord,
And I'm lost in the infinite maze.

O the Song of Songs is the Lovely One,
And His harp is this spirit of mine.

O ye rhythms of heaven, smite in clear unison
Its chords with your music divine.

WILD-FLOWERS.

"The flowers appear on the earth."—Song of Songs 2 : 12.

FOREST-LILY, how so white
When you sprang up in the night?

April's great full moon surprised me
And the winter snows baptized me.

Red bud, whence your crimson blaze?
On me smiled the sunset rays.

Yours of yellow? Here till dawn
Lay the wild doe's creamy fawn.

Purple, what gave royal hue?
Trailing skirts of Manitou.

Blue, how camest thou to be?
Whispered dews of Mother Sea.

Violet, you? The light first kissed
My thin lips in morning mist.

How bloom ye in sleety storm?
Still the Red Man's blood is warm.

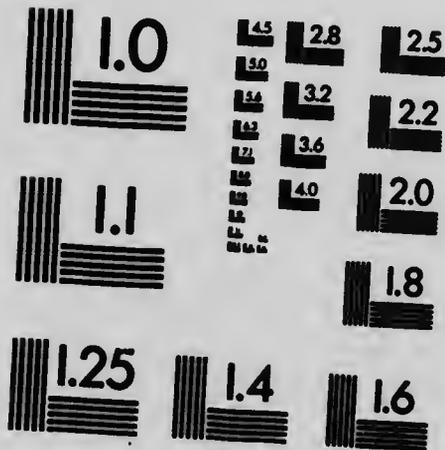
Whence your variegated tints,
Untranslated wonder-hints,

Magic spangles, angel eyes?
Oh! we dreamed of Paradise.



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A JUNE BIRD-SONG.

"The time of the singing of birds has come."—Song of Songs 2 : 12.

IN the break of a blossomy morning
Of the ever-glorious June,
I placidly lay and listened
To the wild-birds' varied tune.

The lark with his high-keyed treble,
The robin's tenor strong,
The canary's wonted rapture,
Were mingled in the song.

But my ear caught a note in the minor,
So rich, so appealing, so calm,
It came to my heart like a vision,
It fell on its wounds like balm.

As one of the long-lost voices,
As my mother's used to be,
It soothed my fret and worry,
It spoke to the child in me.

A JUNE BIRD-SONG

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It called to a soul that is simple,
Trustful, unselfish, and free;
It appealed to my higher nature,
It spoke to the God in me.

I had risen with the lark of ambition,
On passion and beauty had smiled,
Forgot that the heirs of the Kingdom
Have the spirit of a child.

O bird of noble contentment!
Whatever thy name may be,
A voice in the wilderness crying,
A herald of Christ to me.

There are voices out-sounding from heaven
Through Time's tumultuous swell;
They say with that bird of the morning,
"My child, it is well, it is well."

ISAIAH.

EAGLE, with a seraph's vision,
Soaring in the heights sublime,
Breathing atmosphere Elysian,
Far above the fogs and grime!

Day by day the earth grew darker,
Dimmer gleamed the stars above,
And beneath him, weirder, starker,
Evil spirits cursed and strove.

Israel's kingdom, God's dispenser
Of the truth which ne'er can fail,
Filled her sacrilegious censer
With the ghastly fires of Baal.

Babylon mighty, Egypt hoary,
Shared with Nineveh the earth;
Rome had just begun her story,
Struggling in the throes of birth.

Saw the seer a kingdom splendid,
Never-ending and more vast,
And by mightier hosts defended
Than all empires present, past.

More to him than all the power,
Gifts and honors courts could bring
Was that raptured vision's dower,
For his eyes had seen the King.

Heaven unfolded—light supernal—
Seraphs' voices—dazzling throne—
High above the Lord eternal
In His holiness alone.

“Saw Him”—none but the immortals
God can see and yet can live,
So Isaiah passed the portals
Of the new life God doth give.

Such Time's heroes, doing, daring,
Earth's great destinies altering,
In their hands heaven's fires bearing—
For their eyes have seen the King.

Yet 'tis not the vision's beauty
Which gives life its upward bent,
But the voice of rapturous duty—
This is power and ravishment.

He no empty dreamer, robing
Heartless truth in rhetoric sage,
But the faithless conscience probing,
A true preacher to his age.

He the statesman whose high thinking,
Purpose firm, impassioned strife,
Centred in Jehovah, linking
To His throne the nation's life.

Yet was he a mother, breathing
Words of comfort to her child;
With divinest mercy wreathing
Weeping eyes and brows defiled.

All the suffering Servant's history,
Bruises, chastisement and blight,
In the Christ's vicarious mystery
Saw he blossom into light.

What can shake the world and win sense,
Soul and spirit from earth's thrall,
But God's temples filled with incense,
Prayerful hearts that on Him call.

Visions flashing high as heaven
Earth's pollutions must reveal,
Startled bosoms lightning-riven
Sin no longer can conceal.

In the man and in the nation
Lips unclean and leprous wound,
Life's great plains a desolation,
Crush all spirits to the ground.

O live coal! the cleansing, yearning
Love of Christ, God's altar fire,
Tempered tenderly, yet burning
Every sin in holy ire.

With assurance of salvation
Comes high thought of destiny,
Comes the plea of consecration:
Here am I, O Lord, send me.

Hopeless seems his great commission,
Hopeless seems his task assigned;
O the fading of the vision!
Men are heartless, deaf, and blind.

God yet reigneth! Who receive it
Seraph-like may soar and sing;
Humble, trustful souls believe it,
For their eyes have seen the King.

JEREMIAH.

A WOMAN'S heart, tender and quick and warm,
But man's in iron will and courage strong,
His harp was set to weird, pathetic song;
But when time called for deeds, no wrathful storm
From throne or altar could his soul disarm.
His the disheartening battle fierce and long
When legions in God's livery fought for wrong,
And few upheld the banner of reform.
When all light failed, and truth seemed sacrificed,
Lo, there arose, above the ruins of the old,
The covenant new—God's law within the heart,
Not in the state nor ceremonial art:
Victory for all earth's sons he saw unfold
In his own prototype, the suffering Christ.

THE PALIMPSEST.

"Take thee a roll of a book."—Jeremiah 36 : 2.

I DREAMED (or did I dream?) an angel slipped
Into my hand a rare old manuscript.

With eager haste the volume I unrolled,
Gleamed its initial wrought of burnished gold.

I read, A child on certain day was born,
In certain place,—'twas my birthplace and morn.

His parents' names were such, such was his name,—
What strange coincidence, mine were the same!

Spellbound, amazed, I read from year to year
Of my own life the record true and clear.

Things dim in memory, or forgotten quite,
Were by the story summoned back to light.

Day-dreams, long-buried wreckage on life's shore,
Full-rigged swept o'er the sun-lit waves once more.

Beneath, I'd noticed all the parchment o'er
Strange letters, half-defaced, writ long before.

I to the angel, "What is this?" To me
He gave a roll, and said, "This is the key."

O'er characters of most unique design
I pored, deciphering slowly word and line.

Began they also of a child to tell;
His birth, name, parents, perfect parallel.

Life's great outlines in both ran side by side,
'Twas the same person lived and laughed and cried.

But oftentimes divergences were great,
Though the same circumstances, place and date.

There sick—here hale and vigorous and strong;
There moody—buoyant here with joy and song.

There thoughts unholy all the mind control;
Conceptions here transcendent thrill the soul.

Here evils overcome and victories won,
And blisses rapturous o'er duties done,

Good deeds performed and noble words outspoken,
Love paramount, and Hate's strong fetters broken,—

THE PALIMPSEST

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A character in angels' eyes sublime,
A diamond sparkling on the crown of time.

Then to the angel I, "What meaneth this—
A life like mine, but full of light and bliss,

"And mountain peaks shot o'er with heavenly light,
And gleams ecstatic of the infinite?"

Said he, "This life th' Omniscient wrote for thee
Upon the page of possibility.

"Hadst thou to God and man all duty done
Then in this higher groove thy life had run.

"Life is not only what by Self is seen—
The thing that is —but all it might have been."

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

TEARS, let them fall—the city filled with pride,
Adorned with rubies, sapphires, finest gold,
Now dimmed with vile pollutions manifold;
A harlot who was once Jehovah's bride!
Tears, let them fall, for sorrows multiplied
Stalk in the steps of sin, sufferings untold;
Despair with ghastly visage, hard and cold,
Stands day and night, O Zion, at thy side!
Tears, let them fall! Like rivers do they flow
Amid the broken walls; all widowed now
She weeps her life away—yet from death's verge
Come sobs of prayer, "Turn Thou us unto Thee":
In all our woes God's chastening love we see;
A gleam of hope illumines earth's wildest dirge.

EZEKIEL.

O POET of the vast, the dim, the terrible!
Who saw'st with cherub's eye, with cherub's pen
Didst write unutterable things; but when
As prophet God commissioned thee to tell
The stern, plain truth of judgment, ruin, hell,
Clear wast thou as a glittering sword; as when
An eagle swoops upon the silent fen,
Thy words upon the listless conscience fell.
Yet, like a lover who amid the storm
Sees breaking from the dark a dear, sweet face,
So thou in Israel's midnight saw'st a form
In that most wondrous vision which foreran
All prophecy, first glimpse of gospel grace,
The Eternal in the likeness of a man.

DANIEL.

A MAN of purpose, like the granite hills
Which face the storm and never flinch, the same
In darkness and in day, when lightnings flame
And earthquakes rock. The deeds a great heart wills
Are this world's elemental strength, the sills
Which silently support Truth's mighty frame,
Which give to Beauty its enduring fame;
Their power eternity with safety fills.
Yet round about it and above must rise,
Like clouds that wrap the mountain crag, incense
Of prayer to link man with Omnipotence;
Thus knowledge comes and faith unconquerable,
Serenity which nought can terrorize,
And mastery over powers of earth and hell.

AN EVENING VISION.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ;
and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever
and ever."—Dan. 12 : 3.

ONE evening, after sunset,
I was gazing on the sky,
When the clouds, like autumn landscapes,
Were decked all gorgeously.

Into the azure ocean
They stretched their heads and capes,
And in my imagination
Assumed mysterious shapes.

It seemed to me that yonder,
Upon the ethereal vast,
There floated the land of spirits—
The great ones of the past.

It seemed to me that yonder,
Upon that lovely sky,
Once more the old immortals
Loomed forth to human eye.

AN EVENING VISION

And some were robed in purple,
And golden crowns they wore;
They walked with footsteps stately
The rich mosaic floor.

And some had aspect martial;
'Midst glittering swords and spears
They stood, 'neath blood-stained banners,
In a mist of mothers' tears.

Some sought with torch of Freedom
The darkness to displace;
Their lips, firm-clasped, breathed vengeance
To the tyrants of their race.

Some wandered in the forests,
And talked with flower and bird,
In the throbbing heart of Nature
They ceaseless music heard.

Some sought in contemplation
Thought's compass to expand,
And searched for mystic learning
In the books of every land.

Then, falling o'er my vision,
There came a wondrous light;
The bright full moon had risen,
Illumining the night.

Not as emblem of the fickle
Did it appear to me,
But the smile of the Eternal,
Serene, benign, and free.

Methought that orb was Jesus,
Of humbly glorious birth,
Enlightening the nations
Of this dark and erring earth.

And o'er the sky, transfigured,
One by one, there slowly came,
Like stars, the great apostles,
And saints of lesser name.

Enraptured by the vision
My mind had fondly reared—
When I looked again to westward,
The clouds had disappeared.

Yet still that orb of silver
Was beaming calmly on,
And the myriad stars were shining
Brighter than they had shone.

So, after the resurrection,
When this world has passed by,
Shall Christ and His disciples
Shine in the cloudless sky.

HOSEA.

I.

CRUSHED as a man is when his best beloved
 Has proved herself untrue;
 The earth and heaven's foundations are removed,
 And death and ruin strew
 Soul-gardens where the rarest lilies grew.

O prophet of the broken heart! thou wert
 So bruised when Israel,
 The faithless bride of heaven, dared desert
 The God who loved her well,
 And found in her a joy unutterable.

II.

Who loves the blasted and sin-withered one,
 Or Hope's door for her swings—
 To idols joined forever leave alone,
 Reaping the whirlwind who the wind hath sown,
 Wrapped in the storm's wild wings.

Yet, O the yearnings of the infinite
Great heart of God, which stoop
To abysses deepest with the raying light
Of mercy, whispering through the densest night,
"How shall I give thee up!"

III.

HOSEA, thou the prophets blessed among!
Whose ear, to things above
Attuned, caught first a note by angels sung,
First gave a human tongue
To Christ's great mercy-message, "God is love."

And evermore to Israel, like the dew,
God's sweet compassion came,
And crystal mercies with each morning new
All humble spirits drew
In adoration round God's greatest name.

THE DAWN.

AN ODE FOR THE OPTIMIST.

"His going forth is sure as the morning."—Hosea 6 : 3.

I.

THE gray light swings afar
 Through the heavy morning haze;
 And the night-long glimmering star
 Grows dim in its downward gaze.
 With a voice than none can hear,
 Its sweet "Good-morning" comes,
 Into the forests drear,
 Into the city homes.
 And the wild-bird from the bower
 First answers heaven's salute,
 And the fresh scent of the flower
 Comes from a spirit mute.
 It touches the babe's blue eye
 As it through the shutter streams,
 Like pearls from a fairy sky
 Trickles down on the schoolboy's dreams.
 It comes to the sick and sad
 With the new-born hope of day,
 It comes to the good and bad
 With the smile of God alway.

The world doth sweep from the shadows deep,
Drawn by the Dawn's sweet lure;
And whether men wake, or whether they sleep,
The light it cometh sure.

II.

The gray light swings afar
Into the great soul of the world;
And Superstition's star
Its banners weird has furled.
Where Tyranny lingered long
In the sombre glade and glen,
Ring the first wild notes of song
From the new-waked hopes of men.
Peace righteousness hath kissed,
Mercy and truth have met,
Where the dead warrior's bloody fist
Clenched the broken bayonet.
The poor man's eyes behold
A path to the highest good,
The rich dream not of gold
But of human brotherhood.
The spirits of vice disappear
That with siren songs enticed;
Earth's rulers list to hear
The law of the living Christ.
Hate's tide is neap, but Love flows deep;
The world's heart groweth pure;
And whether men wake, or whether they sleep,
The light it cometh sure.

JOEL.

THE PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT.

O PROMISE of the Spirit,
 By prophets long foretold,
 Which we today inherit
 In blessings manifold;
 Blest Spirit, who art dwelling
 In each believing soul,
 And joy and peace outwelling
 As living waters roll.

The faithful soul He leadeth
 In truth through error's vale,
 The fainting soul He feedeth
 Where pastures never fail.
 Our Advocate, He heareth
 The prayer no mortal hears;
 Our Comforter, he cheereth
 The mourner bowed in tears.

He comes to bring repentance
 Of sin, the thing abhorred;
 Reverses Death's dread sentence
 With pardon from the Lord.

He nerves with strong endurance,
And, gentle as a dove,
He brings divine assurance
Of God the Father's love.

The earth and heaven He sunders
With His Almighty stroke,
He shews His signs and wonders
In blood and fire and smoke.
And from the consternation
Of war and woe and blight,
Come Christly civilization,
Progress, and purer light.

Though sceptics with derision
The ways of God blaspheme,
The young man sees his vision,
The old man dreams his dream;
And till this earth shall crumble
Beneath the powers of doom,
God's Spirit upon the humble
In tongues of fire shall come.

His righteousness shall dower
His chosen Israel's race,
To those far off with power
Shall come the Spirit's grace;
His pure baptismal waters
Upon all flesh be poured,
And all earth's sons and daughters
Rejoice in Christ the Lord.

GOD'S PLUMB-LINE: A MESSAGE
FROM AMOS.

O God of Righteousness, the same
Through all the flying centuries,
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts thy name;
Orion and the Pleiades
Have fallen like jewels from Thine hand;
Darkness, and light, and wind, and sea
Are but Thy footprints; Thou hast scanned
Man's heart with all its mystery,
There only find'st abhorrent flaw,
Disdaining the eternal law.

We sit in starless, sunless night,
And write our rule and ritual;
Forget that law is but the right,
And right is God; and so we fall
Before the mammon-gods of time.
And in the nation's heart there breeds
The hideous nurslings of the slime,
Thriving amid the flaunting reeds—

Debauchery, falsehood, bribery, fraud,
Lift up their heads and curse our God.

Wrong is not right, though kingly pen
May sign, and magistrate may nod
Approval to the votes of men—
Law may be treason unto God.
Opinion whites the sepulchre,
Garlands with beauty hateful best,
Hides vileness 'neath the odorous myrrh,
Dresses the devil as a priest;
And truth is lost 'mid gilded lies
When custom means but compromise.

Of growing wealth we make our boasts,
Of multiplying millions dream,
Glory in far-extending coasts,
Worship at shrine of plain and stream.
World-leaders, Anglo-Saxons we,
Firstborn of God's great heritage,
But what avails our luxury,
Our dreamery, or our lineage,
If sin o'er all deep shadow flings,
And vengeance like a serpent stings?

Lay to Thy plumb-line, God of right,
To walls of heart and state and church,
Reveal the secret sins that blight,
The public follies that besmirch,

The cant, the sleek hypocrisy,
 Which build the towers of truth awry;
 In riot, wreck and wild debris,
 Will topple o'er our glories high,
 If with our tangled lines we mar
 Heaven's silent perpendicular.

OBADIAH.

(EDOM.)

HE sold his birthright, haughtily he struck
 God's pledges from his life's book out, and so
 Leaped down the mountain-side of time a flow
 Of godlessness: wild men of lust and luck
 Were Esau's progeny, who ran amuck
 Amid the nations, smote with crashing blow
 Earth's holy things, and God's great promise-bow
 O'erarching Israel sought from heaven to pluck.
 Edom! exalted as the eagle high,
 Nesting in confidence amid the stars—
 Impregnable thy pride as Petra's bars—
 Pierced by the archer Vengeance, who his mark
 Ne'er missed, shalt fall in ruin wild and stark,
 While awe-struck ages pass in silence by.

JONAH.

I HAVE fled from Thy presence, O Lord,
 Like Thy weak, faltering prophet of old,
 When I heard the clear voice of Thy word
 Unmistakable duty unfold.

I have fled toward the dark, stormful west,
 From the light that encompassed the morn,
 If perchance in some Tarshish I'd rest
 Where my conscience I calmly might scorn.

I have seen the straight Nineveh road
 With Thy smile and Thy love at its goal,
 But the truth seemed a great staggering load
 Which I gladly flung off from my soul.

Persistent and wilful my sin
 As the long Joppa way I have walked;
 Grown deaf to the God-voice within,
 And His statutes and judgments have mocked.

Down byways of doubt and of shade
 I have pressed with no hand for my guide;

No danger my spirit dismayed
As I sought from Jehovah to hide.

How narrowly selfish my thought
Compared with the breadth of Thy love;
What paltry excuses I brought,
How craven the fears that I wove!

Then asleep in the vortex of fate,
Benumbed by iniquity's spell,
Shall I wake to my folly too late,
Borne down to the darkness of hell?

We start on the highways of sin,
Never meaning all godless to be;
With the thoughts of rebellion begin,
We drift out on an uncharted sea.

But costly the fare in its ill,
In its heart-sighs, its moanings, and tears,
As we set the proud sails of self-will,
And the shoreland of Truth disappears.

Great crises like Joppas to-day
Here and there o'er life's pathway are strawed,
Some Tarshish to death leads away,
Some Nineveh backward to God.

Ah, me, what vast myriads in vain
Have sought for some Tarshish of peace,

Where sin might be severed from pain,
And the voice of the Spirit might cease.

But the tempest o'ertakes the swift feet,
Retribution flames out from the skies,
And his doom the transgressor must meet—
Ere he reaches his Tarshish he dies.

Yet Jehovah delights to forbear,
His miracles still bring release;
From the black dungeon-depths of despair
He leads to the haven of peace.

MICAH.

O WHO is like Jehovah? He doth smite
A sinful land till molten mountains leap
Valleyward, boils as a cauldron the great deep,
And blinded midday sobs and shrieks with fright.
Yet high o'er all, oft veiled from human sight,
Rises the mount of God with beacon-sweep
Of mercy—eyes that o'er immortals weep
Like a mother's yonder in the infinite.
So Thou, O Jesus, Bethlehem's King, art stern
To smite with two-edged sword our sin, and burn
With eyes of flame, and tread with brazen feet.
Still weapest Thou on mercy's Olivet,
With love divine dost o'er the city yearn,
Though Thou art crucified on every street.

NAHUM.

IN characters so clear that all must see,
'Tis writ on earth and wave and wafty air—
Vengeance! It needs no prophet to declare;
Even blind men on the page of mystery
Spell it with spirit-fingers. Nineveh!
The lion of the East which filled thy lair
With royal ravin, bones of nations bare,
As with ten thousand more so 'tis with thee.
Yet thence across the centuries there calls
A voice of thunder, and keen lightning-darts
Flare into our self-righteousness; imparts
Such sense of God and guilt that self appals
In silence: where the spade of conscience falls
Winged-bulls deep-trenched are found in all our
hearts.

HABAKKUK'S PRAYER.

REVIVE THY WORK.

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord our God,
 All power is in Thine hand,
 Though evil as a raging flood
 O'erwhelms our guilty land.

Revive Thy work! 'tis true thy path
 Is dark with judgments dire;
 Remember mercy in Thy wrath,
 Nor let our hope expire.

Revive Thy work! the fateful years
 Are speeding on apace;
 Nearer the flaming throne appears,
 Shorter the day of grace.

Forth from the heavens Thy glory show,
 Thy hidden power make known;
 The everlasting mountains bow,
 And make the clouds Thy throne.

As fiery bolts the forests rive,
Smite Thy great enemy;
The chariot of salvation drive
O'er every land and sea.

For Thee, O Spirit of God, for Thee
The sun and moon stand still;
Waters as walls of granite be
To work Thy sovereign will.

March forth, Anointed One, to bless;
Thy sceptre, Truth, assume;
Unfurl Thy banner, Righteousness,
With love the world illumine.

Revive Thy work! kindle the fire
Of God in all our hearts;
To holiness of life inspire
With power which ne'er departs.

ZEPHANIAH.

A MANLY man, who dared to fling the light
 Of God's eternal truth, with searching rays,
 On prophet, priest, on prince and judge, whose ways
 Were hidden in Corruption's hateful night.
 "The Lord is silent," said they, "in His sight
 Evil and good merge in tumultuous maze":
 When spake the lightning's all revealing blaze,
 The thunderous curse of crushed but deathless Right.
 A manly man, ay, with a heart to greet
 The penitent with outstretched palm, and song
 Of hope; and coming with triumphant feet
 Saw Israel's God among His people move,
 A Father-soul forgiving wrath and wrong,
 With a lover's rapture resting in His love.

HAGGAI.

AN earnest man, who in degenerate days,
When souls were lapped in ease of worldliness,
Great selfishness was counted great success,
And panelled palaces with pomp ablaze
More than Jehovah's house of prayer and praise—
Saw Truth as truth, amid the time's fierce stress
Refused in sophistry to acquiesce,
Vehement spake: "Consider now your ways."
The true soul ever sees with eyes of hope
Great destinies from deeps of doom upgrown,
The finished temple on the mountain-top
Where desolation long had reigned alone:
The World's Desire finds ever wider scope
As God's great purpose-doors are wider thrown.

THE CITY WITHOUT WALLS.

ZECHARIAH'S VISION.

THEY built the holy city's forts
With gate and tower strong,
And filled the finished temple's courts
With sacrifice and song.

With labors long and lavish art
Had wrought the vast design,
With careful hand to every part
Had laid the measuring line.

Stood one amid the multitude
Whose eye beamed like a star,
Seeing in rapt prophetic mood
Beyond the things that are.

While yet with shoutings and with tears
Chorus to chorus calls,
A vision to his soul appears—
A city without walls.

Its myriad peoples none could tell,
With streets that ended not,
All Canaan but its citadel,
Babylon a garden plot.

No bulwark doth this city need
To save from war's alarm,
No human barriers of creed,
No legal towers of form.

God's power is round about her thrown,
A wall of living fire;
His presence more than castle stone
All courage can inspire.

Safe as the apple of His eye,
His brows like towers ensheathe
All those who love the light, and lie
His providence beneath.

God's love is largeness, liberty,
And life beyond constraints;
All kingdoms of the world shall be
The city of His saints.

Today with gladness we confess,
Where'er God's mercy falls
There rises o'er man's narrowness
A city without walls.

MALACHI.

As ONE who flings a mighty bridge athwart
A yawning chasm, builds on the hither side
Foundations sure, so Malachi would hide
No moral quicksand with a flatterer's art,
But cried, "Repent!" and, answering counterpart,
Across four silent centuries replied
The Baptist's voice, "Repent!" Who may abide
When comes the Lord to sift each human heart?
God is our Ruler, Judge, and ever we
Would tremble at His flaming eyes which run
Through all the earth, our inmost erring see;
Yet He our Father, whose compassion clings
To man, His dearest treasure, He the Sun
Of Righteousness with healing in His wings.

THE LOVE-ANGEL.

"And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children."—
Mal. 4: 6.

'Twas Christmas night and stormy,
And in a city lane
A little girl stood shivering
In the cold and pelting rain.

Far down the gloomy alley,
Across the darkness fell
The red lights of a tavern,
Like the open mouth of hell.

"Is father there?" said Mary,
"He has been there before"—
And soon her form, all dripping,
Stood in the tavern door—

Stood like a sweet love-angel,
With face so pure and white;
From her mild blue eyes uplifted
There streamed a holy light.

On the darkness, gross and sensual,
Of that most godless den,
It seemed a star had risen
To bless the drunken men.

'Midst uproar, fumes of liquor,
Fierce oaths, tobacco smoke,
She seemed a song from heaven,
Though not a word she spoke.

Her father stood dazed a moment,
With the vision overcome—
Then he clasped her to his bosom,
And hastened to his home.

As the heart of a sinning Peter
Was pierced with the Saviour's glance,
The eye of his little daughter
Was a keen, convicting lance.

"Nevermore," said he, "shall my baby
Seek in saloons for me.
I pledge myself forever,
By the grace of God I'm free."

O Lord, no more I wonder,
When to this world defiled
Was sent Thy Son, the Saviour,
He came a little child.

As long as the darling children
The skies of this earth begem,
So long will shine upon us
The Star of Bethlehem.

They touch the earth at its highest,
Its farthestmost point from sin,
And shed their blessed radiance
O'er all the world within.

Though nought can reach the fallen
Save the hand of God above,
The hard heart oft He melteth
With a child's warm kiss of love.

The lowest must feel the power
Of a pure heart freely given,
And the love of little children
Is a love that is fresh from heaven.



W. GRAHAM WRIGHT

"THIS IS WHERE RELIGION COUNTS"

When the splendid hours of morning
 With increasing beauty shine,
 Stricken down in Life's great battle
 On God's foremost fighting line;
 When great suffering seemed Death's shadow,
 When ran low Hope's earthly founts,
 Beamed his blue eye, said he, "Brother,
 This is where religion counts!"

If to-day from God's great college,
 Where Life's problems all are solved,
 Where all powers of soul and service
 Are in perfectness evolved,
 Could he speak, as his aspiring
 Spirit higher, higher mounts,
 He would whisper, "Comrades, brother,
 This is where religion counts!"

Walter Graham Wright, a student of Victoria College, and a probationer of two years in the ministry in the Hamilton Methodist Conference, after an operation in the Toronto General Hospital, when suffering intense pain on what proved to be his death bed, said to his brother, "This is where religion counts."



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BEREAVED.

I OFT saw Death on Time's wide space,
 Afar his close-palled chariot rolled;
 I ne'er had seen him face to face,
 Nor heard his voice, hoarse, hard, and cold.

I read of Eve from Paradise
 Driven out, and doomed its joys to shun;
 A frantic mother whose wild eyes
 Gazed down upon a murdered son.

Of Hagar's cry when she forsook
 Her lad with lamentations wild—
 A mother-heart which dare not look
 Upon a starving, dying child.

Of Rizpah's vigils as she kept
 From bird and beast the sacred bones—
 While mothers with their children slept
 Were flung to heaven her ceaseless groans.

Had read what mightiest minstrels tell
In Lycidas' heart-breaking psalm,
In Adonais' funeral knell,
In Grief's great In Memoriam.

But Death I knew not, could not know,
For Life's sun blazed with triple light
On heart and home and hope, a glow
Which baffled all approach of night.

One morning thus with joy o'erblown,
And fear was not, nor doubt, nor dread.
When lo! rang'out the telephone,
A sad voice said, "Your son is dead."

And then, O then, to homeward fly
With such a message swiftly sped,
To one who loved him more than I,
And say to her, "Our son is dead."

I murmur not at God or fate—
If prayer be not a coward's part,
May such a day ne'er duplicate
Itself within this broken heart.

I fathom not a mother's love,
Where sounding-leads forever swim,
Where children's memories ever move,
Where children's faces ne'er grow dim.

I fathom not a mother's grief,
Where measuring-lines refuse to sink
Are sorrow's depths beyond belief—
And men's faint sorrows fade and shrink.

But wheresoe'er have fathers' hearts,
Full-brimmed with true parental pride,
Been smitten through with Death's keen darts
When sons in their young manhood died,

I knew as they, the sackcloth robe
A silent soul was girded round,
In hope's gray ashes I, like Job,
Lay prostrate on Life's barren ground.

I knew despair, its crushing weight,
Though transient was its victory won;
I cried with David o'er the gate,
"O Absalom, my son, my son!"

When darkest is the starless night
Then brightest is the break of morn,
And never broke such peerless light
As burst upon that day forlorn.

The home of God was ne'er so near
Now that a loved one nestled there,
The Father's love was ne'er so dear
Now that His arms my son did bear.

BEREAVED

133

And grief came like a sacrament
To bring to earth a love more deep,
An angel's wing was o'er us bent
All harshness from the home to sweep.

How sorrow lends to sympathy
A richness never known before,
And brothers more than brothers be,
Wrecked on the same surf-beaten shore.

Founded in earth's Gethsemanes,
The Order of the Bloody Sweat;
By signs I know my brothers, these
Who in Grief's fellowship have met.

When o'er the eyes a shadow swam,
A quiver through the voice has run,
A tingle in the clasping palm
Has said, "I too have lost a son."

And through the gap which death hath made
Loom larger duties, broader views,
Which give to life a loftier grade,
And strength its greater gifts to use.

And sometimes thoughts diviner drift
On subtle strands by reverence spun,
A mortal glimpse of God's great gift,
Who gave to death His only Son;

Whose home on high was broken up,
Gave much because He lovèd much.
Shall I, then, shrink the bitter cup,
If thus with God I come in touch?

Not less a son for those three days
When Christ was silent in the tomb—
Not less a son though wonted ways
And words are absent from our home.

Absent! No, not in distance dim;
He is with Christ and Christ with me;
I speak to Christ, and Christ to him,
We cannot far asunder be.

Short his life-work, those two brief years,
His ministry seemed just begun;
But souls were saved, and now he hears
Forevermore the great "Well done!"

And He whose life was more than man's,
Whose gospel sets all nations free,
Whose influence ages overspans,
For years of service had but three.

Therefore I tremble not, but trust;
His providence is wisely planned,
Though writ by man on mortal dust
With aching heart and erring hand.

If thus through God and man I gain
The perfectness by suffering won,
I know my Father's love through pain
And strife the best for me hath done.

Who knoweth not a father's joys,
What cares, what hopes, what prayers must come,
As cluster round his girls and boys
The large experiences of home—

An alien heart may deem it strange;
I would not tear out sorrow's page,
Nor for earth's largest wealth exchange
God's peerless gift of parentage.

Brief years, my son, yet thou hadst learned
Not years and wealth, but Godlike aim,
The loving heart, the evil spurned
Give immortality of fame.

I see beyond Time's changeful sphere,
Whose light is lost in sorrow's dun,
Through the great telescope of tears,
Thou hast a larger life begun.

And there as here thy soul aspires
To the great things of God and man;
As here, thy energy ne'er tires;
Thou buildest, but with vaster plan.

Some day in Life's great hospital
 An angel, moving through the wards,
 To me with gentle voice shall call,
 And I shall say, "It is the Lord's."

I'll leave in earth's deep vale this clay,
 For these His words, "Thy work is done";
 Where shineth Heaven's first morning ray
 I'll greet thee on the heights, my son.

THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

MESSIAH, Everlasting King! the joy
 Of every Jewish heart, and end of all
 The stately ritual which could forestall
 Thy glories, only as a puppet toy
 The majesty of man; no more we cloy
 Our thoughts with the ox symbolic, but recall
 The royal child of Bethlehem, and extol
 The Prince who wrought all evil to destroy.
 Gospel of kingly message and decree,
 Of sweet beatitude, of fearful woe,
 Of parable and mystic prophecy!
 A child I read thee: evermore the roll
 And music of thy words have been as though
 Heaven's orchestras were sounding in my soul.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

I KNOW not just the day that the Lord came down,
With an emptied glory and a vanished crown,
As a babe in a manger in Bethlehem's town—
But I know in my heart that the Lord came down.

I saw not the star gleaming far in the west,
Guiding Persian Magi in wondering quest,
Till they found in His worship their souls' truest rest--
But I see in my heart the same star shining on.

I saw not the blaze in the dark midnight sky,
Nor the white-winged messengers earthward hie,
Nor heard I their glory-song echo and die—
But I hear in my heart their sweet Gloria now.

I know not how man may the great God embrace,
How the Infinite finds in the finite a space,
How the attributes, human, divine, interlace—
But I know in my heart that the Christ findeth room.

I know not how men from their sins are beguiled,
 How the past is forgiven, and the savage grows mild,
 How the world is redeemed by the touch of a child—
 But I know in my heart that the Child saveth me.

I ask not how rulers much troubled may be,
 How scribes may interpret the sure prophecy,
 How the world's blinded eyes nought of beauty may
 see—
 'Tis enough for my heart, He is Jesus to me.

THE PIRATE.

"And the tempter came."—Matt. 4:3.

[The Greek word *πειράζων* (tempter) is from the same root as our word "pirate."]

THE Pirate, with black hulk and murderous crew
 And blood-red flag, on every sea yet sails;
 His hellish spoils, dead men that tell no tales,
 And ruined souls, are ever victims new;
 The fairest shores with blight he still doth strew,
 Earth's mightiest mariner before him quails
 When eagle-like he swoops, and when he hails
 With treacherous truce, earth's wisest can outdo.
 O Thou Great Admiral of Love and Light!
 Thy red-cross flag floats, too, on every sea;
 Beneath its folds for refuge shall we flee.
 Thou, mightier than all the corsair's might,
 Wiser than all his stratagem and sleight,
 Shalt guide each ship of Faith to victory.

THE STARS OF THE EAST.

BREAK forth, O Light, from the eastern skies,
 For the world ever sweeps to the Orient,
 Where the stars of the holy arise.

O'er the land of Sinim is a bright star bent,
 And millions of eyes see the things of earth,
 And love them well for their very worth
 In the light that there doth dwell.

"Think of self, love self in the clear to-day,
 The heavens are cloudy and far away,"
 Cries Confucius, the oracle.

The heavens are lurid with light of wars—
 And over the Midian desert gleams
 A battle-red orb like Mars;

All the earth beneath, in nightmare dreams,
 Sees her strength in roaring tumult spent
 Where the demons of evil and good are blent
 In a chaos that filleth all.

"God is Light—then fight in the love of fight,
 'Tis a hopeless struggle, but Right is Right":
 Zoroaster's bugle-call.

A great pole-star in a nebulous haze
Looks out o'er the Ganges' sacred tide,
In the wan, weird light of its rays
What myriads of half-waking spirits abide.
No God in the vast of heaven they find,
No creature on earth—all, all is mind—
But life's voyage is drear and long.
"From the dim shores drift; better not to be;
Lose Self forever in the great Soul-Sea,"
Is the Buddha's slumber-song.

Shine forth in thy splendor, O Bethlehem Star!
The light of all others so surely doth wane;
And wise men seek thee from afar,
Who wearied have sought the true pathway in vain.
The world grows glad as the song echoes on
Which the angels sang in the Christmas dawn—
"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on the earth, to men good-will,"
Is the mighty anthem rolling still
From the soul of the living Christ.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS.

O Jesus, Son of Mary,
Who was born in Bethlehem,
The joy of the angels' anthem,
The ancient prophets' theme.

It is all so sweet and blessed,
When the welcome Christmas comes,
It seems the familiar story
Is a part of our hearts and homes.

But beyond the shepherds' vision,
And above the Magi's gifts,
The curtain of the Eternal
The awful silence lifts;

And I see that the great Jehovah,
Everlasting, Infinite,
Is the infant child of Mary,
Born on that wondrous night.

I see that the Great Creator,
Who all the worlds hath made,
Is the babe in swaddling garments
In the Bethlehem manger laid.

And over the plains of heaven,
From the east and from the west,
Come the wise ones of the immortals,
In eager, wondering quest.

But the wisest of the archangels,
With the lore of eternity,
Have not solved the mighty problems
Of Bethlehem and Calvary.

And forever round the Christ-child,
Beneath us and above,
There sweeps the azure mystery,
The mystery of His love.

As the babe on the mother's bosom
Looks up to Love's eyes aglow,
I am spanned by the Infinite Mercy,
I trust, but I cannot know.

BEHOLD THE BIRDS.

It was a day most glorious,
 With bud and blossom rare,
 When the spring-tide, like a young bride,
 With smiles was witching fair.
 Night came with calm and wonder,
 Unbroke by sound or breeze,
 And the moonlight vied with the noonlight
 O'er the gardens of the Hesperides.
 Then in the splendid morning
 What rapturous songs were heard!
 The earth filling with ecstatic trilling
 In the notes of every bird.

It was a day of tempest,
 Winds in cyclonic mood,
 Bud and blossom on earth's tattered bosom
 In drear confusion strewed.
 Then came a night of terror,
 With thunders bellowing loud,
 Lightnings flashing, and storm-sprites gnashing
 Their teeth in the ebon cloud.

But in the breaking morning
The birds sang just as strong,
The notes seemed clearer, the music dearer,
Than in the previous song.

O soul! amid the tempest
Learn thou this lesson just,
With lightnings playing and wild winds swaying
Sing still thy song of trust.
Our Father is Jehovah
Not only when He flings
With stintless giving the joy of living
Into the heart of things.
Sing just as sweetly, strongly,
Without a note of fear,
With soul as restful and music zestful
As when the day is clear.

FLING THE REINS TO JESUS.*

"One is your Master, even the Christ."—Matt. 23 : 10.

WHEN wild and furious passions
 Convulse thy life and soul,
 Like strong and uncurbed horses
 Defy thy self-control;
 When anger's lurid lightnings
 From hoof-beats madly flash,
 And appetites vehement
 Like thunders roll and crash—
 Then fling the reins to Jesus,
 And Him take command;
 There's always peace and safety
 When the reins are in His hand.

When earth-born gross temptations
 Thy feeble senses win,
 Like steeds ungoverned sweep thee
 O'er perilous ways of sin,

*Professor Drummond once said to a coachman, a reclaimed drunkard who had fallen, "Throw the reins of your life to Jesus Christ."

FLING THE REINS TO JESUS

When all thy boasted wisdom
Can interpose no check,
And human hands are helpless
To save from ruin's wreck—
Then fling the reins to Jesus,
And let Him take command;
There's always peace and safety
When the reins are in His hand.

When Satan hath o'ermastered
Thee with his cunning wiles,
And entered thy life's chariot
With most deceitful smiles;
The flying coursers urging
With cracking whip and yell
Down the steep, slippery pathway
That leadeth unto hell—
Then fling the reins to Jesus,
And let Him take command;
There's always peace and safety
When the reins are in His hand.

When down the great dark highway
To which all roads do lead,
Through death's deep silent valley,
Thy car shall swiftly speed;
And when thy blinded vision
Can see no path before,

And hands benumbed and nerveless
Can guide life's steeds no more—
Then fling the reins to Jesus,
And let Him take command;
There's always peace and safety
When the reins are in His hand.

LIFE, OR DEATH?

"Jesus met them, saying, All hail!"—Matt. 28 : 9.

"Is it life? Is it death?" And I gazed on the tomb
Where the form of a loved one was lying,
And I heard the hard sigh of a world whose deep door
Is a long-drawn farewell to the dying.

"Is it life? Is it death?" Answered one, "We are
dust,
What we call life or death can be neither ;
We are bound by strong fate on the earth's solid crust
Or are swept through the great seas of ether."

"Is it life? Is it death?" Said the man of unfaith
"Only ken we what nature is showing.
What we saw, that is life; what we see, that is death,
And our sense is the all of our knowing."

"Is it life? Is it death?" Said one, "What may
evolve
As the race sweeps through infinite ranges
We know not, for the forces called life may resolve
And combine in most marvellous changes."

"Is it life? Is it death?" "It is life," said the Christ,
And I left in that grave all my sadness ;
His "All hail!" on the first Easter morn hath sufficed
To enrapture my heart with its gladness.

THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

THOU Wonder-worker of old Galilee!
 With lion's strength I see Thee lay Thy hand
 Upon the foes of man; at Thy command
 The legions of the demons quail and flee,
 While Death and Hades to Thee bow the knee.
 Thy simple life humanity o'erspanned
 With Mercy's radiant love, and souls unmanned
 Grew strong beneath thy charm of ministry.
 Thyself most marvellous sign of all, mystery
 Of birth, and life, and death—and life again
 Forth-breaking from the fast-clenched fist of doom;
 Life far diffused o'er every land and sea,
 Increasing through all years in strength and
 bloom,
 Its source in Thee, O Miracle of Men.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

"One thing thou lackest."—Mark 10: 21.

I BOWED before the Wisdom Infinite,
And asked, "What is Religion? Give me light."

Said Wisdom, "Hast thou not the creeds of men?
What answers come from human lip and pen?"

Then I, "Some say, 'Tis Faith,' and others 'Love,'
And others yet, 'An unction from above'—

"But I would know it in its final fact,
Its simplest element, supremest act."

Said Wisdom then, "It is no mystery,
But plain and simple, so that all may see.

"Religion in its central inmost core—
A white chalk-line drawn straight across Life's floor,

"A voice, 'Foot that! Stand there! and all is well—
Withdraw thy feet, forthwith thou art in hell.'"

MY WORLD.

Go ye into all the world."—Mark 16 : 15.

MYSELF am so little and lonely,
 As I gaze in the God-man's face,
 That I shudder to think of me only
 As wrapped in His great embrace.

My family, my friends, and my churches
 Are circling wavelets wide,
 But in these my heart vainly searches
 For the shores of Love's great tide.

Christ's heart-throbs of true fellow-feeling
 As wand-beats are leading to-day
 Earth's orchestra, rich and loud-pealing,
 Where the pipings of self die away.

My world! O sublime inspiration!
 'Tis a vision most wondrous fair
 Of a limitless Christ-born relation:
 "God bless my world" is its prayer.

THE GOSPEL OF LUKE.

O GOSPEL of the Son of Man, who came
As Mary's babe to man, midst matin songs,
To lay thy hand and heart upon the wrongs
Of sin-dyed centuries, and to proclaim
A Father's love to all of every name—
Salvation's chorus in a thousand tongues—
And break from souls the gnarled and twisted thongs
Of vice, and lift them from the deeps of shame.
O Universal, Real, Essential Man!
To every child of Eve Thou comest still,
By breath divine and human blood to span
The chasm between their hearts and God, to raise
Their thoughts to heaven, and all the earth to fill
With sweet Magnificats and Glorias.

PEACE ON EARTH.

(CHRISTMAS, 1904.)

"PEACE on the earth!" was the angels' song—
 Did they peer back over the centuries long;
 See the bitter feud, the murderous blow,
 All the malice of war, its tears and woe?
 See Chedorlaomer's far-away time,
 Who slew the kings in the vale of slime;
 The Pharaohs with their conquest-lust,
 Treading the nations in the dust;
 Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon,
 In the love of war, in the might of brawn,
 With the steed e'er harnessed, the sword e'er drawn?
 Did they see the slaughter of Marathon,
 Plataea, Arbela's ghastly dead,
 Where gorged hyena and vulture fed?
 See Canne, Pharsalia, Actium glare
 Like bloody seas in a landscape fair?
 In Palestine, 'neath them as they sung,
 How oft had the clangor of battle rung!

thongs

o raise
o fill

Beth-horon gleamed through the starry night,
Where Joshua baffled the Canaanite.
Tiglath and Shalmaneser led
In chains, Samaria's vanquishèd.
Nebuchadnezzar's hosts had trod
These selfsame plains with battle-shout,
Blotted Jerusalem's glory out,
And burned with fire the house of God.
Did they see, yet not with Jewish pride,
Where Maccabæus fought and died;
All men, all nature bearing the scars,
The curses, the woes of endless wars?
What joy as they sang again, again,
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men"!

But, ah, did they see with prophet's ken
The legions of Titus gathering round
To raze Jerusalem to the ground;
The Crusader and the Saracen;
The deeds of butchery which were done
By Goth, by Vandal, and by Hun;
The Tartar, Turk, and Tamerlane,
Mohammedan, sea-faring Dane,
The Middle Ages' endless dirge
Of vengeance, violence, and scourge?
Of our modern civilization-age
Did they read the boasted yet shameful page—
Of Spain's Armada, of frost and snow
That laid Napoleon's legions low;

Of plague and fever that the sword forestall,
The horrors of the hospital;
All the revolutions, massacres,
The millions claimed by Death as hers?
Knew they of Cawnpore, Inkermann,
Solferino, Sadowa, or Sedan?
Or saw they through that midnight still
Aught of Gettysburg or Chancellorsville;
In a great new world o'er the ocean's flood,
But a larger field for war and blood?
O, how could they sing had these sights been seen,
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men"?

Could their eyes have beheld this Christmastide,
Just nineteen hundred years from then,
Would the song on their lips have faltered and died,
And their tears fell fast for the sons of men?
The corpses covering Port Arthur's hills,
The blood that Manchurian trenches fills,
The swift torpedo, the treacherous mine,
The battleship reeling beneath the brine,
The machines for slaughter, the passions fell—
Is it peace on earth? O God, it is hell!
"Peace on earth"! Is it heaven's irony,
The mockery of hopes that cannot be,
The jeering laugh of a cynic God
Who smites mankind with a vengeful rod,
Whose blazing light of millennium
Deceives and decoys that it may consume?

Nay, nay, we will trust that Mary's child
Is mightier than Mars and the Furies wild;
That the humble Man of Galilee
Is truly the Son of God; and that He
Lays His gentle hands on the heads of men,
And shall calm the hot war-maddened brain;
That His heart to the heart of the world is laid
Till 'tis touched by a love divine, and is stayed
The bayonet's lunge and the cannon's flame,
And the battle-flag is a thing of shame.

Cries the war-cursed Earth, cries the Mother-soul,
"O hasten, ye years, to the blessed goal!"
"Peace on earth," we will sing the angel-song—
But how long, O Lord, how long, how long?

THE ARBITRATION TREATY.

SING the old song once again,
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men"—
 "Glory in the highest," sing,
 Let the earth and heavens ring.
 Britain on her island crest—
 Her great daughter of the West—
 With united heart and hand,
 Pledged to peace and honor stand.

Not a lion, but a lamb,
 Britain in that hour became,
 When instead of cannon's roar,
 O'er the waves, white truce she bore.
 Not an eagle, but a dove
 Was Columbia, as in love
 Back an olive branch she sent,
 Not war's cursed arbitrament.

Greatest victory ever won—
 Pales the star of Marathon;

Like an *ignis fatuus* flits
The red sun of Austerlitz;
Waterloo and Inkerman,
Antietam and Sedan,
Heartless slaughter, horrid rout,
Blot the bloody record out.

“Let us reason,” says the Lord,
“Over sins the most abhorred,
Crimson, scarlet, though they glow,
They shall be as white as snow.”
“Let us reason, better far
This than crimson, scarlet war,”
Round the board, say statesmen keen,
Where presides the Nazarene.

Why not now, with one consent,
Speak the word “Disarmament”?
Spaniard, Cuban, Teuton, Gaul,
List this crisis-moment’s call!
Let God’s peace all nations bless—
Not the Turk—sweet heavens, yes!
Let the Gospel leaven work,
Christ redeemed the murderous Turk.

MY OLD CANADIAN HOME.

"And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth."—
Luke 2 : 51.

FORTY fast-fleeting years had passed
Since I the old home had seen ;
With my boyhood's eyes I had viewed it last,
In the early morning sheen.

I had wandered far on many a quest,
I had seen most wondrous sights,
I had drunk the wine of the world at its best,
I had feasted on its delights ;

But I longed to return to the old farm-home,
To walk through its humble door,
And over the fields and woodlands roam,
And to be a boy once more ;

To see the old brook where I sailed my ships,
The lane where my kites I flew,
To kiss the old pump-spout with my lips,
And rummage the old barn through :

To stand on the spot where the trundle-bed
Once held little Harry and me,
Where we slept and dreamed after prayers were said
Beside our mother's knee;

Where we heard the robins hail the light
In the poplars at the door,
And in the stormy winter night
Heard old Ontario roar.

I came to the old home, but alas,
What changes my eyes did meet!
It almost seemed that the very grass
Was alien to my feet.

Naught seemed the same but the mother earth,
And the fresh, pure air of morn,
And the fadeless memories of home and hearth,
On the spot where I was born.

The old house was gone, and in its stead
Did a costly pile appear;
And all of the old that was left was a shred
As a wood-house in the rear.

And strangers were there who knew me not,
Who had never heard of me;
Other children were making that sacred spot
Their shrine in the years to be.

The barn had been moved from its former site,
And the pigeon-houses gone,
The well's whereabouts seemed hardly right
By the side of a well-kept lawn.

The pasture from which the cows I brought,
Where the great pink mushrooms grew—
Each hillock an Indian's grave I thought,
Each stump and stone I knew—

Was now a waving field of corn;
The berry-patch a void;
The clumps of willow and red hawthorn
Some vandal had destroyed.

Where the woods had been there was fallow ground,
With some dwarfs of beech and pine;
No trace of the old sugar-camp I found,
Of the giant oak no sign.

The "Rambow" tree, the old house behind,
Stood still, all blighted and sere;
But the "Early August" I could not find,
And the "Pippin" had disappeared.

The "Seek-no-further" still was left,
Neglected, unpruned, alone,
Like a hermit old, of friends bereft,
With hair and beard o'ergrown.

The old "Sweet Bough" beside the road
Was broken and splintered and dead;
And vacant the place where the "Snow-apple" stood
And the "Sheep-nose" grew dark red.

And I said, "O poor old battered trees,
How changed, how changed are ye!
Ye were once a garden of the Hesperides,
A Paradise to me."

Then I thought the old trees spoke and said,
"Little boy, changed too are you,
Since you climbed to the birds' nests high o'erhead,
And sticks at the apples threw.

"You were fat and chubby, with cheeks rose-red,
You were free as the fresh lake air,
Your bright eyes flashed from a fairy head
Of dark-brown curling hair.

"Your cheeks are sallow and sunken now,
And long and lank your form,
Your face all furrowed, and wrinkled your brow,
As if beaten by many a storm.

"Your voice has lost its ripple sweet,
Your dulled eyes glasses wear,
And heavy the tread of your once lithe feet,
And grizzled and scant your hair:

stood
"O poor old friend, you, too, have aged,
Felt the winds of winter keen,
Have lost some battles you bravely waged,
Some withering sorrows seen."

I said to myself, "Old trees, you are wise,
You will dwell in my soul always,
A part of the self that never dies—
And well did you serve your day."

erhead,
red,
ow,
Yet where'er I may in this wide world be,
Whatever may please or charm,
The sweetest place of all to me
Is the dear old Scarboro' farm.

FREELY GIVE.

A SONG FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.

"Give and it shall be given unto you."—Luke 6 : 38.

GIVE! for the past with its vast weight is pressing
 Like a full stream on the wheel of thy soul;
 Back of thee swelleth a century's blessing,
 Growing in volume, with thee for its goal.
 Give of thy power, for down from their sources
 On thee have fallen ten thousands of prayers;
 Mightier far than the lightning's swift forces
 Is the Christ-life pervasive thy spirit now shares.

Give! for the bright suns of summer have yellowed
 Fields furrowed in anguish and planted in tears;
 Once bitter the fruitage, now sweetened and mellowed
 Full plenty has come in the wains of the years.
 Give, as the Great God above thee has given,
 Scattering His bounties from tropics to pole;
 Give, as the Christ who surrendered all heaven
 To ransom and succor the prodigal soul.

Give! Hark! the din of the world's crisis-struggle,
 God's hosts and Apollyon's are locked in the brunt;
 List to the call of our Captain's shrill bugle—

Hurry reserves to the wavering front.

Give, and the greed which this mad world is blasting—
 Blood-stained, clench-fisted, and frenzied for gold—
 Cowering, rebuked by the Love Everlasting,
 Shall hide its hard face from the Christ it has sold.

Give! and the century lying before you,
 Nerved by your deeds, shall your triumphs prolong,
 Shall catch up the cries that in battle upbore you,
 And storm the last strongholds of Mammon and
 Wrong.

Give, and the fire that thy zeal shall engender
 Shall flame like a beacon through years that shall
 come,

And mariners many shall joy in its splendor
 When thou dost rest with the Father at home.

GATHERING FLOWERS.

"Consider the lilies."—Luke 12: 27.

WANDER through the woodlands gaily,
Gather lilies from the rill,
Pluck the mosses in the valley
And the flowerets on the hill,

Crown the vacant vase with splendor,
Throne it in the corridor;
Every hour shall homage render,
Every heart shall own its power.

Only once a day is morning,
With its dew-besprinkled green,
With its golden light adorning
All the landscape's varied scene.

Only once is springtime yearly,
With its bright and balmy hours,
With its sweet profusion nearly
Covering earth with leaves and flowers.

Only once in life is gleaming
Youth's fresh fire on the cheek,
When the ardent soul is dreaming
Thought sublime it dare not speak.

When the heart is young and tender,
And unharassed yet with care,
Only once, in magic splendor,
Life lies painted on the air.

Wander o'er Life's landscape gaily,
Gather lilies from the rill,
Pluck the mosses in the valley,
And the flowerets on the hill.

With a step no more elastic
You may seek those flowers again,
With a heart hard and unplastic
You may fail to mold it then.

Have true Virtue's climbing roses
Twining round thee gloriously;
Where thy inner soul reposes,
Mosses of humility.

Friendship's fern-leaf, plain, confiding,
Love's white lilies e'er be thine;
And thy soul a branch abiding
In the great eternal Vine.

Throne them high at Life's great portals,
Brighter all its years shall be;
And these amaranths, immortelles,
Fadeless through eternity.

THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.

It is the voice of the Almighty Word,
Creator of the worlds, on earth made known
In mortal flesh, through which there dazzling shone
His glory. Men, thrilled and enchanted, heard
His words of truth and grace, and in them stirred
Longings unutterable for Him alone;
And, loyal to His person and His throne,
With chains of love have sought the world to engird.
O gospel of the Son of God! thou art
The eagle hovering o'er Redemption's heights;
The infinite pure azure of the heart
Of God, with all its tenderness above;
Beneath, where thou dost rest thee from thy flights,
The heaven-lit peaks of Life and Truth and Love.

DEATH.

“And whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die.”—
John 11: 26.

MEN spoke of death, a river deep and wild and wide,
An Amazon all cyclone-swept where we,
Thrust out alone in Terror's barge, must be
Engulfed. In all the maps of time this tide
Is huge, with tributaries multiplied,
But in the heaven-charted geography
Of Jesus Christ a slender line I see,
With nought of horror limned on either side.
I came to death—no dark and dreadful river,
But in my being just the faintest quiver,
As one cold hand love's pallid lips caressed,
Sobbing with broken heart, “'Tis Death;” the other
The strong, warm clasp of an immortal pressed,
Who, smiling, said: “'Tis Life, O welcome, brother!”

BEHOLD THE MAN.

(John 19 : 5.)

Ἴδού ὁ ἄνθρωπος.

DARK-VISAGED men, with lurid hate
 Flaming from every countenance,
 Beheld, in mock imperial state,
 The meek incarnate God advance;
 Pilate, weak-kneed with Mammon's bribes,
 Saw self's ambitions rudely toss
 On the sea of Jewish threats and jibes,
 And cried, *Ἴδού ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

Fools in the Light of the Gospel page
 See now, like ancient Sadducees,
 Reflected rays, an earthly sage,
 A Zoroaster—Socrates;
 Auroras to the sun prefer;
 With sophist theory, cunning gloss,
 Smite 'twixt the God and carpenter,
 And scoff, *Ἴδού ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

Yet as the sun goes circling on,
As men are less and man is more,
As perishes the might of brawn,
These words resound the wide world o'er:
Peace, Progress, Liberty have signed
Their charters 'neath the rugged cross,
To unborn nations rude and blind
They shout, Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.

And, O my heart, hast thou forgot
The lesson here for thee upborne,
When on earth's pavements trickles hot
And red thy blood from scourge and thorn?
'Tis consolation rare, unpriced,
'Tis recompense for bitterest loss,
To grasp as friend the human Christ,
And cry, Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.

THE FIRST EASTER.

"Mary was standing without at the tomb weeping."—John 20 : 11.

THERE is Easter joy o'er all the earth,
 Oh, hear the glad bells ringing!
 And myriad hearts with holy mirth
 The risen Lord are singing.

It was not so on that first morn
 When Easter dawn was breaking,
 The Pharisees were full of scorn,
 And faithful hearts were aching.

The plowshare cleaves the fresh green sod,
 'Tis mangled with the harrow;
 The grain is buried 'neath the clod,
 Or threatened by the sparrow.

The acorn falls from airy home,
 A heaven rich and ample,
 'Neath withered leaves, in cold, wet loam,
 Where foot of beast must trample.

And no one sees the little sprout
That springs from shell or kernel,
Nor praises with a rapturous shout
The touch of the Eternal.

But Life can Fate's decrees revoke,
And doubting souls embolden;
And all eyes love the mighty oak,
All praise the harvest golden.

God's grain was flung on barren loam
By cruel foes and wary;
Cold was the clay of Joseph's tomb,
Sad rain the tears of Mary.

God's acorn fell with scornful sleet
Of venom to revile it,
And trodden 'neath the iron feet
Of Herod and of Pilate.

The lovers of the Crucified
Had brought their funeral ointment,
Their hopes had buried at His side
In bitter disappointment.

None saw within the gloomy tomb
The glow of resurrection,
Nor, bursting from Death's riven dome,
The Life in its perfection.

The seed has grown a glorious tree,
 The world-wide harvest waveth,
 His Truth and Love are like a sea
 Which all the nations laveth.

There is Easter joy o'er all the earth,
 Oh, hear the glad bells ringing!
 And myriad hearts with holy mirth
 The risen Lord are singing.

GOD'S GIFTS.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"—
 John 18 : 11.

I GAZED forth in the gathering evening gloom,
 And saw approach my dwelling one who bore
 An urn and pall, and fresh-cut flowers abloom—
 I bolted fast the door.

He knocked—I waited. Would he not depart?
 "These are thy Father's gifts to thee," he cried.
 And then, with trembling hand and breaking heart,
 The door I opened wide.

MARY.

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary."—John 20 : 16.

Lo, a million Marys weeping
By a million graves,
Saddened hearts their vigils keeping
Where the cypress waves,

Looking into darkness, silence;
Hope has fled away—
Death the one great ill whose violence
Man can never stay.

But one Mary saw an angel,
Heard him speak to her;
Never came such glad evangel
From the sepulchre.

Strange the words that thus were spoken,
"Wherefore weepest thou?"
What can hearts all crushed and broken
Do but sorrow now?

And the soul for more is yearning
Than an angel's voice;
'Tis the loved and lost's returning
That can say, "Rejoice!"

But the risen Lord says, "Mary"—
Hope swings wide the door;
'Tis His word who cannot vary,
"I live evermore."

Hear it, all ye Marys weeping
By a million graves,
Know your dead are only sleeping
Where the cypress waves.

THE UNFAILING HAND.*

"See my hands."—John 20 : 27.

MY PATHWAY oft is narrow
 Upon Life's icy steep,
 Along the verges fearful
 With timid step I creep,
 And see in depths abysmal
 The foaming waters sweep.
 I'll trust the hand that measured
 The ocean with a span,
 The hand that holds the sinner,
 And never lost a man.

When weary and sin-burdened,
 Trembling and weak, I stand
 Beside transgression's gorges,
 No human art hath spanned,
 The mists close thick about me
 I only see the hand

*An Alpine guide held out his hand over a terrible precipice, that a traveller might step on it and pass around a jutting rock. The traveller hesitated, but was assured: "That hand never lost a man."

That bore the bloody nail-marks
Before the world began,
The hand that holds the sinner,
And never lost a man.

When evil seems triumphant
In struggles hard and long,
Seem barring earth's redemption
Unmeasured depths of wrong,
When human leaders fail me
One hand is firm and strong;
It beckons on to victory,
It ever leads the van,
The hand that holds the sinner,
And never lost a man.

Beyond the rock and glacier,
Somewhere, I well foresee,
I'll come to death's deep silence,
When life behind shall be,
And step from time's last summit
Into eternity.
I'll trust the hand of Jesus,
Death lies beneath its ban,
The hand that holds the sinner,
And never lost a man.

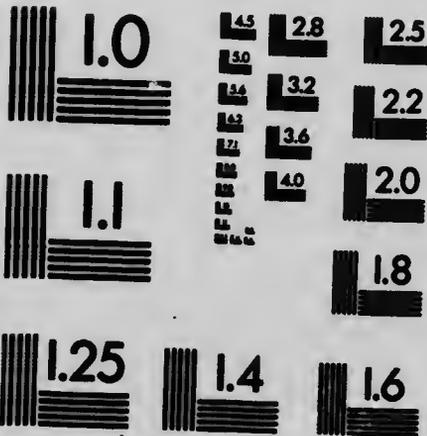
THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

THE CROSS, the Resurrection, Pentecost!
 Hinged on these three the great world's destinies,
 These fifty days of all the centuries,
 The centre, when the love that could exhaust
 All heaven to ransom and uplift the lost
 Flung o'er the world its gracious splendors; these
 The opening days of mighty ministries
 Read in this Gospel of the Holy Ghost.
 First in Jerusalem, then Antioch,
 Peter built firmly on the eternal Rock;
 Paul seized the sacred fire, and Ephesus,
 Corinth, and Rome blazed with the mighty theme;
 But more than man (O had it e'er been thus!)
 The Holy Spirit was regnant and supreme.



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THE GREATER PENTECOST.

A HYMN FOR THE CENTENARY OF THE BRITISH AND
FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

“ We do hear them speaking in our tongues the mighty works of God.
Acts 2 : 11.

ONCE came the Spirit with rushing wind
And fire upon the Apostle's band,
And truth appealed to every mind,
Uttered in tongues of many a land.

Some think of God as now afar,
And mourn the Spirit's influence lost;
Yet we His richer blessings share,
And hail a greater Pentecost.

Our world to-day is vast and wide,
Compared even with great Rome's estate;
Its complex tribes are multiplied,
Its destinies supremely great.

The sword of Caesar rusting lies
Beneath the centuries' doleful wrack;
Christ's conquering chariot onward hies
To scatter mercies in its track.

On His disciples now there falls
A richer gift of tongues, that they,
Responsive to a thousand calls,
May Gospel truth to all convey.

The wealth of philologic lore,
The press, whose power no despot quells,
Swift messengers to every shore,
Are more than ancient miracles.

To holy men, we praise Thee, Lord,
That day were faith and courage given,
To attempt to send Thy written word
To every nation under heaven.

A hundred years has light been sown,
In silence and in darkness spread.
How vast the harvests that have grown!
How many millions have been fed!

To slay this child of heavenly birth
The dragon sought with boastful pride.
What hath God wrought! the kindly earth
Hath swallowed up the vengeful tide.

So, year by year, Truth marches on,
 Its banners everywhere unfurled;
 The darkest regions greet the dawn,
 God's word is coming to His world.

Haste, Lord, the day, so long deferred,
 When all earth's nations, spread abroad,
 In their own tongues shall hear the word
 That tells the mighty works of God.

PETER.

EAGER, torrential soul, which oft o'erran
 All bounds conventional, and poured along
 Unwonted ways a selfhood deep and strong!
 Yet 'neath the discipline of love this man
 Of foam became the rock, Truth's guardian
 And bulwark 'gainst the seething tides of wrong,—
 When Pentecostal flame baptized his tongue,
 Till martyrdom fulfilled his Lord's great plan.
 O mystery of Love and of the Cross,
 Whispering, "Lovest thou me?" and "Follow me
 And straightway self forgetteth self, and loss
 Is counted gain, and death is large with life.
 Christ towers the only goal of worldly strife,
 The vision that absorbs eternity.

HOW BLEST TO BE YOUNG!

A SONG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EPWORTH LEAGUE
CONVENTION.

"And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy."—Acts 2:17.

How blest to be young in this great, glad day!
Such light from heaven is breaking,
And the world's great soul, from pole to pole,
To a higher life is waking;
When the heralds shout from the mountain's top
To those in the valleys tearful,
The joy-giving word of the coming Lord
That bids all hearts be cheerful.

Chorus—

How blest to be young in the brightening dawn!
While the angels sing its story,
We look up to the Christ that is leading us on,
And is lifting the world to glory.

How blest to be young in this wonderful age,
When knowledge the world is filling,

And the peoples' heart with divinest art
The love of Truth is thrilling;
When all tribes and tongues on the sunny slopes
Of Progress are commingling,
And with God's own love, born from above,
Earth's quickened nerves are tingling!

How blest to be young in this latter-day time,
When the visions our souls are seeing
Are radiant dreams of the Christly themes
Of doing and of being;
When, as ne'er before, Opportunity
With jewelled hand is beckoning!
Ne'er the pen of Hope added prospects up
With such a glorious reckoning!

How blest to be young when a million hearts
Of every rank and station,
Through the Gospel's hope, to lift men up,
Are pledged in consecration!
On the heights of faith, to our wondering eyes,
Is given the future's vision,
And, in Christ made new, the world sweeps through
The pearly gates Elysian!

“ BEAUTIFUL ! ”

THE LAST UTTERANCE OF ELIZABETH BARRETT
BROWNING.

At the gate—called Beautiful.”—Acts 3 : 2.

“ BEAUTIFUL ! ”

Was it the glimpse of a great, strange past,
With its lights and shadows blended ;
The laurel-wreaths of a conquest vast,
And a life of suffering ended ?
Was it the innermost spirit's acclaim
Of love, and of truth, and of duty,
That, sweeter than all the loud pæans of fame,
Breathed aroma of gladness and beauty ?

“ Beautiful ! ”

Was the soul sweeping out with a sense of release
Beyond time's outermost verges,
As the ripple is lost in a broad, deep peace
Where the rill with the river merges ?

A ray of Shekinah-light unflawed,
The bliss of heaven forestalling?
The impact of a great new thought of God
On the mind of genius falling?

"Beautiful!"

"The cry of the human!" She had heard its woe
In a world of greed perfidious—
Did she see the pure blossoms of charity grow
O'er the idols gross and hideous?
'Mid earth's deepest glooms had hope like a sun
Lit her soul's high mountain ranges;
'The great stars of love in her heart had shone
Through all moons of mortal changes.

"Beautiful!"

Was it music so rich that no poet's tongue
Had uttered its sweet rhythm 'ever,
The rapturous note of a seraph's song
With its high, triumphant quaver?
The sheen of the walls of chrysoprase,
God's throne of iridescent splendor,
Or the first love-glimpse of Immanuel's face,
And His words of welcome tender?

PAUL.

O MIGHTY man, of brain imperial
And heart of fire, whose vast conceptions showed
The broadening tension of the mind of God;
Bursting the narrow Pharisaic thrall
To glory in the Gospel's world-wide call;
Bearing earth's sins as daily rightful load
Upon his soul, the cross of Christ there glowed
So bright it hid from human vision Paul!
Each several star has glory of his own,
His influence sweet, with varied colors blent,
But thou of all art superexcellent,
A diamond blaze o'er all the ages thrown,
The Sirius of the Christian firmament,
Thou flamest still, incomparable, alone.

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

O ROME! what myriad voices have addressed thee,
 What sybil whispers cosmopolitan,
 As, foremost in old Time's great caravan,
 A god thyself, all nations' gods confessed thee!
 With sorcery's guile the Persian magi blessed thee!
 Twanged Memnon's harp at Thebes its curseful ban
 Thou gain'dst a god from every conquered clan,
 The frenzies of the ages have possessed thee.
 Such thoughts sublime no Virgil pictured e'er,
 No Cicero let fall from golden lip,
 Such wreaths of truth Mercurius never wove
 As Paul sent thee in Phoebe's leathern scrip.
 The cross-illumined ages since declare
 A slave of Christ is mightier than thy Jove.

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH.

"THE just shall live by faith!" Divinely bright,
 These words shone like a searchlight on the deeps
 Of Rom'ish lust and sin, on glittering steeps
 Of Jewish pride, from that transcendent height
 Where stands forever in the world's full sight
 The Cross of Christ, whose gracious power o'ersweeps
 The whole round earth with mercy, and which keeps
 The trustful soul from sin's accursèd blight.
 Amid the gilded sins and villanies,
 Religious scenic stages, hollow plays,
 And pompous ethics of these latter days,
 O God, are we still pagans, Pharisees?
 With Paul's great watchword blazoned, let us raise
 The ancient banner of our liberties.

REVENUE.

"Let us do evil that good may come."—Rom. 3: 8.

GOD? I believe in God, who never made
One mortal's joy his fellow's misery.
If this Dominion's high prosperity
Depends on the accursèd liquor trade,
If woes unutterable our homes must raid,
And crimes, bloodcurdling, must enacted be,
And souls hurled down to hell's catastrophe,
And quivering, writhing mother-hearts be flayed;
If Prohibition marks a country strewn
With trade-wrecks, tax-rolls, and commercial ruin;
I burn my Bible, plunge in Chance's mist,
Religion spurn, the name of Christ blot out,
In the dead ear of the Eternal shout,
"There is no God, I am an atheist!"

FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

O SHRINE of wealth and pride, of art and love,
Where Aphrodite, Queen of Beauty, reigned!
Yet Vice with hideous hues thy glory stained,
Sered rose and myrtle, maimed thy swan and dove!
Amid thy splendid fanes, thy cypress grove,
Rang one clear song of love pure and unfeigned,
Whose notes the ear of all the world have gained,
Melodious all thy siren songs above.
And Love to all life's problems ever brings
Heaven's own solutions, infinitely wise;
For Love is Christ, and though with flaming eyes
He scorches sin, in all their wanderings
He walks amid the churches in Love's guise,
Bears and believes, hopes and endures all things.

SECOND EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS

SAVE those who can the human heart explore,
None see how vast the world is, none can know
What stars may rise and set, what tides may flow,
What landscapes dawn, what birds may sing and soar
Here one, moved to his spirit's inmost core
With longing for his fellows' good, and so
Their world of sorrow pressed his heart as though
It cried, a hungry Lazarus, at his door.
He gave not moldy crumbs, but Living Bread;
As Christ's attested representative
Condemned their sin, yet o'er their wounds he shed
Such balm of comfort as can only give
The World's Physician, who hath truly said,
"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."

THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS.

LOVERS of liberty! these ancient Gauls,
 As those of later days, yet deaf as they,
 Ofttimes, to every voice that can convey
 Its truest meaning—liberty that calls
 The spirit to God's own freedom, disentralls
 Conscience from wrathful law, gives strength to stay
 The rush of passion, and 'neath whose glad sway
 Of love the enraptured heart in homage falls.
 Are we, though boasting of our liberties,
 By tortuous forms bewitched and manacled?
 Losing the Spirit in conventional groove,
 Would we the hollow world placate and please?
 Turn Thou us, Lord, from all things vain and dead,
 To Christ's true Cross and faith which works by
 love.

GRACE TO YOU, AND PEACE.

Gal. 1:3—*χάρις ὑμῖν καὶ εἰρήνη*. A Christian greeting, blending and spiritualizing the Oriental and Occidental forms of salutation.

I.

MAN of God! great-hearted, standing
Midway down the centuries,
With thine eye of light commanding
Ancient continents and seas—

All the Jews' ecstatic vision,
Peaceful dreams of spirits free,
Attic keenness, Rome's decision,
Blended into one in thee.

Not the "salaam" of the Oriental,
Not the "hail" of Xenophon,
But a greeting sacramental,
Meets the "man of Macedon."

Greater than Colossus striding
Over separating seas;
In the common heart confiding,
In the Gospel mysteries,

Thou the apocalyptic angel,
Through Galatia, Spain, and Greece,
Fliest with the glad evangel,
"Grace be unto you and peace."

II.

Son of God! the larger-hearted,
Clearer-visioned, infinite;
All earth's tribes unknown, departed,
One forever in Thy sight,

Thou to-day art swiftly meeting,
In the Gospel's world-wide call,
With a broader, grander greeting
Than e'er fell from lips of Paul.

'Tis the Triune God's "Good-morning"
To a long-benighted earth,
Which hath heard but words of scorning,
Bitterness and idle mirth.

Eye of God! no sin can dim it—
Flash Thy peace on earth's unrest;
Heart of God! without a limit,
Knowing neither east nor west.

All the moaning nations gather,
Fold in thy God-man's embrace;
Universal, age-long Father,
Breathe on each the peace, the grace.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

**GREAT Church of Christ, which in the will and heart
Of God finds deep foundations, who hath healed
Thy wounds, adopted thee as sons, and sealed
Thee with the Spirit of life and peace, which art
His workmanship, poems sublime which dart
Like new-made worlds from chaos, long concealed
In God's eternal purpose, now revealed,
And of His heaven the earthly counterpart!
Be one in Him, thy Head, with gifts diverse
To build the great new life, and spurn the curse
Of earthly vice, lifting each social sphere
To heavenly places by Love's gracious plan:
Fighting in God's own armor, thou shalt rear
The Kingdom of the Great Ideal Man.**

THE CHURCH, WHICH IS HIS BODY.

(Eph. 1 : 23.)

“THE Church Thy body.” Wondrous word!
Help me to grasp its meaning, Lord.

Though Thou hast passed from human view,
The “greater works” Thy Church shall do.

Some leper whom his fellows flee
May turn to heaven for sympathy,
And I, O Christ, may be Thy hand
To touch the soul by vice unmanned.

Some, helpless, beggared, blind with sin,
May seek Thy saving word to win,
And I, Thy tongue, may say for Thee,
“As thou believest it shall be.”

Weak, starving, lacking heavenly food,
All round about a multitude,
I am Thine eye, and Thee instead,
Must feed them with the heavenly bread.

Demon-possessed, some wild and fierce
With piteous wail the heavens pierce;
I am Thine ear to hear for Thee,
And in Thy name to set them free.

Some tossed on stormy seas of doubt,
Where beacon-lights have all gone out;
I am Thy feet to walk the wave,
And bid their coward hearts be brave.

Some reach forth hands and stand apart,
With weary, half-despairing heart;
I am Thy nerves to feel for them
Who only touch Thy garment's hem.

When hearts are lone, distressed, and sad,
When men condemn the vilely bad,
I am Thy fingers, Lord, to write
Words of forgiveness, life, and light.

When Pharisees phylacteried
Oppress the poor with fiendish greed,
I am Thy brow, with wrathful cloud
To smite the hypocrite and proud.

Thy tears am I upon the bier,
Thy voice am I to speak good cheer,
For Thee bemoan a friend deceased,
For Thee I sing the wedding feast.

O could the Church thus represent
The Lord, and be His instrument,
His body, willing counterpart
Of His great loving mind and heart ;

So would He to all people come
As dwelt He in Capernaum,
And brighter light on earth should be
Than shone of old in Galilee.

THE EPISTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS.

O LILY of pure Christian joy, which rose
From a dark crevice in cold dungeon stones,
Watered by praise and prayer which stanch'd the
moans

Of discontent, bathed in the light that flows
From the unsetting Sun. Such joy well knows
The fellow-laborer's worth ; as Paul here owns
The Christly spirit which helpfulness enthrones
He soars and sings above all earthly woes.

Yet even Joy must watch her enemies,
And fling aside as refuse pride and sloth ;
And as the eager charioteer who eyes,
O'er furious steeds, midst dust and flying froth,
The goal palm-garlanded, she ever sees
And seeks in Christ the everlasting prize.

THE EPISTLE TO THE COLOSSIANS.

WE measure things by money's worth and size,
And men at market value estimate;
But God makes truth the test, sees small and great
Are far beyond the ken of human eyes.
Colosse has perished, o'er its ruins rise
A vision that defies the fiends of fate,
Which to earth's latest day shall elevate
Men's thoughts, and error shall antagonize.
The glorious Person of the Living Christ,
Image of God, Creation's Primal Power,
In Him all fullness dwelt, yet sacrificed
That sinful man at peace with God might be,
And life and love the universe endower.
Colosse! this is thine immortality.

FIRST EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS.

FIRST in a series of immortal fame—
 Letters not writ on Babel's buried clay,
 Nor Egypt's crumbling rocks o'er deserts gray,
 But with the Spirit's everlasting flame
 On souls of living men, by one whose name
 When Pharaoh's in oblivion fades away
 Shall stand resplendent in the light of day,
 As still these pages shall his Lord proclaim.
 'Midst grateful memories of a joy-crowned past,
 And deep solicitude for faith to be,
 Looking beyond earth's thrones and empires, he
 The coming of the King Eternal sees,
 Whose hand still holds mystery's unmeasured vast,
 Whose heart of love, all human destinies.

THE JOY OF LIVING.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"Rejoice evermore."—1 Thess. 5:16.

O THE joy, full joy, of a day of life,
 When I breathe the air of God,
 And eat and drink, and all good things rife
 Are over my pathway strowed.
 And I drink full draughts of fresh-flowing wine
 From the rich, ripe clusters of being,
 And I see in all dust a something divine
 Which waits but my touch for its freeing.

O the joy, full joy, of a thinking soul,
 Which worships in temples fair,
 Hears the grand, sweet strains through the cloisters roll,
 Of wondrous anthems rare.
 Towards the beckoning stars, O the joy of flight,
 When I leave the flesh behind,
 And feel the fresh breath of the Infinite
 Flow forth from Eternal Mind.

O the joy, full joy, when the storm heats fierce
Through the rattling shrouds, and are tipped
With lightnings the masts, while the keen hails pierce,
And the seamen stand white-lipped
As they drive where the leeward beacons flare
And the black breaker-rocks are hiding—
O joy of the heart that still can dare,
In the Pilot's skill confiding.

O the joy, full joy, of the end of life,
On the verge of the great To Be,
When I see that the rest from earthly strife
Is the work of eternity;
When the Perfect appears as a strange surprise
O'er the wreckage of the Never;
When the blue skies rift and the star-mists rise,
I salute the smiling Ever.

roll,

SECOND EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS

FOREVER through earth's waste and barren ways
 Has walked a noble Presence; men have caught
 Glimpses of His high ravishment, and sought
 Upon the fullness of His face to gaze.
 And once as man, amid the purple haze
 Of a great new day, He came, and Godlike wrought
 Such deeds and taught such truth, e'er since the
 thought

And heart of this wide world that Presence sways.
 Yet once again, when Time's last chime has pealed,
 And vagrant earth has God's great purpose shown,
 Shall He in undimmed splendor be revealed,
 And men from Death's sleep shall awake, the old
 Shall pass, the reconstructed new unfold,
 And God in Christ shall reign o'er all alone.

FIRST EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

OFT as the boy grows to the symmetry
 Of manhood's strong and full development,
 He shows e'er more in feature, voice, and bent,
 His father's personality; in Timothy,
 The son, the other self, of Paul, we see
 The genuine soul, the o'ermastering intent,
 The blameless life, the unselfishness which spent
 His all that Christ might all-triumphant be.
 They two built in that marvellous olden time
 The model temple of the Christian faith
 Of living stones cut from the cliffs of Death.
 Designed in heaven, the glorious fabric grew;
 Chief toiler, Timothy—unflagging, true;
 Paul master-builder, architect sublime.

HYMN TO A YOUNG PREACHER.

"He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry."—1 Tim. 1: 1

WE SEND thee forth in vigorous youth—
 Our hope and joy and crown thou art—
 To live and work for God and truth
 With manful, consecrated heart.

We pray thy gifts, by heaven bestowed,
 With Pentecostal fire may glow,
 The plenitude of Triune God
 Ever through all thy being flow.

So shalt thou stand before the world,
 Not a frail youth with scrip and sling,
 Thy words shall be swift missiles hurled
 To smite the foes of Israel's King.

And from thy lips shall heaven's lore
 In richest, sweetest accents fall,
 Christ's authorized ambassador
 To offer peace and hope to all.

And sin-bound souls shall learn from thee
 To look beyond Time's misty space,
 And through the rifted clouds shall see
 The glory of the Master's face.

SECOND EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

FAREWELL! 'Tis a sad word. Who in a jest
 E'er speaks it when a last adieu it means
 To home and friends and life and all life's scenes?
 Farewell! 'Tis choking breath at joy's arrest,
 All earthly anguish in a word compressed.
 Yet here was one who in death's valley leans
 Upon an unseen Friend, and whose loud pæans
 Of joy his hope and confidence attest.
 His churches, well-beloved, were first in thought;
 Though gangrene of vile heresies abound,
 A body they in Scripture doctrine sound;
 For them as for himself he well had fought,
 Finished his course, with toil and danger fraught,
 That he with them might be forever crowned.

THE EPISTLE TO TITUS.

THE deep, dark swamp-land, where the rattlesnake
And wildcat hide for treacherous attack,
Rank fern and briar grow 'neath stunted tamarac,
The spongy bog, the impenetrable brake,
The stagnant, murky, miasmatic lake,
I've seen transformed by patient skill, won back
From all its wildness and chaotic wrack,
To smiling fields where golden harvests shake.
The faith of Paul, the toil of Titus wrought
More marvellous change in the dark Cretan wild,
The labyrinths of lies and gluttonies,
Where evil beasts and hateful reptiles fought.
In Christ's pure light, the Spirit's renewing breeze,
God's gardens everywhere in beauty smiled.

THE EPISTLE TO PHILEMON.

THE great heart of humanity beats true,
 And we may trust it; when Christ's love it shares,
 Its throbbing pulse of mercy ever bears
 Through all the world the love which makes it new.
 Man's noble faith in man! no sun e'er threw
 Such radiance on earth's savagery and tears,
 Save Christ's great faith in man, whose light
 enspheres
 The ages and doth the race with hope embue.
 So in these mingled lights there lives and grows
 The plant of Brotherhood, whose splendid flower
 Of Liberty is dear the wide world o'er;
 In this sweet atmosphere, as ne'er before,
 Men linking hand and heart, and purse and power,
 Are one, earth's giant evils to oppose.

EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

LONG the yearping ages waited
Through the changeful, gloomy night,
With old superstitions sated,
Looking for the perfect light.

Now and then from cloud-wrapped azure
Peered a star—a sentinel
Gazing out from heaven's embrasure—
Spake, "Be patient! All is well!"

Now and then some light erratic
Flashed its meteor through the sky,
But to make the dark emphatic,
And to mock Hope's lifted eye.

Now and then some sceptic shouted,
"Man is lost beneath the sod;
Chance is all, see, Faith is flouted!
God! there cannot be a God!"

O the years of doubt and error,
Restless as the storm-swept sea!
O the scenes of crime and terror!
O the stress of mystery!

Moses came with priest and altar,
Wisdom's Urim Thummim shrine,
Everything that could exalt her
Of similitude divine.

But far distant seemed the Father,
Great the gulf 'twixt man and bliss;
In the smoke of censer, rather,
Deeper, wider seemed the abyss.

Man exhausted every theory,
Happiness his eager quest—
Earth grown old, forlorn and weary,
Turned unto the grave for rest.

Suddenly in that dark, dim age
Stood there forth a glorious One,
In the effulgence of God's image,
In the power of His Son.

He was God unmoved and blessed
Through the great eternities,
Yet a man most sore distressed
In life's dark Gethsemanes.

Man by frailty surrounded,
Deep compassions could He feel,
Yet a God of grace unbounded,
Who the bruised heart could heal.

Man by Satan tempted really,
Facing all the hosts of sin;
God to justify us freely,
And renew the heart within.

Thus the covenant, new and better,
Through the one great Sacrifice
Set aside all form and letter,
All of art or man's device.

He the High-Priest, changeless, holy,
Not of earth but in the heaven;
Weary mortals in Him solely
Find the joy of sin forgiven.

Trembling faith that through the ages
Gazed through mist and cloud-wrack's dun,
All its fear and doubt assuages
In the glory of the Sun.

Patient bear we all life's chastening
Which the Father sends in love,
To the heavenly Zion hastening,
Home of all the just above.

Make us perfect and well pleasing,
Lord, in Thine omniscient sight;
From Thy service never ceasing,
Walking in Thy purest light.

God of peace, let praise supernal
Be on Thee fore'er bestowed,
In the covenant eternal
Sealed with the Great Shepherd's blood.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES.

WE ASK not ancient gold-illuminated creeds
To which the willing heads of myriads bow,
But for a faith which in the golden Now
With pen of truth writes Christly words and deeds.
'Mid jangle of this world's discordant reeds
Of lust and quarrel and evil-speaking, how
The tones of a great, loving life avow
The Christ encompassing all human needs.
And so shall lives that do, not tongues that say,
Respect not for apparel, but man God-born,
Heal the great wounds with which earth's heart is
torn.
Contentment, Patience, Prayer—silent, divine—
These three shall like Orion's sword-belt shine
Till earth, harmonious, own their starry sway.

's dun,

SHAYKH TEWFIK'S PRAYER.

"The tongue . . . is set on fire by hell."—Jas. 3 : 6.

SHAYKH TEWFIK felt deeply aggrieved
O'er a report, which he believed,
That an old neighbor had that morn
Insulted him with spite and scorn.

His furious passion found free rein
In words of malice and disdain;
He cursed the man with every curse,
And wished for words to utter worse.

His vengeful rage its climax wrought
When he the God of heaven besought
His foe that very day to blight,
And damn his soul in endless night.

A rustle as of wings passed by,
He thought he heard a weird, hoarse cry:
"Give thy sweet anger now surcease;
Thy prayer is answered,—go in peace."

His enemy went on his way,
And lived with soul serene that day;
No child of his was ill to death,
No charger felt the simoon's breath,

No horde of bandits scoured the plain,
No servant groaned from scorpion's bane,
There came no fell disaster's shock,
No fire from heaven on herd or flock.

The oft-repeated inquiry,
"Is't well with thee? thy family?"
Brought one glad answer, "All is well"—
But Tewfik spent the day in hell.

THE UNFINISHED HYMN.

"What is your life. . . . a vapor."—*Jas. 4:14.*

IN a bright and spacious parlor
A sweet-voiced lady sang,
Through the corridors of the mansion
The beauteous accents rang.

And through the open casements,
Out on the busy street,
Far swept the charming echoes,
And halted hurrying feet.

Now on ripple of piano
Floated tender notes, yet strong—
Now above its loudest surges
Rose the thrilling burst of song.

Thus stanza after stanza,
With ever higher flight,
Till the climax of the music
Was trembling into light.

Then loudly rang the door-bell,
A heated messenger
Stood nigh the rapt musician—
A message—'twas for her.

As if the soaring eagle,
In the glory of its might,
Was smitten by the rifle
In its highest sunward flight;

As if the brightest flower
In all the garden found
Should wither in a moment
And strew with dust the ground;

As if on orange blossoms
And bridal robes should fall
Some heartless word of magic,
And blight them into pall;

So this soaring soul was stricken,
Withered by poison-breath,
And her hymn of rapture silenced
In the silences of death.

Commenced in wifely triumph,
With naught of griefs and fears,
It closed in speechless anguish,
In a widow's storm of tears.

O earth, how oft thy pleasures
 Have such an end as this!
 Sorrow, a seething vortex,
 Engulfs our dreams of bliss.

We learn from broken heart-chorde,
 Amid the shadows dim,
 This life is but the music
 Of an unfinished hymn.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER.

AMBITIOUS, fickle, and undisciplined
 In soul, "Be it far from Thee, Lord, this dread
 And bloody cross," the novice Peter said;
 A veteran now, armed with the Master's mind,
 He sees in th' cross we truest glory find;
 That, crushed to dust, man's foolishness inbred
 Is by the Artist-Builder fashioned
 To forms all-beautiful and love-designed.
 Himself the Corner-stone, on Him is reared
 The temple vast of Christian character;
 All virtues pagan moralists revered,
 And some passed in their pride and blindness by
 Pity, forgiveness, love for all who err,
 And Hope's great golden dome that cleaves the
 sky.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF PETER.

'Tis not of earth, but supernatural,
 This wondrous thing called life. The flowers uplift
 Their heads defying gravitation, dead things drift
 Down nature's currents and to chaos fall;
 Man's spirit-life is one of struggle; all
 Earth's forces, Falsehood tiger-clawed and swift,
 And Vice with poison-growths of hellish thrift,
 Conspire to slay his heaven-born virtues tall.
 Of God's own nature all His saints partake,
 Rooted in His great, precious promises,
 Faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, godliness,
 And love spring up in everlasting bloom;
 While 'midst God's judgments mockers trembling quake,
 And sink to Tartarus in terrific doom.

SPRING.

“New heavens and a new earth.”—2 Peter 3:13.

I.

WINTER unchallenged reigned but yesterday,
 Blew icy winds and snow-dust vexed the air;
 Nature was pulseless, death seemed everywhere,
 And all life's alchemies were held at bay.
 To-day the earth is witching green, and gay
 With dandelions, with 'lilac-clusters fair,
 And cherry-blooms, while bird-notes rich declare
 The thrill of life in joyous roundelay.
 O marvellous Spring! abiding pledge, foretaste
 Of that more marvellous resurrection time
 When we shall say, “The earth was bleak with crime
 But yesterday, a dreary, deathful waste—
 To-day, new heavens, new earth, in golden prime
 Of righteousness and truth forever graced.”

II.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BIRTH of our gracious Queen we celebrate
 'Midst bursting buds of May, fit time to be
 A festival, Victoria, to thee;

Thy reign springtide to all things good and great.
Thou growest old, but age can ne'er abate

The love-bloom of thy woman's heart, nor see
Decrepid the sweet truth and liberty

Thy crown stood for in all thy acts of state.
Year after year, humanity the heights

Have climbed of Progress; now weak cowards say,
"Earth groweth old, and fade Love's beacon-lights,

Doubt's long last winter comes, and social blights
Are withering all"—for England, Canada,

The world, we trust as yet 'tis only May.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN.

STRONG are the tides, and vast the stars' wide sweep—
Stronger the tides of Love that in the soul,
A great uncharted ocean, rise and roll;
Vaster the stars of Truth that ever keep
Their sleepless vigils' o'er these waters deep,
And guide Truth-lovers to a certain goal,
As smallest arc describes the circle whole,
Or as the faintest flame doth sunward leap.
Love thou the Truth, O man! far, far above
The love of selfish joy or earthly pelf;
And love of truth to love of man shall grow,
And this to love of service; thou shalt know
The Master's bliss of ministry, thyself
Shalt prove love is of God, and God is love.

BE STRONG.

A SONG FOR YOUNG MEN.

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."—
1 John 2 : 14.

TO-DAY! 'Tis the fairest of pages
Time's records to mortals display;
The truth that illumines the ages
Shines clearer than ever to-day.
For love is the watchword Christ-given,
And character stands in the van,
Right reigns the vicegerent of heaven,
The royalest thing is the man.
Young men, in the midst of the struggle
With the armies of error and wrong,
Hear the call of the Captain's clear bugle—
His message to you is, "Be strong!"

Sons of men, in the wilderness lonely,
Soul-hungry and fainting and worn,
In the strength of your Prototype only
Temptations can be overborne.

All selfishness, pride and ambition,
 Bedazzling in garments of white,
 Go forth in Apollyon's commission,
 Destroying the children of light.
 Young men, in the midst of the struggle
 With the armies of error and wrong,
 Hear the call of the Captain's clear bugle—
 His message to you is, "Be strong!"

Soft chimeth the bells of indulgence,
 The ease-loving spirit to win,
 And clear shine the stars in effulgence
 O'er the highways of popular sin.
 Souls, lulled by some guileful Philistine,
 Dream of evil as pleasant and fair,
 Till, robbed of strength, God-given, pristine,
 They blindly drift out to despair.
 Young men, in the midst of the struggle
 With the armies of error and wrong,
 Hear the call of the Captain's clear bugle—
 His message to you is, "Be strong!"

Give no ear to the gloom-croaking raven,
 That righteousness dieth, forsooth—
 No place to the coward or craven
 Deserting the trenches of truth.
 Self-centred, the world moveth faster,
 Yet weak-willed and faltering its nerve;

No spirit but that of the Master
Endows with the genius to serve.
Young men, in the midst of the struggle
With the armies of error and wrong,
Hear the call of the Captain's clear bugle—
His message to you is, "Be strong!"

The King with His laurels awaiteth
The captors of citadelled sin,
Then trust in the God that createth
The kingdom of heaven within.
Till the devil his last fortress yieldeth,
And Christ's final victory is scored,
Fight on with the phalanx that wieldeth
The Spirit's omnipotent sword.
Young men, in the midst of the struggle
With the armies of error and wrong,
Hear the call of the Captain's clear bugle—
His message to you is, "Be strong!"

CYRIA.

(THE SECOND EPISTLE OF JOHN.)

A LITTLE manuscript—flung from the hand
And heart of him who saw with seraph's eye
The truth in all its vastness, looming high
As God's own iris-mantled throne, where stand
Seven lamps of fire that light the crystal strand.
Saw, too, in that clear light the vagrant Lie,
The Antichrist, who sets all truth awry,
And floods its coasts with hellish contraband—
Addressed to thee, Cyria! so a glint
Of truth, from the pure love of truth, revealed
Beauty in thee which ages have not dimmed;
And in this miniature the Spirit limned
A heart whose image is of Christ's own mint,
A life with Heaven's great imprimatur sealed.

THE THIRD EPISTLE OF JOHN.

'Tis said, when in the darkening Occident
 The great, calm evening star shines clear and bright,
 A wise archangel daily by its light
 Records each deed of mercy done or meant,
 Each word of cheer to human souls o'erspent;
 And also, side by side, each deed of spite,
 Each word malignant with its serpent bite—
 Who helps, who hinders, in his soul's intent.
 I read of Gaius, philanthropic heart!
 Demetrius, who ne'er the truth forsook;
 Of Diotrephes, with his wicked art
 And prating words imposed the Church upon;
 Methinks a page of the archangel's book
 Has fallen to earth, this letter of St John.

THE EPISTLE OF JUDE.

THAT thou, O Church of Christ, should'st ever drift
Upon a placid sea, it is not well.

The angry storm, the waves' tumultuous swell,
The hidden rocks, the treacherous sands that lift
Their hoary brows from hell's dark deeps, the swift,
Wild cyclone's funnel-blast unconquerable,

The prince of th' air's defiant battle-yell,
Are needed things to prove thy crews and sift.
Ye loved of God, and kept for Christ the Lord,
For the faith contend, thy menaced heritage;

Build on the Rock—around God's changeless love
Within the Spirit of prayer, and bright above
The heavenly hope—thee God will surely guard
Unto the consummation of the age.

THE REVELATION OF JOHN.

LIKE waves the generations break upon
 Time's granite cliffs; like knotted sea-weeds stream
 Men's lives beneath in dim and troubled dream,
 Or for a moment tangled in the light, then gone
 In the fierce undertow. From earth's first dawn
 A weird apocalypse with lurid beam
 On horrid beasts, and demons which blaspheme,
 And heaps of human skeletons hath shone.
 Lo, God's great revelation doth unfold—
 Christ comes, the mighty Conqueror, He
 The Living Word is in the book enscrolled—
 Though swathed in wave-strewn deeps of mystery,
 We see it clear in outline, strong and bold,
 A Patmos rising from the eternal sea.

AMEN.

"These things saith the Amen."—Rev. 3 : 14.

AMEN! "Unchanging, firm, and true"—
 Creator of the stars and men,
 The prop of all things old and new,
 The universal great Amen!

Amen! thy goodness faileth not,
 When sin had men to ruin hurled
 Thy wondrous mercy came unsought,
 Love's sweet Amen chimed o'er the world.

Amen! "Faithful and true," O Christ!
 On mountain-top, in quaggy fen,
 Thy help for all hath e'er sufficed,
 Thy love the human heart's Amen.

Amen! are all Thy promises.
 When storms beat fiercely on us then
 Omnipotence our refuge is,
 Whispers Thy still, small voice, Amen!

Amen! Behold Him in the clouds,
For every eye shall see Him when
In trumpet blast and thunders loud
Earth hears the mighty last Amen!

Amen! Come quickly, even so,
To rule, Great Master, come again;
The old Deceiver overthrow,
And all Thy saints shall shout, Amen!

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ALL HAIL, GREAT FUTURE.

"And he shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. 11 : 15.

HAIL, all hail, thou mighty Future! Thou art greater
than the past!

Many mocking voices jeer thee with a baleful, black
forecast—

"'Tis the eventide, and deathly damps are clinging to
the earth,

And all forms of life repulsive leap from Hades into
birth"—

"Time, a dark and stagnant river, swallows man in
silent scorn;

And God, if there be a God, is heartless as the Matter-
horn."

Can it be that man shall falter half-way up the slopes
of time?

Blind to all his past successes, stagger downward into
slime?

Wandering through Life's abbey, round him graves of
mighty heroes lie,

Will he prove a senseless spider, weave his web and
catch his fly?

Will he cease to gaze on Sirius, and the wayward comet
trust,

And degenerate into chaos, lost in dead primeval dust?

Can the world again flout Goodness, spit on Virtue,
Truth defy,

Rabble-host march back to Calvary, Christ again to
crucify?

Oh, we trust that gravitation binds us to the Central
Sun,

We are not the aimless fragments of a world whose
race is run.

'Tis the morning! Hark, the clanging cymbals tell of
darkness gone,

And ten thousand light-robed angels kiss their wel-
comes to the dawn.

Think you grander men have lived on earth than e'er
shall live again,

And such heights of noble doing we shall nevermore
attain?

Brighter flowers to-day are blooming than the rose of
Paradise,

And beside the four-branched river never did such har-
vests rise.

O my soul, what visions thrilling! as I gaze through
centuries on—

Greater victories await than Waterloo or Marathon.

Greater minds than Aristotle, Socrates, or Cicero,

Shall be open founts of wisdom whence the living
truth shall flow:

Mightier poems than did Homer, Shakespeare, Dan
e'er create;
Sweeter music than Beethoven's lyre-spirit did vibrate
Taj-Mahal's wreathed mist of marble, Angelo
superbest dream,
Shall be to Art's noonday but the morning twilight
promise-gleam.
Railway, steamship, telephone, shall in the coming
larger life
Be the rude and paltry carvings of the schoolboy's
pocket-knife.

Shall the coward in us conquer, shall the beast with
hoof and horn
Rise ascendant, and be symbol of our children yet
unborn?
Dives reeking in his purple, Demas clutching fast his
gold
Shall we emulate as noblest names the ages have en-
rolled?
Nay, the star-eyed ancients mock us, who ideal
triumphs won,
Building vast their New Atlantis, sketching Cities of
the Sun.
Noble statesmen yet shall build them, party-gods all
silent be,
'Mid the songs of Peace and Union, Friendship and
Fraternity.
Mars, the blood-red god of war, I see, bewitched with
deadly fright,

Fall on his own sword as Saul upon Gilboa's fatal
height.
Brighter pages shall be written in the annals of man-
kind
Than the charters Wilberforce and Lincoln with their
life-blood signed;
For the earth shall be transfigured in the living Christ
who rolls
Currents of a life divine through all the arteries of our
souls.
All the prophets' fairest visions, sweetest fables poets
tell,
Shall the commonwealth of brothers in the God-man's
love excel.

True, our dreams are mostly rubbish, and our
prophecies unwise,
And the morrow shakes its finger at the fleeing ghosts
of lies.
History brands with fiery torches hands that would
the future seize
And with ancient landmarks limit human possibilities.
Kind the hand that draws the curtain and our augury
denies—
Greatest gift that God has given is the rapture of
surprise.
Could the savage, as his beacon-smoke above the hill-
tops curled,
Know the whispers of his children would go circling
round the world?

Job at midnight in the ashes, wrestling with the
world's distress,
Struck the light of ages from the flints of human
bitterness.

Cæsar when he rowed his legions o'er the Channel's
angry foam

Little dreamed the northern chalk-cliffed isle should be
a greater Rome.

Yet while the immortal crieth, "This is but an age
begun,"

'Through the murky shades of silence Faith and Hope
will forward run.

Christ alone hath scanned the future in its lightless
mystery,

Wrote he on the cross his motto, "I will draw the
world to me."

Conquest, Carnage, Famine, Death with horses white,
red, black, and pale,

Dragon, Beast, and Harlot—o'er them shall the Word
of God prevail.

Have we longed for grander vistas, have we craved the
clearer light?

See we in His coming kingdom all the triumphs of the
right.

Hail, all hail, Great Future! All our heart's great
hunger is sufficed,

Sweep we through thy endless eons clinging to the
deathless Christ.

BETWEEN.

"I am . . . the beginning and the end."—Rev. 22 : 13.

FORWARD, the sparkling sea
Of possibility.

Behind, the solid ground
Of certainty is found.

And I stand evermore
Upon the wave-beat shore.

Each sunrise flings its gleams
O'er landscapes rich with dreams,

Each sunset breathes "Farewell"
O'er things unchangeable.

The New Year turns with hope
Time's great kaleidoscope.

Twelve months the colors set
In gladness or regret.

Youth's fairy castles rise
'Midst sheen of angels' eyes.

Manhood molds plastic clay
While Hope's sweet harpers play.

Age standeth all alone,
His life-work silent stone.

Each world that sweeps the skies
Was born in Paradise,

Its orbit mystery,
Its goal reality.

End of all time and sense,
Eternal permanence.

