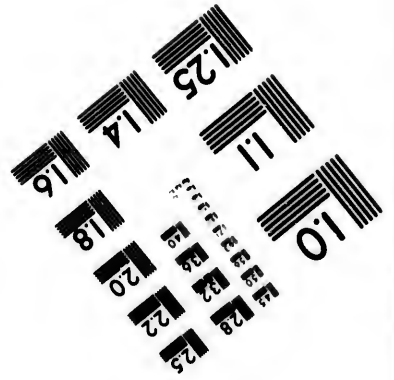
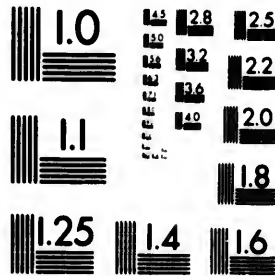


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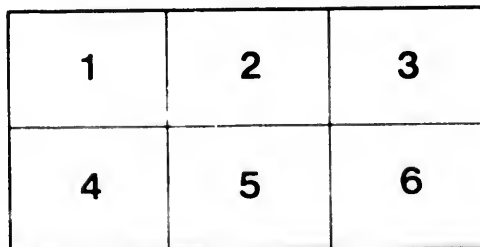
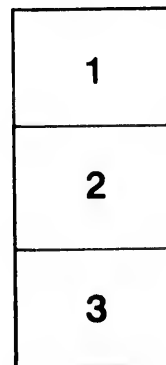
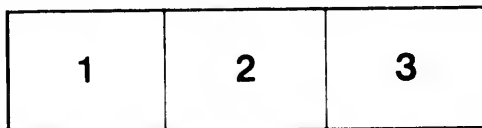
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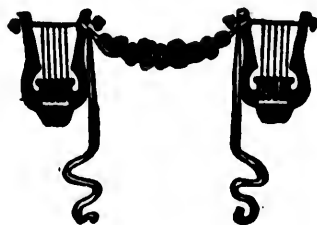
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# A Song of the Night



"The Morning Cometh, and also the Night."

H. <sup>Perky</sup> PERCY BLANCHARD 1862  
BADDECK, C. B.



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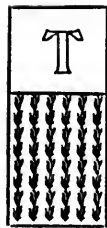
NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of several floral motifs connected by thin, flowing lines. The flowers are simple, with multiple petals, and the leaves are elongated and pointed. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book design.

# A Song of the Night.

## I.

*"In Peace I will both lay me down and Sleep :  
For Thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in Safety."*

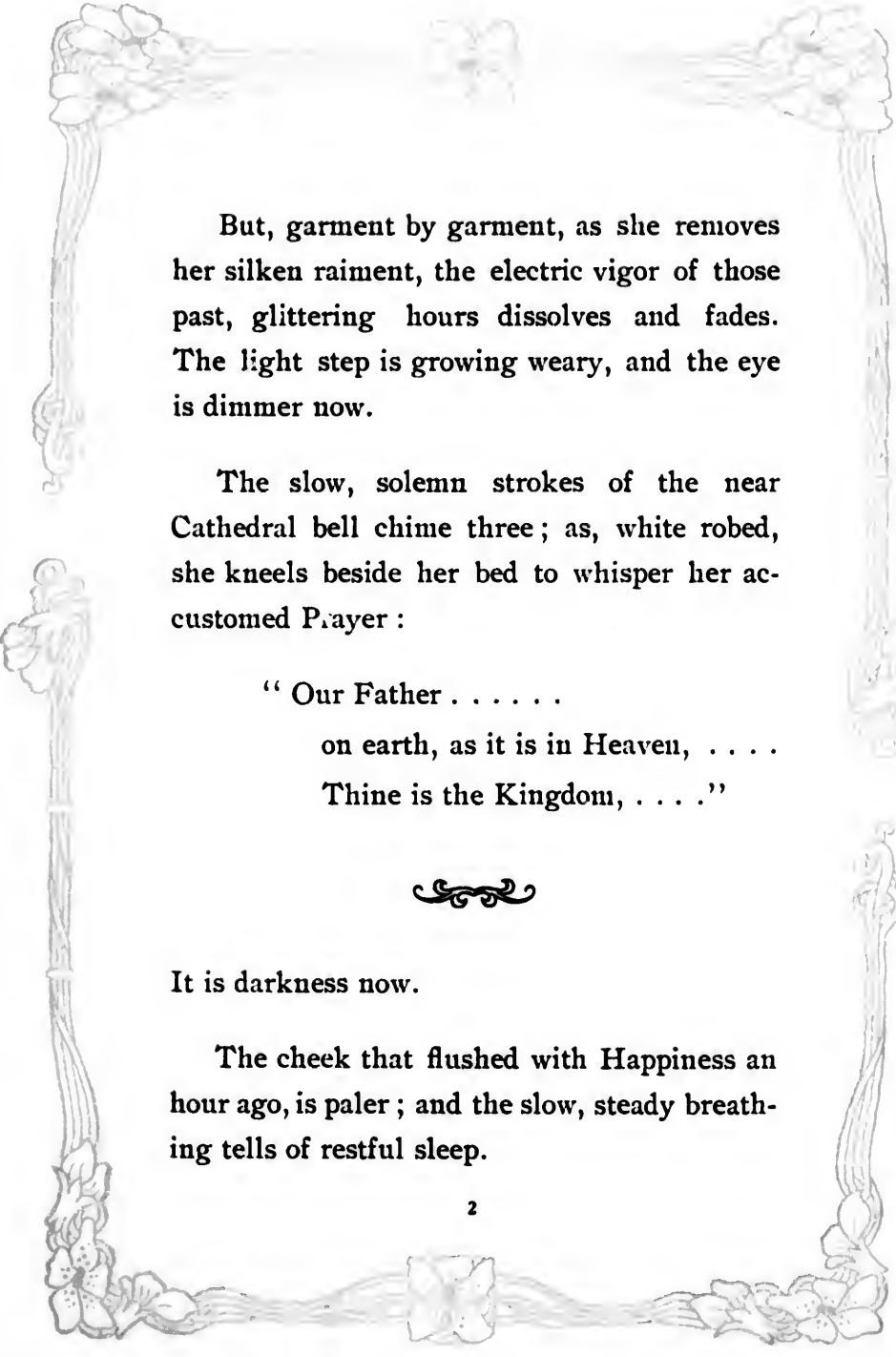


THE Christmas Ball is over.

The hundred glowing lights are all  
extinguished.

The Hall, that echoed lately with  
such joyous laughter, now is silent.

There, in her lit, dainty chamber, in yon  
silent City, one youthful heart beats bright  
with memories of that happy revelry. The  
lotus-laden waltz still leaves its lingering per-  
fume in her expanded nostrils ; and the quick-  
pulsing blood yet dances with exhilarating  
measure.

A decorative border of flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including what appear to be lilies and other blossoms, arranged in a rectangular frame with some elements extending slightly beyond the corners.

But, garment by garment, as she removes her silken raiment, the electric vigor of those past, glittering hours dissolves and fades. The light step is growing weary, and the eye is dimmer now.

The slow, solemn strokes of the near Cathedral bell chime three; as, white robed, she kneels beside her bed to whisper her accustomed Prayer :

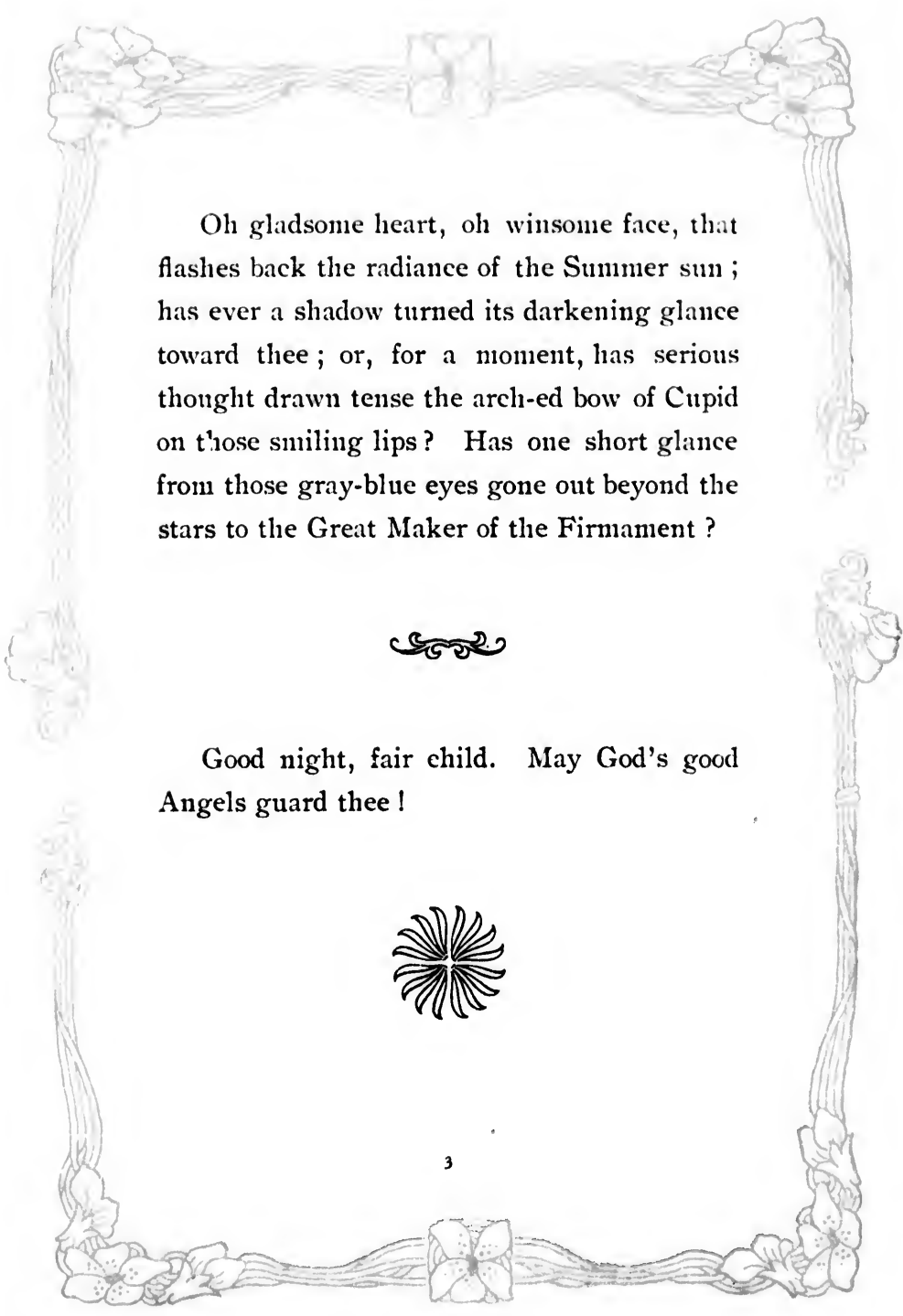
“ Our Father . . . . .  
on earth, as it is in Heaven, . . . .  
Thine is the Kingdom, . . . .”



It is darkness now.

The cheek that flushed with Happiness an hour ago, is paler; and the slow, steady breathing tells of restful sleep.

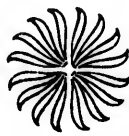


A decorative border of flowers and vines surrounds the text. The border features large flowers at the corners and smaller ones along the sides, connected by a braided vine. A small square floral motif is centered at the top and bottom of the border.

Oh gladsome heart, oh winsome face, that  
flashes back the radiance of the Summer sun ;  
has ever a shadow turned its darkening glance  
toward thee ; or, for a moment, has serious  
thought drawn tense the arch-ed bow of Cupid  
on those smiling lips ? Has one short glance  
from those gray-blue eyes gone out beyond the  
stars to the Great Maker of the Firmament ?




Good night, fair child. May God's good  
Angels guard thee !





## II.

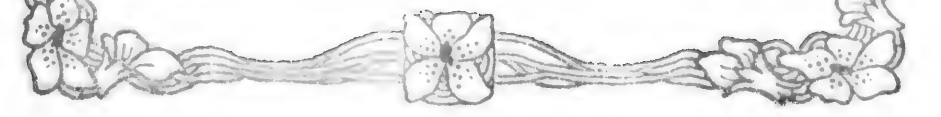
*" My Beloved spake and said unto me,  
Rise up, my Love, my fair One, and  
come away."*

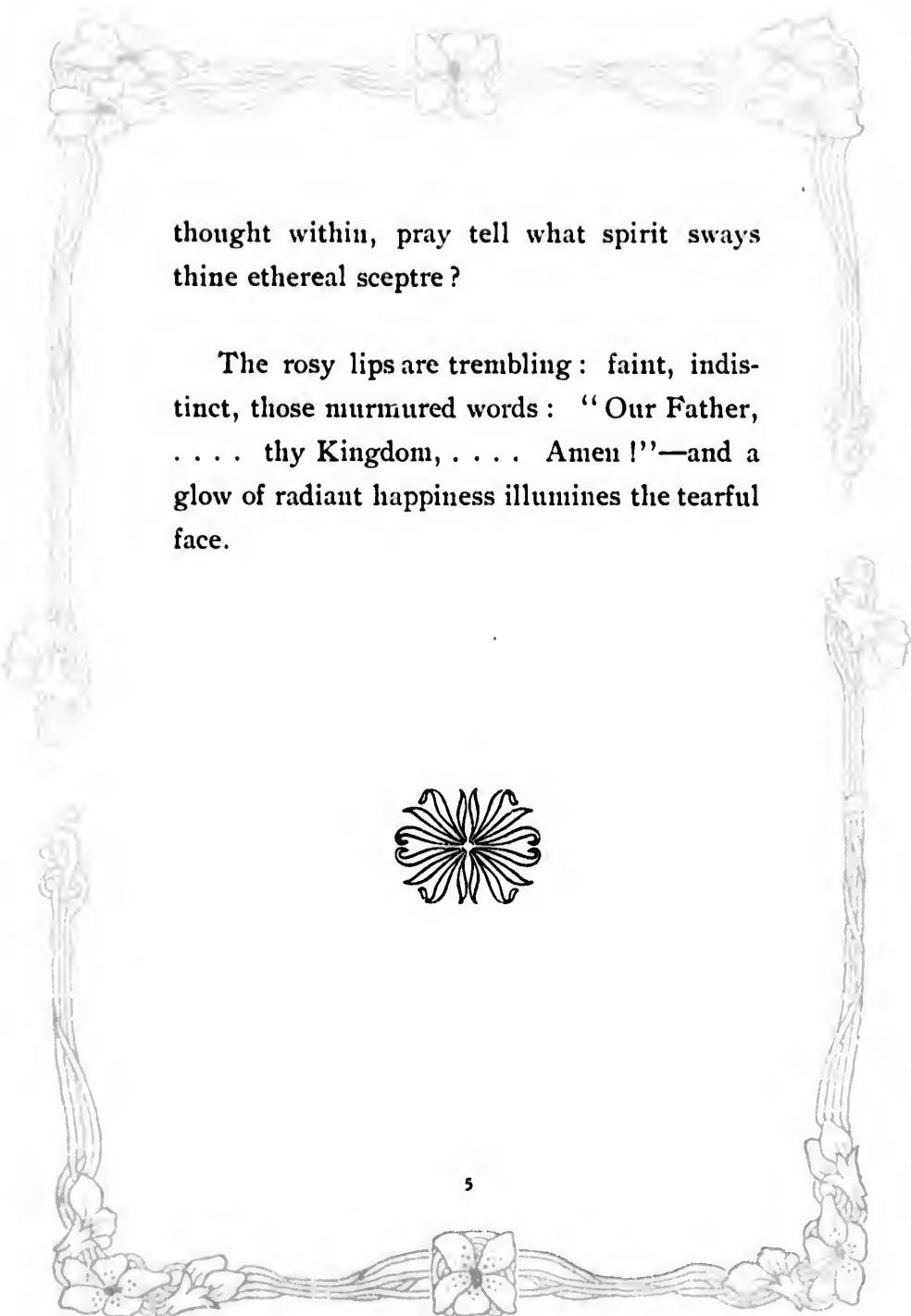


**S**TILL sleeping : yet o'er that face, like  
where the Zephyr gently stoops to  
kiss its shadow in the pool, the tra-  
cery of a fleeting smile ; a smile, as if  
one looks out on a lovely picture,  
and lingers, while the eyes drink up the glow-  
ing color ;—or when one waits expectant for a  
friend.

But through those soft-closed lids a tear  
is stealing ; strange comrade of that sweet,  
happy face.

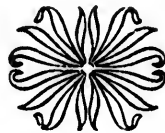
O pearl from off the jewelled throne of



A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of several floral motifs, including large flowers at the corners and smaller ones along the sides, connected by a delicate, vine-like structure.

thought within, pray tell what spirit sways  
thine ethereal sceptre ?

The rosy lips are trembling : faint, indis-  
tinct, those murmured words : “ Our Father,  
. . . . thy Kingdom, . . . . Amen ! ”—and a  
glow of radiant happiness illumines the tearful  
face.

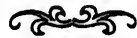




### III.

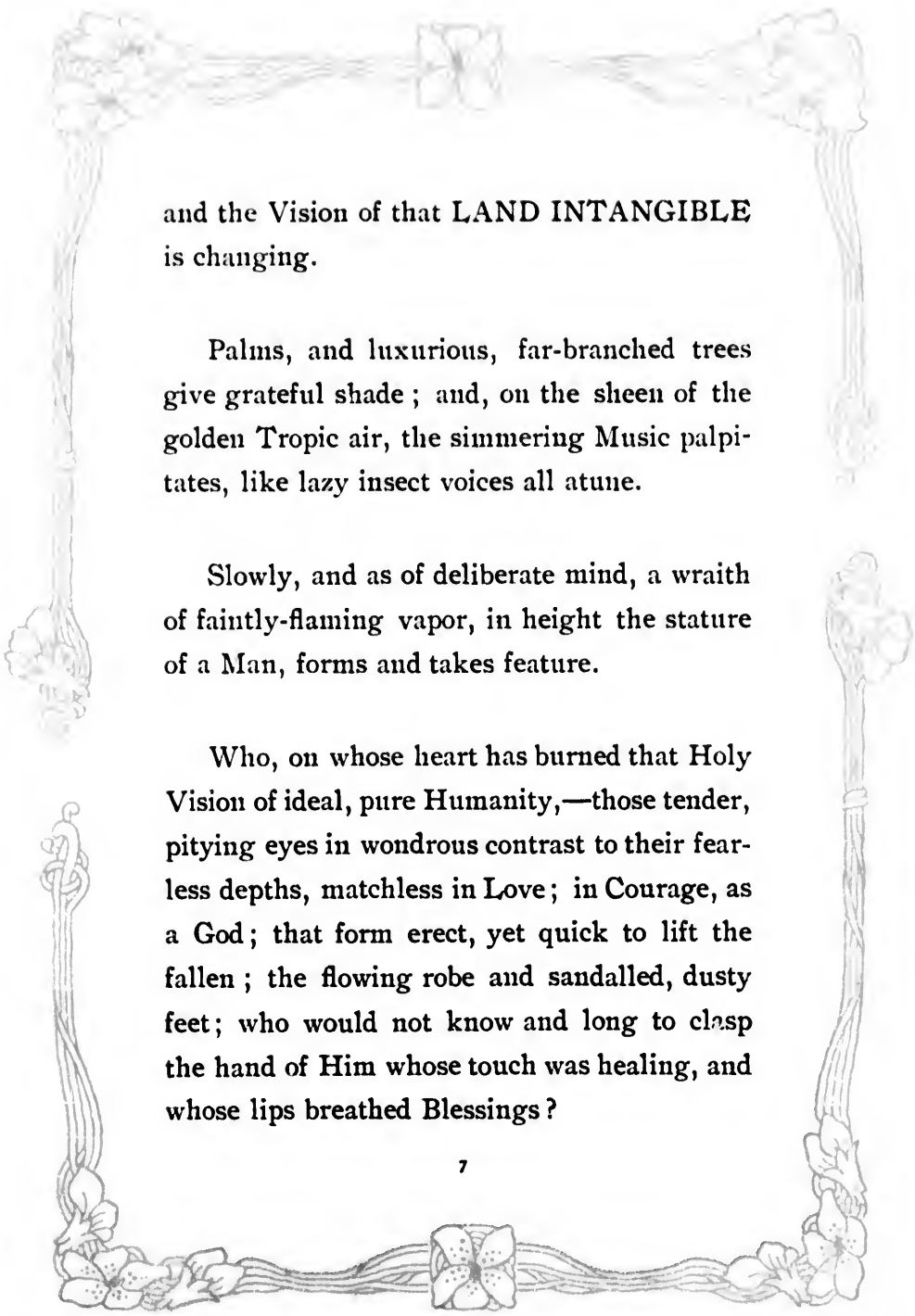
**T**HE music of the Waltz has almost died away.

But, like on the incoming tide from out the Sea, the Emerald Ocean up its estuary rolls aback the turbid stream of earth-dimmed River ; so flee into the darkness the last lingering ripples of those mundane melodies before a grander harmony wafted on Seraph wing far from the embowered Land of Dreams.



The Music is softer now.

Only the fragrance of the harmony remains ;



and the Vision of that LAND INTANGIBLE  
is changing.

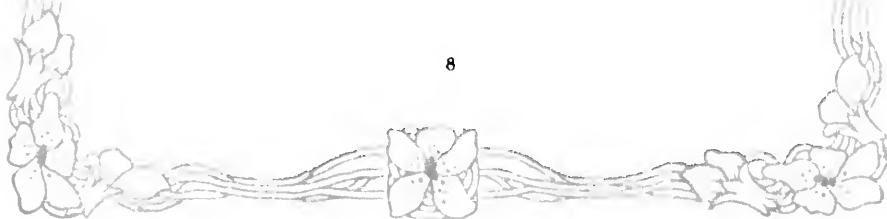
Palms, and luxurious, far-branched trees  
give grateful shade ; and, on the sheen of the  
golden Tropic air, the simmering Music palpi-  
tates, like lazy insect voices all atune.

Slowly, and as of deliberate mind, a wraith  
of faintly-flaming vapor, in height the stature  
of a Man, forms and takes feature.

Who, on whose heart has burned that Holy  
Vision of ideal, pure Humanity,—those tender,  
pitying eyes in wondrous contrast to their fear-  
less depths, matchless in Love ; in Courage, as  
a God ; that form erect, yet quick to lift the  
fallen ; the flowing robe and sandalled, dusty  
feet ; who would not know and long to clasp  
the hand of Him whose touch was healing, and  
whose lips breathed Blessings ?

Oh, Thou who hadst not where to lay thine head ; and yet whose willing shoulders bore the Sorrow of a World ; how often would I in my weakness, and when my soul turns empty from unsatisfying Earth, draining the cup of pleasure to its very dregs, and, thirsty, lets it fall ; when, in my utter weariness, I long for sleep, yea, seek to hide me in the deeps of chilly Silence ; look down in pity on me, and Thine arms around me throw, and lay my throbbing heart close to Thy soothing breast !

O Vanity of Vanities ! How have I striven to quench that burning thirst with ashes ; to stay my Hunger with the husks of Life.



## IV.

*“Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south;  
blow upon my garden, that the spices there-  
of may flow out. Let my Beloved come into  
his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.”*



THE Master signs to follow.

The shadow on the Dial has gone backward; back to the Garden of God, the Paradise for Man; back to that bud of perfect joy and happiness and beauty yet to burst forth in full fruition as a World Restored; when He shall come to claim and rule His ransomed own, and reign. Here stops the Dial's shadow.

What, tears in Eden?

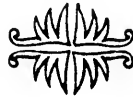
Alas, my Fair One, hast thou touched that  
fruit?

Nay, shrink not from me weeping. Come,  
mine own ;—  
And had I told thee better, had I sat  
And given thee word for word the Holy  
Law,  
Nay, had I shown thee. What, and thou  
hast sinned,  
And thou must die, must part from me,  
must die ?  
My heart, my love, my breath of life, my  
light ;  
And I must wander here alone.  
Ah, give it me ; for without thee, my sun,  
This Paradise were blackest, darkest night.  
Now strike ! thou Thunderbolt of God's  
just Wrath ;  
Yea, in thy Pity, strike ; and spare not !



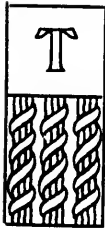
The Master's eyes are moist with tears.

Ah, sin-sick, dying World ; long must thou  
toil and weep, and weary wait for thy Redemp-  
tion. Taste of its bitterness, learn well the  
curse, that when the glorious Day of Ransom  
dawns, thou wilt know, and fear, and walk  
aright and Live.



## V.

*" But thou Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou  
be little among the thousands of Judah,  
yet out of thee shall He come forth unto  
me that is to be Ruler in Israel."*



THE Vision fades ; and now behold the  
moon-lit night amid the Hills of  
Beth-lehem.

Loftier strains of music fill the sky :

" Fear not :

For behold I bring you Good Tidings of  
great joy,

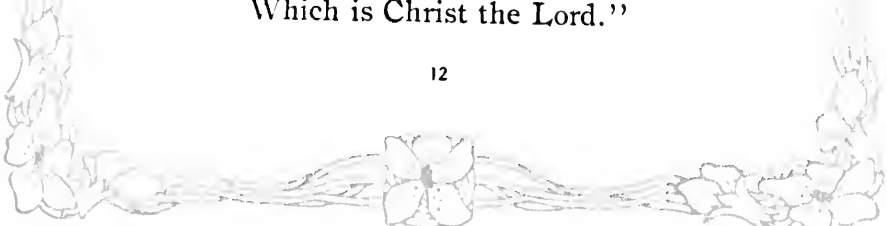
Which shall be to all People.

For unto you is born this day

In the City of David,

A Saviour,

Which is Christ the Lord."



And now the Heavens resound with Angel  
melody :

“ Glory to God in the Highest,  
And on Earth Peace,  
Good will toward Men.”

And from adown the echoing Ages, the  
Voice from out the wilderness gives new vibra-  
tion to Creation’s trembling Hope :

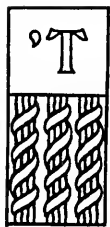
“ And the rough places shall be made  
smooth  
And all Flesh shall see the Salvation  
of God.”

The humble Shepherds kneel, and wonder,  
and adore,  
O helpless Babe : O Saviour of the World !

Kings of the East bring gold, myrrh, frank-  
incense ; first to do homage ; wise, from afar,  
to see prophetic, when all shall lay their riches  
at His Feet.

## VI.

*"Then will the Lord be jealous for His Land,  
and pity His People. Yea, the Lord will  
answer and say unto His People, Behold,  
I will send you corn, and wine, and oil,  
and ye shall be satisfied therewith."*



IS Cana now.

From yonder Cottage joyous wed-  
ding song is heard ; and, for those  
days of days, Grim Poverty is driven  
far afield, and toil and sorrow needs depart.

Spare not the while strange plenty reigns,  
nor let the cup remain unbrimmed. Full rare  
the Feast, that Want should mar its happiness ;  
that clouds across the sky should throw their  
shadow.

Now, down the stony hill against the evening sun, a little company approaches ; the Master of Nazareth and His disciples come. The Bridegroom gives his invited Guests an honored welcome ; the merry song, the blithesome dance continue.

O happiness, so pure and undefiled, with Christ at the assembly.

So, with the Wedding Feast begins His Ministry on Earth ; and with His Wedding Feast, the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, will He rejoice who cometh in His Kingdom.

The whisper tells the Blessed Mary, "the wine has failed."

Where is there one who always at that Village home was ever in unselfish readiness to render aid ? What Lad so oft received the "Bless thee" of the widow and the aged ; or

gave His vigorous manhood strength to share  
some heavy load? To whom for counsel had  
the Mother heart so often turned?

“ My Son, they have no wine.”

Ah, plenty now ; for the Master provides  
from His bounty.

## VII.

*"I am the Light of the World."*



THE scene is changed.

Up from the priestly Jericho a great procession wends its morning westward way.

Around the Master throng the Crowds.

The Shadow of a Cross already dims the Sky, as His face is turned toward Jerusalem.

But the eye of the Healer sees not the Sorrow of Himself, for His People suffer.

Louder than all the clamor of the multitude, an eager voice is heard ; again, and with the vehemence of near despair :

“ Jesus, Thou Son of David, have  
Mercy on me.”

And they call the Blind Man, saying unto  
him : “ Be of good comfort ; rise, He calleth  
thee.”

“ What wilt thou ?”

“ Lord, that I might receive my Sight.”

“ Thy Faith hath made thee whole.”

And he received his Sight, and followed Jesus  
in the Way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still yet the Hills of Palestine ; but now  
adown the slopes of Olivet in long procession  
comes a shouting Throng.

Palm branches wave, and high Hosannas  
fill the echoing sky.



Jerusalem, awake !

“ Hosanna !

Blessed is He that cometh in the Name  
of the Lord.

Blessed is the Kingdom that Cometh,  
The Kingdom of our father David ;

Hosanna in the highest !”

And yet, Behold a King rejected ! He  
came to His Own, and His Own received Him  
not.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst  
known in this thy Day,

Even Thou,

The things which belong unto thy Peace !

But now they are hid from thine eyes.

## VIII.



HE King, and He a prisoner in Pilate's hands.

And the soldiers platted a Crown of Thorns, and put it on His Head, and they put on Him a purple robe, and said, " Hail, King of the Jews !" and they smote Him with their hands.

Yet hear the Verdict :

" Behold I bring Him forth unto you, that ye may know that I find no Fault in Him."

Then came Jesus forth wearing the Crown of Thorns, and the purple robe.

And Pilate said unto them, " Behold the Man !"

Truly a Man, and yet the Son of God, who came to die the Death in Adam's stead ; that he who sinned might sleep, not die ; that he, and all his Race who sinned in him, might wake to Life in the Glad Morning of the Kingdom, ransomed from Death by Him who paid the penalty of death.

Cast off your chains, ye Prisoners of Hope, and Gates of Hell, ope wide ; Sorrow, roll back, and clouds of trouble, break ; the Sun of Righteousness will yet arise with Healing in His wings. The Day-star glimmers, and the Dawn awakes.

Behold the Man ; whose gaze as steady meets the flashing Hate of Caiphas, as looks the eagle at the sun.

No call for Mercy underneath that scourge ;  
no answering word to all those cruel taunts.

Fearless, while Pilate trembles ; silent,  
amid His accusing enemies ; the Hand that  
wields ten Angel Legions will not smite, nay,  
will not fend the soldier blow.

Calm, and yet every tendon suffering ; from  
all the degradation of the insulting Mob He  
will not shrink, drinking the Bitter Cup to its  
dregs.

Behold indeed the Man !

“ Art Thou a King ? ”

“ I AM.”

## IX.



O Music now.

In the great Noonday Darkness,  
groping men hold back their breath  
in terror.

A Woman sobs.

From near-by Black Golgotha comes a  
mocking laugh.

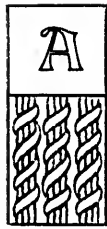
“Thou that Savest others . . . . .”

“Father, Forgive them . . . . .”

“Lord, Remember ME . . . . . Thy  
Kingdom.”

“It is Finished !”

## X.



AND now, adown the Ages, swiftly moves the Dial shadow ; past Palaces of Cæsars, the Huns and Vandals, the flaxen Northmen and dark Saracen, armies in strife, and children dancing in the Market-place ; past teeming Cities, and forests falling underneath the axe ; the Commune's Blood, the Congresses of Peace ; while here and there the Angel stoops and from the Weary World calls out and gathers to Himself those whom He wills.

On, quickly moves the black dial, and History fast writes its final page of Anarchy and Madness.

“ The sun is darkened,  
and the moon is turned into blood.”

## XI.

*"They shall obtain Joy and Gladness, and  
Sorrow and Sighing shall flee away."*



THE Morning ! The Morning !

Darkness is over, and the clear Sun  
shines.

The World Restored, the thistle and  
the briar gone, the desert blossoms as a rose.

Awake now from your sleep, ye Ransomed  
Race ; the Heathen and the Utmost Earth are  
His inheritance.

Give forth the Dead, ye Graves ; and Seas,  
yield up your prey. And ye who were His  
willing servants, who trusted in Him, clothed  
in His Righteousness ; Arise, your Bridegroom  
comes !

Far and wide expands the picture of lost  
Paradise Restored.

Sin is o'ercome.

The Angels sheath the swords of "Selfish-  
ness" and "Discontent," that erstwhile barred  
the Gate of Eden.

Therefore the Ransomed of the Lord shall  
return,  
And come with singing into Zion ;  
And everlasting joy shall be upon their  
head.

The toiling and the striving of the Weary  
World is past.

Rest comes at length.

A new meaning writes itself into those  
words from Sinai :

" Six days shalt Thou labor,  
But the seventh day  
Is the Sabbath of the Lord."



And the look of Sorrow fades from the  
Master's Brow ; His features are transfigured  
'neath the irradiance of the Crown.

It is the smile of Him who cometh Home  
rejoicing, bringing His sheaves with Him ; it  
is the triumph of Him who in Love hath  
overcome.

He hath passed through the deep waters  
of Affliction alone ; He hath made the depths  
of the Sea a way for the Ransomed to pass over.

And now, behold His Chosen Ones, His  
brethren ; they who, with lighter affliction  
have followed in His footsteps.

Behold them Kings and Priests, to reign  
with Him, His Saints to judge the Earth in  
Righteousness.

## XII.

*" I sleep, but my Heart waketh ; it is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying, open to me, my sister. my Love, my Dove, my undefiled ; for my heud is filled with dew, and my locks with the Drops of the Night."*



THE radiant glory that suffused the Shumberer's face like sunset gold is passing now ; and, as the Master, standing there, looks, oh, so tenderly, upon His sleeping child, she seems to hear that loving Invitation :

“ And I will give you Rest ;”

and an answering smile lights up her trembling lips, and in the fading glow she murmurs :

“ Our Father, . . . .

Thy will . . . . on Earth, . . .

Thine . . .

Kingdom . . Glory,

ever,

AMEN !”



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