

POEMS.

BY

Rev. H. H. PITTMAN



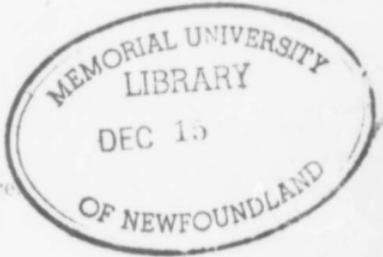
from
the
library of
Francis Gordon Weir

rel 12/2/65

Nfld.
PS
8531
I 91
A 17
1909

CONTENTS:

The All-Father.
The Voice of The Bell.
The Unmerciful Servant.
The Call of Spring.
The Miracle
Sleep.
Collect For Canada's Thanksgiving.
In Commemoration.
Father Damien.
Sunset on the Catskills.
The Wandering Jew.
Tantramar.
Canada.
Lux Fiat.
My Stranger-Friend.
Gettysburg.
These Three.
The Master.
Helen.
The Type.
Four Things There Are
If Heart of Thine.
Repentance.
Profession.
Whatsoever.
At Eventide.
The Herald.
The Christmas Bells.
Hymn For Empire Day.
In Loving Memory.
Hoy Como Ayer.



POST & GAZETTE
ELIZABETHTOWN, NEW YORK
1909



THE ALL-FATHER.

The thought of God oft-times perplexes me,
 As who or what he is—or whence He came?
 How, nowhere dwells He, 'neath the canopy,
 While heaven and earth, alike, declare His Name?

In all and over all doth He abide,
 Creation with His living breath is rife:
 I feel Him, hear Him, see Him, tho' He hide—
 I, in Him, know my being and my life.

And, all about me, God seems ever near:
 His thrilling touch brings everything to birth;
 I need not climb to heaven to seek Him there,
 Behold, He walks beside me, on the earth!

The tender green of spring-time marks His tread;
 Unseen He stirs in leaf and blade of grass;
 The flowers welcome Him with reverent head,
 And breathe their incense round Him ere He pass.

No little bird, at morn, in downy nest,
 But knows his coming in the rustling wood,
 And wakes to carol forth, with swelling breast,
 A song of gratitude for life so good.

No prattling rivulet, thro' mossy dell,
 But feels His hidden influence in its spring,
 And, eager growing, hastens on to swell
 The cataract's glad pæan, thundering.

His hand is on the lily and the rose;
On all the golden yield of earth's full heart;
And every painted leaf of autumn shows
The stamp of His inimitable Art.

And so, thro' all the year, He patient waits
The lowliest creature of His hand to bless,
For man and brute holds wide His bounteous gates,
And fills all living things with plenteousness. —

But nearer, nearer still, with God I meet —
His very heart-pulse into mine is wrought;
His silent voice I hear, so close His seat —
More close than speech or throbbing brain or thought.

Yet, oft, the thought of God perplexes me
As who or what He is—or whence He came?
How nowhere dwells He 'neath the canopy,
While heaven and earth, alike, declare His Name? —

And, thus perplexed, proud Reason finds no cure,
The more she seeks more wonderful God seems,
As when the diamond, dull in ray obscure,
Held to the light, with radiant mystery gleams.

As helpless as my little child I feel,
Who now begins to question why she prays,
And turns to ask again, when told to kneel,
If I am quite sure God hears what she says.

"Quite sure," I tell her, tho' I know not whence
Nor why He is—God is, I only know!—
She calls me "Father," knowing not by sense;
In such-wise know I God, and child-like bow.

Faith in her simple heart, but faith in mine—
Her every pain and sorrow me she brings;
And, as the tendril to the parent vine;
With arms about my neck she closer clings.

Ah, how I love to have her trust me so,
And ready haste the childish grief to share—
However busy, other things let go,
Than she should think, "My father does not care!"

Dearer than self is she, and ever safe
While I am wise to plan and strong to keep;
Her wayward will unwillingly I chafe—
Love but corrects, the better part to seek —

And shall not God, all-wisdom and all-power,
The living source of Love, the fount of good,
Who careth for the sparrow and the flower,
Embrace me in His tender Fatherhood?

And shall not God, whom I have learned to trust,
His shadow cast about me on Life's wild,
Nor leave me fainting, lying in the dust,
Less kind than earthly parent to his child?

Shall he not, if He give the bitter cup,
Some sweetness add, the medicine to hide,
That I may never fear to drink it up,
And taste the blessing, tho' it seem denied?—

Such is my trust, —The Spring of life is Love—
Yet dimly seen, yet faintly understood:
In vain to search Him out, in vain to prove—
Love at the fount, I hope the final good!—

So, when perplexed, I lift my heart in prayer,
And "Abba," Father, reverently I cry:—
By faith I cast upon Him all my care,
Nor question who nor what, nor whence, nor why.



THE VOICE OF THE BELL.

Now raise the Bell to the silent spire;
Up, up, to its waiting home:
Begotten of dust but with soul of fire,
It seems to throb with a fond desire—
To bid the people "Come"—
Then, up with the Bell to its airy bower;
And heed as it consecrates the hour:—
Ding, Dong—Ding, Dong—

"Unto you, O men, I call;
I call to the sons of Man—
For my voice is the tongue of all—
This life is only a span:
Ding, Dong—Ding, Dong—
This life is only a span."

Hung, safe and sound, 'twixt the earth and sky,
We offer a thankful prayer:
And we dedicate to all things high—
In service to God—as years roll by,
Those lips which speak in air;
Or trembling, cease, that the heart may know
The silence to which its pulsings flow.
Ding...Dong....Dong....

The Day of God—blessed Day of Days—
Comes round with its sweet repose:
Again, the Bell in the belfry sways,
To summon us all to prayer and praise.—
What mercies He bestows!
And the "House of God," though sad our night,
Seems the "Gate of Heaven"—and all is right.
Ding, Dong—Ding, Dong—

But, Hark; how merrily rings the Bell!

Stand open the Church doors wide,
Greet we, made one for ever to dwell—
God grant their love all evil dispel—

The Bridegroom and the Bride:

“For better for worse”—Fond hearts be leal!—
“Till death us do part;” Hear the glad Bell peal—
Ding, Dong, Ding—Ding, Dong, Ding. .

Once more, the Bell—now with solemn tone,

It falls on our list’ning ear;

The spirit we love has homeward flown,
While breaks some heart all-weary and lone—

O heavy burden to bear:—

Yet, still the voice from the steeple cries,
“The body to dust—The soul to the skies!”

Ding..... Dong... ..

Ring on, O Bell, through the coming years,

Your message of Hope and Love;

And tell out, in joy or blinding tears,

In storm or calm—in doubts or fears,

How God still reigns above—

How death in life, though the day be done,

Is unending life—in Him begun.

Ding, Dong—Ding, Dong—

“Unto you, O men, I call;

I call to the sons of Man—

For my voice is the tongue of all—

This life is only a span:

Ding, Dong—Ding, Dong—

This life is only a span.”

THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT.

I saw the King in splendour on his throne—
For he would take account there of his own—
And nigh him courtier and page give heed
To his commands, fulfilled in ready deed:

The books were opened; and his servants great—
Princes and captains, rulers in the State—
Each, duly summoned, reverent homage paid,
And stood before his sovereign unafraid:
Glad was the king, and gracious as he spake—
"Well done; thou hast been faithful for my sake!"

But one was brought and set before the throne,
Who unto dumb indifference seemed grown—
Changed the king's countenance, and changed the scene,
As when a cloud un-looked-for floats between
The sun and earth, and sudden shadow lies
Across the joyous land, mute with surprise—
"Ten thousand talents owed he," and had brought
No tithe of revenue—Lo, he had nought!—
Careful for self, so careless of his trust,
Poor fool of pleasure, vanity and lust;
All, all he squandered, seized the present day,
Lived while he lived, till "he had not to pay."
Then did the king command in accents sad,
To "sell him, wife and children—all he had."

As when the oak is bent before the blast,
As rain descendeth when the crash is past,
So bent that faithless servant's stubborn will,
And all the fountains of his being, still
So long, were broken up; till falling low,
O'erwhelmed with grievous burthen of his woe,

Servile in mien, prone to the very dust,
While tears and sobbing owned his sentence just,
He begged forgiveness, writhing in his thrall;
"Have patience, lord, and I will pay thee all!" --
Vain such a plea; now all too late, he knew --
Too vast the debt. But misery will sue
While mercy tempers justice, and the mind
Is servant to the heart

Thus wondrous kind,
Moved with compassion, yea with lashes wet,
The king him loosed, forgave him all that debt:
Love triumphed, God-like, free from all alloy;
And once again the scene was changed to joy.

So, in his beauty, I beheld the king --
In majesty of Love; where late-wondering,
But majesty of Power: and silence tense,
That could be felt, lent its sweet recompense:
Yet, in that pause, no word of thanks I heard
From lips so eager, when petition stirred:
Too dull, perchance, my ear; so full my heart,
For I was glad that he who bore his part,
By right, to bind or sell, might, if so seem
Occasion fit, by grace, loose or redeem. . . .
A blast of trumpets; and the answering shout,
"Long live the king!"

. Then followed I without
The wondering throng: when, lo! -- it could not be --
The self-same servant, whom the king set free,
Tearing his fellow's throat, like maddened brute,
And crying, -- "Pay me!" -- "Pay me!" -- threatening suit
For paltry debt of "hundred pence;" while loud
The stranger prayed forbearance, suppliant-bowed, --

"Have patience with me, I will pay thee all!"
'Twas he; loosed from his debt—not from his thrall
Alas!—Unmindful of the sum forgiven,
He baled his pleading brother swift to prison.
Then went his fellow-servants with accord,
And told it all with sorrow to their lord.

Again I saw the king upon his throne.
And nigh that servant he had mercy shown;
To whom he spake, 'mid silence like a pall,—
"Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all
"That debt, for thou desiredst it of me;
"Should'st thou not also, even as I on thee,
"Have had compassion on thy fellow?—Yea,
"The more, since thou thy debt could'st never pay?—
"His as a drop, thine like the ocean wide:
"Mercy to thee—him respite was denied?—
"Ask me no more; in vain, in vain to sue;
"As thou didst unto him—so take thy due!"
Then did the king in wrath, his jailers call,
And sentence gave:— "Till he shall pay me all!"

.....
"Ten thousand talents, Lord, and mine offence!—
"So do, if I demand the hundred pence!"

THE CALL OF SPRING.

Once more the Spring—
The smile of God to bless—
And smiling everything,
At touch of gentleness
And soft caress.

Now breaks the rod
Of Winter's rigid reign:
The snow-bound, frozen sod,
Freed from the numbing chain,
Revives again.

A down the hill,
And through the sodden field,
With rippling laugh and trill,
The rivulets, long sealed,
Their glad songs yield.

The rivers hear,
Tucked 'neath their icy shroud,
The welcome notes of cheer,
And rouse with rumblings loud
The forests bowed.

Now at the root,
The sap begins to well,
Till heart, and branch, and shoot
Are tingling with the spell;
And brown buds swell.

A woodland cry
Across the expectant hour—
Hail, to the flute reply!
'Tis Spring:—I wait the dower
Of leaf and flower—

Once more the Spring—
The smile of God to bless—
And blessing everything—
The aspiring soul, not less,
With Hopefulness.

THE MIRACLE.

The miracle is wrought,
Since first the quickening call of Spring
Awoke the frozen North!
Straight went her heralds forth
To haste with ceaseless minist'ring
The gracious change she sought.

What strange, mysterious sign
Hath she, wherewith to send her own?
What wondrous power, so still,
Their mission to fulfil?
Upon her immemorial throne
She reigns by right divine!

And loyal subjects wed
To primal law, in heaven and earth,
Though blindly thus they spend,
Unerringly portend
A new creation at the birth—
Life rising from the dead.

There, at the eaves, I've seen
Them kindle the prismatic fire
At every crystal tip
And marked the thaw and drip;
The spectral world stir with desire,
Slow pulse to living green.

Predicting as they went,
I've heard brave hosts with rushing wings,
Like arrows in their flight,
Pierce through the sullen night,
And knew all harsh, oppressive things
With Winter's rout were spent

Low tunings, in mine ear,
From 'neath the snow, at sunset hour,
When softer clouds looked peace,
Foretold the earth's release—
Fulfilled in equal sun and shower,
And fitful skies blown clear.

The buds begin to ope,
And life revives o'er hill and lea—
The miracle is wrought,
Beyond all human thought!
New-comers sing from tree to tree,
And in my soul sings Hope. . . .

Behold, on airy wing,
Where now she comes in verdure clad—
Her breasts with garlands bound,
Her brows with blossoms crowned,
Her lips with songs of promise glad—
Sure-auguring, welcome Spring.

Companion of them all—
The earth, the bird, the bud, the flower,
And crown of this vast whole;
Speaks thus alone the soul
But to deceive? . . . I trust the Power
Obedient to the call!

SLEEP.

How sweet to sleep, when the day's task is o'er,
 When nature bars the golden gates of light,
 And all the world, lulled with the breath of night,
Lies hushed to dreams! By some Lethean shore
Man sinks to rest, nor asks one blessing more:
 His freighted bark of memory, in sight
 Of port, furls all her storm-torn sails, and bright,
Loved faces greet him, as in days of yore.

But sweeter far their ballow'd sleep, on whom
 Life's sun has set, who bravely strove to keep
 The single path of Right; and through the gloom
And shine dispersed rich seeds of love to reap
 A full, ripe sheaf, beyond the empty tomb:—
 How blest their visions: O how sweet to sleep!

COLLECT FOR CANADA'S THANKSGIVING.

Creation's Lord, to all Thy creatures good;
 Of gifts, the Giver; from whose liberal hand
 Shower countless blessings on this wide-spread land
To garner ample stores, and daily food:
Whose potent arm doth keep from sword and flood
 A patriot people, stronger grown, to stand
 Where others falter—at Thy just command—
To Thee, low-bowed, this grateful nationhood.

Father of mercies, guide our feet aright;
 Save us from faction, low-pursuit, offence;
 From every blot which stains a nation's page:
Bestow a fuller sense that not our might,
 But Thou, and Thine all-ruling providence,
 Hast gotten us this glorious heritage.

IN COMMEMORATION.

BISHOP DOANE'S SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

This, on his Birthday, since we count him dear
As Bishop, honored near and far, and great
Within the councils of the Church—or State—
And wise what time the Ship is hard to steer;
Who, with the faith and vision of a seer,
Looked forth beyond the present, resting late
And early rising, lest the business wait,
Which "for His sake" now crowns the ripened year:

Yet, still more dear, in that he foreign lives
To nothing which concerns his fellow-man,
And for the common good conspires and yearns:
In sorrow, helpful sympathy he gives;
In shame as only friend and brother can—
God grant him daily strength and glad returns!

FATHER DAMIEN.

Heroic priest, whose life revealed his creed:
He loved the souls of men. The Master's call
He heard and straightway followed, leaving all
To minister unto the lepers' need.—
Immortal memory shall prize this deed,
So selfless pure, that e'en the certain thrall
Of living death could not his soul appall,
Who went the sick, imprisoned sheep to feed.
His was the perfect love that casts out fear;
Which, Christ-like, takes the heavy cross and goes
A willing sacrifice to Calvary;
And his the sure reward,—all day, to hear
The approving word, "well-done;" and at its close,
The "Inasmuch:" "Ye did it unto Me."

SUNSET ON THE CATSKILLS.

The sun goes down beyond the distant height,
Dim where the wreaths of floating vapor lie:
Still holds the wintry heaven its summer dye
To richly robe the last, faint gleam of light.
Now carmine tints with saffron hues unite,
And dusky clouds upon the purpling sky,
Like stately argosies, go sailing by
And slowly vanish on the rim of night.

In bold relief the Catskill summits rise,
Blue in the clear, crisp air they higher seem;
And as the gloaming on my charmed sight dies,
Distinctly etched about the waning gleam,
Full-length the "Old Man of the Mountains" lies,
Dreaming, with face upturned, his age-long dream.

THE WANDERING JEW.

"Salathiel, tarry thou, until I come!"—
So Christ pronounced His persecutor's doom;
And from that hour, robbed of the restful tomb,
The earth-immortal Jew ne'er ceased to roam
An exile from the common kin, like some
Avoided Cain, the vagabond, on whom
God likewise set a mark, but pledged him room—
City and desert, mountain and plain his home.

"Tarry, thou, until I come, Salathiel!"—
What, if Messiah long-foretold so spake,
The promised king stand waiting at the door?—
Weary of pining; rise O Israel!
Unbar thine heart, and meek obeisance make:
Thy consolation find for evermore!

TANTRAMAR.

Here, from this sun-drenched slope, my vantage ground,
Out-roll the meadow-lands of Tantramar:
Level they stretch, mile upon mile, afar,
Dim in the distance, by the sky-line bound:
Only the sinuous river-bed, where wound
The turbid tides, late-spect, twines its red scar
About the sunset's mellow glow to mar
This emerald scene, with brooding harvest crowned.

Borne on the vibrant air a murmur, low
And ominous steals with sure augury
To warn the invading night-flood imminent:
Onward it comes with head-long rush and flow
Through these old, storied fields of Acadie,
By dykes sure-walled, and drowsy with content.

CANADA.

Who, conscious of their country's swelling needs,
In idle dalliance waste the noon-tide prime,
Or mindful of their sire's heroic deeds
Ne'er forward press to reach those heights sublime:
Not such for Canada, our land, we ask,
But stout, brave hearts of oak would inly pray,
To guard our homes, the subtle foe unmask,
Bring peace and plenty round our onward way.

Rouse ye then, brothers, for a noble name,
Deep-root the right, eradicate the wrong:
Rouse Saxon, Norman, Celt, or whence ye came,
To each and all what patriot ties belong!
Or high or low, or rich or poor, the same—
For Canada, Home, Fatherland, be strong!

LUX FIAT.

Silence profound, and unawakened night;
Nor vigil star, nor moon; but darkness all
Beshrouds the slumberous deep, like some rude pall
Thrown on the clod, when takes the spirit flight:
Yet are the hush and gloom, which steep the height,
And length, and breadth of chaos, held in thrall
By the Eternal Power, pleased to forestall
His will,—bid death be life, and darkness light.

He spake; and through the farthest fields of space
The mighty fiat rang, and back returned
With thunderous echo, heard and understood:
So did the Lord of light the gloom efface:
Then, from His throne, for future acts concerned,
Surveyed His work, and "saw that it was good."

MY STRANGER-FRIEND. ✓

Strangers, we met, both in an alien land;
Nor either questioned pedigree or brand

Sprang he from kings? Of that he made no boast;
Sprang he from serfs? He neither cared to post.

Loved he his native land? He loved alone;
Loved he his home and kin? They were his own.

Unmatched our sympathies; our aims as clear;
Aspiring both, each held the prize as dear.

One bond had we, but one, our hearts to twine—
He truly loved his God; his God was mine.

So friendship steady grew more trustful, strong;
Each day its duty brought, each night its song.

Awhile, life's currents mixed, and sped us on;
Then swerved the tide abrupt—lo, he was gone!—
We parted friends. I only knew him true;
He could not that conceal—no more I knew!

GETTYSBURG.

Year after year, Rebellion made
 'Twixt North and South a mighty flood,
Until the crimson tide was stayed,
 At Gettysburg, the field of blood.

At Gettysburg: but what a price
 To reap atonement then was paid,—
A holocaust in sacrifice
 On Freedom's holy altar laid.

For brother fought with brother there,
 Four-thousand score on either side:
The nation's fate hung in mid-air;
 Maintain the Union—or divide?—

As when fierce waves confront the rock
 They backward fall in broken spray,
So in that awful battle-shock
 Charged and dissolved the blue and grey.

Three days of carnage, rout on rout,
 Withstood the brave, devoted host;
And never such a bloody bout,
 So nearly won—so nearly lost.

Aloft was Glory, in whose name
 Confederate and Federal
Were crowned with never-dying fame,
 Or wrapped about with fade-less pall.

But far above, upon His throne,
Was God, the Lord of victory,
Who, ever mindful of His own,
Crowned both with glorious Liberty.—

O field of blood, O sacred field,
Thy seed, once sown in death and strife,
Has blossomed now in peace to yield
The ripe fruit of the nation's life.

THESE THREE.

Faith is the light of heaven within the soul;
No night can quench it, and no cloud obscure:
The heathen knows his god, and seeks his goal,
And Man, himself, the witness shall endure.

Hope is the solitary star, at set of sun,
That clearer shines from out the deep'ning gloom;
The ever-bright'ning ray, when life is run,
That lights the gathering darkness of the tomb.

Love is the perfume of earth's choicest flower,
Distilled in human hearts: but from above
The gentle dew, the sun-warmth, and the shower—
For Love is heaven, and likest God is Love.

THE MASTER.

As feels the organ's soul, at master's will,
The trumpet's full-toned, stirring strain,
And passionate grows; or with equal skill
Is soothed to tenderness again:

So, master of the classic, oaten reed,
Thy skilful strains me deeply move;
Now to some ardent, high born, patriot deed,
And now, to gentle thoughts of love.

HELEN.

Tiny bud of womanhood,
Lightly swayed by airy mood,
Alike by sun and shadow wooed:

In her ringlets' careless grace
Hint of deep'nirg shade we trace,
The while a sunbeam lights her face.

In her eyes the sky's clear blue,
Flecked with touch of softer hue,
And rays of love anon shot through.

On her cheek the lily blows,
Vying with the red, red rose,
As oft the sweet blush comes and goes.

Ruby lips where kisses steal,
Parting, pearl-white teeth reveal,
As petals pink cream-buds unseal.

Tinkling music in her tongue,
When by sprite of laughter strung,
Like to silvery bells low-rung.—

In her heart nor guile nor stain:
Darling mine, long so remain:—
Life's joy be yours, be mine its pain!

THE TYPE.

An iron will, forged to maintain the Right,
And yielding nought though blow descend on blow;
Impliable, tried in the furnace white,
Shaped to one mould, none other mould to know.

His home his kingdom, king and subject he;
Bread-winner, staff, whatever ills impend;
Warm-hearted, faithful, planning most to see
Love there the sceptre unto all extend.

Sacred his country's weal, keen-felt her smart;
Ready to arm what time the bugle call;
For freedom bleed though from the sod there start
No seeds of conquest; choosing death to thrall.

Great faith in God; faith in his fellow-man;
Faith, too, in final good though ill delay;
Aspiring Truth, and where obscure the plan,
Content with light of star; awaiting Day.

FOUR THINGS THERE ARE. ✓

Four things there are that come not back,—
The arrow sped, the spoken word,
The opportunity deferred,
And life along the travelled track.

The arrow from the quivering bow
On to its destined target speeds,
To find a goal among the weeds
Or in some king'y heart laid low.

A word once from the lips set free
Has power to blast the fairest fame,
And leave a synonym for shame,
To all the coming years to be.

The opportunity at gate,
Unheeded shall the future mock;
Shy Fortune comes but once to knock,
And time and tide for no man wait.

And life, the measure of our days,
Is filled for serious enterprise;
A day let slip for ever dies;
One moment lost is lost always.

IF HEART OF THINE.

If heart of thine be heavy
With grief of care or pain,
Who patient waits beneath the cloud
Shall see the sun again.

If heart of thine be weary
To follow in its strength,
Who steadfast answers duty's call
Shall reach the goal at length.

If heart of thine be faithless
So darkly seen life's plan,
Who calm considers all the way
Shall clearer meaning scan.

Then, anxious heart, be silent;
Bear thou with time and place!
God still as a refiner sits,
Till He behold His face.

REPENTANCE.

Oft-times, had he been visited,
Tho' sick, despised, and poor;
Yet spurned he, when solicited,
The beggar from his door:—
Christ, standing nigh,
Went by.

His heart, touched sudden, at the core,
forthwith grew strangely sad.
When next the beggar left that door,
His heart as strange grew glad:—
Christ, standing by,
Went nigh.

PROFESSION.

That man, in life's full sun, was wont to say,—
"There is no God!"—I turned and went my way,
To hear from out the cloud, on bended knee,—
"O God, my God, be merciful to me!"

This man, through days and nights of ease, would praise
The goodness of the Lord, and bless His ways:
Quick sympathy I took, beneath the rod,
And found him, in a frenzy, cursing God.

WHATSOEVER.

Whatsoever man sows in his field,
He shall reap in due season; and know,
Whether spirit or flesh be the yield;
Whatsoever man reaps shall he sow!

AT EVENTIDE.

At eventide, when purple light
Kisses to sleep each dreamy height,
A spirit broods above the hills
Whose subtle benediction fills
The twilight hour, ere falls the night:

Blithe song-birds in the grove unite,
Responsive mates hymn love's delight;
 Echoes my heart their tender trills,
 At eventide.

Come, Sweet, ere fades this brief respite,
As dies the gloaming on my sight,
 Whilst every pulse with longing thrills,
 And holy hush the loud world stills,
Come, and my loving heart requite,
 At eventide.

THE HERALD.

When fields lie mute, and frosts are here
To bind the streams, their well of cheer,
The robin, with prophetic lay,
Comes to proclaim returning May.

When, at the fount, the streams that yield
Life's meed of joy, one day, are sealed;
May some glad herald to me bring
Like message of awak'ning Spring!

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Merrily ring the bells,
The welcome Christmas bells,—
Their song Love, Joy, and Peace
Through all the world increase;
Till every heart shall feel
The merry Christmas peal;
Till every voice shall raise
The canticle of praise,
And swell the glad refrain,
Struck by the angel train:—
"Glory to God in heaven;
On earth peace, good will toward men!"

HYMN FOR EMPIRE DAY.

O God of nations, God, the King
With grateful hearts to Thee we sing
For mercies manifold, and pray
Thy blessing on this Empire Day.

Bless, Lord, our sovereign king, and bless
The goodly lands we now possess;
Brought in by Thee, still have us know
The way wherein we ought to go.

Amid the darkness and the doubt,
The strife of tongues, the triumph shout;
Lead Thou, lest we forget, and cry.—
"Our arm hath got the victory!"

From lust of power, and pride of place,
From greed, and blood, and boast of race,
Good Lord, deliver us, and approve
The nation worthy of Thy love.

Strong in Thy strength, and loving peace,
So keep us, Lord, till wars shall cease;
The call to battle but to win
The kingdoms of the world from sin.—

O God of nations, God, the King,
With grateful hearts to Thee we sing,
For mercies manifold, and pray
Thy blessing on this Empire Day.

IN LOVING MEMORY.

No cloud obscured her sky:
She trusted "God is Love;"
And saw with faith-lit eye
The things above.

No worth of holiness
In self, dared she to own:
Christ was her righteousness,
His worth alone.

No accent of complaint
Her sufferings begot;
Enduring, like a saint,
She murmured not.

For her the glad release,
The recompense of pain,
Sweet, never-ending peace,
Her dying gain.

For her the purpose known,
The mystery of grace,
The chastening of His own,
Seen "face to face."

For her the higher sphere
Of service for Her Lord,
Who meekly served Him here,
In deed and word.

For us the grief, the loss,
The loving heart weighed down,
The bearing of the cross—
For her the crown.

.
Grant her among the blest.
O Lord, their robes washed white,
Thine everlasting rest,
Perpetual light!

✓
HOY COMO AYER.

(From the Spanish Baccara.)

To-day as yesterday, to-morrow as to-day,
And always thus, the same:
A leaden sky, horizon without bound;
Indefinite the aim.

Like some mechanical device pulsates the heart,
Beats but to beat again,
The while intelligence seems fast asleep,
In a corner of the brain.

The paradise to which the ambitious soul aspires,
No longer faith begets;
Disquiet without object, like the wave,
Ignoring why it frets.

Within, a voice keeps chanting in the self-same tone
The self-same, dull refrain,
Monotonous as water, falling drop by drop,
Which ceaseless drips again.

So slip and pass away the good-for-nothing days,
One after one they train:
To-day the same as yesterday—and all
With neither joy nor pain.

Ah, sometimes, I recall the suffering of the past—
Would God the alternative!
The cross is heavy; but, full well, I know,
To suffer is to live!