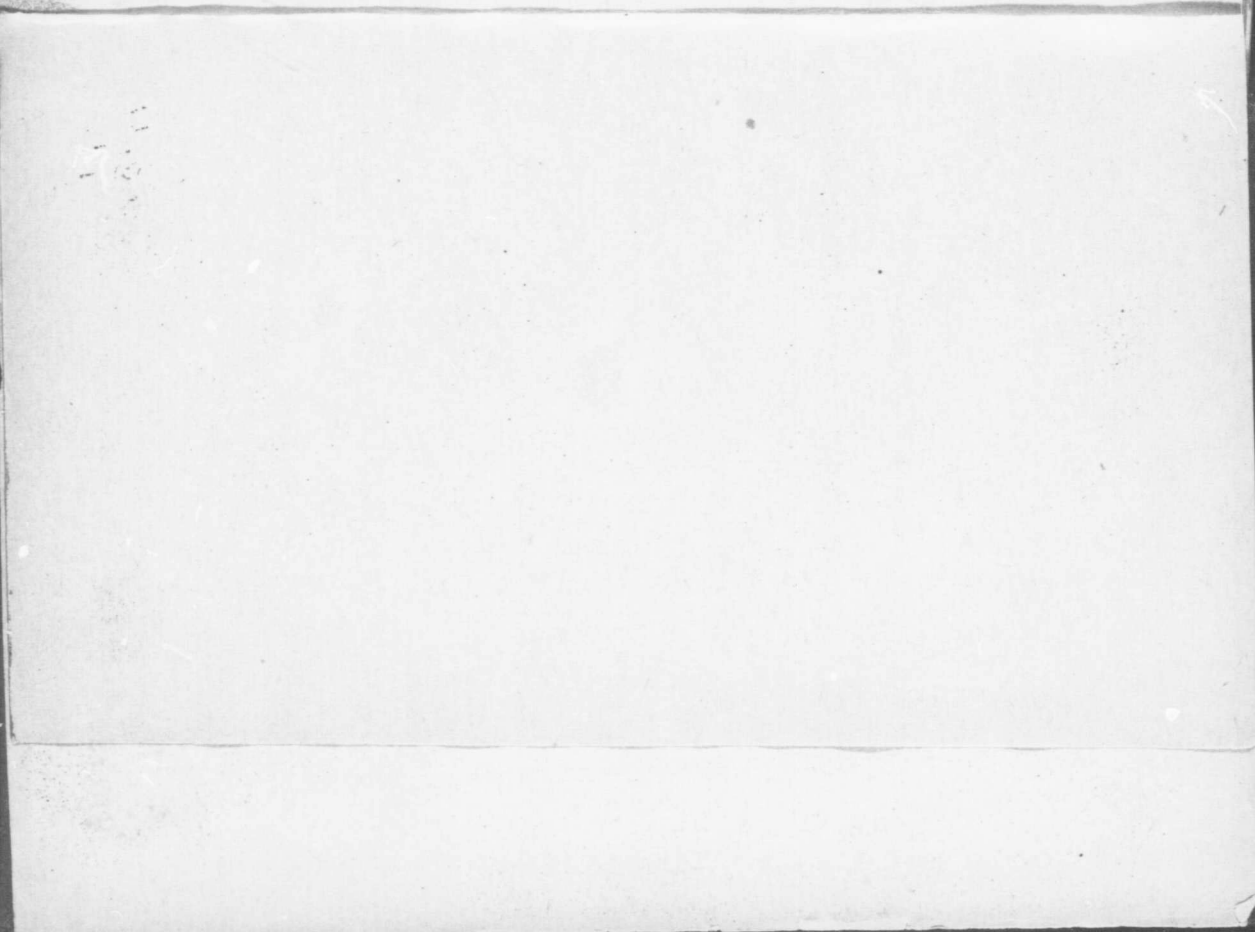


A  
819.1  
-H185 f



671  
H  
ACADIA COLLEGE LIBRARY,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.





A  
819.1  
H185f  
ACADIA COLLEGE LIBRARY,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.



F I N A L .



OFFICE of G. A. HAMMOND..

HAMMONDVILLE, KINGSCLEAR, N. B. CANADA

BANKS OF THE RIVER LAHSTOQ,

MAY 1908 A.D. 5906 A.M.,

Index	Page
The Days to Come,	2
Identified.	3
Never !	5
Dated.	5
The Lord our righteousness.	6
A prayer.	7
Song of Creation* Carol first	8
Life's treasure——where?	12
Faint heart.	18
Dejected.	19
Lord of Life- n Canticle.	20
Final scenes.	21
Occults.	23
Immanuel.	24
The Sequel.	26
The Good Shepherd.	27
Mereies.	29
The Wayfarer.	32
Helping.	33
God our refuge.	36
Hope	36
Science	37

VARIOUS POEMS .

---



*The Days To Come.*

**T**HE days to come—those anxious days,  
Deep from our bosoms hidden,  
To our kind Father they are known,  
And bring what they are bidden.

In His rich treasury of love,  
Such wondrous things are written !  
Exceeding precious promises,  
That lift and heal the smitten.

Alas that in our pressing need,  
Our fears should hide them from us.  
Else we at once would rise and leap  
And fall upon the promise.

So much within our hearts remain,  
Afflicting and dismaying,  
So little of that perfect love,  
Each doubt and fear allaying.

Yet timorous soul, perhaps 'tis well,  
And guards from bold presuming.

**T**he blossom rudely crushed in love,  
Is richer of perfuming. Jan. 1'05

(5) Various Poems.

IDENTIFIED.

**B**EAUTIFUL branching Israel,  
O kingdom of The Stone;  
By mighty realms o'er spacious seas,  
Thy thrift and rule are shown.

Forgetful Wanderer from the East,  
God's Servant deaf and blind:  
Sweep on ! lo, strictly in reserve,  
Gæst acts—and long defined.

The spaces of the earth for thee,  
Thrust on thee by thy God.  
Thou art the trident in His hand.  
His awful maul and rod.

Sweep on, sweep on resistlessly  
Still strike off every chain.  
Fierce tyrants—there they roll in dus  
Hark—Freedom laughs again !

Blest sower of God's glorious Book,  
Sole treasury of light :  
Proud nations kneeling will convoy  
Earth's values in requite [*Psa'* 72. 10

Sweep on sweep on—be blind be deaf,  
Be envied—hated—lone :  
But God who leads thee thro' the night  
Will crown and make thee known.

(4) Various Poems.

N E V E R !

**T**HRONED in the temple of the seven hills  
Lo the foul Octapns the earth enspheres,  
A mouth that spumes of blasphemy distils,  
Smoke from the botomless abyss uprears.  
Those horid tentacles, with grasp that kills,  
Ravish the sweetness of the glowing years;  
Beauty and love and freedom pant and die  
Beneath the glare of that infernal cye.

God's "*Great One*" Israel, Kingdom of the blest  
Shall the foul sorceries of satan yet,  
Which oft have plag'd thee and ensnar'd thy rest,  
All caution lost, incite thee to forget?  
Befog with foul idolatries and lies,  
The noble and the choice ones of thy realm?  
*Never!* Wipe off the glamor from those eyes,  
And see the Demon plotting for the helm!

(5) Various Poems.

D A T E D,

**S**ET in the motions of the Spheres,  
On high the pristine date appears,  
That signal Eve that First of Seven,  
When God created earth and heaven.  
God spoke—they were! a countless cloud,  
With motions multiple endowed,  
Globes ponderous, and each in place,  
Gigantic' girded for the race..  
Each with its locked-in stores complete,  
While silent waters round them meet.  
Wasteness and emptiness the robes  
The trove of the many globes.  
God spoke—they were! From nothing made,  
No fragmentary world to aid,  
No dust—a single germ, not even,  
Of all that furnished earth and heaven.  
God spoke—and Light with golden charms  
Brought the young Morning in its arms  
Commanded—and that blissful light  
Flamed in the heaven and crown'd the night  
O child of dust, kneel. kneel, and bring  
Thy choicest honors to the King  
Fall down, fall down and worship Him,  
The life the light—all else is dim.

[6] Various Poems.

O fool, O scoffer! dare to spurn  
God's Book of Truth! Nay, pause and learn  
Repent submit, or dread the fate  
Of one convinced—but when too late.

*The Lord Our Righteousness.*

**W**Y SAVIOUR—in this name of love  
I lift my hands, and cry,  
Without Thy succour from above,  
I must forever die.

Array me in the robe divine,  
The wedding garment bright.  
Lord, in that righteousness of Thine,  
Exceeding pure and white.

The spotted garment all my own.  
Dear Lord, take this away.  
For in Thy righteousness alone,  
I will exult alway.

Eternal ages as they roll,  
Shall still the theme repeat:  
And Thou the Ransom of my soul,  
Grow dearer and more sweet.

---

[7] Various Poems

*A Prayer.*

**F**ATHER on High, if now Thy holy will,  
On toils of Thy unworthy servant shed  
Thy blessing. For with disappointment stil'  
Those nnregarded labors have been fed.

Obedient to the impress of Thy hand,  
Frugal with opportunity supplied,  
The impulse I have cherished, Thy command  
With pleasant toil. And reverently tried  
To honor the great name of God Most High,  
Whose arm to aid me has been always nigh.

And now, my Father, if thy holy will,  
On works of thy unworthy servant look.  
Graciously smile upon a hope forlorn,  
My lone my weary struggling quest fulfil,  
And on the chilly night impearl the morn.

But as Thou wilt.  
The impulse I have cherished, the command,  
Written within me by an unseen Hand.

---



# A SONG OF CREATION .

Carol First

---

**B**EAUTIFUL is it not,  
That little cloud in the west  
Blushing—its jewels forgot—  
By the love and the life imprest,  
In the sweet last kisses won  
By the silent departing sun,

Just—and only—in time  
In a bath of jewels to float,  
To rest, a phantom sublime,  
In glory rich and remote.

But its glory is changing to gray,  
Fading and slipping away  
Can it be but a sad refrain ?  
Can it wait for another day  
Till the great sun inspire it again ?

Alas, and behold ,  
On the cool winds of midnight borne,  
On spires of the bleak hills torn,  
Is it thus with too many a life  
In this world of stern sorrow and strife.

[9] Various Poems.

The hour of Stars—and they shine  
Not a cloud but a cloud to obscure,  
Not a mist to malign.

The heavens how solemn and pure.  
High glories awake and step out,  
With falchion divine,

Flaming mist signet and sign,  
And slaying each demon of doubt.

The spacious campaign of The King!  
Mark the pathways saavy with light,  
Has He emptied a casket of gems?  
Yes those are the jewels of God,  
Marvels that sit at his feet,  
His throbbing high worlds of might.  
In splendor and order and hue,  
Marvellous—glorious—true.

Witnessing ever anew.

Here saw those Sages of old,  
Star figures that breathed and lived,  
Involved in myth, which controlled  
Strange symbols—with holy refrain.  
Those Twelve Constellations conceal  
A record secure and replete,  
And the passage of aeons beside,  
The times that unceasingly tide.

(10) Various Poems.

Profound upleading delight,  
Supreme and subduing hour.

In this porch of our Maker High  
The Master of might—The KING,  
If the things we behold are such,  
For our eyes and our thoughts too much,  
What must the hidden ones be,  
The marvels we yet shall see,  
While we sit at our Father's feet,  
In the home where the ransome meet.

Afar they burn and how clearly,  
In the absence of the moon.  
For the moon is faded and gone,  
Has passed in dejection away.  
And the astral works of God,  
His hosts as the dust of heaven,  
In the reaches of glory lay.

Refreshing comes the waft  
Of this cool delicious draft.  
After a sultry day.  
The tender whispering breeze,  
As from Eden's garden astray,  
Kissing the sleeping trees,  
And stealing our languor away.

11) Various Poems.

Strong is a kindly word,  
A word approved and desired,  
From the lips of a darling heard,  
From a bosom with love inspired,  
How the soul with delight is stirred,  
In the depth of its nature fired  
With an energy supreme.  
And the moils of life are a dream  
In the lonesome midnight spun,  
Which has past away at the gleam  
Of the risen and living sun,

Sympathy—heavenly—broad,  
Kindness noble and true,  
Noiseless and rich as the dew,  
Outflowing from heart to heart,  
From life to life—ever new,  
Glowing like Aron's rod,  
With fragrant blossoms of love.—  
Are these not treasures in trust?  
Mercies for me and for you.  
Dear gifts of our loving God.

*End of Carol First*

*LIFE'S TREASURE—*

*WHERE ?* (1349.

*Quest Answer One.*

**E**ARTH, blushing and buried in odorous flowers  
Midst golden radiance and princely hours,  
Bearing npon thy beautiful face,  
A holy hope and a heavenly grace,  
A charm resistless a fond delight,  
With little of sadness and nothing of night.  
As I lift up my eyes on the prospect broad,  
Loaded with gifts from the hand of God,  
I ask, didst thou ever, O goodly Earth,  
To a wastless Treasure of Life give birth ?

Then I saw the bloom on the myrtle bowers  
Fade and fall in most gentle hours.  
On petal and frond the sun beamed bright,  
Yet they faded and sank in torpor and blight.  
And beauty bound not her radiant brow  
With a wreath from its sear and withered bough.

Was that murmur the far off moan of a blast ?  
Was that a seowl as the cloud fled past ?  
Was it merely a phantom that seemed to say,  
The glory of time is stealing away.  
The foudest the choicest the stoutest must fade,  
Their treasure of life in thick dust is arrayed.

I saw, and the trees were loaded with fruit,  
The hill-ronsed pipe of the blast] was mate  
But I heard a song from the limpid stream,  
Soothing] and soft in a pleasant dream.  
And its cool meandering wave did stray  
Like a beautiful child on a flowery way,  
And the stars of joy shone out above.  
Those diamonds that pave the kingdom of love,  
And I heard that voice distinctly low,  
In peaceful and blissful overflow,  
"Years like sands have come and gone,  
Yet my lyrelike wave goes warbling on,  
As full as deep and as softly sweet"  
As when it first kissed the mountain's feet.  
It has charmed the glances of wishful eyes,  
Has mirrored the clouds in their sunset dyes:  
Has glift the stars in their lofty abode,  
And the flash of the rumbling wheels of God,  
Flowing and glowing midst light and shade,  
While times and destinies rise and fade.  
With gems for pebbles and golden sand,  
Can it not a Treasure of Life command?

But there stood a fair vision on the bank,  
Midst fragrant blossoms many and rank.

11 Various Poems.

**E**XQUISITE birds in the trees were winging,  
Perched and warbling hopping and singing,  
Each its tribute in gladness bringing.  
A song of thankfulness and content,  
In love to the Wonderful Maker sent.  
Each with a grace and a charm quite alone,  
Each with a song and a plumage its own.  
A mingling delightful harmonious sweet,  
Inspiring refreshing sublime and complete.

Unheralded suddenly stood on the bank  
Midst the birds and the trees and blossoms rank,  
Poised hummingbirds sip lovely flowers and away  
While rich honeysuckles invite a delay,

Coming unnoticed—whence or where?  
Sweet as the flowers and pausing there,  
Beautiful creature, full of youth,  
The flush of health and the glow of truth.  
A wealth of life as a chaplet of flowers,  
In light the golden and sunny showers.  
The glory of joy illumed her face,  
Charms of native virtue and grace.  
And the hope exultant and high, that springs,  
Over the mist with eagles' wings,

Fair was she whom I saw, very lovely, supreme  
In the rich gifts of Heaven. O sweet as a dream  
Of the Eva of Eden, that fairest and first.

Not a fiction of luxury neophyte nursed,  
While nature sat weeping, indignant and pained  
Her office decried and true culture profaned.

No mimicry soulless no artifice there,  
Each movement upbubbled pure free as the air.

Beautiful creature o'erbrimming with youth,  
The flush of health and the glow of truth  
A wealth of life as a chaplet of flowers  
Midst golden light in most sunny showers.

Fair was she, very sweet : and I murmured, alas,  
Must such loveliness fade as a flower of the grass  
But a whisper an echo invades each retreat —  
These are shadows, it said, and but phantoms  
that fleet.

The toil and the purpose of heart fall away,  
A secret awaits it and close of the day.

Fair was she—yes, most sweet. And the glo-  
ries or time,  
With fancies with visions with outlooks sublime



16) Various Poems.

With festivals charming, with music with might  
Illured with all splendors and promised delight  
Not strange, if an exquisite creature inspired,  
A regal domain in that moment desired?  
And rapt in the prospect presumed it acquired.  
Yis, the Treasure of Life in all beauty attired!

Must a whisper an echo disturb each retreat?  
These are shadows, it says and but phantoms  
that fleet,

The pride of this moment tomorrow is gone,  
Our castles of glory deserted and lone.

Wet—pale grew her cheeks—yes, that beautiful  
Girl's,

Her ringlets of grace waved in negligent curls,  
The songs of the syrens had fallen asleep,  
A tempest approached, and the shadow was deep

Behold, when a flash from Eternity, falls  
On the temple of myrth and the glee of its halls,  
There follows a tremor and tone of dismay, \_\_\_\_\_  
A terrible vision a fearful array. \_\_\_\_\_

17 VARIOUS POEMS.

The temple is shaken, the worshipers fall,  
 Consternation and ruin rough ride over all,  
 The Past rises up—  
 The chrome of disaster, the mantle of gloom.  
 Then the Saviour of sinners—that Friend whom  
 we slight,

He alone can releave us and lead into light.  
 Then a figure appeared as a bow on the clond,  
 Where tempests have swept when the thunder  
 was loud.

A white robed immortal a being sublime,  
 On the shaft of the present a splinter of time.  
 I marked when the white robed Celestial applied  
 To the weeping sweet girl closely standing beside,  
 A tube of discovery true and unique,  
 A glass that displays the vain objects we seek,  
 Then she seemed to say softly, Immortal, behold  
 The scene rose before her and plainly unrolled.  
 The trust and the futures that flatter and flee.  
 Away quite away from the matters that be.  
 With items fortuitus caught in a net—  
 But alas for the toils we would gladly forget.

Then there opened a path with a halo above,  
 Blest path going up to the Kingdom of Love,  
 Then the sweet girl exultantly lifting her eyes,  
 Exclaimed, I have found it! the infinite prize!  
 My Treasure of Life how secure and above,  
 With my Jesus supreme in His bosom of love.

Various Poems.

FAINT HEART.

**F**AINT heart, rise and cheer thee  
Is not JESUS near thee?  
Is he not thy friend?  
Kinder than a brother—  
Yes—there is no other—  
Faithful to the end.

No—I can not doubt Thee—  
Can not live without Thee,  
Lord, my only trust,  
Thou my Great Redeemer,  
Shield and Rock forever,  
Lift me from the dust.

Token after token;  
Tenderness unbroken  
By unheeded slips.  
O the love supernal,  
Wondrous and eternal,  
Radiant from THY LIPS.

DEJECTED

**B**y the lone lagging brook in the valley  
 of weeping  
 Dejected I linger, and picture the past  
 The days spent in folly in dream proudly sweeping.  
 While fired with the trust that life's phantoms  
 would last.

Alas for the promise that smiled to deceive me,  
 The gay vested shadows which charmed me  
 so much !  
 The glory of days, which approached but to  
 grieve me.  
 Those bubbles bewitching, that burst at the  
 touch.

That there falls on my bosom a voice softly  
 speaking,  
 That sweetens what tenderness strange and  
 unknown.  
 My name it is Jesus. If life you are seeking,  
 I came to bestow it. I died to atone.

20 Various Psalms.

LORD OF LIFE.

A Canticle.

**L**ORD of Life, I cry to Thee,  
O come in and sup with me;  
All Thy enemies cast out,  
Sin and satan, fear and doubt.

Jesus, Thou art King a'one,  
Enter—make this heart thy throne.  
Every wish thy bond alave be.  
Thine the ONLY will in me.

Healthful peaceful blissful state,  
On Thy word to rest and wait.  
Perfect love rhat laughs at fear,  
Bringing heaven and life so near.

Haleluiah.

FINAL SCENES.

Past are the thousand years of joy and peace.  
 Closing, the "little season" sore distressed,  
 And thick as sands which winds and waves rel-  
 By every path and thoroughfare exprest, (ease,  
 Rebellious swarms Jerusalem invest.  
 Even now on deadly extermination bent.  
 Camp of the saints, weak remnant! can ye breast  
 The rampant ruin in wild whirlwinds sent,  
     Fierce men with Satan leagued  
     In deadly rancor met?

Destruction crouches for its last emprise.  
 Now pounce, and sweep all godliness away!  
 But lo! in clouds caught up before their eyes,  
 Rapt myriads gloriously illumine the day.  
 Loud the dread Trump——It calls the dead from  
 While fire consumes the myrmedons of sin, [clay.  
 While the Redeemed ascend the exalted way,  
 Perfected joy and fadeless good to win,  
     Exempt from every fear  
     Through Christ's strong love within.

22 VARIOUS POEMS.

Thenceforth from flames casts out its wicked dead,  
 And fees away before the Great White Throne.  
 Consumed, annihilated. No least shred,  
 Nor wandering atom, shall thenceforth be known  
 No place in space. And each O dread ! alone,  
 Before the Just, the True, the Judge of all.  
 Then reap the seed the ill which they have sown.

While rest the saints secure  
 In grace that did atone.

O awful day that sums all earthly things,  
 Decides all questions, sets all doubts at rest.  
 Resolves those mysteries whose darkening wings,  
 With dumb forebodings beat within the breast.  
 Thenceforth the good no evil shall molest,  
 Thenceforth the bad shall keep their separate  
 Shall then of sin's sad wages be possest. (sph  
 Alas the bitter, fruit, when hope nor tear,  
 Can rest produce, nor bring  
 A kind deliverer near.

*OCCULTS.*

ALL things have greatness and glory.  
Nothing is little or lost.  
The merest life is a splendor  
On the tides of Being tost.  
The bird that toils for its castle.  
Is jubilant as a king  
Shaping a sumptuous palace  
For the loaded days to bring.  
In quiet a life is stealing,  
Hid in the thousands of things ;  
But along its brooks of kindness  
Verdure eternally springs.  
Aloft with the God of marvels,  
Is the mystery of life from above,  
The lighting of eyes alway blinded,  
The changing of hatred to love.  
As the chiseled coldness of beauty  
Is warmed by the glory infused :  
So life stands forth with a halo,  
When the heart from fardels is loosed.



Miscellaneous

IMAMUEL.



THOU, whose Voice of love and night,  
Thrilled with the music of delight  
Poured morning on the blind man's night  
Our Lord Most High.

Most Holy Presence—midst the throng—  
Sovereign of Life, Hail now our song:  
Lo, limbs restored, the weak are strong,  
Dread horrors die!

See, one in haste runs on before;  
And now he climbs a scycamore,  
Prest with his ways, and fearing sore  
To miss the sight.

Onward the crowd, but Jesus calls,  
A voice that frees and bursts the thralls.  
A crown of life, the message falls!  
Zacheus, come down.

25] Various Poems

For I this day thy Gate must be  
What trumpet, notes of jubilee  
So thrilling, Zacheus, to thee.  
O sinner saved.

O Thou whose goodness pass'd again  
Before the weeping gate of Nine  
And crowned with joy the widow's pain  
Gave back her son!

How oft, those gracious lips of Thine,  
Dropt clusters richer than the vine,  
And bade eternal glory shine,  
And griefs depart

In love speak once again to me:  
My life my hope are hid in Thee-  
Come in, dear Lord, and stay with me-  
So shall I sing.

*THE SEQUEL,*


RESISTLESSLY moulded in crystalline form,  
As atoms of beauty concrete,  
So fragments of Judah, escaped from the storm,  
Asylum in Israel meet.

For in syphon of Hope o'er the ages conveyed,  
Upheld from the desert's deep sands,  
The Fountain that Edens of wild wastes has made  
Its world sweeping blessing commands.

And Judah must come tho' he keneth it not  
Must gather, midst slaughters, in grief.  
And no recognition—all kiudred forgot—  
Strangely gored by his mad unbelief.

For Joseph in blindness Jehovah has led  
Into places and paths wholly new ;  
Has poured His choice favors like oil on his head  
Has refreshed him with light and with dew.

As around some rare clustre of exquisite form,  
Rich atoms of beauty concrete :  
So delivered from night and redeemed from the  
storm,

 All the Tribes in fair Salem will meet.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

DO we look for The Good Shepherd?  
Will he come to feed His sheep?  
The early dawn is streaming;  
Do the under shepheress sleep?  
Was there peril in the shadow—  
Is there danger to the least?  
Yee!—But the King is coming—  
With healing for the East.

See in that Orient, slaughter,  
The wolf has leaped the fold!  
Chained nations wait in snor,  
Sit coldly and behold.  
The spear in thy hand, O Jacob,  
Must rout the tragic beast,  
And lead thy banished people  
To build that ruined East.

With water fouled by scoffers.  
In corners tramped and lean,  
Feed ye His sheep, forbidding  
The dewy pastures green?

28] Various Poems

What? call to turbid waters,  
Dry husks—as to a feast!  
But the King himself will feed them,  
Soon radiant from the East.

Good Shepherd, cheer those shepherds  
Who watch and toil and weep,  
Who tarry at the Fountain,  
Who feed Thy lambs and sheep;  
Who trust Thy precious promise,  
Thy love that never ceased;  
Oh, shout for high salvation,  
For grace that crowns the East.

The marvellous time is coming,  
Those promised years of peace.  
When righteousness in rivers  
Shall roll and never cease.  
When all the earth will worship,  
From sin and night released:  
Aid, in His holy Temple,  
The King shine from the East.

---

M E R O I E S

I remember—I remember,  
In the days of long ago,  
The tender love that touched me—  
All to God I owe :  
A dream came up before me.  
And blocked one way of woe.

I remember—I remember,  
The wretchedness, the shame,  
O the helplessness of evil ;  
But mercy to me came :  
The Arm that lifts the sinner  
From doom of burning flame.

I remember—I remember,  
That God, who heareth prayer,  
He answered me He saved me,  
When life was in despair—  
Yes, when my staff lay broken,  
When fled the hope unspoken—  
And God came to me there.

I remember—I remember  
The awfulness of sin,  
When my pained eyes, terror stricken,

30) Various Poems.

Reheld the plague within.  
And the phantoms of earth's glory  
Dessolved in vapours thin

I remember—I remember,  
And what I owe to God I owe,  
For the grace that wooed and caught me,  
Hell and hedged me long ago  
Made me taste that sin is madness,  
Folly wastefulness and woe.

I remember—I remember,  
Soul and life I owe to God,  
For His tender lovingkindness,  
For the mercy in the rod.  
Pity and love that not forgot me  
When the wayward way I trod.

I remember—I remember,  
And adoringly I owe,  
The aid unseen the rescues  
That spoke of God alone:  
Sustaining and uplifting  
The arm beneath me thrown.

*THE WAY FARE*

THE sands are hot the sands are dry  
A hapless wanderer am I.  
And on my shoulders huge the pack  
That urges on but holds me back,  
The stifling sand storm threatens the road—  
I fall idle beneath the load,  
What voice was that Is some one nigh?  
Look up, it said, forbear to die.  
O Lord, I am a sinner prone,  
Doomed in the waste—alone—alone.  
O for the water cooling clear,  
But who can show a fountain here?  
O child of death, O sinner prone,  
Come unto Me—thy help alone,  
Lord Jesus, I have heard of Thee,  
But may I bend my stubborn knee,  
An even dare to supplicate  
The Friend dishonored by my hate?  
Ah woful child by ruin tost  
Can love not rise and seek the lost;  
For this I laid my glory by,  
To give thee life, in love to die.  
O sinner, yet thou know'st not Me.



Thy sins My crown of thorns could be  
 Thy sins—they plac'd Me on the tree.  
 Thy sins—they pierc'd My hands My feet  
 Those bitter sins to thee were sweet.  
 And yet thou lovest not Me, and yet  
 Thou canst My Name of Love forget

O Lord, the bitter thought strikes deep  
 In anguish and abash'd I weep,  
 While all my sins before me lie.  
 And Satan scoffs, go hence and die!

But I will trust Thy word alone,  
 Which hell and death has overthrown,  
 Thy word of Love transcendent still,  
 I in the Life — come all who will.

### HELPING.

Sweat is the ministry of love.

To bless—is to be blest!—

Speeding the bounty from Above,

The solace and the zest.

The hope that moulds the earnest life,  
Escaped from earthly thrall;  
The faith that giveth for the strife,  
With mastery o'er all.

The thoughtfulness—the meek reserve  
That heats but will not wound;  
The glorious readiness to serve:—  
All these are treasure found.

From Heaven the hush: A fragrant fount  
Dropt from the bank of flowers:  
The keepsake from the life beyond,  
Dropt on this life of ours.

There is a recompense reserved,  
A blessedness assured,  
For all who faithfully have served,  
Or patiently endured.

But not of debt—For who shall say,  
My service is complete?  
Lord, all forgive!—behold I lay  
My sad roll at Thy feet,

GOD OUR REFUGE.

I AM weary—I am weary,—  
Saviour, give me rest in Thee.  
O Thou wondrous Friend of sinners,  
King of mercies rich and free.

Lord, our life, our glory.

I am lonely—I am lonely—  
Come into my bosom, Lord,  
Come and fill this lowly dwelling  
With the comfort of Thy word,

Lord, our life our glory.

I am feeble—I am feeble—  
But Thou art the God of might,  
Make my weakness hail Thy Presence,  
And my darkness bless Thy light,

Lord, our life our glory.

I am nothing—I am nothing—  
But with things that are not, even,  
Thou canst dash the stilted fables  
Proudly vaunting against Heaven.

Lord, our life our glory.

Halleluyah. Amen.

HOPE.

Howe, all valiant and young,  
Sage in its inbred thought;  
Rich in its song tuned tongue:

How oft has it come to nought  
To nought, again and again:  
Tho' it scoff at sorrow and pain.

Alas! must there fall a strain,  
And words that utterly weep?  
And who indeed can refrain!

Lonely are sorrow and pain!  
Stern as an iron link,  
Tho' it be on life's early brink:

Or ever one hair is white;  
When the heart should be free and light,  
And shadow portend not night,

Her clouds superb threat rain.  
Ah! passion urges within;  
And sweet—but how bitter is sin!

37 Various Poems.

SCIENCE.

DEEPS—Heights—the heaven of Space,

Has it a verge to measure ?

Freely give forth the line,

Send out a thought—it speeds,

Ltght ages behind it lagging.

Bnt like the dove to yrk returned, which Noa

Put forth his hand on its return and rescued,

Finding no footing and no olive leaf,

Volume of Space unbounded,

O Tent of God Most High,

Infinitude that waits for God's material wor

What wonders of His might,

How marvellous the skill.

With Sun and solar train

Closed in the starry cloud,

Absorbent is the task

To lay its deep locked secrets bare

By speculations vain and theories

And call them Science !

30) Various Poems.

FROM dreams of the dead nges,  
With drousy yawn and red rubbed swollen eyes,  
Science awakes.  
The earnestness of study—long—profound,  
The sleepless nights,  
The days that saw but little of the sun  
Stamping upon his brow the lines of lore,  
Which men call wisdom.

Listen and straight adjourn! 'tis he discovered  
Solution of those questions puzzling.  
Who made the earth and heaven?  
When was it done?  
And how accomplished?

From a great ball of mist, a mighty volume  
—Yes, 'tis found out!—

Behold both heaven and earth elaborated.  
What ages upon ages—myriads—  
Yes, myriads on myriads were needed

For the mysterious task  
Of native energies, midst plash and hubbub  
Of matter, midst its hustlings into shape,  
In scientific problem of the past.



Various Poems. (40)

These words The Great King spoke from Sinai,  
To the twelve tribes encamped before the mount  
Plain is the language: Words in daily use.

Words without shade or trope.

The heaven is the starry heaven above them.  
The earth, the earth wheron they stood aghast  
Tho days, the very days that make the week

Which endeth with the sabbath

Sojourn of time from evening unto evening.

The golden periode measured by the sun,

From mornine unto morning,

Made by tha revoirions of the earth

Had those six days been geologic æas,

Or years of slow meliniums,

God would have said so and nor called them  
days

Six days thus iimit Gods creative work

Of heaven and earth, and all that in them is.

No atom, previously created, used.

No matter added after thr sixth day



Ask of the patient watcher of the heavens,  
How many are the wisps, which may be stars,  
Scattered throughout the plenitudes of space,

But can he tell ?

Lo ! works of God, who worketh hitherto.

Eternal and almighty.

Of those we nothing know. But of our own,  
The great star clustre of the Milkyway.

We have the date.

Not quite six thousand years—the date the day,  
By the Great King upon his orbs is written,  
And carried forward with unerring time.  
And also given in His holy Book.

To the first chapter of that sacred Roll,

Look we for light.

On that first evening—the Beginning  
Our starcloud in a moment was created.

God spoke—and it was done.

Created in that moment—not before.

## 42 SCIENCE

Noted by patient sages of the past,  
Ask of the grave comouter of the heavens.  
How many are the cycles, which lead forth  
The date of their creation?

He will reply, twelve principal. All these  
Thou differing in length, now wide apart,  
Started together on that signal day,

When God created them.

Wisdom supreme.

O marvelous works of God. The least how great  
There is no least!

How perfect are the time recording spheres;  
As passages eclipses and precessions,  
All which reversed lead back to that first point  
Whence all departed once. [But who shall write  
The date when these twelve cycles meet again?]  
The First that signal act when God remanent  
And instantly this cloud of stars was born,  
Empowered with special energies,  
And all completed ere the seventh day.

Six days of marvels inconceivable.

The Seventh day The Great King rested,  
Restored and was refreshed.

# THE PETRIFIED FOREST,

SITUATED IN A WILD AND MOUNTANIOUS REGION  
NEAR CALISTOGA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA.

---

STUBS broken and rent—here the great pines stood.  
Has a wind storm swept o'er the prostrate wood?  
Were they suddenly snapt and hurl'd to the ground  
In the burst that troubled the forest around?  
Some of bulk so great—how distant their youth,  
Computed by circles of anual growth!  
Those fallen trunks mark—each fisure and knot  
Distinct, as if yesterday felled on the spot.

Chips and fragments are over the ground—  
That forest has echoed the wood cutter's sound!  
Here the sharp steel fell, with blow on blow,  
Cleaving the trees, and laying them low  
In the dim strange vista—the long-ago.

But is this wood we are gazing upon?  
Once it was wood—but is changed to stone!  
Stone of a grayish white it lies—  
A forest of stone—before our eyes,

1875

Oak, madrona, and pine unite,  
And manganita; to challenge the sight  
With the wonders we fail to comprehend,  
Of which we see not beginning nor end.

Stems, stumps, and slivers and sticks around,  
When struck, return a metallic sound.  
Yet a few converted to stone-coal black,  
Return the heat of far summers back;  
Obey, and foster the fiery spark  
That fetters the chill, and illumines the dark,  
But the axe of the chopper, steeled and keen,  
Ere these trunks were stone, in this wood was seen.

And here in the midst are living trees,  
Whose soft green sighs in the summer breeze.  
And the twitter of birds and the plumage of life,  
Float jocund around on a world of strife,—  
O'er a scene from which that strife has past,  
Spreading in peace—but it will not last:  
For the jibe and the moil will be here again,  
And the tumult and clash of restless men.

Problems at every step we meet:  
Enigmas blossom around our feet.  
We have just looked forth on the morning sun;  
And the course of nature is only begun.  
Less than the merest nothing we know  
Of the heavens above and the earth below.

Self-observation, and that of those  
Who are now reclining in deep repose—  
Who have traversed time like wondrous stars,  
Gleaming in heaven at unawares,  
Bright with a presage that came and past,  
Leaving regretted glory at last.  
These scanty items of thought combined  
Are all we can gain—or leave behind.  
Thus much we call science—in theories wrought.  
But fancies o'errun the fields of thought:  
And the sheaves yield not the heavy grain  
And the precious wheat, to reward our pain.

Can that be fact which scientists teach?—  
That iron was out of the young world's reach?  
That man did tug—like a dog with a bone,  
And blunder'd and toiled through an age of stone;  
Guessing and learning, by slow degrees,  
In fire-hollow'd logs to skim the seas,  
And with hatchets of stone to gnaw the trees?

Alack for the skulls filled with bubbles like these!  
I prefer to accept that Volume old,  
Whose letters are light, and whose pages are gold,  
Whose themes are facts, whose witness is truth,—  
That iron was worked in the world's fresh youth:  
That the Maker left not his creatures alone,  
Under life's needs to tug and to groan,  
Through fire, and faggot, and gouges of bone,  
And hatchets all chipt out of nothing but stone.—

These were reserved to a later time,  
When raving and rampant grew war and crime;  
When the race from ravaged regions fled  
Of isle and continent overspread :  
Consigned to ignorance, blood and tears,—  
The savages of succeeding years.  
But this was earth's piebald phase alone,  
For arts and science on portions shone.

Was it ere the dread Noachian Flood,  
This forest was level'd where it stood ?  
Did the waters that o'er the whole earth prevail'd,  
While the Ark midst their swellings safely sailed,  
Refuse to float these stone-changed trees ?  
Or did their stript branches sing in the breeze,  
That day, while on far off Arrarat,  
Those seven saved farers humbly wait—  
As the smoke of their sacrifice ascends.—  
Lo! the awful Maker graciously bends  
O'er the wreck of a wicked world destroyed,  
O'er sky and field made empty and void.  
He smells a grateful offering sweet,  
From the earth that lies vacant at his feet :  
And gave unto Noah a marvellous Sign—  
New wonder on earth—His Bow divine.

Were these standing, when God's creative word  
The threefold light and the rain-cloud heard ?  
And the first rejoicing Arch outsprung,  
A wonder of mercy—fresh and young ;  
A tranquil bow on the sweeping cloud,  
Torn by the thunder—pealing loud,

Rent by the fiery flash involved—  
Unmoving midst all, and undissolved.  
A Covenant Sign—created THEN,  
Securing seasons and times to men :  
Not only to men, but the beasts that rove  
Through the open fields and the shady grove :  
And also the birds that sail above——  
O strange and unspeakable grace and love !

Conjecture, like ship from an arctic coast,  
Must encounter the iceberg, and suffer the frost,  
While bringing but stunted treasure back ;  
Freighted the most with its loss and lack.

A deep dark, current, unceasing, flows  
From a strange wide sea which no Farer knows.  
There are wondrous castles that blaze in gold,  
But no warder waits at the portals cold :  
Huge mountains that move 'gainst wind and tide,  
And jewelled nooks on the seas that ride.  
There are drift and fragments that come to land.  
There are masts half buried in ice or sand :  
But the book of it all—is only read  
By the angel Watchers, and the dead.

SONGS  
OF SICKNESS AND  
RECOVERY.

---

PRELUDE.

---

*If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will  
do it. ——— Ask and ye shall receive.*

---

*O Casket of rich Jewels!—heaped and true:  
The wealth of God is here!  
Incredible glories distant I view:  
Impossible things invitingly appear.  
Christ will this word defend  
With sure fulfilment, grandly to the end.*

*Lord, I will take thee at this glorious word;  
Thy wondrous grace how sweet!  
Amazed I ponder, and my soul is stirred,  
The while I fall admiring at thy feet.  
Now gird me from above  
To climb the o'erlooking mountains of thy love.*



IN THIS DAY.

---

**I**N this day of distress, O my Father,  
Sore stricken, I run unto Thee;  
And I ask that thy merciful blessing  
May freely descend upon me.

I ask in the name of my Saviour,  
I plead the rich word of his grace,  
His love—O 'tis that which commends me  
And makes plain the way to thy face.

Now honor the name of my Ransom,  
Remise the heart's coveted wealth:  
Lo, I plead for the life of a darling,  
Lord, kindly restore her to health.

Thy years are through all generations,  
But ours, Lord, are scarcely a span,  
Molested by blasts of affliction—  
O such is the birthright of man.

Lord lengthen our days we implore thee  
 Let gladness descend from above :  
 O crown us again with thy blessing,  
 And make us rejoice in thy love.

### THY SERVANTS.

---

AT Thy command diseases come and go,  
 They are thy servants, Lord, and thee obey :  
 Thine is the prosperous hour and hour of woe,  
 The early dawn and the retiring day.

And Thou wilt harken to the voice of prayer  
 Presented at thy throne in Jesus' name ;  
 Thou wilt disperse the demons of despair,  
 And lift the suppliant from sin and shame.

Thou wilt rebuke diseases fierce and fell,  
 Lead up the sufferers from brink of grave,  
 The wonders of thy living power to tell,  
 And all thy grace and graciousness to save.

What is too hard for thee, Almighty One ?  
 What is too little for thy smiling care ?  
 We ask in Jesus' name——and it is done !  
 For love and mercy travel every where,

Then let me cast each sorrow—great and small,  
Each anxious feeling, all disquietude  
Upon thy care and watchfulness, and fall  
Prostrate upon thy word so kind and good.

## FATHER ALMIGHTY.

---

FATHER Almighty, I approach thy throne,  
Bringing my Saviour's all-prevailing name;  
That wondrous name in which I ask alone,  
Through condescending love. O priceless claim!  
How marvellous, that I a sinner prone,  
My name that name, and plead  
A glorious worth unknown.

Father, I ask thee—for not only may  
Thy creatures ask thee for eternal gifts,  
But also those which vanish in a day—  
I ask for that for which my pained heart lifts  
Its earnest longings to thy gracious ear—  
I ask thee—let me ask  
So thou wilt surely hear.

16 SONGS OF SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

May I not ask thee little things as well ?  
O thou great God who countest all my ha'r;—  
And keep'st their number tho' they fall and fell :  
Thou tendest all my frame with swift repairs,—  
Minutely scannest all things to the end,—  
With all that love and care  
I fail to comprehend.

Father—inscrutable, I also ask  
That thou wilt hide me in thy secret place,  
Where I shall have security, and bask  
In the rich smiles of thy delightful face.  
Be thou indeed my Father—more than friend,  
My confidence on earth,  
My God—and glorious end.

GOD'S POWER AND KINDNESS.

---

CREATION owns a God who hears  
His creatures, and regards their tears :  
Nature and nature's laws obey  
A God who listens when I pray.

That God who prompted Joshua's word,  
While earth and heaven the mandate heard :  
On Gibeon paused the sun at noon,  
And in Ajalon slept the moon !

That God who at Isaiah's mouth  
Stopt and turned back the wheeling earth:  
Dial of Ahaz marked the shade  
Stayed and reversed, while night delayed.

He governs nature and its laws,  
Rolls the vast orbs, or bids them pause.  
He will do wonders at the cry  
Of such a feeble worm as I.

Praise Him, ye gods, ye angels praise—  
Unsearchable are all his ways.  
While seraphs hold vast power in trust,  
He stoops to little ones of dust.

### JESUS OUR HELP.

---

LORD, in sickness and in trouble,  
Unto thee we run for aid:  
Lord, thou art the kind Physician,  
On thy shoulders help is laid,  
  
O, thou inexhausted Fountain,  
Satisfy us with thy love;  
Glad our hearts with joyful healing—  
Feed with manna from above.

JESUS STILL HEALS.

---

KIND Physician—Jesus precious,  
Son of David—passing near,  
Unto thee we bring for healing  
One we love and hold so dear.

Pitiful—of tender mercy,  
Is our high Immanuel:  
Lord, diseases are thy servants,—  
Speak—our loved one will be well.

GOD UNSEARCHABLE.

---

EACH of life's great and small affairs  
Proclaims a God who sees and cares—  
Names all the stars, and counts my hairs.

Nothing's too small for him to note  
Who stoops to colonize a mote,  
And weaves the infusoria's coat.

Vast and inscrutable in power,  
He forms the soul and paints the flower,  
Informs the cycle, shapes the hour.

His arms encircle me about :  
Lo, science can not find him out,  
Nor theory annul with doubt.

He lives, he lives, he works, he is :  
He bids me come partake his bliss—  
O what a fountain word is this !

## GOD ONLY.

---

INDEPENDENT of God's will  
Best physician has no skill ;

Virtue none resides in flower,  
Roots possess no healing power :

Each is found of no avail,  
Skill and science ever fail.

God it is who maketh whole—  
Nature owns his high control.

O'er the wide earth make it known,  
Man lives not by bread alone,

But by every word of God :—  
Nature waits his sovereign now :

For the gracious One on high  
To the suppliant draws nigh.

Ever present with his aid  
To the soul upon him stayed.

Lo, he condescends to say,  
Sufferer, do not faint but pray.

# AS IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS

---

AS in the Book of Psalms Thy grace is written  
To cheer the hearts of all who call on Thee,  
That those in anguish, sad, and sorely smitten,  
May in thy light the flush of morning see:  
So come we, O thou only God, to thee.  
Knowing that thou canst help—and only thou—  
Low at thy feet we supplicating bow.

Now let translating grace on us descend,  
Rich as the dews erewhile on Hermon shed.  
Now let thy love—that love which knows no end,  
The saving love of Him who toiled and bled  
For all our sins—while standing in our stead—  
Take hold upon our souls, and lift us high  
Beyond where thoughts can soar or wings can fly.



J E S U S .  

---

**H**ELPER in sadness,  
Comforter kind,  
Jesus the pitiful  
Gracious and bountiful,  
Giver of gladness——  
Aid us in sadness:  
Comfort each mind.

Mercy sustaining,  
Floweth from thee.  
In every condition  
Thou art the Physician.  
Cure all complaining——  
In our hearts reigning:  
Making us free.

THANKSGIVING.  

---

**L**ORD, with a singing heart  
To Thee I bring the tribute of my thanks—  
A laughing rill that overflows its banks,  
Because thy bounty, Jesus, sent the rain  
That dances o'er its bed, radiant with joy again,

Father, I kneel to thee  
 Who answered me in day of my distress——  
 And cast the sweet branch in my bitterness,  
 The frond that healed the fountain of my pain,  
 And gave my darling back to life and hope again.

Where is a God like Thee?  
 O condescending One—so great so high:  
 Who yet to ones so lowly canst draw nigh.  
 Clad in the marvels of thy matchless might,  
 Stoop down and lift them up to riches of delight.

But oh! how weak my thanks——  
 Lord, have I any real love to thee,  
 For all the grace which thou hast shown to me?  
 I know not—but would love thee. Do thou aid  
 My purpose. Let my heart alone on thee be stayd.

O, thou Redeemer kind,  
 In thy great name I asked. The Father gave  
 The gifts I asked, and rescued from the grave.  
 Thy name be honored. To thy name I owe  
 This welfare and this joy's exultant overflow.

P R A I S E .

---

**B**LESSED be God for his goodness and mercy,  
Thanks to his name for his infinite grace :  
Sorrowing sorely, and wrestling with trouble,  
I sought his salvation, and fled to his face.

And God in the day of affliction did answer :  
Drew near and was with me in pathway I went.  
Despised not the voice of my poor supplications,  
When humbled in dust all my gladness was spent.

Praise to his name for his merciful healing.  
Speaks he ? terrific diseases remove !  
Proclaim him the helper, the God of salvation,  
Matchless in pity and strange in his love.

G R A C E   S U R P A S S I N G .

---

**H**OW much to thee, my God, I owe !  
Immense my debt of gratitude.  
O let my life in praises flow,  
For thou alone art kind and good.

Fears, like a wild tempestuous sea,  
With dismal waves imperrilled life :  
But when, O Lord, I cried to thee,  
Deliverance rose amidst the strife.

Prest by perplexities, I sought  
 Strength and the leadings of thy hand —  
 Compassion—thine, my heart has taught,  
 And grace has made my mountain stand.

Kind Saviour, tune my heart to praise,  
 Enthroned on its affections sit,  
 Direct and order all my ways,  
 Revive with consolations sweet,

# A TRIBUTE OF DELIGHT.

---

GOD of my being, sovereign King,  
 Lord and creator of all power,  
 To Thee my humbled life would bring  
 A tribute of delight this hour:  
 Would kneel to bless thy glorious name  
 For all thou art, for all I am.

O let thy saving goodness shine  
 Throughout my soul my life my frame,  
 Participating life divine,  
 And more than sinless seraph's flame —  
 Pleasures uncounted, love undreamed,—  
 The exultant joy of thy redeemed.

Worthy art thou, O Christ the Lamb,  
Of boundless love, of ceaseless praise,  
Immensity resounds thy name,  
And countless never-ending days.  
While myriad hearts outleap to thee,  
A throbbing glorious wondrous sea.

Thou only shepherd of the heart,  
Thou only refuge strength and aid,  
Ne'er let me from my rock depart,  
But on thine arm of love be stayed.  
Lead me until the Evening Rest,  
Then bless me as Thy loved are blest.

### HOSANNA.

---


OH! bring me an angel's harp,  
And a heart o'erflowing with love—  
Who can save from sorrows sharp,  
Like the God of my life above?  
Then let me exult, and praise  
JESUS the Ancient of Days.

Bless God that the foot of his throne  
Is washed by the waves of prayer:  
O God of help, even thou alone  
For the "ready to perish" dost care.  
Then let me exult, and praise  
JESUS the Ancient of Days.

How oft, can I say, have I cried  
 Unto God in distress and he heard.  
 There was never a Saviour beside,  
 No, none to be worshiped and feared,  
 Then let me exult, and praise  
 JESUS the Ancient of Days.

Make me worthy, O Lamb!  
 To enter the city above,  
 There to exult with a psalm  
 Midst the ransomed, the sons of thy love,  
 Oh ! let me exult and praise  
 JESUS the Ancient of Days.

## EXPOSTULATORY.



TO-DAY.

---

NOW, while the lamp is burning,  
Life's wasting hour improve ;  
To God at once returning,  
Accept his grace and love.  
To-day he calls :—to-morrow  
No pardons will be given.—  
Are death and endless sorrow  
Worth more than Christ and heaven ?

Look up, O thou that weepst,  
Thy morning will be bright.—  
Awake, O thou that sleepest,  
And Christ shall give thee light.  
O, ye who love your slumbers,  
Content with sin and death,  
Burst from the grave that cumbers,—  
Christ calls —Christ quickeneth.

INGRATITUDE TO GOD.

---

WHOM dost thou slight--is it Christ that died?  
Christ who for thee was crucified?  
Christ upon whom thy sins were laid?  
Christ who has full atonement made?  
Christ—who invites thee to be forgiven?  
Christ—who offers thee earth and heaven?  
Is this the return, O foolish soul,  
That Friend receives who would make thee whole!

GOD SENDS SOWERS.

---

GOD sends Sowers for our need,  
Scattering wide the gospel seed.  
Some falls by the wayside worn,  
Some amongst the choking thorn.  
Some upon the stony ground,  
Some upon the good is found. —  
Thus the work of grace goes on,  
Thus the gospel seed is sown.

May our hearts, prepared by grace,  
Give this seed a lodging place;  
Safe from flocking fowls of air,  
Safe from thorns of lust and care,



Safe from unproductive birth  
Where there is no depth of earth :  
But, in deep and generous mould,  
Yield the Lord an hundred fold.

WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

---

THE Master is waiting, and says,  
Go work in my vineyard to-day;  
The fruit it is going to waste,  
And sunshine is passing away :

Whatever is right thou shalt have  
At the trial going down of the sun.  
Come, loiterer, quickly engage,  
Go work ere the Master is gone.

WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS.

---

CHRIST is waiting to be gracious,  
Hark, he knocketh at the door.  
See, his hands and side are bleeding,  
On his cross our sins he bore.

Can you mock at his compassion?  
Must he turn his steps away?  
Will you now refuse and perish?  
Heedless, dying sinner, say!

### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

---

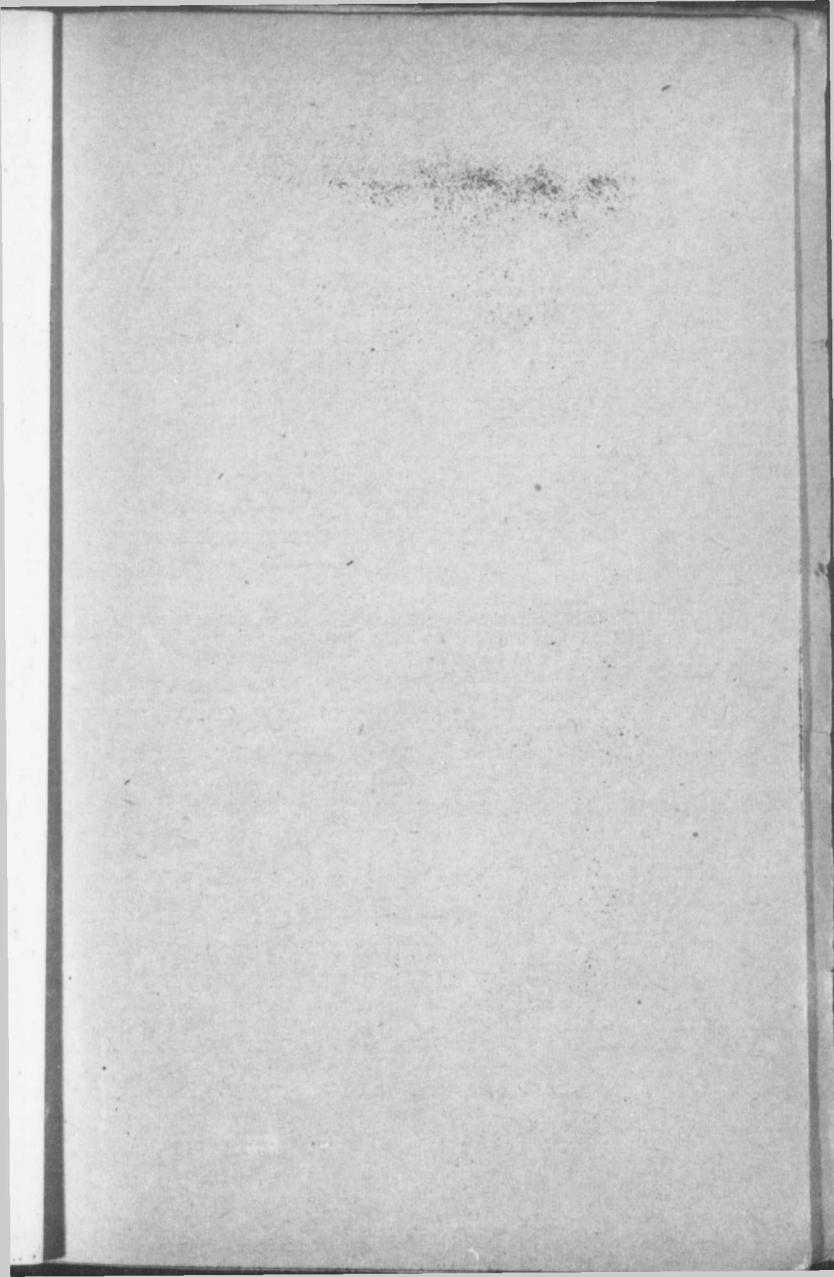
**T**O-DAY the suffering Saviour pleads  
To save from sin and sorrow;  
To-morrow death and judgement come —  
He grants no aid to-morrow.

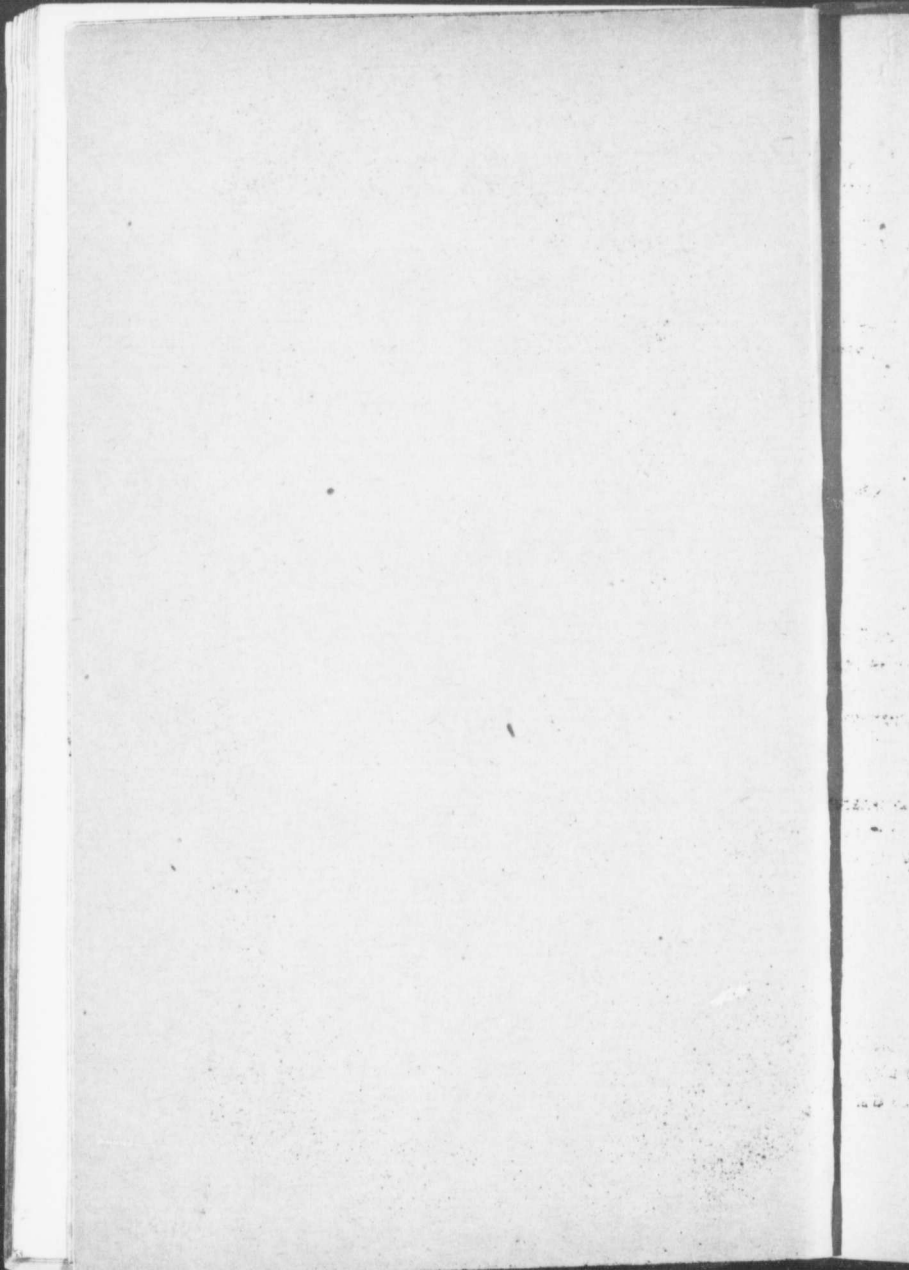
Oh, ere the day depart, awake,  
On verge of ruin sleeping:—  
For who can brave tormenting flame?  
And dwell with endless weeping?

### MIGHTY CREATOR.

---

**M**IGHTY Creator of my frame,  
Grant me to learn thy glorious name—  
Thy name of love. O Lord, impart  
Transforming grace to mould my heart.





# BASIC QUESTIONS

## I.

**O**F the many indistinct objects and star clusters discovered in the heavens, we know nothing. But of our own cluster is it not otherwise?

## II.

Professor Dimbleby, Founder of the Chronological and Astronomical Association (British) of London, has applied the cycles of planetary motion to the rescue and correction of ancient dates. By the concurrence in start of those ten cycles of the heavens—a phenomenon that cannot be repeated—he has ascertained the A. M. Date of the Creation of our Solar System. Which in accordance with the First Chapter of Genesis, he demonstrates to have occurred at the First autumnal Equinox, now 5903 years ago.

## III.

Now if that be the date of our Solar System must it not be the date also of the lenticular cluster to which our Solar System belongs?

## IV.

Can it be shown that *Breshyth* [In Beginning] does not refer to the heavens and earth, then and there—the first act—created. But to their previous creation in conjectural ages, and by the action of innate energies?

---

## V.

Were not the Heavens and the Earth, the vast Starcloud to which we belong. Created by the power of God, and at His command? And was not that the *Breshyth*—commencement—first thing done on that signal First Evening, which began those Six Days?

## VI.

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye", at the command of God was not our great star-cloud born. Created with every orb in place and in motion. He spake—and hey were!

## VII.

Were not many or all the orbs, as the earth was, enclosed in water? "The Spirit of God was brooding over the face of the waters. When God said, Let there be light.

## VIII.

The earth, when brought forth, was it not a body rotund and smoothe. With all its stores jewels, minerals, and rock strata sealed and locked in by an even surface or crust. A sphere filled with riches. Hidden by an empty surface. Having an envelope of water.

## IX.

Is there a word or a hint of any thing whatever having been afterwards added to those rich stores or to the rock strata thus sealed, at any time dur-

ing the formation of the atmosphere and gathering-together of the remaining waters. Or in the breaking up of the strata by upheavels and depressions or afterwards?

### X.

Did the curse of Almighty God, the infinite dishonored Creator, consequent on the sin of our First Parents, which blighted the earth, not fall upon the temperature of the globe as well?

### XI.

Was it not possible with God, and is it not made very plain by fossils, plants etc. that notwithstanding the tilt of its axis, a uniform delightful temperature pervaded the globe? The polar circles included. There, amidst the not unpleasing alternations of continued sunlight and magnificent starry shadow, the trees the fruit the flowers and all the glowing luxuries—now limited to tropical regions, flourished and were indigenous.

### XII.

Supposing the earth to have been prior to the *prime date*, Must not the absence of rotation and of light, as well as the submergence in water, preclude the possibility of the many specimens of fossil plants brought from the extreme South by the ship *Discovery* having been produced before *c. a. m.*, and tided over the hiatus?

### XIII.

Is it probable, that of Adam's nine hundred and thirty years, merely a few days saw him in the garden of God? Is it not more likely the first hundred, or mostly, of those wonderful years were with his beautiful Eva passed in the glorious paradise. There, amidst the marvels of creative power and—with the companionship of their benignant and loving Creator—how complete the delight.

Meanwhile all creatures, great and small, in their original state of peace and content, regaled on the herbage of the fields only. —

#### AS GOD APPOINTED THEM.

#### XIV

Do we lack proof that when our first parents sinned, the glory of the earth departed, And the animal creation, of which Adam was the constituted Lord, was plunged into ruin with him?

“The whole creation groans and travails in pain together, until now.”

#### XV.

Is it not also clear from the prophets, Isaiah and Paul, : That in the last days—perhaps as an emblem of “the glory to be revealed in us” [ Re-instated Twelve Tribes of Israel ] The animal creation “subjected in hope” will again be restored to peace, and their original diet. The herbage of the fields only.



## XVI.

If the creation of Heaven and Earth consisted only, in the production of new forms out of old material: And comprised very little beyond our Solar System: How could the celebration and memorial accorded be appropriate?

## XVIII.

But if the work of those Six Days included, and consisted of —The absolute creation in a moment, —and out of nothing,—of our innumerable lenticular star-clustre, Freighted with occult forces and orbs varied, each in position and speeding.

And if completed in the Five following Days, as luminaries, as planetary systems, such as ours, with exquisite flora and wondrous living creatures While each of the innumerable starry host bears a name, is distinguished; severally revealing the glory of God:

And if every object, animated or void of life; lofty and awfully grand, or descending to the inconcievably minuter: Yet each exhibit equally an endless study, of might invincible, sublime design perfect affieency, exquisite finish, and supreme beauty:— Have we not a glimpse of *why* The Infinite King of Eternity, The Great God, "w faints not, neither is weary," "Rested, and was refreshed." Rested the Seventh Day and blessed and hallowed it, For in it He rested from all His work which God CREATED TO MAKE.

XVIII.

As the phenomenal result of prismatic action of sunlight on falling rain, the Rainbow is held to be coeval in birth with sun-shine and showers.

But is it so?

Was it the Precursor of a great covenant which Almighty God was pleased to make with Noah, including all living creatures of the earth, securing immortality from a second flood. And the continuance of seasons while the earth remains?

"And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying: And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you: And with every living creature that is with you of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that is out of the ark, to every beast of the earth. And I will establish my covenant with you: neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood. \* \*

And God said This is the Token of the Covenant which I make between Me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set My Bow in the Cloud, and it shall be for a Token of a Covenant between Me and the Earth. \* \* The Bow shall be in the Cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

Science refers the Rainbow to a natural law. Have trusted guides demanded: must all natural laws be concurrent in date? No! They accept the dictum unchallenged, and awfully dishonor the Almighty Creator by assuming, that He actually conferred on a familiar object the quality of a Token of a great Covenant of Mercy, Token! Token? Can a familiar object be dignified into a sign? Impossible! How fearfully dishonoring to assume The Almighty Creator having done such a thing. No! That Ark-saved group of Eight were at the birth. Beheld for the first time that marvellous Bow. Supreme Token of amazing forbearance and love. Thrilled and rejoicing they watched it in marvellous beauty peacefully pillowed midst vivid flashes and volleyed thunders of the rolling storm.

The Bow of God, His gracious Token and the physical law which perpetuates it, were created then and there.

### D A T E D .

*He Spoke and they Were!*

SET in the motions of the spheres,  
On high the Pristine Date appears,  
That signal Eve that first of Seven,  
When God created earth and heaven.

God spoke—they were ! a countless cloud  
With motions multiple enlowed.  
Globes poudorous, and each in place,  
Gigantle, girded for the race.

Each with its locked-in stores replete,  
While circumambient waters meet  
Wasteness and emptiness the robes,  
The troso of the myriad globes.

God spoke—they were ! From nothing made.  
No fragmentary world to aid,  
No dust—a single germ, not even,  
Of all that furnished earth and heaven.

God spoke—and light with golden charms  
Brought the young morning in its arms.  
Commanded—and that blissful light  
Flamed in the heaven and crown'd the night.

O child of dust, kneel, kneel and bring  
Thy choicest honors to The King.  
Fall down', all down and worship Him.  
The life the light—all else is dim.

O fool, O scoffer ! dare to spurn  
Gods' Book of truth ? Nny pause and learn,  
Repent, submit—or dread the fate  
Of one convinced—but when too late.

