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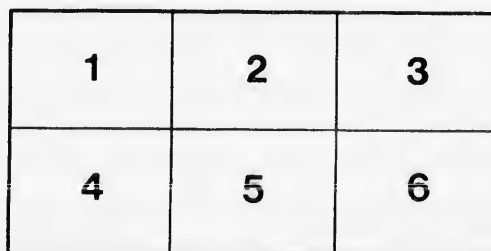
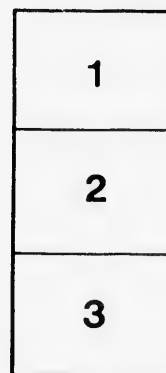
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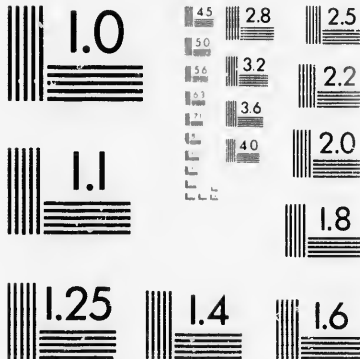
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# The Marching Orders

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AND

# The Watchword

ADDRESSES TO SOLDIERS OF CHRIST

BY THE

REV. C. SYDNEY GOODMAN

Incumbent of Bell's Corners, Ottawa

1890

TORONTO

WILLIAM BRIGGS

WESLEY BUILDINGS

C. W. COATES, Montreal

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

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THE MARCHING ORDERS AND THE  
WATCHWORD.

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THE MARCHING ORDERS  
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## P R E F A C E .

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THESE few thoughts in prose and verse are sent out into the world in the hope that they may instruct, inspire, or assist some Christian soldier in Life's battle-field.

Delivered *extempore*, they have been collected by recollections and by means of notes made beforehand, and reduced to the enclosed form.

The addresses viewing the Christian as a Missionary Soldier—

1st. To the great world of men ;

2nd. To the little world of his own soul,

have been blessed to some of those who heard them, and hoping that in a larger field they may have further work to do for the Master, they are published.

If, dear reader, you get any help from what you read herein, will you just ask our precious Redeemer to bless me with more love and loyalty to Him and more zeal for His glory ?

C. SYDNEY GOODMAN.

BELL'S CORNERS,

OTTAWA, *April, 1890.*



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I.

THE MARCHING ORDERS.

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## ADDRESS I.

### THE CHURCH'S MARCHING ORDERS.

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“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”—ST. MARK xvi. 15.

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THESE are large words, my friends, large, bold, world-wide, magnificent words. They were spoken to men at a time, at a place, on an occasion when there seemed no human hopes of their fulfilment. The Master was about to accomplish His ascension. No more should His sacred feet press the fields of Palestine ; no more the air divide before His sacred form.

Some forty days before had the apostles known the sense of desolation amid the blackness of the seeming defeat of Good Friday ; but Easter day had risen on a glorious victory. God had conquered. Death had lost its sting. The Master was back again : the same, yet so different ; with the same winning smile, the same long-lingering look of love ; all human, and yet superhuman, unearthly.

There, under the shade of Bethany, was gathered the earliest Church of Christ—the little leaven which should spread through the world.

The King is about to depart ; to go on a long journey,—the officers of His army wait, listening to their marching orders. His presence shall be with them always—all the days : days of darkness, sorrow, persecution ; days of joy, success, victory—even unto the end of the world.

The Spirit-Comforter should lead them into all truth, fill them with all fulness, speed them from strength to strength.

And then—the power of God theirs ; the forces of the world to come at their disposal—"Go ye into all the world, preach the Gospel to every creature."

These are the Church's marching orders ! Large words, I said, my friends, and so they are ; large—for the orders are for *all* time ; large—for no place, nation, or people is excluded ; large, too, must be the efforts of the Church to fulfil them.

They prove that the Church is.

### I. *A Great Missionary Society.*

Stillness is a sign of death. The lifeless body moves not, breathes not, works not. The dead tree throws out no new branches, no fresh green leaves.

The Church—Christ's Church, the Living Church—must ever be moving, marching onwards. Evermore must she send out new shoots, fresh sprays from her Tree of Life. Evermore must she disperse the life-blood to every corner of her vast system.

Never must she—to use the words of Chatham, England's great statesman, but translating them into the language of Christianity—never, as long as a foreign troop, a secret sin to be cast out ; Gospel light, sacramental grace to be brought in, never must she lay down her arms—never! never!! never!!!

The Church can take no holidays. Pauses in the strife, momentary breathing spaces there may be ; cessation of warfare, never, this side the grave.

Vast tracts are *yet* to be reclaimed, spiritual wildernesses *yet* to be sown with the heavenly grain. The heathen and the savage—stones on life's rough highway—*yet* are to be raised up children unto God.

And this—aye, all this and far more—all this is implied in the simple marching orders of Ascension Day. The battle-field of Christ's Church is no one country, no single people, it is *the world*.

What does that imply, my friends? Shall it not mean that *every* Christian soul is also a Christian soldier, a Christian missionary?

The foreign land, the backwoods, the desert wilds may not, need not be thy sphere of mission work. Nay, He who has placed thee there, and traced out thy daily bounds, hath put thee in that place in His world where thou canst do, and *best* do too, my friend, that work which He has laid out for thee.

Is it the farm? Is it behind the shop counter? in the school-house? in the busy workshop? It matters not. There must thou be Christ's missionary, there must thou talk and think and act that if every other

soldier of Christ did the same, this world would to-morrow be gathered around the Saviour's feet, and we should have again on earth the beautiful Paradise of God.

I pass on. The Church as she sends out her missions shows that she

## II. *Realizes a Soul's Need.*

Every nation has realized that the *soul* has capacities, feelings, needs, quite distinct from those of the body. Every nation has tried to find God and has made its own ideal of Him.

The Greeks: their ideal was wisdom and the beautiful, in music, art, poetry, buildings, human nature.

The Romans: their ideal—massive strength and a deep sense of duty.

The Egyptians: life was to them the thing sacred and divine. So they worshipped the calf, the bull, the crocodile, the cat, the snake.

And so on. Nations, individuals, philosophies, religions—all have tried, but vainly, to satisfy a soul's need; have tried to gain the seamless robe of Truth, and but a hem of it remained in their eager grasp.

The Church of Christ alone realizes and satisfies the need.

To teach *the Truth*, to answer satisfactorily the universal questions, Where am I? what am I? whither go I? to persuade men that

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“ Life is real, life is earnest ;  
 And the grave is not its goal :  
 ‘ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’  
 Was not spoken of the *soul*.”

To give the ideal to every man, which shall fill to the full every wish, satisfy every need, every desire of the human heart ; to give poor hungry souls not the husk—which seemeth full, really is a hollow sham—but the honest, golden grain ; in short, to give Christ—Perfect God, Perfect Man, Perfect Wisdom, Perfect Goodness, Perfect Satisfier—to every child of Adam, black or white or copper-coloured, educated or entirely ignorant ; that wherever the sun shines, there also shall the Sun of Righteousness cast His beams. That, my friends, is the object of Christ's Church ; that, is to realize the universal sweep of the marching orders.

The Greek need—satisfied in the “chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely.”

The Roman's—in the God of all coming down to earth to do His Father's will—Perfect Duty : “enduring the cross, despising the shame,” bearing all with an unmatched fortitude—Perfect Strength !

The Egyptian need—in the Life of Life, the great I Am, the Everliving Son of God.

Our souls, my friends, are not to be fed, dressed, pampered like our bodies ; nay, there is the likeness of God in them, and that likeness must be renewed and brightened and glorified by His continual presence therein. Nothing can fill the never dying soul but the Undying God.

Listen. St. Augustine, a great Father of the Church—restless, discontented, serving his sinful nature and the devil for half a lifetime ere the love of God triumphed in his heart—echoes in his "Confessions" the human need, "We were made for Thee, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee."

Ah! my brothers and sisters, there are restless souls all along life's highway! How can they rest if they hear not of Him who invites the sin-stricken and sorrow-laden? "Come unto Me, I will give you *rest!*"

The soul's quenchless need is satisfied in Christ Jesus; Christ the Saviour; Christ the Teacher; Christ the Giver of the Holy Spirit; Christ the King of the Church, here and beyond the grave; Christ, who shall judge all men at the last great day.

One thought more, and I have done. The marching orders of the Master, we have seen, imply that the Church must ever be a great missionary institution, that she must realize the one thing needful to satisfy the needs of a soul; in doing so, what further does she do? What further, did I say? Nay, it all springs from, it all points to this; for she is

### III. *Doing her Duty.*

Duty! What is *due* from her to her King. Wonderful word! how like "Marathon!" to the old Greeks, it should thrill through the Christian ranks! Doing her duty!

Yes, in its two-fold meaning; to God, and to her own members, and that implies (we have seen before)

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—that implies the whole human race, that "the earth may be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the seas."

The Captain's orders must not be *questioned*; they must be *obeyed!*

Think of that mad charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. Those six hundred knew that to attempt to "take the guns" meant absolute destruction, but

"Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die."

And so they charged the Russian guns—their first and last thought—duty.

The Church of Jesus has led many a forlorn hope. Began to evangelize a world with a mere handful of the earth's outcasts. Charged the sensual religion of Greece, charged the might of Rome, charged the hosts of the barbarians. What! This mere handful of fishermen to leaven the world? Yes! for it is "not by might nor by power, but by *My Spirit*, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Duty. See the Master's high sense of it. Was there toil, privation, suffering? Was there a dead one to be restored to the sorrowing home, sorrow to be sweetened, disease to be fought, sin to be cast out, a Gospel to be preached? There was Jesus Christ—because "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." What is the will of God concerning His Church? "That *every* one should be saved and come to the knowledge

of the truth. The will of God! Shall not we, with the "larger hope;" we, whom God has made living members of His Body, the Church; we, for whom there is a special room of service here, and hereafter a beautiful kingdom and a glorious crown; shall not we strive to fulfil God's will to us-ward?

The will of God! All that we are, all that we have we owe to that will of Love. He created us, redeemed us, pours out His Blessed Spirit upon us—all of His free Love! "If He would, thou mightest have been some soulless savage beast of burden, some worm of earth, some idle sea-weed cast withering on the strand, some barren rock in the thick-ribbed ice."

One of these we might have been, and yet—and yet, He made us redeemed men and women "called to be saints," called to do His will! We think of Christ. How perfectly obedient! How perfectly obeying His Father's will!

We think of the world of nature. Wind and storm, sunlight and darkness; the stones, the plants, the animals, all do their duty in that state where God has placed them. He sendeth out His word . . . they fulfil that word.

We, my dear friends, are in a higher world, a world of grace. We must obey not from fear, not from being bound to, like the lower creation; but what is far higher, far better, like a spirit made in God's own likeness—from *Love*.

If we obey from real love, we also shall take an

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*interest* in obeying; take an interest in fulfilling the marching orders, take a lively interest in missions.

There is a story told of a little boy in Belfast, a chimney-sweep. He happened to be attracted by missions and he contributed to a mission-box, a sum which was not inconsiderable for a chimney-sweep, the sum of twopence! One afternoon, a friend of this boy's met him going along the street in an unusual condition. His face and hands were washed, and he was dressed in very good clothes. And the boy, who was his friend, said to him, "Holloa! where are you going?"

"Oh!" he said, "I am going to a missionary meeting."

"What!" said he, "going to a missionary meeting; what are you going to a missionary meeting for?"

"Well," the sweep said, "you see I have become a sort of *partner in the concern*, and I want to see how the business is getting on!"

Well, now, that is just what we want. To realize that we are all partners in the great concern of saving souls, preaching Christ's Gospel, endeavoring to hasten what we pray for, each time we say the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth."

An interest in missions. Not merely give our money when the subject is broached, and then think no more about it. That is but the interest of a "sleeping partner" in the Church's great concern.

An interest in missions. Cannot we take some

field to pray for, to work for, to be interested especially in?

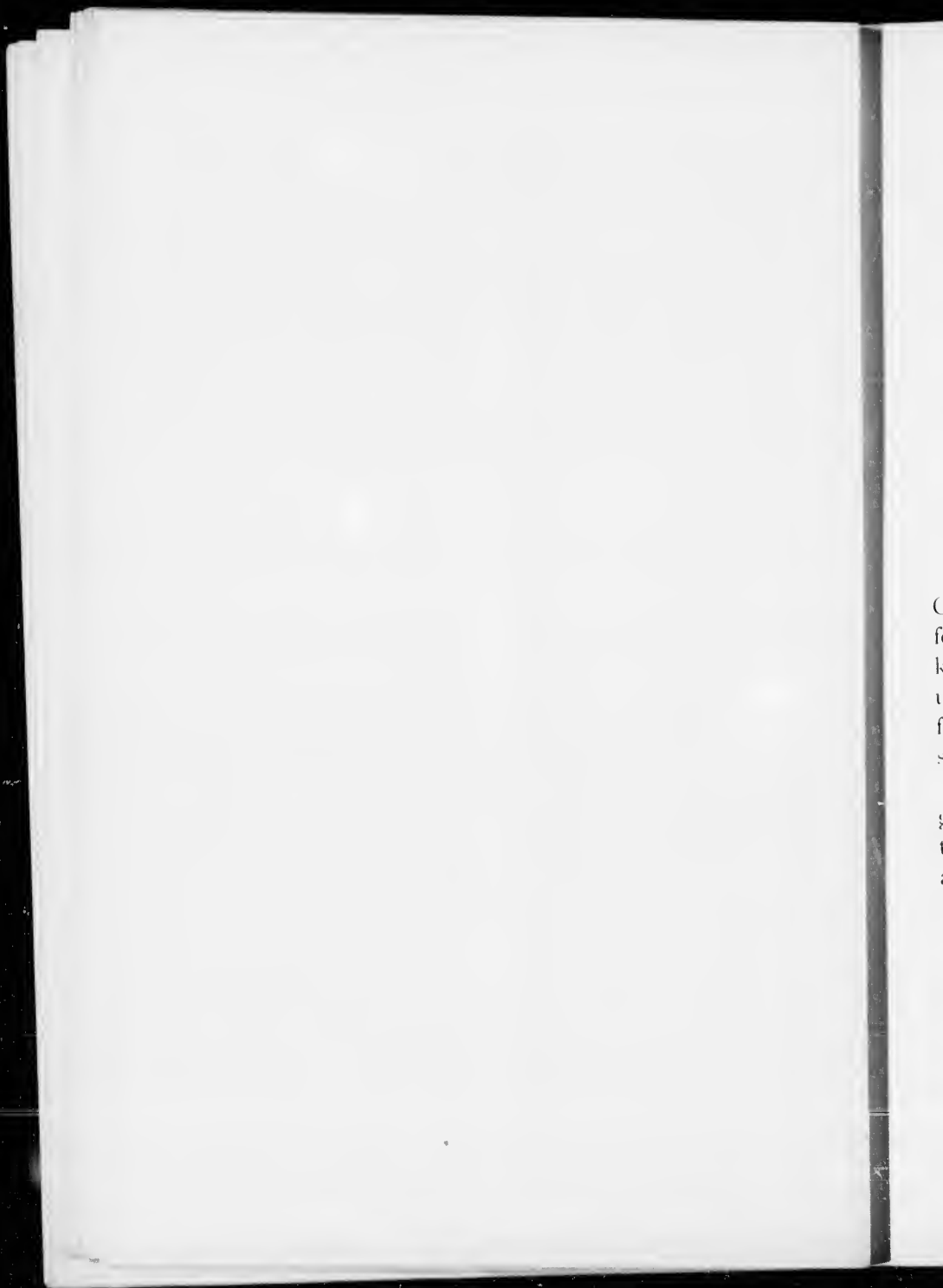
Oh, my friends, with these marching orders of ours which know no limit of time or country, surely, surely, there is a duty for each Christian soldier, who is not only a fellow-worker with others, but has the marvelous honor of being a fellow-worker with the Great Master; surely there is a duty for each to send forth the mission spirits—to spread the Gospel light, like angels of the dawn, with both their hands, until the kingdoms of the world become the one great kingdom of God and of his Christ.

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II.

THE WATCHWORD.



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## ADDRESS II.

### THE CHURCH'S WATCHWORD.

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“Jesus only, Jesus always, all for Jesus!”

---

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Advent is here. The old Christian year, with its hopes, its joys, its falls, its fears, is closing. A new year of grace with its unknown trials and its vast possibilities, is about to open upon us. A fresh field of battle, the great untried future, is rapidly nearing. As soldiers of Christ, what shall be our watchword this new year?

Every season of the Church's year—the year of grace, just as every season of the natural year—comes to us with a fresh call to know God better—the Father, as *our* Father, the Son as *our* Redeemer, the blessed Spirit as *our* Sanctifier; and a fresh opportunity of serving Him, of fighting down sin, of devoting our whole being to the service of the King of Kings.

What watchword better, then, O army of the living God, in every thing, every day, at every conflict, than, “Jesus only, Jesus always, *all* for Jesus?”

What does Advent teach us?

I. *Life is a Battle.*

We promised at baptism to be good soldiers of Christ ; to fight manfully against sin—the world, the flesh and the devil. Let us strive more nearly to do so.

Buckle on *all* the Christian armor ! Cast away the deeds of darkness ! Open the windows of thy soul that the blessed light of God which is all around thee may stream in !

What is *your* chief sin—the sin that doth so easily beset you ? Is it pride, lust, vanity, selfishness ? What is it ?

Find it out, fight it out, quit it, this Advent. Let “Jesus only” reign in your soul.

II. *Life is Fleeting.*

A few more struggles, a few more sighs, a few more partings — changes and chances of this mortal life ; all will be over. Eternity will have begun.

Remember, *now* is the accepted time ! whilst it is called *to-day* !

Pause, think, realize, life is most serious. 'Tis only the half-way house betwixt two eternities. An eternity behind and an eternity in front !

See to it that we spend the brief space called Time “walking honestly, as in the day ; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but putting on, day by day, the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Strive to remember the preciousness of our immortal souls. *This* life will decide where I shall spend the endless Hereafter! Life is so fleeting!! Let us consecrate each thought, each word and deed; every day, every hour, every moment, consecrate it to Christ. "Jesus always!"

### III. *Life has Results.*

Death must come to each and all! and, after death, the judgment!!

"Prepare to meet your God, but not in some distant land, in some far-off time. Prepare to meet Him here and now, always and everywhere. Prepare to meet Him in your office, in your business, and in all your communion with your fellow men. Let every day be your judgment day. Live so that at last shall come to you as a festal invitation, the warning to prepare yourself to meet your God."

Be not satisfied with this world. Seek the things unseen, eternal, which can never pass away. Be *in* the world, yet not *of* the world. Look ahead! try to pierce the dark veil which divides Now from Then; and, like the seaman, trained night by night to see through the darkness, the eyes of thy soul shall see more and more of the outlines of the heavenly Jerusalem—the city without foundations, where Christ, thy changeless Lord, will reign King forever.

Do all, looking ahead! "All for Jesus!" Think of these solemn thoughts; and, something more, be quiet practical, make a fresh start. Try again!

- (i.) *Say your Prayers* more earnestly, more regularly, more devotedly. Prayer brightens the Christian's armor. To pray is to speak face to face with Christ the King.
- (ii.) *Come to Church.* Let every Sunday see you there. Let nothing keep you from your Lord's courts. There He holds His receptions ; there He bids His soldiers meet Him. Come, then, to meet Christ. Come to learn about Him. Come to receive Him into yourselves.
- (iii.) *Be a Daily Christian.* Let not your religion be put on and off with your Sunday clothes. "Jesus *always.*" Die daily to self—daily live nearer to God."

If you have been lazy, thoughtless, careless about Prayer, Church Going, Daily Christianity—forgotten to be a good soldier of the Crucified—be so no more. Start afresh this Advent. The Devil will help you to make all sorts of excuses. Don't listen to him. Look to, listen to, obey Jesus Christ ! "Jesus only, always, all for Jesus."

Dearest friends—Time is fleeting fast, Eternity draws on apace, Life soon ends, Christ is coming.

Enter your Advent full of hope, full of determination, full of good intentions, full of desire to live up to the watchword.

Battles, fierce and long, be very sure there will be for thee this new year. Never fear ! They that be for us are more than they that be with the enemy.



God the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, and the blessed angels are fighting with us, for us. Who can be against us?

“From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

“That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may obtain through Christ alone,  
A crown of joy at last.”

---

## III.

## A PASSION PRAYER.

O Thou Most Mighty One!  
Sweetest and best!  
Thou, who didst bear for us  
Toil and unrest:  
Thou, who didst agonize  
Deep in the shade;  
Midst the green olive-trees,  
"Kneeled down and prayed,"  
Grant us to watch with Thee,  
Through sin's dark night;  
And receive strength like Thee,  
From the fierce fight.

So when deep waters flow,  
E'en o'er our soul;  
We may stand silent and calm,  
Heed not their roll;  
And, when the end shall come,  
Sin's battle o'er,  
We may stand with thee, Lord,  
On Heaven's bright shore;  
Where fadeless peace and joy,  
Ever shall be,  
Easter eternal, Lord!  
Easter with Thee!

C. SYDNEY GOODMAN.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE,  
CANTERBURY, *Maunday Thursday*, 1888.

## IV.

## THE LESSON OF AUTUMN.

What are ye saying, beauteous leaves,  
In your checkered colors gay?

As one by one  
'Neath Autumn sun,  
Ye rustling fall away.

What are ye saying, flying clouds,  
In your speeding, fitful glee?

As ye hurry away  
With dying day  
To kiss the Western Sea!

What are ye saying, chilly winds,  
As ye sweep o'er hill and lea?

Nipping, shivering,  
Nature withering,  
Heedless, tameless and free.

What art thou saying, Golden Fall?  
Teach me some lesson clear;

As amidst gold  
Thy days are told,  
And the end of the year draws near.

\* \* \* \*

30 WINTER AND SPRING—HERE AND HEREAFTER.

“Child of Earth!” the Autumn cries:  
“With a home beyond the skies:”  
Leaves and cloud and wind proclaim,  
All in echo deep exclaim:  
“Seasons come, and seasons go,  
Life ebbs on for weal or woe,  
Art thou unprepared or no,  
For Death’s change—the last great blow  
Of the changeful Herebelow?”  
’Tis the lesson we would tell,  
Read it, mark it, learn it well!

C. SYDNEY GOODMAN.

BELL’S CORNERS, *October*, 1889.

V.

WINTER AND SPRING—HERE AND  
HEREAFTER.

Gone is all the summer beauty,  
Sere and fallen all its show;  
Autum’s mystic wand has touch’d her,  
Nature’s bare and barren now!

Steals o’er earth a solemn stillness  
All unlike the joy of June;  
Winter! Snow King! reigns supremely,  
Stern his sway and full of gloom.

WINTER AND SPRING—HERE AND HEREAFTER. 31

Gathering mist and shrouding ice-cloud,  
Wrap the land in whitest pall ;  
And the bleak wind shrieks so sadly—  
“ Death must come to each and all.”

“ True ! too true ! and yet, O, Winter !  
Darkest night proclaims the dawn :  
Nature in thy grasp but *sleepeth*,  
And she'll wake when Spring is born.”

Slumber breaketh !—comes a happier,  
Brighter season of the year,  
Now the frost-bound urns, all crystal,  
Melting, fill the brooklets clear.

Nature, like a waking giant,  
Feels the life in hurrying flow,  
Press and surge through vein and sinew ;  
Hill and dale responsive glow.

Decked in living green—her sable  
Tosses she to wintry Past,  
Loveliest skies, life-giving zephyrs,  
Whisper, “ Spring has come, at last !”

Christian Pilgrim ! like the seasons,  
Thou art ever changing here ;  
Spring-time, Summer, Golden Autumn,  
Warmth here—Winter must be near.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Underneath the stately portal  
Of the dark hall of the dead ;  
In the silence of Life's Winter,  
Thou, dear soul, wilt one day tread.

Lean, then, on the Arm not human,  
Look thee to the Shepherd's face ;  
Never fear the dark and shadow,  
Trust the Lord of Life and Grace.

Soon the Light immortal dawneth  
On thy longing, wondering gaze,  
Life's dark winter—now, Heaven's Spring-time ;  
Bursts thy soul in rapturous praise.

Dear Redeemer! *here*, the winter  
Of our sins Thy glory hides,  
May we *there* for ever view Thee,  
Where Eternal Spring abides.

C. SYDNEY GOODMAN.

WORCESTER, ENGLAND,  
*Christmas, 1887.*



