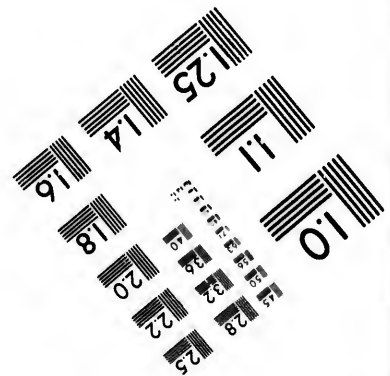
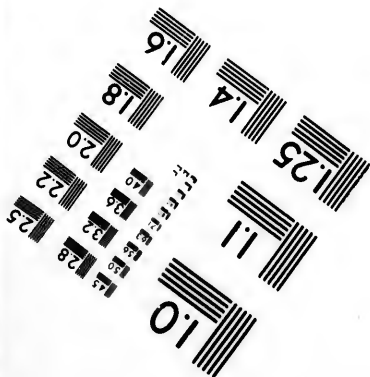
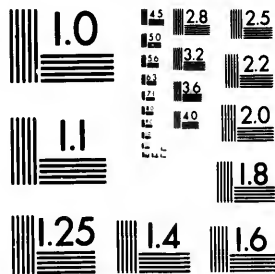


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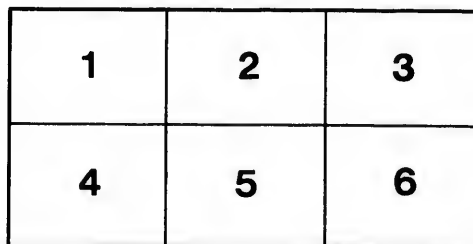
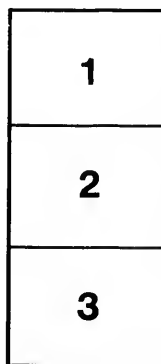
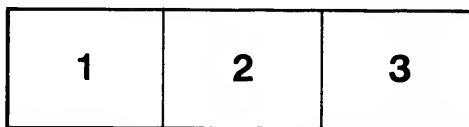
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THE  
STONE CHURCH BELL

AND OTHER POEMS

BY  
GEORGE EDWIN FAIRWEATHER

---

PUBLISHED IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
WALTER CARDWELL FAIRWEATHER  
A GOOD SON

*And is there but for stately youth a grave.—FELICIA HEMANS.*

ST. JOHN, N. B.:  
BARNES & Co., PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.  
1895.

---

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1895.

By GEORGE EDWIN FAIRWEATHER,  
At the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

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PLATES—

WALTER CARDWELL FAIRWEATHER.  
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH (Parish of St. Mark).  
REV. JOHN DE SOYRES, M. A.

## In Memoriam.

WALTER C. FAIRWEATHER.

Extract from a sermon preached at St. John's Church, by the Rector,  
Rev. John de Soyres, M. A., November 18, 1894.

In concluding a sermon upon Romans xii. 11, ("Three Rules of Life,") the preacher said :

If no other motive had suggested this subject, an event of last evening would have brought very near to my heart, and to the hearts of many, the contemplation of the life of a young man given to God.

After long illness, borne with exemplary patience, looking clearly forward to an inevitable conclusion, a life which had not yet numbered twenty-nine years, ended in perfect peace, the life of one who was never "slothful in business," who was "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

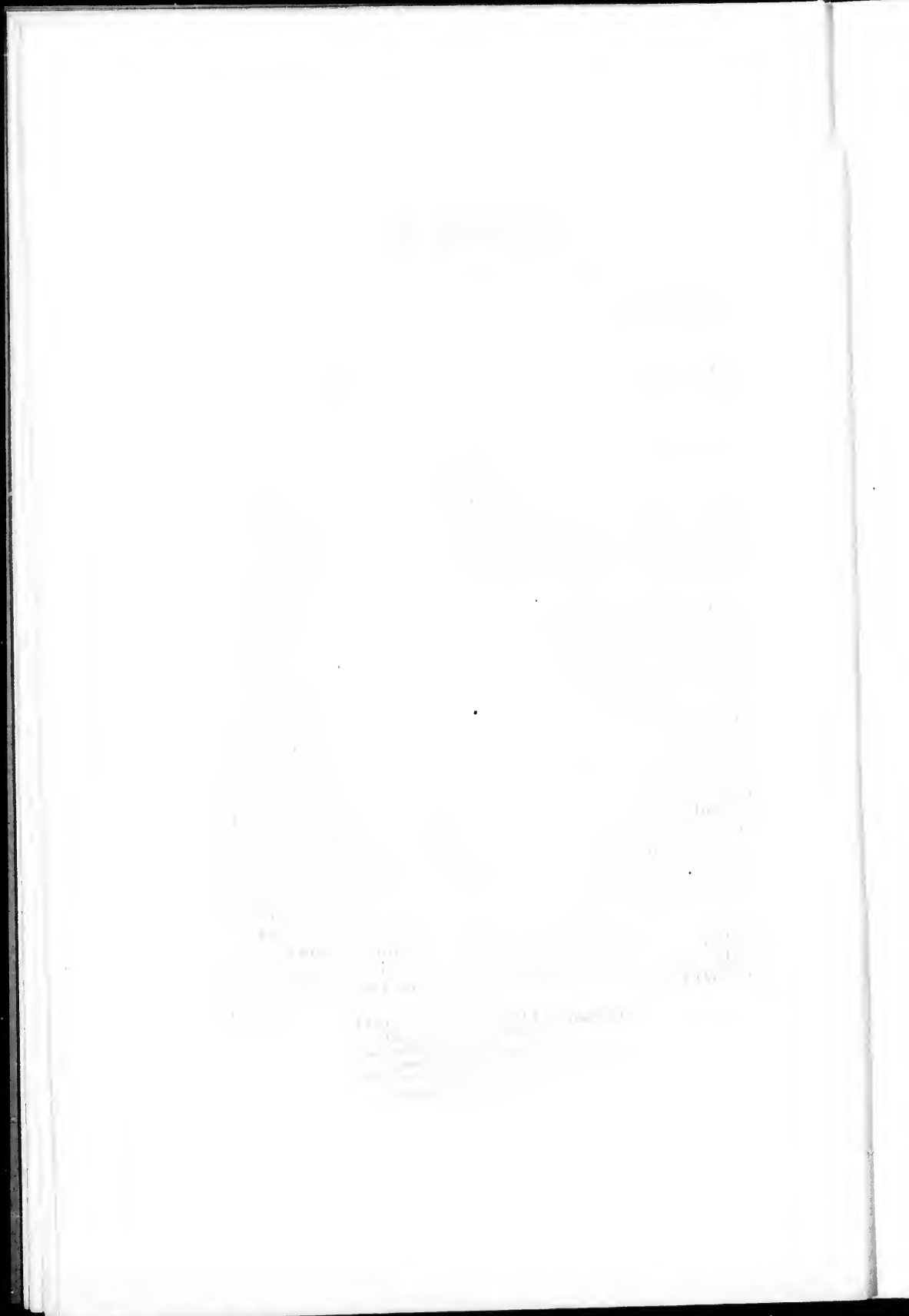
Seldom did a young man earn so soon, and yield up to God so resignedly, a position and earthly prospects which all might envy. Versatile talents, social gifts, the power of attaching to himself all whom he knew, an aptitude for business which marked him out for eminence, and had already gained advancement,—all were his. But these things he counted as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of his Saviour. In our many conversations about God and the future state, which possess such precious memories to me, we saw how Heaven comes near in this life to the believer, and that each one of the Apostle's maxims were embodied in his spiritual life. His last question to me was this: "Is it wrong to pray for release?" And I could only answer by reading to him St. Paul's statement of the same dilemma, and his own solution: "To me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

His work on earth is done. His diligence has now its rest. But the spirit, we believe, is fervent still. It has found new activities,—he serves the Lord for ever. The last words I read to him were the words of his favorite hymn:

" I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest:  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast."

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WALTER CARDWELL FAIRWEATHER.

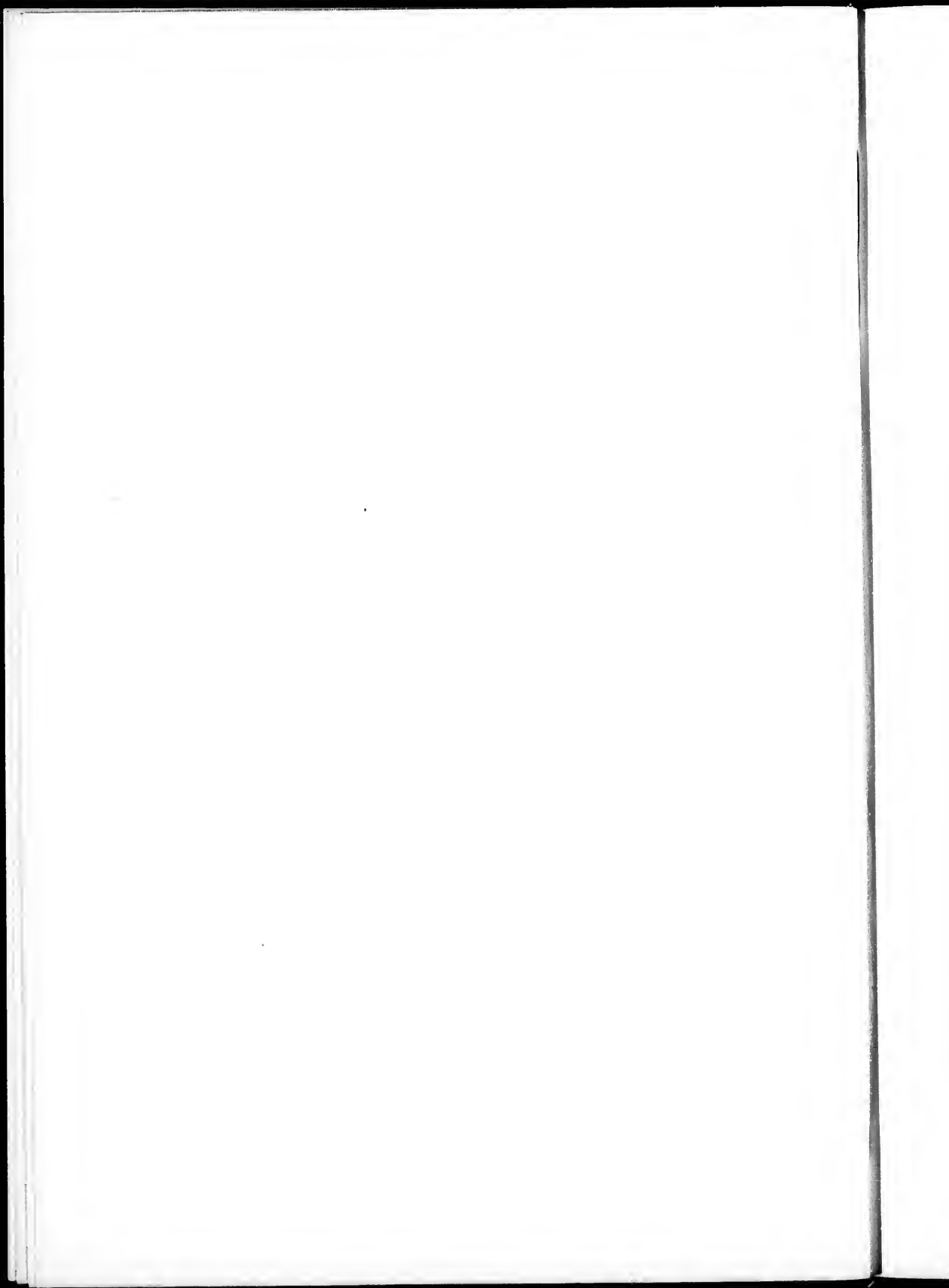
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THE STONE CHURCH BELL

AND OTHER POEMS.





# THE STONE CHURCH BELL

AND OTHER POEMS.

---

## FOR JESU'S SAKE.

If I but one kind, gentle word could speak,  
To cheer the heart of some weak, erring soul,  
By loving act, some happy truth unfold,  
To lead but one, the path of peace to seek,  
    The path that leads to Christian love and grace  
    And ends in heaven's eternal rest and peace.  
    And all for love of Jesu, blest,  
    The Rock and Stay, the perfect rest,  
    My life were not in vain;  
For in the sight of God how dear is one  
Redeemed, through Jesus Christ, our Lord—the Son—  
    And cleansed from sinful stain.

What gladness, joy within the realms of light  
Resound, in songs of praise by angels bright,  
    Worthy the Lamb, once slain,  
    To ever live and reign,  
    To whom all glory be,  
    Now and eternally.

## THE STONE CHURCH BELL.

[St. John's Church, Rev. John deSoyres, M. A., Rector.]

The dear old bell in Gothic tower,  
Of church built eighteen twenty-four,  
Still calls the old and young to pray  
On festal and on Sabbath day,  
With ring as sweet and full of power  
As when it rang a joyful clang,  
By willing hands then made to bang,  
Telling the dawn of useful hour.  
None now remain who on that day,  
Rejoiced to praise their God and pray  
That He would ever bless the bell  
With tidings good to loudly tell.  
I was not there to raise my voice  
With those who did in heart rejoice,  
But I have heard it threescore years  
Amid my joys, my sorrows, tears.  
In youth I heard its mellow sound  
Filling with joy the hills around,  
And dearly love its note so clear,  
As it falls now upon my ear.  
I've stood beside it on the tower  
As it proclaimed the service hour;  
Have heard it send a joyful peal  
For those joined by the nuptial seal;  
And paused to hear its lesson read  
In dismal tollings for the dead.  
E'en then its muffled mourning knell  
Upon the air with softness fell,  
Filling the mind with thoughts of love,  
Of peace and rest in heaven above.

Within these sacred walls of stone  
The light of truth has ever shone,



SAINT JOHN'S CHURCH, MONT MARIE.

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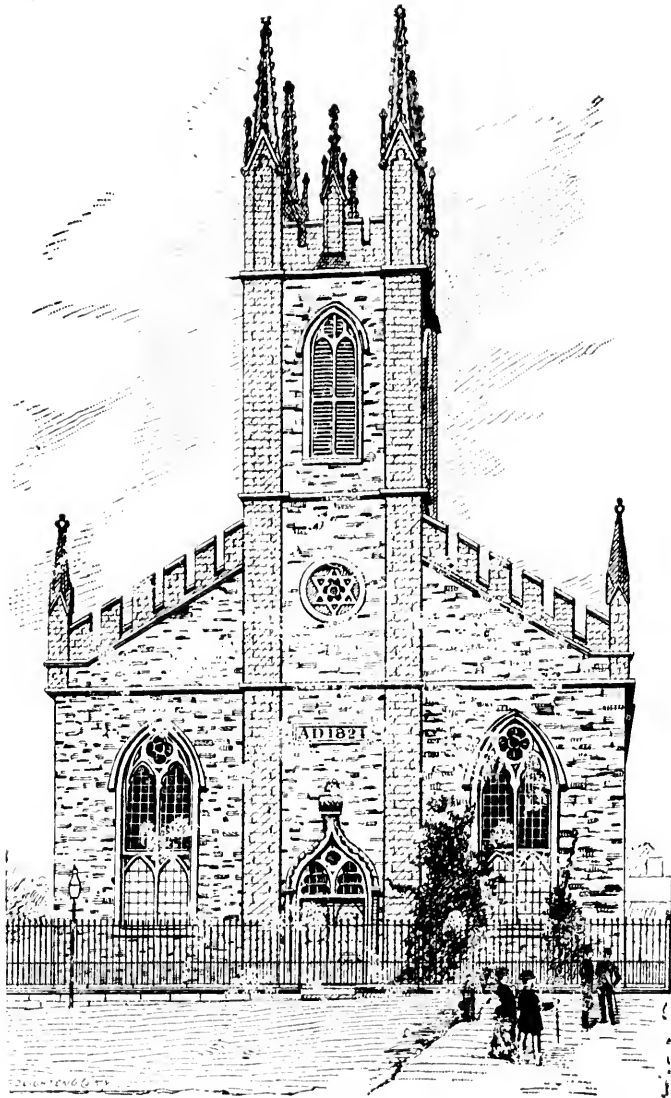
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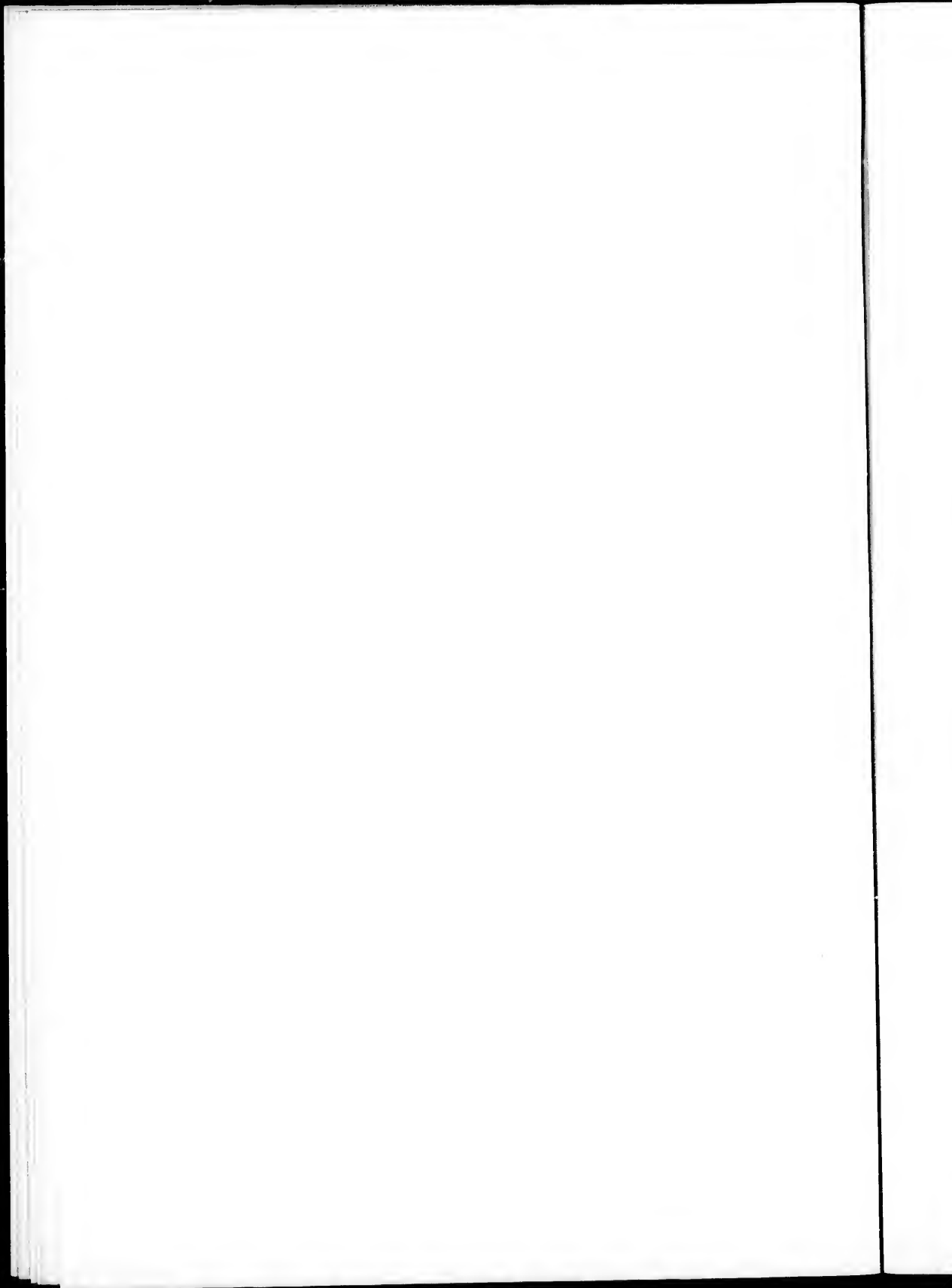
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SAINT JOHN'S CHURCH, PARISH OF SAINT MARK.



And generations passed away  
Have knelt within these courts to pray,  
Where finding grace and peace and rest,  
Now swell the number of the blest.  
Beneath the arch the message true,  
Old as the hills, yet ever new,  
Has been proclaimed to old and young,  
God's goodness proved, His praises sung.  
The young were taught to know His love,  
And seek a blessing from above;  
The old gained strength upon the way,  
Leaning on Christ, the only stay,  
All, all have seen within this place,  
Some gleam of light, and thousands peace.  
Yes, here the gifted Doctor Gray,  
And saintly Armstrong, day by day  
With burning words did counsel give,  
How God to serve, how best to live,  
That after death and conflict o'er,  
All, all might gain the heavenly shore.  
And still those paths of peace are shown,  
As Holy Writ clearly makes known,  
How grace is gained through Jesus' blood—  
A swelling tide, a generous flood—  
“And every virtue we possess,”  
Is through the Son of Righteousness,  
Whom Christians all love and adore,  
And shall be praised for evermore.

Of all the bells of olden time,  
There is none other left to chime  
Within the town; it stands alone  
In use, and unimpaired in tone,  
On the same spot where first its sound  
Proclaimed redeeming love profound.  
Long may it sound in dale, o'er hill,  
Tidings of love, peace and good-will.



## A PRAYER.

O Jesu blest, upon my heart outpour,  
 Of gentle, loving influence, a store,  
 That I may Thee most reverently adore  
     In hymn and prayer.

O, Saviour, who has cleansed me in the tide  
 Of sacred blood from Thy most precious side.  
 O, ever with me graciously abide,  
     From day to day.

And as this brief uncertain life shall close,  
 Grant that no evil thought may then oppose  
 My happy entrance into sweet repose  
     Within Thy fold.



## FRIENDSHIP.

Upon this earthly scene, "this vale of tears,"  
 How sweet the intercourse of friends, how dear.  
 And 'mid our many trials, doubts and fears,  
 How good the thought that God is ever near.

He breathes upon us through His Spirit blest,  
 The heart to warm, the wound of sin to bind,  
 A Friend to all, of all the friends the best,  
 Beyond a mother's love, abiding kind.

When in distress what friends will faithful prove  
 If aid will then a sacrifice entail,  
 In loss of wealth, ambition's goal, or love  
 Of those whose power and influence prevail.

In prosperous days we count our many friends,  
 Enjoy their love and feel they are sincere,  
 With trials stern, the worldly friendship ends,  
 God is the constant friend to love, to fear.

## I WILL INFORM THEE.

Psalm xxxii.

Who can recount the many mercies, free  
 To each, to every soul, in kindness sent,  
 The many dangers we escape and flee,  
 The blessings we enjoy, the comforts lent.

Who can fore-warn us of approaching night,  
 When low the lamp of life shall dimly burn,  
 And the imprisoned soul shall seek in flight,  
 The sphere unknown, from whence none may return.

Who can inform us of the life to come,  
 Its paths of peace, perchance its woes and tears,  
 The clear and bright celestial songs, of some,  
 Despairing sighs, wrung out by others' fears.

Who knows the sorrow, pain, He would not flee,  
 Who bear our sins in His own body, dear,  
 With arms outstretched on Calvary's torturing tree,  
 That we by faith might unto Him draw near.

We know that God is our abiding stay,  
 And will inform us of His paths of peace,  
 His word fore-warns of dangers by the way,  
 And doth recount His works of love and grace.



## RETIREMENT.

In some secluded dell, some pleasant nook,  
 From turmoil far removed, and city din,  
 Within a peaceful cot, beside a brook,  
 Where love is found and quiet reigns therein,  
 How sweet to dwell; of God, no doubts, no fears,  
 'This be my lot, in life's declining years.

## THE STONE CHURCH BELL

## THE GENTLER INFLUENCE.

The gentle breeze, the rippling stream,  
 The trembling leaf upon the tree,  
 Tell of a power unseen, yet near,  
 And turn our thoughts, O God, to Thee.

All were created by Thy hand,  
 And lend their aid to keep us pure,  
 Reminding us, from day to day,  
 Thy gentler influence holds secure.

That gentler influence, like a dove,  
 Descended first on Christ our peace,  
 And through His merit we enjoy  
 The Holy Spirit's constant grace.



## THE TOILERS.

The west reveals the sun's declining ray,  
 Homeward the weary toilers take their way;  
 In God they trust, whose mercies never cease,  
 And lay them down in humble cot in peace;  
 He looks upon them from His throne above,  
 To rich and poor, alike, "the God of love"  
 Who wills that all shall ever safely dwell  
 Within one fold; "He doeth all things well,"  
 Guarding His people in their every need,  
 When Him they serve in thought, by word and deed,  
 No poor and meek escape His watchful care,  
 Whose kind and generous thought is how to spare;  
 He'll judge the rich and poor, the proud and great,  
 And scan their work according to their state,  
 Dealing to all the measure of His love,  
 As they are found in Him and faithful prove.

## AN ASPIRATION.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.  
Rom. viii. 14.

O God, inspire us from above,  
With warm desire for works of love;  
Aid every act, bless every thought,  
Of willing service, humbly brought:  
Assist each effort of the heart,  
In striving for the better part;  
Let earnest prayer, like incense raise  
To Thee, with fervent love and praise.  
Prevent upon life's rugged way,  
Thou, the firm rock, the strength, the stay,  
Lead onward in the path of grace  
Thy sons, to peace, in heavenly place.



## MUSINGS AT SUN RISE.

Calm is the morn, and brilliant in the east,  
No ripple stirs the lovely, placid lake,  
The birds, on pinions bright, by mountain crest,  
With warble sweet their cheerful matins make,  
The dew drops clear, like crystals pure and bright,  
Hang on the trees and on each shrub and flower,  
Relic of gloom that's past, the silent night,  
Doomed to depart before that growing power,  
The beauteous orb of day, so full of good,  
Emblem of that eternal inner light,  
Which fills the soul with peace, with love to God,  
With longing for that land devoid of night,  
The Throne of Jesu, Lord above,  
The home of light, of peace and love.

## EVENING.

The shadows fall upon the scene, so bright,  
 Darkness descends, that dismal mantle, night,  
 Save distant voice, from boat on placid stream,  
 There is a hush, a calm, a lovely dream ;  
 A hush, as when Jehovah, on Horeb's peak,  
 In "still small voice" did to Elijah speak,  
 Hidden among the hills, in cavern drear,  
 Mourning the evil days of Israel, dear ;  
 Calm as the night, when on Judea's steep,  
 The faithful shepherds watched their flocks of sheep,  
 And heard the joyful tidings of Christ's birth,  
 Glory to God, good will and peace on earth.

I dream of gentle voice that speaks within,  
 Of love and peace in heart that's cleansed from sin,  
 And of that land where there shall be no night,  
 For Christ the Lamb shall be the living light.



## THE STREAM OF TIME.

Onward the stream of Time flows silently,  
 Upon it we are drifting to the end,  
 The closing scene, from which we cannot flee,  
 Nor earthly power, or worldly wealth, defend ;  
 The fleeting pleasure, and the daily task  
 Will soon alike be buried with the past.  
 Awake! in earnest prayer, sincerely ask,  
 That we may faithful prove and true at last,  
 Faithful to Christ, whose life for us was spent,  
 True to that inner light, divinely sent.

## "I WILL BE WITH YOU."

O God, be with me in the path of life,  
Amidst its joys and sorrows and its care,  
O'er rugged road, in peaceful walk, 'mid strife,  
In daily toil, or scenes more bright and fair.

Grant power to trace the Saviour's footprints, bright  
With works of love, of mercy and of grace,  
And guide me, by the Spirit's gentle light,  
To heights of joy and bliss in heavenly place.



## CITY OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

The varied charm of rock and rill,  
Of flowing stream and rugged hill,  
Of steep ascent, by mountain side,  
Where stunted tree and shrub abide,  
Presents a pleasant scene to view,  
Bold, brilliant, lovely, ever new,  
On such foundation, fixed and sure,  
Of solid rock, firm and secure,  
Rests that bright spot, the home we claim,  
Our own St. John, dear is thy name;  
Here breezes waft the cool sea air,  
O'er rocky shore and beaches fair,  
Here strangers from a warmer clime  
Enjoy sweet rest 'mid scenes sublime,  
And gaining strength by sweet repose,  
Send back their praise in glowing prose.

Their lot has been to mark the fall  
Of enterprises, great and small;  
Disaster stern, by flood and fire,

Have trouble brought and ruin dire,  
 But God in mercy stays His hand,  
 In goodness keeps our home, our land.

May He, whose every thought is love,  
 Look on our dwelling from above,  
 To guide and guard, and ever bless  
 With peace, content and happiness,  
 All those who faithful to her cause,  
 Seek Him in prayer, obey His laws:  
 By effort for her welfare, state,  
 Gain for her favors good and great.

May all in power ordained to rule,  
 Without respect to party, school,  
 Condemn the wrong, maintain the right,  
 Uphold the truth with all their might,  
 So shall we dwell from discord free,  
 Sustained and blessed, O God, by Thee.



### I WILL LAY ME DOWN IN PEACE.

Psalm iv.

Beneath Thy sheltering wing in peace I sleep,  
 For thou dost o'er me watch and safely keep,  
 May every thought be holy, pure and bright,  
 By angels stirred, Thy messengers of light.

Thy grace extend, O Lord, by night, by day,  
 To guide my feet upon the narrow way  
 That leads to blissful scenes beyond the sky,  
 To world of light, the throne of God most high.

## NEW BRUNSWICK.

New Brunswick hills are fair to view,  
Its lakes and streams how grand,  
The waving fields of ripening corn  
Are seen throughout the land.

The marsh, the trees, the winding course  
Of K'asis\* lovely stream,  
A picture show that charms the heart,  
Like pleasant, lovely dream.

The varied scenes of hill and vale  
That bound thy shores, St. John,  
Enchant the eye, with rapture fill  
All those who sail thereon.

The Jemseg's deep and narrow way,  
Abounds in rural charms —  
Of lovely tree and quiet nook  
And sloping fertile farms.

It leads to lake of grand extent,  
Where mines of coal abound,  
And gardens yielding rich produce  
Beside its shores are found.

Unnumbered lakes of beauty rare,  
Where sportsmen ply their skill,  
Surround our homes on every hand,  
Adorning dale and hill.

With finny treasure in her bays,  
And plenty on the main,  
In peaceful, free and happy homes  
Her hardy sons sustain.

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\* Kennebecasis.



In forests fair to view are seen  
 Great wealth of various wood;  
 To meet the numerous wants of man—  
 For commerce, fire and food.

Her ships sail over every sea,  
 Are found in every clime,  
 For strength and beauty unsurpassed,  
 In sailing "up to time."

Her sons are ready, true and brave,  
 And answer duty's call—  
 To keep our homes, to guard our shores  
 Firmly, whate'er befall.

Her daughters fair, as fair can be,  
 Brighten this pleasant land;  
 Of tender heart and cheerful mien,  
 And thrifty, skilful hand.

The Sabbath day is honored here,  
 To God we bow the knee,  
 His word we read, His name we praise,  
 Triune, eternally.



#### THANKSGIVING DAY, 1891.

By God preserved, this favored land,  
 Shows bounteous store on every hand,  
 Its garner full, 'mid peace content,  
 And blessings great in goodness sent,  
 For which we praise His holy name;  
 Who ever was and is the same  
 Kind Father, Friend, Redeemer, Lord,  
 By men and angel hosts adored.

## WINTER.

The blizzard wild now fills the air,  
The snow is drifting high,  
The driving wind more fiercely blows,  
The forests moan and sigh.

But fairer days and brighter nights  
Are seen and much enjoyed,  
For winter brings a happy side,  
Its pleasures unalloyed.

The frost-bound stream, with mirror face,  
Entice the skaters gay,  
The brilliant moon, the clear blue sky,  
Charm others in the sleigh.

The merry bells, the joyful shout,  
Proclaim enjoyment great,  
While ringing laugh is clearly heard  
From those who ply the skate.

Within the house, the open fire  
Burns freely, clear and bright,  
And gives a pleasant, cheerful look,  
With comfort, warmth and light.

The merry dance, the simple game,  
Beguile the passing hour,  
While happy converse, pure and good,  
To soothe the aged, hath power.

Thus in the journey of this life,  
The cold and cheerless part  
Can be made happy, pure and bright,  
By love that warms the heart.

But let us not forget to praise  
Our ever present Lord,  
Who times and seasons overrules,  
And blessings doth afford.

## THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

The sun has passed behind the western hill,  
The wind blows briskly and the air is chill;  
No perfume sweet is wafted on the gale,  
For frost and snow abound on hill and dale;  
The flowing stream is hidden from the sight,  
Its surface glistens in the moon-lit night,  
The snow, like lovely mantle, white and pure,  
From killing frost affords protection sure  
To field and lawn, to plant and buried flower,  
To tree and shrub, and vine which forms the bower.

But soon the gentle shower and sun's warm ray  
Will clear the fields and swell the stream and lake,  
Where nestles safe the welcome flower of May,  
In mossy bed, beneath the vine and brake.

O joyful season, brilliant, happy, spring,  
We'll greet thee well, the bright and sunny hours,  
Thy lengthened days, thy birds that sweetly sing,  
Thy budding trees, green fields and opening flowers.

O best of seasons, joyous spring,  
Fit emblem of new life, through Christ our king,  
How full of hope, what love thou dost inspire,  
For Him, who purges with celestial fire,  
And trains each thought and effort of the mind,  
A purer life to gain, His peace to find.

## JUNE.

On every hill, in every vale,  
Beside the stream and lake,  
Fresh foliage green of many shades,  
With vine and shrub and brake,  
Adorn the landscape bright and fair,  
And brilliant picture make,  
The fruit tree bloom, of varied hue  
Adds to the picture light,  
While grass and fern complete a scene  
That's pleasing to the sight.  
The swollen brook runs swiftly on,  
The river floods the land,  
The happy singing birds are heard  
So sweet on every hand,  
The thrifty farmer plys his skill  
In hope of rich return,  
All teach of goodness, power and love,  
May we the lesson learn,  
And each in his appointed sphere  
God's gracious hand discern.



## AUTUMN.

The flowers are touched with frosty dew,  
The vines present a brilliant hue.  
The morning air is clear and chill,  
Stirred by the breeze from yonder hill.

The colors bright on hedge and grove  
Adorn the landscape fair, but prove  
That winter cold will soon be here  
With all its joys and X'mas cheer.

A sadness fills the mind to see  
The fading flowers, the swallows flee,  
The falling leaves, the trees so bare,  
The withered vines our constant care.

Yet flowers will grow again in spring,  
And with them joy and brightness bring,  
The fields and lawns "with verdure clad,"  
All nature beauteous, sparkling, glad.

Meanwhile the winter evenings long,  
With pleasant converse, sport and song,  
Will quickly pass and leave behind  
Sweet thoughts of friends both good and kind.

As every season comes and goes,—  
O'erruled by Him who ever knows  
What's best for each and good for all,—  
May we ne'er cease on God to call.

By prayer and praises from the heart,  
By effort for the better part,  
To Jesus Christ still firmly cling,  
Till death shall give eternal spring.



#### A NOVEMBER EVENING.

The deepening gloom, the lowering sky,  
Presage a storm, a tempest nigh,  
The fitful gusts with sleet and rain  
Beat loudly on the window pane;  
The quickening tread of passing feet  
Resound upon the cold, dark street.  
A dismal night and chill and raw,  
Renew the fire, the curtains draw,  
Shut out the gloaming from our sight.

Let saddening thoughts be put to flight,  
Within is peace, contentment, love,  
Kind faces sent from heaven above.  
And let us not unmindful be,  
Nor fail the gracious hand to see,  
Ever stretched forth to guard and guide  
'Mid dangers oft on every side;  
But let us rather in our joy  
The heart uplift, the tongue employ,  
In praise and prayer to God alone,  
Who is the sure foundation stone,  
And ask that He will ever spare  
And keep in His protecting care,  
Mid storms of trial, doubt and sin,  
And give abiding peace within.



“BRIGHT BEAMS.”

Let Thy bright beams, dear Jesu, shine  
Within the chambers of my soul,  
O, make and keep me ever Thine,  
Each thought and word and act control.

A spotless life was Thine, O Lord,  
Redeemer, Saviour, ever near,  
A saving strength Thou dost afford,  
Through the Blest Spirit sent to cheer.

Make me, O God, both good and pure,  
To others useful, helpful, true,  
Give faith and love which shall endure,  
The heart each day cleanse and renew.

## THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The distant hills reflect the last faint ray,  
With joy the toilers greet the close of day,  
And homeward turn, with pleasant thoughts of rest,  
Within that hallowed spot, so sweet, so blest,  
Save gentle breeze, that stirs the perfumed air,  
A quiet reigns over the scene so fair,  
The twinkling stars grow brighter to the sight,  
The twilight fades away in gloom of night.

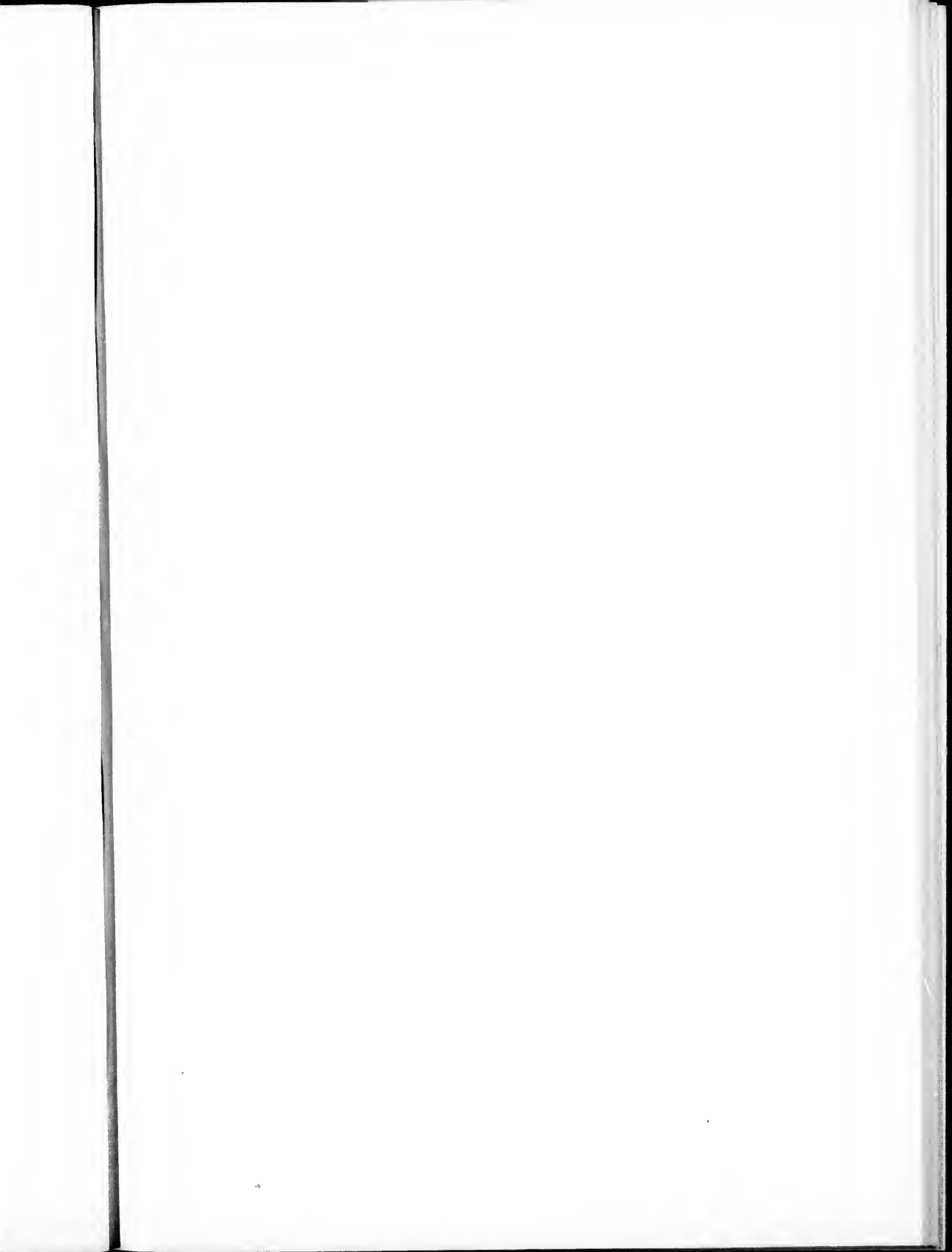
So fades the day of our brief life on earth,  
Ending in gloom, the final scene of death;  
In that last hour, may we in quiet rest,  
By faith upon the gentle Saviour's breast,  
In hope of that eternal day of joy,  
When service bright, shall all our powers employ,  
Service to Christ, who in redeeming love  
Prepares a place for us in realms above,  
To whom be endless praises freely given  
By saints on earth and angel hosts in heaven.



## STRONG IN FAITH.

While on the threshold of the life to come,  
And strong in faith, I seek the heavenly home,  
Thy love shall ever be my theme of praise,  
And to Thee, Lord, my grateful heart I'll raise.

And as this fleeting life of care shall end,  
Be near to bless, O Christ, the sinner's friend,  
And through the valley dark, direct my way,  
Till gleams the light of heaven's eternal day.







Reverend JOHN de SOYRES, M. A.





GEORGE JOHN REYNOLDS. M. A.

## CHRISTMAS.

He came, not with the grandeur of a King,  
 Not with triumphant shout of conquering—  
 As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought,  
 With pomp, with trappings great, rich spoils have  
     brought—  
 Not with commanding presence, might and power—  
 As Israel hoped, and longed to see that hour;  
 But lowly born, they failed His love to see  
 In human form, which veiled His Majesty;  
 No earthly heralds told His advent nigh,  
 But angel hosts proclaimed it from on high,  
 With song of praise, of love and mercy given,  
 Peace on the earth, glory to God in heaven;  
 The shepherds to the manger rude repair,  
 And offer homage to the Saviour there.  
 Rejoice we now, in His great power to bless,  
 The Prince of Peace, the Son of Righteousness.



## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Ring out ye midnight bells,  
 And sound o'er distant fells,  
 The heart with rapture swells,  
     The Christ is born.

No praise shall be deferr'd,  
 But joyful hymns be heard,  
 And may our hearts be stirr'd,  
     The Christ is born.

The shepherds lowly bow,  
 In Bethlehem's manger low,  
 And humble reverence show,  
     The Christ is born.

The blessed mother pure,  
Rejoices to endure  
Neglect, for she is sure  
The Christ is born.

The wise a star behold,  
To them the news is told;  
They offer gifts and gold,  
The Christ is born.

Rejoice, ye Gentiles, now,  
And humbly, lowly bow,  
With praise and prayer and vow,  
The Christ is born.

O may we all rejoice,  
And with the heart and voice  
Proclaim aloud, Rejoice!  
The Christ is born.

To Him we'll praises sing,  
Who good to us doth bring,  
With healing in his wing,  
The Christ is born.

To Father, Spirit, Son,  
The eternal Three in One,  
Be endless reverence done,  
The Christ is born.



#### EASTER.

The sombre hymns and psalms of Lent  
Give place to hymns of praise,  
The forty mournful days are spent,  
And thankful hearts we raise.

Hearts full of thoughts of Christ's great love,  
So gentle, kind and true,  
Poured down upon us from above  
The soul to bless, renew.

The sun shines brighter, and the flowers  
A richer perfume lend,  
The chimes and bells from lofty towers  
A joyful greeting send—

Greeting the day that saw Christ break  
The bonds of Death and Hell  
Triumphantly, and captive take,  
The Prince of Darkness fell.

A joyful, joyful hymn we sing,  
Hosanna, Prince of Peace,  
Blest Jesu, Saviour, Priest and King,  
Who brings redeeming grace.



#### AN EASTER HYMN.

There is a land, a pleasant land,  
Where Christ has gone before,  
Where the redeem'd, a chosen band,  
With praises loud and measure grand,  
Unceasingly adore.

Jesus who did for us atone,  
And purged our sin away,  
There sits on His exalted throne,  
To claim that homage all His own,  
On this bright Easter day.

May love to Him our thoughts engross  
 As daily now we strive  
 To cling more firmly to His cross,  
 To count all earthly gain but loss,  
 And closer to Him live.

That when before His face we stand,  
 We may His pardon gain,  
 And find a place at His right hand,  
 Amid that bright and chosen band,  
 Free from all earthly stain.



#### WHITSUNDAY.

As on this day, Thy grace divine  
 In fullness great did brightly shine,  
 In cloven tongues of heavenly fire,  
 To aid, support, direct, inspire.

Thy chosen ones assembled there  
 At Pentecost, in praise and prayer,  
 Heard the great sound in faith and fear,  
 And knew the Holy Spirit near.

And in the strength of that new life,  
 Went forth to danger, hardship, strife,  
 Sustained to fearlessly proclaim,  
 Salvation gained through Jesu's name.

That quickening power will ever strive  
 Within the heart and keep alive,  
 Deep love for God, His law, His day,  
 And guide upon the narrow way.

O God our Heavenly Father, Friend,  
 Still guide and guard, protect, defend;  
 Through Jesus Christ, Redeemer, Lord,  
 The Holy Spirit's aid afford.

## THE COMFORTER.

O Spirit blest, whose kindly aid,  
 Dost influence every thought and word,  
 When to our God, our prayers are said,  
 Through Jesus Christ, Redeemer, Lord,  
   Succor, in our deepest need,  
   Every thought in mercy read,  
   And in goodness ever lead,  
     To living streams,  
 When refreshed with heavenly grace.  
 We in spirit clearly trace,  
 The brightness of Christ's gentle face,  
   Who grants a home.  
 (When things of time, are of the past,  
 And all things, new and bright appear),  
 To those found constant, at the last,  
 In heights, where He is ever near.



## PEACE, BE STILL.

On stormy lake, He sleeps in peace,  
   Unmoved by danger on the wave,  
 Trusts and relies upon the grace,  
   Of power Divine, to keep, to save.  
 He wakes, at the disciples' prayer,  
   And speaks the word, which brings the calm,  
 Revealing there His matchless power,  
   As wind and sea, their God proclaim.  
 Jesu, in mercy, give us grace,  
   To seek Thine aid, when storms prevail,  
 And in Thy goodness, grant us place,  
   In Heaven, where storms cannot assail.



## EVIL DREAMS.

When evil dreams disturb the mind,  
 O God, our Father, good and kind,  
 Look on us as we rest in sleep,  
 Guard, influence, bless, in safety keep.

O God the Son, our Saviour dear,  
 Plead for us then and linger near,  
 And in that silent, darksome hour  
 Extend to us Thy quickening power.

O God the Spirit, pure and bright,  
 Illume the soul with holy light,  
 The bands of sinful thought release,  
 And softly whisper words of peace.

Peace that shall dwell within the soul,  
 While time's unending stream shall roll,  
 To aid in prayer and praise to Thee,  
 Great Triune God eternally.



## PSALM IV, 4.

Dear Lord, I would revere Thy holy name,  
 And fear Thee to offend, by word, in thought,  
 To quench the Holy Spirit's gentle flame  
 Within the soul, by Christ so dearly bought.

Touch Thou, in love, the heart, reveal Thy light,  
 And aid to brighter views of Thy great care,  
 And in the stillness and the calm of night  
 Thy peace to me extend, through Jesus spare.

## THE SABBATH DAY.

How calm the Sabbath day, on which we meet  
 Within the courts of Christ's own house of prayer,  
 In simple emblems there His presence greet,  
 And joyfully our faith and hope declare.

The cares of daily life are laid aside,  
 The mind is fixed upon redeeming love,  
 The Holy Spirit does with us abide,  
 And looks upon us from His throne above.

We realize a foretaste of that peace,  
 The peace which comes to those who love the Lord  
 And seek the path He trod, of duty, grace,  
 So plainly marked in His most Holy Word.

O strengthen that within us, by Thy power,  
 That wavering thought, that faint desire for Thee,  
 Guard us, O God, in love, guide every hour,  
 Through Jesus Christ, grant peace eternally.

EXCEPT YE \* \* \* BECOME AS LITTLE  
CHILDREN.

O calm and happy childhood,  
 From care and trouble free,  
 A time of brightest sunshine,  
 When hearts are full of glee.

What thoughts of joy and pleasure,  
 And plans for future years,  
 Fill heart and mind with gladness—  
 Excluding gloomy fears.

The months and years are longer,  
In that most charming day,  
And often seem to linger,  
And slowly pass away.

Full soon the vision changes,  
When childhood's sun has set,  
And cares and troubles deepen,  
And anxious thoughts beset.

Then let us give them pleasure,  
We, whose experience, rife,  
Know happy childhood is the time,  
The happiest time of life.

O let us not by harshness,  
So wound the trusting heart,  
As cause it pain and sorrow,  
To feel the venom smart.

But rather be reminded  
That God, in heaven above,  
Looks down upon His children  
In goodness, kindness, love.

And that we all are children,  
Many too old to bend,  
But much in need of kindness,  
From God, our Father, Friend.

May we be "little children,"  
At Christ's most gracious call,  
And haply gain the mansions  
He has prepared for all.

## KEEP THOU MY FEET.

When youthful zeal bold efforts prize,  
And actions rash—not always wise—  
Would lead me on to folly great,  
To be found out when quite too late,  
Let Thy kind presence, gentle, sweet,  
Be near, O Christ, keep Thou my feet.

When manhood's prime shall on me rest,  
And my surroundings shall be blest,  
When strong temptation's subtle power,  
Shall closer cling each day and hour,  
May firmer faith Thy presence greet,  
Jesu, Saviour, keep Thou my feet.

And when I reach declining years,  
Remove all doubts, allay all fears,  
Grant strength upon the downward way,  
That from Thy paths I may not stray,  
Give counsel, aid and blessings meet,  
Redeemer, Lord, keep Thou my feet.



## A BRIGHTER SPHERE.

The pattering feet are heard no more  
Resounding on our chamber floor,  
The hands are folded on the breast  
Of her dear form now laid to rest.

The winning ways, to us so sweet,  
Shall never more our coming greet,  
For she, beloved, to us so dear,  
Rejoices in a brighter sphere.

E'en now in thought we can discern,—  
 As yearnings deep within us burn,—  
 A lovely form of radiance bright,  
 Safe in that home of joy and light.

And we, by faith, rejoice to know  
 That she in Heaven and we below,  
 In sweet communion through Christ's blood  
 Still join in prayer and praise to God.

May that bright thought, from day to day,  
 Cheer and assist on "life's rough way;"  
 Jesu, give now abiding grace,  
 Hereafter rest, in that bright place.



#### THE HOLY TRINITY.

O Father, kind, who did this world create,  
 And form our parents in a perfect state,  
 Be not extreme to mark our evil way,  
 But ever be to us a guide, a stay.

O Christ, our Saviour, who with grace profound,  
 A light and ransom, for our souls hast found,  
 Through shedding of Thine all sufficient blood,  
 Grant us to profit by that sacred flood.

O Holy Spirit, who in gentle love,  
 Dost light upon us shed from heaven above,  
 Vouchsafe to dwell forever in the heart,  
 That we may now secure the better part.

O Trinity of power. One only—God.  
 Look Thou upon us, for our utmost good,  
 And so dispose and train us, in the strife,  
 That we may gain at last Celestial life.

## A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU.

The prayer is said beside the mother's knee,  
 When she is near all troubles quickly flee,  
 Her soothing voice and touch, so gentle, light,  
 Dispels the phantoms of the silent night,  
 Quick is her ear to hear the slightest cry,  
 And fleet the foot to minister, reply.  
 She gently chides, with loving, earnest word,  
 And tells how great the love of Christ the Lord,  
 And ever strives, 'mid duty, care and joy,  
 To live near God, and every power employ  
 To make the home a little heaven below,  
 To soothe each sorrow, lighten every woe,  
 To bind up every wound, give word of cheer,  
 With whispers soft and low, so fond, so dear,  
 Lighten's the gloom of dark affliction's hour,  
 By kind and loving thought, a gentle power,  
 The pillow smooths, as we depart alone,  
 And lingers near, when death has claimed its own,  
 Faithful and true, denying self to prove  
 A "ministering angel" bright, of peace and love.



## PROTECTING LOVE.

The snow falls on the frozen earth,  
 Pure, sparkling, lovely, bright,  
 Protecting early spring's new birth—  
 Sweet messenger of light.

On fields these kindly mantles rest,  
 Till sun and gentle shower  
 Draw verdure from responsive breast.  
 With bud and leaf and flower.

The influence of the Spirit blest,  
 Sent from the heights above,  
 Upon the pure in heart shall rest,  
 In kind, protecting love.

And they, responsive to His care,  
 Shall seek to know Him well,  
 The inner life, the soul prepare,  
 With God to ever dwell.



## EVENTIDE.

When falls the deepening shades of night,  
 The quiet evening hour,  
 How sweet to contemplate His love,  
 Our Father dear, in heaven above,  
 Think of His gentle power.

All nature seems to rest in peace,  
 A calm pervades the scene,  
 A reverence deep dwells in the heart,  
 There's longing in the inward part  
 For light and life unseen.

And as the mind dwells on God's love,  
 His wondrous work and way,  
 We feel an influence good and bright,  
 See gleamings of a heavenly light,  
 Constraining us to pray.

That He will guard with outstretched wing,  
 Our life, our work, our way,  
 At early morn, when shadows fall,  
 Each day and hour, whate'er befall,  
 And ever be our stay.

## A MEDITATION.

I'll meditate upon Thy word,  
And think of all Thy love and care,  
The strength and aid Thou dost afford,  
The gentle hand, so strong to spare,  
The record of Thy boundless love,  
Of mercy great from age to age,  
In plenteous showers sent from above,  
Are written on that sacred page.  
'Tis there we learn of saints of old,  
Led by the power of that strong hand,  
'Mid dangers great, hunger and cold,  
In Thy great service, fearless, grand,  
Of all who served with faith and fear,  
'Mid scenes of wild and godless strife,  
A glorious record, bright and clear,  
Shows us the way to brighter life.  
The way to Thee, great Source of Light,  
Almighty Father, love divine,  
Whose dwelling-place is ever bright,  
And life and light alone are Thine.  
And there we read of love more kind,  
Supreme in all its depth and height,  
Beyond the grasp of finite mind,  
Known only to the infinite.  
The gentle life of Jesus Christ,  
And all His great redeeming love,  
His entry into perfect light,  
His constant care in Heaven above.  
All there set forth that we may find  
The path His bruised feet have known,  
And seek to know His love so kind,  
And claim His merit as our own.



## BEARETH ALL THINGS.

I. Cor. xiii. 7.

The change and chance of life with firmness bear,  
 Its cloud and sunshine, happiness and care,  
 And count all trial, but experience good  
 In mercy sent to draw more near to God;  
 With weak friends bear, though fickle and perverse,  
 Be just and true 'mid fortune's cold reverse,  
 A kindly spirit show, a generous heart,  
 To do and dare, to act a noble part;  
 Slow to resent a slight, neglect or wrong,  
 Yet in kind deed and word, be brave and strong,  
 Let life and work with charity be bright,  
 So shall the way be smooth, the burthen light;  
 Extend to those who struggle on the road,  
 Stooped with many a care, a heavy load.  
 A helping hand, a word of cheer and love,  
 That road, which ends in peace and rest above.



## THE ETERNAL HILLS.

The path that leads to "the eternal hills"  
 Is rugged, steep, beset with many ills;  
 And he who would a footing surely hold  
 Must onward firmly press, be fearless, bold.  
 At every turn is seen a brighter way,  
 Alluring joys which tempt the weak to stray.  
 But prayer dispels the vision from the sight,  
 The pilgrim sees the distant holy light.  
 Each weary day beholds a triumph won  
 Through the inspiring power of God the Son,  
 And as the times and seasons onward roll,  
 Trusting in God each weary laden soul  
 With firmer step, with love abounding, strong,  
 Hears the faint echo of the heavenly song.

## AN EVENING MEDITATION.

Soft breezes, wafted from the fertile leas—  
 Perfume ladened from wild flower, wood and brake.  
 Just sway the lofty tops of stately trees,  
 And stir the placid surface of the lake.  
 The daily work is o'er, all silent there  
 Where late they gathered treasure from the soil,  
 The flocks are safely kept, with thoughtful care,  
 Sweet sleep rewards the hardy sons of to-day,  
 The glorious orb of night full and serene,  
 Lights up the charming summer evening scene  
 Of sparkling wavelet, meadow, grove and hill,  
 Enchanting to the sight, so soft and still,  
 Conviction strong, within the inner shrine  
 Of conscience, thrilled by truth, spirit divine,  
 Awakes to welcome a celestial light,  
 The pardoning love of Christ, so gentle, bright,  
 And, thankful heart, renders with fervent word,  
 Praise, deep, sincere, to Christ the Saviour, Lord.



## "ABIDE WITH US."

St. Luke, xxiv. 29.

They walk together on the Emmaus road,  
 And commune of events now noised abroad;  
 With heavy hearts they talk of Christ who died,  
 Their faith in Israel's hope is sorely tried.  
 Doubt's heavy clouds, no silver linings mark,  
 But all is drear and dismal, sad and dark.  
 Unknown to them, Jesus Himself draws near,  
 And asks them of their converse and their fear,  
 To whom they tell the wonders of the day,  
 And as they pass with Him upon the way,

They are enlightened, as to God's intent,  
 In sending Christ on mercy's errand bent.  
 To their wondering minds, stores of love reveal,  
 How Christ must die, and with His life blood seal  
 Mankind's redemption, ere He could ascend  
 To glory, and fulfil His gracious end.  
 Their destination near, the day is gone,  
 And He would seem to pass the way alone.  
 "Abide with us" they pray, and Christ the Lord  
 Passes within and joins them at the board.

O, Christ, who dost in every heart abide,  
 That seeks Thy love, in paths where Thou dost guide,  
 "Abide with us," and be to us a stay,  
 That we may walk with Thee the narrow way,  
 And as they knew Thee at the breaking bread,  
 May we ne'er fail to seek where Thou dost lead,  
 Through outward sign of simple bread and wine,  
 And there to Thee our inmost hearts incline;  
 Be ever present with us on the road,  
 The heavenly road that leads us to our God;  
 "Abide with us" and make the heart Thy home,  
 So shall we to Thy heavenly mansions come,  
 To dwell for evermore in endless light,  
 'Mid angel hosts, forever in thy sight.



#### THANKSGIVING.

O Thou who ever lives to bless and spare  
 And hast in love withheld the chastening rod,  
 Accept our heartfelt thanks for this Thy care,  
 Thy mercy, goodness, O Almighty God.  
 Grant us to know Thee as the constant friend—  
 The great all-Father full of pardoning grace,

Into our hearts Thy Holy Spirit send  
 That we may find through Christ, abiding peace.  
 Bless our dear ones—restored to us in health—  
 With Thy most Holy Spirit's "kindly light,"  
 That they may comprehend Thy hidden wealth,  
 And ever guide in paths, both pure and bright.  
 Into Thy sacred courts we will repair,  
 And yield to Thee thanksgiving, praise and prayer.  
 There all Thy servants love to seek Thy face,  
 And ask through Christ for pardon, strength and grace,  
 With contrite hearts may we before Thee kneel,  
 And there accept with joy that precious food,  
 The pledge of love and grace, salvation's seal,  
 O Jesus, Saviour blest, the perfect good.



#### ABIDING PEACE.

With thankful heart I will commend  
 The God of wondrous grace;  
 A willing service freely lend,  
 And pray that he will ever send  
 A sweet abiding peace.

Abiding peace, that gentle guest,  
 Which calms the troubled mind  
 With thought of that eternal rest  
 Where angels bright and spirits blest  
 A sweet communion find,

In daily round of toil and rest  
 May my best thought abide  
 With that great Friend, the truest, best,  
 In every ill, when sins molest,  
 The constant, tender Guide.

## THE STONE CHURCH BELL.

The Guide whose promises are sure,  
 Who leads in paths of peace  
 All those who suffer and endure  
 With softened heart, holy and pure,  
 And blesses with His grace.

May the short space to me assigned,  
 The closing years of life,  
 Be blest by Him who, ever kind,  
 Does every wound in mercy bind,  
 'Mid trial, anguish, strife.

In death's dark hour may my thought be  
 Of peace and Jesus' love,  
 Redeeming love, so full and free,  
 And may it be my joy to see  
 His face in Heaven above.



## WITHIN THY COURTS.

Within Thy courts, so calm and still,  
 The place Thou dost with glory fill,  
 May we have knowledge of Thy will,  
 And learn of Thee.

There earnest souls, with loving heart,  
 Seek grace Thou dost in love impart,  
 Aid us to choose the better part,  
 Thy love to see.

Within that sacred, hallowed place,  
 Bless all who kneel to seek Thy face  
 With larger measure of Thy grace—  
 And Thy dear love.

O let Thy mercy ever flow—  
On us, on all Thy love bestow,  
That we and they may truly know  
Thy boundless grace.

Thy boundless grace, great One in Three,  
Was, is, and evermore shall be,  
While ages roll eternally,  
Jehovah, God.



## MAYFLOWER.

Welcome, little Mayflower,  
Peeping through the snow,  
On the mossy hillock,  
Meeting the sun's glow.

Harbinger of summer,  
Soon to bring us flowers,  
Plenty on the hillside,  
Fields and woods and bowers.

Breezes blow more softly,  
Showers more gently fall,  
Snow is disappearing,  
Hear the robin's call.

Hills begin to brighten,  
Fields with verdure clad,  
Swelling brooks are flowing,  
Birds and beasts are glad.

For these blessings many,  
For the present good,  
Man and nature joining,  
Praise Almighty God.

## THE NEW MOON.

A gem suspended in the west,  
The crescent new, the Turkish crest,  
Demands from all admiring gaze,  
And for our God a song of praise  
For all His works, beneath, above,  
Kept by His power, His goodness, love.

As that bright gem grows and expands,  
Lighting the night in many lands,  
What beauteous scenes delight the eye,  
Spread out beneath the soft lit sky.  
The landscape bright, the placid lake  
Where paths abound, which lovers take,  
The moon and drifting clouds, as seen,  
With tree and shrub and grasses green,  
Reflected in the mirrored stream,  
A picture show like fairy dream.

And where the snowy mantles rest,  
On hill and plain and mountain crest,  
And ice has bound with solid chain  
The flowing stream, the pond and lake,  
Till spring, bright spring, shall come again,  
And by warm rains their fetters break.  
What sparkling beauty is revealed  
By the pale moon's enchanting light,  
A while by drifting cloud concealed,  
Emerging brilliant to the sight.

A brighter gem beyond the sky,  
Invisible to mortal eye,  
Sheds forth the beauteous light of grace,  
The spirit pure and holy peace.  
O spotless Lamb, dear Saviour blest,  
Who bore the cross, the Christian crest,  
Shine Thou in every contrite heart  
And faith and hope and love impart.

## THE LOVING KINDNESS OF THE LORD.

Psalm cvii. 43.

The power of God is seen and marked  
By all who love His name,  
And seek in every phase of life,  
'Mid peace, content, or worldly strife,  
His goodness to proclaim.  
'Tis seen in every trivial round,  
In nature's wondrous range,  
In foliage green, in spreading sky,  
In every season's change.

The snow-topped mountain's lofty peak.  
And Afric's burning sands,  
The ice-bound shores of polar seas,  
The bright and cheerful strands,  
Are all within His watchful care—  
To guard and guide, to bless and spare.  
The people of these lands.

All they who brave the mighty deep,  
And have their business there,  
Behold the wonders of the Lord,  
As written in His Holy Word,  
And know His loving care.  
And while the sea in raging might  
Proclaims His wondrous power,  
Their prayer to God, who stills the wave.  
For succor in distress, to save,  
Is answered in that hour.

We who in peaceful homes rejoice,  
Would heartfelt homage bring,  
And offer earnest prayer and raise  
A song of loud and joyful praise  
To Thee, our God and King.



“EARLY IN THE MORNING WILL I PRAISE  
THEE.”

When early morning's brightening rays  
Fall softly on my wakening gaze  
And mind resumes its sway,  
My first and brightest thought shall be  
Breathed forth in prayer, O God, to Thee,  
Who guards by night, by day.

For Thou alone canst safely keep  
The soul, when nature rests in sleep,  
When dreams disturb the mind,  
And in the daily path prevent  
By influence good in mercy sent  
By Thee, “All Father,” kind.

Still keep and guard upon the way,  
Be with me ever, night and day,  
And guide in paths of peace,  
The paths which lead to rest and light  
In heavenly mansions, pure and bright,  
The home of every grace.



THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART,  
THERE IS NO GOD.

Psalm xiv. 1.

Go, foolish one, and learn  
Of nature's grandeur in the mighty hills,  
The spreading plains, the gently flowing rills,  
The trees upon the mountain top and plain,  
And humbly seek a knowledge there to gain,  
The hand of God discern.  
Who sends the frost and cold, the early shower,  
The seasons in their order, leaf and flower.

The hills and vales with verdure clad,  
The birds that sing so sweetly, glad,  
Tell of His goodness, power, and prove  
His watchful care, His thoughtful love.

The vastness of the mighty deep explore  
From deepest treasure bed to utmost shore,  
The firmament, its beauty, ponder o'er,  
Who gives its brightness? learn to love, adore.

From east to west, from polar frozen sea,  
Eternal frost and never ending cold,  
Lands of luxuriant foliage, gems and gold,  
And mountains snow-topped, grand, majestic, bold,  
All, all proclaim the power, the majesty  
Of God, who was and is, shall ever be.



THE SECRET OF THE LORD IS WITH THEM  
THAT FEAR HIM.

Psalm xxv. 14.

The finite mind may look in vain,  
The knowledge infinite to gain,  
And scoffers bold shall never know  
Where streams of knowledge freely flow.  
Locked is the heart, the ear, the mind,  
The soul is cold, the eye is blind,  
Faith, simple faith, sees all in love,  
And humbly bows to God above,  
Looks on the stars and seeks to trace  
His gracious hand in boundless space,  
Admiring with a searching eye  
The grandeur of the vaulted sky,

Adoring still that wond'rous power,  
 Which guards and keeps each day and hour.  
 God will His secret now impart,  
 To those who fear with loving heart,  
 And will enlighten, guard and bless,  
 Filling the soul with righteousness.



### IN THE SEA'S DEEP BED.

The war-ship "Victoria" collided with the war-ship "Camperdown" in the Mediterranean sea, June 22, 1893, and foundered, entombing 400 men, including Admiral Tryon and many officers.

That floating fort of powerful mould,  
 With banner bright, crew sturdy, bold,  
 "Victoria" shall ne'er again  
 So proudly plough the ocean's main ;  
 A casket huge, for England's dead,  
 She rests in Mediterranean's bed,  
 Not by the thundering battle shock,  
 Not by the treacherous hidden rock,  
 But 'mid the peaceful grand array,  
 When all was happy, bright and gay.  
 The fatal crash, the riven side,  
 The ship is helpless in the tide.  
 A forward lurch, an after bound,  
 The sea's deep bed is quickly found.  
 The blow was struck by friendly hand,  
 Which laid bold Tryon and his band—  
 A noble crew, both true and brave—  
 Deep, deep beneath the restless wave.  
 Great Britain's sons and daughters weep  
 For those entombed in mighty deep  
 Resting in death's cold, still embrace  
 Within that mighty iron case,

Until the final trumpet call  
 With blast prolonged, shall summon all.  
 Their's is not the heroic name  
 That's written on the page of fame,  
 Of victory won for Queen and land,  
 Death in the struggle, noble, grand.  
 But sad the tale which speaks their fate,  
 An awful death, disaster great.  
 To duty true, their work well done,  
 These be their laurels, fairly won.  
 Cheer Thou, O God, the mourners all,  
 Let Thy sweet peace upon them fall.



TOUCHING THE VISIT OF LORD AND LADY  
 ABERDEEN.

Almighty Father, whose most powerful hand  
 Moved into space this world, in whom we stand.  
 Author of all things pure, of life and light,  
 Whose majesty supreme and power and might  
 Controls the universe—so grand, so vast—  
 Now in our time, as ever in the past,  
 And in thy boundless, never-changing love  
 Will ever look in mercy from above,  
 Pour down upon us with Thy gracious hand  
 Abundant blessings and protect our land,  
 Make us a people godly, faithful, free,  
 Dwelling in peace, our hope and trust in Thee.

Our rulers bless with wisdom to discern  
 Thy presence, and from Thee to humbly learn,  
 That so with wisdom true and holy fear  
 In duty's path may walk, with conscience clear.

For him called by our gracious Queen to guide  
 Within this fair domain—to here abide—  
 And for the partner of his honored life—  
 At courtly scenes, in home, 'mid public strife—  
 We pray Thy blessing on their regal round,  
 And may warm greetings and sincere abound.  
 Give them and theirs great happiness and peace,  
 And guide and bless with Thy abiding grace.



### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

On this, the twenty-fourth of May,  
 We sing with joy and humbly pray,  
     God save the Queen.  
 To her may life and strength be given  
 In boundless store from highest heaven,  
     God save the Queen.

May her long life, so good and pure,  
 A reverence claim which shall endure—  
     God save the Queen.  
 Within the heart of Christians all,  
 In every land both great and small,  
     God save the Queen.

'Mid trials great, affliction's rod,  
 Her trust was in Almighty God,—  
     God save the Queen.  
 The same who kept great Israel's King,  
 Who can alone true honors bring,  
     God save the Queen.

May He, our God, all Father kind,  
 The greater Britain firmly bind,  
 God save the Queen.  
 That we her loyal subjects blest,  
 In peace and love may safely rest,  
 God save the Queen.

Spare her, O God, o'er us to reign,  
 Give peace at last—the greater gain,  
 God save the Queen.  
 The peace beyond all earthly good,  
 The endless peace through Jesus' blood,  
 God save the Queen.



## DOMINION ELECTION.

February, 1891.

LOYALTY, UNION, PEACE.

England, the star of Empire, generous, great,  
 The home of peace, of freedom, high estate,  
 Where rule benign, protects a people free,  
 Calm 'mid the troubled, storm-tossed outer sea,  
 Where God is worshipped, and His law obeyed.  
 His day is honored and His Word is read,  
 The land from which our fathers turned in tears,  
 With saddened hearts, beset with doubts and fears:  
 God bless the bond which binds this rich domain,  
 "This Canada of ours" with England's main.

To that dear country may we ever turn,  
 With loving thoughts, as hearts within us burn,  
 For counsel, aid, support, in fair demand,  
 For rights we justly hold; and firmly stand,  
 For justice, law, for birth-right clearly ours,  
 Our fathers, sealed by high contracting powers.

O guide our rulers with Thy gracious hand,  
As they maintain the rights of our dear land,  
Imbue our friends, our neighbors, kinsmen dear,  
With liberal thoughts, with judgment bright and clear.  
May each and all, be honest, true and fair,  
And each their several gifts agree to share,  
And keep, O keep each country in Thy love,  
And let Thy blessing rest upon us, from above,  
Until the reign of peace, this world shall own,  
Gained through the merit of our Lord, Thy Son,  
And every nation, country, people, clime,  
Shall join in praise and prayer loud and sublime  
Which shall like incense sweet, ascend to Thee,  
Our own, our fathers' God, eternally.



“TENNYSON.”

Where nature's lovely charms abound,  
Far from the town's discordant sound,  
Where shrub and tree, vine, rock and rill,  
Combine the thoughtful mind to thrill,  
There he was found in converse sweet,  
Described by him in verses meet,  
Verses which live in every mind,  
That knew his worth, his friendship kind.

As waving fields and tree-topped hills,  
The summer air with fragrance fills,  
Lending a charm that warms the heart,  
While bearing well the daily part;  
So his bright life and grand career,  
So full of beauty, Christian cheer—  
Aids in the path which leads to God,  
Making the life more pure and good.

Tho' severed by death's darksome wave,  
Which o'erwhelms all, the gentle, brave,  
His glorious work of three-score years,  
Wherein his power of mind appears,  
Still binds him to this earthly sphere,  
With bands of love firm and sincere,  
And in all lands his honored name,  
Shall fitting tribute ever claim.



“ONE BY ONE.”

One by one we're passing on  
To the margin of the tide,  
Where the billows now divide  
This brief life from the unknown.

Many dear to us have crossed  
Over that wild, restless sea,  
Who while here did trial see,  
Daily, hourly, tempest tossed.

But the further shore is theirs,  
Happy in the great release,  
They enjoy a lasting peace,  
Answered now are all their prayers.

Every anxious thought at rest,  
In that bright and happy sphere,  
Where the Saviour ever near  
Makes their joy, joy of the blest.

If we never cease to pray  
With an earnest faith and fear,  
To the loving Saviour dear,  
He will ever be our stay.



And will lead us o'er the main,  
 To the mansions of the blest,  
 Where is found a perfect rest,  
 There present us free from stain.

In the many mansions fair,  
 The redeemed shall ever live,  
 Endless praises ever give,  
 To their great Redeemer there.



### SORROW.

Heavy the mantle that enfolds our love,  
 And dreary in the thought that fills the mind,  
 And only by the power sent from above—  
 The gentle influence soothing, ever kind—  
 Can we by faith imperfect, wavering, low,  
 Leave all to God, and to Him humbly bow.

For to the human mind's imperfect sight  
 It seems so hard to realize the good,  
 Hidden by Him who dwells in holy light  
 A king supreme, our Heavenly Father, God—  
 In this our day of trial and distress,  
 And He alone can cheer by His impress.

May He in mercy to the soul reveal  
 Himself, through His dear Son, our Saviour, Lord,  
 And make us truly now to know and feel  
 That inner light and life He doth afford,  
 And bring us nearer to the throne of grace,  
 Where strength to bear is found, abiding peace.

## ALL SILENT NOW.

All silent now, the friends we loved so well,  
In sweet repose "each in his narrow cell,"  
In memory dear, their work and words have place,  
As we recall the past, their life work trace,  
Their counsel sweet, so wise and helpful, kind,  
The loving intercourse of mind with mind,  
Strengthening the life, the heart, for effort good  
In faithful, active work and zeal for God.  
Yet still remains the ever constant friend,  
Who dwells within the heart, doth aid extend  
Through Jesus Christ, the pattern, guide and stay  
Along the path of life, the narrow way.



## A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

A lot, full of sad memories dear,  
So bleak, on this December day,  
A sacred spot, where rest the dead  
Of generations passed away,  
Awaiting there the herald's trumpet blast—  
Of summonses the loudest and the last—  
In life eternal to again unite  
With spirits pure in endless bliss and light.  
What tears have fallen on this sacred plot  
O'er open graves, the end, the common lot,  
How deep the silent sorrow there beheld,  
And awful, bitter grief in sighs withheld,  
As one by one the graves with earth were filled,  
And grief, through faith and hope was gently stilled,  
Those who did weep and mourn, whose hearts did burn  
Have since been wept and mourned for in their turn.  
And so as time's fell march we daily trace,  
Continuous sadness fills the hallowed place.

## IN MEMORIAM

## BISHOP MEDLEY.

September 9th, A. D. 1892.

"His goodness, his accomplishments, his noble simplicity, I have seldom known approached in the experience of what is now a long life."  
 —LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE—in *The Life and Work of the Most Reverend John Medley, D. D., first Bishop of Fredericton and Metropolitan of Canada*, by Rev. William Q. Ketchum, D. D. Page 302.

The noble, generous heart is cold and still,  
 That warmly beat for Christ, to do His will,  
 Whose earnest zeal and faithful love were known,  
 Whose burning words had beauty all his own,  
 What memories sweet surround his honored name,  
 What noble generous acts—unknown to fame—  
 Are treasured in the hearts of friends held dear,  
 Who knew his gentle life, his love sincere.  
 Beside the Church erected by his hand,—  
 A monument, imposing, spacious, grand,—  
 His mortal self is placed in final rest,  
 By loving hands at his own last request.

Sleep on beneath the shade of that grand pile  
 Of massive stone, with spacious chancel, aisle,  
 The Church that knew thy faithful work and zeal,  
 And effort for thy flock's eternal weal.  
 Thy people mourn thee, yet in heart rejoice  
 Though silent now thy dear familiar voice.  
 For in the "many mansions" glorious, bright,  
 Thou has found peace and rest, eternal light.

## IN MEMORIAM

M. W. BENJAMIN LESTER PETERS.

The first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable  
Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of New Brunswick.

Read at a Lodge of Sorrow held by Grand Lodge in the Masonic Hall  
St. John, N. B., 18th December, 1894.

Land of eternal, ever present light,  
Where dwells the Architect supreme, the Infinite,  
Where streets of gold and gates of pearl abound,  
And stones most beautiful of purest white are found,  
With jewels rare and gems of every brilliant hue,  
Where sorrow never comes and joys are ever new,  
Sweet intercourse and happy fellowship endear,  
A life of joy and light, of service grand, sincere,  
Within that bright, that grand and glorified domain,  
The dwelling-place of Jesus Christ, the Lamb once slain,  
But now enthroned in glory ever more to reign,  
There's light beyond the finite power of man to gain;  
But God will grant that light, the endless life of love,  
To all, who willing service give and faithful prove,  
A place within the portals of that home of light,  
Amid eternal brilliancy, supreme delight.

Who gain that undiscovered country ne'er return,  
Tho' friends beloved would of their welfare learn,  
No tidings from that bright, that blissful home are  
given,  
To lure us on by pathway good to that high heaven;  
But God has left us for our guidance and our stay  
His Holy Writ, which tells us of the perfect way;  
How brethren dear should ever dwell at peace, in love,  
To gain, secure a hearing in the courts above,  
That hope the anchor true and faith be with us found,  
Charity the greater should more and more abound,

That justice must our every act and word control,  
As we may look and hope for mercy for the soul,  
Our level walk be proved by virtue's square, upright,  
So shall we walk the path that leads to further light,  
And by degrees attain to knowledge good and pure,  
The way to great reward, the joy that shall endure.

Another soul has winged its flight,  
To that blest home of endless light,  
One who when with us ever strove  
To gently rule and guide in love.  
The first Grand Master of this field,  
To have full sway, the gavel wield;  
And ere he yielded up his charge,  
Saw this Grand Lodge grow and enlarge,  
And every Lodge within the field  
Its ancient charter freely yield,  
To form a Lodge, united grand,  
Throughout our whole Provincial land.  
A Mason worthy of the name,  
His work lives in Masonic fame,  
Devoted to his much loved craft,  
Till struck by death's relentless shaft.

We mourn a friend, a brother dear,  
In time of trial ever near,  
Sweet peace to gain.  
In counsel good and firm, but kind,  
He ever sought the craft to bind  
With loving chain.

Who can recall a single act  
Where he enforced a rule, exact,  
Unpleasantly.  
Forbearance was his counsel good,  
Withhold decree and spare the rod,  
How mild his sway.

In office faithful, earnest, true,  
Warm interest ever fresh and new,  
His works proclaim.  
Exact in word, in manner grand,  
Ahead of all his peers to stand,  
His constant aim.

His genial smile and pleasant word,  
That brethren dwell in sweet accord,  
True and faithful.  
With quiet mien and gentle hand  
Neglectful work we should withstand,  
Aim to excel.

Our tears of grief shall ever well,  
In memory dear shall ever dwell,  
His kindly heart.  
With loving hearts we range around,  
His requiem bell in sadness sound,  
Ere now we part.

By friendship's bond, Masonic rite,  
We brethren all, warmly unite  
To sound his praise.  
And to our God, Almighty Lord,  
In anthem sweet, with one accord  
Our voices raise.

Architect supreme, whose gracious hand  
Has ever blest our ancient band,  
Still ever dwell within the heart,  
And guide each Mason in his art.  
Look on us now assembled here,  
Our love profound, our faith sincere,  
Accept our loving service, prayer,  
And graciously protect and spare.  
Guide in the path of peace and light  
Our erring feet, imperfect sight,  
Until we reach the heavenly shore  
To serve and praise Thee evermore.

## IN MEMORIAM

THOMAS WILDER DANIEL.

January 2nd, A. D. 1892.

Gathered about his bier to pray,  
Each present here can truly say,  
His was a useful life of love  
To fellow-men, to God above,  
Of active work, in church and state,  
Seeking for good by effort great.

Where men unite to aid and bless,  
All those who suffer pain, distress,  
And aim to urge the erring, weak,  
The pleasant paths of peace to seek,  
With liberal hand and generous heart,  
He ever took a leading part

Not his the vain parade and show,  
By open act, the world might know,  
But secret gift, by gentle hand,  
Revealed a heart, a purpose grand,  
To those with whom he worked and strove.  
For good of man, for God above.

From labor free, he is at rest,  
In far-off mansions of the blest,  
There to await the final call—  
The trumpet blast that summons all  
To meet before the "Judgment Throne"—  
And hear the verdict sweet, "Well done."

## IN MEMORIAM

MISS SADIE PHEASANT.

November 21st, A. D. 1893.

Peace comes to those who love their Saviour dear,  
Approach the throne of grace with faith and fear,  
In every duty, every work of love,  
Ask blessing, counsel, aid from Heaven above.

Their soul is filled with reverence for God—  
The loving Father, ever kind and good,—  
And onward press in paths where He is found,  
The paths of peace, where light and joy abound.

The faithful souls who on that pathway press  
Seeking for Christ, the Son of Righteousness,  
Will have His thoughtful care, His gentle love,  
Enjoy His blessed peace from Heaven above.

And gain at last when earthly toil is o'er,  
Peace, perfect peace, on that bright happy shore,  
'Mid countless hosts, redeemed through Jesu's blood,  
And join in praises to the Triune God.



## IN MEMORIAM

ERNEST SWARTZ RUEL.

July 28th, A. D. 1894.

Sadness has fallen on the sweet retreat,  
Wherein a gay and festive party meet  
To spend, enjoy, an evening fair and bright,  
Where scene and sport the mind and eye delight,  
For one beloved, so gentle, good and kind,  
While full of faith and hope for future years,  
Surrounded by the charms of youth, that bind  
To earthly scenes—the life of troubles, tears—  
Is called by God from out a world of care,  
At best a life of trial and much pain,  
A heavy cross for Jesu's sake to bear,  
A warfare, the celestial life to gain,  
Prayer for support to keep the erring feet  
In paths of peace and for communion sweet.

'Tis good to die while youth is at its bloom,  
Before vile sin has gained a place and room,  
To gain through Jesus Christ the heavenly rest,  
The eternal peace upon the Father's breast.

IN MEMORIAM

MISS BESSIE BOSTWICK.

January 27th, A. D. 1890.

A father's pride, his hope, his joy,  
A mother's care and thought and love,  
A star, within the earthly home,  
Now shines in heavenly courts above.

No more upon this fleeting scene  
Her lovely form and gentle face  
Shall charm the heart of earthly friend,  
Nor busy, happy circle grace.

But in celestial realms of bliss  
Eternal happiness shall share,  
With all the bright and ransomed throng,  
And meet her loving Saviour there.

God grant them grace, who loved her well  
To profit by her early death,  
In striving for the perfect peace,  
That brightens life to latest breath.

## IN MEMORIAM.

ANNIE WENMAN (MRS. JAMES T.) HALL.

May 21st, A. D. 1894.

The heart that warmed to all distress,  
And beat with sympathy and love,  
That held no thought of selfishness,  
And faithful, kind, did ever prove,  
Where Christian thought and faith had place,  
Is still and cold in death's embrace.

The cheery voice, the moistened eye,  
The willing ear to hear complaint,  
The tongue that sweetly made reply,  
Exemplified the earthly saint.  
And her own sorrow, a full cup,  
We ponder o'er, and treasure up.

Yes, she with Christ did tread the way  
Where trial, sorrow, pain are found,  
And ever found in Him a stay,  
The source from whence blessings abound.  
But ere she entered into rest,  
Her children's children called her blest.

Sweet peace and rest are her's to-day,  
The peace of heaven's eternal rest,  
'Mid blissful scenes far, far away,  
In many mansions of the blest.  
Aid us, O God, to find that peace,  
Through Jesus Christ's abounding grace.

## PROTECTING, LOVING CARE.

To Thee, O God, I turn in prayer,  
And ask protecting, loving care,  
Commend to Thee whate'er befall,  
My way, my work, my life, my all.

So far upon this earthly road,  
For aid to bear my daily load,  
Thy rod and staff have been my stay,  
My hope and trust from day to day.

And having reached my three score years,  
The light of faith still clear appears,  
O brighten that celestial light,  
And aid my weak, imperfect sight.

## TO THE CRITIC.

If you peruse this effort weak,  
The faults to find, its merit seek,  
Fail not to shew with faithful pen,  
What'er is wrong, within your ken.  
But if you find within these lines,  
A happy thought where truth combines  
To cheer the fainting, sinking heart  
In effort for the better part,  
And can in fairness truly say,  
These lines should aid upon the way  
All those who will their counsel take  
And pray for grace, for Jesu's sake—  
Perchance some gentle word, remark,  
Will fan to flame a smouldering spark,  
Which burning with a brilliant glow  
The living way shall clearly shew  
To souls in doubt, beset with fear,  
And prove to them good words of cheer—  
Give praise to God, whose wondrous love  
Descends in blessings from above  
Upon the contrite grateful heart  
That seeks through Christ the better part,  
And will all effort freely bless  
That points the way to righteousness.

To Father, Holy Spirit, Son,  
Be endless honors, service done,  
Great Three in One and One in Three,  
Who was and is, shall ever be.

