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# Octaves



HENRY

TURNER

MILLER

Beamsville,

1904.

*Dec - 1904.*

*a gift from Mr. Miller  
the Mrs. J. C. Barnett  
Beamsville*



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127242

### Abel

The thirsty earth has drank her primal draught,  
And tongues new born lift up their piercing cry;  
O eloquence of blood, by first born shed,  
O pang of mother's heart! to taste with tears  
The bitter fruit, when second born is slain,  
A lonely creature on the plains of heaven,  
Bringing new wonders to the angel host,  
Forerunner of a throng yet incomplete.



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## Cain

The cry of virgin earth is heard in heaven,  
Her tongue of blood hath touched the heart of God;  
The daring hand hath cut the conscience deep,  
Sad percussion detonating death,  
What lightning speed of violence and hate.  
Woe worth the day of broken hearts,  
Oh eloquence of blood! thy pleading power,  
Hath touched the Daysman's throne with great avail



### Abraham

"I go childless." Be it thine,  
To spin a finer, purer, golden thread,  
The starry hosts and silver, sandy beach,  
They fail to count the number of thy seed.  
The good Damascus man is not thine heir,  
Nor will the tribes be gathered to his breast,  
The resting place of saints shall claim thy name,  
The welcome, lasting, synonym of heaven.

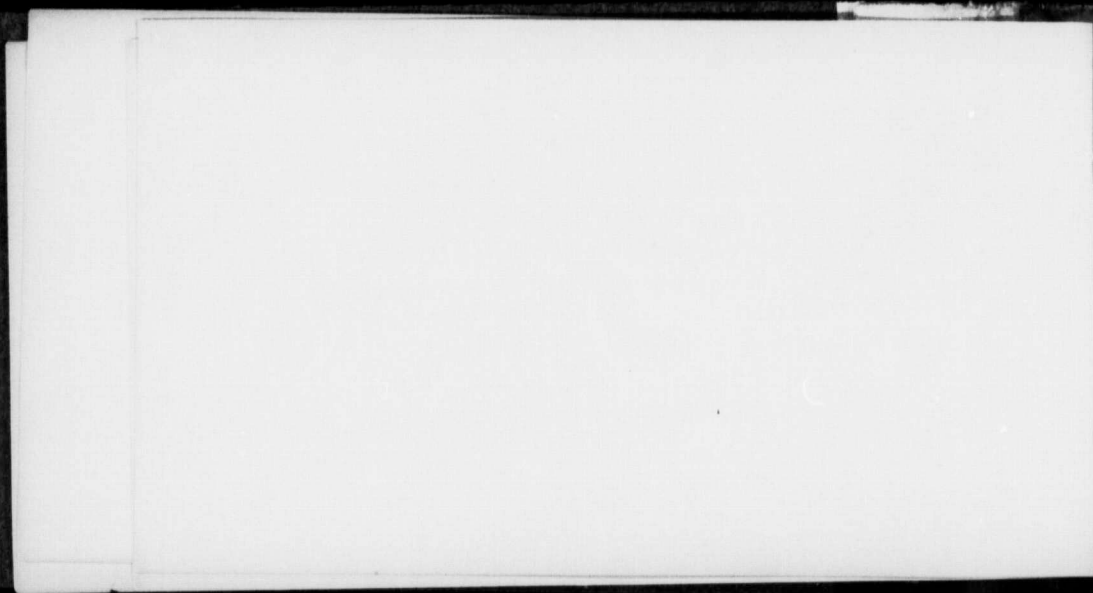




## Isaac

Give me the quiet prince of priestly mien,  
Responsive soul who gives vibrating touch;  
And clasps in chains of prayer the heavens and earth,  
Adding completeness to departing day.

Unfolding thoughts go out to farthest reach,  
And lifted hands reveal a bosom bare,  
When lo! a drove of camels heaves in sight,  
And Sarah's tent bids welcome to the bride.



## Jacob

"Joseph is not." Fear not Joseph is  
Down the long avenue of stately palms,  
Seated in chariot nearest to the King,  
He rides, the mighty Saviour of the land,  
By glad acclaim they shout their generous joy.  
Enslaved, employed, imprisoned and preserved,  
Lo! wagons wait to bring thee to his home,  
A pledge of filial care surpassing thought.



### Jacob Revived

So many days the famine pressed me sore,  
So many more the anguish held me fast:  
And faithless sons ambiguous and dim,  
Brought, slender comfort to this weary breast.  
But princely cortege from Egyptian court,  
Fills up my heart to say: "It is enough."  
Delirium of strong, parental joy,  
I will see my Joseph ere I die.

3

## The Ark of Bulrushes

Covenant of mother's heart and God,  
Unity of handy craft and means;  
Elements of liberty and of life,  
Combine to serve for high redemptive ends.  
The living waters carry living charge,  
The pleading strain of infant cries arouse,  
The tender chords of noble woman's heart,  
Initial triumph of the Prince of God.





### The Burial of Moses

The great vicegerent dies in sight of port,  
He goes not over Jordan's flowing stream;  
But rises gladly on the Presence cloud,  
And stands unblanched before the face of God!

Hard by a cave in Nebo's lonely vale,  
His body rests in place which no man knows,  
The claims of care and conflict are exchanged,  
For glory fulness meekly asked in prayer.



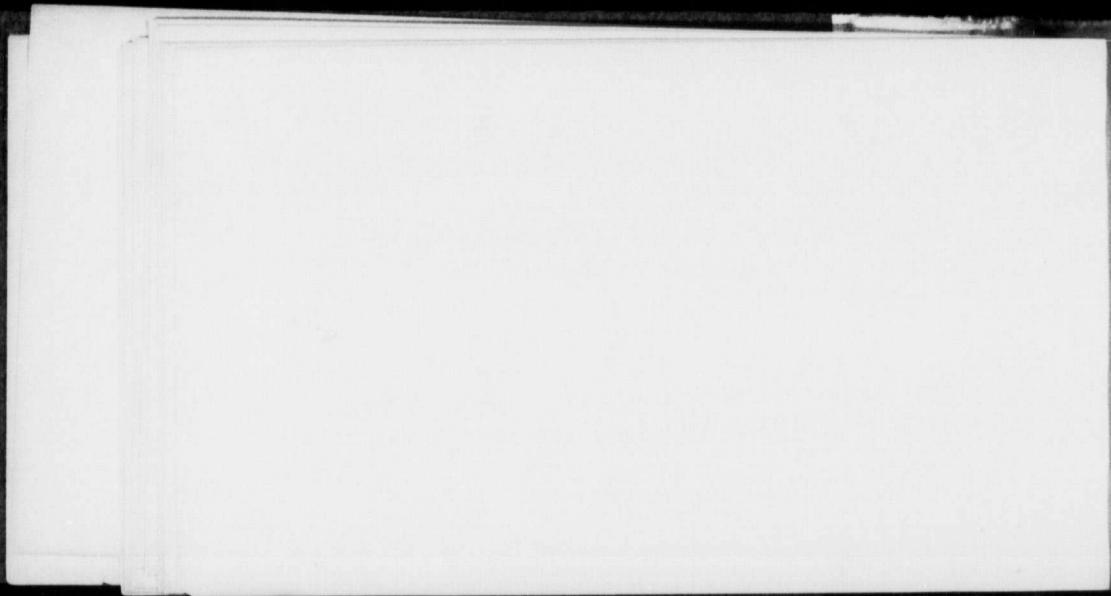
## Noah

O sad spectator of a wailing sea,  
A remnant rescued from a race engulfed,  
He pled with pain, and stemmed a hostile tide,  
His iron nerve compressed to form a crown,  
Availed to lift him with the men of might.  
    Deep answers deep in agony that's dumb,  
    Shut in to safe seclusion and to tears,  
    With memory burdened with a drowned world.



## The Potter

Go to the potter's house and hear my words,  
The clay awaits thy glance, thy wonder glare,  
The formless lump springs to comely shape,  
And sovereign skill its moulding hand displays.  
So let my limped being passive shine,  
Beneath the touch of regal plastic helm,  
My hand-lamp claims a share of flaming throne,  
Charged with the beams of overwhelming sway.

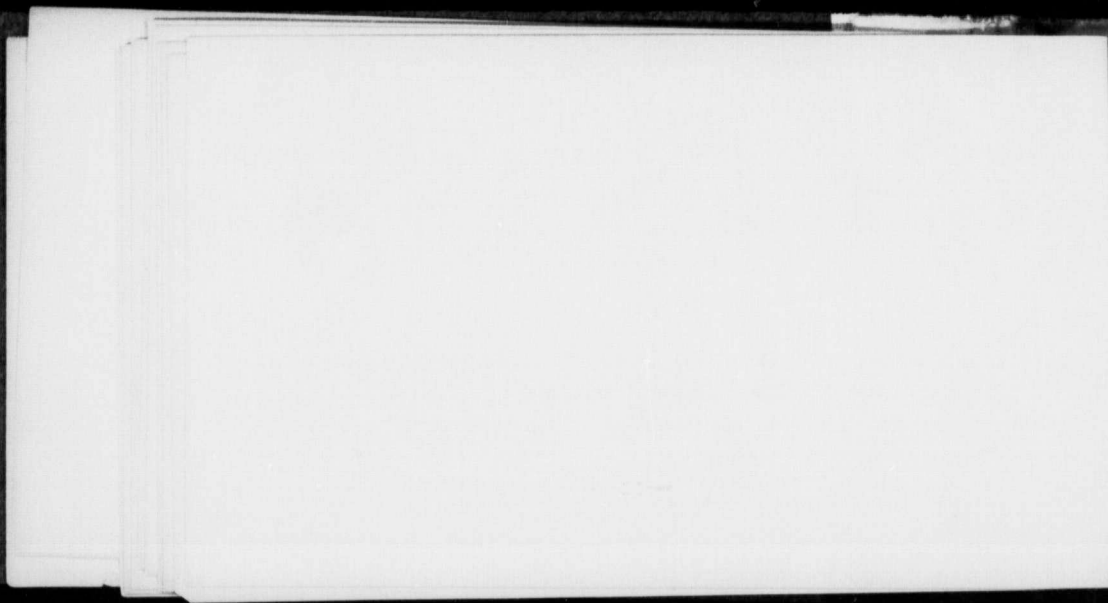


## The Manslayer

He runs, the blood avenger follows fast,  
Shod like the sweet gazell of nimble feet,  
The fire of life is glinting in his eye,  
Swathed with the girdle of a mighty hope.

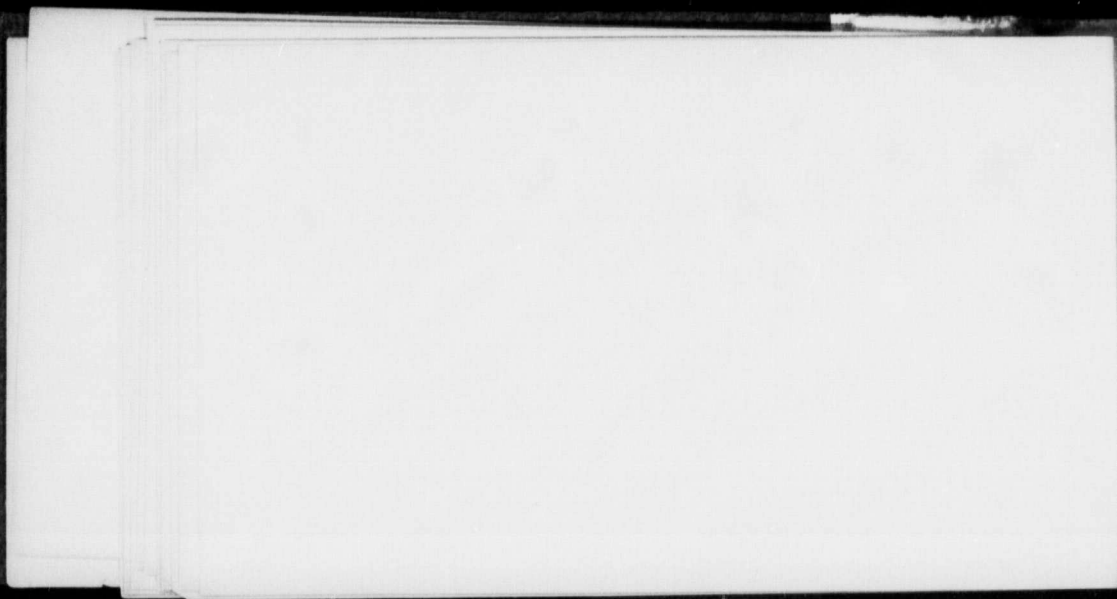
The shoulder of the hill reveals the tower,  
The precious precincts reached, he swoons for breath,  
A sinking, cloudy vision supervenes,  
One star alone proclaims that he is safe.





## Job

“Why died I not?” For reasons just and good,  
To justify the ways of God to man;  
To purify the streams of human thought,  
To clear the mental eye that it may see.  
And fetch proud hearts to offer homage true,  
And shew the pleading power of saintly prayer,  
In lonely place before the feet of God.



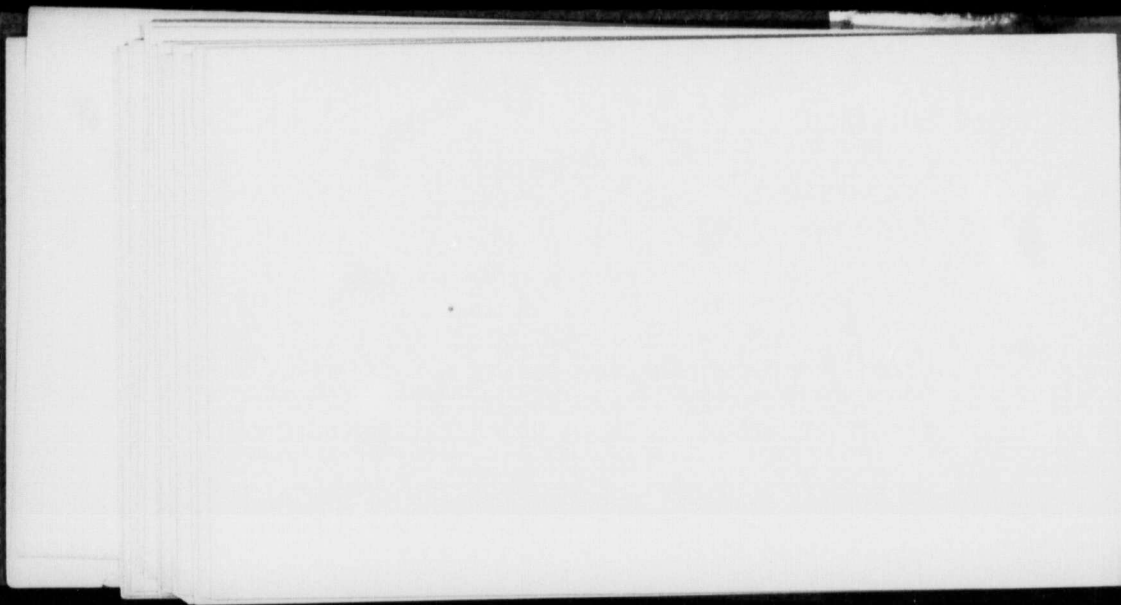
## Isaiah

Mine eyes have seen the King and yet I live,  
Purer the pavement of the temple court;  
Then this my weary heart, these hands and tongue,  
'Tis thy felt Presence saves me from despair.  
I press my willing ear to lips divine,  
Absorbed, revived, equipped, compelled, enchained,  
Give to my tongue to sound thy high behest,  
And re-enthone the erring in Thy joy.



## John the Baptist

"I knew him not," and yet I've known him long,  
A friend and brother, holy and retired.  
But utmost depths of hearing must be touched,  
And loftiest reach of vision must be gained.  
Divinest voice so clear with dove-like form  
Must all combine to make my mission sure,  
And fit me to proclaim in highest strains,  
The One who comes with fan, and blood and flame.



### The Transfiguration

Defend me from the glare of cloudless sky,  
All sunshine makes a desert hard and hot,  
Welcome the refuge of a light subdued,  
O temple cloud, hiding the face of God!  
I may not see, but I may hear, O joy,  
And live where shines the face of Mary's son,  
May feel the stir of true transfigured soul,  
The hidden force that makes a life time strong.

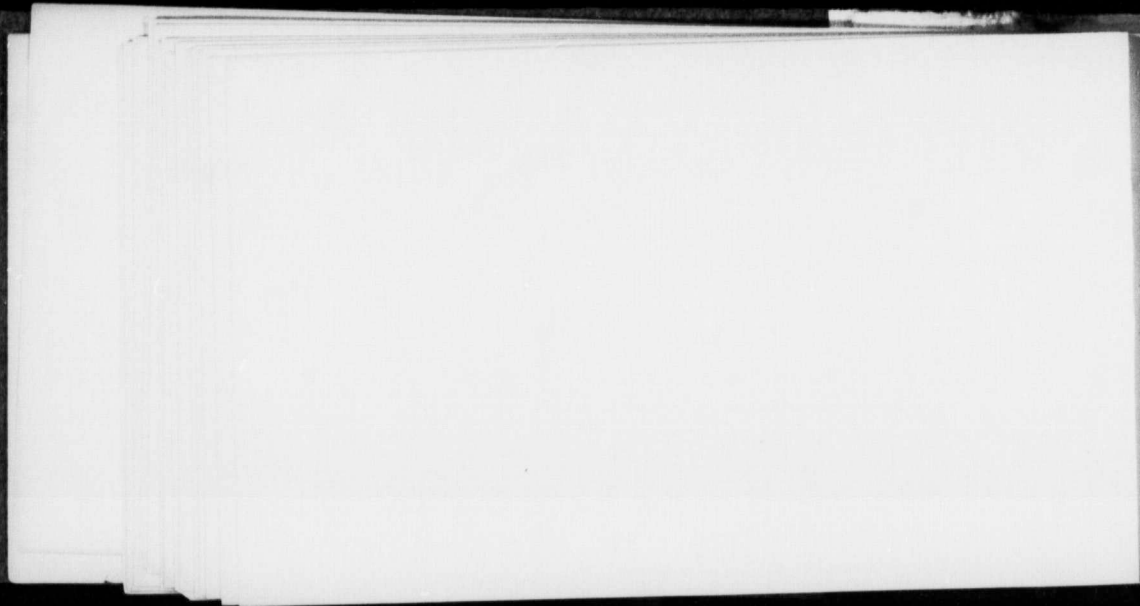




### Jacob's Well

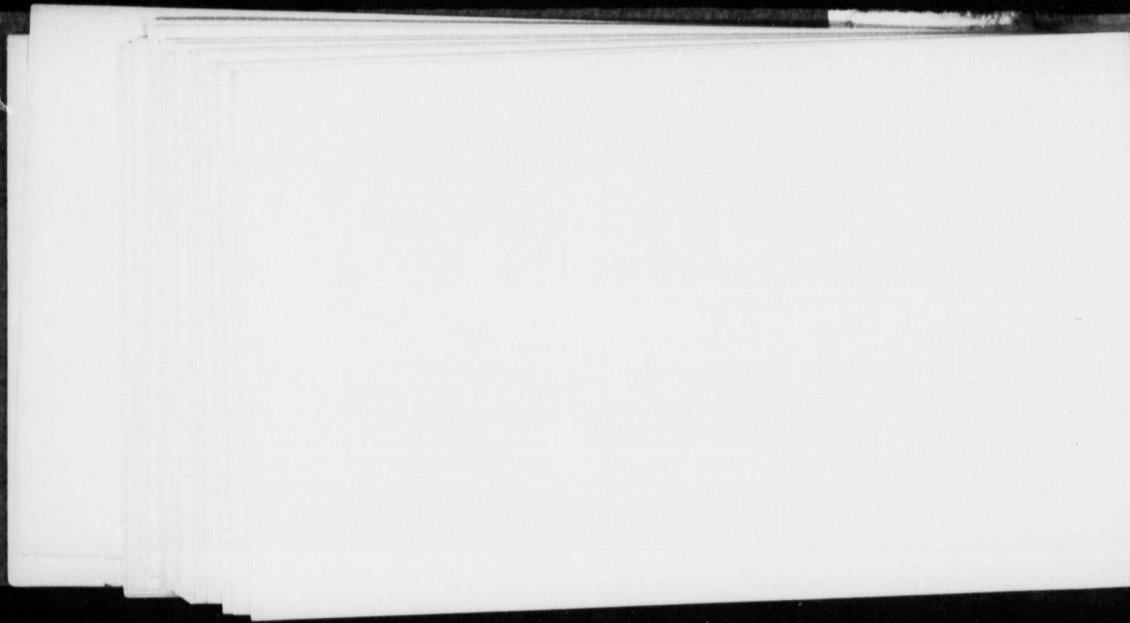
The well is deep, the wherewithal to draw  
Is not in sight, how canst thou give me drink,  
And answer kindness in a nobler strain?

The wellspring bubbling up so new so free,  
Soothing, healing, freshening in its flow,  
Quenching the deeper thirst, and bringing back  
The beauty and the bliss of childlike trust,  
Assigns the gift, the soul's most lasting joy.



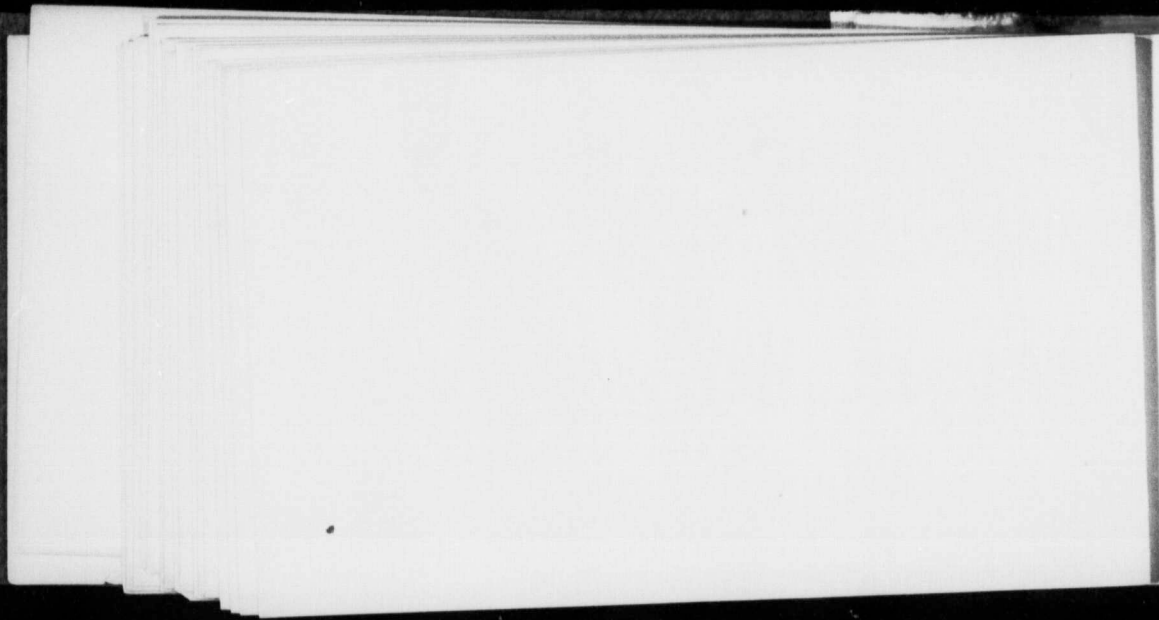
### The Angel Convoy

Doctored by dogs and comforted with crumbs,  
The beggar lay submissive at the gate.  
The sumptuous feast went on a merry round,  
Who lists the whirling table as it moves?  
A funeral here. An Angel Convoy there!  
Oh ambulance divine so well equipped,  
To lift by hands and wings to bosom sure,  
The pure in heart who waited at the gate.



## Beside the Sea

He gathered drift wood from the sandy beach,  
Prepared the food for hungry, toiling men,  
The silvery smoke rose up in morning light,  
And from the cloud of Presence came the voice,  
Come ye loved and weary come and dine;  
Too big for words the swelling thoughts were hushed.  
O, meal beside the sea in mercy given,  
So let my soul be fed with bread from heaven.



## Lazarus

"This sickness is not unto death, but for the Glory of  
God." John 11:4

Not unto death but unto life intense,  
Emerging from the mists of wasting pain,  
And feeble breathing at the portal low.

O truce and interlude 'tween old and new,  
The bliss supreme of the supremely blest.  
These lips proclaim the highest triumph known,  
These hands shall give the crown so dearly won,  
This light shall chase the darkness to its doom.

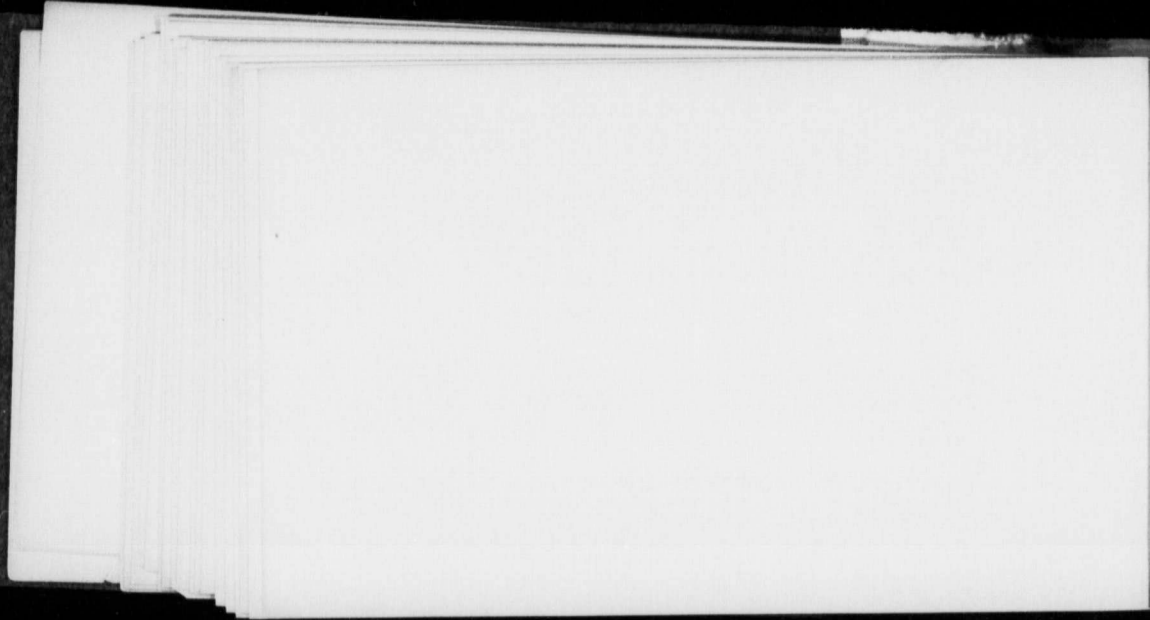




## Gladness at the Grave

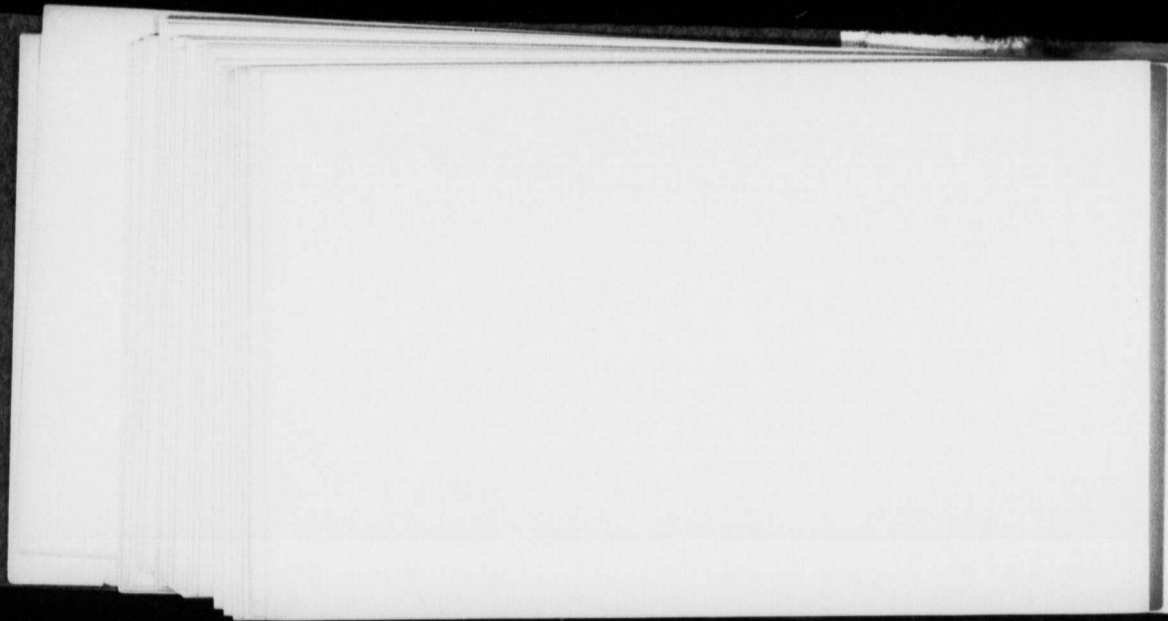
John 11: 15

Why didst thou say I'm glad I was not there?  
Canst thou be cruel in the time of stress,  
To weeping sisters and departing saint,  
Strange gladness in the darkest day.  
Yes! Glad! For others' sake I see,  
A stone removed, a brother coming back,  
Presaging mighty victory over death,  
With man I die, for men I rise again.



## The Raising of Lazarus

He raised the brother from the silent tomb,  
They sought to kill him for this wondrous act,  
Could he not raise himself from deadly thrall,  
And show the weakness of red-handed hate,  
Is not the gate of death the gate of life?  
Whose germs diffusive flow in pregnant drops,  
And fall like seed to spring a harvest fair,  
Of boundless praise to Him who gives us life.



## Emmaus

O dismal darkness when our lamps went out,  
Our hopes are buried in the silent tomb.

Art thou the only One with eye undimmed?

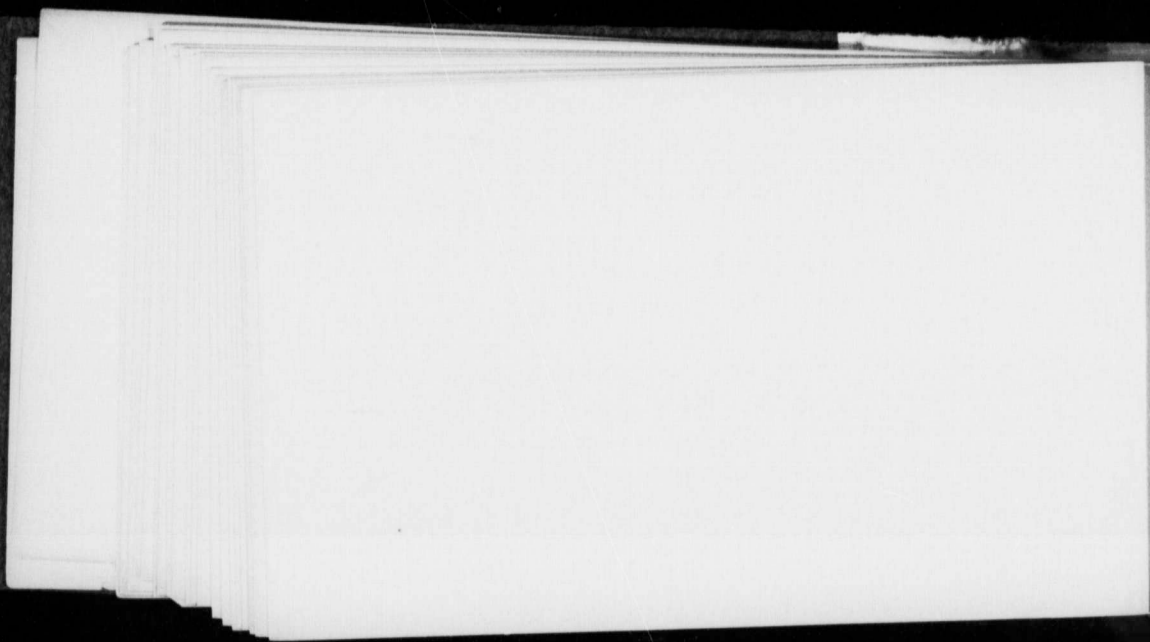
Tarry and let us hear thy tidings strange,

Let us break bread and come to sweet discourse.

A light, a glory, on the dimness shone,

The guest transformed to host, is seen no more!

O steps retraced with speed and wondrous joy!



### **Witnesses of Me**

The souls far reaching tongue that shapes no words,  
Transmits a meaning more than angels know;  
Charged with a life the Presence only gives,  
And like a burning lamp illumines the way,  
Through chambers deep where voices find response,  
The thrilling message filled with living gleams,  
Awakes, revives, attracts, controls, adorns,  
And stamps the Image on the new-born soul.

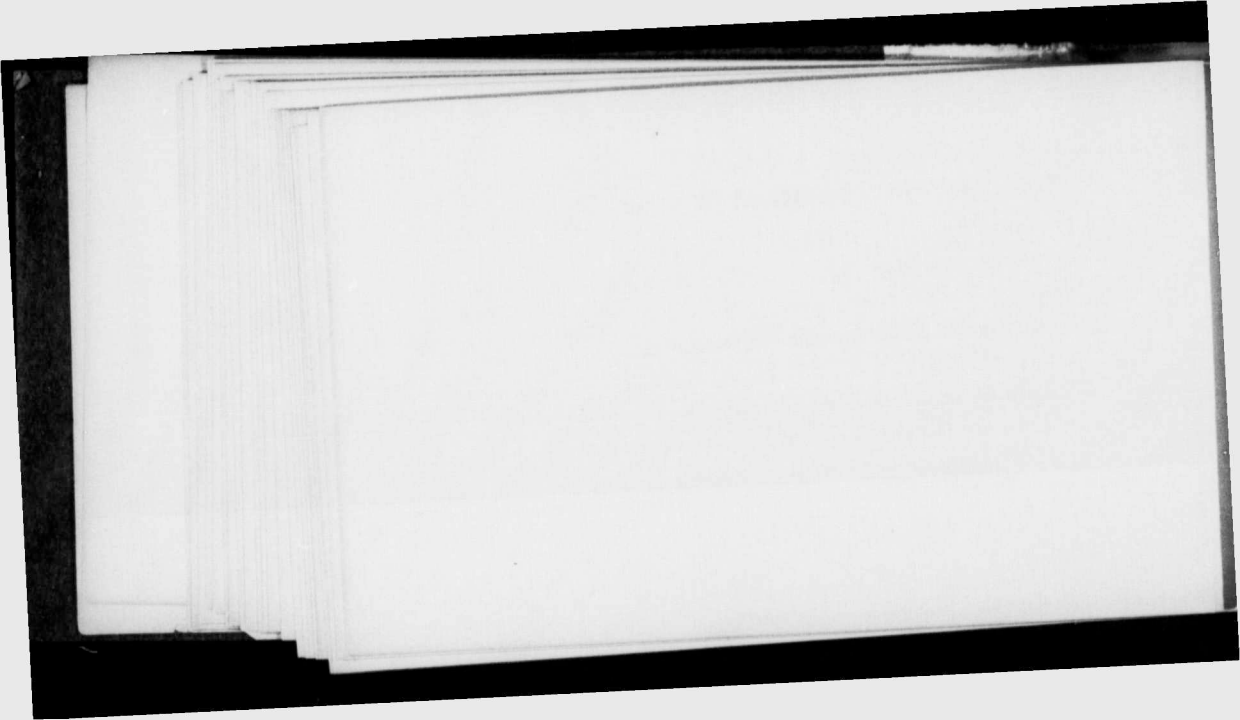




### **Get Thee Behind Me Satan**

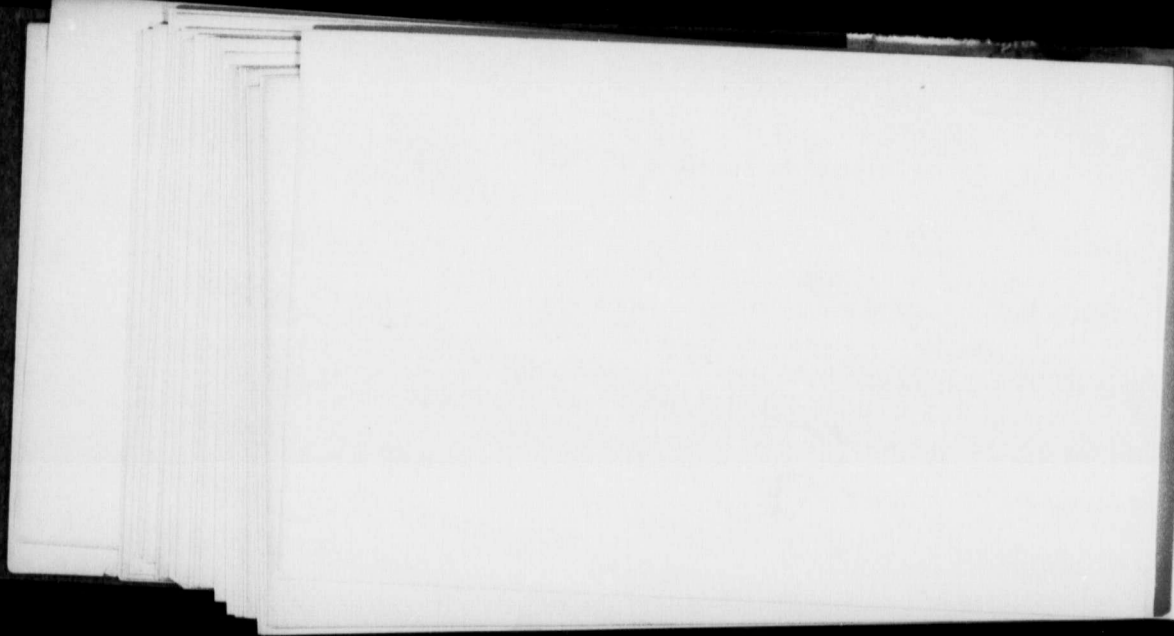
Give me the spirit of my Master's plan,  
When sin confronts with dread offensive power;  
With glance decisive spurn it from my sight,  
And make it form the sombre helpless hue,  
The dull background, intensifying light,  
Streaming upon my glad receptive soul.

Thin are the mists which hide supernal light,  
His hiding lessens as glory nearer grows.



### **He Spake of the Temple of His Body**

The temple trembles at the silent gate,  
Then comes the rest, the hush, the sleep, the dream,  
What garments gathered in the vestibule,  
Hiding, revealing, enshrining the supreme!  
"Three days," the gem and crown of glorious time,  
O master builder! build thou my spirits home.  
Transfuse, transform, translate, this fragile frame,  
And fit the eye to bear thy burning light.



### Simon of Cyrene

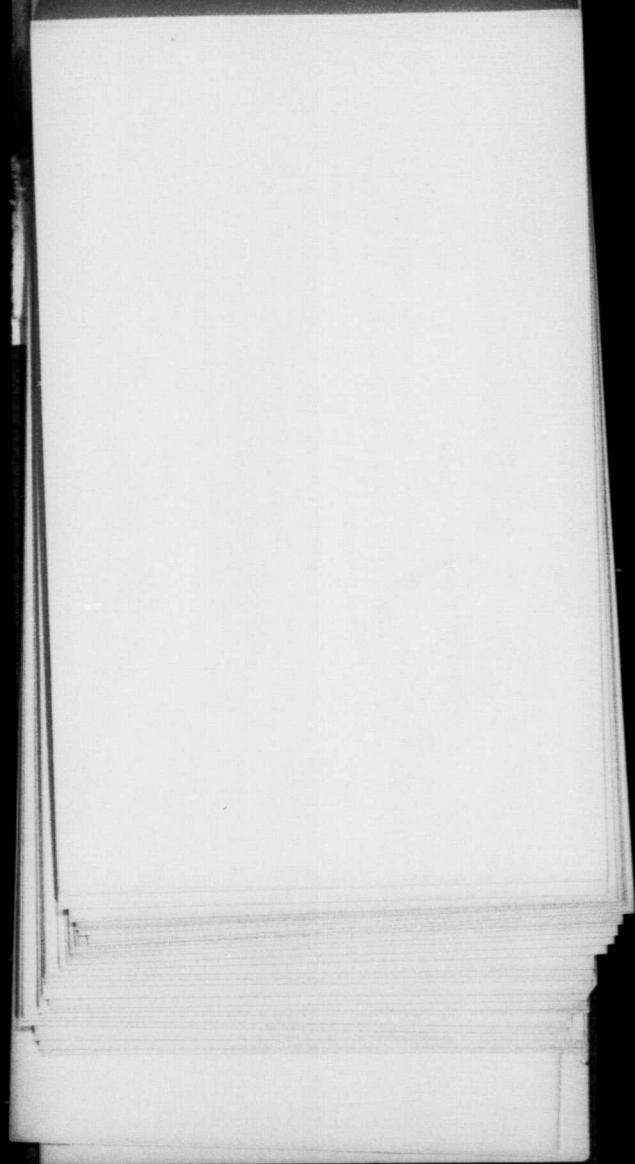
They acted rudely to the son of Ham,  
They pressed a menial for a menial task,  
Across the back they laid the transverse beam,  
Involuntary fellowship of pain.  
A fellow feeling brought a ray of cheer,  
Unblanched by insults from the noisy crowd,  
While Simon's burden brings him endless fame,  
The whiteman's burden is the whiteman's shame.



### Herod

"This is John the Baptist." — No, 'tis not,  
Thy facts are fables and thy fables fact,  
No angel nor immortal spirit shoot  
Across the dome of thy environment,  
And lo! the headless trunk in mountain fort,  
Awakes thy fears and murderous fingers nip,  
The knarled tap-root of thy wasted soul,  
Ah! tongue of blood to speak so loud and long.



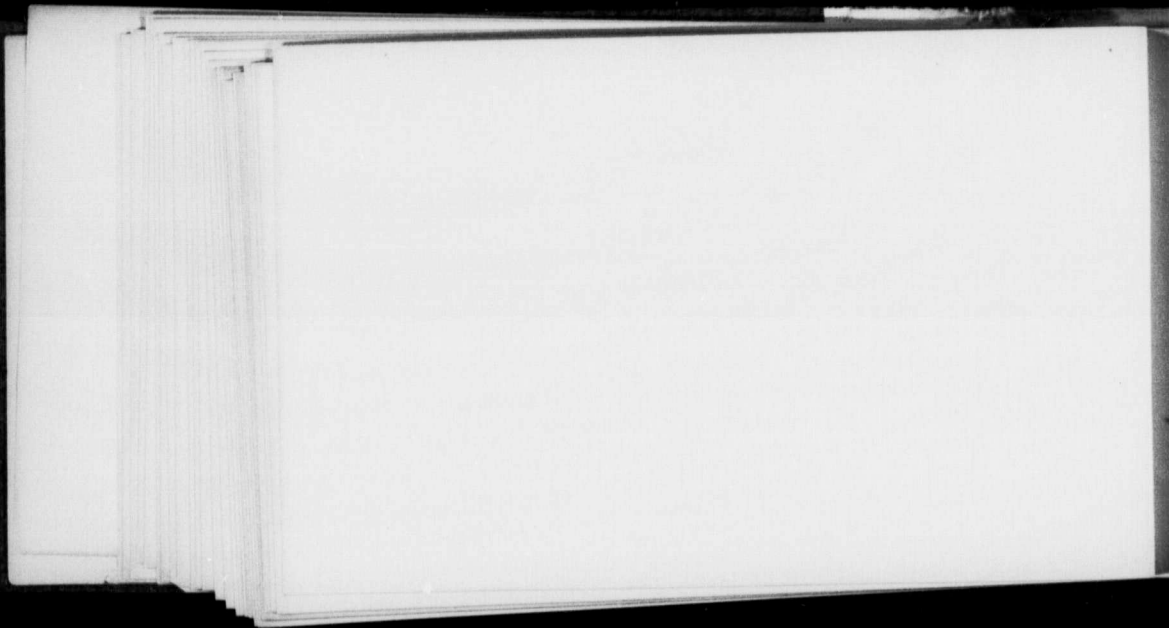


## Silence

He questioned him with many words, but he answered  
him nothing. Luke 23: 9

Unuttered thoughts claim kindred with the light,  
The tongue that shapes no words has touched the soul,  
And silent, unseen hands reach out to turn  
The dismal current of a vain request.

The glancing eye serene, the quiet mien,  
The undimmed radiance of His conscious sway,  
Blanched the rude wish of vulgar pomp and pride,  
And brought the blush of impotence in power.



### **The Two Marys and Joanna**

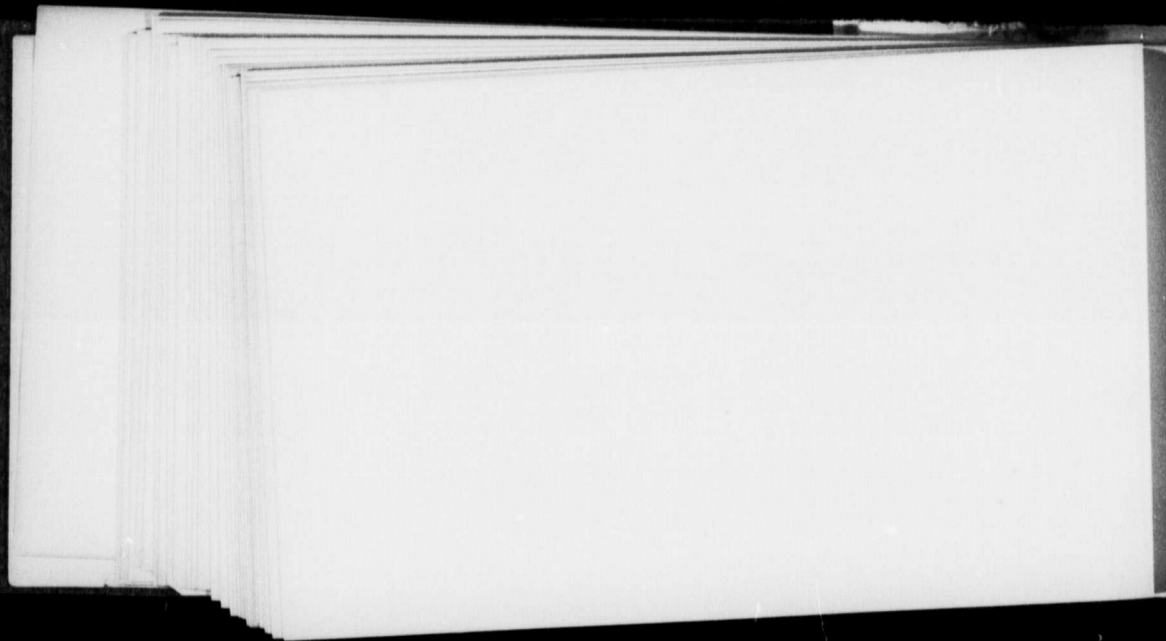
A three-fold bond of sadness at the tomb,  
With weary feet allied to wailing heart,  
As yet 'tis dark, the stars are clouded over,  
The lantern of their love the only light.  
The earth has quaked, and opened wide the door,  
And light supernal takes the place of gloom,  
And feet, and heart, and tongue, with beauty move,  
To bear the burden of the great acclaim.



## The High Priest

Acts 7: 1

"Are these things so?" Subdued he stood,  
Chained by the fervor of the man of God,  
The boundless purpose of the tide of life,  
Toss on the strand the rites of temple shrine,  
And wisdom, power and ceaseless march of truth,  
Claim in the realm of mind supremest place.  
O futile pride allied to demon hate,  
To seek to crush an argument with stones.



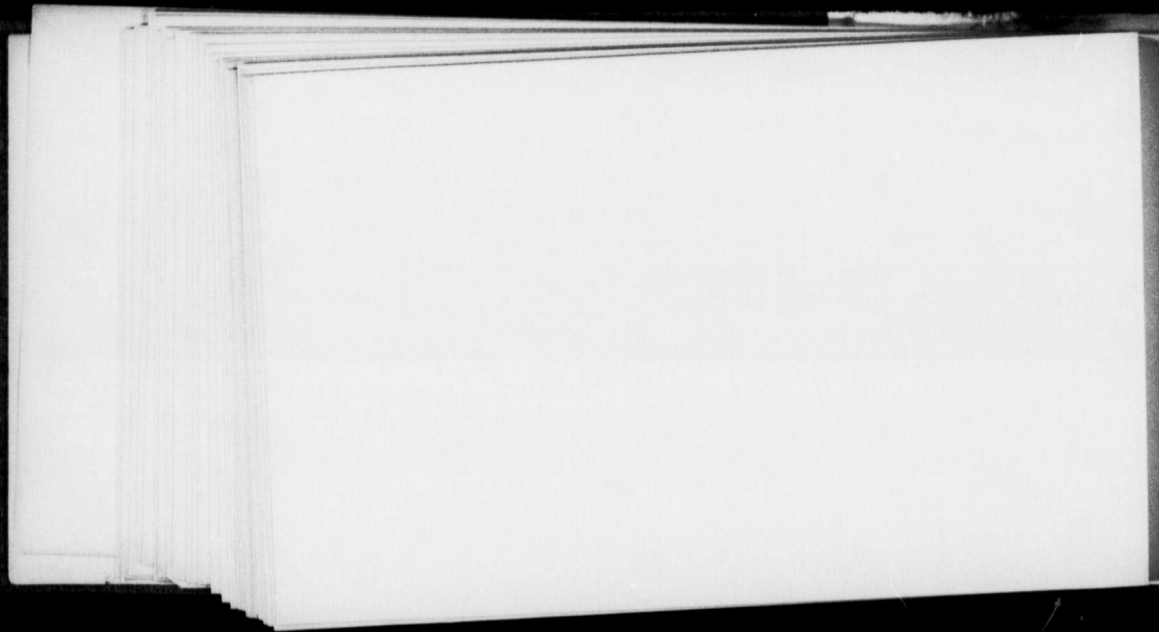
## Paul

### I WENT INTO ARABIA

Welcome the silence of the sandy plain,  
Thrice welcome, calm environment of God!  
Here, let me rest beside the desert stream,  
And with the living water be refreshed.

Silent rootlets strike the kindly soil,  
While knowledge, power and mercy measureless,  
Adorn, equip me for the holy strife,  
And ceaseless labor of a life-long love.

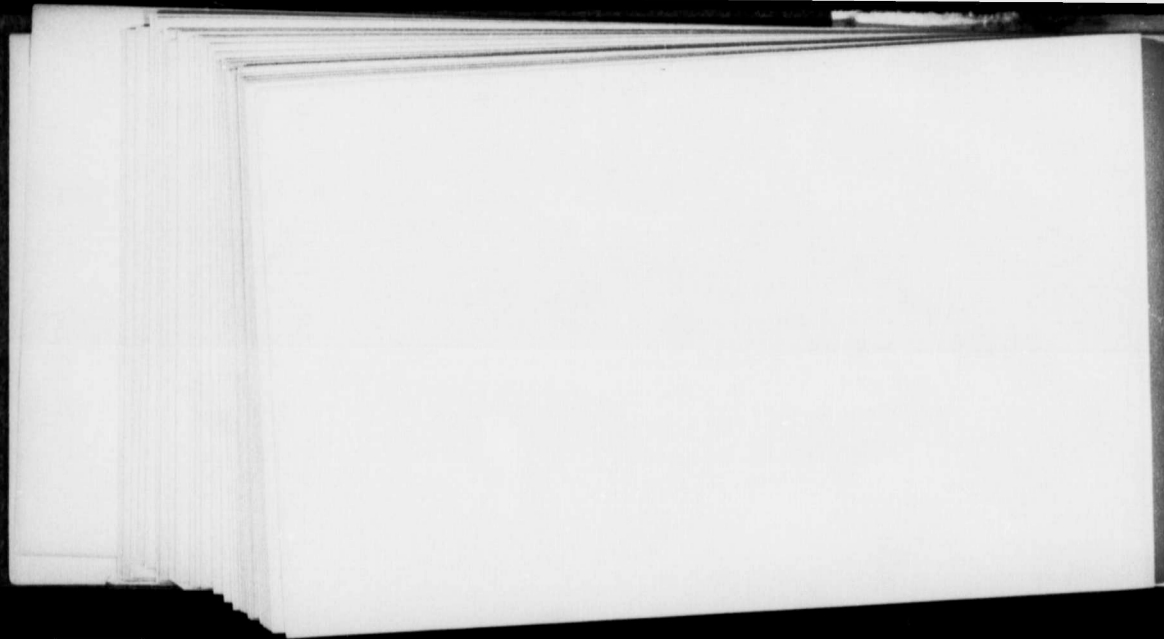




## Paul

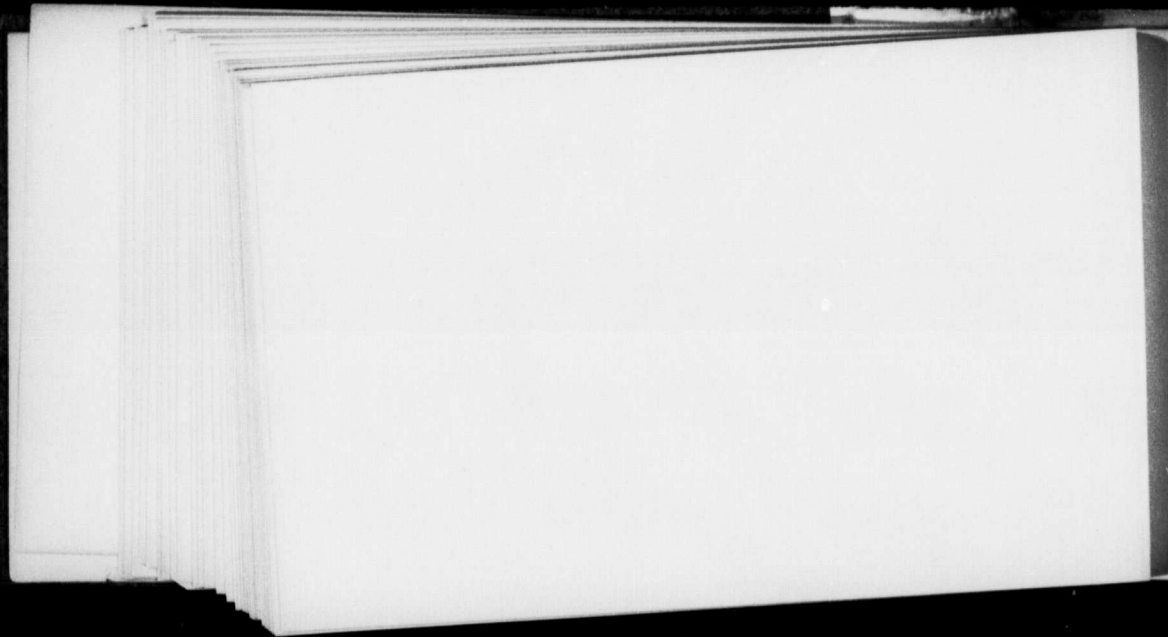
"I have not yet attained," but I have left  
Trophies which mark the dauntless victor's power,  
Fought long, and well, and won the fight,  
On many a field, am fighting still,  
With principalities, and self and men.

I follow after, for I have not attained,  
I bare my bosom to the blast still pressing on,  
Climbing the heights which beckon from afar.



## Peter

“I know him not.” Ah Peter, yes thou dost,  
But clouds abyssinal wrap thy mind confused;  
And warp thy tongue to utter words awry,  
But lo! an arrow charged has rent thy veil,  
And fountains sealed send forth their pearly spray.  
And swiftly dost thou stand erect, a man,  
Subdued, restored, uplifted and employed,  
A rock against which the billows break in vain.



## Fulfil Ye My Joy

Phil 2. 2

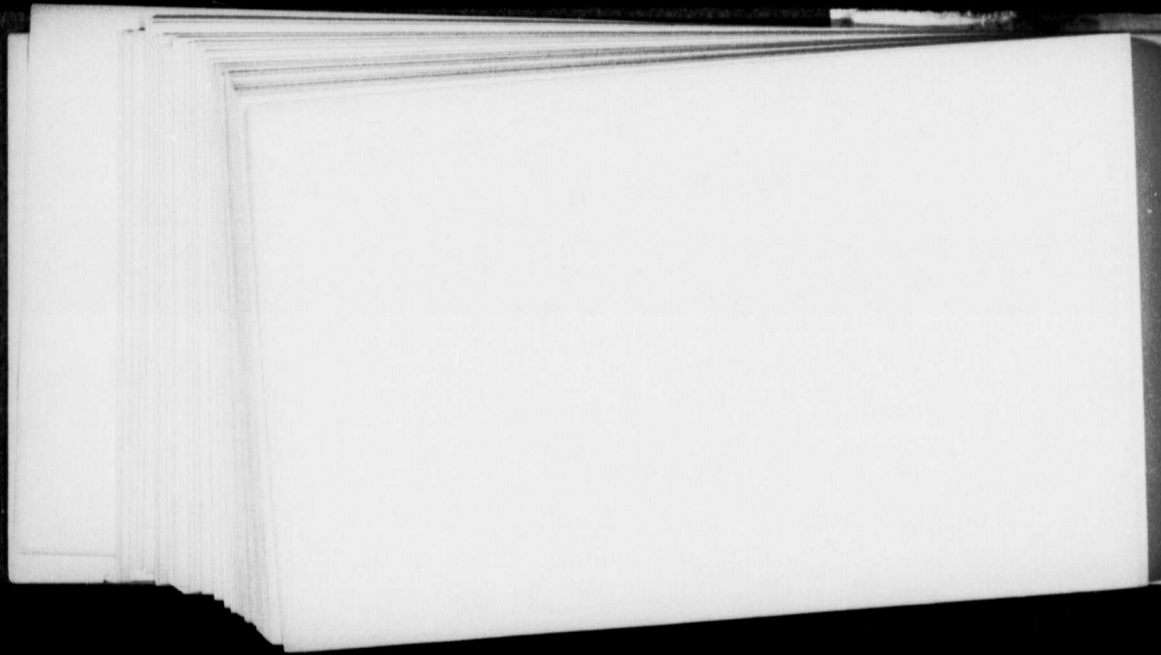
Devastated with divinest thirst,  
Tortured and pressed with strong imperious claim;  
Unsated in the midst of boundless store,  
I turn with moistened cup all unappeased.  
    Fill up, fill up my heart with boundless joy,  
    I know no rest until beside the marge,  
    Of ocean fulness of the Master's mind,  
    I see reflections of thy saintly grace.



### **Remember My Bonds**

My blunted pen and blotted page give proof,  
That Caesar's chain has galled my weary wrist;  
But pain of sense controls not joy of mind,  
And vengeance touches but this house clay.  
The inner man is free from dungeon dim,  
To soar and drink reviving mountain rain,  
And rest in regions pure as mountain snow,  
Transfigured in the bliss of lasting life.

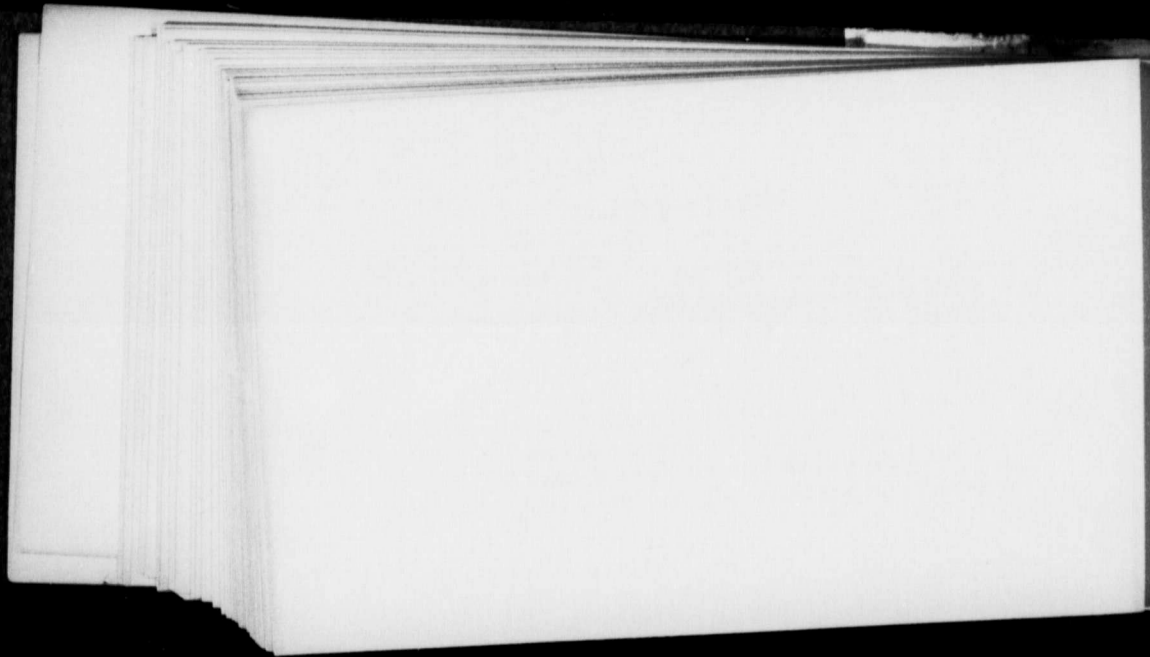




## The Lamp Stand

Constantine the Great kissed the hole in the face of Paphnutius out of which Maximinius had bored his eye for the profession of his faith. The Great Emperor making much of the socket even when the candle was put out.

He kissed the lamp-stand when the light had flown,  
Back to its primal source of central fire;  
Oh, hands of cruel men what marks ye make,  
Blotting the glory from the face of man,  
Which like a mirror bore the face of Christ.  
The fragile lantern lost it power to bless,  
But light eternal reached superior bliss,  
And mingled in the rays of light divine.



### A Bird's Funeral

Drop down ye heavens and form in silent line,  
Stand with mute majestic mien demure;  
The folded wing upon the breast is still,  
Hark! for the silent foot-fall draweth near,  
He marks the end; how much more the soul,  
Bending to His behest responsive sings,  
And with sublimest reach of cleaving wings,  
Rise with lifting heavens to central throne.



## Smyrna

They saw and held the hand of triumph fast,  
They gained by suffering, richer grew by loss;  
While Heaven's gold replaced the stolen store,  
They flinched not from the tortures of the flames,  
Their triumphs were by tribulations hid,  
The prison floors with thirst sucked up their tears,  
Their persecutors chased them into rest,  
And blazed their records on the roll of fame.



### Intercession

My mother's knee did not avail for prayer,  
Men's teaching did not bring me to the throne;  
It was a breath from Heaven that filled my sail,  
And brought me to the Presence where I dwell,  
Not as a suppliant do I intercede,  
But as a royal youth mid wealth profound,  
Acting the princely almoner with joy,  
Diffusing blessings to the saints of God.





### Friend With Friend

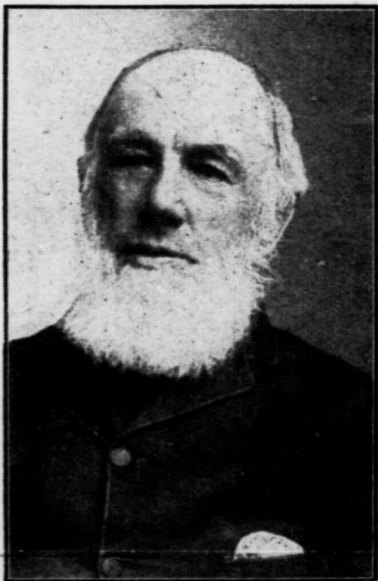
Let me disturb the loneliness of God,  
Let me get past the pity of His hand;  
Climb from accepting posture to behold,  
The tableland of attribute supreme.

Not as a slave restore to menial task,  
Not an unlettered porter at the gate,  
But as a Son! enrobed, adorned, enjoy  
The highest interchange of friend with friend.



### A Veteran Sailors' Missionary.

The Rev. H. T. Miller of Beamsville is the oldest English sailors' missionary alive, and in an autobiographical sketch in The August Sailors' Magazine he surveys a sphere of science, measuring some fifty-six years. He joined the Hull Society early in 1849, and had under his care a number of orphan children. Then he travelled extensively as Deputation Secretary round the shores



of the British Isles in the work of the widow and the fatherless.

In 1860 he was appointed in Liverpool to the largest bethel in the country as minister, and worked in that great seaport for seventeen years. The claims of poor Jack's child lay upon his heart, and he pleaded in vain for several years for help. At length the work took a start, and Mr. Miller was the first Secretary. In a surprisingly short time it shot ahead of all other orphanages in the port, and for long years it has provided for eight hundred children annually. The corporation gave a fine site in one of the parks, and to-day a pile of buildings, representing some £60,000 to £70,000 adorns the scene.

In his sketch Mr. Miller accentuates the importance of the sailor as a prime factor in the element of national greatness. Poor Jack's weaknesses have long been the sport of onlookers, but his place and power in the national fabric have yet to be discovered by many. There is a subtle secret in salt water which our philosophers have not yet fathomed, and how much we owe to the shores of our island homes we have not yet ascertained. Mr. Miller is the father of the Rev. Dr. J. O. Miller, Principal of Ridley College, St. Catharines, and of Mr. S. P. Miller of Toronto. Though approaching eighty years, Mr. Miller is still active and gives willing service as local Secretary to the Bible Society.