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Wild Thyme.

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Fred. W. Wyatt

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16/-

WILD THYME.

BY

C. Sabine

"GARDEN FLOWERS DO NOT ALWAYS YIELD THE PUREST HONEY.
THE BEE LOVES TO SETTLE ON THE WILD THYME
AND THE MOUNTAIN HEATHER."

Third Edition, Augmented.

LONDON:
W. YAPP, 4, OLD CAVENDISH STREET,
OXFORD STREET.

1857.

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BODLEIAN
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"I venture not to put a sickle into the standing corn, or to gather clusters into the grape-basket; but I may glean after the reapers, or, with my pilgrim-staff, draw down the branch on which has been left a grape or an olive-berry."

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Salve! Lector Dilecte.

" O gather, whencesoʼer ye safely may,
The help which slackening piety requires;
Nor deem that he, perforce, must go astray,
Who treads upon the foot-marks of his sires."

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"TO

THE HIGHEST;

HIS HUMBLE SERVANT IMPLORES

HIS GRACIOUS

AYDE."

[1630.]

"Thou great Director of the hearts of men,
From whence I propagate whate'er is mine,
Still my disquiet thoughts, direct my pen;
No more mine owne, if Thou adopt it Thine;
O be Thy Spirit all-in-all to me,
That will implore no ayde, no Muse but Thee.

"Be Thou the load-starre to my wandering minde;
New rigg'd and bound upon a new adventure;
O fill my canbass with a prosp'rous winde;
Unlock my soale, and let Thy Spirit enter
To blesse my talent with a fruitful loane,
That it, at least, may render two for one.

"Unworthy I to take so high a taske;
Unworthy I to crave so great a boone;
Alas! unseasoned is my slender caske:
My winter's day hath scarcely seene her noone:
But if the children's bread must be deny'd
Yet, let me licke the crummes that fall beside."

F. Q. 1630. C. S. 1856.

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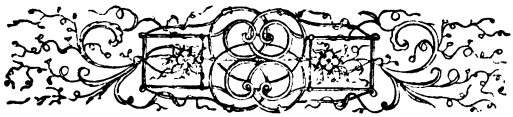

WILD THYME.

Introduction.

WE did not cull these Sprigs of Thyme
On old Parnassus' brow;
We cannot "build the lofty rhyme,"
Or to Euterpe bow.
On **Salem's** grounds we love to tread,
And follow where sweet HERBERT led.

With him we fain would climb the hill
Where dark-leaved olives grow;
Where heavenly fragrance lingers still,
Amidst old haunts of woe;
Would breathe with him that hallow'd air,
And track "**my Master's**"* footsteps there.

*, See Herbert's Temple: "*The Odour*," p. 169.

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The Master's voice, if sweet to thee,
Kind friend, whoe'er thou art,
These "Sprigs of Thyme," though wild they be,
May still entice thine heart
To turn awhile from Ethnic lore,
And on the mountain search for more.

'Tis but a Posy, wild at best,
Unmeet for vase or hall;
Give it a welcome to your breast,
It may some notes recall,
To chime with days or years gone by,
Or waken some lost melody.

But should it bring to mind **the Rose,**
Which erst in Sharon grew;
Or ask **the Lily** to disclose
Her tints of virgin hue,
We'd rather tie such Sprigs of Thyme,
Than build the Epic's loftiest rhyme.

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ALONE WITH JESUS.

ALONE WITH JESUS! Wouldst thou prove His power
To aid thee in the time of anxious need;
To hold thee in temptation's searching hour,
When nature trembles at a shaking reed?
Withdraw thee from the crowd, from Friendship's arm,
From Love's endearing and endeared embrace;
Close e'en thine eye to every varied charm
Of fair Creation's heaven-reflecting face?

Not so; thy foot may pace the busy mart,
In Friendship's circle thou mayst converse hold,
With tenderest Love regale thy loving heart,
Bid Nature's landscape all its charms unfold.
No need to seek the dull monastic cell,
The lonely mountain, or secluded vale;
Where'er *thou* art, thy Lord can hear thee tell,
Can hear thee whisper sorrow's secret tale.

Where'er *thou* art, there Jesus may be found,
Or in the house, the city, or the hall;
Where'er *He* is, the spot is "holy ground;"
Whence He will answer to thy silent call.
Then breathe thy sorrows in His willing ear,
Nor doubt His presence, though enthroned on high;
To every soul that seeks Him, He is near,
Though nought be uttered but a heart-drawn sigh.

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THE INNER SHRINE.

We have an Altar and a Priest,
  Within the Inner Shrine;
All typal sacrifice has ceased,
  Behold the Bread and Wine!
With holy boldness venture nigh;
The Golden Altar stands on high.

'Tis sprinkled with the costly blood
  On which the Father smiles,
That blood which from the Offerer flowed
  For all whom sin defiles.
Look there, and meet your Father's eye,
There learn the Priestly mystery.

The Brazen Altar smokes no more,
  On which the Victim lay,
Where sin's unmeasured doom He bore,
  When thou hadst nought to pay.
"Go forth without the camp," and see
What God's High Priest hath done for thee.

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Then look within the Inner Shrine,
  Where now He pleading stands;
Not God's High Priest alone, but thine—
  What say those wounded hands?
The Father, when those scars He healed,
Once and for aye thy pardon sealed.

Though now in heaven, the Priestly King
  Long ministered on earth;
His life one "Whole Burnt Offering,"
  Sweet-savoured from His birth:
The fragrance of that life divine
  Perfumes and fills the Inner Shrine.

No rood-screen shields it from the eye
  Of those whose sight is true;
That Inner Shrine in yon pure sky
  Is open now for you.
All conscience-cleansed and freed from sin,
The full-robed Priest says, "Welcome in."

Behold those jewels on His breast,
  Each as a signet graved!
Close to that bosom, warmly prest,
  Lie those by Jesus saved:
And thou art saved, whoe'er thou art,
If Jesus has thy willing heart.

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The golden frontlet on His brow,
  With "HOLINESS" inscribed,
Tells that the Law is honoured now,
  In vain with tinsel bribed:
The perfect work of ONE alone
Will God's all-searching Justice own.

Hark to the music of those bells!
  How sweet their tuneful voice;
Of Peace, Good-will, and Grace it tells;—
  How canst thou but rejoice,
When God himself delights to hear
Those silver tones salute His ear?

A Golden Lamp sheds forth its ray,
  The Spirit is your guide;
He shews the New the Living Way,
  The rent vail opens wide:
A seven-fold light that Lamp imparts,
And courage gives to trembling hearts.

And say, hast thou not oft regaled
  Upon that Living Bread,
Which, when all earthly comfort failed,
  Your craving spirit fed?
That heavenly Manna, Shew-Bread sweet,
Which none but white-robed Priests may eat.

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The Laver stands: if earth-defiled,
  Go, wash thy hands, thy feet;
And simply as a pardoned child
  Approach the Mercy-seat;
Within the vail your Censer bring,
And burn sweet incense to the King.

For know, that since God's Lamb was slain,
  All typal rites have ceased;
Nor till MELCHISEDEC shall reign,
  May earth behold a Priest,
Save those who, washed in Jesu's blood,
Are now made white-robed Priests to God.

They walk "the Outer court" awhile,
  But live within the vail;
Look out and weep, look in and smile,
  And chant the melting tale
Of Him who blessed the Bread and Wine,—
"THE PRIEST" within "THE INNER SHRINE."

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ABSOLVO TE.

ONE Priest alone can pardon me,
  Or bid me "Go in peace,"
Can breathe that word, "Absolvo te,"
  And make these heart-throbs cease.
My soul has heard His Priestly voice;
It said, "I bore thy sins—Rejoice!"

He shewed the spear-mark in His side,
  The nail-print on His palm;
Said, "Look on Me, the Crucified;
  Why tremble thus? Be calm!
All power is mine—I set thee free—
Be not afraid—'Absolvo te.'"

In chains of sin once tied and bound,
  I walk in life and light;
Each spot I tread is hallowed ground,
  Whilst Him I keep in sight
Who died a Victim on the tree,
That He might say, "Absolvo te."

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By Him my soul is purified,
  Once leprous and defiled;
Cleansed by the water from His side,
  God sees me "as a child;"
No Priest can heal or cleanse but He,—
No other say, "Absolvo te."

He robed me in a Priestly dress,
  That I might incense bring,
Of Prayer, and Praise, and Righteousness,
  To Heaven's Eternal King;
And when He gave this robe to me,
He smiled and said, "Absolvo te."

In Heaven He stands before the Throne,
  The Great High Priest above,
"MELCHISEDEC"—that name alone
  Can sin's dark stain remove:
To Him I look on bended knee,
And hear that sweet "Absolvo te."

A girded Levite here below,
  I willing service bring;
And fain would tell to all I know
  Of Christ the Priestly King;
Would woo all hearts from sin to flee,
And hear Him say, "Absolvo te."

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"A little while," and He shall come
  Forth from "the Inner Shrine,"
To call His pardoned Brethren home ;—
  O bliss supreme ! divine !
When every blood-bought child shall see
The PRIEST who said, "ABSOLVO TE."

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HAVE I DONE WHAT I COULD?

I CANNOT draw the warrior's sword—
  I would not if I could—
I may not give the thunder-word,
  To drench the field with blood;
But I may act a warrior's part
Within that listed field—the Heart.

My path leads not through foreign lands,
  O'er mountain, waste, or lea;
I wander not with pilgrim bands,
  Or care the world to see:
There may be gems of art in Rome;
But I have choicer gems at home.

I cannot plead with fervid tongue,
  Or strike the minstrel's lyre;
Or blend its magic tones with song,
  To set the soul on fire;
But I may breathe a "still small voice,"
To make some aching heart rejoice.

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'Tis not for me to paint the scene
  The artist's brush portrays,
The laughing hill, the meadow green,
  The sun's cloud-softened rays:
But, surely, I a sketch may paint
Of scenes to glad yon lonely saint.

The Sculptor's chisel is not mine,
  Or mine to mould the clay,
To make the Parian marble shine
  As with Promethean ray:
But is there no rude, shapeless heart
On which to try the Sculptor's art?

I am not skilled to heal disease,
  To set the fractured limb;
I cannot strait the crippled knees,
  Or clear the eyeball dim:
But I may ply that art divine—
The art to pour the "oil and wine."

I have not wealth, or power, or skill,
  To broadcast all around;
The world's wide field I may not till,
  Or sow its fallow ground:
But little spots are here and there,
Which I may weed of grief or care.

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The man of learning and of parts
  Soars far above my path;
I cannot cope with stately hearts,
  Who scorn my ember-hearth:
Be mine, while in this dreary wild,
The lot to bless the poor man's child.

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LET THEM BE FOR SIGNS.

Look up, thou child of earth,
And mark the signs
Which gleam above:—
How read those golden lines?
Behold the sun, the moon,
The stars of light,
Those glorious forms,
And learn to scan them right.

Speak, thou resplendent orb
That rul'st the day;
And thou, bright queen,
Bright with thy borrowed ray;
And ye, unnumbered gems,
Whose vivid flames
Declare the praise
Of Him who calls your names.

Your service is, we know,
To cheer and light
This sister-frame
With beams benign or bright;
Thus, sense and reason teach,
And from your rays
We learn the name
Of Him, ye ceaseless praise.

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But have ye nought to show,
To those whose eye
Is purged to read
Your notes of minstrelsy?
Great Sun of Righteousness!
Reveal Thy rays,
Whene'er I look
On Thy bright creature's face!

'Tis night! and Thou art hid,—
Hid, but not lost;
Nor hid from faith,
Nor from Thy heavenly host.
Faith's eye discerns Thy form,
E'en in the night;
And on the world
The Church reflects Thy light.

Thy light! But ah! how paled!
Yet till the day
Shall break, enough
To guide the pilgrim's way:
But yet not always so;
For, oft concealed
By mists from earth,
She shines, yet scarce revealed.

And oh! how faint her aid,
When she doth turn
Her face from Him
She loves, yet seems to spurn!

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How changeful too her mood;
With varying phase
And varying beam
Guiding through earth's dark maze.

Now with her well-trimmed lamp,
Pouring her light
In glorious streams,
She gladdens up the night.
And now, as though her oil
Were spent and gone,
Her wick consumed,
She leaves the world forlorn.

Nay, not forlorn, though dark
The night, and drear;
The moon though veiled,
Bright stars do yet appear.
Ye angels of the Church,
Held by His power,
Confess His name
In midnight's darkest hour.

Friends of the Bridegroom, rise,
Ye know His voice:
It bids you point
The way to ceaseless joys;
And, when the night is passed,
Ye then shall shine
In heaven's expanse,
With radiance all divine.

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The night is darksome now,
The sky is drear,
The moon, how dim!
Few guiding stars appear:
But morn comes on apace,
And such a morn,
No eye hath seen!
Fill, fill thine empty horn.

Thou sickly moon! shine forth
Thy Lord to greet;
The Bridegroom comes—
Haste! haste His Car to meet!
Thy sun no more goes down,
Nor thou thy light
Again shalt hide;
Day comes—day without night.

The sun, the moon, the stars
Their beams shall pour
Full on the earth,
Exulting in new birth;
And morn, without a cloud
One heavenly form to shroud,
Shall smile for evermore.

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BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.

"BE STILL, and know that I am God;"
Thus saith "The Lofty One,"
Who reigns supreme, whose high abode
From mortals' sight
Is veiled in light,—
Who makes this nether world the footstool of His throne.

BE STILL, ye princes of the earth!
And bend your sceptres down;
Submit to Him who gave you birth;
His word alone
Supports your throne;
Then court His radiant smiles, or tremble at His frown.

BE STILL, ye angry foaming waves!
Why lift yourselves so high?
None is so mad as he who braves
The lion's lair,
The lightning's glare,
Or fondly deems that he may God's right arm defy.

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Princes and peoples! "Kiss the Son,"
Or e'er His anger rise:
But if ye still His right disown,
The arm of God,
That iron rod,
Shall crush your fragile towers—your "refuges of lies."

BE STILL, ye loved, ye loving saints!
And know that He is true:
His ear hath heard your long complaints;
Ye sigh for home,
The hour is come,
Lo! Salem's crystal walls are bursting on your view.

BE STILL, ye tribes of Israel's race!
Your wanderings soon shall cease;
The Lord reveals His smiling face.
What though long lost,
And tempest-tossed?
Your warfare now shall end in everlasting peace.

BE STILL, and know that He is God,
Your fathers' and your own,
Who made your temple His abode;
Once more He'll raise
Your house of praise,
And build for David's Son a high, eternal throne.

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All earth! BE STILL before the Lord;
EMANUEL comes to reign,—
To burn the chariot, break the sword,
The world to bless
With righteousness;
Let all creation shout, and swell the loud Amen!

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GIVE ME TO DRINK.

"GIVE me to drink!" And who and what art Thou.
That askest drink of me, a child of earth?
O wondrous suppliant! Yes, I know Thee now,
Though once a stranger to Thy matchless worth.

Give Thee to drink! Yes, had I seen Thee here,
Athirst and weary, seated on the well,
O how my heart had throbb'd Thine heart to cheer,
This feeble tongue it hath no words to tell.

But, JESUS, say—what would'st Thou have me do
To prove the love I *then* would fain have shewed?
"I have a little band, a faithful few,
Pilgrims and strangers on their homeward road.

"Whene'er you see *them* weary on the way,
Athirst or fainting, *then* remember ME;
Think then thou hearest ME, THE MASTER, say,
'Give me to drink.' This boon I crave of thee.

"And, oh! when thou shalt sit with Me beside
The river of life's water, cool and clear,
The same which issued from My wounded side,
When in death's agony I thirsted here,

"I will give thee to drink—oh! such a draught
Of life and love from My unbounded store,
As no poor thirsting spirit ever quaffed,
When thou shalt drink with ME and thirst no more."

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AVE JESU!

HAIL, all hail Thee, Son of Mary!
"Man of Sorrows," weary, pale,
We Thine own redeemed adore Thee!
Jesu, Son of Mary, hail!

We who drink the living water,
Springs of life that cannot fail,
Bend the grateful knee, adoring;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hail!

When we see Thee bowed and bleeding,
Read the print-mark of the nail,
Round Thy blessed feet we circle;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hail!

Hark! they mock, deride, revile Thee;
Priest and people, how they rail
On the Bleeding Lamb forsaken!
Jesu, Son of Mary, hail!

Now 'tis over. All creation
Hears with awe that dying wail.
See the incense-smoke ascending!
Jesu, Son of Mary, hail!

Drops of precious blood are sprinkled
On the gold within the vail;
Lo! the Great High Priest is pleading!
Jesu, Son of Mary, hail!

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THE CHILD JESUS.

(PARAPHRASED FROM LUTHER.)

SAY, trembler, is EMANUEL'S name
Above thy reach—beyond thy grasp?
Is HE, who from the Father came,
Too great for thee to clasp?

Go to yon hill. "Behold the Man!"
Look on that languid, closing eye;—
And is too narrow yet thy span?
Is Jesus yet too high?

Enter the Temple. See the Child—
That gentle, pensive, docile boy;
Scan well those features, holy, mild;
Let them thy doubts destroy.

What! trembling still? Then come with me,—
Pass softly through that stable door;
Embrace the Babe on Mary's knee,
Then smile, and doubt no more.

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THE NAZARENE.

THOSE thrice ten years! their record who may tell,
  Which Jesus spent, unnoticed or unseen,
Save by the eye of those who loved Him well,
  And knew Him as the gentle Nazarene?
O might I read the thoughts, and track the ways
Of Him on whom the angels bent their gaze!

The weanèd Child, the mild and earnest Youth,
  The willing Servant, and the loving Son;
The Holy Witness of eternal truth;
  The Heir obscure of David's prostrate throne:
What though He walked the streets, or climbed the hill,
This, all His aim—to do His Father's will.

O deem not He was slow of heart to see
  All that the Law of Moses had foretold.
Before His eye each type-veiled mystery
  An open volume lay—a page unrolled:
That which to other minds was dark or dim,
Shone bright to One who knew it spake of Him.

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"The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms," He made
His daily study, and His food by night;
Ere morning watch, at noon, and evening shade,
They were the springs from which He drew delight.
"O how I love Thy law!" I hear Him say:
"It is My meditation all the day."

Full well He knew the tale of Eden's loss,
And who that loss must with His life repair;
Whose heel must suffer, bruised upon the Cross,
And whose the head that He should trample there:
When on the tree of life He fixed His eye,
He saw it spake of Him who came to die.

Who came to die, that He might win the Bride!
Bone of His bone. O lovelier far than Eve!
A help-meet taken from His wounded side,
One whom the Serpent should no more deceive.
He saw the Church, the Bride, that spotless Dove,
The Father's Gift to fill His heart of love.

With God He walked, as Enoch walked before;
Thought on the days or e'er the Deluge swept,
Himself the living Ark, the righteous Noah;
Thought on a ruined world, o'er which He wept:
Yet onward looked to that sweet day of rest,
When all the ark-saved shall in Him be blessed.

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And oft there passed before His raptured sight
  A royal Priest, the King of Righteousness;
From Salem's gate, who, clad in Priestly white,
  Came forth the Friend of God to meet and bless—
Melchisedec, the royal Priest of old,
Who of a greater than himself foretold.

But who may read the thoughts that filled His soul,
  When, as He walked the fields at eventide,
Or sat and pondered o'er the sacred roll,
  (Deep-thoughted by His gentle mother's side,)
He mused on that sweet youth, fond Sarah's son,
In whose obedient love He traced His own.

Thou promised Seed! Thy Father's only heir;
  The child of holy laughter, Isaac, say,
And must thy Father's hand itself prepare
  The Altar-wood, whereon the Lamb to lay?
'Tis even so. What makes that bosom swell,
As Jesus scans the type and marks it well?

Perhaps He reads aloud, and Mary hears
  With dim perception the historic word,
And ponders in her mother's heart with tears
  The Prophet's speech: it told her of a sword,
A sword to cause that mother's heart to bleed;
But Jesus knew Himself the promised Seed.

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For walking meekly by His Father's side,
  They two conversing, secretly, alone,
This voice He heard, "My Son, God will provide
  Himself a Lamb—a spotless one—His own."
The Mount Moriah soon God's Lamb shall see
His Isaac bear the wood to Calvary.

But weep not, Mary! Though the sword be keen,
  And though thy darling must indeed be slain:
Still shall deliverance on the Mount be seen,
  And, raised from death, thine Isaac live again.
In God's own promise let thy spirit rest,
For in thy seed all nations *shall* be blest.

And did the Nazarene no emblem see
  In Rachael's first-born, Jacob's darling son,
To whom his elder brethren bowed the knee,
  Though once they left him in the pit alone?
They who had dyed his envied coat in blood,
Come bending low, and supplicate for food!

Anon He reads of Moses, who was born
  To free his brethren from the tyrant's chain;
Whose love was met by insolence and scorn;
  Whose pity moved their souls to proud disdain;
But who, with meekness, all their insults bore,
And led them safely from the tyrant's shore.

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Full well the meaning of each type He knew,
  The Paschal Lamb—the smitten desert rock—
The manna covered o'er with heavenly dew,
  The daily food of God's elected flock;
The Brazen Serpent told Him of the tree,
Where sin-wounds only find a remedy.

And now He muses on the mystic tent,
  Its various coverings and its fitted boards;
His spirit saw what every emblem meant;
  No hook, or pin, but some clear ray affords.
Oh! wondrous were the truths the Student found
In musing on this hallowed, mystic ground.

"Without the camp," behold the victim dies;
  He gazes on it. Hark! a stifled sigh—
"Without the camp!" What means that sacrifice?
  "Father! I come. Behold me. Here am I."
Thy servant ready, when the hour shall come,
That I must bear for man sin's righteous doom.

He calmly walks the outer court awhile,
  Then draws aside the tent's mysterious vail;
What sees He there to cause that radiant smile,
  That lights a cheek with daily musing pale?
No need has He to wash His feet, His hands,
Or e'er within that mystic room He stands.

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He looks around—with holy joy He reads
  The gracious emblems there that meet His sight;
The Bread on which the craving spirit feeds—
  The seven-fold lamp, that sheds celestial light:
Himself that ever-fresh, that Living Bread,
On which alone immortal souls are fed.

And now He stands within the inner shrine,
  In presence of the awful Cherubim!
Who else but He their import might divine,
  As they look down and gaze serene on Him?
The mercy-seat—the sprinkled blood is there;
Who knows as He the incensed power of prayer?

The ark o'erlaid with gold. O wondrous sight!
  Its hidden treasures, who but One can tell?
That One, the young, the spotless Nazarite.
  Methinks I see His righteous bosom swell,
As thus it breathes: "O God, I ne'er depart
From thy commands: Thy law is in my heart."

Thou living Priest! Thou budding almond rod!
  Thou golden Omer, with sweet manna fill'd!
In spirit, when Thy foot the pavement trod,
  How was Thy soul with silent rapture filled,
To know, to feel, that Thou couldst all unfold
That Moses spake in emblem types of old.

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The Great High Priest, enrobed in symbols, tells
  Of One who ever lives to intercede;
Whose beauteous robe, enfringed with golden bells,
  Says that the Father loves to hear Him plead:
While on His shoulder and His breast He wears
The names of those whose sins and griefs He bears.

But who shall stand within the Holy Place?
  Who meet the gaze, the searchings of that eye?
Who shall approach the Father, face to face?
  Who enter where all taint of sin must fly?
None but the man whose breast is pure and clean,
Upon whose brow God's "HOLINESS" is seen.

For none but He, of all who walked below,
  Could bear the rays of that untempered light.
God's Nazarite! more pure than falling snow;
  His flesh as milk; His garment spotless white:
Yet was His visage with deep furrows worn;
For sorrow's cup was His—His path forlorn.

Deep are the traces left by sorrow's touch
  On those who early reap earth's field of care!
But who e'er read on care-worn pilgrim such
  Deep lines as those which fell to Jesus' share:
Like ears of corn sun-parched while soft and green,
Behold grief's heir—the smitten Nazarene!

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Oft-times His thoughts recur to that sweet day,
(Old Salem's loved and hallowed walls to see,
And in the Temple court to kneel and pray,)
When yet a child, He walked from Galilee.
And Mary, too, recalls that day with tears,
When all the Mother's heart grew chill with fears.

No Jewish child, of all that teeming throng,
Who gazed with eager eye on every scene,
Who listened to the Temple Service song,
Beheld or heard like that young Nazarene,
Who walked His Father's house, the rightful Heir,
The soul of every typal service there.

But, ah! e'en then, His gentle heart was pained;
The doves, the sheep, the oxen, all were there;
The Temple courts and Temple floor were stained;
"A den of thieves" He saw the "house of prayer,"
As when, in after years, His zeal found words,
And that soft hand was armed with plaited cords.

His Father's house! But time would fail to tell
The deep-toned thoughts that fill His eager soul,
Which make that raptured bosom heave and swell,
And lead Him on to that appointed goal
When Salem's gates shall open night and day;
When Salem's King shall all the earth obey.

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When He, though now a Nazarene obscure,
  His Father David's sceptre shall extend—
Shall judge with righteousness the humble poor;
  And from the tyrant's arm the weak defend;
When "Tarshish and the Isles" shall presents bring,
Sheba and Seba bow before the King.

But, oh! ere then, what torrents must o'erflow
  That tender Scion of a royal stem;
What rankling thorns must tear the noble brow
  Prepared by grief for such a diadem
As earth ne'er saw—as earth shall never see,
Till worn by Him who walked in Galilee.

Yes; though the Son beloved, He had to bear
  A load no sinful child had ever borne;
Of all earth's sorrows Jesus was the heir,
  And all that sorrow, too, He bore alone;
And while in psalms of joy He found relief,
In psalms of woe He poured out floods of grief.

"How long, O Lord? My God, My God, how long?
  Father! My groaning is not hid from Thee.
O Lord, rebuke me not—My foes are strong:
  O when shall I Thy great salvation see?
Mine eye consumes with grief—my throat is dried;
While lovers, kinsmen, friends, all stand aside.

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"But be not Thou far off, O God, My God!
I am bowed down—sore broken. Father, hear!
O take, O take away Thy chastening rod,
And let My cries, My groanings reach Thine ear!
O bid these whelming billows cease to roll,
And let Thy comforts, Lord, delight My soul!"

Anon He takes the harp of tuneful air,
And strikes the chords the minstrel David strung,
When solace comes in answer to His prayer,
And praises flow from His rejoicing tongue;
When clouds no more obscure His Father's face,
And angels come with messages of grace.

"I will extol Thee, O My God;
For Thou hast raised Me up—
Hast lifted off My heavy load,
And from Salvation's cup
Hast made Me drink sweet draughts of joy;
Thy praise shall now My lips employ.

"I cried to Thee, and Thou hast heard;
I cried, and Thou hast healed;
I trusted in Thy faithful word—
Thou hast Thy face revealed.
Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,
And triumph in His Holiness!

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"A moment, and His anger 's fled;
His love for life will last:
Though tears bedew the midnight bed,
Joy comes when night is past.
My sackcloth garments all are gone,
And gladness I have girded on."

And thus He grew from childhood's early days,
Learning the notes of mourning and of woe;
Now with tuned harp, outpouring hymns of praise;
Now troubled—now exulting o'er the foe;
The Psalms are perfumed with the living breath
Of Mary's Son, the Saint of Nazareth.

DAVID and JOHN, how well ye knew the heart
Of Him the Spirit taught you to portray!
O blest beyond degree your heavenly art,
Which shews the lights and shades of Jesus' way,
As in His public walk, or all unseen,
He taught, or mused, or prayed, God's spotless NAZARENE.

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EASTER LYRICS.

I.

Passover Eve.

(THE PREPARATION.)

WHERE wilt Thou, Lord, that we prepare
  The feast of love to eat with Thee—
Sweet bread with bitter herbs, or e'er
  The slaughtered Paschal Lamb we see?
To-morrow must that Lamb be killed,
His life-blood on the earth be spilled!

The table's spread: the Master takes
  The bread; and blessing it with grace,
Each drooping heart in love partakes;
  Each eye is fixed on that calm face,
Whose tender, love-enkindled smile
They soon must lose "a little while."

And see! the cup is poured and blessed,
  And all partake, save He, the Vine,
Whose rich life-blood must now be pressed,
  That all may drink that mystic wine,
"Which cheers the heart of God and man;"
Ordained to flow since time began.

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Calmly He rises from His seat,
  A girded Levite, see Him bend
And stoop to wash the pilgrim-feet
  Of those who on His steps attend;
Then breathing out the Law anew,
"THIS DO, AS I HAVE DONE TO YOU."

"I will not leave you comfortless,
  I go but to prepare a place
For all who now My name confess,
  And long to rest in My embrace.
My peace I leave; My last bequest,
In ME ye shall have perfect rest."

* * * *

Lo! now the garden scene is o'er,
  The agony, the bloody sweat;
Nor seer may tell what Jesus bore,
  Nor heart of angel may forget
The bitter cry—the prayer-worn knee—
THAT night-watch in Gethsemane.

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II.

Good Friday.

(THE OFFERING.)

WHO tuned the mournful harp for David's hand,
  And taught him how to strike its deepest chords?
Spirit Divine! what sinful child may stand
  Unbowed to-day, while He, the Lord of lords,
Bows down His head beneath man's load of guilt,
And lets His warm heart's blood on earth be spilt!

Let no rude hand attempt to draw the vail
  Which hides those quivering lips, those languid eyes;
Bid it conceal that brow, so worn and pale:
  Let none presume to voice those bitter cries,
The utterance of a soul engulphed in woe,
Which none but HE who tasted it can know.

Enough for one, who feels himself a worm,
  An earth-born child of guilt, and shame, and sin,
To muse in silence on that mangled form;
  Nor dare to say what passed that breast within,
When He, the type of all His Father's grace,
Fainted beneath the hidings of His face.

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"Behold and see," the gentle Martyr cries,
"Was ever cup of sorrow like to Mine?"
No, Lord! could all earth's groans, and tears, and sighs
Be mixed in one deep cup, compared with Thine,
That cup were but a rill from mountain side;
Thine the vast ocean, fathomless and wide.

Weary and scourged, forsaken and athirst,
In all the universe—THE ONE alone—
Lifted on high, as if by all accurst,
No angel now may hush Thy plaintive moan,
As yester-night, when gentle hands were found
With soothing balm to lull Thine anguish-wound.

All, all is silence, save that rabble cry,
The taunt, the muttered curse, the hellish din,
While Jesus drains the cup of agony;
Dark all without—all darker far within.
But all is over. Hush! He soon shall waken,
No more to die—by God no more forsaken.

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III.

Easter Eve.

(THE SABBATH.)

MYSTERIOUS day! How dark—how still—how lone!
If that may "Day" be called, which had no sun;
Whose light was hid behind that sealèd stone.
Where is that night-day's fellow? It had none.
No angel's tongue *may* tell—no mortal's *can*—
What part it held in heaven's mysterious plan.

But yester-eve the Avenger hurled his dart;
It drew the life-blood of the Lord of Life,
Stopping the pulses of love's broken heart.
Behold the Victim of that wondrous strife
Which truth eternal holds with hellish spite!
To-day the Spoiler *seems* to win the fight.

To-day he keeps his icy fingers pressed
Firm on the heart of his Anointed foe.
O never had he such a welcome guest
Since first he struck at man a mortal blow!
All unresisting, see the Champion lie!
Behold the Son of God, who came to die!

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To die—but not to feel corruption's breath:
  Cold was the tomb, but fragrant was the air
Which filled the silent prison-house of death;
  For He who came to vanquish death was there.
No need of myrrh or aloes to embalm
Him, who by morn shall wave the Conqueror's palm.

No charnel damp hangs in that rocky cave,
  The fragrance of the garden breathes around;
No earth-worm enters that new virgin grave,
  Sweet white-robed angels tend the hallowed ground:
And all is stillness too, that Sabbath day,
Through whose calm hours the weary Sleeper lay.

Gaze on Him, Death! Repast thy greedy eyes!
  Soon, soon thy dainty banquet shall be o'er:
A voice shall issue from the joyous skies—
  "Remove the stone! Unseal the prison door!"
To-morrow's dawn shall see thy sceptre broken:
Look on that heel—ITS death-crush is THY token.

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IV.

"The Morrow after the Sabbath."

(OUR LORD'S DAY.)

A PATHWAY opens from the tomb—
  The grave's a grave no more;
Stoop down: look into that sweet room;
  Pass through the unsealed door:
Linger a moment by the bed
Where lay but yesterday the Church's Head.

What is there there to make thee fear?
  A folded chamber-vest,
Akin to that which thou shalt wear,
  When for thy slumber drest;
Two gentle angels sitting by—
How sweet a room, methinks, wherein to lie!

No gloomy vault, no charnel cell,
  No emblems of decay,
No solemn sound of passing bell,
  To say, "He 's gone away;"—
But angel-whispers soft and clear,
And He, the risen Jesus, standing near.

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"Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"
'Tis not the gardener's voice,
But His, to whom all knees shall bow,
In whom all hearts rejoice;
The voice of Him who yesterday,
Within that rock was Death's resistless prey.

"Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"
The living with the dead?
Take young Spring flowers and deck thy brow,
For life with joy is wed.
The grave is now the grave no more;
Why fear to pass that Bridal-chamber door?

Take flowers and strew them all around
The room where Jesus lay;
But softly tread; 'tis hallowed ground,
And this is EASTER DAY.
"The Lord is risen, as He said,"
And thou shalt rise with Him, thy Risen Head.

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V.

Monday after Easter.

(PASQUE FLOWERS.)

BUT yester-morn the Prince of Life arose,
  Serenely passed the prison's open door—
That door which none but He can ever close,
  And which for *His* stands open evermore.
The keys of Hades now are at the side
Of Him who conquered Death—the Crucified.

Yes, "He is risen! Risen as He said;"
  The first-fruits gathered from the harvest-field;
Heaven's earnest pledge of life to all the dead
  On Easter morning was for ever sealed;
To all "the dead in Christ" who yet repose,
Or still shall rest in peace till time shall close.

We walked the wood to-day—and such a day!
  So joyous and so clear—so calm—so bright!
Though April still, its breathing is of May,
  The ground all studded with young stars of light:
Sweet Pasque-flowers, each in virgin dress arrayed,
Midst dry autumnal leaves decaying and decayed.

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"Christ the first-fruits," then next in order those
  Who know and love the risen Bridegroom's voice;
The voice of Him, who yesterday arose,
  And told each trembling bosom to rejoice.
The shades no more your lustrous forms can hide,
Your life was hid in Love's spear-wounded side.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life;"
  Believe this word, and thou shalt never die.
What though autumnal leaves are thick and rife,
  And thou amongst them too awhile must lie;
The grave which could not hold thy rising Head,
May not retain thee long amidst the dead.

The Lily speaks to me of daily grace;
  The Rose of Sharon is a symbol true
Of Him my yearning spirit would embrace:
  And what, ye Pasques, may I discern in you?
'Tis RESURRECTION-LIFE that meets my eye,
In that white star of Spring, the Wood Anemone.

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"GETHSEMANE."

(THE OLIVE PRESS.)

"SLEEP on *now*, and take your rest;"
  Say, what mean these gracious words?
Lo! "The Man of Sorrows," pressed,
Agonizing, crushed, distressed,
  Comfort to His own affords.

Yes; "the hour" has passed away;
  Satan tries his force in vain;
Not as on that fatal day,
When poor man became his prey,
  Doomed to sorrow, death, and pain.

Eden's lord resigned the field,
  Yielded soon his princely right;
Weak his arm the sword to wield,
Weak to bear the warrior's shield:
  Who could cope with Satan's might?

Not the fragile man of earth,
  Unsustained by power divine;
Though not come of human birth,
Stranger yet to aught but mirth:
  "Strong one armed," the day was thine.

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Strong one! try thine art once more,
  In the garden, where the Lord—
He who all our sorrows bore—
Prostrate lay, while drops of gore
  From His sacred body poured.

Try thine art; yea, do thy worst,
  Ply thy hellish, fiendish power;
Lo! the *One* for sin accursed,
Sin of Adam, Him who erst
  Fell in nature's darksome hour!

Tell Him of the Cross, the anguish
  He must bear upon the tree;
Where to-morrow He must languish,
If He still resolve to vanquish,—
  "Captive lead captivity."

Tell Him *all* who love will leave—
  Friends, disciples, kindred dear;
Tell Him brethren will deceive,
Shun, betray, deny, and grieve,—
  All He loved and guarded here.

Tell Him of the scourge, the thorn,
  Spitting, buffeting, and shame;
Tell Him of the bitter scorn,
Which, upon to-morrow's morn,
  Man will pour upon His name.

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Tell Him—nay, He only knows,
  He, the Lord of truth and grace,
Whence His darkest sorrow flows,
Deep, unfathomable throes,—
  Hidings of the Father's face.

Yes! He knows the woeful sigh
  He must heave upon the tree;
Lo! the dreaded hour draws nigh,
When in darkness He must cry,
  "*Why hast Thou forsaken Me?*"

Jesus knows it—knows it all;
  Will He turn away His face
From the worm-wood and the gall?
One resolve of love recall?
  Will He *now* His steps retrace?

No; "the hour" has passed away;
  See! He rises from the ground,
Where in agony He lay,
Trusting *you* to "watch and pray,"
  Till His cry an answer found.

Saw ye not the fiend depart;
  Spread his dragon wings for flight?
Blunted is each venomed dart,
Baffled hell's malignant art,
  By the Lord of Life and Light.

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Saw ye not a gentle hand
  Wipe the sweat from that pale brow?
One of yon angelic band,
Who before the Father stand,
  At His footstool lowly bow.

Lo! the dreadful conflict 's done,
  Satan's deadly power is foiled;
Jesus has a triumph won,
Earnest that to-morrow's sun
  Shall behold the foe despoiled.

"Sleep on *now*, and take your rest;"
  Though the Cross is full in view,
Ye, who have His name confessed,
Ye *must* be for ever blessed;
  He *will* bear it all for you.

Bear the Cross, despise the shame,
  Meekly bow His dying head;
'Twas for *this* to earth He came,
Took a humble kinsman's name,—
  Came to make the tomb His bed.

Wait a moment! See Him rise!
  Cross endured; Death's fetters broken;
Lo, He rises to the skies!
Soon He 'll meet your longing eyes;
  "MOUNT OF OLIVES!" THIS the token.

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WHAT IS THE CHURCH?

"Come hither, I will shew thee the Bride, the Lamb's wife."

WHAT is the Church? "A house not made with hands;"
Christ, the foundation stone on which it stands;
A Temple reared on earth to tell the praise
Of the Great Ancient of eternal days.
What is the Church? The Body—Christ the Head;
Members of Him, the First-born from the dead;
One Lord, one Life, one sympathetic soul
Indwells the frame, breathes in and through the whole.

One family, though parted here beneath;
Sever'd by time, by distance, rank, or death;
Parted, yet gathered round one common board,
Where Jesus sits unseen—their risen Lord;
A holy family that dates its rise
From the first Lamb that bled in sacrifice;
A loving band, whose ranks shall be complete
When circling round their Elder Brother's feet.

What is the Church? Not wood, or brick, or stone,
A Temple reared by human hands alone,
Or place where Christians meet for praise and prayer,
Though e'en the Master deigns to meet them there.

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The Church! It is the Lamb's own Holy Bride,
Washed in the stream which issued from His side;
Bought with the ransom price He freely paid,
When on the Altar He for her was laid.

Church of the Living God! She soon shall rise
A glorious Temple towering to the skies;
With pearly gates and streets of heavenly gold,
A Palace angels shall with joy behold;
A Crystal Palace for the Saviour King,
To which creation shall its tribute bring,
When He who wept and sorrowed, groaned and died,
Shall Sha dwell for ever with His ransomed Bride.

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ALMA MATER.

"—— The Mother of us all."

Ecclesia! my Mother dear!
  How shall I spell thy name?
With filial awe, with love sincere,
  How tell from whence it came,
That thou must be by all confessed,
Thy name above all names be blessed?

Above all names, save His alone,
  To whom we bend the knee,
Who bids us all with duty own,
  With true love honour thee.
Sweet "Alma Mater," meek-eyed Dove,
I love thee with no stranger love.

But tell me, where dost thou abide?
  In temples or in halls?
Or veiled, like mourner, dost thou hide
  Within those cloistered walls?
Some tell me thou art only found
In yon dark, lone, sequestered ground.

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While others say, "Lo, here! Lo, there!"
  Some point me to a door,
Whereon I read, in symbols rare,
  Crude, mediæval lore,
Which tells me, there I'm sure to find
My Alma dear, my Mother kind.

I enter in, but 'tis not she
  I seek with yearning heart;
A cold, stern visaged crone I see,
  From whom I shuddering start.
How could a home-sick child find rest
On such a Beldam's withered breast?

One points me to a glittering dome,
  Where incense fills the air;
And says it is my mother's home,
  I've but to enter there;
Enshrined within, I'm sure to find
My Alma dear, my Mother kind.

Again I start: she looks not old,
  But bloated with excess;
With painted cheek and forehead bold;
  With loose and gaudy dress:
I turn disgusted from the dome
They told me was my Mother's home.

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Then forth I wandered, east and west,
  O'er Alps, through dyke-drained lands;
Through busy towns, where, Sunday-drest,
  I met kind loving bands:
And some were grave, and some were gay,
And all could point me out the way.

Some told me Alma's house was high;
  Some vouched it plain and low;
Some said a sprinkling-font stood by,
  A token all might know:
While some affirmed *deep* water flowed
Around my Alma's loved abode.

In vain I've searched all lowly ground,
  In vain each towering hill;
Where may this hidden one be found?
  Must I go seeking still?
Is there no spot, no untried place,
  Where my sweet Alma shews her face?

No, not on earth, in one fixed spot,
  Does she, the sought-one, dwell;
Who deems it so, has found her not
  In temple, hall, or cell.
Yet forth she walks with veilèd face,
And every gesture breathes of grace.

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Ecclesia! Jerusalem!
  The Temple from above;
The Coronet—the Diadem—
  The Mother whom I love;
As dewdrops here reflect the sky,
I read THEE in each Brother's eye,

I know thee in each Sister's tear,
  And in each Sister's smile;
In every saint I feel thee near,
  Though thou art hid awhile.
But, oh! when HE, "our Life," shall come,
THE CHURCH shall be our happy home!

Ecclesia! Jerusalem!
  My "Alma Mater" dear!
Fondly I prize each holy gem
  I meet with far or near;
I love them for the sake of ONE
Who calls each gem in thee "HIS OWN."

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RUTH AND NAOMI.

"We have a little Sister."

"MOTHER, urge me not to leave;
  Say not, 'I am old and poor;'
What though others wound and grieve,
Shun, forsake thee, and deceive,
  Ruth will love thee yet the more.

"No, I never will depart
  From thy more than mother's side;
Thou hast won my Gentile heart;
Well I know thee who thou art,
  Though in sorrow's furnace tried.

"Once Naomi, Mara now;
  Beauty's lines in thee I trace;
What though anguish with her plough
Furrows deep thy saddened brow,
  What though sorrow stains thy face;

"In that stained and saddened face
  I can read thy noble birth;
Thou art of a chosen race;
Thine shall be the envied place,
  Honoured Queen of all the earth.

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"Where thou goest I will go;
  Where thou lodgest I will rest;
None but Israel's God I'll know;
Home and kin and friends forego,
  That with thee I may be blest.

"Lo! the Sun is hasting down,
  I'm a'weary. Mother, stay,—
What is yonder smiling town?
Whose those fields with harvest brown?
  Mother, rest us here, I pray.

"Oh! it seems a happy place,
  Not like Moab's crowded towns;
Mother, let us urge our pace;
Why that tear upon thy face?
  None will meet us, sure, with frowns."

"No, my daughter, yet a tear
  Will bedew this sunken eye;
'Tis not grief, or doubt, or fear
Calls it forth, as on my ear
  Bursts that well-known harvest cry.

"Yon is Ephrata! my home,
  Ere in widowhood I pined;
Doomed in solitude to roam;
Bethlehem! to thee I come!
  Shall I there a kinsman find?"

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[Yes, Naomi, there is one
  Who will act the kinsman's part;
Kinsman, not to thee alone,
But to her, that stranger lone;
  One who knows a stranger's heart.]

"Mother, I will glean to-day,
  Rest thee here till I return;
In that 'House of Bread' I may
Gather ears, I know, that stray;
  None a stranger sure will spurn."

"Go, my child,—O God, defend
  Ruth from danger and from wrong;
O do Thou her steps attend;
Be her Guardian, Guide, and Friend;
  Thou to-night shall be our song!"

"Tell me, Ruth, my loving child,
  Whence thou hast that burden brought
Lo! the cottage floor is piled
With thy gleanings. Who has smiled
  On my stranger, as she wrought?"

"Mother dear, I heard his name
  As the reapers paused awhile
From their labours, when he came
To his field, nor thought it shame
  Me to welcome with a smile.

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"Boaz was the name I heard,
  When he walked the sheaves among,
Answering with a gracious word,
As the reapers blessed their lord,
  Praising him with grateful song."

"Boaz! do I hear aright?
  Bless, my soul, Jehovah's grace!
Who but Boaz has the right?
Who but He the will, the might,
  To redeem our sunken race?

"Keep thou near this man of God;
  Enter not a stranger's field;
Where His maidens' feet have trod,
Where you meet His shepherds' rod,
  Rest thee: He will be thy shield.

"He will act 'a kinsman's part,'
  Ere to-morrow's sun goes down;
Well I know His loving heart;
Though of Moab's race thou art,
  He thy trust will not disown.

"Seek Him boldly, venture near,
  At His footstool take thy place;
That He'll spurn thee do not fear;
He thy lonesome heart will cheer—
  Whisper to thee words of grace.

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"Yes, He'll give thee children's bread,
  Deal it with a bounteous hand,
Gently raise thy drooping head,
Ask thee who it was that led
  Ruth to seek Emanuel's land?

"Sure I am He will not rest
  Till He make thee all His own;
Till thou art His bride confessed,
Favoured, honoured, fully blessed,
  Seated with Him on His throne.

"Yet there is, by right of birth,
  One of nearer kin than He;
Heartless churl, a son of earth;
One who, in distress or dearth,
  From his nearest kin will flee.

"Willing to redeem the land,
  Make the forfeit fields his own;
Spurning yet the law's demand
That he take it at the hand
  Of the stranger Ruth alone.

"Kinsman, yet a churl indeed;
  Selfish, base, and earthly born;
Who on him, in time of need,
Should recline, would find a reed,
  Yea, a sharp, a piercing thorn.

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Boaz is of royal birth;
  He from Eli-Melek springs;
Yet He loves this drooping earth;
Would not quit one lonely hearth
  For the festive board of kings.

Beauty, strength, and matchless grace,
  In His wondrous person shine;
All who ever saw His face,
Smiling on our fallen race,
  Know that Boaz is Divine.

Cheer thee then, my orphan child,
  Orphan, widow, stranger lone;
He who on thee, Ruth, has smiled,
Thee, a heathen once, and wild,
  Shall with thee divide His throne.

Queen Naomi then shall sing,
  Call to mind her days of yore;
Shout, rejoicing in her King;
Making hills and valleys ring,
  Weeping Mara now no more.

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IMLAH AND JERAMEEL.

"All my springs are in Thee."

"O JERAMEEL! when shall my eyes behold
  That glorious day which prophets have revealed?
When shall the burden from our land be rolled,
  Our Father's words of anger be repealed?
When shall we see Jerusalem arise,
Her turrets glisten in the cloudless skies?

"I know the day shall come. The Lord has sworn—
  Sworn with an oath, though earth should pass away,
Though e'en the sun should cease to wake the morn,
  And into one long night should fade the day,
The walls of Salem on His palms are graved,
From out all lands His people shall be saved.

"But when, O when shall that blest day arrive
  When 'Comfort ye my people' shall be sung?
When Israel shall awake, arise, and live,
  And strike the harp so long untuned, unstrung?
When shall the ransomed tribes go up to raise
To Israel's God the song of gladsome praise?

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"Our feet shall stand—shall stand within thy gates;
  Peace shall indwell thy walls for evermore;
For this my yearning, panting spirit waits,
  While yet I sigh to see Hope's opening door;
A pilgrim still in Achor's dreary vale,
My eye runs down with tears, my heart-springs fail.

"But, Jerameel, what means that tranquil smile?
  Thou dost not sigh and weep, as erst, with me,
When we were wont our sorrows to beguile
  In Zion's hymns, breathed out on bended knee;
Or when from casement, opening to the East,
We passed the hours of some sweet Paschal feast.

"What means thine altered eye, my Jerameel?
  Dost thou not weep with her who sits alone?
Hast thou forgot to pray for Israel's weal?
  Is thine ear deaf to captive Judah's moan?
Speak! is it nought to thee that on the ground
Our widowed mother still in tears is found?

"It cannot be. I know thy filial heart;
  An off-shoot thou of Jacob's princely stem;
One who with me shall take a gladsome part
  In building up our own Jerusalem;
Yet, while I weep, no tear escapes thine eye;
Sure thou must deem our Great Deliverer nigh!"

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"TRUE, IMLAH, true; I do believe Him near—
The Branch ordained to spring from Jesse's root:
The morning breaks; soon, soon shall He appear!
The Day-star's beams from out the darkness shoot;
Night wears away—the long and weary night;
Our Shiloh comes to fill the world with light!

"He comes! His radiance every eye shall see.
I know Him, Imlah! Dost *thou* know Him too?
The same our Fathers pierced upon the tree;
The Prince of Life, whom they despised and slew—
Nay, start not, Imlah! Listen for awhile,
And learn what makes me thus so calmly smile.

"Together we have sat at Moses' feet,
Together mused on each prophetic roll;
O Imlah! was not our communion sweet,
When one in Jewish hope, as one in soul,
We read of Him whom David called his Lord,
The King of Zion, sceptred, crowned, adored?

"But there were some deep, dark, mysterious themes,
Too dark, too deep for youthful minds like ours,
Which threw a gloom athwart our halcyon dreams,
And clouded o'er our sweetest, brightest hours.
"The Man of Sorrows!" Who and what was He,
In whom our nation could no beauty see?

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"A tender Plant, a Root from arid ground,
Despised, rejected, grief's companion here;
The Heir of Sorrows rankling and profound,
Who shed in secret oft a bitter tear;
'From whom,' the prophet sang, 'we hid our face;
And could in Him no lines of beauty trace.'

"Yet surely, Imlah, He hath borne our grief;
Our sorrows carried. We deserved the rod
Which He endured, who came to our relief,
The stricken, smitten, wounded Lamb of God:
All we like wandering sheep had gone astray,
While on the Shepherd all our wanderings lay.

"A slaughtered Lamb, and yet our Israel's King;
Oppressed, afflicted, yet great David's Lord;
For Israel made a Whole Burnt Offering,
Yet by all hearts and lips to be adored.
O mystery profound! what seer can show
Why He who comes to reign was born to woe!

"Meek as a lamb beneath the shearer's hand,
Dumb as a sheep, obedient to the knife
Was He, whose rod the nations shall command;
Yet by His creatures slain,—the Lord of life!
Who shall unfold the riddle? who shall tell
Why thus we dealt with our Immanuel?

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"O Jerameel, forbear! 'Tis not of Him
The Prophet speaks. The Rabbis all declare
That He who stood before our Sanhedrim
Was *not* the Shiloh—not king David's Heir;
That *Israel* was the root the seer portrays,
Our nation, shorn of her resplendent rays.

"Where is our form—our comeliness? 'Tis gone,—
A root transported from its native soil.
Where is our nation's beauty? She hath none;
Behold her visage marred with care and toil!
All we like wandering sheep had gone astray,
While on the Shepherd all our wanderings lay.

"'Tis Salem's woes of which the Prophets tell;
She is the slaughtered sheep, the silent lamb;
No griefs like thine, thou banished Israel!
Smitten of Him, the Lord, the great 'I AM!'
Go, search the Talmud, Jerameel, and see
How in one teaching all our Scribes agree."

"And canst thou, Imlah, bow thy reason so
To those, who thus make void the Holy Word
Let Rabbi, Scribe, Gemara, Talmud go;
Bow down to One alone, our fathers' God.
He spake by Moses, by the seers to thee;
To Him alone let Israel bow the knee.

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"'Kiss thou the Son?' The Son who bore our grief,
Carried our sorrow—He on whom was laid
The chastening of our peace. For whose relief
Was He cut off? Whose costly ransom paid?
Go ask the son of Amoz. He shall tell,—
To bear the sin-doom of lost Israel.

"And not of Israel only. All was dead
That sprang of Adam's root. Who kiss the Son,
Who bow to Him, the new, the living Head,
Shall share the spoils which He the Victor won.
God's righteous Servant bore the curse for all
Who lost their birthright with the primal fall.

"But why discourse we? Let us search the page,
As we were wont in youthful, bye-gone days;
Our love for Zion has not chilled with age;
We still can tune our harps to David's lays.
Come, let us search the Word with faith and prayer,
And He of whom it tells will meet us there.

"Say, shall we open Moses and the Law?
Or take the Psalms and Prophets for our theme?
Each of the Shiloh doth a picture draw;
From each bright rays of heavenly lustre stream.
The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms record
The ways of David's SON and David's LORD.

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"What means the paschal lamb, the smitten rock—
  The scape-goat, with his fellow, from the herd?
What the devoted firstling of the flock?
  What the released and the divided bird?
What was the teaching of that tide of blood,
Which from our Jewish altars daily flowed?

"Could blood, the blood of oxen, goats, or rams,
  Wash out one heart-stain—for one sin atone?
Vain thought! what though all Carmel sent its lambs,
  All Lebanon's tall cedars were hewn down;
An altar reared, whose top should pierce the skies,
All vain were such a princely sacrifice!

"It could but point, as altars did of old,
  To something worthier far than seas of blood;
To something which all Ophir's purest gold,
  All priceless gems, all choicest forest wood,
Must call themselves but driven-chaff, but dross,
Compared—nay, start not, Imlah!—to THE CROSS.

"O had we of the faith of our great sire,
  When he the mount of God descried afar,
When in his hand he bore the mystic fire,
  The friend of Israel's God, Eternal Jah;
How would our faithful thoughts have turned to One
Far greater than the faithful patriarch's son.

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"Oft have we read, and read with mingled tears,
  Of Isaac's meekness as he bore the wood;
How like a silent lamb, though chilled with fears,
  All willing to be bound, he calmly stood,
While in his father's hand he sees the knife
Prepared to take his young, his promised life.

"'Behold the fire, the wood! but where the lamb?'
  What cloud was that which rested on the mind,
When all our thoughts were centred in the ram
  Caught in the thicket? Imlah! O, how blind
Must we have been to God's mysterious plan,
To rest in types, and not behold THE MAN!

"Not so our sire. He saw the day afar,
  When God's own Isaac on the wood must lie;
When Eva's seed, when Jacob's rising star,
  Or ere He came to reign must stoop to die:
And had not some thick veil obscured the view,
Our eyes, my Imlah, had discerned it too.

"But, ah, how thick the darkness that obscures
  'The Star of Jacob' from our nation's eye!
On mine it rested, still it rests on yours—
  Will rest, until you know the Saviour nigh:
Until you know and feel your need of One,
Who only can for conscience-sins atone.

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"Until you feel that all the law could do
  Was to condemn, not justify the soul;
To bring our sins, our secret sins to view;
  The hidden mysteries of the heart unroll:
That none but He can meet the law's demands,
Who comes with *perfect heart and spotless hands.*

"This Moses, Abraham, David, knew and taught:
  How could we read the Psalms, as we were wont,
And not discern how richly they are fraught
  With this deep truth, that Shiloh is the font
From which alone all healing water flows,
The only balm for Israel's heart-felt woes?

"He asked for food,—we gave Him gall for meat;
  And when He thirsted, vinegar to drink:
He gave to us the finest of the wheat,
  And made the well-spring overflow its brink:
With keen reproach we broke His tender heart,
Who in our sorrows took a kinsman's part.

"When, full of heaviness, He looked in vain
  For pity or for comfort from His own:
For *us* His tears flowed down, as early rain
  On pastures or on meadows newly mown;
Yet when He wept we laughed His tears to scorn,
And smiled to see His heart with anguish torn.

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"Hark to His cries! 'Save, save Me, O My God!
Deep waters are come in unto My soul;
I sink in miry clay; the water-flood
Doth rise, and o'er My fainting spirit roll:
Weary with crying, lo, My throat is dried;
Whilst Thou, O God, My God, dost stand aside!'"

"But wherefore, Jerameel, should God chastise
A Son beloved, that Son the promised heir?
Why make the duteous One a sacrifice?
Why should their King His subjects' burden bear?
Be my instructor. Lead me to the light;
Too long, I own, my soul has dwelt in night.

"I would be taught—be taught by one I love;
To thee I owe my quenchless thirst for truth:
For truth alone in former years we strove;
Be thou my master now, as erst in youth:
I know thy love for Israel is the same
As when with me *you* scorned the Christian name."

"Then hearken, Imlah. I have found the key
Which has unlocked to me the secret shrine;
Disclosed the pearl, unveiled the mystery
Which hung so long upon the page Divine:
The roll of history has been my guide—
The roll which tells of Jesus crucified.

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"Too long I deemed that roll an idle tale,
  The figment of apostate, recreant minds;
Too long I wore our Talmud's sackcloth veil,
  That hides the truth, which stumbling Israel blinds:
That veil, in love, my God has torn away,
And now I walk in light, the light of day.

"'The *letter* kills—the *spirit* giveth life;'
  Ponder this springing germ, this bursting seed:
O shrink not, Imlah, from the mortal strife,
  Till from the grasp of law thy soul is freed:
The law can only know thee as its slave,
Till one with Him who triumphed o'er the grave.

"This truth I learned from one who long had strove
  To do the law's behest, but strove in vain;
Who sought the stains of conscience to remove,
  But found the dye too deep, too dark the stain;
Who, but the more he strove, the more he failed,
The more beneath the tyrant's yoke he quailed.

"Such was his zeal for Moses, such his rage
  Against the Nazarene—the Crucified,
Nought could the fury of his soul assuage
  But slaughter of the sect he scorned, defied:
Thus, breathing threats, he hasted for his prey;
In vain—One met him on his desperate way.

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"A sudden light, that dulled the mid-day flame,
  Shone from above! The furious zealot fell.
A voice he hears,—it calls him by his name.
  The trembler's thoughts, what words of mine can tell,
As thus He spoke, who died upon the tree:
'Why dost thou persecute My saints in ME?'

"'Who art Thou, Lord?' 'Jesus of Nazareth,
  Whom thou dost persecute.' 'Speak, Lord, I pray;
What wouldst thou have me do?' with eager breath
  The trembler asks. 'Arise, and go thy way;
One in Damascus shall reveal My will,
And tell thee how My counsels to fulfil.'

"They led him, blind and speechless, by the hand.
  O Imlah! how I wondered as I read
What then I did but dimly understand,
  But over which the truth its light has shed,
When I was blind as Saul, as zealous too
As he, or ere our kinsman's voice he knew.

"This is the tale,—for three whole days he lay
  Speechless and blind; at length from Jesus came
A messenger of truth to point the way
  To Him, whose glory Saul must now proclaim.
'Brother, receive thy sight!' The scales are gone;
Thenceforth he knows one name, and one alone.

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"He sees, he knows '*The Just One*,' and he hears—
  Hears and obeys the voice which spake from heaven,
The voice of Him, the Lamb of God, who bears
  Creation's doom, who says, '*Thou art forgiven!*'
Dost *thou* believe this truth? Then go in peace;
Proclaim, with Saul, thine own, the world's release.

"This truth has set *me* free—free from the law,
  From guilt, from fear. Calm is old Sinai's brow;
For in those tables, shattered once, no flaw
  The eye of justice can discover now.
The scales are poised. The infinite demand
In gold and blood is paid by JESUS' hand.

"This is the glorious truth to Paul revealed—
  Paul, the Apostle—Saul, the foe, no more!
A chosen vessel, by the Shiloh sealed,
  That he might fill the world with sacred lore.
This truth Divine, my Imlah, set *me* free;
Fain would I share the golden spoil with thee!"

"O Jerameel! my heart begins to burn;
  My spirit thirsts. But dimly yet I see
Him, to whose face I long, with thee, to turn.
  'Jesus, Thou Son of David, pity me!
What wilt Thou have *me* do? Speak, gracious Lord!
Thy servant waits to hear Thee. Speak the word!'"

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"Yes, light has dawned. The scales are falling fast
From eyes now beaming with the tears of joy.
Truth's fountain opens. O how deep, how vast
The theme, which now shall all my thoughts employ!
The Mount of God I see no more afar;
My raptured eye has hailed our Israel's Star.

"Lead on! lead on! My brother, tell me more
Of Him, whom now I long—I yearn to see.
Thou hast the key of knowledge; ope the door—
Unlock for me each long-closed mystery!
'*The letter kills*,' I know thy meaning now;
Spirit of life and light! to Thee I bow.

"Brothers of Jesus! O this festal morn,
Whose sun has risen to behold our joy!
What though we boast ourselves of Israel born;
And though blood-ties no weapon may destroy,
A choicer, sweeter tie, my Jerameel,
Binds us with firmer bands than those of steel."

"Imlah, my heart is full. As David yearned
O'er Jonathan his friend, I yearn o'er thee;
Him let us bless, whose name we both have spurned;
Before Him bend on love's adoring knee;
'Tis of His fulness, whom we oft have grieved,
That we this grace, this mercy have received.

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"We now can smile, though Zion sits forlorn,
  Though still her walls and gates in ruin lie,
Though yet she bears the Gentiles' heartless scorn;
  For time will soon unveil the mystery:
Salem! thy walls and gates shall yet arise,
Shine in *her* light, the *Salem from the skies.*

"For know, my Imlah, that when He shall come,
  Whose goings forth have been ordained of old,
Israel and Judah shall abide at home,
  One Shepherd King, one flock, one peaceful fold.
Mountains of Israel, leap for joy and sing!
Ye little hills, behold your Lord and King!

"Hark to the burst of rapture from the sky!
  Hark to the echo from the hills and plains!
Rivers and fountains, fields and forests vie
  With ransomed Israel to prolong the strains!
Young men and maidens, matron, babe and sire
In chorus join with David's new-strung lyre!

"For why? 'The Lord exalts His people's horn!'
  The Mountain of Jehovah's House is reared
Above the hills, upon that golden morn
  When David's Son by all the earth is feared:
The tyrant mountains sink, the valleys rise,
When love shall rule, and earth shall kiss the skies.

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"When shall come down *The Salem from Above*,
Her pearly gates and golden walls be seen;
Her denizens descend on wings of love,
To walk with men in fields of living green:
When one 'Hosannah' shall for ever ring
Its notes of praise to SALEM'S SHEPHERD KING."

☞ There are some ten millions of the "House of Jacob" scattered through the world. Of these, some are mere worldlings; some blinded to the teaching of "Moses and the Prophets," by "the traditions" of the Talmud; some affect, with Free-thinking Gentiles, to be "Liberal;" some are sceptical or infidel; some careless, not yearning after the land of their fathers, but at ease and content in the house of their pilgrimage. But there are some also, who, like **Jerameel,*** have found "**the Peace of God**," and who long to share it with their brother **Imlah:**† with him who, though earnest-hearted, is still of "**the Circumcision** according to the flesh," but who, like the holy Jews of old, is waiting for "THE CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL."

Give to IMLAH and his brother JERAMEEL the sympathies of your Christian heart, and one purpose of this booklet will be answered.

* Peace of God. † Circumcision.

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ELIJAH.

SAY, why prospers not the seed?
  Why the vineyards yield no fruit?
Why that thorn, that cumbering weed,
In the garden, o'er the mead?
  Why the worm in bud and root?

Stubborn is the iron earth,
  Hard as brass the sultry sky;
What has caused the withering dearth,
Banished plenty, joy, and mirth,
  Bid the dews and vapours fly?

"Time, and times, and half-a-time"
  Still are running out their race
O'er that once well-favoured clime,
Which no longer hears the chime,
  Trumpet-note of Gospel-Grace.

"Clothed in sackcloth," lo! they stand
  Witnesses of trampled love;
Exiles from their father-land;
Jacob's sons, a two-fold band,
  Way-worn, like the arkless dove.

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Once they witnessed, not as now,
  While they stood on God's behalf;
Loved the Priest with mitred brow,
Ere in Dan they learned to bow,
  And at Bethel to the Calf.

Israel's tribes then dwelt at home,
  Safe with Judah in the fold;
Parted, scattered now, they roam,
Each a bye-word is become,
  Tarnished is the Jewish gold.

Yet the day shall dawn again,
  When they shall their wanderings cease;
Hand in hand together reign,
When each mountain, field, and plain
  Shall resound with songs of peace.

When they shall exchange their dress,
  Sackcloth garb for robes of light;
Israel's, Judah's God confess;
Glory in His righteousness;
  Shine in raiment pure and white.

"Prophet, turn thyself away!
  Hide thee by the wasting stream;
I will feed thee day by day;
Lo, My servants, birds of prey,
  Food shall bring thee,"—'Tis no dream.

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Lo! the Prophet turns aside
  From the people of the Lord;
Soon the failing stream is dried,
Which the rain had erst supplied,
  Wasted at Jehovah's word.

From the Jewish brook he turned,
  To Sarepta bent his way;
Leaves awhile the fold, who spurned
Love, which long had o'er them yearned;
  Knew not their auspicious day.

There he found a widow lone,
  Starving with her orphan boy;
Widow, to Jehovah known,
One whom He had marked His own,
  Though a stranger long to joy.

Poor and lonely,—such He knows,
  E'en or ere they know His name;
On them grace and love bestows,
Dries their tears and soothes their woes,
  Though of Heathen blood they came.

Gentile widow! to thy cot
  God's Salvation, lo, is come!
Blest, O blest thy favoured lot!
What though Israel knew Him not,
  He shall make thy house His home.

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Hark! He asketh drink of thee—
  Haste, thine earthen pitcher fill—
Give it on thy bended knee;
God's own Fount of Life is He,
  Who supplies each flowing rill.

Hark again! He asks for bread,—
  Give Him of thy scanty store,
Thou of Him shalt soon be fed;
He thy humble board shall spread;
  Thou shalt hunger know no more.

Give Him first,—yea, give Him all;
  Spare not for thy child or thee:
What although thy cruse be small,
What though famine loudly call,
  His is God's own granary.

He, the Olive Tree, the Bread,
  Cruse and barrel will supply;
Thou art at the Fountain-Head;
What and though thy child were dead,
  He can speak, and Death will fly.

Fear not, widow! Trust thy guest;
  Open wide thy cottage-door;
What though now with hunger prest,
See thy cruse and barrel blest
  With a daily, ample store.

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Make the Prophet, too, a bed,
  Bid him in thy cot abide;
Not content to see thee fed,
Oft he'll soothe thine anxious head,
  Be the Widow's friend and guide.

Trust him—prove him, day by day;
  He will ever faithful be;
Press him in thy cot to stay;
Urge,—he will not go away,
  Leave thee in adversity.

Lo, the Widow's son is dead!
  In her bosom see he lies;
Who shall raise that drooping head,
Knit again the broken thread,
  Open those dull, filmy eyes?

He who caused the daily oil
  From thy little cruse to flow,
Can the bands of death uncoil,
Bid the foe release the spoil,
  Make the mother's cheek to glow.

Widow, give thy son to me!
  Trust him to my faithful care.
Wait a moment,—thou shalt see,
One who, on faith's bended knee,
  Conquers, even death, by prayer.

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Holy Tishbite! man of God!
  Well I know thee who thou art;
Blessed type of Him who trod
In thy steps our lone abode—
  Knew the Gentile Widow's heart.

Stranger Prophet! still abide,
  Give us, Lord, our daily bread;
Now that Jordan's stream is dried,
While thy kinsmen in their pride,
  Will not own their Royal Head.

Tarry at our Gentile board,
  Be not Thou a passing guest;
All we have we would afford
Thee, our gracious, loving Lord;
  Be, by Thee, our table blest!

Give us, Lord, the corn, the wine,—
  Holy oil and water, too;
All we have and are is Thine.
Blessed Tishbite! Seer Divine!
  Let Thy peace our souls bedew.

Bid Thine ancient people rise—
  Rise from unbelief and death;
Take the veil from Judah's eyes,
Let not Israel trust in lies;
  Breathe on them Thy quickening breath.

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Thou the Resurrection art!
  Thou the Life, the Light, the Way;
Soften, Lord, Thy people's heart;
Bid their unbelief depart:
  Haste their resurrection day!

Then "the heavens shall hear the earth;
  Earth the corn, the wine, the oil;"
Jordan's stream shall flow with mirth,
Rain and dew dispel the dearth,
  Jezreel's hand shall take the spoil!

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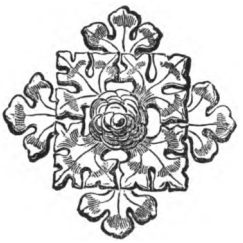

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SYLVA SACRA.

"He spake of Trees, from the Cedar Tree that is in Lebanon even unto the Hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

1 Kings iv. 33.

The Cedar.
The Oak.
The Pine.
The Lign Aloe.
The Willow.
The Myrtle.
The Palm.
The Vine.
The Fig Tree.
The Olive.
The Pomegranate.
The Almond.

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☞ LET none suppose that, while musing in THE SACRED WOOD, the writer could be unmindful of "THE TREE OF LIFE in the midst of THE PARADISE OF GOD." There is in all the Trees of the SYLVA SACRA, whether those which are fruit-bearing, or simply fragrant or pleasant to the eye, something either to symbolize, or, at least, to illustrate truth in relation to Christ and His Church. But "THE TREE OF LIFE" is the Lord and Giver of life HIMSELF. His symbol was planted in the Garden of Eden, and though the way to it was guarded by the Cherubic Sword, lest the Man of the Earth should take its fruit, and live for ever in sin-defiled humanity; yet the way to "The Tree of Life" HIMSELF has ever been kept open by the Revelations of God.

He is that Tree, of which the Royal Prophet-Bard spake in psalmody, whose "leaf shall not wither,"—that tree, which "shall yield its fruit every month, and whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations."

Nor let it be supposed that the writer, in seeking to awaken attention to the glorious destinies of the ancient People of God, can be forgetful of the Spiritual Israel, the heirs of Abraham's faith. Or that in pointing to that city which shall yet be built on her own heap, he says not of the City which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning: let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I remember not JERUSALEM above *my* chief joy." Or that in hailing the day when the Temple shall be rebuilt and become a House of Prayer for all people, he confounds the predictions of John with those of Isaiah and Ezekiel.

Nothing seems more translucent to the eye of the writer's mind than his: That the Jews shall be restored to their own land, according to the word and the oath of Jehovah. That they shall inherit all the promises made to the fathers, as well in relation to their Land, their City, and their Temple, as to their cleansing in the fountain which has been opened for sin and for uncleanness. That they shall be "as a dew upon all people," "The seed whom the Lord hath blessed." That Mount Zion shall be the throne of Emanuel's earthly glory. But that there is another Jerusalem, "prepared as a Bride adorned for her Husband," which is not to be foundationed on the earth, but which shall "come down from God out of heaven," the abode (or the impersonation) of glorified Resurrection Saints, as distinguished from earthly Jewish Saints—of those who have believed in Jesus from the days of "righteous Abel" down to the moment of the Second Advent of the Lord of Life and Glory. That "the nations of them that are saved," the restored families of Israel and Judah, and the Celestial City, will stand in the same mutual relationship in the Millennial Kingdom, as did the Outer Court, the Holy Place, and the Inner Sanctuary of old. That the Gentiles shall hand in their oblations to the Royal Priesthood, and the Royal Priesthood deliver them into the Celestial City. That *then* the ladder of Jacob shall re-connect heaven with earth, and on it the angels of God shall ascend and descend. That *then* the "heavens shall hear the earth, the earth shall hear the corn, the wine, and the oil, and they shall hear Jezreel." That then the church's universal prayer shall be answered, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

"Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem!"

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Sylva Sacra.

"WE FOUND IT IN THE FIELDS OF THE WOOD."

"TELL me, O tell me, Whom my soul doth love,"
  Where Thou dost walk, that I may walk with Thee?
The field is Thine, the mountain and the grove;
  Thy name is writ on herb, on flower and tree;
The plain is Thine, the valley and the glade,
  The mountain-rill, the ocean's heaving breast;
All Nature by Thy moulding hand was made;
  All Nature by that hand is richly dressed.

I track Thy footmarks, or by shepherds' tent,
  Or, pitched at noon beneath the grateful shade,
Or, on the mountain-slope with dews besprent,
  Where shepherds by their grazing flocks are laid.
Hark! heard I not a whisper to my heart?
  "Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away!"
Speak, Lord! I listen; tell me where Thou art,
  That I with Thee may rove, with Thee may stay.

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With Thee, the mountain-œther I inhale,
  With Thee, the fragrance of the meadows breathe;
Drink in fresh vigour with the ocean-gale;
  An Eden find in garden closed, or heath;
The orchard, with its "pleasant fruit," repasts
  My soul, while calm I sit, and feast with Thee;
What heed I then the sound of withering blasts,
  Which, with earth's shadows and her tears, shall flee!

Now my Love feedeth by the lily-beds;
  How sweet their fragrance to creation's Lord!
See how they meekly bow their reverent heads,
  While He, who loves, is by them loved—adored.
"We heard of THEE at Ephrata," when first
  Thine infant-cry entranced a mother's heart,
When, ere thine own, o'ercharged with grief, had burst,
  And Thou didst act, for us, a kinsman's part.

Not there alone: "We found THEE in the wood;"
  Thy name we'll carve on every verdant tree.
We love the wood-craft taught by Holy-Rood;
  The Cedar—as the Hyssop—speaks of Thee:
Then, not alone in villages or lanes,
  On hill or plain—in garden walled around;
But in the grove my harp shall breathe its strains,
  "The SACRED GROVE," where too my Lord is found.

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THE CEDAR.

Yes; like the Cedar, Israel yet shall grow;
  Again the mountain of the house shall rise;
Into her gates shall all the nations flow,
  And Salem's pinnacles salute the skies;
Like Hyssop on the ruined wall no more,
The Cedar spreads her boughs from shore to shore.

Away to Lebanon!—Prepare the beams,
  Cedar and Fir to build the House of God.
The Prophets' visions are no airy dreams;
  Mount Zion is the place of His abode.
What though He loved the Tents of Jacob well,
Salem! within thy walls the Lord shall dwell.

Cedar, and Fir, and costly stones they bring;
  Forest and Quarry yield their ample store;
Zidonian artists and the Tyrian King
  Into thy coffers jewelled offerings pour:
"Exceedingly magnifical of fame"
Must be the Shrine which bears Jehovah's name.

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"Jehovah Shammah!" Yes, "the Lord is there;"
  Salem, thy towers no more in ruin lie.
Strangers shall build thy walls, thy stones prepare;
  Foundationed deep, and towering to the sky,
City and Temple once again shall tell
That David's Son is crowned—Emanuel.

Hail, Jesus, hail! Thou Hyssop on the wall,
  Lowliest of lowly plants—despised of men;
Content awhile to be thy creatures' thrall,
  That Thou mightst woo them back to life again;
No more a root in this dry sterile ground,
Thou goodly Cedar, spread Thine arms around!

Aaron, thy work is o'er. The Cedar-wood
  And Hyssop bunch, which thou of old didst tie
With scarlet thread, then dip in typal blood,
  Has told its tale—Incarnate Mystery!
A Royal Priest comes forth. Go bow thy head
To Him of Salem. First-born from the dead.

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THE OAK.

"An Angel of the Lord"—Wast Thou the same
  Who erst in Ophrah sat beneath the Oak,
Consumed the offering with a hallowed flame,
  And in soft words to trembling Gideon spoke?
Soft words of peace—"Fear not—thou shalt not die;
For I am with thee—I, the Lord Most High?"

Art Thou the same who rested in the shade
  On Mamre's plains, in Patriarchal days,
When he, the Friend of God, a table laid
  Beneath the Oak, while sheltered from the rays
Of mid-day sun, he stood, and Thou didst eat,
Nor deem it scorn to wash Thy pilgrim-feet?

Say, art thou He, who changed the wrestler's name
  On that mysterious night at Penuel;
The Angel who redeemed and blessed—the same
  The Patriarch prayed His wondrous name to tell:
"The Angel of the Covenant," whose delight
Was with the sons of men—the Lord of Light?

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Yes; and Thou once didst sojourn here below,
  No transient guest, a denizen of earth;
A weary pilgrim wandering to and fro;
  A son of weeping even from Thy birth;
Content to leave Thy native home awhile,
That through Thy tears the wilderness might smile.

Thou art the ladder reaching to the sky,
  While on this earth is fix'd Thy blessed foot;
Thou Son of Mary! Son of God Most High!
  Offspring of David! David's living root!
On Thee descending, man shall yet behold
Angels of light and love as erst of old.

Beneath the Oak, beside the shepherds' tent,
  Angels of God shall sit, nor think it scorn,
When on love's errand from the Father sent,
  To hold converse with brethren younger born;
For God indeed with man on earth shall dwell,
Our kinsman, Jesus, is "Emanuel."

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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THE PINE.

THE Earth shall yield her increase—'Tis decreed—
  The field shall yet be joyful. All the trees
That clothe the forest, or adorn the mead,
  For fruit created, or the eye to please,
Before Jehovah shall rejoice, when HE
Shall lift His arm to set His people free.

The world's a wilderness—a mount of prey;
  The earth is iron, and the skies are brass;
The child of man, the creature of a day,
  Cut down at noon, and withered as the grass:
The whole creation groans: the creature sighs—
O Lord, how long? How long? Arise! Arise!

Pour down Thy Spirit on this wilderness,
  This barren waste, this groaning sin-girt earth;
Comfort Thy people—Thine own Israel bless;
  Then shall creation raise the song of mirth;
When Thou shalt crush Thy people's taunting foes,
Then shall the desert blossom as the rose.

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The Box, the Fir tree, and the Pine shall spring
  Where grew the bramble and the thorn before;
Each shall its tribute to the Temple bring,
  Where all the earth shall worship and adore;
The Royal Cedar and the Forest Pine,
To build and beautify the House combine.

The sons of strangers shall build up thy walls;
  Their kings shall gird themselves to wait on thee;
No more thy children shall be Edom's thralls.
  When God brings back thy long captivity
Thy gates shall open stand by day—by night—
And all the nations hail thy risen light.

Kingdom of Priests—ye Ministers of God!
  The flocks of Kedar, incense, gold, and myrrh
Shall flow to Salem, your redeemed abode,
  With goodly trees—the Pine tree, Box and Fir.
The Isles are ready with their ships to bring
Thy sons—they wait the order of the King.

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THE LIGN-ALOE.

The King and Prophet stand on Kirjath's Mount;
  Beneath—the tents of Israel in the plain;
The dust of Jacob, say, what eye may count,
  Or fourth of Israel? Seer, the task is vain.
And wouldst thou curse the people, or defy?
Mad Prophet, tremble, or thy doom is nigh.

Prophet and King, look down from Pisgah's brow;
  Again they fain would curse whom God hath blessed;
The utmost part is all they compass now
  Of those whose tents are spread from East to West.
Nor King nor Prophet can reverse the word,
Or crush the people chosen of the Lord.

Once more they look, and, lo! from Peor's height
  They scan the object of their feeble rage;
O what a wondrous, what a goodly sight!
  With Israel who shall dare the war to wage?
The Lord his God is with him; who shall live
That with the God of Jacob dares to strive?

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Thy tents, like gardens by the river side,
  Planted by Him who planted Eden's trees;
Thine is the Cedar in his lofty pride,
  That spreads his sheltering arms; but what are these
That fill with sweet perfume the balmy air?
Trees of Lign-Aloes, fragrant, green, and fair.

For not doth beauty or doth strength alone
  Adorn the garden of the King of kings;
The garden Jesus chooses as His own,
  Enclosed and watered with unfailing springs,
Is filled with Spikenard, Calamus, and Myrrh,
As with the Vine and Olive, Palm and Fir.

Trees of Lign-Aloes! O that box of 'nard
  That Mary broke and poured on Jesus' head;
Then wiped those pilgrim-feet, with travel scarred,
  Anointed, ere He made the tomb His bed!
When to His garden back the Lord shall come,
Say, will He scorn the Aloes' sweet perfume?

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THE WILLOW.

THE Willows still their pensile branches wave,
As once they waved by Chebar's Eastern stream;
O when shall Israel waken from the grave,
Her mouth with laughter filled like those that dream?
Long has she weeping gone—in tears has sowed,
While yearning for her home—her loved abode.

O when shall she her sackcloth garment doff,
And clothe herself in beauty's joyous dress?
Forget that she was once the Paynim's scoff,
And glory in "The Lord our Righteousness?"
Take down her harp, and tune it to the strain
Which she shall lift when Salem smiles again?

Take boughs of goodly trees, the joyous Palm,
The Willows of the brook, and keep the feast;
The mourner's wounds are healed with oil and balm,
The captive's tears are dried, her sorrows cease;
Rejoice with praise; let harp and cymbal tell
"How goodly are thy tents, O Israel!"

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Take boughs of Olive, Myrtle, and of Pine;
  In songs rehearse the goodness of the Lord;
Bless Him for corn and milk, for oil and wine,
  For all the plenty heaped upon the board.
The songs of Zion now her daughters sing,
Her children cry, "Hosannah to the King!"

As Willows spring beside the winding stream,
  So shall thy children's offspring flourish now;
Thy long captivity becomes a dream—
  A sweet memorial is that Willow-bough
Of all thy sorrows, of that tear-steeped bread,
On which, by Chebar's stream, thy soul was fed.

Planted again in Canaan's fruitful ground,
  Her streams shall nourish thy wide-spreading root;
On thee no yellow leaf shall e'er be found,
  For Hermon's dew shall feed each verdant shoot.
"What hath Jehovah wrought!" the nations cry:
"Great things for us!" the ransomed tribes reply.

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THE MYRTLE.

HADASSAH, rise! The King holds out to thee
  The golden sceptre. What is thy request?
Now is the time to set thy people free.
  Go, touch the sceptre, 'tis the King's behest;
He looks upon thee with a gracious eye;
Ask what thou wilt—thy people shall not die.

Daughter of Zion, "beautiful and fair,"
  Though like Hadassah, captive and forlorn,
Jehovah makes thee His peculiar care,
  And takes the captive orphan for His own.
Sweet Myrtle tree! how pleasant to the eye
Thy living green, star-spangled as the sky!

The haughty Vashti must be set aside
  For thee, the lowly one—the Myrtle tree;
The Gentile Queen must forfeit for her pride
  The throne ordained of old, fair maid, for thee.
The Royal Crown is set upon thy brow,
To thee, Hadassah, all thy foes must bow.

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Where grew the Briar, now the Myrtle grows,
  The Fir tree where the now up-rooted Thorn;
The Desert blossoms like the laughing Rose,
  The knee is bent where curled the lip of scorn:
When Esther reigns proud Haman's power must cease,
And Esther's kindred dwell in tranquil peace.

In sackcloth garb sits Mordecai no more,
  The King delights to honour Esther's race;
Clothed in the robe his royal kinsman wore,
  The robe HE wrought of righteousness and grace:
At Dives' gate no more shall hunger pine,
But banquet with the King on food divine.

Through the long night of outcast Israel's grief,
  The Vine and Fig tree have been barren found,
The Palm and Olive without fruit or leaf;
  But in yon lone and unsuspected ground,
A lowly Myrtle—type of One unseen—
Behold the REMNANT—fragrant, evergreen!

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THE PALM.

THOU Prophetess of God, awake! awake!
  Hark to the captive's long and bitter cry;
Awake to judgment—with thee Barak* take,
  For sure the time of blessing draweth nigh.
Beneath the Palm the Judge again shall dwell;
Jehovah's Word shall govern Israel.

Thou Bride of Lapidoth,† ordained of God
  To free the people from the tyrant's chain!
A lamp that burneth is Jehovah's Word,
  Nor burns that lamp, nor speaks that word in vain.
Awake, then, Deborah!‡ Awake! awake!
And with thee Barak, son of blessing, take.

Before THE WORD the hills and mountains melt,
  As Sinai melted once, and quaked with awe,
When Israel's tribes before His footstool knelt,
  Who sent from His right hand a fiery law.
Again the hills shall tremble when they see
The Lord arise to set His people free.

* Blessing. † Burning Lamps. ‡ The Word.

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For what though Judah's Palm tree now is dry,
  Withered and leafless like a beacon-mast,
Though "Raze it, Raze it," is the taunting cry,
  Yon pallid crescent-moon is waning fast;
'Twill soon be quenched. Then Israel's night is o'er,
Her sun shall rise, her moon shall wane no more.

Her sons shall all be righteous—they shall grow
  Tall as the Palm tree, as the Lily fair;
The praises of Jehovah they shall show,
  When once again is reared "the House of Prayer,"
The House of Prayer for all the nations round—
Thrice happy they "who know the joyful sound!"

Palm-branch in hand, go forth to meet the King;
  Messiah comes! rejected once, and slain.
Daughter of Zion, loud "Hosannahs" sing!
  Who came to suffer once—now comes to reign.
Beneath the Palm tree Israel's Judge shall sit;
Behold the people gathering at His feet.

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THE VINE.

JEHOVAH planted thee a goodly Vine,
  Brought out of Egypt to a kindly soil,
A fruitful land, where heaven and earth combine
  To fill the barn with corn, the cruse with oil.
With His own hand, Himself prepared the ground,
That not a weed might near thy roots be found.

He cleared the stones, up-tore each rival tree,
  Himself a wall of fire to guard from ill;
Bade His own heavenly dew descend on thee,
  That thou deep root mightst take, and Canaan fill.
Thy boughs like Cedars grew—beneath their shade
The hills rejoiced, the valleys, and the glade.

He came and looked for fruit. Ungrateful tree!
  What could He more have done? He looked in vain;
Wild grapes alone Jehovah found in thee,
  The fruit of all His culture, all His pain.
What *could* He do but lay His vineyard bare?
What is that vineyard now? The foxes' lair.

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Broken her hedge, her wine-press in decay,
  The wild beast of the field devours her shoots;
While all who pass along the open way
  Her branches pluck, and trample down her roots.
Return, O Lord! O God of Hosts! return;
Nor let the foe thy Vine to ashes burn.

Hast Thou not said, the Vine shall yet revive,
  Nor cast her fruit, but yield her strength again?
That, torn and trampled on, she yet shall live,
  And drink once more thy fructifying rain?
That underneath the Vine and Fig tree's shade
Shall Israel rest, no more of foes afraid?

And O Thou true and living Vine! look down;
  Gather the branches so long torn from Thee:
Are not these peeled and scattered ones Thine own?
  O graft them in Thyself, the living Tree.
Fain would we Gentile, wilding-boughs embrace,
In tendril-clasp, the sons of Israel's race.

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THE FIG TREE.

WHY doth the Vineyard mourn, the Fig tree fade?
  Zion's lone daughter sit with downcast eye?
Nor Vine nor Fig tree yields its fruit or shade
  To him who rests beneath, or passes by.
It was not thus when Princes met to greet,
And lay their tribute at her royal feet.

Zion hath none to comfort her; her tears
  Flow in the night: lovers and friends are gone:
Fine linen once, rude sackcloth now she wears,
  Her head, like Jacob's, pillowed on a stone;
While treacherous friends her enemies become,
And taunting ask her why she left her home.

Her gates are desolate, her solemn feasts,
  To which her children flocked, are now no more;
She has no Fane, no Altars, and no Priests;
  All desolate she sits, and weepeth sore.
And is it nought to you who pass her by,
To see her widow's tears—to hear her sigh?

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It was not thus with One, her Lord and thine,
  Who wept when He beheld Jerusalem;
The bark-torn Fig tree and the trampled Vine,
  Each drooping branch and each neglected stem
Called forth such tears as none but He could weep,
Who gave His life—the Shepherd for the sheep.

Art thou a branch? Thy parent stock was wild;
  Boast not against the root, it beareth thee;
A stranger once, now an adopted child;
  The tyrant's bond slave—*Grace* hath made thee free.
Oft hast thou drank the wine, and plucked the fruit
Of Canaan's trees. Boast not against the root.

The Fig tree yet shall blossom, and the Vine
  Such clusters yield as ne'er in Eschol grew;
That voice which says to Salem, "Rise and shine,"
  Is His, the Lord, the Faithful and the True.
The mountains may depart, the hills remove,
Eternal is the counsel of His love.

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THE OLIVE.

Lo! in her mouth she brought an Olive leaf,
  Symbol of peace, of mercy, and of rest;
Daughter of Zion, raise that eye of grief,
  Nor doubt thy wave-tossed ark shall yet be blest.
"An Olive tree" thy God has called thy name;
Who thus surnamed thee once, is still the same.

What though the labour of the Olive fail,
  What though no fruit is found upon the Vine;
Shall aught against Jehovah's word prevail,
  Though man with man, tho' earth with hell combine?
Daughter of Zion, raise that tearful eye,
The waters are assuaged—thy rest is nigh.

Behold thy children clustered round thy board,
  Like Olive plants around the parent stem;
'Tis thus the Lord depicts thee in His word,
  Who holds thee forth as beauty's diadem.
His Olive tree, His Vine, His undefiled,
An unforgotten, though a wayward child.

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Again the golden bowl and lamps shall stand
  Within the fane, within the holy place;
A light shall shine on each benighted land
  From Zion, when the Lord reveals His face.
Then shall the Olive trees, those "Sons of oil,"
The press-vats fill, nor ask the dresser's toil.

O Mount of Olives! When shall He return,
  Who sat and taught among thy sacred shades?
Here would I linger till my spirit burn,
  While musing on a scene which never fades,—
Which never fades from eyes baptized with light,
Which longs to change sweet hope for sweeter sight.

O Mount of Olives, where those feet have trod!
  Thy slopes, thy gardens! shall these eyes behold
The spot where Jesus lay, the moistened sod
  Where He, the Victim for my sins was sold?
Gethsemane—the mystic Olive press,
Where He was crushed, with light the world to bless?

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THE POMEGRANATE.

RETURN, return, O Shulamite! and hear
  The voice of Him who calls thee by thy name;
How canst thou longer thus His absence bear!
  Do not His words thy widowed heart inflame?
How cold that heart, or surely it would burn
To hear that pleading call, "Return, Return."

Orchard of Pomegranates! thy pleasant fruit
  He fain would gather, and regale His taste.
Why are thine ears so dull, thy lips so mute
  To One all fair, with charms celestial graced?
"Rise up my love, my fair one, come away,"—
And canst thou hear His voice, and still delay?

Behold Him clothed in glorious robes for thee,
  Bells and Pomegranates fringe His Priestly dress;
Music and fragrance, sweetly they agree
  To tell of Him the Virgins love to bless.
See, the day breaks; behold the shadows fly!
Rise, fair one, rise, the Bridegroom draweth nigh!

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No longer say, "I sought, but found Him not;"
  He came to seek for thee—for thee, His Bride;
Sought thee in priestly white, without a spot,
  Save that red stain, when thou didst wound His side.
O look on Him thy hands have pierced, and mourn!
'Tis He who says to thee, "Return, Return."

All redolent of frankincense He comes;
  Daughter of Zion, greet the Priestly King;
Take with thee Myrrh and Spice, all choice perfumes:
  Hark to those bells of gold, how sweet they ring!
Sweet is their gracious sound in ears Divine;
And have they, Shulamite, no charm for thine?

Return His praises; tell how fair thy Lord,
  How sweet His lips; His eyes how full of grace;
Worthy to be beloved—to be adored
  By men, by angels. Ye of Israel's race,
Go forth and herald Him who comes to reign!
Nor longer let Him plead with thee in vain.

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THE ALMOND.

THOU beauteous Almond tree, enrobed in white,
  Emblem of God's High Priest, that spotless One,
The living Priest, who girds Himself with light,
  As with the vesture which He once put on,
When on Mount Tabor He transfigured stood,
Or ere He bowed beneath the altar wood.

Thou white-robed Priest, Thou meek self-offered Lamb,
  Thy robe is laid aside that Thou mayst die;
The hour is come: "My Father, here I am;"
  "'Tis finished!" See the Mercy-seat on high,
Where all enrobed a Great High Priest He stands,
With mitred brow, with incense in His hands.

Aaron! that budding, blooming Almond rod,
  Which stamped thy sacred office as Divine,
Which gave thee headship as the Priest of God,
  Thou mayst no longer hold. It is not thine.
The law is changed, and changed the Priesthood too;
Unlock that ark—we would its secrets view.

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The veil is rent, we now may look within
  The holy place—approach the Inner Shrine;
With eyes baptized behold the Cherubin,
  And read the symbols of a lore Divine.
The ark o'erlaid with gold. Bring forth the key,
We would draw near and spell the mystery.

With unshod foot, with holy fear we come,
  With filial hearts we love to stand around;
Deep are the secrets of that mystic room,
  Wherein that golden-plated ark is found.
Symbol Divine of Him our souls adore,
Of Him who died, yet lives for evermore.

The golden omer filled with angels' food,
  The tables of the law fulfilled by love,
The budding Almond rod—now understood,
  Sweet emblem of a Priesthood from above;
These are the wondrous gems Thou dost incase,
Ark of the Covenant in yon holy place.

In the 1853 issue of Sylva Sacra, as a small booklet of 31 pages the last page has "The Third Song of Degrees" – i.e. Psalm 122

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The Hand-Book of Praise

FOR

"YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS."

"We bless Thee for our Creation,
Preservation,
And all the Blessings of this Life;
But above all, for Thine inestimable Love in the Redemption
of the World by our Lord Jesus Christ;
For the Means of Grace,
And for the Hope of Glory."

"We bless Thee for our Creation."

O FOR a ten-stringed lute, to praise His name
Who formed these limbs—from whom my spirit came!
Who moulded me, and fashioned me of earth;
Who knew my frame or e'er He gave it birth.
Creation! wondrous thought! There was a time
When yonder sun—that golden orb sublime,
And yon sweet, tranquil moon, that glides serene,
And those bright, countless gems in glittering sheen
Were not,—when this green earth was yet unborn—
Yea, when those "morning stars" that hailed the morn,

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And echoed back the Great Creator's voice,
Which called on all the angels to rejoice ;—
There was a time when all those armies bright
First stood before the throne of "holy light;"
When God said, "Let them be," and forth they came
Creatures of light and love to bless His name.

Not many years have been and passed away,
Since these young eyes beheld their natal day.
I was not—*now* I am. Momentous thought!
How shall I bless my Maker as I ought!
O for a ten-stringed lute with which to tell
The praise of Him who fashioned me so well!
Praise Him, these eyes, while reading Nature's book;
All are His works on which ye fondly look.

Praise Him, these lips! Let no unseemly word
From you, by man or angels, e'er be heard.
Praise Him, each hand and foot—with ear and heart;
Let every member take its tuneful part
In the sweet anthem of my grateful praise
To Him, Supreme, the Author of my days.
May all I have and am be His alone,
Whom I my Father, my Creator, own!

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"For our Preservation."

WITH sound of trumpet, and with harp and lute,
They praised in olden time. Shall I be mute,
When mercies, countless as the leaves in Spring,
And fresh as they, descend from Zion's King?
Preserving mercies! Pause, my soul, and say
How many has thy Father heaped to-day?
Each breath that thou hast drawn thy Father knows,
Each stream of blood that through its channel flows.

Dangers, unseen by me, to Him well known,
Some "stone of stumbling" in my pathway thrown
By that dark foe, who watches for my fall,
Some tangled web my spirit to enthrall;
From these, my God, His child has safely kept,
From dangers, too, while I, His child, have slept.
Angels unseen are hovering in the air,
By day—by night—who make His saints their care.

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How have my lips been kept from foul deceit,
From paths of error these young wayward feet;
From vain and foolish toys my eyes preserved,
Some hand unseen to shield, whene'er I swerved
From that strait path, which leads me to my home,
From which the world, the flesh, invite to roam.
How has my ear been dulled to sounds profane,
While passing through a world where all is vain!

My God! my Father! for preserving love,
I praise Thee now. But, oh! when safe above,
With harp and lute, with hand and well-tuned voice,
How will Thy saved and ransomed one rejoice!
For preservation, Lord, from sin and woe,
I praise, I bless Thee, in this vale below;
Still keep, preserve Thy child, from day to day,
And help me, Lord, while here, to "watch and pray."

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"For all the Blessings of this Life."

UNNUMBERED are Thy constant gifts, O Lord,
With which my basket is profusely stored;
New every morning, and renewed at night,
Thousands I see—ten thousand 'scape my sight.
The sun smiles through my window—I arise,
And hail his beams with unsealed, joyful eyes;
Refreshed with sleep, renewed with soft repose,
I bless the spring from whence all goodness flows.

I walk abroad, inhale the dewy air,
All Nature seems to breathe an incensed prayer;
Pictures of beauty pass before my sight,
Creation sings, exulting in the light;
Sweet sounds, sweet perfumes come with every breeze,
My ear to charm, my bounding heart to please.
"These are Thy gifts, my Father," I exclaim,
"In each, in all, I read Thy gracious name."

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Food, raiment, shelter, bounteously supplied,
Health to enjoy, and friends to guard and guide;
Medicine if sick, and solace when in woe.
Who spreads my table—makes my cup o'erflow?
Who makes my couch, when night returns for rest,
And covers with His wings my downy nest?
Who drives away foul spirits and ill dreams,
And whispers in my ear celestial themes?

The same who made me—who preserves my frame,
And taught me to pronounce His holy name;
My Father, my Creator, and my Friend!
From Him I came—on Him alone depend.
Then wake, my tongue! my heart and soul, awake!
My hand thy ten-stringed lute with rapture take;
Shew forth His praise, who formed me by His power,
And loads with benefits each passing hour.

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"But above all for Thine inestimable Love in the Redemption of the World by our Lord Jesus Christ."

NOR ten-stringed lute, nor cymbals, harp, or lyre,
Though tuned for praise by one harmonious choir,
Nor organ's swelling peal, nor trumpet's voice,
Calling on saints and angels to rejoice,
With sackbut, dulcimer, and psaltery,
Flute, cornet, all soul-stirring minstrelsy,
Can out-tell His inestimable love,
Who sent the Saviour from the realms above!

"Redemption of the world!" Astounding theme!
Flow on, ye notes, in one celestial stream
Of praise, thanksgiving, blessing, to the name
Of Him who sent, of Him, the Lord, who came,—
Came to a world, polluted, and defiled—
Came to be scorned, neglected, and reviled—
Came to be hated, scourged, and crucified:
Astounding theme! *Emanuel* groaned and died!

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Be still, my soul! In silence speak thy praise;
Muse on this theme, which fills with deep amaze
The hosts of angels, who have seen His face,
And heard His lips reveal the Father's grace;
Muse till thy heart with rapture overflow,
In thinking of a world redeemed from woe;
From sin and Satan—from the powers of Hell,—
Redeemed by Jesus, our Emanuel!

"Redemption of the world by Christ our Lord!"
No angel tongue can frame an equal word
To tell the wonders of that heavenly scheme,
Or what it cost the Saviour to redeem.
Inestimable love! We magnify
Thee, Jesus, Saviour, Son of God Most High!
Thou hast redeemed us with Thy precious blood,
And made of rebels, Kings and Priests to God!

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"For the Means of Grace."

WHY was I born in Britain's favoured Isle,
On which my Father's eye delights to smile,
Where Sabbath bells to praise and prayer invite,
Where hills and valleys bask in gospel light?
Why not in China, or in Hindostan,
Arabia, Persia, Egypt, or Japan?
Why not a Moslem, or a Papist child—
A native of some region dark and wild?

Because, my Father, it seemed good to Thee,
That I a favoured *British* child should be;
That I should learn to *lisp*, then *speak* Thy praise,
Look up and see those bright, those healing rays
Which beam from Him who is Creation's sun;
E'en so, my Father God! "Thy will be done!"
May every means of grace, in mercy given,
Lead me, Thy child, a step-by-step to heaven.

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Make every step I take a "means of grace;"
In Nature's volume may I see Thy face;
In thunder-clouds Thine anger may I read
Against the sins that made my Saviour bleed;
In balmy gales, in dew, and gentle rain,
Thy gifts of mercy through *that* Saviour slain.
Let hill and vale, brook, plain, and smiling field,
Some "means of grace" to me benignly yield.

And, oh! whene'er I read the Sacred Word,
Let it some saving lesson, Lord, afford;
Whene'er I hear the record of Thy love,
May every sermon lift my heart above.
Should sorrows cross my path, afflictions rise,
May grief and sorrow raise me to the skies!
May all that me befalls, in every place,
Be to Thy child, O Lord, a "means of grace!"

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"For the Hope of Glory."

And what is glory? Mortal tongues in vain,
Though "tongues of fire," would strive to make it plain.
Eye hath not seen, nor hath the heart conceived,
Nor e'en hath faith, that gift Divine, believed
The joys which are in store, reserved above,
In those bright mansions of eternal love,
Where Jesus is—from whence He soon shall come,
To take His own, His ransomed people, home.

Till then they wait in hope—hope of that day
When sin and sorrow shall have passed away;
When Death, which even now hath lost his sting,
Shall yield the crown and sceptre of a king;
When the cold Grave shall tremble at the voice
Of Him who made the mourner's heart rejoice!
Of Him who stayed Corruption's loathsome hand,
Compelled to drop its dark mysterious wand.

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When Death and Hell shall own the Victor's power,
Till *then* Hope cheers the heart in sorrow's hour,
Smiles through each cloud that frowns, and gilds it too,
Brings peace and joy—yea, heaven itself in view.
The hope of glory! Does temptation rise?
Does worldly pleasure come in artful guise?
Does duty's way grow hard, and rude, and steep?
Do foes annoy, or friends e'en make thee weep?—

Think of the hope of glory. Take the lyre
And sweep its strings, till with its sacred fire
Thy spirit burns within thee—soars away
To realms of light—of pure eternal day;
When faith shall change to sight; when hope shall cease,
And love shall reign supreme in realms of peace:
Then *only* shalt thou know the depths of grace,
When glory beams on thee from Jesu's face.

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Chit Chat

WITH

ALICE, SUSIE, AND JANE.

"It is no trifling good to win the ear of childhood with verses, which foster the seeds of piety, humanity, and tenderness."—SOUTHEY.

"Seek to lay open the young mind to the light of day—the young heart to the dews of heaven."—MATHESON.

WHO IS NATURE?

WHO is Nature? Ask her softly,
  She will tell you—tell you *true;*
Talk to her some merry morning,
  She will talk again to you.
What about? Those dew-drops hanging
  On the wild-rose and the thorn—
Are they water-pearls, or jewels,
  Made her mantle to adorn?

How they hang in myriad clusters
  From each floweret, leaf, and spray;
Glittering, sparkling, dancing, smiling,—
  Hark! what is it that they say?

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Alice, 'twas not Nature made us,
  But "the God of Nature,"—He,
Who yon glorious sun created,
  And these dew-drops that you see.

All around is His creation,
  This the poet "Nature" terms;
But all Nature is His creature,
  Who made stars, and men, and worms.
Look abroad, then, on creation,
  All around you has a word;
Listen to it, it will teach you
  Something of sweet Nature's Lord.

Hark! the jocund lark is singing,
  Mounting through the morning air;
Rising high, and rising higher;
  Alice, don't you see him there?
Just beneath that cloud that's floating
  Like a web of silvery gauze,
There! a rook is gliding past him,
  Gliding—floating as he caws.

Lark and rook—yes, every creature
  Has a note that means the same,
Thanking Him who makes their gladness,
  Though they do not know His name.

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Thrush and blackbird, wren and robin,
  Finch and linnet, pie and jay,
Each, according to its nature,
  Has a hymn of praise to say.

What is praise? Not singing only;
  All things praise that do His will.
Hark! I hear His praises sounding
  From that little mountain rill:
Morning praises, with its freshness;
  Noonday, with its ripening heat;
Evening, with its cooling breezes;
  Night, with "lullaby" so sweet.

Spring, with buds and blossoms teeming;
  Summer, with her brilliant flowers;
Autumn, with her loaded basket;
  Winter, with his fire-side hours.
Mountains praise Him in their grandeur,
  Valleys, in their quiet nooks;
Seas and oceans, lakes and fountains,
  Rivers and sweet water-brooks.

Cattle praise Him while they 're feeding;
  Horses, as they draw the plough;
Dogs, that keep the flock from roaming;
  Fruit, that clusters on the bough.

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Trout and minnow in the brooklet;
  Flies and worms in what they feed;
Oak and willow, copse and dingle,
  Stately pine, and feathery reed.

Wheat and oats, with rye and barley,
  Praise His name, who gives us bread;
Grass and clover spring to praise Him—
  Him who sees all creatures fed.
Butterflies, like tulips painted;
  Bees and ants, those careful things;
Moles, beneath the surface delving;
  Bats, like little mice with wings.

All things praise Him, their Creator;
  "Nature" *is* what HE has made:
Colours praise Him—green, red, purple,
  All the hues, in which arrayed,
Lovely Nature walks rejoicing,
  Like a maiden bright and fair;
Never wanting in her rambles,
  New and beauteous robes to wear.

What we *see* is Nature's wardrobe,
  What we *hear*, her tuneful lyre;
Woodbines, violets, and roses,
  Her sweet-scented breath inspire.

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Nature has a book, my darling,
  Filled with truth in every page;
But the Book of "*Loving-kindness*,"
  Which should your best thoughts engage,

Is that Book of REVELATION,
  Which alone unfolds the name
Of this world's Divine Redeemer,
  Who, when here, was put to shame,
That He might restore creation,
  Bring back Paradise again;
Banish sin, and woe, and sorrow,
  Nature leave without a stain.

He, my child, is thy REDEEMER;
  Tune your harp, and sing His praise,
Let your life be one sweet anthem,
  His your thoughts, your words, your ways!
Walk abroad, and look around you,
  Alice, with the Book of Grace
In your hand, and you'll discover
  JESUS' smile in NATURE'S face.

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THE WILDINGS' HOLIDAY.

THE Wildings are met in an arching green lane,
  Spring, Summer, and Autumn, all blended in one;
So of such a rare meeting you should not complain,
  For there must be a medley to make up the fun.
Come, sit on this bank, little Susie, with me,—
  This soft mossy bank, with the ferns at our feet,
And watch the dear Wildings, all brim-full of glee,
  The air breathing odours so balmy and sweet.

The first little darling I see in the ring,
  Is that rosy-lipped Daisy, the darling of all;
She stays till the Autumn, but came in the Spring,
  Her eye is unclosed till she feels the dew fall.
Her pet name is "Day's-eye," the eye of the day;
  But come, we must kiss her, and bid her "adieu,"
For see, hand in hand, there are tripping away
  The rest of the party, in red, white, and blue.

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There's dear little Primula, taking the hand
  Of that delicate Snowdrop, in pure virgin white;
Each holding a Cotton reed, like a tall wand,
  Which grows in the fen-lands—no feather so light;
There are two smiling beauties, half sisters, I guess,
  That deck the green meadow, so early in May,
Miss Oxslip the greater, Miss Cowslip the less;
  Few Wildings to children are sweeter than they.

Now look at those darlings in garments of blue,
  Germander, called Speedwell, Forget-me-not wee,—
See, Susie dear, how they are smiling at you,
  As if they would ask you to make one of three.
What two pretty Violets! cousins, I ween;
  One scented and homely, the other more gay;
The one vies in odour, the other in sheen;
  The fair one loves June, and the sweet one loves May.

And dear little Pimpernel! what a rich dress
  For that *very* shy maiden, who dreads a wet day!
She's laughing just now, so we safely may guess
  The party will not be disturbed at their play.
Meadow Saffron, my lassie! why where is your gown,
  Yes, you *are* very pretty, but why not come clad?
You look like a Highland girl, just come to town,
  Her legs without stockings of worsted or plaid.

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Take heed of that gorse, or its prickles may harm
  Your bare feet, my lady; it sometimes is rude;
Come, trip along briskly, and keep yourself warm,
  For the Autumn you love may be chilly in mood.
My little "Rose-Mary," a sweet name is thine;
  Dear Wild Thyme and thou are twin pets of my heart;
Look, Susie, how they with each other entwine,
  So loving, so fragrant, unwilling to part.

What a group of Corn Roses! some white and some red,
  Field Poppies, some call them, a merry lot they!
Those staring so boldly, these drooping the head,
  But all of them ready for romping and play.
O where is the Orchis? one so like a bee!
  See, there they are, Susie, in green spotted dress:
The family 's large, but in looks all agree,—
  Some tall ones, some short ones, some greater, some [less.

There 's Robin "that runs i' the hedge," I espy,
  With Celandine walking—no, creeping along;
Sly Robin, I know by his little grey eye;
  Hark! Celandine 's humming a cottager's song.
That wood-nymph Anemone, Easter's sweet flower,
  Veronica, too, with her tender blue eyes;
How happy they seem in their eglantine bower,
  Conversing of One that is gone to the skies.

Digitized by Google

Cross-Wort and Wood-Sorrel, delighting in shade,
  Seem talking in whispers of some one they love;
While tall Digitalis, that smart-dressing maid,
  Says, "Give me the sunny bank, take you the grove."
She loves to parade it with Buglos so blue;
  Plain "Borage," the villagers call her, my dear;
Well known to old housewives—not, may-be, to you—
  As a herb that adds flavour to spiced wine and beer.

Look under the hawthorn. Now tell me who's there;
  Marsh-Mallow and Buttercup, Hawkweed and Broom,
A snug little party—right merry they are;
  Run, Susie, and ask, "Is there any more room?"
Yes, plenty. Then tell Dandelion to wait;
  Little Hare-bell, and Mayflower, Daffodil too;
Convolvulus-bindweed—the small and the great,
  With wild Hyacinthus, the white and the blue.

Call Mountain-Ranunculus down from the hill,
  And Yellow-Flag in from that meadow so wet;
With pencilled Geranium, pretty Crane's-bill,
  And all that are absent, whose names I forget;
There are two little pets, that have kept out of sight,
  The painted wild Heart's-ease—"A Kiss at the Door,"
That sweet little mountaineer, modest Eye-bright,
  With others, I'm certain, some twenty or more.

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But where is the "QUEEN OF THE MEADOW" to-day?
  There, see her surrounded with lichens and ferns,
Delighted to watch all her subjects at play;
  Not one 'scapes HER notice—no Wilding SHE spurns:
Sweet type of The Monarch who governs our Isle,
  Who thinks of her peasants, the humblest, the least,
Greets village and cottage with royalty's smile;
  Oh, the smile of a monarch is zest to a feast!

Now, Susie, my darling, I think we must go;
  Farewell, pretty Wildings! red, yellow, and blue,
There is ONE who created and loves you all "*so;*"
  Who clothes you, bedecks you, and feeds you with dew.
You live on His sunbeams, His air, and His earth,
  Smile, then, on the children who ponder His ways;
All Nature, my Susie, is full of sweet mirth,
  And joins with God's Wildings in hymning HIS praise.

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WHAT IS BREAD?

The Sower.

WHAT IS BREAD? We'll ask the sower,
  Plodding o'er the harrowed ground.
Little maiden, I'm the grower,
  Sit thee down on yonder mound:
This is now my resting-time,
Twelve—by sun, and village-chime.

What is bread?—It has a story,
  Little maid, to tell to thee
Of the King—the King of glory,
  Who, from His own granary,
Gave us bread-corn for our food,
When He said, that "all was good."

'Tis the same as when He made it
  Spring from out the teeming earth—
Moulded, fashioned it, and bade it
  Give to countless grains their birth.
Millions numberless have fed,
Since that hour on "daily bread."

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Take this grain, my little maiden,
  Sow it, watch it as it springs;
In the Autumn 'twill be laden
  With some hundred self-like things:
Each a living source of bread,
Though to thee it seems as dead.

For it has a germ within it—
  So hast thou, my little child;
So has yonder merry linnet,
  And this daisy, growing wild:
Each, according to its birth,
Has its value and its worth.

But the seed, the bird, the flower,
  When it dies, it dies away;
It has passed its little hour,
  Spent for aye its sunny day:
Thou, my child, wilt live again,
Or in happiness, or pain.

Once a Corn of Wheat Celestial
  Came to earth—was sown—and died;
Not like this poor grain terrestrial,
  In this earth-clod to abide:
Jesus rose, and rose to live;
Living—life to thee to give.

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Come to Him for life, my maiden,
  Pardon, peace, and joy He gives;
What though weary—heavy-laden—
  All who venture, He receives;
He will give thee life Divine—
Life eternal—ask,—'tis thine.

The Reaper.

WHAT IS BREAD? We'll ask the reaper,
  While he rests among the sheaves;
No, he 's not an idle sleeper,
  Though awhile his toil he leaves:
Soon that sickle by his side,
Through the bending corn will glide.

Jane and I are come to wander,
  Reaper, through this golden field;
Stroll among the sheaves—and ponder
  On the happy truths they yield
To an eye and heart inclined
Truth to seek—and truth to find.

Yes, this field is full of meaning,
  Little maid, for thee, for all;
See, those cottagers are gleaning
  Ears that from the sickle fall.
"Fragments," "Gather them," He said,
Who the thousands just had fed.

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Think how He with care has tended,
  Since this harvest-field was sown;
How He has himself defended
  Every grain which since has grown,
From the blade-grass to the ear,
Crowning with His gifts the year.

Rain and dew in drops distilling,
  Caused the springing germ to grow;
What though Winter air was chilling,
  With it came the fleecy snow,
As a mantle soft and white,
Overcast by day and night.

Spring came on, with joyance beaming,
  Calling up the blade amain,
Summer days, with sunshine gleaming,
  Filled the ears with milky grain;
Now, at length the harvest 's come,
And we reapers shout it home.

Garners full to overflowing!
  Gleanings on the cottage floor!
Hearts of all with fulness glowing,
  For God's bounty running o'er!
While Creation shall endure,
Little maid, "His word is sure."

Digitized by Google

What is bread? from earth it springeth,
  To sustain this fleeting breath;
But there is a hand that bringeth
  Bread, to save the soul from death.
Bread of God! for Thee we sigh!
Feed us, Saviour, or we die.

The Thresher.

WHAT IS BREAD? The flail is sounding
  In the barn. Come, Jane, and see
Proofs of God's deep care abounding
  Over all—for you, for me.
Does He "care for oxen too?"
Ask the ear on what it grew.

While the seed was swelling, growing,
  When it raised its stalky head,
Think you He forgot the lowing
  Of the oxen in the shed?
No; the ox, the bird, the flower,
Own His goodness, care, and power.

While the flail is thus dividing
  Food for man, from that for beast,
How the tiny mouse is hiding,
  Hoping soon to have *its* feast!
All things live beneath His eye—
Swim they, walk, or creep, or fly.

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See, the patient ox is treading
On the fodder as he feeds;
Straw to him is food and bedding;
What a peaceful life he leads!
Till we want him for the board,
Surely we may straw afford.

How the chaff is whirling, flying
From the threshed and winnowing grain,
Soft and wholesome beds supplying
To the poor, who ne'er complain;
Sleeping soundly through the night,
After toil, till morning light.

'Tis not, Jane, in sermons only,
We may learn that "God is Love;"
Often, when we feel most lonely,
Would we look around, above,
We should find a preacher near us,
Who can guide, instruct, and cheer us.

The Mill and Miller.

WHAT IS BREAD? The sails are whirling
On that hillock in the breeze;
How they keep on spinning, twirling,
Buzzing like a swarm of bees.
Hold my hand, Jane—not too near,
They might hurl you in the air.

Digitized by Google

Strong is wind, and strong is water,
  Each its strength to man affords;
Science, Jane, is Reason's daughter,
  Reason! whose is that?—the LORD'S.
He gave man a soul, a mind;
Man in Him his ALL must find.

See that other corn-mill yonder,
  With its huge wheel trundling fast;
How these things should make us ponder,
  Never with moles' eyes be passed;
Every volume has a page—
This for youth, and that for age.

While the gentle breeze is blowing,
  Does it turn *these* sails alone?
While that sparkling stream is flowing,
  Think you is its labour done?
No, my child, ten thousand mills
Own the aid of wind and rills.

Miller, may we see the hopper,
  Millstones, bran, and flour and all?
Wait a moment, dear, I'll stop her;
  See, my mill obeys my call!
Would that every creature knew
Whence it was its life it drew.

Digitized by Google

There 's the flour; some coarse, some dressing,
  Meal and bran, each has its use;
Ne'er a gift without a blessing,
  Yet man takes it with abuse.
Thanks, kind miller, now we 'll go,
And see the water-mill below.

Now, Jane, we've tracked the farmer's tillage
  From the barn-threshing to the mill,
This lane will lead us to the village,
  Under the pretty sloping hill.
Run dear, and bring a nice hot roll,
We 'll eat it on this grassy knoll.

Well, you're soon back; and now together,
  Let us thank Him who gives us bread;
What though our carpet is the heather,
  The sky our ceiling over head;
Sure, we can praise and laud Him here,
And, though unseen, can feel Him near.

Once, in that wilderness, so dreary,
  Through which His chosen flock He led,
When they were faint with thirst and weary,
  The rock its cooling waters shed;
The stream flowed onward by their side,
And day by day their want supplied.

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For forty years each night was falling
  Around their tents sweet Angels' food;
From day to day that bread was calling
  Each heart to bless the Source of Good:
But Israel was a thankless race,
Like *some* who now reject His GRACE.

In after years, when Christ was telling
  In the wild desert of His love,
Away from every human dwelling,
  But wastes around and sky above,
He, with five loaves of barley-bread,
Five thousand hungry creatures fed.

And now, my child, you need not wonder
  That from one little grain of corn,
On which the sower bade you ponder,
  The same as that which on the morn
When God commanded herbs to spring,
Should come forth BREAD—for CHRIST IS KING!
Now, let us, Jane, His praises sing.

The Song.

HAIL, Jesus, "Bread of Life!"
  Thou art God's richest gift;
Here, far away from noise and strife,
  To Thee our hearts we lift.

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Hail, Jesus, Lamb of God!
  Thy "flesh is meat indeed;"
Hail, stricken Rock! from Thee there flowed
  A stream for all who need.

We need—for, oh! we pine,
  As pines the thirsty hind
For water-brooks—those streams Divine
  To satisfy the mind.

Hail, Jesus, Saviour, hail!
  We come to Thee alone;
All other springs and fountains fail,
  Thine sparkles from the throne.

It sparkles as it flows—
  Flows onward full and free;
Tells of the source from whence it rose,
  The fount of Deity!

We worship, we adore—
  We bow, and praises bring,
To Thee alone—Thee evermore,—
  Thou Saviour—Shepherd—King!

We eat the Living Bread,
  We quaff the Living Stream;
And while our happy souls are fed,
  The Saviour is our theme.

Digitized by Google

Now, Jane, we will hie away home,
  Repasted in body and mind:
We never need, darling, to roam,
  So as nothing instructive to find.

There is nought in the fields and the lanes
  But, if pondered, will amply repay,
In teaching, twice ten-fold the pains
  We have spent on our *Bread-Task* to-day.

THE OLIVE TREES.

Jew and Gentile—Past, Present, Future.

"Respice—Aspice—Prospice."

Was it a vision, or a waking dream—
A trance, like his who sat by Chebar's stream?
No; neither vision, dream, nor waking trance,
No fond mirage, no mystic fairy dance,
Nor special revelation from above,
Borne on the wings of a descending dove;
But a fair picture by the Master's hand,
Each line retraced by His instructing wand:
A two-fold volume lay before my eye,
One roll depicts—one clears the mystery.

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I saw an OLIVE TREE. Its stately form
Had smiled alike at Zephyr and at storm;
Its boughs were spreading, and its sprays were fair,
Its leaves luxuriant, but its fruit was rare.
A berry, here and there, my eye perceives,
Courting the hand, or hid beneath the leaves.
Such Olives! rich in flavour, fat with oil,
Meet to repay the Dresser's anxious toil;
Food for the pilgrim, resting on his way
At morn or eve, or when the scorching ray
Drives him for shelter from the dusty road
Which leads from exile to his loved abode.
Fit for the board of Princes, and to grace
The lowly tables of that cottage race
Where He, the Lofty One, delights to dwell,
Nor scorns the lowliest tent in Israel.

Such Olives! yielding to the press their juice
For temple-service—for the Master's use;
Oil for the golden lamp—the sacred urn,
That Israel's light with constancy may burn;
Oil for the mystic unguents—oil to fill
The Prophet's horn, on Aaron to distill;
Oil to anoint the head of guest or foe,
To make the face of sorrow beam and glow;
The galling wound to soothe, the sick to heal,
'Plenish the widow's cruse, and bless her meal.

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But, oh! such olives on the boughs were rare,
Those boughs so graceful, and those leaves so fair.
The Dresser came and looked from day to day,
Sighed as He looked, and, weeping, turned away;
His servants clear the surface of the ground,
Lest near the tree some noxious weeds be found;
Dig round its trunk, and moisten oft the roots,
Fence it from spoilers, prune its sickly shoots.
But all in vain! all vain this anxious care;
It *will* not yield, its branches *will* not bear.
They drink the sap, the dews, the gentle rain;
Still nought but leaves. Alas! 'tis all in vain!

The Dresser's pruning-knife is laid aside;
The Olive, which had spread her arms so wide,
Is now a trunk, well-nigh of boughs bereft,
With, here and there alone, a fruit-branch left;
The axe has lopp'd her of her limbs of pride,
Food for the furnace. See them side by side!
Poor Olive tree! I gaze on thee with tears,
Then turn away—another scene appears.

In yonder forest, full of fruitless trees,
Or bearing fruit, such only as may please
The swine, or swine-herd, at his rude repast,
Wild grapes, or figs, with oak, and beechen-mast,

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There grew an Olive—tall and green, but wild;
The swine beneath it revelled, and defiled
Its rugged bark, as on its fruit they fed,
While, of its leaves, the swine-herd made his bed.

Amongst the trees the Dresser wends His way,
So thick they grow, that scarce a genial ray
May pierce the gloom; but onward still He goes
To that dank spot where the Wild Olive grows.
Awhile He stood, then severed from the tree,
Now here, now there, a branch. I stood to see—
He took them on His shoulders and returned;
His Olive stood forlorn, some branches burned,
The rest—men came, and carried them away;
All waste the ground where erst these branches lay.
But what a sight! where once these branches grew
The Dresser grafts with care and skill the new;
With heavenly bands confines each wilding shoot,
That it may drink the moisture of the root.

The rain descends, the gentle dew distills,
The south wind blows from Hermon's spicy hills;
The wilding branches bud, and bloom, and grow,
As through their veins the sap-rills upward flow;
In clustering wreaths the ripening Olives greet
The Dresser's eye, while native branches meet
With fruit well-laden these young forest sprays,
Each striving which shall best the Master praise.

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Hail, goodly Olive! Hail, thou parent tree!
How fair thy branches! how they well agree
To own the Source whence all their virtue springs,
While each its fruit in clustered beauty brings.

Again the Olive yields its precious store,
The vats o'erflow; haste, bring a vessel more!
Love, joy, and peace, with faith and hope abound,
Where bitter wilding-fruits before were found.

But is it so? It was. But is it so?
Do still these fruits in such rich clusters grow?
Ye native branches, ye of Gentile soil,
Where is the fatness of the Olive oil?
Say, should the Dresser come, what bough would
bend?
Do native branches still with wildings blend?
Do all the presses still with oil o'erflow?
Do no wild berries on the Olive grow?

Ye native branches, ponder days gone bye!
Ye grafted ones, why lift yourselves so high?
'Tis true, your foliage is both rich and green,
And, here and there, a cluster may be seen.
But should the Master come, woe! woe the day!
Are there no branches to be cast away?

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I closed the roll in sorrow, and in tears,—
Again unrolled, I read of future years.
The Prophet bade me look to Zion's hill,
I raised my eyes—what hopes my bosom thrill!
There stands the Olive, towering to the sky,
Beneath its shade the peaceful nations lie.
No sound of war is heard, no cry of spoil,
The garners teem with corn, the vats with oil;
The air breathes incense; praise and prayer ascend;
Heart joins with heart; all knees together bend
In the same temple, whose celestial dome
Welcomes the outcast and the stranger home.
Grafted again by that same loving hand
Into the parent stock, from every land
Where they had lain, cast off, neglected, spurned,
Withered and dry—fit only to be burned,
Behold, the native branches, green and fair!
No plants in Eden may with you compare!

The Olive now returns the Dresser's toil.
And earth exults in corn, and wine, and oil.

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AN INTERROGATION.

"And they all forsook Him, and fled."

"And there followed Him a CERTAIN YOUNG MAN, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body. And the young men [the soldiers] laid hold on him, and he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked."

"And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a YOUNG MAN sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment."

YOUNG MAN! Who art thou? Speak! reveal thy name!
Why didst thou follow, in that darksome hour
The track of Him they bound? Art thou the same
Who, when He struggled with the tempter's power,
Didst in the garden light, on angel wing,
To strengthen Mary's Son, Creation's King?

Art thou the same as erst was sent to tell
"The joy of joys" to that young virgin's heart,
That she should bear the babe "Emanuel?"
Fain would we hear thee whisper who thou art.
Thine, swift-winged Gabriel, was the voice that said,
"His name is JESUS," to that favoured maid.

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Surrounded in mid-air by kindred quires,
  Thine, too, we deem it was to wake the strain
Which Seraph voices hymned to Seraph lyres,
  And roused the Shepherds slumbering on the
    plain;
To which of all the angel host was given
To usher in the wondrous "Gift of Heaven"?

Sure, *thine* it was to tell that aged one,
  Who stood beside the altar in God's shrine,
That she, who had *not* borne, should bear a son,
  Foretold by Seer, in oracles Divine,
The Herald destined to prepare the road,
And cry aloud, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

And thou it was, whose voice the Prophet heard,
  As by the river's side he prostrate lay,
When *thou*, commissioned by Jehovah's word,
  Didst ope the Doom-book of this latter day;
Didst wake the sleeper from his mystic dream;
  The Preacher thou—God's purposes the theme.

Bright GABRIEL! Strength of God! thy steps we
    trace,
  Thy voice we hear, when Judah's harp was hung
On those sad Willows; when the captive race
  In sackcloth pined proud Babel's towers among;
Or ere the Roman Eagles tore the prey,
Or scared it, trembling, from the fold away.

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Daniel and Mary, and the Priest of God,
  Each saw thee, heard thee, knew thee by thy name;
Oft on this lonesome earth thy feet have trod,
  And in the GARDEN was it not the same,
The same kind angel who was seen to pour
Balm in that cup with wormwood running o'er?

And when that cup of bitterness had passed,
  When *all* had fled—forsaken Him they loved,
Sweet Gabriel, speak! say, wast not *thou* the last
  Whose watchful care was tried, and *wanting* proved?
Whence came that youth who followed, robed in white,
Whose vest the soldiers seized? mysterious flight!

All, all forsook—His friends—disciples too,
  None *must* be left to solace or to aid;
Not one of earth-born frame, or *heavenly* hue;
  Else sure *that* guardian messenger had staid,
Who lingered in the Garden to the close
Of that dark scene of deep, unfathom'd woes.

He too *must* fly, in sadness, *not* in fear,
  But flying leaves behind a spotless vest;
Say, is that linen garb for Him to wear,
  When in His shroud God's Holy One is dressed?

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No tainted *garment* and no tainted *tomb*
Must touch the first-born from earth's hallowed
womb.

But all is o'er! o'er-past that bitter cry,
Wrung out, when drooping on the cross alone;
When He, the Father, left His Son to die,
Nor seemed to listen to His pleading moan.
Again "a Young Man clothed in white" we see;
Kind angel, speak! unfold the mystery!

Each *Infant's* angel doth behold the face
Of Him who dwells in love, who dwells in light;
Is *such* the boon to this our *sinful* race?
Then who was he of all those armies bright,
Who watched the manger-bed, who sat beside
The still, cold form of HIM they crucified?

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ALTERNATIONS.

Hope and fear, and joy and sorrow,
Bliss to day, and woe to morrow—
This is life.

Now a day of live-long gladness
Ere a night of aching sadness;
Now a night of tranquil sleeping
Ere a day of bitter weeping—
This is life.

See, the barque to-day is sailing,
Neither breeze nor current failing,
Lo! to-morrow all is lowering,
Barque beneath the tempest cowering—
This is life.

Now the spirits rise elated,
Buoyant as with mountain air,
Now, like traveller belated,
Who from home is held befated
As if spell-bound,—all 's despair—
This is life.

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Life its agued myriads killing,
Heating now, and now be-chilling,
Who would live a life so vexing,
Now serene, anon perplexing,—
Such a life?

Give me, Lord, a peace abiding
In the peace Thy love bestows;
Give me, Lord, a heart confiding
In the grace, which ever flows
From that life which springs from Thine,
Tranquil, even, calm, Divine.
This is life.

This is life, and life alone,
For, my JESUS, 'tis Thine OWN.

DULCAMARA.

(BITTER-SWEET.)

YES, every heart its sorrow knows,
And deep within its inmost cell
Its cup of bitterness o'erflows;
A cup of secret, silent woes,
Of which it may not tell.

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No stranger's ear is tuned to hear;
  No stranger's heart can know, or feel;
No bosom friend, however dear,
However loved, may venture near,
    Its sacred wound to heal.

But there is One who feels it all,
  Whose riven heart deep sorrow knew,
Whose bitter cup was drugged with gall;
He listens to thy whispered call,
    To every whisper true.

Each sigh makes music in His ear,
  For, oh! His heart to thine replies;
'Tis I, He whispers; do not fear;
I come to wipe thine every tear,
    To quell thy rising sighs.

I wept that I might know to weep
  With all My precious, ransomed saints;
Their tears, their sighs I treasured keep,
I feel their woes, however deep,
    For *Mine* are *their* complaints.

Then cast thy burden all on Him,
  Nor longer call thy griefs thine own;
He turns from harps of seraphim,
To brighten up that eye so dim
    Which looks to HIM alone.

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ECCE!

"Behold the Lamb of God!"
Behold, believe, and live;
Behold His all-atoning blood,
And life receive.

Look from thyself to Him,
Behold Him on the tree;
What though the eye of faith be dim,
He looks on thee.

That meek, that languid eye
Turns from Himself away;
Invites the trembling sinner nigh,
And bids him stay.

Stay with Him near the Tree;
Stay with Him at the Tomb;
Stay till the risen Lord you see;
Stay till He come.

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THE CANCELLED BOND.

He gave me back the bond;
It was a heavy debt;
And as He gave He smiled, and said,
"*Thou wilt not Me forget.*"

He gave me back the bond;
The seal was torn away;
And as He gave, He smiled, and said,
"*Think thou of* Me *alway.*"

That bond I still will keep;
Although it cancelled be,
It tells me what I owe to Him
Who paid the debt for me.

I look on it—and smile;
I look again—and weep;
This record of His love to me
For ever I will keep.

A *bond* it is no more;
But it shall ever tell,
That all I owed was fully paid
By my Emanuel.

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"WHO TOUCHED ME?"

And couldst Thou feel amidst the throng
  A trembling touch like mine,
When thousands hurried Thee along,
  Nor knew Thee as Divine?
They rudely pressed Thee in the crowd,
And pained Thine ear with accents loud.

I did not speak, yet Thou didst hear
  The prayer within my breast;
I could not meet Thine eye for fear,
  But only touched Thy vest.
Trembling, I touched its hem alone,
That trembling touch Thy grace did own.

One moment in the crowd I stood
  Afflicted and defiled,
My sins o'erwhelmed me with their flood;
  The next, a pardon'd child.
I knew Thy power, Thy will to heal,
And to Thy truth I set my seal.

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I set my seal, and, Gracious Lord,
  Thy faithfulness was such,
That though I scarce believed Thy word,
  Thy person dared not touch,
The moment that I felt Thy dress,
Thine eye was filled with tenderness.

"Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace:"
  My faith! nay, Lord, 'twas Thine;
Thy gift, as Thine, my soul's release—
  The tendril owns its vine.
Thy virtue drew me to be healed,
I touched, and found my pardon sealed.

Yes, Gracious Lord, "in peace" I go,
  I leave the throng with Thee;
They press Thee close, but do not know
  What Thou hast done for me;
What Thou wilt do for all like one
Who dared to touch the hem alone.

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"SOMEBODY HATH TOUCHED ME."

THOUSANDS, thousands gathered round Thee,
  Tens of thousands swell Thy train;
See the myriads that surround Thee!
  Can such homage all be vain?
Lo! the crowds encompass—press Thee!
  Hail Thee as they move along;
Bow the knee, extol, caress Thee,
  Thee, the burden of their song.

All in vain this adoration,
  Cold it falls upon Thine ear;
Not the homage of a nation
  Was to Thee so sweet, so dear
As that gentle touch that moved Thee,—
  Drew the healing from Thy frame;
Touch of trembling faith, which proved Thee
  Faithful to Thy gracious name.

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Iron hands were those that bound Thee,
  Smote, and scourged Thee, marred Thy face;
Rude the cord they passed around Thee,
  As they spurned Thy silent grace.
All was borne without complaining,
  Not a murmur or a frown;
All Thy native power restraining,
  As they wove Thy thorny crown.

Patient as a lamb for slaughter
  Thou didst stand, nor turn Thy face;
But, when sorrow's trembling daughter
  Sought to prove Thy matchless grace,
Thou didst turn, instinct with healing,
  Grace and pity *made* Thee move;
Vain all purpose of concealing
  From that eye of boundless Love.

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"ALL SEEK THEIR OWN."

"Every man went to his own house.
JESUS went to the Mount of Olives."

"ALL SEEK THEIR OWN." The eagle mounts on high,
The lion crouches in his forest-lair;
The lark rejoices in the deep blue sky,
The lowing herds to verdant meads repair.

"All seek their own." The sun-born flame ascends,
The mountain stream holds on its eager course,
With kindred streams its current fondly blends,
Till each together finds its wondrous source.

"All seek their own." Man delves his mother earth,
Yea, takes his long, last sleep beneath the sod;
Reposes in the dust that gave him birth;
Morn hails the man—the eve a breathless clod.

"Foxes have holes—the birds of air have nests,"
The angel-quires their mansions in the skies;
Each weary pilgrim in his chamber rests,
Till morn uplifts the curtain from his eyes.

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But who is this, that when the crowds depart,
  Each to his home, each to his welcome bed,
THE MOUNT OF OLIVES seeks, with burdened heart?—
  There is no pillow for HIS sacred head!

"All seek their own." "The Man of Sorrows" goes
  To muse on Olivet—to kneel, to weep—
To ponder o'er the tale of human woes,
  HIS wakeful eyes their night-long vigils keep.

Their vigils keep, while man, for whom He sighs,
  For whom He utters that heart-rending moan,
In sleep's warm, soothing arms unconscious lies
  Of HIM, whom midnight shrouds AWAKE—ALONE!

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EARNEST HEARTS.

SHEPHERD of Israel! who but Thou
  Can guide, enfold, defend
Our earnest ones, who meekly bow,
  And upward fain would wend
Their heavenly way, with garments clean,
With conscience undefiled and keen?

Dear earnest hearts! who else shall keep
  Them safe in this rude day?
Who guard the *lambs*, if Israel's *sheep*
  Become such easy prey
To one, who prowls around the fold,
And whom success hath made so bold?

Shepherd of Israel still art Thou!
  None else, O Lord, but Thee
Can guard, enfold, defend them now:
  O then, on bended knee,
We pray Thee keep from priestly arts
These loving, truthful, earnest hearts!

They seek an arm whereon to rest,
  A shrine at which to kneel;
A trusty guide, a holy Priest,

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To whom they may reveal
The grief, the sin, the doubt, the fear;
One who can dry the secret tear.

They want to feel at inward peace
With Him, who knows each breast;
From sin to have a full release—
They long, they sigh for rest;
They pine to read their sins forgiven,
To have the earnest-seal of heaven.

O Thou who art the Sinner's Friend,
God's own anointed Priest!
Bid earnest hearts on *Thee* depend,
And feel by Thee released
From grief and sin, from doubt and fear;
Thou, only, canst the conscience clear.

'Tis Thou alone canst whisper peace,
Thou only give True Rest;
Thy voice can make the tumult cease,
And solace hearts distressed:
Shrine, Temple, Priest, and Offering,
To Thee our earnest ones we bring.

O guard them from that Artful One,
Who feigns herself "The Bride;"
Whose brow is brass, whose heart is stone,
Whose hands with blood are dyed;
To Thee we bring these earnest hearts,
For shelter from Rome's priestly arts.

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NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE.

"FATHER! not my will, but Thine;"
  Let this be my daily prayer
Taught me by those lips Divine,
  Taught me by affliction's Heir,
By "The Man of Sorrows" breathed—
He for whom earth's thorns were wreathed.

"Father! not my will, but Thine;"
  Choose for me my lot—my way;
If Thy smiles around me shine,
  Sorrow's night will turn to day;
Thunder-clouds be tinged with gold,
Flowers will spring, though winds be cold.

"Father! not my will, but Thine;"
  Though I lay my throbbing head
On a couch bedewed with brine,
  Tears were Jesus' daily bread;
Through the tears Thou bidst to flow
Smiles a radiant promise-bow.

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"Father! not my will, but Thine;"
  Help me to believe Thee true,
Though the corn, the oil, the wine,
  Fail for lack of rain and dew:
When the springs of earth are dry,
Thou canst all my need supply.

"Father! not my will, but Thine;"
  Friends may leave me all alone;
Foes with kinsmen may combine;
  Those I love my name disown;
Still a Father THOU wilt prove;
Naught can change MY Father's love.

Whatsoe'er my lot may be,
  Passing through this vale of tears,
Pain, or scorn, or penury,
  Few my yet remaining years;
Never let Thy child repine
"Father! not my will but Thine!"

Digitized by Google

ARE YOU READY?

WHAT, and if the day is breaking,
  Day so long by seers foretold,
When from slumbers deep, awaking,
  Saints their Saviour shall behold;
Are you ready? are you ready?
Or is still your bosom cold?

Is it cold to Him who sought thee
  In this wilderness forlorn?
Cold to Him, the Friend, who bought thee,
  Nor complained of nail or thorn?
Are you ready? are you ready?
Or do you His yearning scorn?

Are you clothed in bridal raiment,
  Woven by anointed hands;
Given thee, without thy payment,
  Pledge of Love's unwearied hands?
Are you ready? are you ready?
See the portal open stands.

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Are you washed in holy water,
  You so long by sin defiled?
Should He say, "My son," "My daughter,"
  Can you say, "Behold Thy child?"
Are you ready, are you ready,
Thus, by "Abba," to be styled?

Are you ready for the meeting
  With the Saviour in the air?
Longing for that holy greeting
  With the ransomed myriads there?
If not ready, if not ready,
Oh, for *that*, THAT day prepare!

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THE REST THAT REMAINS.

REST under the Palm tree is sweet,
Sweet the rest by the side of the well,
Still sweeter to sit at His feet,
Who, of joys past conceiving can tell,
When forgetting earth's sorrows we smile at its pains,
And list as He tells of the rest that remains.

'Tis sweet to abide in His love;
To know that it never can end;
That He, who is seated above,
Will be an unchangeable Friend.
Yet still, while the Dove of His absence complains,
She cannot but pine for the rest that remains.

But, for parting, life's meetings were sweet,—
Earth's honey reminds of a sting;
No sooner the Summer we greet,
Than its pleasures are spreading the wing.
'Tis joyous to rove o'er the heath-purpled plains,
But, while roving, we sigh for the rest that remains.

"Sweet Home" is the sweetest of spots,
Its homeliness gladdens the eye,
The house-band and true-lovers' knots
No fond heart would ever untie;
But still, in life's desert, e'en home has its pains,
And the only *true* home is the rest that remains.

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THE DOUBLE-CHALICE.

(*Calix-Duplex.*)

"THE Cup My Father giveth Me!" How deep
With holy import are these golden words!
Art thou of those, who tearful vigils keep,
While earth no cup of joy or peace affords;
While all around—above, looks dark and drear—
No friend to solace, and no kinsman near?

Art thou alone, with none to sympathize,
With none to understand thy secret grief;
Kindly to ask thee, "Why those bosom-sighs,
Whose speechless voice in vain implores relief?"
Ponder this word, aye, ponder it again,
Till sorrow smile, like sunshine after rain.

For know, The Cup, that Jesus drank for thee,
Was drugged with *that* thy lips may never know;
Sweet was the gall that mocked Him on the tree,
To that deep Garden-Cup of secret woe,
When those He prayed to watch through that dark hour,
Untended left Him to its midnight power.

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"The Cup My Father giveth Me!" 'Tis o'er!—
Not *such* the Cup *His* hand doth place in *thine;*
That Cup was emptied, to be filled no more;
The Cup He handeth THEE is cheering wine;
Sweet earnest-token of the joy to come,
When He shall pledge His kinsman-guests at home.

"Shall I not drink it?" Hear Him meekly say,
"Shall I not drink the Cup My Father gives?"
And canst *thou*, then, when welcomed, turn away,
Nor quaff the Cup of Life from Him who lives?
Sweet pledge of Love—Hope's life-draught, until He
Who drank DEATH'S CUP shall share LIFE'S CUP *with* thee.

HELIOTROPE.

THE Maiden on her mistress' hand,
Waits an approving smile to see;
So, Lord, before Thy face I stand,
So WAITS my soul on THEE.

The Mother strains her eager eye
Across that drear, far-stretching lea;
"O that I could my child descry!"
So LOOKS my soul for THEE.

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The Watchman longs to see the ray
From which the midnight shadows flee,
Which ushers in the wished-for day—
So LONGS my soul for THEE.

The lonesome Bride in secret sighs,
Beneath (to her) yon mournful tree,
For one, the load-star of her eyes;
So SIGHS my soul for THEE.

The way-worn Pilgrim at the well,
Thirsting to drink, on bended knee,
Of water's luscious draught can tell;
So THIRSTS my soul for Thee.

And, oh! how pants the stricken Hind,
While straining every nerve to flee!
O could she but some well-spring find!
So PANTS my soul for THEE.

See how yon glorious orb above,
And that bright flower agree;
As turns earth's day-star to her love,
So TURNS myself to THEE!

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THE FOOT OF THE MOUNT.

"Nigh to Jerusalem."

A Chamber Monody.

THE house of food! The house of rest!
  Your names fall sweetly on the ear
Of those, who have His name confessed,
  And wait to see their Lord appear!
Of those who love to tread the Mount
Of Olives, and His sighs recount.

Oft He resorted to the grove,
  The garden-grove of Olivet;
With mingled tears of grief and love
  That lonely garden-sod was wet,
When earth was still, and One alone
Could hear the weeping Saviour moan.

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Ye villages of Palestine,
  Hard by the mountain's green ascent,
Nigh to Jehovah's hallowed shrine,
  Whose vail was by Emanuel rent;
Hail, Bethphagè! and where the three
  With Him conversed, sweet Bethany!

We love to muse beside the way,
  The cross-road, where the colt was tied,
And call to mind that wondrous day
  When Salem's daughter saw Him ride,
Lowly and meek—king David's Son,
Sworn Heir to David's glorious throne.

And then to linger near the cot
  Which welcomed Jesus oft at eve,
When scorned by those "who knew Him not,"
  Who made His heart with anguish heave,
He found a home, serene and blest,
In Bethany, the house of rest.

How sweet the service each bestowed
  On Him they knew, and owned, and loved;
From Mary's box of 'nard there flowed
  A fragrance, which His heart approved;
To Him that 'nard was MORE than sweet,
Her gift, who pondered at His feet.

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And Martha, too, whose loving hand
  Oft spread the table for her Lord,
Well-pleased beside a guest to stand,
  Who deigned to grace her humble board:
How like those scenes of olden day,
When angels halted on their way!

When, unawares, the tent received
  A courteous stranger from above;
When Sarah's aged bosom heaved,
  While doubt and hope within her strove,
At tidings brought by angel-guest,
To hail her mother of the blest!

And then to muse of him that died,
  The one whom Jesus called His "Friend;"
Who oft had sat by Jesus' side,
  And loved "The Master" to attend;
Who died when Jesus was not nigh
To save, or e'en a tear to dry.

"O Jesus, Lord! hadst Thou been here,
  Thy Friend, our Brother, had not died;"
Poor trembling hearts! dismiss your fear,
  And in His gentle hand confide
Which holds the key of every grave—
A hand *omnipotent* to save!

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The Tomb of Bethany: the cot
  Where dwelt the loving family!
'Tis well to muse upon that spot,
  And there, in thought, to bend the knee
Where Jesus stood by him that slept,
And feel it *true* that "*Jesus wept.*"

And there to hear that thrilling sound,
  "Come forth!" The earnest of the voice
Which saints, who sleep beneath the ground,
  Shall hear, and, rising, shall rejoice;
Death's shroud for ever cast away,
For robes of light and endless day.

When Martha's service, Mary's love,
  And Friendship, such as Jesus owned;
Long chronicled in rolls above,
  Shall be proclaimed by One enthroned—
Enthroned in glory—when the Bride
No more in Bethany shall hide,
But in Jerusalem shall dwell
The House of her Emanuel.

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THE VEIL OF LOVE.

[M. E. S.]

Go weave a veil, nor may thine hand remove
One fold which lends its simple aid
Thy brother's unknown sin to shade;
But interlace thy work with threads of love.

Weave silently, lest some should guess thine art,
Weave closely, that no eye may see
The fault which is but known to thee;
Weave gently, lest thou wound that erring heart.

Tell not thy brother what thy task has been,
Nor 'mind him of repented sin;
He knows a secret pang within,
And weeps—tears which are by his Saviour seen.

Thy task is but to veil from *other* eyes
The traces which may still remain
Of that tear-damp, and secret stain—
And thy reward shall wait thee in the skies.

☞ A silken string, twined by a loving hand, for this bunch of "Wild Thyme."

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Vale! Lector Dilecte.

O THINK not, that because my heart reposeth
On Nature's bosom, I rest *there* alone;
She openeth her maternal arms and closeth
Her child within them, for he *is* her own;
But yet, 'tis not *her* ear that hears his moan.

It is not when this soul within me pineth,
Or when it would unburden its deep woe,
But when the Sun around my pathway shineth,
And I would give my heart its overflow,
My arms around sweet Nature's neck I throw.

And, oh! to me such hymns she softly singeth,
Of hill and valley, brook and pathless dell;
Then, like a Cushat-Dove, her way she wingeth,
And I, away with her I love so well;
Sweet is the tale of *truth* she then to me doth tell.

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I love her warblings, but I love more dearly
My Cottage-Home, where all mine own abide;
She is a gentle mother, but more nearly
Are those, who under my low roof reside,
To me, my heart and soul, in love's sweet bonds allied.

When sorrow frowneth, and when care perplexeth,
Soft is the bosom of a quiet Home;
When a cold world the wearied soul perplexeth,
Sweet is that pillow, where it may not come;
A Cot be mine, not Nature's azure dome!

And when some cloud the face of Mercy hideth,
Nor Nature's hand, nor Home can lift the vail,
Sin rageth, and the wounded conscience chideth,
And sin and conscience leagued, alas! prevail
To make the soul despond—the courage fail,

The breast for which the heart alone *then* pineth,
Is HIS, who only can its sorrow heal;
In vain the heath invites, the spring-sun shineth,
While Jesus doth His loving face conceal
No bosom woe may cure, or cherish weal.

Poor Nature knows not what thy drooping meaneth;
Nor could she aid thee did she know thy pain;
No, nor Home's bosom, where thy fond soul leaneth;
There's ONE ALONE—HE stayed the bier at Nain,
And dried the widow's tears,—HIS solace is not vain.

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To HIM ALONE I consecrate my measures;
He is "MY MASTER"—He, my soul's TRUE REST,
If His the Casket, His be all its Treasures,
If His the House, how welcome as its Guest!
JESUS, accept my song! and THY poor Bard is blest.

VALE—BENE VALE.

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