SUMMER FRUITS
AND
AUTUMN FLOWERS

By
ROBERT CALDWELL
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AND

AUTUMN FLOWERS

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ROBERT CALDWELL

Adelaide

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1900
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To

ROBERT BARR-SMITH,

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP I AM GLAD TO ENJOY,

AND WHOSE PEOPLE AND MY PEOPLE WERE NOT UNKNOWN

TO EACH OTHER IN DAYS LONG GONE BY,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY

ROBERT CALDWELL.
PROEM.

Oh Land, that I have traversed oft!
Oh hills and valleys fair!
Oh dawns, so beautiful and soft!
Oh eves, of splendour rare!

Oh wondrous seasons dancing round!
Oh winds, now loud, now low!
Oh tempests, bursting on the ground!
And storms, that come and go!

Oh hoary-headed clouds, that drift,
Like mountains in the skies!
Oh thunders, roaring in the rift,
Where angry lightning flies!

Oh worthy men, whom I have met!
Oh women, fair and true,
Whose kindness I can ne'er forget,
Whose love is ever new!

Oh passions, that have warmed my breast,
And thoughts that filled my brain!
And joys that made me very blest,
And woes that gave me pain!

Oh cares, that came to me for rest!
And hopes, so very vain.
Oh flowers, the sweetest and the best,
I bid you live again!

Adelaide: December 1900.
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Gloom and Glory:

A SACRED POEM.

To a Friend.

WHEN Paul, in slumber listed the Macedonian's cry—
"Come over here and help us!" he said—"Assuredly
“The Lord has will'd His Gospel to give this people peace!"
And so forthwith he started, and journeyed into Greece.
But when the good man ventured upon that hostile shore
He dreamed not of the dangers and toils that lay before;
He saw no jailor waiting, or dungeon, stocks, or rods
To check the new evangel, and guard the ancient gods.
He saw not, in his vision, those men made wise by rules,
And sciences inculcated in colleges and schools;
Nor saw he fix'd upon him the Stoic's icy sneer,
Or heard the idle scoffer's cry, or Epicurean's jeer;
But on he went, unheeding the danger ever near,
And told his helpful story to all who cared to hear.
Nor was he quite unfriended in village or in mart—
The Lord himself had opened the Purple Sellers' heart,
And Lydia bathed his bruises, and soothed his spirit's pain,
And cheer'd him for the contest with prejudice again.
And when by Areopagus, though thousands mocked around,
The seeds of truth he scattered fell not all on stony ground;
Gloom and Glory.

For erudite Dionysius (an academic too)
Clave to him, and kind Damaris, a sister good and true,
With many an honourable man, and women not a few.

So when you broke my slumber, and bade me to explain
How Meekness was the greatest power, and Truth the greatest gain,
And tell the Master's triumph o'er all His earthly foes,
I little thought how high a task your pleasure would impose.

For we had been contrasting the powers that operate
In those who shape the policies of Commerce and the State
With the Life Law of Jesus, so simple and sublime,
That must survive and conquer in every age and clime.

And Jesus had our worship, and Jesus had our love,
And over all the kings of earth we throned Him high above.

Again I tell the story, as you have bade me do,
A task I had not ventured, unless, my friend, for you.
Perhaps a thousand dangers await me by the way;
And scoffers cry, deriding—"What will this babbler say?"
While men, made vain by learning, exclaim with lowering brow
And sneer—"'Tis curious jingle; we cannot bear it now!"
And critics cry, in passing—"Heaven from such rhymes protect!"

The less they know, more competent are they to prove defect!

Ah, well! it little matters what such may do or say,
The mighty currents onward are moving night and day;
The hours of toil are numbered, some many, and some few,
Gloom and Glory.

We must be up and doing, each has his work to do!
If we can help our fellows when help they seem to need,
The Lord will bless the doer as surely as the deed.
And though the giddy millions in pleasure past may glide,
As on the sea the lighter drift are carried by the tide,
A few may cheer us onward, the loving and the true,
Whose hearts the Lord has opened, my friend, even such
   as you!
Who would not brave the conflict, with all its terrors,
   when
The blessed ones are with us; and we can reckon then
Both honorable women, and good and noble men?
Prelude.

Than the grand life of Jesus, though brief from first to last,
Is no sublimer picture in the gallery of the past.
The glory of Creation! Well may the sages fling Their crowns before, confessing Him Saviour, Lord, and King.
Well may the blessed elders unite to raise the strain, That He alone is worthy o'er all mankind to reign!
And ages yet to follow will love Him more and more, And all the lands must worship, and wonder, and adore.

Well might the wise men journey from Shinar's Plain to see That Man-child, while an infant, upon His parent's knee! Well might true mothers gather, from near and distant lands, While begging for their little ones a blessing at His hands. And well may erring sisters, through all the weary years, Still kiss the gentle Master's feet, and wash them with their tears.

For from His hands of healing the sick ones found a cure, And from His lips of blessing His Gospel cheer'd the poor; And though to wildernesses the multitudes were led, There drank they living water, there ate they heavenly bread;
And when care-burdened mortals came groaning with their woe,
He taught them to consider the lilies how they grow.
And who were His companions? Rude men from Galilee,
Who earned a sorry pittance by toiling on the sea!
Such were His chosen followers; and though uncouth to view,
They soon became like Jesus, and good and gentle too:
They took His yoke upon them, they choose the better part,
And holy leaven, silently, renewed each mind and heart.
Oh, they had seen His wonders, and they had felt His power,
Unfolding virtues in them, as sunshine wakes the flower.
They saw Him raise the palsied, and cause the lame to walk;
They saw Him cleanse the lepers, and teach the dumb to talk,
And on the holy mountain they heard the Mighty One Proclaim their kind Instructor "His well-beloved Son."

And though the very foxes had burrows under-ground,
And birds of every name and plume their little homes had found,
He who had given the weary rest, and helped the poor with bread,
Found nowhere on this spacious earth a place to lay His head.
For in the lonely desert the needy found Him out;
From mountain side to wave-washed strand they followed Him about.
They crowded round in villages where'er He chanced to be,
Gloom and Glory.

In fishing boats from shore to shore they chased Him on the sea.
They brought their troubles to Him, of body and of mind. They press’d on His attention their deaf, and dumb, and blind.
The poor were ever with Him, for oh, 'tis hard to cure
The sorrows of the helpless ones, the troubles of the poor!

And while, as the Emanuel, He wrought the mighty plan,
He ever loved to call Himself the lowly Son of Man.
And all His life was service, and sacrifice profound,
And not until the Dark Day came that noble life was crown’d;
Then shone the splendour on Him from God’s high throne above,
And that which seemed as duty once, now showed as only love.
And those who had denied Him, and those who fled away,
When chanticleers announced the morn upon that fatal day,
Saw from Him glory beaming upon their wondering eyes,
As when above the mountain-tops the sun begins to rise.
In Zabulon and Nephthalim, beside the distant sea,
Where Jordan rolls his waters down by Gentiles’ Galilee,
The long-benighted peoples have seen the wondrous light,
And from their shadowy region pass the gloomy pall of night.
The words the Lord had spoken, the deeds that He had done
Now clearly showed in blessed light, beneath the living sun.
And Simon, who with curses denied his Master’s name,
And those amongst the olive trees who hid themselves for shame,
And left Him to His enemies in Cedron's fatal place,
When they beheld, so mourned and wept to think themselves so base.

Even Judas, the Betrayer, who went that night abroad
And led the band of evil ones to seize the Lamb of God,
And sold for thirty pieces his Master to that crew,
When he His majesty beheld, not knowing what to do,
"Take back your silver pieces," in deep remorse he cried,
"For since I have disgraced my Lord I'll die," and so he died.

They knew not whom they followed until, before their eyes,
He for their sins was wounded sore, and their iniquities
Had caused the Lord to suffer thus, till, as the Prophet said,
The chastisement that gave them peace upon Him had been laid.
Then turned they to behold Him, and wept with sorrow sore,
For well they knew the weight of woe the gentle Master bore.

But who will dare to follow those sadder sights to see?
Oh, who will dare to follow now to cross-crowned Calvary?
The Gloom.

The din of many voices is rising long and loud,
And round the high Prætorium why gathers yonder crowd?
Towards the place of Justice, lo! thousands take their way;
Unusual business pulses in Salem's streets to-day:
For rumor spreads the tidings about the peopled scene—
"The Pontiff's band, at midnight hour, had seized the Nazarene;
"They found him in the garden amongst his vagrant crew,
"Where, in the Vale of Cedron, the people's olives grew.
"One of his twelve apostles had led them to his lair,
"When no Hosanna-singers or rabble crowd were there."
And now to Pontius Pilate, while yet 'tis early morn,
The Galilean Teacher Chief by ruthless force is borne.

Caiaphas had judged Him: Caiaphas had said—
"The fury of the curse of God should rest upon his head."
For why, the Hebrew Pontiff had bade the Righteous One,
With a fearful charge, to answer him—"Art thou the Almighty's Son?"
And He had answered meekly—"Thus sayest thou, not I!
"But thou shalt see my triumph yet, both in the earth and sky!"

Caiaphas, the Pontiff, hath veiled his pious eyes,
And rent his robe, and shuddering, cried—"Alas, such blasphemies!
"No need of further witness against this man have we,
"For all have heard his lips express the daring blasphemy!
"What think ye?" cried the Pontiff. The crowd, with angry breath,
Responded—"Guilty; such offence most justly merits death!"
And calmly bore the Master their threats and scornful cries,
As some poor lamb that has been doom'd to Pascal sacrifice,
When the wish for blood o'ermasters the scruples of the will,
And in the breast arises the grim desire to kill.
Low murmurs, to a tumult of passion, soon increased;
With cries of "Bold blasphemer!" and "God's insulted priest!"

A superstitious panic has seized on one and all,
And with their victim forth they sped to Pontius Pilate's hall:
"A mover of seditions! so meek, and yet so proud!
"A would-be King!—an Emperor!" the fathers cried aloud.
"He scorns our holy temple, he spurns the righteous cause;
"He saps the claims of priestly power, he fulminates at our Laws.
"We want no King but Cæsar! This stirrer up of strife,
"And tumults, and disturbances should forfeit now his life."
The surging crowd assented, and cried—"Away, away!
"Long live our great Tiberius; but end the impostor's day!"
Gloom and Glory.

And patient, calm, and meekly the Master bore it all,
And neither threat nor murmur from His kind lips did fall.
And when with chains they bound Him, oh, then it seemed
that He,
Of all that host or small or great, alone that hour was free!

When to the Place of Justice they came to name His sin,
Not one of His accusers would dare to venture in.
And Pontius Pilate questioned—"What bids thy fellows bring
"Their countryman in chains to me? Art thou Judea's King?"

The Master answered meekly—"I claim not their domain,
"But with my Father's pleasure, o'er mankind I must reign.
"I seek not thrones or sceptres of any earthly kind;
"I seek the nobler kingdom, the kingdom of the mind."
Amazed was Pontius Pilate that gentle face to see,
Amazed he heard those gentle words of high philosophy.
Then, passing to the courtyard space, where gathered still the crowd,
He sternly faced the multitude and thus exclaimed aloud—
"A prisoner in the Judgment Hall is standing by you bound.
"I ask, what crime the Sanhedrim have in his conduct found?"

The priests and elders answered—"His great impiety!
"Had he not been a man of sin we had not troubled thee."
"Then take Him hence," said Pilate, "no life but has its flaw,
"And judge the prisoner, as ye choose, according to your Law."
Again, in warmth, responded those men of evil breath—
"From us the Law withholds the power that meets the
sin with death."
Then, to the Hall of Justice, returned the Roman Chief,
And pondered how to bring about the prisoner Lord's
relief;
And why such venomed malice should move that varied
crowd,
And what should cause such bitter hate in priests and
rulers proud.

Then to the Christ said Pilate, in voice of softer tone—
"Tell me art thou the Jewish king, and heir to David's
throne?"
The Lord again made answer—"I claim not such to be;
"My enemies have doubtless said this thing concerning
me."
And Pilate soon responded—"But deem not me a Jew;
"I govern here in Cæsar's name, and honor justice too;
"The Jewish priests and elders thy chief accusers be,
"Thy people's scribes and teachers have brought thee
bound to me;
"Now, tell me thy transgression! What evil hast thou
done?
"For surely these, without good cause, would bind not
any one."

And Jesus said—"My kingdom is not on earthly ground,
"Else would my followers organise and guard their master-
round;
"And, force to force, would they oppose, and deathful
weapons use,
"And blood would flow ere I should be delivered to the Jews:
"But not of earth my kingdom is, and no such aid they bring!"
And Pilate questioned Him again—"And art thou then a King?"
And gazing on the Ruler's face, where mingled awe and scorn,
The Master spoke—"To be a king I surely have been born;
"A monarch's life upon the earth have I not led since youth?
"For there are those who can attest the triumph of the truth:
"The children of the light and truth will be my witnesses;
"Our stay is sure!" The Roman said—"What meanest thou by this?"
And calmly on the Governor the Master fixed His eye,
But otherwise, than by that look, He made him no reply.

Again the Roman Governor hath left the Judgment Hall,
And thus advised the Jews—"I find no crime in him at all;
"And as our custom long has been, in honor of your Feast,
"That of your race some prisoner bound should forthwith be released;
"And mine it is to ratify the deed, and yours to choose;
"Will ye that I shall now set free this monarch of the Jews?"

"No; not this man, but Barabbas!" Offended with the name—
Instructed by their priests—the crowd, as with one voice, acclaim;
Gloom and Glory.

The murderous robber, to the Prince of Life and Peace they choose:
Oh, lasting insult to our kind, and shame to all the Jews!

The haughty Roman turned around, in spirit much distress’d:
For fear, and doubt, and honor swayed the bias of his breast.
He pondered o’er the rabble’s cry, and strove to find the cause;
He pondered o’er the Pontiff’s words, and charge of broken Laws.
The priests’ and levites’ scowling looks still in his mind were seen;
He heard the scribes’ and rulers’ sneers about the Nazarene.
He looked upon the Master’s face, that face so calm and kind,
Where charity, deep seated, spoke the nature of his mind.
"But yet perchance some evil lurks," he thought, as still in doubt;
"I will chastise him with the scourge, and force the secret out."
Then was the beauteous body bared that the seamless garb did hide,
And on that faultless form divine the Roman scourge was plied.
The gentle Master deeply sobbed, and tearful were His eyes;
But while the soldier lash’d His form there came no wailing cries.
By way of further infamy, they robed His form in red,
And twined a wreath of spiky thorns and placed it on His head;
Then thrust in His right hand a reed, as sceptre wand to use,
And bowed before, and mocking cried—"Hail! Monarch of the Jews!"
They smote Him with their rods, and bound a bandage round His brow,
And cried, with taunts and shameful jeers—"Who smites thee, prophet, now?"
But dumb and still the Master stood before the ruthless band,
Even as a sheep that, stained and bruised, doth by her shearsers stand.
No anger from His patient eyes on His tormentors flame;
The bruised reed He did not break, but triumphed o'er the shame.

That inquisition Pilate viewed as guardian of the State,
And marvelled at the gentleness that made the Master great.
Then turning, he addressed the crowd—"The torture was in vain;
"The prisoner Jesus to yourselves I must restore again.
"By scourging he was truly tried, in body and in mind,
"And neither trace of sin or shame could my enquiry find.
"And who this patient Christ can be I wonder more and more,
"For ne'er such magnanimity have I beheld before."
Then with a sign he bade the guard produce Him to the crowd.
And lo! the mighty Master came, with gentle sorrow bow'd;
The robe of insult clothed His form, the wreath of thorns His brow;
Gloom and Glory.

Oh, what a triumph has He won! Oh, what a victory now!
And well might Pilate, as he turned the outraged Prince to scan,
Thus to the multitude exclaim—"He comes! Behold the Man!"

A fearful hush came o'er the crowd, a silence as of death—
As if the Prince of Life had laid a spell upon their breath.
But soon a sullen murmur set the evil passions free;
As when a mountain gust disturbs the Lake of Galilee.
"Behold the Man!" the Pontiff Chief in hate and anger cried.
"Away! away! with such a man! let him be crucified!"
And "Crucify him! Crucify!" from that vast crowd arose;
And not a friend was standing near for life to interpose.

Ere yet the many voices then had ceased their hateful strife,
In haste there came a messenger from Pontius Pilate's wife.
He bowed towards the Governor, who by the Christ did stand,
And, as his mistress bade, he placed a tablet in his hand.
The characters the Roman scanned, with calm and curious eyes,
While on his countenance there beamed the symptoms of surprise.
"Why should the woman interfere?" unto himself he said.
"Why venture thus to counsel me?" as those strange words he read—
"Oh, husband dear, I warn thee well, heed not the noisy crew:
"With this just man, whom they abuse, have thou nothing to do,
"For, in the night a fearful dream has made my spirit quake,
"And all the day have I been sad with sorrow for his sake."

Then Pilate to the people said—"What will ye that I do "With Jesus Christ your King? Will I release him unto you?"
"Not him, but Barabbas!" they cried, again, and yet again, "The cross is the impostor's due! He well deserves the pain!"

Once more the Governor replied—"No fault in him I see; "If ye must have the blameless life, bear witness I am free.
"I yield to you, as is my wont, in honour of your Feast, "And Jesus shall be crucified and Barabbas released! "Yours is the doom, the judgment yours: Before the world I stand
"Without a drop of this man's blood bespotting either hand."

The hall two women entered then, two damsels fair and pure: One brought a water basin clean, the other brought a ewer; Beside the Governor they stood, and near the gentle Lord, And she who held the sacred ewer into the basin poured The sanctifying water clear. And Pilate, in the sight
Gloom and Glory.

Of the great multitude, performed the guilt-absolving rite:
With pious care he laved his hands, and turning to the crowd,
The deed of absolution done, he thus exclaimed aloud—
"As ye have seen me cleanse my hands thus in the sacred flood,
"I stand before you innocent of this just person’s blood.
"Ye are the doomsmen, and your guilt I share not—I am free!
"The consequences of this day with you and yours must be."
Thus having spoken to the host, the Roman ruler bowed,
And as he sought his palace home the people cried aloud—
"On us and ours the guilt may rest, if guilt there is to bear,
"Nor need have we of any one with us that guilt to share;
"For plainly has our Law declared that such as he shall die
"In blasphemy who names himself the Son of God most High."

Altho’ the Ruler with the crowd refused to parley more,
Still stood the Master by the porch of the Prætorium door.
The purple robe His person still in mockery did adorn,
Still rested on His sacred head the martyr’s wreath of thorn.

Meanwhile, the angry multitude their clamours did not cease,
While reigned in sorrow’s saddest hour the noble Prince of Peace.
Even as Isaiah had beheld Him worn with suffering sore
In that prophetic vision seen seven hundred years before;
For he had marked the victory of Christ the Master then,
Although despised, and shamed, and wronged, and by His
countrymen.
He knew the Man of Sorrows well, tho' marr'd by woe and grief,
And far away our Jesus saw, the glorious, Saviour chief.
"In heart we treated Him with scorn," thus did Isaiah say,
"We hid our faces from our friend, we turned our eyes away;
"Our griefs He truly made His own, our troubles were His load,
"And yet we held Him stricken down and smitten by His God.
"But for our own iniquities He was tormented thus,
"The bruises, and those bleeding wounds, He bore instead of us.
"From punishment because of sin, He did our bodies shield,
"Our peace was gained by His distress, His stripes our wounds have healed;
"For we like sheep had gone astray, alas! both great and small,
"And on our Lord was caused to rest the evil of us all.
"And, though afflicted and oppress'd by men of sin and shame,
"The gentle Master still endured and meekly bore the blame!"

They mocked the blessed Master, as the holy prophet said;
They spat upon His kindly face; they smote Him on the head;
They rent from Him the purple robe, with oath and scornful cry,
And led away the Lamb of God unto Mount Calvary.

The noontide hour was drawing near, the streets began to fill,
And citizens in thousands moved toward the Sacred Hill.
But where was Simon Peter now? so brave in deed and word,
Who lopp'd the lobe of Malchus' ear that morning with his sword?
And where was Andrew Zebedee? and where the loving John?
The winepress on this fearful day the Master treads alone.

The cross upon His shoulder bound the victim Lord must bear,
Until Cyrenian Simon's form was seen approaching near;
Then on the guileless countryman the burthen was enjoined:
The Godlike offering walked before and Simon came behind.
And this was He who came into that city proud and fair
When other sights were seen on earth and other sounds on air;
This was the very Jesus Christ who rode upon the ass
When thousands strewed the palmboughs wide where'er He chanced to pass.
And thousands spread their best attire upon the highway road,
In honor of the Saviour King, the Teacher sent from God.
And tens of thousands, old and young, did their hosannas raise,
Until the very vault of heaven was ringing with His praise.
For thousands of disciples then had sung in glad accord—
"Oh, blessed be the King who comes with mercy from the Lord;
Gloom and Glory.

"Earth yield Him highest majesty! Heaven send Him sweetest peace!

"Hosanna, hallelujah!" still they cried, and would not cease.

The echoes of those songs of joy have scarcely died way;
The boughs have scarcely lost the green that strewed the roads that day;
And loving Mary’s offering of exquisite perfume
Is shedding still its fragrance sweet in Bethany’s lowly room;
And from the lips of Peter have but escaped the cry—
"Though all men should deny thee, Lord, my Master, will not I."

The Shepherd now was smitten sore, the sheep were scattered wide,
And in that hour of shame and pain none ventured by His side.

Oh, He had seen the gathering of wrath clouds far away,
When on Mount Olivet He rode in triumph on that day!
While in their hearts they throned Him high, with Zion’s towers in view,
The cause of sadness on His brow, alas! they little knew.
But they had seen Him weeping, as onward He did pass;
And they had heard Him sighing then—"Alas! alas! alas!"
They little knew His sorrow, His tears, His sobs, His groan Were due to others’ woes and griefs and troubles, not His own.

But now the ways are crowded, and lo! on either hand
In clusters men and women in all the spaces stand.
And pale was every countenance, and many wept to see
The Master walking by the cross toward Mount Calvary.
But though the might of darkness had wrought its evil will,  
The victim was the vanquisher, the lowly triumphed still.

So calmly walked the Master, His eyes upon the ground,  
For tho' ten thousand murmurs rose He did not look around.

But when a band came pressing, more near, and yet more near,  
And women’s gentler voices in wailing He could hear,  
He turned around while climbing the Hill of Doom and said—  
"Oh daughters of Jerusalem, be not disquieted;  
And cease to shed your sorrows thus, and weep and wail for me;  
For greater griefs your passions save, and troubles yet to be.  
Weep for yourselves, and for the babes that on your breasts have smiled,  
For soon your lips will bless the paps that never feed the child:  
And then will evildoers mourn, and on the mountains call—  
‘Fall on us with your stony folds, ye gorges hide us all.’  
For if when trees are fresh and green they thus pass justice by,  
What will they do when Winter comes, and all the boughs are dry?"

And now the blessed Master has reached the fatal mound;  
And Simon, sad and weary, lays his burthen on the ground,  
And round the soldiers gather, the deed of shame to do,  
While, ranged at greater distance, all the people stood to view.
Gloom and Glory.

A mighty hush came over that concourse great and small,
And men and women held their breaths, to see what would befall;
But though they stripped the Master, and nailed Him on the ground,
No ear could hear a murmur, or wail, or groaning sound;
And when the cross was lifted, in sight of friends and foes,
A shudder, and a fearful cry, from all the people rose.

The soldier band divided the garments of the Lord,
Confirming what had been foretold by good Isaiah's word;
But for His seamless vesture the lot was cast, to say
Whose hands, in memory of the deed, should bear the prize away.
And sitting down beside the cross, before the people all,
The soldiers rested for a time, to see what would befall.

And while they thus kept watch and ward, and all the crowd was still,
Behold, another soldier band came marching up the hill.
Two crosses and two prisoner forms, conspicuous then were seen—
Two men of daring countenance and guilt-dejected mien.
And on the crest of Calvary, with groans and agonies,
Each prisoner to his beam was nailed while fearful shrieks arise;
And there, beside the Master's cross, they made the robbers' stand.
Alas! that such a spectacle should show on Holy Land!
The Friend of Sinners evermore, in life and death, was He,
And with transgressors at the last He numbered thus must be.
But ever on the Centre Cross the eyes of all must cling,
Where shows the superscription clear—"Jesus, the Jewish
King."
And some, reviling, cried aloud and wagged their heads in
scorn—
"Oh, man of might and miracle, why art thou thus forlorn?
"Why now with thieves upon a cross should such a
Saviour be;
"If thou art God’s own Son, come down, and we will
worship thee?"

And priests and elders, mockingly, this testimony gave—
"He saved the sick and sinful oft, himself he cannot save!
"If he is Israel’s chosen King now let him undeceive;
"Come from the Cross, oh! man of might, and we will all
believe.
"He placed his confidence in God, and he is now undone!
"Oh, surely God at such a time would not forsake His
Son?"

A deeper hush came o’er the crowd, none dared to whisper
free;
And words that had been spoken seemed as fearful blas-
phemy.
The noonday sun had lost his heat, the noonday sky its light,
And all the heaven grew still and dark, like to a starless
night.
The very air seemed weighted down, as by a sense of pain;
Strange sounds were heard in earth and sky, and on the
distant main;
The temple shook and the sacred veil of mystery rent in
twain.
O’er all the land a gloomy haze of solemn darkness lay
Gloom and Glory.

From noontide prime until about the ninth hour of the day:
And through the hush, and fearful gloom, there came a fearful cry,
The voice of Christ—"Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani?"
And many heard and shook with fear, and sighed, and nothing said:
And others whispered—"Lo! he calls Elias to his aid!"
And as the light began to show, when passed that strange eclipse,
One dipped a sponge in vinegar, and raised it to His lips.
While some exclaimed—"Let be! let be!" with fear upon their brow,
"And see if his Elias friend will come and save him now!"

Again the voice of Jesus came sounding loud and clear,
The triumph! "It is finished!" strikes terror to each ear.
No other words were spoken, no other voice replied;
His lips grew pale; His head sank down; He closed His eyes and died.

There came a fearful tremor across the land again,
As if from spirits, in the earth, consigned to penance pain;
And all the buildings shuddered, and every rock and tree;
And dark and fearful grew the sky above Mount Calvary.
Stern warriors own'd their terror, and the Centurion
Looked at the centre cross, and sighed—"This was a righteous man!"
Another voice more plainly was heard to sound abroad—
"Oh, surely this was Christ the King, the very Son of God!"
And dreadful consternation was pictured on the crowd,
For in the deeps of earth and sky it thundered long and loud.
And sepulchres had opened, in fissures dark and wide,
And, in the sight of many eyes, strange forms were seen to glide.

Mute gazed the Roman soldiers; the jeering priests had fled,
And Pharisees, and Sadducees, were pale as are the dead.
And silent groups stood beating their breasts, with terror dumb,

And looking at the sky, as if the Judgment Day had come.
And thousands from the spectacle in horror turned away,
And wildly on each other frown'd, and knew not what to say.

There came to many a bosom a sense of shame and fear,
A sense of guilt, and grief, and woe, and vengeance hovering near.

But, from afar beholding, there lingered still a crowd
Of stranger men and women, in deepest sorrow bowed;
And there were cries of anguish, and hot and bitter tears,
And many hearts were bleeding with grief and human fears.

For thence the voice had sounded of the expiring One—
“Oh son, behold thy mother! Woman, behold thy son!”
And there had come together, most loving hearts and true,
And even the blessed mother’s eyes that fearful sight must view.

And John, the kind apostle, amongst the group was seen,
And Mary, wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.
Oh, these were fain to follow the Master, in disgrace,
When all around them stormed, and raged, old Zion’s populace.
And there, amongst the sorrowing ones, no truer soul was seen
Than that sweet life that had been soiled—the gentle Magdalene.
And she had known His goodness, and she had learned to prove
The healing of His kindly hands, the virtue of His love.
And in her soul was lighted the never-dying flame,
And ever, while the Gospel sounds, will ages speak her name.
Hers was the love more brightly that burns with danger near,
The love that trial strengthens, and triumphs over fear.
Oh, women! blessed women, who came from Galilee,
And dared to follow Jesus to gloomy Calvary,
Your eyes first saw the triumph of gentleness o'er sin!
Your eyes first saw the dawning of God's Salvation in!
And when the strife was ended, and every hope had fled,
And plainly, on that fearful cross, you saw your Lord was dead,
There came no idle sorrow, no thought to turn away
From Him whom ye had learned to love, when shone the brighter day!
For when the sun was sinking, beyond the mountains down,
Lo! pious Joseph, up the hill, came posting from the town;
For he had been to Pilate and gained the ruler's word
To bear unto the burial place the body of the Lord;
Where in a Garden, planted with trees of shape and shade,
The rich and pious Councillor a costly tomb had made.
And while it was progressing, beneath his daily care,
He little thought the Blessed Lord would first find shelter there.
And when the sad spectators, who came from Galilee,
A band of kindly workmen about the cross could see,
And with them Nicodemus, and pious Joseph too,
They ventured near and nearer, that fearful sight to view.
For there the rock was coated with sanguinary gloss,
And gentle men with loving care were lowering down the cross,
As loth to mar the body, or aggravate a wound,
While from its poise they eased the load, and placed it on the ground,
And from the palms and ankles the iron spikes they drew,
That the hammer's force against the beams had driven through and through.

And loving ones were present, else whence that crystal flood,
Wherewith those hands were cleansing now that form from dust and blood?
Else whence could stainless linen, so readily be found,
Wherewith to wrap so tenderly that comely body round?
And why are all so eager to render needful aid?
And why is deepest sorrow thus on every face displayed?

The Galileean women are pressing closer now;
And one must grasp those lifeless hands, and kiss that icy brow,
And speak, 'tween sobs of anguish, so many a kindly word;
It is the gentle Mary! the Mother of the Lord!
And there with costly perfume, a sad and loving band,
The Galilean women around the body stand.
Perchance the mother pondered, as when a child He lay
And strangers brought Him odors from regions far away,
And made His manger cradle like to a rose in bloom,
Even so with fragrant perfumes they fresh Him for His tomb.
Oh, blessed amongst women! well hast thou done thy part,
Thy Son hath gained the victor's crown; the sword hath pierced thy heart!

A solemn train attended the body to the tomb.
And now the night wind rising begins to shed the gloom;
The highways are deserted, and not a sound is heard,
O'er hill and vale uprising, from either beast or bird:
The twilight stars are darkened, as by a funeral pall;
And gloom, and grief, and sorrow are brooding over all!

The grave receives the body—the ceremony o'er,
And strong-armed men have roll'd and sealed the heavy marble door.
Towards the Master's resting-place the weeping mourners bow,
And sighing, to their homes withdraw, for all is over now.
The fearful strife has ended; the Day of Gloom has pass'd;
And only Death the Conqueror, seems conqueror at last.
The Glory.

They had mixed the balm and spices before the Sabbath day,
And, early in the morning, the women went away
From an under-room in the city, towards the sacred grove
Where the new tomb held the body of Him they had learned to love:
While overhead some voices were heard in solemn tone,
The voice of Simon Peter, the gentler voice of John.
But the women did not tarry, for in the eastern skies
The morning star was showing where the sun ere long would rise.

Across the peaks are drifting low fog clouds not a few,
And hill and vale are sleeping, refreshed in blessed dew:
The ancient city slumbered, the sound of watchmen's feet
Were the only noises stirring on pavement and in street,
Save when in dreamy cadence, like to a muffled bell,
Each from his beat his fellow hailed and chanted—"All is well!"
"But is all well?" said Mary, a tear drop in her eye.
"Alas! alas!" Johanna responded with a sigh.
"Ah!" said the other Mary, "that we should see this day!
"But whose strong arm will aid us, and roll the stone away?"
For while with hearts so eager their work of love went on,
The Master seemed so very near they thought not of the stone.
3°

Gloom and Glory.

They hurried past the houses, with swift and noiseless tread,
Where parents with their offspring were still asleep in bed:
They reached ere long the suburbs, where garden trees found room,
Where vine and peach and palm trees were, and the air was sweet with bloom:
They reached the wider spaces, where wheat and barley grew,
And meadow blossoms in the air a rich aroma threw;
And soon in Joseph's garden, above the lofty wall,
They saw the shapely box arise, and the bay, and poplar tall.

And now their hearts were throbbing, their minds were seized with dread,
For fancy bade them hear before the Roman soldiers' tread;
But idle were their fancies, the Roman guard had gone ere the third watch of the night had pass'd, and the morning star had shone.
And away beyond the ranges, lo! smiling sweetly are the dayspring clear, and beyond the flush, the ever blessed star.

The song-birds now are waking, high in the leafy spray,
And never seemed their notes so sweet as they did seem to-day;
And never, never, surely, did bough or blossom pour such heavenly waftings of perfume upon the air before:
And surely, never, never, did the stars of God above ray down on man such precious smiles of joy and peace and love.
Gloom and Glory.

But the women hurried onward, with love more strong than fear,
And they have reached the garden, and now the tomb is near;
And lo! from out the sepulchre there beams a wondrous light:
Oh, Galilean women! why tremble at the sight?
Lo, angels are your helpers! ye need not now delay,
Behold the door stands open wide, the stone is roll'd away!

A holy boldness seized them—why should they be afraid
To enter where the body of Him they loved was laid!
A sweet and heavenly odor was issuing from the door—
From pious Joseph's spikenard, "an hundred pounds and more."
And one by one they enter, and search the chamber round,
But nowhere was the body of Jesus to be found:
There was the burial linen, the gums and spices rare,
But oh, the blessed body of Jesus was not there!

Upon each other sadly the sorrowing women gazed;
Their thoughts were so bewildered, their minds were so amazed:
And as their hearts were throbbing, and tears came to each eye,
Two men in shining garments were noticed standing by.
Their calm and happy features revealed their heavenly birth,
Before them bowed the women with their faces to the earth;
And as they stooped the angels, in soothing accents, said—
"Why seek ye here your Master! the living 'mongst the dead?"
"Long for the Lord's Anointed, here will ye search in vain.
"He told ye oft in Galilee that He would rise again.
"O'er Death, so long the conqueror, who taught mankind to bow,
"Your great Immanuel triumphs, for Death is conquered now:
"The tyrant of the nations a captive slave is led,
"For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, has risen from the dead!"

But what was said scarce knowing, scarce trusting what was seen,
Off from her sisters darted the Mary Magdalene:
She wandered in the garden, and on the morning air
Outpoured her woman's sorrow, her sorrow and despair.
And as she wept in bitterness, on that sweet morning tide,
Unnoticed, lo! a stately form was standing by her side.
Unseen by her the dignity of that majestic brow,
The kindly voice alone she heard—"Woman, why weepest thou?"
"Well may I weep," said Mary, not lifting up her eyes,
"For they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where He lies!"
And when she thus had spoken, she turned around her face,
And thought she saw beside her there the keeper of the place.
Again the Presence questions—"Woman, why weepest thou?
"And say whom art thou seeking here within the garden now?"
And gentle Mary sobbing spake—"If thou hast taken Him say,
“And tell me where my Lord is laid, and I will bear Him away.”

The Presence answered—“Mary!” “Rabonni!” she replied,

For now she knew the blessed Lord was standing by her side.

Her mourning turned to dancing, the bitter now was sweet:

“My Lord! my God!” she cried with joy, and fell towards His feet.

“Touch me not yet,” said Jesus, “for I must hence and show

“My Father God the body that bore the stripes and woe;

“But seek you now my brethren, and thus unto them say—

“‘That to our common Father God their Jesus hastes away.’”

And as He spoke He vanished.

No longer now cast down,

Away ran Mary Magdalene with speed toward the town,

Her heart with joy was beating, her spirit was elate;

Oh say was this the Mary who passed that garden’s gate,

Bearing the burial spices, and grief of greater weight?

And still the stars were shining, for night was scarcely o’er,

And oh! they seemed more beautiful than e’er they showed before.

And still the birds were singing, high on the leafy spray,

But ne’er before ear heard them sing with so divine a lay.

She hurried past the meadows, and past the cornfields too,
And past the lovely gardens, where blooming fruit trees grew;
And past the silent houses, whence rose no curls of smoke,
And where the rest of Sabbath appeared not to have broke;
And soon she reached the citadel, and soon she reached the town,
Where on their beat the watchmen still were pacing up and down.
And now along the thoroughfares some early travellers came.
But Mary with her message sped, the news was not for them.
Her limbs began to falter, and her heart was beating high,
When she beheld their lodging-place in Zion drawing nigh:
And no one watched her coming, or hailed her form, before The blessed harbinger of joy stood breathless by the door.

But overhead some voices still were heard, in solemn tone—
The voice of Simon Peter, the gentler voice of John!
In earnest consultation could these Apostles say—
"Our sorrows have prevented the dawning of the day!"
For sleep had fled their pillows, their hearts with woe were bowed,
Their joy, their hope, their light of life was covered by a cloud.
Though long they followed Jesus, what had their profit been?
Some knowledge they had doubtless gained, and many wonders seen,
But, with their Master leading, they wander now no more,
And they were poor and friendless, as they had been before.
Good cause had long-neglected wives and children to complain,
Gloom and Glory.

For all their deeds were profitless, and all their learning vain.

"We must return," said Peter, "we cannot tarry here;"
"For many are our enemies, and sustenance is dear!"
"Alas!" said John, assenting, "no other course I see;
"We must again be fishermen, and toil on Galilee!"

Then murmured Thomas Didymus, who also was awake—
"I trow we all have suffered much, and lost for Jesus'sake;
"The Master promised bliss to all, and peace, and happiness;
"I little dreamed our toils and hopes were doomed to lead to this!"

But kindly John responded—"Though we have tasted woe,
"Our Master, I remember well, foretold it would be so;
"And though another like to Him there is not in the land,
"His lessons were too difficult for us to understand!"
"The day is breaking slowly!" said Peter, with a sigh—
"But hark that clamor in the street! It is a woman's cry!"

For Mary still was standing, heart beating, at the door,
Much wondering that they had not heard her knocks and cries before.

"'Tis Mary's voice!" said Simon; "why makes she such a din?"
"I will go down, my brethren, and let the woman in!"

Soon as the door was opened, glad Magdalene began—
"Oh, know I am the messenger of glorious news to man,
"For from our Master's presence I even now have sped;
"Rejoice! rejoice! our Jesus has risen from the dead!
"He bids me bring this message: He takes the heavenly road
"To greet His mighty Father, and our Father and our God."
Amazed was Simon Peter her beaming face to see;  
Amazed he heard her wondrous words of joy and mystery.  
Those in the upper chamber have heard the cheerful sound,  
And soon the sad Apostle band began to gather round.  
They looked upon the woman with scrutinising view,  
She trembled with excitement still; but was her story true?  
She once had been a lunatic, that very well they knew.  
But Mary's heart was joyful, though Mary's eyes were red;  
They saw the tears of grief and woe were not the tears she shed:  
Her words and ways were wonderful, but still they shook their head.

And while they thus stood doubting, and questioning the dame,  
In haste, behold, good Chusa's wife and the other Mary came.  
And joy upon their faces beamed, as in accord they said—  
"Rejoice! rejoice! our blessed Lord has risen from the dead!"  
"For we had sought His sepulchre, when night was scarcely o'er,  
"And there we found our blessed Lord had risen long before.  
"Instead of Romans, angel guards a holy watch did keep;  
"These told us He had left the tomb, and bade us cease to weep;  
"They showed the linen garments that had been wrapped around,  
"But the body of the Blessed One was nowhere to be found."
“Oh, we have cause for thankfulness, and little cause for dread:
“Rejoice! rejoice! our blessed Lord has risen from the dead!”
And to her sister’s story joined Magdalene her word,
And as she spoke she cried with joy—“And I have seen the Lord.”

But doubt was on the faces of those despondent men,
No woman’s visionary tale could rouse their hopes again,
And some delusive fancy now they thought had turned their brain.
One looked upon another, and knew not what to say,
While some at stern faced duty’s voice abruptly walked away;
But John has motioned Simon, and Simon went to John,
And for a time together thus they spake in undertone:—
“I know not how,” said Peter, “our sisters’ tale to view;
Their faith appears most wonderful, their hopes are strong and new:
Perhaps, my brother, after all, the story may be true!”
And John replied to Simon—“My soul is ill at ease;
A wondrous light seems breaking in upon me by degrees,
For while we were with Jesus, thou knowest very well,
He told us much, the meaning whereof we could not tell;
And I can now remember, that oftentimes He said
Some words about His dying, and rising from the dead;
Those words about His dying are now made very plain,
We may have err’d in doubting that He would rise again!”
"The sepulchre," said Peter, "is not so far away, 
"Let us go there, and prove the worth of what the women say."
And forth at once they started, along the public road:
And now the day was brightening, and thousands were abroad;
But never a salutation was spoken, as they sped
To view the tomb, and prove the worth of what the women said.

A gentle wind, from the eastward, had now began to blow,
And, loud and clear, in a courtyard near, a cock was heard to crow.
And Peter seemed to shudder, and walk more briskly on;
And his face was flushed, as hurriedly he stole a glance at John.
But kindly John was pensive, and turned not round his head.
He thought of the night of sorrow sore, and sighed, and nothing said.
For though he had not openly denied his Master's name,
Too well he knew his cowardice had made him share the shame.
So on they went, all silently, along the public road,
Till Arimathea came in view, and Joseph's garden showed.
But when they reached the enclosure, and saw the tomb arise,
The tears began to trickle down from both Apostles' eyes,
And by strange impulse prompted, and feelings true and strong,
Towards their Master's resting-place they ran in haste along.
And John outran his fellow; but when he reached the door
A holy fear his will restrained to see his Lord once more.
But Simon entered boldly, and as he looked around,
He saw the funeral garments, and the napkin on the ground;
He breathed the fragrant spices upon the marble poured,
But saw not in the sepulchre the body of the Lord.

With reverential sorrow, his true companion, John
Still lingered by the doorway, and rested on the stone;
But Peter bade him enter, and witness with his eyes
The evidences of this last of awful mysteries;
There were the linen garments, that once had robed the dead,
And there the napkin, snowy white, that bound the chin and head.
No sign was there of sacrilege, on clothing, wreathe, or stone:
The sepulchre a chamber seemed from which the guest had gone.

When all around the burial place again they cast their eyes,
The one upon the other looked, in wonder and surprise:
"What may this mean?" said Simon, and John replied—
"Alas!
"I know not! Something wonderful has surely come to pass!"
Then forthwith to Jerusalem again returned the two,
But so perplexed in mind they knew not what to say or do.
And now on distant Lebanon the rising lustre shines,
And sunbeams gild, most gloriously, his snows, and oaks
and pines;
And in the waking city, where the deed of shame was done,
Lo! roofs, and towers, and pinnacles are blazing with the
sun.
And the eastern breezes blowing, are almost heard to say—
"Rise, every child of sorrow, rise! the night has passed
away."
And when from out their dwellings the waking people came,
With a wondrous glow of softened light the morning
seemed to flame.

Meanwhile a group had gathered beside the lodging place,
To wait the two Apostles, with interest in each face;
And great were their surmisings; when lo! the sound of
feet!
And Peter and John, at distance known, were seen upon
the street.
"What tidings from the sepulchre?" cried Andrew; "do
you bear?"
And Simon Peter answered him—"We found no body
there;
"Nor seems there ought to justify our fear of evil play;
"Perhaps some friends, at midnight hour, have borne our
dead away."
And John, in turn, more hopefully, this faithful statement
made—
"Appearance seems to justify what our good sisters said."
"Alas, ye unbelieving ones!" exulting Mary cried.
"I saw the Lord! I heard Him speak! He's risen from
the dead!"
Gloom and Glory.

But John and Simon Peter were much perplexed in soul,
And after having broke their fast, aside with Luke they stole
Into a quiet inner room, to read the Prophet’s scroll.
And others went about the town, and others went to pray;
And two unto Emmaus walked, some eight long miles away,
For ’twas agreed they should not start to Galilee that day.

And still the women’s faces with smiles are overspread;
And still they kept repeating—“Christ has risen from the dead.”
Though Mark and Andrew cautioned them, and Thomas shook his head,
They smiled, and sang in concert still—“He’s risen from the dead.”
For who can hide the glory, when, o’er the mountains grand,
The fountain source of light and love beams down on sea and land;
Can hide the vernal sunshine, that hope and gladness brings;
For unto them the sun had risen, with healing in his wings.
Their eyes had seen the brightness, their hearts had felt the glow,
And every creature whom they met their blessedness must know.

And soon a great commotion was in the city made,
For some the story heard with scorn, and some grew much afraid;
And thousands to the sepulchre went posting to behold
The tomb in Joseph's garden space of which the tale was
told;
And schoolmen sneered, and Sadducees in pious horror
smiled
That people's minds should ruffle thus, and by a dream so
wild.
"Heed not such fabrications vile!" the wrathful priests
did say;
"His fraudulent followers came at night and stole the
dead away."

And still in crowds the populace did seek the empty tomb,
And gazed upon the linen clothes, and breathed the
strange perfume;
And rumours loud, and louder still, were voiced about the
town,
The women of the company were not to be put down;
They shouted—"Christ has risen!" in high and glad
accord,
And Mary still her chorus sang—"And I have seen the
Lord!"

Again the sun has left the skies, again the stars above
Are shedding down on hill and plain the tender light of
love,
And from the Upper Chamber, lo! there comes a joyful
din,
Apostles and disciples there, are surely glad within.
"Rejoice! rejoice!" the voices of men and women say;
"The Star of Promise shines at last, the gloom has passed
away,
“And now the sheep will hear again the gentle Master’s voice;  
“For Simon, too, has seen the Lord. Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!”

And while the night was passing with joy and holy cheer,  
Lo! in the street the tread of feet and knocking they could hear;  
And soon the two disciples return who went away  
Unto Emmaus after noon upon that self-same day.  
And joyfully they welcomed back the two disciples then,  
And with glad hearts and voices resumed their song again.  
Much wondered the Apostle band to find the two in tune,  
And from Emmaus, questioned why they had returned so soon.

“We came,” replied Cleophas, “because we could not stay,  
And pause awhile and you shall hear what happened by the way;  
For scarcely in our journey we had gone beyond the gate,  
When we an intercourse began on what was done of late:  
The guiltless life our Master led, the death of shame He died,  
The blighting of those hopes and joys that blossomed by His side.  
Perhaps our hearts were quivering then with sorrow and with sighs,  
Perhaps the tears, in burning drops, were trickling from our eyes;  
We saw none other creature near, upon the public road,  
But deemed we were communing then with our own hearts and God;  
When softly, lo! a stranger’s form behind us seemed to glide,
Gloom and Glory.

"And the kind man, for such he seemed, kept walking by our side,
"And thus he spoke in gentle tone—' Why are ye both so sad,
"'When trees are green, and flowers are gay, and all the birds are glad;
"'For sunless seems to be your sky, or sorrow hides the ray,
"'Else why so dark and solemn both on this bright summer's day?'
"And I responded—' Surely, sir, you are a stranger here,
"'And have not heard the tale of woe still sounding far and near:
"'What tale of woe? ' so gently asked the pilgrim by our side,
"And I replied—' The tale of woe about the Crucified;
"'For we had once a Master dear, and Jesus was His name,
"'And mighty were His words and deeds, and mighty was His fame,
"'And kindly were His heart and hand, and lofty was His plan,
"'And fearlessly He held the truth in sight of God and man.
"'But all the priests against Him rose, the rulers took their side,
"'And three days since on Calvary our Lord was crucified.
"'And we in Him had placed our trust, even till His Spirit passed,
"'That Israel's promised Saviour King had come to us at last,
"'And now our hopes have felt the force of disappointment's blast.
"'And well may we be sorrowful with such a weight of woe,
"'Our hopes with our good Master died but three short days ago.
"'Within a garden sepulchre, for a rich statesman made,
"'The body of the Righteous One by loving hands was laid,
"'And early in the morning hours, before the dawn of day,
"'Some women of our company, who journeyed then away
"'With spices to the sepulchre, the body to embalm,
"'Returned in haste and told a tale might well disturb our calm.
"'The sepulchre they open found, but all in vain their care,
"'The body of the Blessed One, our Master, was not there;
"'But by the tomb our sisters saw an angel guard, who said
"'That He, the object of their care, had risen from the dead.
"'And others sought the sepulchre, to prove if this might be,
"'And found all as the woman said, but Him they could not see.'

"And when the story thus I told, the stranger closer came,
"And spake these words of comfort sweet, and hope, and gentle blame—
"'Oh, foolish men! so lightly thus to value what was told
"'By holy prophets sent by God His purpose to unfold!
"'Had you but heard, and heeded well, you surely might have seen
"'That with the world's Redeemer so it could not but have been.'
"And then from every sage and seer, from Moses down to John,
"The things concerning Christ the Lord were clearly to us shown,
"And on their words such wondrous light that stranger friend did pour,
"As never on the sacred scrolls had shone for us before.

"And now the sun was sinking down into the western sky,
"And we towards our village bourne were also drawing nigh;
"But onward looked the stranger's face, towards the setting day,
"And centred seemed his kindly eyes upon the far away.
"But fervently our wish we pressed—'Come with us and abide,
"'For day is over now and gone, and 'tis the eventide.'
"And proudly beat our hearts, and glad and great was our delight,
"When with us then he turned aside, to tarry for the night.
"A friendly welcome greeted each, and on the table spread
"Was generous store of wholesome food, and honeycomb and bread.
"And lo! our wondrous stranger friend arose and blessed the board,
"While we at one another looked, and cried—'It is the Lord!'
"And to our great astonishment he vanished at the word.

"We gazed upon each other long ere we found voice to say:
"'No wonder that our spirits glowed with gladness by the way,
"'Whe^ on the book of prophecy such living light he poured!'
"And joyfully we cried again—'It was! it was the Lord!'

"Then from the table, in our hands a piece of blessed bread,
"We rose, and hither came in haste, by sacred impulse led;
"A power constrained us to depart, and we could not refuse,
"But joyed to be the messengers of such transporting news."

And so Cleophas told his tale: But see yon woman's brow,
And hear her joyfully exclaim—"Who doubts poor Mary now?"
And then, with heart and voice, again the glad disciples said—
"Rejoice! rejoice! our Saviour King has risen from the dead!"

And lo! while gladness reigned within, nor other sound was heard,
The object of their joy and hope, the Lord himself appeared.
But, terrified, the company receded from His view,
Though kindly fell the Master's words—"My peace be unto you!"
And loudly beat their hearts with fear, and wildly glared their eyes
As from the earth they had beheld a spirit form arise.
And Jesus spoke reprovingly—"Why are ye troubled so?"
Gloom and Glory.

"Have ye so soon forgotten me? Do none their Jesus know?"

"That 'tis the very Son of Man, come handle me and see;
"A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye behold in me:
"Lo, in my hands the nail-prints still! and see upon my side
"The gashing of the Roman's spear that pierced me ere I died."

Encouraged thus, around their Lord in trembling joy they drew;
And still it seemed a blessed dream, too blessed to be true;
But when they saw the wounded palms, their former Lord they knew;
And then their eyes were opened wide, and plain they could behold
What every holy prophet's voice had long ago foretold.
No longer now they shrink with fear, or seek their shame to hide:
The Lord was their Redeemer now, and they were satisfied.

Again the gentle Master's voice reminds them of the past,
And bids them trust His loving grace, for surely it will last.
The fount of healing opened now will never more run dry,
The waters of the living well must spring eternally;
"The promise of the Father's love," the great Messiah said,
"Shall come to you as Comforter, and Guide, and present Aid,
"The Spirit ever hovering near! Ye need not be afraid!
"And though you here as strangers live, and far away from home,
"Still tarry in Jerusalem until the Spirit come.
Then shall your lives the Gospel sounds of heavenly grace proclaim,
And every land shall know my love, and nations learn my name!
And from this city, where our foes have sinned the greatest sin,
The Gospel tidings first must sound, your mission first begin."

Then came assurance to each heart; then came the lively hope;
Then came the mighty impulses to bear them on and up;
For then upon their lives there beamed the Resurrection ray;
Oh, then they saw the Kingdom come that would not pass away.
No more they sigh for wealth or fame of any earthly kind,
Their only wish Messiah's reign o'er spirit, heart, and mind,
And in His blessed service still their beings to employ,
And spread amongst the nations round the glory and the joy.

But who will trust their good report? and will it swiftly run?
And will God's waiting servant's hear, and put salvation on?
And will the poor and needy ones accept the aid they bring?
And will the thirsty pilgrims press towards the living spring?
But thus they did not question then; 'twas theirs for Jesus' sake
To sound the blessing everywhere, and cry—"Awake! awake!
"Put on the garments beautiful, put off the robes of shame.
"Return from your captivity, oh, poor Jerusalem!"
And lovely on the mountain paths the feet of those should be
Who publish thy deliverance, and bring the peace to thee:
Who cry to Zion from afar, and wave the olive bough—
"The weary warfare ends at last; your God is reigning now!"

"For yet," as sang the sacred bard, "must come the joyful hour
"When peace shall greet the watchman's ear, high posted on the tower;
"And the joy-bringer's welcome news shall echo from his voice,
"And messenger and watchman join and shout—'Rejoice! rejoice!'
"For eye to eye together then will they behold, and plain,
"When Zion's daughters and her sons shall gather home again.
"Break forth in songs of gratitude, ye places waste and wild,
"The Lord upon our hopeless land in mercy now hath smiled:
"For our Redeemer is the Lord, and who can work us harm?
"And now before our enemies He bares His holy arm,
"And far and near the Gospel song shall gladden with its sound,
"For all mankind must taste the joy to earth's extremest bound."

So sang the sacred prophet's voice, in strains all void of art,
For God his eyes had opened wide and touched his lips and heart,
And he had heard the Spirit bid the messengers depart—
"Depart! depart from Zion now; touch no unholy thing,
"For pure in word and deed must be the servants of the King.
"Nor yet in haste shall ye withdraw, as those who fly and fear,
"For God himself will go before, and guard you in the rear,
"And full assurance will be yours, your helper ever near."

Sing, Heaven and Earth, for mercy shines more bright than star or sun,
The life-bloom of Creation blows, Redemption's work is done;
And shout for joy, ye tribes who long were silent as the grave,
Ye mountains into singing break, and all ye forests wave,
For God has given deliverance from the oppressor's chain,
And He hath glorified His name in Israel again.
From the Psalms.

Psalm XII.

I.

Oh, help us, Lord, for godly men
Are sinking in the strife,
And many faithful children now
Are weary of their life.

II.

For vanity is seen and heard
Where'er Thy people walk:
With flattering lips and fraudulent tongue,
The proud deceivers talk.

III.

But God will seal the lips of those
Who proudly jeer and scoff,
And tongues with venom charged shall fail—
The Lord will cut them off.

IV.

Yes, such shall feel the heavy stroke
Who speak exulting thus:—
"Our lips and tongue shall rule, and none
Will lord it over us!"
From the Psalms.

V.
But brief their triumph-time will be,
For God will not endure
The sighing of the needy, or
The robbery of the poor.

VI.
For all His ways are holiness,
His words are true and tried,
Like silver from the furnace flames,
When seven times purified.

VII.
And Thou shalt keep Thy people, Lord,
From those who wish them ill,
And in the evil time Thy love
Will be their refuge still.

VIII.
For everywhere, with shameless face,
The wicked can we see,
When double-hearted ones, and vile,
Are raised in dignity.
Psalm CXXII.

A Song of Degrees.

I.

Was gladdened in heart when the people Thus chanted in sweetest accord—
“Oh come, let us journey together, And enter the house of the Lord!”

II.

Our feet shall not linger, O Zion, Thou city so strong and so grand,
Until the blest portals are entered, And in our God’s temple we stand.

III.

There gather the tribes of our kindred, The tribes of our God and our King, While anthems of gladness and blessing, And joy, and thanksgiving they sing.

IV.

For there are the thrones and the sceptres That judgment and justice secure, And make the dominion of David Extend, and for ever endure.
From the Psalms.

v.
Oh, pray for the peace of our Salem,
   And all whom her bulwarks surround!
May people and places ever
   In blessing and plenty abound!

vi.
Because of my brothers and comrades,
   "Peace! peace be within her," I say;
Because of God's temple most holy,
   Still, still for her welfare I'll pray.
Psalm CXXVIII.

A Song of Degrees.

HOW blessed is the man who fears
The Lord with holy dread,
And in the way of duty still
Instructs his feet to tread!

For with the labor of his hands
He will be satisfied,
And joy and happiness with him
Shall ever more abide.

And, like a fruitful vine, his wife
Shall still at home be found,
While children, fresh as olive plants,
His table shall surround.

Even thus the Lord will bless the man
Who loves the righteous way,
And ever keeps the holy Law,
And fears to go astray.

From Zion God will send him peace
And great prosperity,
And ere he die his eyelids shall
His children’s children see.
Psalm CXXX.

A Song of Degrees.

Out of the depths I cry to Thee,
Oh Lord of my salvation;
Lord hear my voice, and send me help,
And grant my supplication!

For shouldst Thou mark iniquity,
Oh, who could stand before Thee?
But great Thy mercies are, oh Lord,
And well may we adore Thee.

My soul doth wait upon Thee, Lord,
It waits with holy yearning;
More than the souls of those who wait
The coming of the morning.

Yes, more than watchers of the night,
Whose hearts with grief are aching,
And weary, look towards the east
To see the daylight breaking.

Let Israel seek His mercy still
And he will taste His favour;
For still the Lord delights to bless,
And He will be our Saviour.
A Song of Degrees.

My heart is not a heart of pride,
Nor lofty are mine eyes;
And in great matters or profound
I do not exercise.

God knows that I decline the task,
Too wonderful for me;
And evermore I bid my soul
Desire tranquility.

Even as a child that has been weaned
From his good mother's breast,
So, when my wishes are denied,
My soul has learned to rest.

For God is kind and good to all,
And ample is his store;
Oh well may Israel's hope repose
In Him for evermore.
Psalm CXXXIII.

A Song of Degrees.

ARISE and praise the Lord,
Ye ministers who stand
Within the holy place when night
Has darkened all the land.

Oh lift your hands on high
And praise His sacred name,
While brightly in the sanctuary
Ascends the holy flame.

And may the Lord, who made
The heaven and earth and sea,
Out of His Holy Zion send
His blessing unto thee.
From Jeremiah.

Weep ye not for the dead!
When at his home he dies
Let no wailing arise,
When there he joins the band
Of the silent land,
Weep ye not for the dead!

But weep with bitter pain
For the exile who goes
Bound away amongst foes
To a far distant shore,
For he will nevermore
Behold his home again!
Hymns.

I.

We know Thee not as we are known,
Eternal God, Almighty Power!
But we are children, all Thine own,
And nourished every day and hour!

And tho', like leaves, we fade and fall,
When blasts of woe or winter come,
Thy watchful care protects us all,
And guides us to our heavenly home.

Yes, tho' we wander far and wide,
On barren hills or stormy sea,
Thy Providence is still our guide;
Our Father Thou wilt ever be!

Altho' we bend 'neath weights of woe,
This earth is not a foreign land
While we are guided as we go,
And guarded by a Father's hand.

We know Thee not as we are known;
And tho', like leaves, we fade and fall,
Thy children Thou wilt ne'er disown,
Thou art the Father of us all!
Hymns.

II.

Oh Father, though Thy children roam,
Poor exiles, in a distant land;
They often taste the sweets of home,
In mercies from Thy generous hand.

The rain Thou causwest to descend,
The moon to beam, the sun to shine,
The day to dawn, the night to end;
For day and night alike are Thine.

And tho' the seasons of the year
Oft bring us grief and misery;
There ever comes the word of cheer
For these are messengers from Thee.

We know thee not, oh Father God;
But as on earth we journey round
We see where oft Thy feet have trod,
And pitch our tents on holy ground.

When in the dark profound above,
Upon the stars our eyes we turn,
We see the beacon fires of love,
Those home-lights of our Father burn.

And oh our spirits yearn to reach
Thy heaven's wide ocean's further shore,
Where we shall learn the angels' speech
And know our Father more and more.
III.

We thank thee Father, God above,
For blessing us with every good,
In this great island that we love,
Deep founded in the ocean flood.

Thy hands in mercy open wide,
Distributing the generous store,
And all our needs have been supplied,
For Thou art kind for ever more.

The moon and sun and planets grand,
Upon the circling seasons smile,
And rains and dews enrich the land
With wool and grain and wine and oil.

In hope and fear, in light and gloom,
We journey on from youth to age;
And now the flowers around us bloom,
And now the storms before us rage.

But in the storm we hear Thy voice
Commingled with the thunder's tone;
And while we tremble we rejoice,
And still Thy loving kindness own.

And as we walk the flowery ways
We seem to tread an ocean shore,
Where sounding billows speak Thy praise
Till day and night shall be no more.
IV.

**Hymns.**

WE come, oh Lord, a varied band
Of old and young and great and small,
To own the guidance of Thy hand,
And praise the Maker of us all.

Oh what are we, that we should share
So large a measure of Thy love,
When suns and systems claim Thy care,
And angels do Thy will above?

Like streams that from the mountains come,
And rest not till they reach the sea,
So we, oh Father, seek our home—
Our only resting place, in Thee.

Our Father’s home is large and fair,
And there shall we a refuge find,
For all the gathered tribes are there,
And there is room for all mankind.

Short is the journey, but the way
By all the nations has been trod,
And tho’ our feet are prone to stray,
We all may reach the home of God.

While thus, oh Lord, before the Throne
In grateful reverence we bow,
Oh Heavenly Father shield thine own!
And bless Thy earthly children now!
V.

Oh Father, in our wants and woes,
In every clime, on Land and sea,
With tearful eyes and aching hearts,
We cry to Thee! We cry to Thee!

Have mercy, Lord, upon Thine own,
In pity, Father, bend Thine ear;
Oh give our spirits peace and joy,
And save us from the danger near!

Our pleasures leave us one by one,
Our hopes like morning vapours flee,
Our friends forsake us, in distress,
We cry to Thee! We cry to Thee!

For Thou art great and wise and good,
And we are weak and prone to stray;
But we are Thine: Oh hear us now!
And lead us in the happy way!

Thou art our Heavenly Father still,
Our earthly guide and helper be;
In mercy, Lord, remember us!
We cry to Thee! We cry to Thee!
I Love the Lord.

I LOVE the Lord, for He has blest
    My goings everywhere;
And I will praise Him for His Grace,
    And trust Him for His care.

In doubt and danger, by my side
    My great Defender stood;
And often what I deemed as ill,
    When known aright was good.

And wastes and wildernesses oft
    The sweetest joys did yield,
Where His great sky and cloud wreaths were
    My banners and my shield.

Where neither fruit nor bread were found
    The manna dew was given;
And oft the stony pillow soothed
    With grandest dreams of heaven.

My enemies—yes, many such
    Were met along the road—
More dearly taught my heart to prize
    The loving care of God.
My friends—oh these have been to me
Like angels from above,
Who shewed my feet the way to find
The springs of joy and love.

And so for majesty and might
My God shall be adored;
And so for favours great and small
My heart will love the Lord.
A Hymn.

AROUND Thy throne, oh Father God,
The stars for ever sing of love;
And as directed by Thy rod
The comets on their errands move.

The winds obey Thy sovereign Will,
   And now they wake and now they sleep;
Now silence broods or vale and hill,
   Now storms and tempests rock the deep.

And now the sun, in cloudless blue,
   Flames like a furnace broad and bright;
And now the moon appears in view,
   A dewy orb of gentle light.

And seasons come, and seasons go,
   And flowers expand, and bloom, and die—
And pastures, fields, and orchards show
   The wondrous process of the sky.

Innumerable forms of life
   Proclaim the Maker's skill and care,
And now they join the varied strife,
   And now they pass—we know not where.
But all, oh, God! is known to Thee!
Thy ways and works we cannot tell!
Content and trustful let us be,
Our Father doeth all things well.

For, as directed by Thy rod,
The comets on their errands move;
While round Thy Throne, oh Father God!
The stars for ever sing of love.
Hymns.

Dependence.

With all our wants and weaknesses,
Oh Lord, we would adore Thee,
While at the footstool of Thy throne
Our spirits bow before Thee.

And while with trembling lips our sins
And needs we are confessing,
Oh Father, turn us not away
Until we feel the blessing.

For we have wandered far and wide,
O'er deserts and on mountains,
And often have we sought to quench
Our thirst at bitter fountains.

And often from the fruits of earth,
That promised joy and gladness,
Our souls have only gathered, Lord,
The shame, the woe, the sadness.

Oh Father, Father, bless and save
Our souls, in sorrow kneeling,
And, in Thy mercy, send us now
The needed help and healing.
In the Darkness.

Give me guidance, oh my Father!
For there falls a misty rain
Over home, and hill, and highway,
And the moon is on the wane.

Strangely thro' the dimness glimmer
Lights that oft did guide and cheer;
I am weary with my journey,
And no resting place is near.

I can hear the streamlets gurgle,
And the hidden river roar
As it hurries with its water
Onward to the ocean's shore.

From the trees the wet is dripping,
And on moisture-laden wing
Fly the startled birds around me,
And the songsters will not sing.

Neither help, nor hope, nor comfort
From my fellows can I find;
And from out the rainy darkness
 Comes a wailing on the wind.

Give me guidance, oh my Father!
For there falls a misty rain
Over home, and hill, and highway,
And the moon is on the wane.
Hymns.

A Federal Hymn.

ALMIGHTY Father, Lord of heaven and earth,
Attend our prayer, accept Thy children’s praise;
For Thou art He whose wisdom sent us forth
To this far land to found a dwelling-place.

Thou ledest us, as Thou didst lead of old
Thy chosen people, over leagues of sea,
And when the tempests blew and billows roll’d,
We found their terrors were restrained by Thee.

And south, and east, and north, and west we went
O’er spacious plains, and wildernesses drear;
And as we pitched, and as we struck our tent,
Thy manifested presence still was near.

Yet oft we wandered and despised Thy care,
And journeyed long upon the crooked path
Till mercy bade us pause, nor rashly dare
The just displeasure of thy righteous wrath.

For we the bonds of brotherhood had burst,
And sold ourselves to hate and party strife;
And jealous feelings in those hearts were nursed
That should have beat with sympathetic life.
And we had vexed each other by the way,
    And found not anywhere abiding peace;
But Thou wert kind, even when we went astray;
    Lord, bid our strife and weary wanderings cease.

Oh, years of folly that are ended now!
    God grant the shame for ever passed away;
And while before Thy majesty we bow,
    Incline our hearts to love the better way!

For in transgression we have sorrow known,
   Tho' many blessings on us Thou hast pour'd;
Still be Thy favor to Thy children shown.
    The wandering bands have met! Oh, bless us, Lord!
Miscellaneous Poems.

“Carry Him to His Mother.”

2nd Kings, Chap. 4, Verse 20.

The noontide of a cloudless autumn day
Was nearing as the farmer left his home
To see how, in the heated harvest field,
The reapers were progressing. All unseen,
His only son, a child of tender years,
Boy-like, had dodged his mother and his nurse,
And, toddling hatless from the homestead, followed
His father's footsteps till he reached the place
Where stood the dead-ripe corn. There for a while
He listened to the noise of craiks and quails
Far piping in the distance, saving when
A startled bird went whirring past his ear.
With wonder, too, he heard the incessant hum
Of autumn insects perched upon the heads
Of sheafy stocks and yet ungathered stalks.
With ears wide opened, and wide-opened eyes,
The little farmer stood surveying all
In pleasing wonder; for fear, love, and joy
Within his mind so pulsed and interchanged
That harmony resulted, or a balance
Of strange impressions, neither bliss nor fear,
Yet both at times; like tones of music heard
From a mysterious organ far away
That yields a pleasure to the startled soul.
But now another sound has caught his ear;
And, through an opening that the reapers’ hooks
Had made into the forest-field of grain,
Beyond the bristling stubble he beheld
The bended backs of men and women stooping
To grasp the corn-crown’d straw, while each right hand
The shining sickle wielded. Old women, too,
Amongst the stocks were seen to walk about.
And lo! his father’s well-known form appeared
Behind the reapers where the shocks lay thick
And binders were at work. With voice and hand
He ruled the field. Now he directed
The young men where to raise the sheaves, and now
He cheer’d the awkward learners, or restrained
The greedy gleaners from the grain unbound.
Soon as the child beheld his father, on
With confidence across the spiky stubble
He limped and staggered, till a voice cried—“Look!
“The little master comes!” And with a broader
Smile than was usual on his face, the boy
Made straight towards his sire; who laid his hand
Upon his wavy hair, and bade him sit
Within the shadow of a tree till noon,
When both unto the dwelling would return.
The boy obeyed. But from the shadow soon
A piteous cry was heard—“My head! my head!”
The father heard; and, turning to a lad,
With consternation in his voice, he said—
“Heart! Carry him to his mother.” For the man
Had confidence unbounded in his wife,
And knew whatever trouble pained the child,
The mother could relieve. You know the rest;
'Tis an old story. But far older still
The advent of misfortune; and the cry
Of pain from young ones who had wandered
Into forbidden fields and gardens where
The sunbeam smites, and vipers bite, and fruit
Of poisonous juice attracts the sense, and kills.
From the primeval garden, watered by
The rivers Pison, Gibeon, Hiddekel,
And Euphrates, down to the last plantation
Beside Australia's Barco, where reformers
Are fain to cultivate the tree of knowledge,
And reach a happiness which never yet
Has bless'd the lot of mortals, there has come
Or will come, come what will, the cry of pain.
All down the weary ages little ones
With aching heads, and stomachs troubled sore,
Have moaned, and groaned, and called aloud for help;
And Eves, and Rachels, and good Agneses
Have done their best to give them ease and healing,
And when they failed would not be comforted.
And oh, the multitudes of tiny troubles!
The tears, the sorrows, and the discontents
That came to mothers, winging as the doves
Fly to their windows when the eagle screams
Or bursts from sportsman gun the sounds of death.
Oh, the bruised and bleeding noses! Oh, the hands,
With fingers aching to the very tips!
The cuts! the thorny pimples festering sore!
The frosty cracks! the scalds! the painful burns!
The salves! the plasters, and the poultices!
All, all demands on mother; pressing claims
On her dear heart and tender sympathy.
The helpless infant shares her very soul;
The weakling has her most especial care;
The poor misshapen dwarf enjoys her love;
And the great clumsy lout, a man in size,
Makes her his confidential. Ever still,
The husband and the father, battling sore
In harvest fields and factories, and on
The highways and the byeways, and the seas
And rivers, with his children at his side,
If by mischance a youthful helper falls—
"Carry him to his mother!" is the cry,
Well knowing that the one who brought him forth
Will with her tenderness enduring soothe
The troubled mind or calm the closing eye.
Oh, the bliss to be as one thus comforted!
When sore distracted, and when weary grown
Of earth and all its joys. Oh, let me hear
Some blessed angel say affectionately
"Carry him to his mother!" Then will I
Bless God in heart, and never murmur more.
Trust.

Have faith in God! In calm assurance rest
Within the care of His good providence,
For thou wilt find in Him a sure defence,
And everything that happens will be best.

Thou wilt have troubles, yes, and sorrows too,
And for a better fate thou still may yearn,
For the vast heaven, in which the planets burn,
Shews not for ever the unsullied blue.

But often darkness veils, and storms arise,
And bursting clouds in liquid torrents pour
Their store of treasure on the noonday hour,
While thunders roar and fate-winged lightning flies.

Yet not in vengeance, but in blessing come
These ministers of Him who rules abroad:
And so the agents of a watchful God
For ever guard the good man's heart and home.

Then trust the Father, for his kindly hand
Through all the storms of trouble and distress,
Will lead thee safely through the wilderness
Into the pleasures of the Promised Land.
Show Us the Father.

With pious Philip oft our souls
Are heard imploring thus—
"Shew us the Father, Jesus Lord,
And it sufficeth us!"

For tho' enthroned in light He reigns
In yonder blue profound,
Our God is hid from earthly eyes
By clouds and darkness round.

The fields above are white with stars,
And suns in millions blaze,
And flaming wheels for ever turn
On all the heavenly ways.

And oft at night, and oft by day,
We lift our anxious eyes
To see the central Throne where reigns
Our Father in the skies.

But never yet to mortal sight
The centre has been shewn,
Where orbs and wheels of wondrous light
Move round the awful Throne.
Still round and round our dwelling rolls,
And daylight comes and goes,
Like to the bursting bud and bloom
Of a celestial rose.

But clouds and darkness hide the sun,
And well, for human eyes
Could not sustain the blinding glare
Of brightness in the skies.

Then as no dazzling glories ray
From Christ, the Gentle One;
Our earthly eyes must learn to see
The Father in the Son.
A Fragment.

LOVE to stand upon a breezy height,
High rising o'er the peopled plain, and cast
O'er all the world, my comprehensive sight—
O'er sea and land, o'er plain, and ocean vast.
Like Moses on Mount Nebo, it is grand
To muse awhile alone, and gaze around
On the wide horizon of peopled ground,
To mark the undulations, and the plains,
And lines of elevation swelling high,
With a dark background of dull fogs and rains
Flanking the outline of the distant sky:
With here and there a break, or gulf, in sight,
Thro' which the eye may gaze, the fancy play
Upon the ocean, under misty light,
So strangely fading, to the far away.
An Autumn Night Piece.

HIGH rides the glorious moon to-night,
    And fleecy clouds are gliding by;
And many a star and planet bright
    Are beaming in the deeps of sky.

The air and earth are fresh and cool
    Since God hath sent the generous rain;
The orchard trees seem beautiful,
    The grand old gums are glad again.

They praise Thee, Lord; I hear them now—
    They clap their hands for very joy;
A silvery sheen is on each brow,
    While thanks their veteran hearts employ.

God bless the trees;   God bless us all!
    And fresh our spirits with the rain
That from those generous clouds doth fall
    To ease of our care and pain.
The Starry Heavens:

A Reflection.

I care not whether round the earth
Revolves the light-diffusing sun,
Or whether round the sun the earth
Her everlasting circles un.

I care not whether this our globe
Exceeds the orb that gave her birth,
Or whether he a million times
Exceeds the measure of the earth.

Nor care I whether vaster worlds
Are showing in your planets bright,
Or whether they are only lamps
Suspended there to grace the night.

Or whether suns and moons are seen
Wherever stars in azure shine,
Or whether those high spangles are
But diamonds in a heavenly mine.

For whether suns or worlds or moons
Those wondrous orbs of light may be,
Or whether only beacon fires,
They claim the care of Deity.
Miscellaneous Poems.

For only could a hand Divine,
   Suspend the lesser objects o'er
A sky so beautiful and vast,
   And make them shine for ever more.

If God had only made the earth
   Of rocky strata folded round,
The forests and the mountain chains,
   And seas that rage with thunder's sound.

Oh surely such a proof of power
   Must needs suffice to make us cry—
"How great in wisdom is the Lord
   Who reigns through all eternity!"
The Flower of the Holy Ghost.*

BENEATH the glare of the tropical day,
    In summer's shine and shower;
On a lovely plant in a forest lone
    There blooms a wondrous flower.

And the parent stem is full of grace,
    And the leaves are fresh and fair;
And the fainting traveller marvels to find
    A plant so lovely there.

For the deadly serpent glides unseen,
    And the fever floats around;
And the pestilence lurks in the herbage rank
    That grows on that dangerous ground.

But there, by those leaves of heavenly green,
    The wonderous blossoms shew,
More fair than the fairest flowers of the earth,
    And white as the stainless snow.

And lo! in the heart of the bloom there rests
    The image of a dove
With folded wings—an emblem true
    Of purity and love.

*The name given to a remarkable flower recently discovered in the forests of Panama.
And the traveller sees in this wonderful flower
   A trace of the Eden lost;
And he blesses his God, and names the bloom,
   "The Flower of the Holy Ghost!"

And so in the heart of man there grows,
   In summer's shine and shower,
Far hidden away in a secret place,
   The bloom of a wondrous flower.

And a white dove sits, with folded wings,
   On the lily petals fair;
And the traveller blesses his God who finds
   This holy emblem there:

For he sees in the sacred bloom of the soul
   A trace of the Eden lost;
And he names the bloom of the wonderful plant,
   "The Flower of the Holy Ghost."

But the serpent glides in the herbage near,
   And the fever floats around;
And the pestilence rides on the steamy air,
   And dangerous is the ground.
Flowers in Autumn.

A COLD Autumn wind from the eastward is blowing,
   And pale shines the sun in the blue of the sky;
And verdure again on the moist earth is showing,
   As Springtime, the Season of Beauty, were nigh.

In gardens the roses are grandly unfolding
   Their fragrance and bloom in the face of the sun;
While sere with surprise stand the fruit trees, beholding
   The advent of Spring ere the Autumn is done.

For now in the orchards the dead leaves are falling
   That sheltered the fruit from the heat and the air;
And weary-winged birds their companions are calling
   To haste to the woods, and for winter prepare.

And shorter, and shorter the day is becoming,
   And longer, and longer the darkness extends;
And cold grows the earth, ere the gloom of the gloaming
   On mountain, and forest, and meadow descends.

Oh, blossoms untimely, what made it your duty
   To bloom in the light of a treacherous sky!
Oh roses, sweet emblems of Love and of Beauty,
   Too soon, with the frost, must ye languish and die!
The Spring Freshet.

With joy we see the crystal streams,
Bright flashing in the rills,
That come from mossy rocks that crown
The everlasting hills.

For there the trees their freshness find,
The cattle quench the thirst
That Summer sunshine, beaming down
From cloudless skies, has nursed.

And there the birds their gladness seek,
And weary pilgrims calm
The fever of their panting breasts
With coolness from their palm.

Oh, these are glad; and, as they drink
In silence, they adore
The goodness of the Mighty Lord,
Who rules for evermore.

But even greater joy have we
When, down the Torrens bed,
The flood resistless from the hills
Is roaring deep and red.
Miscellaneous Poems.

For then we know the gracious Lord
Has sent the vernal rains,
With blessing for the pasture lands,
And fatness for the plains—

That now, o'er leagues of arid soil,
Far reaching north and south,
The earth has felt the generous showers
That long had felt the drought.

Wherefore we bless the crystal streams
From mossy rocks that roar;
But when the red Spring freshet comes
We bless it more and more.
How sweet when the peace-bringing evening has come,
And the night wind is moistened with dew,
To wander away 'neath the star-spangled dome,
As the fragrance distils from the blue.

For then to the soul of the muser is given
A blessing more dear to the taste
Than the manna that fell from the presses of heaven,
When the chosen ones dwelt in the waste.

How soft and how soothing, how sweet and how calm,
The joy of the soul is descending,
While roses and lilies of earth, with the balm,
And the fragrance of heaven are blending.

And from the broad meadows and summer-touched fields,
That once were so lovely and green;
How precious the odour the bleeching hay yields,
Where the sythe of the mower has been.
Sound Influence.

I.

WHILE quite a child I found intense delight
   In listening to the movements of the wind,
Far on the woody hills, when sable night
   Had drawn across the sky his spacious blind.
   The tone had somewhat in it that my mind
Could truly relish; aye, can relish still!
   There came an impulse on me, and I find
That impulse moves me yet, when o'er the hill
The wind wave sweeps along like a majestic will.

II.

Yes, I am moved thereby, as never yet
   Music hath moved me with her spirit tones
Waked by a skilful artist.—Music set
   To grandest thoughts by earth's sublimest ones.
   But what is Dian's lustre to the Sun's?
Heaven's organ peals, I feel the mighty swell—
   My Father's music, that all nature owns.
How on my spirit doth its cadence tell!
The language of my life!  I love, I love it well!
It whispers things unutterable to me;
Reminding of those higher altitudes
Than mortal feet have trodden. Like the sea
Sounding along its walls, and by its thuds
Suggesting vastness, and o'erwhelming floods,
And lovely isles, and spacious continents
Peopled by millions, and by multitudes
Of living forms diverse, with their intents;
Mighty by combination, awful instruments!
The Last Song of Summer.

The Summer time has ended,
    The Autumn's reign is on;
And cold blows the wind from the mountains,
    And cheerless is its tone.

I hear no more in woodlands
    The song-bird's soothing art,
For the icy shafts of the Autumn
    Have touch'd the minstrel's heart.

And joy gives place to sorrow,
    And pleasure yields to pain;
For the flowers and sweets of the Summer
    Will never charm again.

Thus oft the cruel frost-wind,
    At midnight, overpowers
And deadens the sweets of the garden,
    And blackens all the flowers.

Alas! for the Vernal glories,
    And Summer's dainties rare—
Those sweets that were so precious;
    Those blooms that were so fair!
The eyes are sad with weeping,
   The heart with grief is sore,
And the fire of the soul is fading,
   To kindle nevermore!

And life has lost its beauty—
   The poetry has gone!
And the rosy dream is broken!
   The pilgrim journeys on.
On a Moonlight Night.

The moon is beaming in the sky,
Again the planets shew,
As seen by nations dead and gone
Six thousand years ago.

No cloud obscures the galaxy;
Nor aught the vision bars,
Save here and there a lighter spot—
A cluster-cloud of stars.

A holy silence reigns o'er all,
No dew-freshed leaf is stirred;
Both kine and sheep are silent now,
And silent every bird.

The very watchdog, trembling, marks
The dim mysterious light,
And fears to break the blessed charm
Of such a holy night.

A wondrous odour seems to waft
From gardens in the skies;
While spirit whisperings from the earth
In harmony arise.

Shine on, oh moon so wonderful!
Ye stars and planets glow!
Oh whispering spirits teach my soul
The bliss it yearns to know!
THE days and years are passing,
Away, away, away,
Even as the streams and rivers,
That linger not nor stay;
But when will come the ending
Of time, no man can say.

The clouds, from ocean rising,
Drift over hill and plain,
And in the sky dissolving,
Descend as dew or rain,
And, in the light and darkness,
The ocean seek again!

They seek the mighty ocean,
And mingle with the flood,
And serve the Master's purpose,
But little understood;
But Lord we well may trust Thee,
For ever art Thou good.

And surely as the cloud wreaths
The Father's will obey,
And over land and ocean
In endless circles play,
Even so, in endless circles
Glides every year and day.
Autumn Leaves.

I.
THE wintry wind is blowing,
With sorrow in its tone;
For the Spring and Summer blossoms
Are long since dead and gone.

II.
But the green begins to cover
The surface of the sod;
And the sprouting grain appears again
Beside the moistened clod.

III.
The days are short and cloudy,
The sun is in the sky;
But pale he beams, and sad he seems,
With teardrops in his eye.

IV.
The nights are long and gloomy,
And fearful to behold;
And when serene the stars are seen,
The air is icy cold.

V.
And when within the cottage
The fire is blazing bright,
The soul is often chilly,
And darker than the night.
VI.
Oh Spring with song and blossom
Wilt thou again return?
Oh Summer, will thy fervours
Yet bid my bosom burn?

VII.
I grasp the leaves of Autumn,
Altho' so crisp and sere;
They yield my breast a little rest,
They were to me so dear.

VIII.
Yes, lovely leaves of Autumn,
Still clinging to the tree,
I prize you, oh, I prize you still,
Ye are so dear to me!

IX.
Oh lovely leaves of Autumn,
We perish with a sigh;
With beauty we are fain to live,
In beauty we would die.

X.
Then take these leaves of Autumn,
A token let them be
Of vernal days that come no more
To faded heart and tree.
A Summer Sigh.

THE spring of my life has ended,
   The cheering green has fled;
And the fields of corn are yellow now,
   And all the flowers are dead.

But the green again will cover the fields,
   The bloom will gladden the tree;
But never again, oh never again,
   Will the freshness come to me!

For the seasons around are moving,
   Like currents of the main;
But life, like a stream from the mountain snows,
   Will never return again.

It was thus with the race of mortals,
   In the days of old, I know;
And thus did they tell the oft-told tale
   Ten thousand years ago.

But the sun is under the ocean,
   The gloom is over the hill;
While far in the azure field above
   The stars are shining still.
A Sigh from the Sea.

THE ocean is deep and boundless,
    But it cannot quench the thirst
That the fiery sun, from a cloudless sky
    In the traveller's heart has nursed.

And tho' our friends may be many,
    Alas! like the ocean wave
They yield not our fevered bosoms
    The blessing that we crave.

But the drink most dear to the traveller
    The sun distils in the sky;
And the fevered longings of our hearts
    The Lord can satisfy.

For God alone can quench the thirst,
    Who first the warmth has given;
And the lips are cool'd at the wells of earth,
    But the soul must draw from heaven.
Showers from the Sea.

ONCE more from the ocean the dark cloud has drifted,
With moisture surcharged, over summit and plain;
And down from the ranges brown streams of wild water
Are flowing and roaring and foaming again.

And fresh blows the wind with its burden of vapour,
And pale shines the sun from his home in the sky;
But his face with the lovelight of kindness is beaming,
And hope wakes to life in the glance of his eye.

For greener and greener the pastures are showing,
And fresher and fairer the gardens appear;
And blythely the birds on the branches are chirping,
As Spring with the love and the beauty were near.

For in the pure raindrops the beauty is falling,
And from the sweet heaven descends from above,
And virtue the sun has distilled from the ocean—
The charm of the world—the aroma of love.

And so the dark cloud is the bringer of blessing
From fountains perpetual, full flowing, and free,
That God, in his care for our wants, has provided
In caverns profound of the wonderful sea.

And tho' from the hills the brown water is roaring,
And tho' in the sky the dark winter cloud lowers,
The hearts that were sinking have cause for rejoicing,
For gladness, and beauty, and love will be ours.
The Olive Leaf.

Oft like the trembling dove that left the Ark,
   A waste of water spreading grimly round,
In whose chill deeps whole nations had been drowned,
My soul hath ventured, in the light and dark,
From her frail floating tenement in quest
   Of a sure home where hopeful flowers could bloom,
   And holy fire burn brightly in each room;
Where, all my worries ended, I might rest.

But oh, so often have I winged in vain,
   O'er nature's wide expanse, that like a sea
   Spread all around in grim immensity,
And weary-winged, have sought my Ark again.
Thus, day by day, I skim'd the watery plain,
   Where not a sound save gurgling waves was heard,
   And not a vestage, causing hope, appeared
And death and desolation seemed to reign.

High overhead, in judgment-freighted skies,
   The stars and planets twinkled in the sea,
   And oftentimes, with very hate, on me
They seemed to glare and wink their fiery eyes.
As one by one the dreary days went past
   I would adventure from my living tomb
   And plunge again into the deadly gloom
Of sobbing waves and moanings of the blast.
Sometimes an object would attract my sight;
   And hope would cry, "Perchance a mountain's head!"
   And oftentimes it proved some fellow dead,
A soulless body drifting in the night.
And sometimes tokens bringing better cheer—
   A dark form o'er the water, winging slow—
   And lo! a sound, the croaking of a crow;
And lo! a leafless tree projecting near.

Assuaging water left the pinnacles
   Of icy elevations pointing high,
   Like gravestones in some spacious cemetery,
Where only death in solemn silence dwells.
But oh what joy, when after days of grief,
   Days of dejection, days of gloomy fear,
I saw at last a living thing appear,
And I could grasp—a blessed olive leaf!
A Dirge.

Weep my sister, weep my brother,
    Weep and sorrow as you may;
Fleeting is the time of blossom,
    Spring too soon must glide away.

Oh the lilies and the roses!
    How their charms our souls o'erpower!
But the lilies and the roses
    Wither in the summer's hour.

In our hearts, so sweetly burning,
    Soon are quenched the vernal fires;
And the odour of the incense
    Soon, alas! in smoke expires.

Oh the weary days of summer,
    When the fragrant flowers are dead!
Oh the gloomy nights of winter,
    When the joys of life have fled!

You will seek in vain for beauty
    When the heat has parch'd the plain;
You will seek in vain for pleasure
    In the cold and dark and rain.

Weep my sister, weep my brother,
    Weep and sorrow as you may;
Fleeting is the time of blossom,
    Spring too soon must pass away.
The Day Dreamer.

I have been a foolish dreamer
Since the morning sun ascended,
And my idle dreams continued
Till the day was nearly ended.

Evermore my fancy pictured
Forms so kind, and fair to see;
But alas! the hours revealed them
Other than they seemed to be.

Like the distant ranges softened
By a veil of purple haze;
On my life a charm was resting,
Even under noonday’s blaze.

And my foolish dreams continued
Till the day had almost gone;
And the sunbeams from the westward
On my life more feebly shone.

Then alas! my eyes more clearly
Did the mountain range behold;
And I saw the rugged features,
And the rocks so stern and cold.

And an ice-wind from the ocean
Smote upon my breast and brow;
And the soothing charm was broken—
All my dreams are ended now.
A Fragment.

Waste not thou thy time in telling
What thou meanest to pursue;
Speech is vain: With bosom swelling
Do the thing you mean to do.

Naught has thou to gain by stating
What thy soul's intentions are,
Leave to lighter ones the prating,
Set thine eyes upon the star,

In the steadfast centre rolling
Of the orb-illumined sky—
That has ever been controlling
All the tides of destiny.

Whether on the ocean steering,
Or on deserts bare and vast;
If thou keep'st thy course unverring
Thou shalt reach thy goal at last.

On the helm with grasp of iron
Place a strong determined hand;
And tho' wastes or waves environ,
Thou wilt bring thy ship to land.
Yea, tho' singing sirens charm thee
   With endearing words and wiles;
At thy post they will not harm thee,
   Thou shalt reach the Blessed Isles.

From the shores of icy islands,
   Where the glacier boulders leap;
Thou shalt see the sunny highlands
   Rising o'er the troubled deep.
“TIME will ease each painful feeling,
    And thy passions warm and wild;
Time will bring thy heart-hurt's healing!”
    Said the mother to the child.

“With enchantresses in bowery
    Gardens thou wilt learn to talk;
And where paths are fresh and flowery
    I will teach thee how to walk.

“When the summer boughs above thee
    Bend with fruitage fair and sweet,
Gentle whispers will not move thee,
    Oh my son! to pluck and eat.

“On the everlasting mountains,
    Thou by wisdom shalt be nursed;
At the cool perpetual fountains
    Thou wilt learn to quench thy thirst.

“Where the hills with stony faces
    Frown upon the multitude;
And on wastes and desert places
    Thou wilt gather manna food.

“Flinty rocks shall yield thee honey,
    And the rarest merchandise
Shall be thine, and without money,
    Or a sordid earthly price.
“Thou wilt find thy softest pillow
On thine aged mother's breast;
And on ocean's rudest billow
Thou wilt take thy sweetest rest.

“In dark savages and strangers,
Friends and brothers wilt thou see;
And when tempests burst, and dangers
Frown, there will come joy to thee.

“In the strife, and heart's emotion,
Thou wilt hear the heavenly bells
Sounding as the hymns of ocean
Sound in tempest-stranded shells.

“Time will soothe each painful feeling,
And thy passions warm and wild;
Time will bring thy heart-hurt's healing!”—
Said the mother to the child.
The Death of the Chief Engineer.

The stately vessel o'er the heaving tide
Of deep mid-ocean homeward swift did glide;
For tho' the sky o'erhead was veiled in gloom,
The force of steam, in the warm engine-room,
Throb'd like a mighty heart; the dial read
At the sharp finger-point—"Full speed ahead!"
The midnight watch responded to the bell:
The guard relieved, reported "All is well!"
The passengers had long ago retired,
And in his room the master's self, inspired
With hopes of meeting those beyond the deep
Dear to his manly bosom, was asleep.
A wonderous silence brooded over the vast
Bare round of ocean; and the helmsman cast
A clear strong glance upon the compass, and
Grasp'd the great rudder firmly in his hand:
And, as the officer on duty bade,
An even furrow in the water made.
The sky was veil'd; but now and then, between
The chinks, short glimpses of the moon were seen—
Sad, wan, and wasted, like the piteous face
Of one who sorrows for an erring race;
And all was silent save the ceaseless sound
Of the propeller, turning smoothly round
In the cold sea, or piston-rod, or beam
Of steel responding to the heart of steam
In truest harmony and measured beat.
Just then was heard the clattering sound of feet
On the iron stairway leading to the gloom
Of night from the embraces of the room,
Made bright as day by the electric glare;
And one whose face bespoke distress and care
Sought the commander’s berth, and sadly said—
"Our master engineer—the chief—is dead!
"He died on duty, and heaven gave the blow;
"And saving this, sir, all is well below!"
And so it was. In the warm room beside
The wheels and levers the brave fellow died!
His heart refused to beat; his soul had passed
To God; and he was faithful to the last!
The pulse of steam still throbbed. The dial said
At the sharp finger point—"Full speed ahead!"
His place was taken by the second, and
His by the next, in order of command,
And so the gap was filled. For as on land,
So on the wide dominions of the sea
The man is found for each emergency.
And still the vessel glided on her way
And kept her record to the hour and day.
And all that could be noticed by the eye
Were her proud colours fluttering half-mast high
When the skilled pilot led her to her berth,
And so with men, accounted great on earth,
They die. A few tears fall upon their graves;
But, like the steamer on the ocean wave,
No progress is arrested. Onward still
The nation moves towards its goal. A Will
Stronger than steam impels. Nor far the eye
May sight the flag that flutters half-mast high.
The Railway Engine-driver.

You can search the land from east to the west,
   And from north to the south again,
But a nobler fellow you never will find
   Than the man who drives the train.

His face may be black with the dust and smoke,
   And hoary may be his hand,
But his eye is clear and his heart is strong,
   And his sinewy form is grand.

And well does the engine know his grasp,
   And yield to his will and force,
As it thunders along the iron road
   With the might of an hundred horse.

And it snorts and pants when the grade is steep,
   And it speeds to the masters' cheer;
And its scream is loud on the startled air
   When doubt and danger are near.

In the wintry night, by the smoke and glare,
   He looks like a devil or ghost;
And when the summer's dust covers the plain
   The driver is still at his post.
And the freighted carriages follow fast,
    And hundreds of lives are there;
And the rich and poor, and the small and great,
    Are all in the master's care.

But they pass him by when the engine stops,
    And they seldom ask his name;
Yet ever he cares for his iron horse,
    And ever he thinks of them.

Oh hero and friend of the grimy face,
    Our safety is in your hand!
And far must we journey before we find
    A worthier in all the land.

For you are the first, in the foremost place,
    And a leader of the van;
O'er the mountain chains, and the desert plains,
    In the progress march of man.
The Stained Glass Window.

There was a stained glass window
In the holy temple wall;
Through which the beauty entered,
And a wonderous light did fall.

And when the sun was shining,
And when the moonbeam smiled,
The radiance of that window
My weary heart beguiled.

And to heaven I seemed translated
From a world of toil and care;
And the gathered congregation
Appeared like angels there.

And my soul was great with gladness,
And smiling I adored;
For the place was filled with the beauty
And glory of the Lord.

And I pray'd that there for ever
My dwelling-place might be;
As on the Holy Mountain
Had pray'd the favoured three.
For that window's prismatic glory
   Was greater than the sun's;
And I heard the song of angels,
   And I saw the blessed ones!

And the earth appeared more lovely
   In the flush of that splendour rare;
And peace and joy and blessing
   Seemed reigning everywhere.

But the dreamer's ladder vanish'd
   Before the desert blast;
And from the hills of Judah
   The heavenly glory pass'd.

And the Holy City faded
   From John by the lonely sea;
And alas! for the vision of beauty
   Has faded away from me.

For oh! there came a tempest
   Of wind and hail and rain;
And it smote the holy temple
   And broke the lovely pane.

And the heavenly glory vanish'd,
   That beamed so full and clear;
And the hymning of the angels
   I could no longer hear.

And earthly grew the faces,
   And earthly grew the tone;
And the glory from the service
   Of praise and prayer had gone.
Alas for the stained glass window!
   Alas for the wonderous pane!
No artist's hands may ever
   Restore its charm again!

And grey and gloom around me
   Succeed the rainbow ray;
And earth has more of sadness,
   And heaven is far away.
On the Road to Jericho.

LET the Priest and Levite prattle
Prayer and precept as they go;
Be it thine to help the needy
On the road to Jericho,

There the hapless man is lying,
Bruised in heart as well as head;
Whom fell thieves as on he journeyed
Robb'd and stripp'd and left for dead.

There the child of shame is plodding
With her load of sorrow on;
And the widow, by the wayside,
Lonely sits and makes her moan.

And the feeble grandsire totters
Where the wheels of business pass;
And the careworn and the sickly
Sobbing cry—Alas! alas!

Not alone in forests dreary,
Or in mountain gorges murk,
Prowl the bands of ruthless robbers,
Or in secret ambush lurk.

Not alone from rainless deserts,
Bleeding, bare, and terror dumb,
To this highway of the nations
Earth's poor pilgrim children come.
Miscellaneous Poems.

Even from the sacred city
   Many burdened pass with woe;
Oft they fall, and ask for pity,
   On the road to Jericho.

And within God’s holy temple
   Oft the robber crew will dare;
In the very halls of justice
   The extortioner is there.

Everywhere is doubt and danger,
   Everywhere our fellows fall;
Everywhere the prayer arises,
   “Lord, have mercy on us all!”

Trust not, then, to Priest or Levite,
   On their errands let them go;
They ere long themselves may stumble
   On the road to Jericho.

Cheer the faint and raise the fallen,
   Bear the helpless to the inn;
To the hopeless, and the homeless
   Act the Good Samaritan.

Let thine ear be open ever
   To the claims of pain and woe;
Pass not thou thy fellow lying
   On the road to Jericho.
The Joy of Heaven.

I.
Say not that the blest in heaven
Are from nature's longings free;
That they never know what hunger,
Never know what thirst may be.

II.
Rather say that when the blessed
Feel the sweet desire for more,
There will be an ever ready
And an ever ample store.

III.
For the flowers are ever lovely
In the land where angels roam;
And full-breasted are the rivers
Flowing through the heavenly home.

IV.
Trees of beauty line the valleys—
Trees for ever fresh and green—
And upon their glorious branches
Varied fruits are ever seen.

V.
Every month such precious clusters
Ripen on each sacred tree;
If the leaves can heal the nations,
Oh how sweet the fruit must be?
VI.
As the cup of water blesses,
    Preferred by the hand of love;
As the bread of joy refreshes,
    While on earth our beings move;

VII.
So when we shall gain that region
    Which to man by hope is given;
Better joy and sweeter blessings
    Surely will be found in heaven.

VIII.
But the pangs of famine never
    Shall disturb our heavenly rest;
And of thirst the burning fever
    Never shall inflame our breast.

IX.
For when we in happy regions
    Feel the sweet desire for more;
There will be an ever ready
    And an ever ample store.
The Sealed Book.

See Revelations—Chapter v., Verses 1 to 5.

WHEN in the Spirit World, before
The glories of the awful Throne,
While angels did their God adore,
Tears filled the eyes of loving John.

Yes, while in harmony's accord
The heavenly choir the anthem kept,
The earthly guest, before the Lord,
Bow'd down amongst the crowd and wept.

For in the Father's hand he saw
The Book of Wonder sealed, that none
Of earth or heaven, in trembling awe,
Could open, read, or look upon.

For still his soul desired to know,
What God to few has ever given
On earth's dim planet here below,
Or in the sunless sphere of heaven.

And while the good Apostle wept
An angel comforter appeared;
And through the sacred concourse stepp'd,
And thus the pious mourner cheered—
Miscellaneous Poems.

"Oh gentle brother, weep no more,
   For now a helper has been found
Who often toil and sorrow bore
   While pilgrim on your earthly ground.

"No need of schoolman, or of scribe
   Or rabbi's skill or knowledge here;
The Lion Chief of Judah's Tribe
   Will make the mystic writing clear.

"For fixed by the eternal plan,
   Tho' varied gifts to each are given,
One only skills to read to man
   The deeper mysteries of heaven."

And so the angel spake; and John
   Uplifted soon his drooping head
And turned his face towards the Throne.
   And the good man was comforted.

And as in heaven, on earth the Lord
   For some high purpose has decreed
The mysteries of his written Word
   But few of Adams race shall read.

And tho' our heads with grief may bend,
   And bitter tears descend like rain;
Oh let us pray that God will send
   The Comforter to ease our pain.
STRUGGLE on my weary brother!
Struggle upward, struggle on!
Though you know it not, another
To your rescue and assistance
Now is hasting from the distance,
You will not be left alone.

It may be that you are thinking,
As you stagger with your load,
"I beneath the weight am sinking,
Heart and head and limbs are yielding,
And I am denied the shielding
Of the tempering cloud of God."

It may be that you are mourning
Pleasures that were wont to cheer;
Ere the summer sun was burning
On you from the western heaven,
And a loving God had given
Much to soothe, and charm, and cheer.

Every beauty may be dying,
Every comfort may have fled;
You may hear the raven crying,
With its horrid note unmanning,
And the wings of vultures fanning
Over your devoted head.
Yes, but far away above you
Gleam the mountain summits white;
And the eyes of those who love you
Like the blessed stars are burning
In the blue, as time returning
Brings the peace and rest of night.

We shall rest upon the ranges;
High and higher let us go!
Human life has many changes.
Passion will not last for ever,
Soon subsides the heat and fever,
Soon must end the strife and woe.

Days must shorten, nights turn colder,
As upon the hills we rise;
And we grow more calm and bolder;
And we feel that friends are near us
To assist us and to cheer us
In our journey to the skies.

Blessed be the God of nature!
Lord of air and earth so vast!
Who is kind to every creature.
For in youth, tho’ passion rages,
Help is coming with the ages,
Time will prove our friend at last.
The Stranger at the Fair.

DO not feel at home: the ways of men
Accord not in their purport with my own;
In deed and word I am too much alone,
Like some poor traveller on a spacious plain,

In a far country where the millions meet,
From barbarous regions and ungentle climes,
With wolfish eyes and brows made stern by crimes,
To foist their wares, and curse, and lie and cheat.

Even such as they, who oftentimes have trod
O'er barren steppes, beneath the northern glare,
To swell the crowd and hold their Babel fair
By Volga's flood at Nishnei-Novgorod.

While I a pilgrim from the southern side
Of the Equator, journey sadly on
Till the long light of cheerless day is done,
A lonely wader in that human tide.

I hear the murmur of the waves around,
The noisy wash that rises evermore
Above the level of the sandy shore,
By which the currents and the tides are bound.
The very sun a stranger seems to me;  
And in the night the ever-changing moon,  
Shows in the sky like Andre's lost baloon  
Far drifting onward to a frozen sea.

And still I journey, while on either hand  
The dark barbarians gather on the plain,  
In quest of spoil and temporary gain,  
And speak in tongues I cannot understand.

But soon, oh soon! the long black night will come,  
And silence deep will settle on the scene,  
And all will be as they had never been;  
And I perhaps will reach some kindly home.

So on, and onward must the pilgrim plod  
Amongst the savage tribes without a friend;  
Until the sun shall o'er the waste descend,  
By Volga's flood at Nishnei-Novgorod.