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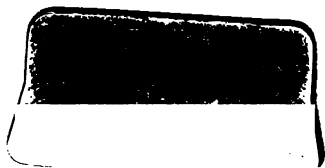
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CATHEDRAL RHYMES.



47.1482.







# CATHEDRAL RHYMES,

SUGGESTED BY PASSAGES

IN THE

LITURGY AND LESSONS.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD," "A SISTER'S RECORD," &c.



LONDON:

E. CHURTON, 26, HOLLES STREET.

1847.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE following verses are strictly what they profess to be—the subjects being mostly suggested at the moment by passages occurring in the daily service of our Cathedral Church, and worked out in the leisure hours of a quiet home within its precincts. To many personal friends I think the volume will be acceptable.

To them I dedicate it; but I feel myself to be on common ground with all who love our comprehensive Liturgy, or who can tolerate simple rhymes on household and familiar subjects.

PRECINCTS, CANTERBURY.

NOVEMBER, 1847.





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**St. Martin's Church.**

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**INTERCESSORY PRAYER.**

“Finally, we commend to thy Fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate.”

**THERE** are watchers by the bed of pain,  
Mourners in darkness shrouded,  
Whose lonely hours are desolate,  
Whose sun of joy is clouded.

And we are here in health and bliss to-day,  
Oh pray we for those mourners far away!

The sufferers in mind,  
Or body, or estate ;  
The early at their heavy toil,  
And taking rest—how late !  
Oh ! well, my Mother Church, thy words express  
The dreary lot of these—the comfortless.

The sufferers in mind,  
Oh little do we know !  
In the early sunshine of our heart,  
The bitter, bitter woe !  
Of such as weep in agonizing dread,  
Those of the hopeless heart, and stricken head.

The sufferers in mind,  
The weary, and the lone,  
Wrapped in some holy memory,  
Some vision all their own ;

Musing in sadness on their only one,  
In her young beauty to the dark grave gone.

The destitute and worn,  
The prisoner in his cell,  
The tender children in the mines,  
Where damp and darkness dwell,  
And she who beareth now her sex's doom.  
And is in anguish, for her hour is come.

The broken in estate,  
Whose little children cry  
For raiment and for bread,  
And they make no reply.  
The careless and the sinning—they who tread  
The flowery paths that lead but to the dead.

And we too often come,  
And on our bended knees  
Offer a *heedless* prayer,  
For sufferers such as these ;



And our vain selfish thoughts—away, away,  
Fly to the world and trifles of a day!

Are they realities we seek ;  
Do we, in very deed,  
Believe that God will hear,  
And help them in their need ?  
Oh ! strong and earnest let our pleading be,  
Here in our Father's house on bended knee.



## PARAPHRASE.

“ In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

“ Good Lord deliver us !”

THEU, who only canst deliver  
Of all grace and good the giver ;  
Worn and weary, unto thee,  
Low we bow the humble knee ;  
In sickness, poverty, and woe,  
To their tombs, when dear ones go,  
In temptation's fiery hour,  
When fade the garlands from our bower ;  
In the spirit's sore vexation,  
In *all* times of tribulation,

Gracious Lord deliver !

When the joyous spirit boundeth,  
And the voice of mirth resoundeth,

Rich in friends, in hope, in health,  
 Rich in store of treasured wealth.  
 When the sky is bright above us,  
 And we kneel with those who love us.  
 When earth is somewhat Heaven resembling,  
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling.  
 Of the tempter's hidden snare  
 Bid thy servants then beware.

Gracious Lord deliver !

When the hour of death is nigh,  
 Short the breath, and dim the eye,  
 Come it in what form it may,  
 Saviour take the sting away ;  
 Whether swift it bear us hence,  
 On the wing of pestilence.  
 Or, slowly wasting day by day,  
 We pass like wreath of snow away.  
 Be it sword, or flame, or wave  
 Almighty ! thou art strong to save.

Gracious Lord deliver !

Shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
When the heavens together roll,  
And echoes round from shore to shore  
The sentence "Time shall be no more!"  
When the great white throne is set,  
And the tribes of earth are met ;  
When in men and angels' sight  
On the left hand, or the right ;  
In that awful judgment day,  
Saviour ! hear us then we pray.

Gracious Lord deliver !



MORNING LESSON FOR MAY 10.

“Yea I know it, hold ye your peace.”

II KINGS, CH. 2. V. 3.

“YEA, I know it, and the hand

“That smites will be my stay,

“And I will live, believing on,

“And trust Him, though he slay.

“Yea, I know it, but, kind friends,

“Your dark forebodings cease ;

“The hour of trial comes not yet,

“I pray ye, hold your peace.”

So spake a prophet once to those

Who met him on the way—

Asking : “Oh ! master, knowest thou

“What God will do to-day?”

Still, still the same, mild friendship's voice  
Would warning kind impart.  
When God himself has rung the knell,  
In mercy on our heart.

We say it not, but oh we feel  
The gourd is fading fast ;  
The pleasant spring is drying up,  
And it must fail at last.

And, like the prophet oft-times we  
Would bid e'en friendship cease.  
" God, God himself will comfort me,  
" I pray ye, hold your peace.



## THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

“And we also bless thy holy name, for all thy servants departed  
this life in thy faith and fear.”—COMMUNION OFFICE.

AT the table of the Lord there knelt,  
('Twas a fair and gracious sight)  
A tender-hearted child all fresh  
From confirmation's rite :  
“For whom dost thou give thanks, fair child,  
That they are borne away  
From hence in humble faith and fear  
To God's eternal day ?”

I thank Him for an aged one,  
Who died long years ago—  
All tremulous his feeble voice,  
And his head was white as snow ;

And he told me of the ways of God  
And His throne in Heaven, how fair,  
And if there is a Saint above  
That aged man is there.

And I thank Him for another,  
Though my tears like rain-drops fell,  
When our little baby in her shroud  
Lay like a snowdrop's bell.  
I thank Him now, that, with the band  
Of ransomed ones above,  
Thou art safe my blessed darling  
And singing of His love.

At the table of the Lord there knelt,  
With bearing calm and meek  
A lady in her matron grace  
And tears were on her cheek.  
"Lady, for whom dost thou give thanks  
That they are early flown



To a land where sin can taint no more  
And sorrow is unknown ?”

“I thank God for a little one  
That in its sad unrest,  
Moaned its few hours of life away  
And died upon my breast ;  
That passed from its small cradle here  
Unto its daisied sod,  
And gave me but a passing call  
On its short road to God.

And I thank Him for another  
To manhood passing on,  
His mother’s joy—her *pride* perchance,  
Down to the dark grave gone ;  
Thanks from a broken heart I give,  
That safe and glorious now,  
No sin can tempt his foot astray,  
Or shame his noble brow.”

At the table of the Lord there knelt,  
In her feeble age and sad,  
A weakly and a widow'd one  
In garb of mourning clad.  
"For whom, for whom dost thou give thanks?  
The objects of thy love  
That while thou kneelest here in grief  
Are safe and blest above?"

"Nay, ask me not—my memory fails,  
I cannot count them o'er ;  
I wiped the death dew from their brow,  
But now I know no more.  
My Saviour counts them every one  
Parents and children there ;  
Sickness and age had shadowed some,  
And some were wondrous fair.

Aged and lone, my threescore years  
And ten, are long since past ;

My store is rich in paradise,\*

And I shall go at last.

Then give ye thanks, with heart and voice,

For the aged one that day

Taken at last by mercy's hand

From this sorrowing world away."

\* 'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in thought to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store.

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.



MORNING LESSON FOR MAY 11.

“ Carry him to his Mother.”

II KINGS, CH. 4. V. 19.

OH words of simple meaning,  
How deep a tale they tell.  
So now—as in the olden time  
A mother loveth well.  
The child in sudden anguish  
Cried out “ My head, my head !”  
And “ Take him to his mother,”  
Was all the father said.

Yes, “ Take him to his mother ;”  
That throbbing head shall rest,  
As in the days of infancy,  
Upon her loving breast.

She heeds not of its weight,  
Nor of his burning breath,  
But watcheth o'er her only one  
Until he sinks in death.

Ye know the tale—how hurriedly  
She sought the man of God,  
Embraced his feet, and humbly knelt  
Before him on the sod.  
And how, when of her treasured ones  
He questioned “Is all well?”  
Faith stilled the throbbing of her heart,  
And answered “All is well.”

It was two thousand years ago  
Upon a foreign strand ;  
But mothers love to hear the tale  
Now upon English land.  
And marvel not, that stricken one  
Found on his mother's breast,

The sweetest calm that earth could give,  
The haven of his rest.

A mother's love, is deep and warm,  
And blest be He who gave  
Its light to cheer our pathway from  
The cradle to the grave.  
But, Christian! higher, higher still  
Thy best affections set,  
A mother loveth tenderly,  
But oh, "she *may* forget."

Veil, veil thy face, fallen woman, now,  
It is thy God doth speak ;  
Thou mayst forget thy little one  
Oh woman, frail and weak.  
Most gracious words ; "she *may* forget  
The offspring of her womb ;  
But sinner, *I* remember thee,  
Through life unto the tomb."

---

## THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

“That it may please thee to give and preserve for our use, the kindly fruits of the earth, so as, in due time, we may enjoy them.”—

LITANY.

GOD of the sunshine and the shower,  
Thou who didst set thy bow  
Glorious across our April sky,  
Six thousand years ago.  
Creator, at whose blessed word  
Seed-time nor harvest fail,  
Nor winter with his icy breath,  
Nor summer's sultry gale.

Our Mother Church forgets not still  
Mid higher things to pray  
For that, thy timely sun and shower  
Throughout our varied day ;

And well I duly love to bend  
Obedient at her call,  
And pray thou wouldst in mercy send  
Earth's timely fruits to all.

Oh Paradise ! how glorious must have been  
Thy thornless roses, and how deep thy green !  
How full the luscious fruit from every bough,  
How cool the gushing wave,—when even now  
At such a prayer before my musing eyes  
Here in our fallen world, such scenes arise.

Earth's kindly fruits—what are they ? corn, and wine  
Pressed from the glowing clusters of the vine ;  
The strawberry which friendship's hand shall bring  
To some meek sufferer's couch in genial spring,  
Wild woodland berries, childhood's treasured hoard,  
And roots and barley for the poor man's board,  
All rosy fruits from Autumn's laden bough,  
Each luscious berry wreathed about her brow.

Nor these alone,—the mind's discursive eye



Takes in review the world's great family,  
Marks the broad date-trees 'neath Arabia's sky,  
And in the East Cabool's dark mulberry.\*  
The graceful corn that waves on India's coasts,  
The fields of rice, to feed her listless hosts,  
And prays for those who, with a watchful eye,  
Must hail such fruits, or lay them down and die.

Send then, thy gracious rain, Almighty Lord,  
Shine out the sun, obedient to thy word,  
We are thy pensioners from day to day ;  
Preserve earth's kindly fruits, we humbly pray ;  
Do thou thy part, fulfill thy gracious word  
Let us enjoy them in due time, Oh Lord !

\* Their diet of mulberries, that fruit dried and pounded being the general food of the population."—RESIDENCE IN CABOOL, BY SIR ALEXANDER BURNS, P. 150.



**EVENING LESSON FOR JANUARY 13.**

**“Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way.”**

**GEN. CH. 24. v. 56.**

**“HINDER me not,” the servant said,  
The trusted, and the true,  
“The Lord hath prospered me ; but I  
“Have yet a task to do.**

**“I may not, in your pleasant tents,  
“Thus linger day by day ;  
“Bring forth Rebecca and her nurse,  
“And set me on my way.”**

**Like Abram’s servant faithful found  
Unto his Lord’s behest ;  
The Christian hath a work to do,  
His sun is in the west.**

He presses on, his work to do,

His journey to fulfil ;

Leaving earth's tempting gauds behind,

To do his Master's will.

“Hinder me not, ye earthly things !

“ Riches, and care, and coil,

“ My treasures, are, above—above !

“ Ye are not worth my toil.

“Hinder me not, ye little ones !

“ Unto my fond heart prest,

“ Warmly as ye may nestle there,

“ I dare not love ye best !

“Hinder me not ! still to the last

“ Thus will the Christian say :

“ I must be pressing on, kind friends,

“ And work while it is day.

“Hinder me not! I journey on  
“Through every weary mile;  
“Like Abraham’s faithful servant still,  
“To win my Master’s smile.



**EVENING LESSON FOR MARCH 21.**

**Jephtha's Daughter.—JUDGES, CH. 11.**

**WAIL, hapless chief ! did ever sire  
So greet a daughter's eye ?  
Or mingle with her song of joy  
Such shriek of agony ?**

**Wail, hapless chief ! her glad advance,  
Her duteous triumph paid ;  
Devote to early hopeless death  
Thy dear, thy only maid !**

**Oh ! had she never come before  
To greet thy homeward way,  
Or welcom'd with her smile of light,  
The triumphs of the day ?**

Oh ! had the breezes never borne  
The burden of her song,  
Or wantoned mid her locks, as she  
Danced with light step along ?

And never had her glancing eye  
Looked upward through a tear ;  
While soft her eager accents spoke :—  
“ My father, welcome here !”

Now, now alone his bitter wail,  
His hurried faltering breath ;  
His garments rent, proclaim aloud,  
“ Oh, I have vowed thy death !”

One moment when her doom was spoke,  
In mute amaze she stood ;  
The next—“ Thy vow is to the Lord  
“ My father, make it good !”

This, this alone thy hapless child  
Claims at a father's hand,  
For two short months to wander where  
Judea's mountains stand.

With bitter tears my early fate,  
My childhood's sins bewail,  
And pray for mercy upon one  
So sinful and so frail.

Ah ! who can tell what visions broke  
Upon her wakened eyes ?  
How sweet the voice from Heaven that spoke—  
“Devoted maid, arise !”

Rise from the vanity and tears  
That marked thy transient way ;  
Rise by a short, though awful death,  
To Heaven's eternal day !

That father saw his child again  
Those months of wandering past,  
And pressed a kiss upon her cheek  
The deepest and the last.

Oh, she was changed!—the summer bloom  
Upon that cheek had fled,  
And the fair ringlets round her brow  
Their sunny gloss had shed.

And gone was the elastic step,  
The voice of gladness gone,  
The glance of joy that fair and free,  
Once in her blue eye shone.

Yet she was fair, and in that hour,  
Unwonted faith was given,  
To hide the darkness of the vale  
To shew a glimpse of Heaven.



And deep her sigh, and sweet her smile  
As that dark vale she trod :  
The *sigh* was for her father's grief,  
The *smile* was to her God !



## PARAPHRASE.

“That it may please thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water, all women labouring with child, all sick persons and young children, and to shew thy pity upon all prisoners and captives.”—LITANY.

WHEN the oft-repeated sound  
Through the aisle has echoed round,  
And from the assembled train  
Breaks the solemn prayer again—  
“ We beseech thee, hear us Lord,”  
Join thou not with *faint* accord,  
But earnestly and humbly kneel,  
And warmly to thy God appeal  
For those the sick and far away,  
Who kneel not with thee here to-day.

Pray thou for the traveller, now  
With weary foot and burning brow,  
Perchance upon a foreign strand,  
Pining for his distant land ;  
In fancy through his native dell,  
Chimes the holy Sabbath bell ;  
But weary, as he gazes round,  
Far other sight and other sound  
Break upon his eye and ear.  
Pray—and joy that thou art here !

For the wanderer on the deep,  
Starting from his broken sleep  
At the tempest's hollow sound,  
Or the lightning flashing round ;  
Or the hostile cannon's roar.  
Pray thou on thy quiet shore,  
That the God of earth and sea,  
Equally o'er him and thee,

May his guardian care extend,  
And be the sea-worn traveller's friend.

Pray for her whose throbbing brow,  
And crimson cheeks are burning now,  
In her hour of agony.

Pray thou, that her steadfast eye,  
May fix on Him whose power alone  
Can still that agonizing groan,  
And bid her new-born infant's wail  
Speak its heart-consoling tale.

Pray *thou*, for *her* prayers to-day,  
In sighs of anguish died away.

Lift again thy earnest cry,  
For those in slow decline who lie  
On the couch by friendship spread,  
Or on fever's restless bed ;  
Never more perchance to come  
Within the temple's holy dome.

They ask thy prayers, remember thou,  
While health is beaming on thy brow  
The hour of pain and death is nigh,  
And pray for them right fervently.

For the child in summer hours,  
Sporting 'mid the sun-lit flowers ;  
Reckless in its happy play  
Of the perils of the way.  
Lovely, but alas ! the while,  
Heir of sin, and woe, and guile,  
And unable yet to raise  
Its lisping voice in prayer or praise.  
Wayward, frolicsome, and wild,  
Pray thou for that helpless child.

And yet, once more, in fancy mark  
The captive's dungeon, lone and dark.  
Days, months, and seasons pass away,  
Yet he comes not here to pray ;

Ask thou not, if crime or care,  
Has placed the weary captive there.  
He is *bound*, and thou art *free*,  
And thy song of joy should be  
Mingled with an earnest cry,  
For prisoners in their misery.



## THE LORD BE WITH YOU.

“The Lord be with You,”

*Ans.* “And with thy spirit.”—LITURGY.

LONG years ago, at harvest tide,

In Syria's sultry land,

Came Boaz down from Bethlehem

Unto his reaping band.

“The Lord be with You,” the good master cried.

“The Lord bless thee”—the duteous hinds replied.

Comes ever to my mind that scene,

When on the Sabbath day,

Pastor and people, turn by turn,

Lift up the voice and pray.

“The Lord be with You,”—doth the pastor cry,

“And with thy spirit”—doth his flock reply.

Oh ever speak the words in solemn tone,  
With such deep pleading as thy Lord will own.

Is he an old man? On whose furrowed brow  
Three score and ten set their grave impress now.  
Is his voice weak, and dim his eye with age,  
And bends he somewhat o'er the well known page?  
It is a touching sight—Oh pray that he  
Whene'er his Lord shall call, may ready be,  
And help him through each weary hour and lone,  
And now in feeble age his labours own.  
Oh pray that *Simeon's* God may gracious shed  
His treasured blessings on that hoary head.

Is he a young man? Lift thy heart and pray,  
That through the heat and burden of the day,  
A hand unseen may shield his youthful head,  
A light illumine the path where he shall tread;  
That grave, yet courteous, earnest in the truth  
He suffer no man to "despise his youth,"



But like his blessed Lord in favour grow,  
With God above, and with good men below—

Or young, or old, rich in the goods of earth,  
Or poor in all but his celestial birth,  
He is thy shepherd, pray on bended knee  
That with his spirit still the Lord may be.



FREE VERSION OF PSALM 121.

(Twenty-seventh morning of the month.)

GOD of the mountains and the breezy hills

Whence flow the sparkling rills ;

I lift my eyes to thee.

To Thee I look for aid ;

Thou heaven and earth hast made,

And Thou, the sea.

Nor will he suffer that thy foot should move,

Thou nursling of his love ;

Rest safe beneath his care.

He sleepeth not, nor slumbereth,

He who his Israel numbereth ;

Careth for every hair.

Thy keeper and thy guide the Lord shall be,

Thy sure defence is he ;

Standing on thy right hand.

Safe from the nightly moon,

Safe from the ray of noon,

He shields his chosen band.

He from all evil shall preserve thy soul,

His power shall keep thee whole ;

Safe in thy going out.

From henceforth shalt thou be,

Safe in thy coming in, for he,

Shall compass thee about.



## BAPTISM OF A SICK INFANT.

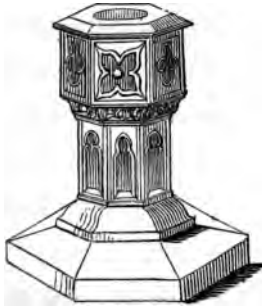
(“ We yield thee most hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased thee to regenerate this Infant with thy holy spirit, to receive him for thine own child by adoption, and to incorporate him into thy holy church.”)—PRIVATE BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

BRING me fair water—we will sprinkle now  
The mystic drops upon the infant's brow ;  
Receive him to the blessed ark and pray  
Our God to guide him in the narrow way,  
Narrow and short for thee, thou favoured child !  
The world's temptations, passion's tempest wild,  
These shalt thou never know ; just come to say  
How dark a night may end in brightest day.

Take him, and mother, wrap him closely round,  
And soothe his moaning with the gentle sound

Breath'd only in a mother's trembling tone :  
Watch him the long night through—alone—alone;  
Moisten the fevered lip and bid him rest  
On the sweet pillow of thy loving breast.

Then, as he passes with a sob away,  
Pierce with the eye of faith the realms of day,  
Hear the loud harp-strings wake in sweetest tone  
With songs of joy the ransomed one to own ;  
Lift the dark veil, sad mourner, from thy brow  
Thou art the mother of an *Angel* now.



## CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

(Evening Lesson for the 10th Sunday after Trinity.)

“And the king of Israel said unto his servants, “know ye not that Ramoth in Gilead is ours and we be still, and take it not out of the hand of the king of Syria.”—1 KINGS, CH. 22. v. 30.

“KNOW ye not that Ramoth

“In Gilead’s land is ours,

“And we be still and take it not

“With all these warlike powers ;

“No, if against the Syrian king,

“Who ruleth mightily,

“I do go up into that land,

“Wilt thou go up with me ?”

So Ahab spake, and Judah’s king

Did brotherly reply :—

“My chariots and my horse are thine,

“And as thou art—am I,”

And then from the false prophets broke

A voice with one accord :—

“ Go up to Ramoth Gilead,

“ With the blessing of the Lord.”

But the blessing of the Lord went not,

With that troop of armed men ;

And their king was wounded and was dead,

When a few returned again ;

But ever as I hear the tale,

I think of a mightier king,

Who from a darker mastery,

Doth his captive subjects bring.

I think upon the million souls

In Satan's fetters bound,

The while the mighty host of God

Encompasseth around.

And know we not these precious souls,  
Thus captive led are ours,  
And we be still and take them not  
With our Master's conquering powers.

With the helmet of salvation,  
And the spirit's glorious sword,  
We will go up unto the fight ;  
Strong in thy strength, oh Lord !  
For thou hast said, and thou wilt keep  
Thy promise faithfully :—  
“ My spirit and my might are thine,  
“ I will go up with thee !”





## APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

(Evening Lesson for August 10.)

“ But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.”—1 PETER, CH. 5. v. 10.

WHEN my fainting heart is weak,  
And the tear is on my cheek ;  
When o'ercome with care and coil,  
And wearied with the world's turmoil ;  
Then to Thee, oh Lord ! I flee,  
Stablish, strengthen, settle me !

When the voice of fear doth wake  
 For our needy brethren's sake,  
 Doubting lest the poor should cry,  
 And the earth make no reply ;  
     Then to Thee, oh Lord ! I flee,  
     Stablish, strengthen, settle me !

When our stricken church doth mourn,  
 Children from her bosom torn,  
 And the trifer's voice doth say :  
 " Will ye also go away ?"  
     Then to Thee, oh Lord ! I flee,  
     Stablish, strengthen, settle me !

When I mark the hidden snare,  
 For the young set every where ;  
 And my voice in vain doth pray :—  
 " Walk ye in the narrow way ;"  
     Then to Thee, oh Lord ! I flee,  
     Stablish, strengthen, settle me !

When my own besetting sin  
Strives for mastery within ;  
When my own besetting grief  
From earthly friends hopes no relief ;  
Then to thee, oh Lord ! I flee,  
Stablish, strengthen, settle me !



## THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

“Honour thy father and thy mother.”—EXODUS. CH. 20.

“Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.”—COMMUNION SERVICE.

I KNELT within the house of God  
At a gentle mourner's side,  
And duly after each command  
Her quiet voice replied :—  
“Oh Lord! have mercy and incline  
“My heart to keep this law of thine.”

Once, only, from her silent lips  
No sweet response was heard,  
In answer to the pastor's voice  
No gently murmured word.  
“Honour thy father and thy mother,” fell  
Silent, unanswered, like a dying knell.

Oh ! what a tale that mourner's silence told,  
How sad a page of human life unrolled,  
Silent ; for well she knew that prayer or vow  
For those, the lost and mourned, were mockery now.  
And close she drew her veil, and bent her head,  
And well I knew, she communed with the dead.

Who reads the tale ? Oh ! canst thou lift thine eye  
Thou happy one ! and see a father by ?  
Is there a crown of glory round his brow,  
Slow is his step, and his voice feeble now ?  
Beware ! beware ! the fount is almost dry,  
The ground is fading 'neath thy watchful eye :  
A little while to look, to love, to pray,  
Then seek his place, and he shall be away.

Hast thou a mother ? she who, day by day,  
Taught thee to lift thy infant lips and pray ;  
She who hath pitied thee, then others scorned,  
Wept thy *soul's* sickness, and in dangers warned ;

Hath borne with all thy youth's impetuous pride,  
When this world's gauds have lured thee from her side;  
And doth she suffer yet, and love, and strive,  
Thy care-worn mother—is she yet alive ?  
Oh ! use the precious moments, bend thee now,  
And print a duteous kiss upon her brow :  
A little while, and all thy care in vain  
Would purchase back such blessed hour again.  
A little while, and when the pastor's word :—  
“ Honour thy parents,” shall be duly heard,  
Thy mournful soul will muse upon the line,  
Nor dare to answer :—“ Lord, my heart incline.”



CLOSE VERSION OF PSALM 147.

(Thirtieth evening of the month.)

PRAISE ye the Lord ! a pleasant thing

It is, our God to praise ;

A joyful thing in thankfulness

Our voices high to raise.

The Lord doth build Jerusalem,

And Israel's outcasts—he

Together in his fold again

Doth gather graciously.

He poureth forth the medicine cup,

The broken heart to heal ;

He knows the number of the stars,

And doth their names reveal.

Great is our Lord, His wisdom great,  
And Infinite is found ;  
The meek He raiseth, and brings down  
The godless to the ground.

Oh ! praise our God upon the harp,  
And sing with thanksgiving  
To Him who thus, upon the earth,  
The gracious rain doth bring.

Who spreadeth forth the clouds above,  
And maketh grass to grow  
Upon the mountain tops, and herbs  
To nurture man below.

Who bringeth forth a store of food  
For cattle in their stall,  
Upholdeth the young raven's wing,  
And feedeth when they call.



No pleasure in the horse's strength,  
Nor in man's speed hath he ;  
But in such souls as fearfully,  
For mercy to him flee.

Praise thou the Lord, Jerusalem,  
Oh ! praise his holy name,  
Who shuts thy gates and keeps thy sons  
Safely within the same.

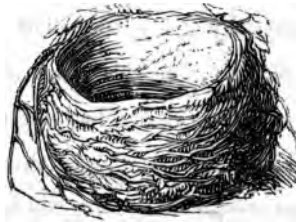
He in thy borders giveth peace,  
With wheat he filleth thee,  
He his commandment sendeth forth,  
And bids it swiftly flee.

Snow like the wool, and hoar frost he,  
Like ashes, scatters round.  
Who may abide his shiver'd ice,  
His frost upon the ground ?

He sendeth out his mighty word,  
He bids his soft wind blow,  
With viewless power he melteth them,  
The solid waters flow.

He sheweth unto Jacob's sons,  
His statutes, and his word ;  
His ordinances, and his laws,  
Are by his Israel heard.

Such knowledge of his righteous laws,  
The heathen have not found ;  
Nor hath he dealt so graciously,  
With any nations round.



## CONFIRMATION.

“ Defend oh Lord this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that he may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in thy holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom.”

Mark where they kneel before Thee—Father ! thou  
Didst see us sprinkle water on their brow,  
And we did sign them with that mystic sign,  
Thy cross, Redeemer ! and we called them thine.  
We ask not *in what measure* thou didst give  
Thy quickening spirit then, and bid them live.  
This we believe thy mercy “ did allow  
The charitable deed,” and heard our vow ;  
Thy loving kindness, Father, hath been shed  
By day and night, on every youthful head ;  
Thy love has brought them now, and bids them wait

Here for a blessing at Thy palace gate ;  
And when their pastors break the hallowed bread,  
And bid them feed in faith, on Christ, their head,  
And do exhort them thankfully to take  
The blessed wine cup for their Saviour's sake.  
Be it enough—oh ! thou distracted sore  
My Mother Church ! when, when, will it be o'er,  
And thy meek children be content to bring  
With trustful hearts, their humble offering.  
Content to follow where their Saviour led ;  
Visit the mourners, soothe the dying bed,  
Inquiring meekly all life's journey through :—  
“ Father what is it Thou would'st have me do ? ”

See where they kneel before thee ; oh ! how soon  
Will their young morning brighten into noon ;  
And then come solemn evening, shadowed o'er  
With memories flung from joys that are no more ;  
And then the silent night, when death draws round  
Our curtains close, and lays us in the ground.

Brief, brief career ! how mournfully would fall  
The closing numbers, if this life were all ;  
But there are brighter things—a purchased crown,  
A ransom found—a comforter sent down.

Cheer thee, young Christian, lift thine eye and see  
The purchase of His love who died for thee.  
What if thy life be brief, and this world loss.  
One word amendeth all—the Cross, the Cross !



## THE DESOLATE.

Occasioned by a little girl's asking the meaning of that word during the Litany.

How should'st thou know, whose early steps

'Mid all things bright have been ?

How should'st thou know, my happy child,

What desolate may mean ?

How should'st thou know, with flowers around,

And sunny skies above,

And eyes that watch thee evermore,

With all a mother's love ?

How should'st thou know, with that blithe boy  
For ever in thy path,  
And all the store of loving friends,  
Thy happy childhood hath ?  
How should'st thou know, whose merry heart,  
With glad contentment springs  
To find a sweet companionship,  
Even in lifeless things ?

My child ! my child ! God's gracious hand  
Upon thy blessed head,  
Through all thy little span of life  
Hath nought but mercy shed ;  
Yet well it is that thou should'st ask,  
And I, my loved one, tell  
The cold, sad meaning of a word  
That some have learnt so well.

Then listen : there are those who mourn  
For some sweet child like thee,

Whose duteous voice they hoped would prove  
Their life-long melody.

The voice is hushed, the child is gone,  
Their sole and cherished one ;  
And oh ! how *desolate* are they,  
Left travelling on alone.

And there are little ones, my child,  
Aye less, perchance, than thou,  
Their hearts and homes, so blissful once,  
How *desolated* now.

Uncared for, poor, and fatherless,  
Yet still they bear them on,  
Bethinking them of pleasures past,  
And dear ones that are gone.

When for a few more passing years,  
Thy sojourn here has been,  
Thou wilt not ask so simply, child,  
What *desolate* may mean.



The shutter closed—the mourner's veil,—  
Oh! thy kind heart will learn,  
With quick and gracious sympathy  
Such tokens to discern.

Then meekly bend and thankfully,  
And pray with fervent power,  
That earnest prayer may comfort send  
Into how many a bower.  
Oh! well it is the young, the blest,  
Should learn for those to pray  
Whose flowers have faded from their path,  
And sunshine from their day.

For *thee*, 'twere sweet indeed to think  
Thy coming path might be  
As sheltered, and as happy still,  
As what is passed to thee.  
But oh! lest I should dare to ask  
The smile without the rod,

I must not, would not choose, my child,  
I leave thee to thy God.

Almighty Shepherd ! Saviour, Lord,  
Oh ! hear a mother's prayer,  
This precious lamb most safely lead  
To pastures green and fair.  
Oh ! guide her, guard her, blessed Lord,  
'Mid all the devious way,  
And lead her on through grief or joy,  
To Heaven's unclouded day.



## MORNING LESSON FOR MAY 19.

For God speaketh once yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not.

JOB, CH. 33. v. 14.

God hath spoken unto thee,  
Mortal, whosoe'er thou be,  
In a voice of love and power,  
Day by day, and hour by hour.  
Speaks He not in majesty,  
When the shades of midnight fly ;  
And He sends the glorious sun,  
As giant forth his race to run,  
Making him a silvery tent  
In the gorgeous firmament.  
By the valley and the mountain,  
Shady grove and sparkling fountain ;

By the ocean rolling wide,  
Its constant but mysterious tide ;  
By everything around, above,  
The God of nature and of love ;  
Thoughtless mortal, speaks to thee  
In a voice of mystery.

Are ye heedless, sons of men,  
Listen yet, He speaks again.

By each dear and holy tie,  
Friends who cling so lovingly ;  
Walking with us as we go,  
Through the paths of joy or woe ;  
By the sunny tresses shed  
On the laughing infant's head ;  
By the old man's crown of glory,  
Those few locks so scant and hoary,  
Telling of the love and care,  
With which He numbers every hair,

Speaks He in a still, small voice,  
Bidding us believe, rejoice.

Yet again, your gracious Lord,  
Speaks unto you by his word ;  
By the blessed Bible given,  
Messenger to earth from Heaven ;  
By each truth its lines unfold,  
Wonders wrought in days of old ;  
By each judgment that befell  
His rebellious Israel ;  
By his just avenging rod,  
Speaks in wrath your chastening God.

But that awful voice is o'er,  
Sinai's thunders wake no more,  
Breaks now from Sion's blessed hill,  
"Peace on earth, to men good will."

As types and shadows pass away,  
Beams the glorious gospel day.  
Now He speaks by every word  
From the blessed Saviour heard ;  
By the dead to life restored  
At the bidding of their Lord ;  
By the grave that owned his power,  
By the resurrection hour ;  
By the Comforter that came,  
Majestic down in tongues of flame ;  
By salvation's wondrous plan  
Speaks He to rebellious man.

He speaks and are we yet unwon,  
Reverence we not the *Son* ?  
Oh ! before His vengeance wake,  
Ere His voice the mountains shake,  
And each careless sinner's heart  
Trembles at the word " depart."

Now, now in our salvation's day,  
Let us watch, repent, and pray ;  
Answering to each gracious word :  
"Thy servant heareth, speak oh Lord !"



## SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY.

“Oh eternal God! Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life; send thy blessing upon these thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in thy name, that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made (whereof this ring given and received is a token and a pledge) and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to thy laws, through Jesus Christ our Lord—AMEN.”

MOTHER! on this bridal morning,

When thy child is passing on,

From thy voice of faithful warning,

Through the path that thou hast gone.

Thou who knowest all the anguish

Which that young blithe heart may feel,

How that beaming eye may languish,

And whose love alone can heal;

Oh! take her to the altar's blessed shade,

And kneel, and pray there, as your fathers prayed!



## SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY.

Father! by thy brow of sadness

Thou hast known the world's turmoil,  
While that sweet voice with its gladness  
Cheered thee 'mid its care and coil.

Oh! those cares thou knowest well

Must beset that dear one soon,  
For life's eve we know full well,

Oft times darker than its noon;

Oh, take her to the altar's blessed shade!  
And kneel and pray there, as your fathers prayed!

Sister! ye have joyed together

In the sweet path ye have trod,  
Proving yet but sunny weather

Through the mercy of your God.

Oh! thou dost but little know

How oft she may look mournful back,  
When the storms of life shall blow

To your childhood's sheltered track.

Oh! take her to the altar's blessed shade,  
And kneel, and pray there, as your fathers prayed!

Oh! kneel and pray, for richest blessings there  
Are stored up in answer to your prayer.  
Blessings extending through life's devious way,  
And reaching on to Heaven's eternal day.  
Rich blessings, such as God in mercy shed,  
On faithful Abraham and on Sarah's head;  
Sweet lessons too of meek obedience given,  
And guides along the path from Earth to Heaven.  
O scorn it not—the blessing of your king  
'Mid earth's rude storms his gracious shadowing.  
Oh, take her to the altar's blessed shade!  
And kneel, and pray there, as your fathers prayed!



**ADDITIONAL POEMS**

**ON**

**VARIOUS SUBJECTS.**

**THE RECORD IN THE FAMILY BIBLE.**

**WHAT** hast thou there, old man, whereon  
Thy eyes so steadfast look,  
Recorded thus in years past by  
Within that holy book ?

**Names** of the living and the dead  
Thy musing eye doth scan ;  
Who clasped thy neck, and kissed thy cheek  
So lovingly, old man !

The noble sons, the daughters fair,  
Who in thy manhood's pride  
Clustered around thee gleefully,  
Exulting at thy side ?

Where are they ? where ?—A father's heart  
Hath shrined them every one,  
Can tell us who are living yet,  
And whither they are gone.

Can tell us how the fever burned  
That snatched his *first* away,  
And how his *youngest* lay and moaned,  
That infant of a day ?

Can pass his trembling finger on,  
And pause to tell us how,  
The grave in trust for paradise,  
Holds half his treasures now ?

Such, such is life—yet well I wot,  
With many a prayer and tear,  
Those names were graven in his heart,  
And stand recorded here !

The dead—the absent—oh, how live we on !  
Content, although life's rainbow-hues are gone ;  
How oft doth mercy leave some gift to tell  
A chastening father loves his children well.  
Mark— the old man hath heard a gentle tread,  
And raises with calm smile his silvery head.  
“ Ah, art thou come to thy old father's side,  
My beam of light, my trusted and my tried ?”  
“ Nay, father, I am ever with thee—see  
Here my low seat thou lovest, at thy knee ;  
Thy hand shall rest upon thy daughter's head,  
And thy fond lips their dearest blessing shed.  
Ah, dost thou mark them, those few threads of snow,  
Sent to tell gently how our summers go ?  
Hadst thou forgotten through how many a year

Thou and thy favoured child have lingered here ;  
How she hath loved thee, watched thee, and lived on,  
When every other from thy side was gone.  
What if the promise of my early day  
Youth—and its visioned hopes have passed away ?  
I tread a holy and a blessed path,  
Father ! a rich reward thy daughter hath ;  
Nay cheer thee—well I know where thou hast been,  
The touching record that thy eye hath seen ;  
Oh ! well we place it near the lines that speak  
Comfort to mourners, strength unto the weak ;  
See at one glance—how frail earth's treasures be,  
How sure, how dazzling bright, man's immortality.



## THE TREASURED FLOWER.

“Her Majesty has been pleased to make a liberal contribution for the relief of the distressed family of a gentleman lately deceased under very melancholy circumstances. It appears that his eldest daughter, when three years of age, was admitted into the presence of Her Majesty—then a girl, and taken much notice of. She presented the little girl with a flower, which was carefully preserved, and was lately transmitted to the Queen as a memorial of the circumstance, with a request that it might be returned to the young lady.”—MIRROR.

YES—send it her ; I was a playful child  
When once she took me in her arms and smiled,  
The young—the gracious ; and they told me, she  
In years to come a mighty Queen would be.  
And so I treasured up the simple flower,  
A Princess gave me in that happy hour.

It was my girlhood's boast, a fading thing  
Whose beauty vanished with its blossoming ;  
Yet mid the treasured heaps that childhood shews  
Nought prized I, like my sweet though faded rose,  
Forgetfulness hath swept its heavy wing  
O'er many a bright day of my early spring ;  
But that one fluttering hour stands all apart,  
My Sovereign's smile deep graven on my heart.

Since then, since then, thy eye, my gentle Queen  
Would weep to know the horrors I have seen,  
How reverence grew to terror as my gaze  
Dwelt on the harassed author of my days.  
And then that awful hour—no more, no more  
I would not, and I must not tell it o'er ;  
Enough that one round whom thou deignedst to fling  
Thy youthful arm, is now a withered thing.  
Shorn are the ringlets where thy fingers played,  
And shrunk the form where childhood's graces strayed ;  
And penury has come, and pain and woe,  
And one deep grief that can no healing know.



And thou, sweet Lady! What has chanced to thee,  
Since roving thus awhile in girlhood free,  
Thy light foot bounded o'er thy native isle,  
And childhood revelled in thy gracious smile;  
What hath befallen? Words but feebly tell  
The regal honours thou hast borne so well.  
What gem hath earth of gorgeous or of rare  
But she hath wreathed it in thy braided hair?  
Where is the kingdom that, with honour meet,  
Casts not its riches humbly at thy feet?  
Ermine, and gold, and broidery—these thy eye  
Might view complacent, or would pass them by;  
The very crown, I ween, that decks it now  
Oft presses heavy on thy youthful brow.  
But childhood's laugh is in thy palace halls;  
Thou art a fruitful vine upon its walls.  
Oh! mid all pleasant things—all anxious thought  
A kingdom's care on thy young head has brought;  
How little marvel, Lady, would it be,  
Hadst thou as time passed on forgotten me;

And yet I send thee that which, as a spell,  
Brings back sweet memories in my heart to dwell ;  
And it may wake, perhaps, a pitying thought  
For the young child once to thy presence brought.  
But if thou hast forgot that by-gone hour,  
Still send me back, fair Queen, my treasured flower.

Oh ! favoured land, where subjects dare to kneel,  
And on such plea their cares and wants reveal ;  
Oh doubly favoured, when, with pitying ear,  
A youthful monarch bends such plea to hear.  
Not Queen alone, but nursing mother, she  
To whom her children thus may bend the knee,  
May freely cast all servile fear apart,  
And claim an interest in her *woman's* heart.

Poor mourner ! has an earthly sovereign heard  
With kind acceptance thy imploring word ?  
Oh ! urge thy suit into the King of kings,  
With voice more eager, and for mightier things ;

No messenger that embassy may need,  
No pleading friend to say " I pray thee, heed."  
And He can give as earthly monarch never ;  
Wipe the cold tear-drops from thy eyes for ever ;  
Raise thee, through Him who died upon the tree,  
To where earth's anguish'd memories cannot be,  
Lift the dark veil that hides His course below,  
And shew thee all the way His people go.



## CATHEDRAL ROBINS.

“The household bird with the red stomacher.”

DR. DONNE.

WHY wander thy eyes, thou little maid,  
From thy book of prayer away ;  
Here in the holy house of God,  
Upon the Sabbath day ?  
Art thou gazing where, with rich device,  
They have carved the fretted stone,  
And reared, with fitting cost and care,  
Our aged prelate's throne ?

Art thou looking where the feast is spread,  
And the sun with glancing beam ;  
On the crimson and the linen fair,  
And the golden cups doth gleam ?

Art thou gazing where, in olden days,  
Five hundred years ago,  
They reared the fretted canopy  
Where a bishop sleeps below,

All gorgeous in his robe of state,  
While cherub-wings are spread  
In burnished gold on either side,  
To guard his mitred head ;  
The while beneath, in contrast shewn,  
Screened from the sun's bright ray,  
His sculptured form emaciate lies,  
As on his dying day ?

Or do the gloves and coat of mail,  
And the banner hung on high  
In all their dark antiquity,  
Arrest thy roving eye ?  
Or where from storied pane above,  
Upon the pavement stone

Refracted clear, the rainbow tints  
Like chequered gems are thrown ?

Oh ! none of these—that thoughtless child  
Look'd on a blither thing ;  
Following the robin where it soar'd,  
On glad and fearless wing.  
Familiar bird—I marvel not,  
That childhood's loving eye,  
Should look with bright and curious glance,  
Thy pleasant ways to spy.

Now soaring wild and singing free  
An anthem all thy own ;  
Or perched where best it pleaseth thee,  
On monument or throne.  
As lightly fitting o'er the brass  
Where mouldering abbots lie,  
As if it were a daisied turf  
Beneath a summer sky.

Where is thy nest, thou little bird ?

In some cranny, high and drear,

Where, heavy in the ancient tower,

The great bell swingeth near ;

Methinks it were a blither thing,

When sings the summer breeze,

To build thy little wondrous nest

In the orchard's blossom'd trees.

Perchance thou hast some errand here,

Blithe bird, we little know ;

A message to some sceptic's heart,

Some mourner in his woe ;

For we are wonderfully made,

And insect, moss, or shell,

Full often have a silent voice,

And speak their moral well.

Whilst to the field's fair flowers,

And to the birds of Heaven,

We reverently deem

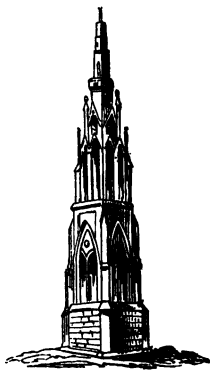
A holier voice is given ;

Remembering *Who* hath said,

“ These glad and bright things see !

“ Their heavenly Father feedeth them,

“ And cares He not for thee ?”





THE BASKET OF FLOWERS.

SHE wandered on a summer's eve,  
Amid her garden bowers,  
And culled for one who loved them well,  
A store of choice, sweet flowers.

Her infant's little basket there,  
Upon the soft turf lay,  
And ere she filled it with those sweets,  
Perchance she threw away,

Daisies and grass a treasured store  
That he, in happy play,  
Had gather'd in his quiet mood,  
Throughout that summer day.

And then unto a *mother's* home,  
Her tasteful store she brought,  
And so it chanced, that simple gift  
Awoke a *mother's* thought.

Thy *cup* of life—thou little sprite,  
Oh ! it were vain to think  
*That* could be filled, for thee, with sweets,  
Thus to the very brink.

Yet learn thy mother's art, dear child,  
Through life's eventful hours ;  
To cast its weeds and thorns away,  
And treasure up its flowers.



## HOURS OF WAKING.

How does the infant wake ?

Oftimes with a happy smile,  
As its spirit had been wandering  
'Mid angel hosts, the while.

Its gentle mother quiet watch was keeping,  
Praying sweet prayers, while that blest babe was sleeping.

How do we wake in youth ?

With a gush of busy life ;  
Alert to pluck its roses,  
Or mingle in its strife.

No sigh for pleasures past, no sorrow dreading,  
Through the long vista our light foot is treading.

How do we wake in middle age ?

To a world whose sun is shaded ;

Whence those we loved are passed away,

And youth's bright visions faded.

To thoughts of care for dear ones travelling on

The weary careful paths that we have gone.

How does the old man wake ?

From his broken restless sleep ;

All dull of heart, and stiff of limb ;

But with musings calm and deep.

On the near waves of Jordan's river swelling,

The many mansions of his Father's dwelling.

How shall we wake at last ?

If through our Saviour's grace ;

That blest awakening may be,

In Heaven's fair dwelling place.

Nay ear hath heard not, eye hath witnessed never,

That blest awakening—blissful and for ever !



## THE CHARITY-SCHOOL GIRL.

**SHE** weareth a gown of deepest blue,  
In the fashion of other times,  
And she trippeth along on a Sunday morn  
As ring out the old bell's chimes.  
And shower or shine on her young bright head ;  
She hath nought but the rounded cap,  
And over her shoulders a scanty cloak,  
Whatever storms may hap.

But when Easter cometh, the little maid,  
She doth lay her cloak aside ;  
And over her gown is a tippet white,  
And a little apron tied ;  
And she hath a nosegay of fresh spring flowers  
To honour the Easter morn ;  
The wall-flower and the daffodil,  
And the sweet-brier's budding thorn.

And she with her little company  
Doth enter the ancient door ;  
And two and two their footsteps fall  
On the nave and the chancel floor ;  
And all together they kneel them down,  
And they bend their heads in prayer ;  
And I fain would hope some child-like hearts,  
And some heaven-born hopes are there.

And loud she sayeth her Belief,  
And loud the full " amen ;"  
And when the organ bursteth forth,  
She singeth sweetly then.  
And back to her cottage-home again  
The little maid doth go ;  
And, because it is the Sabbath day,  
She walketh sedate and slow.

Then up betimes on a week-day morn,  
Before to school goes she—

For this little maid of ten years old,  
    How many tasks there be :—  
She sweeps the room, she lights the fire,  
    She setteth the kettle on,  
Or, with the baby in her arms,  
    On an errand she is gone.

And such is her life for a few brief years ;  
    But oft as my eye surveys  
Those children in quiet order ranged,  
    I think of the coming days,  
Of some that will droop and fade away,  
    Though their race has just began,  
And may reach the mansions prepared above  
    Before the grey-haired man.

And some, alas ! in coming years,  
    Will blush as they pass you by,  
And turn their heads away in shame,  
    Or walk on proud and flauntingly.

Ye see them not, ye see them not,  
But amid those children fair,  
Are the harassed, and the desolate,  
And care-worn wives are there.

Then pray a prayer for those little ones  
As they come trooping in,  
That they may be kept by the Spirit's power,  
'Mid a world of woe and sin.  
And that passed at length o'er its "troublesome waves."  
Through Him who is mighty to save,  
They who are signed with the sign of the cross,  
May be conquerors o'er death and the grave.





## COMMON THINGS.

THE autumn leaves are falling,  
Bright, bright like some fair star,  
In the latest sunbeams glancing ;  
How beautiful they are !  
Freshening the moral of the Prophet's song,\*  
Thus year by year as ages sweep along.

The little birds are twittering  
From dome and straw-built shed,  
And in their tameness gladdening  
The very path we tread.  
Birds of the air ! so now, as long ago ;  
Nor gather they in barns, nor seed they sow.

\* Isaiah, ch. 64. v. 6.

Along our daily pathway,  
By hedge row, or on hill ;  
Though summer's rose has faded,  
Sweet flowers are blooming still.  
They toil not, spin not—cherished by His hand,  
Who clothed the lilies in Judea's land.

Seed time and harvest fail not,  
And full corn in the ear ;  
As spoke the bow of promise  
Throughout the patriarch's year,  
So speaks it yet, in gold and azure cast  
Upon the purple cloud when storms are past.

Go to the crisped woods,  
And, 'neath some aged tree,  
Look to the little ants  
How busy there they be.  
Laying up winter store as did their race,  
When stooped King Solomon their ways to trace.

Thus in a world of change,  
How do some sweet things still  
Pursue their constant way,  
And work their Maker's will.  
Pause, sons of men, upon your anxious way,  
And read the holy lesson as ye may.



VIOLETS BY POST ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TIME was, when dewy violets died  
Upon the bank that bore them ;  
Spring's earliest primrose at their side,  
And the blithe lark singing o'er them.  
What make ye here, in winter's chilly day ?  
How have ye borne the perils of the way ?

Strange things, methinks, fair flowers, ye see,  
Since railway days began,  
Borne from your banks with lightning speed  
To the busy haunts of man ;  
Then from your paper tombs set free,  
What pressed and withered things are ye !

Ye have lost the first faint fragrance  
That was wont your cells to fill ;  
But something yet of freshness  
There lingers round ye still.  
Nay shake them gently, and cool water give,  
And faint, and worn, and shattered, bid them live.

The broad green leaves are freshening  
Round the sweet blossoms there ;  
Like brothers in affliction's day,  
Sheltering their sisters fair.  
But oh ! the pleasant banks ye left afar !  
How drooping and how travel-worn ye are !

And ye bear a foreign name,  
Our native hedge-rows, now  
Yield but a few pale daisies,  
And the sapling's leafless bough.  
But there will come again with early spring,  
Purple and white in fragrance blossoming.

Yet welcome as ye come ;  
Quick, quick o'er vale and hill,  
Ye tell affection's pleasant tale,  
And ye are violets still.  
And slight and fragile though the offering be,  
A thousand hands combine to bring it me.



## REPROOF.

“ Go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone, if he shall hear thee thou hast gained thy brother.”

MATTHEW, CH. 18. V. 15.

Is it thy duty and thy place  
To speak in warning tone ?  
In pity to a mortal's sin  
Tell him his fault alone.

It were not meet another eye should see  
The tear that falls before his God and thee.

Hath she, thy wedded wife,  
Whose dear guide thou shouldst be  
Throughout the path of life,  
In ought offended thee ?  
In whispered tone was breathed thy tender vow,  
Oh ! be it so with thy remonstrance now.

Hath frolic childhood erred  
 In deed, or look, or tone?  
 Take the young child apart  
 Its first dark sin to own;  
 How sensitive its mantling blushes tell,  
 Oh! spare its shame and it will love thee well.

Doth she, whose young heart's love,  
 So duly pays the need  
 Of all her parent's care,  
 Some slight monition need?  
 One serious word will touch a daughter's heart,  
 Oh! be it said full gently—and apart.

Hath youth gone far astray  
 Out of the narrow road?  
 Oh! pity him who bends  
 Beneath sin's heavy load.  
 Full deep and earnest be thy warning tone  
 Unto thy child—but oh! alone—alone.



Hath he who calls thee lord  
Some trivial charge forgot ?  
Remember who hath given  
To thee a different lot.

Be of the "good and gentle,"—and in tone  
Of mild reproof, tell *him* his fault alone.

So shalt thou "gain thy brother." Oh ! how bright  
And blest a guerdon for a task so light.  
Well may we watch and pray for some calm hour  
When pride has sunk, and passion lost its power ;  
'To pour upon the humbled heart alone  
Words soft as some fond mother's dying tone.



## THE DISTRESSED IN IRELAND.

A sound comes o'er the ocean,  
A sound of woe and dread,  
For our sister land is mourning  
Her dying and her dead.  
Matrons and maids of England,  
What will your answer be,  
Borne back unto the famishing  
Across the bounding sea ?

Wait, wait a little while,  
Till we the dance prepare,  
And twine the jewels round our arms,  
The roses in our hair.  
Wait, wait, ye famished mothers,  
Till we arrange the ball,  
And tell your drooping children  
We hear the piteous call.

We'll kindle every light,  
    We'll chalk the spacious floor  
With mingled rose and shamrock,  
    And mottoes o'er and o'er.  
We'll meet in mirth and gladness,  
    We'll pass the wine cup round,  
And tread a reckless measure  
    To the viol's mirthful sound.

Then reckon up the cost,  
    Pay for the taper's light,  
And every rare confection  
    On that our festive night.  
Now lift your heads, ye famishing,  
    For we with liberal hand,  
Will send the poor remainder  
    To our drooping sister land.

And dare we think in truth,  
    That such a deed can claim

Our Maker's favouring smile,  
Or charity's sweet name ?  
Nay stretch the ready hand  
This very hour and day,  
For life and death are balancing  
Upon our cold delay.

Oh ! did we *see* the stricken,  
*Heard* we the piteous cry,  
As children lie them down  
By the road side to die.  
In other guise methinks  
Would our free bounty flow,  
From humbled grateful hearts  
To Ireland in her woe.



## BLACKBERRIES.

THE bramble bush—the bramble bush,  
It hath buds and blossoms fair ;  
It beareth fruit all autumn through,  
And it traileth every where.  
It mounteth up the wall that bounds  
The cultured garden's ground,  
As it would fain look in to see  
What rare fruits there are found.

It springs without our bidding  
With its flowers of faintest blush,  
And hangs its shining berries  
To meet the infant's touch.  
And as the daisies in the spring  
Are little children's flowers,  
So blackberries are all their own  
In the autumn's breezy hours.

Who hath not plucked the simple fruit  
    In his childhood's happy day,  
As it hung beneath the elder tree  
    Along some bowery way ?  
Amid the hawthorn's crimson store,  
    Amid the bind-weed's flowers,  
Where honey bees went murmuring on  
    Mid the latest woodbine's bowers.

I have seen the village children  
    From their infant labours freed,  
In their young gladness wandering on  
    Through many a pleasant mead.  
And at each loaded bush they set  
    The infant on the ground,  
And soothed it with the tones of love,  
    And the ripe fruit they had found.

I have seen a sickly child  
    Drawn in her chair along,

And compassed round with playmates  
A glad and loving throng.  
And sweeter than more costly fruit  
To her parched and fevered lips,  
Seemed the berries black and shining  
That grew among the hips.

And I have seen a stranger sight,  
The soldier in his pride,  
As he guided his strong courser  
Up to the hedge row's side.  
And he plucked down the familiar fruit,  
And thought perchance the while,  
Of breezy walks in days gone by,  
And his mother's tearful smile.

The widow leads her children forth,  
The old man takes his staff,  
And as he reaches down the boughs  
Hark ! how the children laugh.

And see the blind girl gropes her way  
The well known path along,  
*Feels* for the ripe and pleasant fruit  
And breaks into a song.

Then marvel not in leisure hour  
That I should simply sing,  
In verse of unpretending strain  
Of such a simple thing.  
It hath its store of memories,  
The common bramble tree,  
Of youth, and health, and wanderings  
By the pleasant way-side free.





## THE PATH OF LIGHT.

“A little boy, on being shewn a missionary map of the world, illustrative of the progress of Christianity by rays of light wherever the footsteps of the Christian missionaries have been, exclaimed, “And will there be a bright and shining light after my steps wherever I go in the world ?”

It was a childish thought—methinks thine eye  
Hath gazed, fair boy, upon the evening sky ;  
And drank in every hue of crimson light  
That broke in glory on thy infant sight ;  
And deemed in very deed such glorious shew  
Would follow where God’s missionaries go,  
For ever shedding on their onward path  
Beams, brilliant as the sky at sunset hath.

Nay, my child, nay—man’s hand hath pictured here  
The metaphoric ray in semblance clear ;  
And thy young mind might well be led astray  
To see mid clouds thus dark, so bright a ray :

But not in very deed shall such a glow  
Be spread miraculous o'er Lapland's snow ;  
Gloomy and cheerless still is Greenland's shore,  
And darkling twilight broods Siberia o'er ;  
No beam of glory thus o'er nature's night,  
For ever glowing sheds its cheering light.

And yet methinks, dear child,  
Thou art not far astray ;  
And still upon thy path  
Shall follow some bright ray.  
Not of material light,  
Not of an earthly sun,  
Yet following sure and bright  
Until thy course be done.

The light of God's free love,  
In its resistless power,  
On earthly death beds streaming,  
In sorrow's darkest hour.

Gleaming where sickness pines,  
Lighting the captive's cell,  
Shedding its glorious beams  
Where men in darkness dwell.

Still beautiful the feet  
Upon the mountain's height,  
Of such as publish peace,  
And bear the Gospel light.  
A light still burning clear,  
When fades each earthly ray ;  
And surely leading on  
Unto the perfect day.



## THE QUEEN'S EMBARKATION AT SOUTHAMPTON.

“ When the Royal cortege arrived at the pier, an interesting circumstance occurred which enabled the Queen to have an instance of the ready loyalty of her Southampton subjects.

From some cause the Royal Yacht had not been brought close to the pier by the time the Royal party arrived, and the rain having rendered the stage between the carriage and the steps wet and dirty—the Earl of Harrington exclaimed, “ We must get some covering to the stage.” At the moment, however, nothing suitable could be obtained, and her Majesty waiting to alight, the members of the Corporation, like so many *Raleighs*, stripped off their robes of office in a moment from which those of the Mayor and Aldermen were selected (they being scarlet) and the pathway was covered for the Sovereign's use. Her Majesty appeared much gratified by this spontaneous act of attention, and was pleased to step so as to avoid the velvet collars of the robes of office.”

MIRROR.

'Twas womanly, my Queen ;  
A gracious thought in thee,  
To press with lightest step  
Those robes of pageantry.

Robes cast in duteous guise,  
Where thou should'st pass along;  
A carpet for thy feet  
'Mid that admiring throng.

Swelled not thy queenly heart,  
At the graceful homage paid,  
When civic robes cast down,  
A gorgeous pathway made?  
Thou art the Lord's anointed,  
And well we love to see  
Thy people's duteous bearing,  
Matron and Queen, to thee.

Oh ! many a thought we own,  
No human eye may trace,  
Oft wakes some holy vision  
In the spirit's hiding place.  
And who shall say, fair Queen,  
If there came not on that day,

Memory of those who spread  
“ Their garments in the way.”

Rose to thy mind, perchance,  
Some holy thought of them,  
As entered once the Saviour,  
Thy streets—Jerusalem.  
Perchance thy humbled soul,  
E'en then arose in prayer  
To Him—the meek and lowly—  
Who died and triumphed there.

Here, here a little while,  
Would we with loyal care,  
All rich and precious things,  
Lady! for thee prepare.  
But earthly pageants fade,  
And heavy on thy brow,  
Though bright with costliest gems,  
Is the crown that decks it now.

Oh then, above, above!  
Be it thine with reverence meet,  
To cast a brighter crown  
At thy Redeemer's feet.  
To lay earth's sceptre by,  
For a fadeless palm branch there,  
Where queens and subjects both,  
One glorious ransom share.



## HARVEST.

Oh! the pleasant, pleasant corn-fields,  
On the green hill's sunny side,  
I love to wander through them  
In the glowing summer tide.

When the golden grain is waving,  
When the sun is glancing bright  
On the valleys standing thick with corn,  
Oh! 'tis a cheering sight.

They mind me of all happy things,  
Of young and old together ;  
As I saw them in my childhood's day,  
Gleaning in summer weather.



They mind me of Naomi,  
And of her lonely lot ;  
Of weeping Orpah's farewell kiss,  
And Ruth's "Entreat me not—"

They mind me of an only one,  
The Prophet's grateful boon ;  
He fainted 'mid the reapers,  
And he was dead at noon.

They mind me of the holy men,  
Who in Judea's land,  
Did pluck the ears of ripened corn,  
And rubbed them in their hand.

They mind me of the holy bread,  
And of the mystic token ;  
Clear to the quickened eye of faith,  
The Saviour's body broken.

They mind me of a solemn thing,  
The wheat and tares together,  
Left growing on forbearingly  
Throughout life's summer weather.

Seed time and harvest fail not,  
Spring showers and summer's glow ;  
As God in mercy promised  
Four thousand years ago.

Oh! shame upon our thankless hearts,  
We bend our knees in prayer,  
Lowly when evil threateneth,  
And ask our Father's care.

But in our hour of gladness,  
How faint the song we raise,  
From few and feeble voices,  
Unto our Maker's praise.

From England's thousand fanes

A voice of joy should ring,

A goodly sight it is to see

A nation worshipping.

Eager we wait to hear,

Our watching pastors say :

Come to the House of God,

Your promised vows to pay.

The doors are opened wide,

Draw near with one accord ;

A joyful and a pleasant thing,

It is to praise the Lord.



## THE SCRIPTURES IN BEDLAM.

“The Holy Scriptures are given to all the patients in a fit state of mind ; but are of course, withheld from persons labouring under religious excitement. To these latter, light entertaining publications are freely given, such for instance as “the Penny Magazine” or “Chamber’s Journal.”—NEWS FROM BEDLAM.

PROUD man, and canst thou do no more !

For the poor maniac’s weal,

Than hide the page of Gospel truth

And thine own lore reveal ?

Spreading the varied page before his eye,

That tells of all, save sin’s great remedy.

Oh, is it well ? how shalt thou dare to say

What light from Heaven’s own fount, what glorious ray

May burst upon the soul in darkness shrouded

With this world’s fancies, and its sorrows crowded ;

As rests the eye upon the pages given,  
To light earth's wanderers to the shores of Heaven?

Give him the Gospel, let him read the line  
Wherein his Saviour's deeds of mercy shine ;  
Tread with Elias on the holy mound,  
Learn how the Prodigal was lost and found ;  
See round Bethesda's pool the maimed lie  
Expecting till the angel shall pass by ;  
Mark how the waters at their Maker's will  
Hushed their wild tumult at His " Peace, be still ;  
See the demoniac leave his dark retreat  
In his right mind, and clothed at His feet ;  
Or Jairus' daughter lift her youthful head  
At the blest words " The maiden is not dead."

Nay let him read the line—Oh ! who can tell  
What soothing fancy in his heart may dwell,  
Of days of childhood, when a mother's love  
Led on from that blest page, to joys above.

The world hath come between—its care and crime  
Have spread their veil before such scenes sublime :  
But as his wandering and distracted gaze  
Rests on the line he read in childhood's days,  
May there not come some vision of the bowers,  
The flowery sunshine of his youthful hours ;  
Hopes then believed, sweet words of love then spoken,  
And holy tears for vows then made and broken ?  
Until he fix upon some blessed word,  
Some gracious promise all too long unheard,  
Of power to bid his fears and ravings cease,  
Hushed by his blessed Saviour's " Go in peace."



## THE OLDEN TIME.

“ I do more and more fall in love with the contentment and innocent pleasures of a country life, which humour of mine I do wish with all my heart (if it be the will of God) may be conferred on my posterity that are to succeed me in these places; for a wise body ought to make their own homes the place of self-fruition and the comfortablest part of their lives.”—DIARY OF THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

SEEK we in curious mood to know  
Who penned such quaint line long ago?  
Rich fancy, on her airy wing,  
Must olden times before us bring.  
Terraced walks and fountains playing,  
Deer, through lonely coverts straying;  
Proud peacocks gorgeously arrayed,  
Perched on the massive balustrade;

In marble basins fish of gold ;  
Aloes a hundred summers old ;  
And all the curious pomp and stately shew  
Of England's halls two hundred years ago.

And who is gliding like a queen  
Through these trim walks and alleys green ?  
Pembroke's noble countess there  
With gentle step and stately air,  
Turns her to the poor who wait  
Expectant at her castle gate.  
Page and squire, a stately shew,  
At her bidding come and go.  
But every waiting suppliant there  
Is tended by that lady fair ;  
And word of cheer and gracious smile  
Soothes each weary heart the while.

Oh, vision of the olden day  
That glorious shew is passed away ;



Dismantled and forsaken all  
That lady's loved ancestral hall.  
The very chamber where she tells  
A daughter's fondest memory dwells.  
All—all is past—her name remains alone,  
Like a sweet garland, o'er the ruin thrown.

So time and fashions pass away ;  
Yet still, as in the olden day,  
Woman with sweet retiring grace  
Shews loveliest in her dwelling place.

Oh ! early woman's task begins,  
And late that task is done,  
Extending through her April day  
Unto her setting sun.

And wouldst thou know what it may be,  
This life-long task of ours ?  
To strew this world's bleak wilderness  
With sweet perennial flowers ?

And dost thou ask, in such a world,  
How such a thing may be ?  
Oh ! let our blessed Lord himself  
Be Him that teacheth thee.

The yielding will, the love untired,  
The ever busy hand,  
Prompt to perform with ready skill  
What the kind heart has planned.

The watching by the couch of pain,  
The ready aid imparted,  
With such mild grace that it can make  
E'en poverty light-hearted.

And higher yet, the faith that builds  
Upon the Cross alone ;  
And bids the worn and weary here  
Such blessed refuge own.

Thus, thus it is, that we may pass  
Advancing day by day,  
Blessing and blessed as we go  
Throughout our pilgrim way.



## THE HEART'S TREASURES.

WHERE wilt thou sing thy sister's song,

Her favourite and her last ?

In the lonely chamber that was hers,

When the glare of day is past.

Not here, as she was wont to do,

To listening friends around ;

'Mid flowers, and light, and careless smiles,

I could not bear the sound.

Where wilt thou hang this picture, love,

Thy sainted mother's form ?

Here, where I pray unto my God,

My shelter in that storm.

Not in the light and busy room,  
Where many come and go ;  
I could not bear their cold regret,  
For her who is laid low.

Where wilt thou have these books and prints,  
Thy father's treasured store ?  
In the quiet study that he loved,  
There will I look them o'er.

I know the memories that will come ;  
The bitter, bitter tear !  
Oh no ! though rare and beautiful,  
I cannot have them here.

Well, be it so, bereaved one,  
Amid earth's shadows dim,  
There's One can cheer and comfort thee ;  
Where wilt thou think of Him ?



Oh, blessed thought ! by night, by day,  
In sunshine, and in gloom,  
I'll think of Him where friendship smiles,  
And in each lonely room.

In rising up, and lying down,  
And walking by the way,  
Oh, blessed be His gracious name !  
I think of Him alway.



## THE LAST SERMON.

On Sunday week, his Grace the Archbishop of York preached in the chapel at Bishopsthorpe. The audience was most numerous, it having been understood to be the last sermon the Archbishop intended to preach, in consequence of his advanced age.

His Grace has completed his 85th. year. His text was : " The night cometh when no man can work."—MIRROR.

" THESE limbs are failing fast,  
This voice is feeble now,  
And age's hand has cast  
Its snow upon my brow ;  
Yet let me once again,  
In my accustomed place,  
Tell to the sons of men  
The message of His Grace.

Will it not come with power  
From my pale lips once more.  
Oh ! are ye ready now,  
Your Lord is at the door ?  
The solemn night comes on,  
Wherein no work is done.  
Oh ! hear the voice of him  
Whose sands are well nigh run."

So spake the prelate, and with reverend grace,  
Gently he passed to his accustomed place ;  
Ascended, with slow step, his pulpit stair,  
And bent his feeble knees in silent prayer ;  
Then, as ambassador from God to man,  
Set forth once more, salvation's glorious plan.

I marvel not that numbers crowded there  
To see that old man in the house of prayer ;  
To hear his last, last tones, along the aisle,  
And gaze upon his aged form, the while

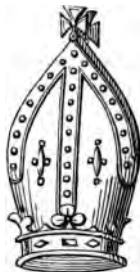


He stretched his hands and "Let them all depart,"  
Their prelate's latest blessing at their heart.

How beautiful is age ! when thus is shed  
A crown of glory round the Christian's head ;  
When spring and summer time, and autumn past,  
On the mild brow pale winter's snows are cast.

How beautiful is age ! almost at home,  
The chastened spirit dares no longer roam  
Amid the trifles of our waking night,  
But plumes her eagle-wing for realms of light ;  
Yet lingers still the pilgrim on his way,  
Smiles on the infant in its happy play ;  
Lays his kind hand upon the young man's head,  
And tells him all the way his God has led ;  
Or greets some aged brother with a smile :  
" Well, my old friend, press on a little while."

How beautiful is age ! gleams brighter never,  
The kindling eye than ere it shuts for ever ;  
And never speaks the voice in tone more thrilling,  
Than when at length our being's end fulfilling :  
The fluttering spirit pants to reach its home,  
And eager cries : " I come, oh Lord, I come !"



## BAPTISM IN THE WILDERNESS.

“Just as I was starting in an open boat for Barren Island, a young woman, who had waded with difficulty through the deep snow which had been falling all night, arrived with her infant child to request me to baptise it.”—JOURNAL OF A NEWFOUNDLAND MISSIONARY.

DELAY thy bark a little while,  
Pause on thy onward way,  
Not yet thy work is done, although  
Thou hast laboured well to-day.  
Give me thy blessing, ere thou go,  
I have travelled fast and far,  
With my baby through the drifted snow,  
Beneath the evening star.

Oh ! long it is since I have heard  
A holy blessing spoken ;  
Or seen where, in the house of God,  
The mystic bread is broken.  
It was not thus in days gone by,  
On England's happy sod ;  
Where, Sabbath after Sabbath, came  
The holy man of God.

My heart is dull, my soul is faint,  
I long to kneel and pray ;  
As in my blest and happy youth,  
With my kindred far away.  
This child of mine—no pastor's voice  
Hath spoke in blessed tone,  
To bid it welcome to the flock,  
The wanderer to own.

Then take it to thy holy arms,  
Receive it to the ark—

The blessed ark—that rides secure  
O'er this world's waters dark ;  
And sign its tender forehead now,  
With the sure sign of the cross !  
A shelter and a strong defence,  
Through this world's gain and loss.

And oh ! for me, lift up thy voice  
In the psalmist's holy song,  
And let my feeble heart with joy  
The blessed strain prolong.  
And pray for me, that God would be  
My trust, and my strong tower,  
And me his handmaid, keep and save,  
In every trying hour.

Then back upon my homeward way  
With thankful heart I'll go.  
Press close, my baby, to my heart,  
I'll bear thee through the snow.

Like the memory of my father's home,  
The pastor's blessed voice  
Wakes echoes in the wilderness,  
And bids my soul rejoice.



## SHELLS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers! we love to trace

The work of our Maker's hand,

In their scented bells, and their forms of grace,

Throughout our pleasant land ;

And we cull them for the youthful bride,

And we strew them o'er the dead,

And we love their memory and their scent

Although their bloom be fled.

But bright and glistening things there are,

We love almost as well ;

Things that as true and wondrously

Their Maker's glory tell.

The shining shells, the fadeless shells

That with the rushing waves

Come, in their beauteous forms and hues,

From ocean's deepest caves.

It is not for the purple dye,  
    That in their deep cup dwells ;  
Nor is it for their spotless pearls  
    That I love the glistening shells ;  
But for the thoughts and memories,  
    They waken evermore ;  
The treasures of my childhood's day,  
    And the deep, deep ocean's roar.

They mind me of my mother's love,  
    And of a precious store  
Of ruby beads, and shells, and stones,  
    That I number'd o'er and o'er.  
They mind me of the long past days,  
    When, with an eager hand,  
I gathered up the glittering prize,  
    Sunk in the moist firm sand.

And later thoughts they waken,  
    Of a light and graceful form ;



Alas ! in weakness bending,  
Like lily 'neath the storm.  
Methinks I see her now,  
Weaving her fairy flowers  
Of silver and of snowy shells,  
To cheat the weary hours.

And she looked up from the task she loved  
With dark and lustrous eyes,  
And told me of a far off land,  
Rich fruits and cloudless skies.  
Oh ! I shall love them ever  
That thus they could beguile  
Thy wintry hours, sweet lady !  
And win thee to a smile.

And there are homelier things I love,  
The cottage-children's store ;  
The cockle and the muscle shells  
Found on our native shore.

Build on, ye happy little ones,  
Before the dark days come ;  
Your fairy bower of treasured shells  
Beside your mother's home.

Oh, wondrous shells ! oh, wondrous shells !  
I marvel as I look  
Into this new and varied page  
Of nature's awful book.  
Earth's birds and flowers are lovely,  
But yet I ween there dwells  
A more mysterious glory,  
In the cavern'd ocean's shells.



### THE TWO OFFERINGS.

THE crowd made way on either side,  
And they gazed on the lady's face  
As she moved along the vaulted aisle,  
With a lady's quiet grace.

She had reared the clustered pillars there,  
She had given her gold to that temple fair,  
And the priests of her God applauded the deed,  
And gave her their blessing in grateful meed.

She gave of her abundant store ;  
She hath gold and jewels still,  
And her chariot waits to bear her hence  
To a home that all bright things fill.

Oh ! say not I lightly deem the while  
Of the marble floor and the vaulted aisle ;  
She hath done what she could in faith and love,  
And a blessing shall rest on her work from above.

In a dim room at evening hour,  
A woman sat, alone,  
Save for the baby at her breast  
With its feeble sleepy moan.  
The scanty gleanings of her autumn day,  
Upon the sanded floor beside her lay :  
Now go to rest, thou wearied one, to-night ;  
Thy work began to-day with morning's light.

But see, that woman gently lays  
The baby from her breast,  
And though the night is wearing on  
She seeketh not her rest.  
No mortal eye was there to mark the deed,  
No mortal voice uttered its flattering meed,

While through the live-long night with aching head  
She watched by her sick neighbour's dying bed.

So gave *she* what she could—not gems or gold ;  
But yet an offering of price untold ;  
And registered above with hers who poured  
Forth to the Lord of her abundant hoard.

Oh blessed Master ! at thy gracious call  
We labour on—unprofitable all ;  
But all accepted in thy hallowed name,  
The bright and free reward to all the same.

The cup of water and the widow's mite,  
Are they not still most costly in thy sight ?  
The prayer of faith, the watching eye of love,  
The yielding will, recorded all above.

When talent lays the pen and pencil by,  
To seek some hovel where the dying lie ;

When frolic childhood quells its voice of mirth  
To wait attentive at the old man's hearth ;  
Or leads him in the sunshine forth—the while  
Answering each frequent query with a smile.  
When at our Father's bidding we prepare  
To yield the very answers to our prayer,  
And nought is left to do but suffer on,  
Till days, and months, and years, and life is gone,  
Then—then our Master looks with pitying smile :  
“ Work on, my worn one, yet a little while ;  
“ For as thy day is, so thy strength shall be,  
“ And time is short, and thou shalt rest with me  
“ After life's task—through all eternity.”



## OUR FAITH.

Occasioned by a remark lightly made—"Ah! I expect you will all go over to Rome."

NAY speak not in so flippant tone  
Of such a fearful thing ;  
Nor on thy brethren in the faith,  
The dark aspersion fling.

What have we done ? Our pastor's voice  
Hath bid us come and pray !  
Thus daily in our father's house,  
It was the good old way.

Our pastor's care hath spread the board  
With holy bread and wine,  
And says, " Come frequent, and in faith  
Partake the blessed sign."

Hath bid us keep in memory  
On each appointed day,

The life and death of holy men :—

It was the good old way.

And England hath her sons devout,

And England's daughters bow,

And seek in duty to fulfil

Their baptism's early vow.

And what if England's merchant sons

May deem it just and meet,

To pour of their abundant hoard

Low at the Giver's feet ?

Dare ye for this, in light contempt,

Deem us a recreant band,

Or think we waver in the faith

Of our own England's land ?

Recal the word so lightly spoke,

For we must stand or fall,



Upon the day of great account,  
To our own Master,—All.

Bid our own works or righteousness  
Prefer their wretched claim ;  
Or bid us hide the word of truth,  
Or bow at Mary's name.

And ye shall find, we know full well,  
The path our fathers trod ;  
And in the same we seek to walk  
Steadfast—so help us God.



### EARLY PRAYERS.

THE bell, that with its peaceful sound  
Rings through the morning air,  
While half the world is slumbering round ;  
Whom doth it call to prayer ?  
Not mothers from the cradled child,  
Not the kind nurse of age,  
Nor childhood with its carol wild  
Entering life's busy stage.

Not those who labour ceaseless on,  
To earn their daily bread,

Nor till the busy day is gone  
Lay down the wearied head ;—  
From these, from these in pleading tone,  
A short and earnest cry,  
Is incense that their God will own  
And bless them from on high.

And yet a favoured few may come  
From slumbers blest and light ;  
From closet prayer and quiet home,  
Here in their brethren's sight.  
May kneel in earnest social prayer,  
Before their tasks begin,  
And vanity, and toil, and care,  
Have sought to enter in.

So children in some happy home,  
Their peaceful slumbers o'er,—  
Ere to the dewy fields they roam,  
Come to their parents' door.

Take some kind warhing ere they part,  
And duteous homage pay,  
And bear their blessing at their heart  
Throughout the varied day.



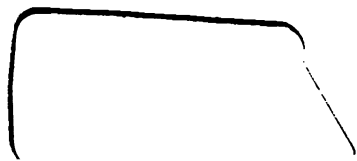
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the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) and the *Journal of the American Dental Association* (JADA).

As a result of the 1990s, the American public has become more health conscious and more concerned about the safety of the products they use. This has led to a number of changes in the way that products are marketed and sold.

One of the most significant changes has been the increased use of direct-to-consumer advertising. This is when a company advertises its products directly to consumers, rather than through a retailer or wholesaler.

Another change has been the increased use of the Internet for product information. Many companies now have websites where consumers can learn more about their products and services.

Finally, there has been a trend towards more personalized marketing. Companies are using data to learn more about their customers and to tailor their marketing messages to individual consumers.

These changes have all led to a more competitive and consumer-oriented market. This has benefited consumers by giving them more choices and more information about the products they buy.

However, there have also been some concerns about these changes. For example, some people worry that direct-to-consumer advertising is too expensive and that it leads to higher prices for consumers.

Others worry that the Internet has led to a loss of privacy, as companies collect and use personal data to target their marketing. Finally, some people worry that personalized marketing is too manipulative and that it preys on consumers' fears and desires.

Despite these concerns, the changes in the marketing industry have been largely positive. They have led to a more competitive and consumer-oriented market, which has benefited consumers in many ways.

As the marketing industry continues to evolve, it is important to keep these concerns in mind and to ensure that the benefits of these changes are realized for all consumers.

One way to do this is to ensure that companies are transparent about their marketing practices. This means that they should clearly disclose how they collect and use personal data, and how they target their marketing.

Another way to do this is to ensure that consumers have the right to opt out of marketing. This means that they should be able to easily and freely choose not to receive marketing messages from a company.

Finally, it is important to ensure that marketing is not too manipulative. This means that companies should not use deceptive or misleading tactics to sell their products, and they should not prey on consumers' fears and desires.

By taking these steps, we can ensure that the marketing industry continues to evolve in a way that is fair and beneficial to all consumers.