A CYCLOPÆDIA OF SACRED POETICAL QUOTATIONS



EDITED BY H. G. ADAMS

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A CYCLOPÆDIA OF SACRED POETICAL QUOTATIONS ***



GEORGE HERBERT
MILTON
YOUNG
COWPER
MONTGOMERY
HEBER

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London, Groombridge and Sons.

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF SACRED POETICAL QUOTATIONS;

CONSISTING OF

CHOICE PASSAGES FROM THE SACRED POETRY

OF ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES,

CLASSIFIED AND ARRANGED, FOR FACILITY OF REFERENCE, UNDER SUBJECT HEADINGS;

ILLUSTRATED BY STRIKING PASSAGES FROM SCRIPTURE,

AND FORMING ALTOGETHER

A COMPLETE BOOK OF DEVOTIONAL POETRY.

EDITED BY H. G. ADAMS.

EDITOR OF THE "CYCLOPÆDIA OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS," ETC.

NEW EDITION.

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."—HERBERT.

ALEX. GARDNER,
PAISLEY; AND PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

PREFACE.

The favour with which our former compilation—the "Cyclopædia of Poetical Quotations"—was received, and the numerous calls which we had for an extension of the plan of that work, induced us to determine on the issue of this companion volume, which, although exactly similar in size and price, and method of arrangement, yet possesses a decidedly distinctive feature in the *sacred* character of all the pieces included. We have endeavoured to make it one of the most complete collections of RELIGIOUS POETRY ever offered to the public; and cannot doubt that, as such, it will be acceptable to a very large class of readers. As the matter in this volume had to be arranged under a far less number of distinct headings than that of the work above named, there was space for the introduction of longer pieces, and thus many of the most beautiful specimens of devotional poetry, which are to be found in the literature of this and other nations, are given with little or no curtailment. Although there is much poetry of a religious character scattered through the former volume, yet—inasmuch as it is presumed that most persons who possess the one will also desire to have the other—none of the pieces which may there be found are admitted into this compilation, except in some cases where it was felt that by re-uniting the portions there arranged under several headings, so complete and beautiful a whole could be presented, that its insertion here was almost rendered necessary.

As we wished to make our volume entirely *unsectarian* in its character, we have endeavoured to avoid the insertion of poems which involve merely doctrinal points. Those grand truths and principles of Christianity on which all denominations of the Saviour's professed followers are agreed, offered ample scope for poetic illustration; and happily we could, alike from the pages of a Milton, a Watts, a Doddridge, a Wesley, a Montgomery, and a Keble, find plenty of matter for our purpose, without entering at all upon the thorny paths of controversy. The introduction of Scripture quotations at the head of each subject will, we apprehend, be considered a useful feature of our compilation. As might be expected, the noblest poetry that ever was written is to be found in the inspired volume, and those passages which we have selected therefrom, as specimens of poetic composition alone, will, we apprehend, be considered the true gems of the collection.

While we are upon the subject of Scripture quotations, we may perhaps be allowed to place before our readers a fine passage from Gilfillan's "Bards of the Bible," in reference thereto:—

"The charm which Scripture quotation adds to writing, let those tell who have read Milton, Bunyan, Burke, Foster, Southey, Croly, Carlyle, Macaulay, yea, and even Byron, all of whom have sown their pages with this 'orient pearl' and brought thus an impulse from divine inspiration, to add to the effect of their own. Extracts from the Bible always attest and vindicate their origin. They nerve what else in the sentence in which they occur is pointless; they clear a space for themselves, and cast a wide glory around the page where they are found. Taken from

the *classics* of the *heart*, all hearts vibrate more or less strongly to their voice. It is even as David felt of old toward the sword of Goliath, when he visited the high-priest, and said, 'There is none like that, give it me;' so writers of true taste and sympathies feel on great occasions, when they have certain thoughts and feelings to express, a longing for that sharp two-edged sword, and an irresistible inclination to cry 'None like that, give it us; this right Damascus blade alone can cut the way of our thought into full utterance and victory.'"

From the Psalms of David, as giving expression in the most poetical and devotional form, to almost every variety of passion and emotion of which the human mind is cognizant, we have, of course, taken a large proportion of our Scripture passages, and therefore do we think it well to quote the above author's apostrophe to these sublime compositions.

"Wild, holy, tameless strains, how have you run down through ages in which large poems, systems, and religions have perished, firing the souls of poets, kissing the lips of children, smoothing the pillows of the dying, stirring the warrior to heroic rage, perfuming the chambers of solitary saints, and clasping into one the hearts and voices of thousands of assembled worshippers; tinging many a literature, and finding a home in many a land; and still ye seem as fresh, and young, and powerful as ever; yea, preparing for even mightier triumphs than when first chanted! Britain, Germany, and America now sing you; but you must yet awaken the dumb millions of China and Japan."

It has been beautifully and truly observed by the eloquent and learned Bishop Lowth, that "We shall think of Poetry much more humbly than it deserves,

unless we direct our attention to that quarter where its importance is most eminently conspicuous, or unless we contemplate it as employed on sacred subjects, and in subservience to religion. This indeed appears to have been the original office and destination of Poetry, and this it still so happily performs, that in all other cases it seems out of character, as if intended for this purpose alone. In other instances Poetry appears to want the assistance of art, and in this to shine forth with all its natural splendour, or rather to be animated by that inspiration, which on other occasions is spoken of without being felt."

These observations apply more especially to Hebrew Poetry, that loftiest and noblest manifestation of true poetic inspiration; and are quoted by Dr. Caunter in his able and judicious treatise on "The Poetry of the Pentateuch," in reference to which the learned writer observes that "Sacred themes have inspired the greatest poets of almost every age, and of every civilized country where the true God has been adored, the doctrine of redemption promulgated, and the divine attributes avowed. Those sublime themes have called forth the highest intellectual endowments of man." Herder, another profound critic, and lover of Poetry in its most sublime forms, says of it, that "without God it is a showy Papyrus without moisture; every system of morals without Him is a mere parasitical plant. It makes a flowery display in fine words, and sends forth its branches hither and thither; nay, it insinuates itself into every weak spot and crevice of the human soul; but the sun rises and it vanishes."

All true Poets have felt and known this, although they have not always acknowledged it; sometimes it

was but a dim confused perception of the truth which they obtained; being dazzled by the blaze of their own genius, they have mistaken that for a divine effluence, and worshipped it in the place of that greater glory, of which it was but a faint reflex and emanation. Sometimes it was pride of intellect which forbade them to bow down to any other God than that which bore the impress of self: sometimes it was a kind of pantheistic worship of nature, as an abstract divinity; so enamoured were they of the fair face of creation, that they forgot the Creator; the works, how beautiful! how perfect! But the workman, what of Him? We have spoken in the past tense, and it might be thought that our remarks were meant to apply to poets of pagan lands, and of benighted ages of the world's history; but alas! they are equally applicable to all ages, and to all lands; and especially to our own country and age of Christian enlightenment. Many of the most gifted singers of the present day, of the most fervent and devoted spirits, might have served as high-priests in the temple of Apollo, and offered adoration at the shrine of Flora, Ceres, and the Bona Dea, and other pagan impersonifications of the sun, and the earth, with its beauties and riches. To such as these the flowers, those stars of earth, are not the living, glowing, breathing "charactery" in which the Almighty writes instructive lessons of His wisdom and goodness, telling the sick, the weary, and the sad at heart, that

> "Whoso careth for the flowers
> Will care much more for them."

To such the stars, those flowers of heaven, are not bright revelations of the Deity who sustains and directs them in their courses.

"For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

To such the whispering gales, the rustling boughs, the humming insects, the singing rills, and the warbling birds, speak not of an ever watchful, ever wakeful Power, to which in every emergency the prayerful soul may turn. Calm and soothing as is doubtless the influence of nature, upon the troubled souls of all who submit themselves to her gentle teachings, yet with how much greater satisfaction and delight must those contemplate her beauties and share her calm enjoyments, who see in her various changes and aspects but so many revelations of Almighty love, and read in her fair lineaments the wondrous story of redeeming grace.

"Alas! that mankind sees Him not,—the Great
And Everlasting Framer of all worlds;
Who paints himself upon the leaves of flowers,
And flings his portrait on the breasted clouds,
And sheds his syllogisms in the shape
Of suns, and moons, and planetary systems,"

as J. Stanyan Bigg, the latest, but not the least, of the true poets of the present cycle, has finely said. We must give another extract from his "Night and the Soul," published too late for quotation in the body of our volume:—

"Nature is still, as ever, the thin veil
Which half conceals, and half reveals the face
And lineaments supernal of our King,—
The modifying medium through which
His glories are exhibited to man,—
The grand repository where he hides
His mighty thoughts to be dug out like diamonds;
—
Still is the day irradiate with His glory,
Flowing in steady, sun-streaked, ocean gush
From His transcendant nature,—still at night
O'er our horizon trail the sable robes

Of the Eternal One, with all their rich
Embroidery and emblazonment of stars."

This is high and holy teaching. Well were it if every mere nature-worshipper could be brought to the same conviction as the poet of "Night and the Soul," and confess that—

"Religion is the true Philosophy!
Faith is the last great link 'twixt God and man.
There is more wisdom in a whispered prayer
Than in the ancient lore of all the schools:
The soul upon its knees holds God by the hand.
Worship is wisdom as it is in heaven!
'I do believe! Help Thou mine unbelief!'
Is the last greatest utterance of the soul."

"I do believe!" how few are there among the gifted children of song, who can stoop from the lofty heights of intellectual glory, to utter this confession of the insufficiency of human reason, the littleness of human power.—

"Stoop, stoop, proud man! the gate of heaven is low,
And all who enter in thereat must bend!
Reason has fields to play in, wide as air,
But they have bounds; and if she soar beyond,
Lo! there are lightnings and the curse of God.
And the old thundered 'Never!' from the jaws
Of the black darkness and the mocking waste.
Come not to God with questions on thy lips,
He will have love—love and a holy trust.
And the self-abnegation of a child.
'Tis a far higher wisdom to believe,
Than to cry 'Question' at the porch of truth.
Think not the Infinite will calmly brook
The plummet of the finite in its depths."

God and His attributes are undoubtedly the poet's noblest themes, and to celebrate the greatness and glory of His works, the wonders of His power, and the riches of His grace, have the highest efforts of human genius in all ages been directed. From the

time when Moses sung his song of triumph as the waters closed over Pharaoh and his host, when the Prophets uttered their rapt predictions, and the inspired Psalmist sent forth those strains of supplication and thanksgiving which are still sounding daily in our ears, and stirring our hearts to devotion, down to the period when Milton wrote his great epic,

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world,"

has the lyre been consecrated to the service of religion—has religious poetry been the most beautiful and touching, as well as the most lofty and sublime of all poetry. As Dr. Caunter well observes, "The noblest epics which have elicited the poetic genius of different countries, have been based upon subjects either immediately connected with, or remotely allied to, religion. The authors of the Mahabarat and the Ramayana, two Hindoo epics of high celebrity and extraordinary magnitude, extending each to several hundred thousand lines, of the Iliad and the Odyssey, of the Inferno, of the Jerusalem Delivered, of the Paradise Lost and Regained, have, either directly or consequentially, all made the Deity and His illimitable perfections the subjects of their immortal song."

And so it is; every true poet is essentially a religious poet; his religion may not be Christianity, his views of the divine nature and attributes may be distorted, and he may be altogether ignorant of the great truths of scripture revelation, yet there will ever be in minds of the greatest reach and capacity, a striving after that which is good and holy, and a knowledge, approximating to the truth, of the

relationship between the Creator and the created; for

> "Spontaneously to God will tend the soul,
> Like the magnetic needle to the pole."

Would that all whose "tranced hands have woke the lyre," and chanted such strains as the world would not willingly let die, had had such clear views of the nature of the obligation which lay on them to dedicate their powers to the service of true religion, as our own Milton, who commenced his immortal epic thus:—

> "And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
> Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
> Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first
> Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
> Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
> And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark
> Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
> That to the height of this great argument
> I may assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men."

Would that all could bear some such testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, and exclaim with him—

> "O, unexampled Love!
> Love no where to be found less than Divine!
> Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men, Thy Name
> Shall be the copious matter of my song
> Henceforth, and never shall my harp Thy praise
> Forget, nor from Thy Father's praise disjoin."

A similar spirit of fervent piety animated the breast of the Italian poet Lorenzo de Medici, who made this solemn request at the footstool of the Almighty, previous to entering on the composition of a poem:—

> "In ardent adoration joined,
> Obedient to Thy holy will,
> Let all my faculties combined

Thy just desires, O God, fulfil!
From thee derived, eternal King,
To thee our noblest powers we bring:
O, may thy hand direct our wandering way!
O, bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds away!"

Listen also to the author of the "Night Thoughts," and hear his acknowledgment of the true sources of poetic inspiration:—

"O Thou bless'd Spirit: whether the Supreme,
Great ante-mundane Father; in whose breast,
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions rolled,
Present, though future; prior to themselves;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from His throne some delegated power;
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
Unseen Thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of Inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the God, than that which burst
From famed Castalia."

Alas! how often has been, and is, this noble gift of poesy abused and prostituted to base purposes; of how few could it be said that he had written no line which dying he might wish to blot. Dryden, we may remember, exclaims

"O gracious God! How far have we
Profaned Thy heavenly gift of poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love!"

Yet even he cannot altogether escape the reproach conveyed in these lines to such as have, at times, shown themselves unworthy of the sacred gift, and of this he appears to be conscious when he says "how far have *we*," etc. Cowper might with great propriety act the censor on such a dereliction of duty, and say

—

"Debased to servile purposes of pride,
How are the powers of genius misapplied!
The gift, whose office is the Giver's praise,
To trace Him in His word, His work, His ways,
Then spread the rich discovery, and invite
Mankind to share in the divine delight;
Distorted from its use and just design,
To make the pitiful possessor shine,
To purchase at the fool-frequented fair
Of vanity, a wreath for self to wear,
Is profanation of the basest kind—
Proof of a trifling and a worthless mind."

So also might one of the sacred poets of our own day, many of whose strains of simple, earnest, and pure devotion, will be found in our volume. He has just passed from hence to sing in a heavenly choir; and fain would we embody in this preface a slight tribute of our admiration for his genius, and our gratitude for the service he has rendered to the Christian Religion.

TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SWEET minstrel, who through life hast turned thy face
Unto the city of the heavenly king;
Of infinite mercy, and of boundless grace,
And God's high attributes hast loved to sing;
E'en like a pilgrim onward journeying,
To whom this world was no abiding place;
But through whose mists of sin and sorrowing
Thou hadst a light the devious way to trace.
The river thou hast crossed, the shining gate
Hath oped to bid thee welcome to thy rest;
Thy voice, which sounded in our ears but late,
Now swells the chorus of the truly blest:
Thou hast departed, but hast left thy lays,
A rich bequest of holy prayer and praise.

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

SACRED POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

AARON.

I WILL sanctify the tabernacle of the congregation and the altar: I will sanctify also both *Aaron* and his sons, to minister to me in the priest's office.—Exodus, xxix. 44.

And Moses stripped *Aaron* of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and *Aaron* died there in the top of the mount; and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount.—Numbers, xx. 28.

Aaron the saint of the Lord.—Psalm cvi. 16.

Called of God, as was *Aaron*.—Hebrews, v. 4.

So, with trembling hand,
He hasted to unclasp the priestly robe,
And cast it o'er his son, and on his head
The mitre place; while, with a feeble voice,
He blessed, and bade him keep his garments pure
From blood of souls. But then, as Moses raised
The mystic breastplate, and that dying eye
Caught the last radiance of those precious stones,
By whose oracular and fearful light
Jehovah had so oft His will revealed
Unto the chosen tribes, whom *Aaron* loved
In all their wanderings—but whose promised land
He might not look upon—he sadly laid
His head upon the mountain's turfy breast,

And with one prayer, half-wrapped in stifled groans,
Gave up the ghost.

Mrs. Sigourney.

ABEL.

AND *Abel* brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto *Abel* and his offering.—Genesis, iv. 4.

They were wont to speak in old time, saying, They shall surely ask counsel at *Abel*.—II. Samuel, xx. 18.

By faith *Abel* offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh.—Hebrews, xi. 4.

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies;
Revenge! the blood of *Abel* cries;
But the dear stream when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace aloud from every vein.

Watts.

Adjacent rose a myrtle-planted mound,
Whose spiry top a granite fragment crowned.
Tinctured with many-coloured moss the stone,
Rich as a cloud of summer-evening shone,
Amid encircling verdure that arrayed
The beauteous hillock with a cope of shade.
"Javan," said Enoch, "on this spot began
The fatal curse;—man perished here by man.
The earliest death a son of Adam died
Was murder, and that murder fratricide!
Here *Abel* fell a corse along the shore;
Here Cain's recoiling footsteps reeked with gore.
Horror upraised his locks, unloosed his knees;
He heard a voice, he hid among the trees:

—‘Where is thy brother?’—from the
whirlwind came
The voice of God amidst enfolding flame:
—‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’—hoarse and
low,
Cain muttered from the copse—‘that I should
know?’

*****

That mound of myrtles o’er her favourite
child
Eve planted, and the hand of Adam piled
Yon mossy stone, above his ashes raised,
His altar once, with *Abel’s* offering blazed,
When God well pleased beheld the flames
arise,
And smiled acceptance on the sacrifice.”

J. Montgomery.

ABHORRENCE.

AND now am I their song, yea, I am their by-word. They *abhor* me, they flee far from me.—Job, xxx. 9, 10.

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I *abhor* myself, and repent in dust and ashes.—Job, xlii. 5, 6.

Let love be without dissimulation. *Abhor* that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.—Romans, xii. 9.

FATHER of lights! from whom proceeds
Whate’er thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look, my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see:
Fain would I all my vileness own,

And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

Wesley.

'Tis a point I long to know,
  Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
  Am I his, or am I not?
Could I joy his saints to meet,
  Choose the ways I once *abhorred*,
Find at times the promise sweet,
  If I did not love the Lord?

Newton.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
  Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
  There were no need of arsenals nor forts.
The warrior's name would be a name *abhorred*;
  And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
  Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.

Longfellow.

ABIDE—ABODE.

FOR we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none *abiding*.—I. Chronicles, xxix. 15.

The fear of the Lord tendeth to life, and he that hath it shall *abide* satisfied.—Proverbs, xix. 23.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but *abideth* for ever.—Psalm cxxv. 1.

If ye *abide* in me, and my words *abide* in you, ye shall

ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.—John, xv. 7.

ETERNAL power! whose high *abode*
Becomes the grandeur of a God—
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

The lowest step beneath thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet:
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

Watts.

"We've no *abiding* city here:"—
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

"We've no *abiding* city here;"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

O! sweet *abode* of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

Kelly.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live.
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Keble.

ABOUND—ABUNDANCE.

THE Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and *abundant* in goodness and truth.—Exodus, xxxiv. 6.

A faithful man shall *abound* with blessings; but he that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent.—Proverbs, xxviii. 20.

Therefore as ye *abound* in every thing, in faith and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye *abound* in this grace also.—II. Corinthians, viii. 7.

We beseech you brethren and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that as ye have received of us how ye ought to walk and to please God, so ye would *abound* more and more.—I. Thessalonians, iv. 1.

Unto Him that is able to do exceeding *abundantly* above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.—Ephesians, iii. 20.

Out of the *abundance* of the heart the mouth speaketh.—Matthew, xii. 34.

GOD on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also poured,
Inward and outward both.

Milton.

Good the more
Communicated, more *abundant* grows;
The author not impaired but honoured more.

Milton.

The God of Nature and of Grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom planned;
'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
  Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
  And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
  Where sin and death *abound*;
How beautiful beyond compare
  Will Paradise be found!

J. Montgomery.

ABOVE.

THE Lord shall make thee the head, and not the tail; and thou shalt be *above* only, and thou shalt not be beneath; if that thou hearken unto the commandments of the Lord thy God, which I command thee this day, to observe and to do them.—Deuteronomy, xxviii. 13.

The Lord is high *above* all nations, and his glory *above* the heavens.—Psalm cxiii. 4.

He that cometh from *above* is *above* all: he that is of the earth is earthly, and speaketh of the earth: he that cometh from heaven is *above* all.—John, iii. 31.

BE this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
  Eternal bliss to ensure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
  And to the end endure.

Then Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
  And reign with thee *above*;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
  And everlasting love.

Wesley.

Descend from heaven immortal Dove,

Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far *above*
The reach of these inferior things.

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

Watts.

Rise my soul and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.

Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared *above*.

Cennick.

ABRAHAM.

By faith *Abraham*, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.

By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise:

For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—Hebrews, xi. 8, 9, 10.

Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.—Romans, iv. 3.

Him God the Most High,
vouchsafed
To call by vision, from his father's house,
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he did show him, and from him did
raise

A mighty nation; and upon him shower
His benedictions so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest; he straight obeyed,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believed:
He left his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude,
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
To God, who called him, in a land unknown.

Milton.

Like *Abraham* ascending up the hill
To sacrifice, his servants left below,
That he might act the great Commander's will
Without impeach to his obedient blow:
Even so the soul, remote from earthly things,
Should mount salvation's shelter,—mercy's wings.

Robert Southwell.

Though round him numerous tribes,
Sworn foes to Heaven's dread Ruler, pitch their tents,
No wayward doubts or coward fears appal
The Patriarch's soul. By the bright hope sustained,
That in his seed all nations should be blest,
Calm and unmoved the delegated seer
Submissive bends to the Eternal Will.

Samuel Hayes.

ABSENCE.

I PAUL myself beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, who in presence am base among you, but being *absent* am bold toward you.—II. Corinthians, x. 1.

I write these things, being *absent*, lest being present I should use sharpness, according to the power which the Lord hath given me.—II. Corinthians, xiii. 10.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne!

My Saviour, whom *absent*, I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and pow'r.

Cowper.

Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

Through this wild wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an *absent* God I mourn.

Fawcett.

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be *absent*, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

If love to God and love to men
Be *absent*, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

Watts.

ACCEPTANCE.

THUS saith the Lord unto this people, thus have they loved to wander, they have not refrained their feet; therefore the Lord doth not *accept* them; he will now remember their iniquity, and visit their sins.—Jeremiah, xiv. 10.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be *acceptable* in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.—Psalm xix. 14.

Proving what is *acceptable* unto the Lord.—Ephesians, v. 10.

God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is *accepted* with him.—Acts, x. 34, 35.

THIS woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so *acceptable*, so divine.

Milton.

Thus I imboldened spake, and freedom and
Permission, and *acceptance* found.

Milton.

God is a spirit just and wise;
  He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
  And leave our souls behind.

Nothing but truth before his throne
  With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
  Through the disguise they wear.

Lord search my thoughts, and try my ways,
  And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
  And find *acceptance* there.

Watts.

Accept my prayer O Lord,
A contrite spirit cries,
And asks, depending on Thy word,
A pardon from the skies.

Let me *acceptance* find,
Unworthy though I be;
Be there a place in heaven assigned
To me, Lord, even me!

Anon.

ACQUAINTANCE.

ACQUAINT now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee.—Job, xxii. 21.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal! *acquaint* thee with God;
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal! *acquaint* thee with God;
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad,
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,—
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

Knox.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them: or recumbent on its brow
Ruminate, heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcerned who framed
The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well pleased to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touched from heaven,
And in the schools of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praise;
Praise that from earth resulting as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.

Cowper.

ADAM AND EVE.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.—Genesis, i. 27.

By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.—Romans, v. 12.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in *Adam* all die, even so in Christ shall all be

made alive.—I. Corinthians, xv. 21, 22.

The first man *Adam* was made a living soul; the last *Adam* was made a quickening spirit.—I. Corinthians, xv. 45.

THOU man thy image mad'st, in dignity,
In knowledge and in beauty like to thee;
Placed in a heaven on earth: without his toil,
The ever flourishing and fruitful soil
Unpurchased food produced: all creatures were
His subjects, serving more for love than fear.
Sandys.

For contemplation he, and valour formed;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime, declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils: which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received.
Milton.

So spake our mother *Eve*; and *Adam* heard
Well pleased, but answered not; for now, too nigh
The archangel stood; and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding mysterious, as evening mist
Risen from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers round, fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed,

Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat
And vap'rous as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
On either hand the hast'ning angels caught
Our lingering parents; and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;
They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Milton.

Oft hast thou heard our elder patriarchs tell
How *Adam* once by disobedience fell;
Would that my tongue were gifted to display
The terror and the glory of that day,
When seized and stricken by the hand of death,
The first transgressor yielded up his breath!

*****

With him his noblest sons might not compare
In God-like features and majestic air;
Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
Perfect from his Creator's hand he came;
And as in form excelling, so in mind
The sire of men transcended all mankind;
A soul was in his eye, and in his speech
A dialect of heaven no art could reach;
For oft of old to him the evening breeze
Had borne the voice of God among the trees;

Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
And talk with him as their familiar friend.
But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,
Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
Diffused the curse of death beyond control,
Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,
That he whose honour was approached by none,
Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.

J. Montgomery.

ADMONITION.

THE Lord hath said concerning you, O ye remnant of Judah; Go ye not into Egypt: know certainly that I have *admonished* you this day.—Jeremiah, xlii. 19.

And I myself also am persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to *admonish* one another.—Romans, xv. 14.

Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our *admonition*, upon whom the ends of the world are come.—I. Corinthians, x. 11.

THOU Power Supreme! who aiming to rebuke
Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
And clothe thyself in terrors, like the flood
Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
Whatever discipline Thy will ordain
For the brief course that must for me remain;
Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
In *admonitions* of thy softest voice!
Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,
Breathe through my soul the blessing of Thy grace;
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere,
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear;
Glad to expand, and, for a season, free

From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee.
Wordsworth.

In every copse and sheltered dell,
Unveiled to the observant eye,
Are faithful *monitors*, who tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-robed children of the spring,
Will mark the periods as they pass;
Mingle with leaves time's feathered wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betrodden lie;
Are sweet remembrancers, who tell
How fast the winged moments fly.
Charlotte Smith.

ADORATION.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.—Revelations, iv. 8.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.—Revelations, v. 13.

IN ardent *adoration* joined,
Obedient to Thy holy will,
Let all my faculties combined
Thy just desires, O God, fulfil!
From thee derived, Eternal King,
To thee our noblest powers we bring:
O, may thy hand direct our wandering way!
O, bid thy light arise, and chase the clouds away!
Lorenzo de Medici.

Ye who spurn His righteous sway,
Yet, oh yet, He spares your breath;
Yet His hand, averse to slay,

Balances the bolt of death.
Ere that dreadful bolt descends,
Haste before His feet to fall;
Kiss the sceptre He extends,
And *adore* Him "Lord of all."

Sir R. Grant.

Eternal Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around,
Fall worshipping and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would *adore* our Maker too;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

Wesley.

ADVENT.

PREPARE ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.—Isaiah, xl. 3, 4, 5.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.—Isaiah, lxi. 1, 2.

Let the floods clap their hands, let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for He cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.—Psalm xcviii. 8, 9.

WELL then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain;
Thy Christ, that conquered hell, shall from above
With greater triumph yet return again,
And conquer His own justice with His love—
Commanding earth and seas to render those
Unto His bliss, for whom he paid His woes.

Henry Wotton.

When Thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
Shall in the sky appear, and from Thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
The dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten.

Milton.

Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Deceive yet one, the crown of all the Earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! It was thine
By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipped in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who could they see
The dawn of thy last *advent* long desired,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.

Cowper.

Messiah comes!—Let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel His blest control,
And howling fiends release the tortured soul!
The beams of gladness Hell's dark caves illume,
And mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Bishop Heber.

The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came;
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm;
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind!

Bishop Heber.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bowed!

The glory! the glory! by myriads are pour'd
The host of the angels to wait on their Lord,
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

H. H. Milman.

Messiah comes! ye rugged paths be plain!
The Shiloh comes! ye towering cedars bend;
Swell forth, ye valleys; and, ye rocks,

descend;
The withered branch let balmy fruits adorn,
And clustering roses twine the leafless thorn;
Burst forth, ye vocal groves, your joy to tell
—
The God of Peace redeems His Israel.

C. H. Johnson.

ADVERSITY.

HE hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved, for I shall never be in *adversity*.—Psalm x. 6.

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of *adversity* consider: God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him.—Ecclesiastes, vii. 14.

Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer *adversity*, as being yourselves also in the body.—Hebrews, xiii. 3.

STERN teacher! should'st thou come, and sit by me,
And fix upon me thy dread, stony eyes,
Calmly may I behold and welcome thee,
As one that hath a message from the skies,
Fraught with intelligence to make me wise:
God grant me strength to view thee steadfastly,
And listen to thy voice, though agonies
Should rack my soul or frame. *Adversity!*
Full oft hast thou a friend to mortals been,
A blessing in disguise, though stern thy look;
Hard is thy hand, but still thy palms between
Thou hold'st outspread the pages of God's Book;
Wherein who reads with humble, prayerful mind,
Will hope, and ease, and consolation find.

Anon.

When first thy sire to send on earth
  Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
  And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse, thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And, from her own, she learned to melt at
    other's woe.

Gray.

Adversity misunderstood,
  Becomes a double curse:
Her chastening hand improves the good,
  But makes the wicked worse.
Thus clay more obdurate becomes,
  To the fierce flame consign'd;
While gold in the red ordeal melts,
  But melts to be refin'd.

C. C. Colton.

AFFECTION.

SET your *affection* upon my words; desire them, and ye shall be instructed.—Wisdom, vi. 2.

Set your *affection* on things above, not on things on the earth.—Colossians, iii. 2.

Be kindly *affectioned* one to another.—Romans, xii. 10.

HEAVENLY Father! God of love,
Look with mercy from above;
Let thy streams of comfort roll,
Let them fill and cheer my soul.

Love celestial, ardent fire;
O extreme of sweet desire!
Spread thy bright, thy gentle flame,
Swift o'er all my mental frame.

Sweet *affections* flow from hence,
Sweet above the joys of sense;

Let me thus for ever be,
Full of gladness, full of thee.

Parnel.

Precious are the kind *affections*
  Which around this life entwine,
Making earth, with all its troubles,
  Something more than half divine.
But, alas! they fade and perish,
  Like the bright and fragrant flowers,
Sorrow blights, and death destroys them,
  And their beauty time devours.

'Tis not so with those *affections*,
  That are set on heavenly things;
They will bloom and flourish ever,
  Watered by eternal springs;
Warmed by everlasting sunshine,
  Sheltered from the storms of earth,
Ever growing and increasing,
  Knowing nought of drought or dearth.

Anon.

AFFLICTION.

BEFORE I was *afflicted* I went astray; but now have I kept thy word.—Psalm cxix. 67.

It is good for me that I have been *afflicted*, that I might learn thy statutes.—Psalm cxix. 71.

I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the *afflicted*, and the right of the poor.—Psalm cxl. 12.

He was oppressed, and He was *afflicted*, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth.—Isaiah, liii. 7.

In all their *affliction* He was *afflicted*, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them and carried them all the days of old.—Isaiah, lxiii. 9.

Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up.—Hosea, vi. 1.

For our light *affliction*, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—II. Corinthians, iv. 17.

AffliCTION has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

Shakspere.

Perfumes, the more they're chafed, the more
they render
Their pleasant scents, and so *affliction*
Expresseth virtue fully.

John Webster.

Afflictions clarify the soul,
And, like hard masters, give more hard
directions,
Tutoring the non-age of uncurbed affections.

Francis Quarles.

To bear *affliction* with a bended brow,
Or stubborn heart, is but to disallow
The speedy means to health.

Francis Quarles.

A life all ease is all abused;—
O, precious grace that made the wise
To know—*affliction*, rightly used,
Is mercy in disguise.

G. B. Cheever.

Heaven but tries our virtues by *affliction*,
And oft the cloud which wraps the present
hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Dr. Brown.

I cannot call *affliction* sweet,
And yet 'twas good to bear;

Affliction brought me to Thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

My wearied soul was all resigned
To Thy most gracious will;
Oh! had I kept that better mind,
Or been *afflicted* still!

Where are the vows which then I vowed,
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanished like the morning cloud,
These like the early dew.

Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me!"

J. Montgomery.

Come then, *Affliction*, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend: a friend that frowns,
Is better than a smiling enemy.
We welcome clouds that bring the former rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the opening year,
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may yield
A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.

Swaine.

Mid pleasure, plenty, and success,
Freely we take from Him who lends;
We boast the blessings we possess,
Yet scarcely thank the one who sends.

But let *affliction* pour its smart,
How soon we quail beneath the rod!
With shattered pride, and prostrate heart,
We seek the long-forgotten God.

Eliza Cook.

AGE.

GREAT men are not always wise, neither do the *aged* understand judgment.—Job, xxxii. 9.

And even to your old *age* I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you.—Isaiah, xlvi. 4.

Cast me not off in the time of old *age*; forsake me not when my strength faileth.—Psalm lxxi. 9.

Now also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.—Psalm lxxi. 18.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old *age*; they shall be fat and flourishing.—Psalm xcii. 14.

That the *aged* men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience. The *aged* women likewise, that they be in behaviour as becometh holiness.—Titus, ii. 2, 3.

> YE gods! how easily the good man bears
> His cumbrous honours of increasing years.
> *Age*, oh my father, is not, as they say,
> A load of evils heaped on mortal clay,
> Unless impatient folly aids the curse,
> And weak lamenting makes our sorrows worse.
> He, whose soft soul, whose temper ever even,
> Whose habits placid as a cloudless heaven,
> Approve the partial blessings of the sky,
> Smooths the rough road, and walks untroubled by;
> Untimely wrinkles furrow not his brow,
> And graceful wave his locks of reverend snow.
>
> *M., from Anaxandrides.*

> And next in order sad, *Old age* we found,
> His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
> With drooping cheer still pouring on the

ground,
As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast-declining life:
There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint,
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!
Crook-backed he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
Went on three feet and sometime crept on four,
With old lame bones that rattled by his side:
His scalp all piled, and he with eld forelore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door;
Fumbling and drivelling as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of death.

Sackville.

So mayest thou live till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.
This is old *age*, but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To withered, weak, and grey.

Milton.

O my coevals! remnants of yourselves!
Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
Shall we, shall *aged* men, like *aged* trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,

Still more enamoured of this wretched soil?
Shall our pale, withered hands be still stretched out,
Trembling at once with eagerness and *age*?
With avarice and convulsions griping hard?
Grasping at air! For what has earth beside?
Man wants but little, nor that little long:
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
Young.

Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown.
Young.

But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, *age* should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
Young.

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we, when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our youthful eyes
Conceal the emptiness which *age* descries:
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.
Waller.

The fruits of *age*, less fair, are yet more sound
Than those a brighter season pours around;
And, like the stores autumnal suns mature,
Through wintry regions unimpaired endure.
Cowper.

Age, by long experience well informed,
Well read, well tempered, with religion warmed,
That fire abated which impels rash youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a reverence, in his shortening day,
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.
Cowper.

How pure
The grace, the gentleness of virtuous *age*!
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely dead
To passion, and the wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalive to tenderness and truth,—
The good old man is honoured and revered,
And breathes upon the young-limbed race around
A grey and venerable charm of years.
Robert Montgomery.

Youth, with swift feet, walks onward in the way,
The land of joy lies all before his eyes;
Age, stumbling, lingers slower day by day,
Still looking back, for it behind him lies.
Frances Ann Kemble.

Oh! Youth is firmly bound to earth,
When hope beams on each comrade's glance:
His bosom-chords are tuned to mirth,

Like harp-strings in the cheerful dance;
But *Age* has felt those ties unbound,
Which fixed him to that spot of ground
Where all his household comforts lay;
He feels his freezing heart grow cold,
He thinks of kindred in the mould,
And cries, amid his grief untold,
"I would not live alway."

William Knox.

He passeth calmly from that sunny morn,
Where all the buds of youth are newly born,
Through varying intervals of onward years,
Until the eve of his decline appears;
And while the shadows round his path descend,
And down the vale of *age* his footsteps tend,
Peace o'er his bosom sheds her soft control,
And throngs of gentlest memories charm the soul;
Then, weaned from earth, he turns his steadfast eye
Beyond the grave, whose verge he falters nigh,
Surveys the brightening regions of the blest,
And, like a wearied pilgrim, sinks to rest.

Willis G. Clark.

The *aged* Christian stands upon the shore
Of Time, a storehouse of experience,
Filled with the treasures of rich heavenly lore;
I love to sit and hear him draw from thence
Sweet recollections of his journey past,
A journey crowned with blessings to the last.

Mrs. St. Leon Loud.

Why should old *age* escape unnoticed here,
That sacred era to reflection dear;
That peaceful shore where passion dies away,
Like the last wave that ripples o'er the bay;
O, if old *age* were cancelled from our lot,
Full soon would man deplore the unhallowed

blot;
Life's busy day would want its tranquil even,
And earth would lose her stepping-stone to Heaven.

Caroline Gilman.

ALMIGHTY.

I AM the *Almighty* God.—Genesis, xvii. 1.

If thou return to the *Almighty*, thou shalt be built up, thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacles.

Yea, the *Almighty* shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver.

For then shalt thou have thy delight in the *Almighty*, and shalt lift up thy face unto God.—Job, xxii. 23, 25, 26.

And when they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of great waters, as the voice of the *Almighty*. —Ezekiel, i. 24.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good;
Almighty! this thy universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then;
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above the heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing: ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Milton.

What though th' *Almighty's* regal throne

High o'er yon azure heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenned; where east, nor west,
Nor south, nor blustering north has breath to blow:
Albeit he then with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to his radiant host
E'en face to face, stands visibly confest;
Yet know that not in presence nor in power,
Shines he less perfect here: 'tis man's dim eye
That makes the obscurity.

Christopher Stuart.

Tell me, hast ever thought upon the Being
Whom we *Almighty* call? Hast ever sent
Thy prayerful thoughts unto His holy throne?
And felt His power, and trembled at the thought?
If not, I cannot call thee man! thou art
A stone, a clod, a dull insensate thing.

Old Play.

Almighty Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

In life's first dawn, my tender frame,
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought,
Would count thy mercies o'er.

While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

Steele.

Almighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And, when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb,
And I was cast upon thy care,
E'en from my mother's womb.

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust in thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

Logan.

AMBITION.

A HIGH look, and a proud heart, and the ploughing of the wicked is sin.—Proverbs, xxi. 4.

Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.—Obadiah, 4.

Woe unto you Pharisees, for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets.—Luke, xi. 43.

TWICE told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
Court favour, yet untaken, I besiege;
Ambition's ill-judged efforts to be rich.
Alas! *Ambition* makes my little, less;
Embittering the possessed: why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.

Young.

Woe to thee, wild *Ambition*! I employ
Despair's low notes thy dread effects to tell;
Born in high heaven, her peace thou could'st destroy;
And but for thee, there had not been a hell.

Through the celestial domes thy clarion pealed;
Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners ranged,
And straight were fiends; hurled from the shrinking field,
They waked in agony to wail the change.

Darting through all her veins the subtle fire,
The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy breath;
To lot of higher beings learned to aspire;
Dared to attempt, and doomed the world to death.

Maria A. Brooks.

The sons of earth
Who, vexed with vain disquietude, pursue
Ambition's fatuous light through miry pools,
That yawn for their destruction, stray, foredoomed,
Amid delusive shadows to their end.

William Herbert.

Ambition, when the pinnacle is gained
With many a toilsome step, the power it sought
Wants to support itself, and sighs to find
The envied height but aggravates the fall.

George Bally.

ANGELS.

AND he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to Heaven: and behold the *angels* of God ascending and descending on it.—Genesis, xxviii. 12.

The *angel* of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.—Psalm xxxiv. 7.

For He shall give His *angels* charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.—Psalm xci. 11, 12.

Then the devil leaveth Him, and behold, *angels* came and ministered unto Him.—Matthew, iv. 11.

Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of *angels*.—Matthew, xxvi. 53.

There is joy in the presence of the *angels* of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke, xv. 10.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see Heaven open, and the *angels* of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.—John, i. 51.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many *angels* round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.—Revelations, v. 11, 12.

And I saw another *angel* fly in the midst of Heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.—Revelations, xiv. 6.

AND is there care in heaven? and is there
love
In heavenly spirits to the creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the
case

Of men than beasts. But O! th' exceeding
grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed *angels* he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked
foe.

Spenser.

The multitude of *angels*, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number,
sweet
As from blest voices uttering joy, Heaven
rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas filled
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the
ground,
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold.

Milton.

Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains winged in
flight;
And men are *angels* loaded for an hour,
Who wade the miry vale, and climb with
pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their
praise;
While here, of corps ethereal, such enrolled,
And summoned to the glorious standard
soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the
skies.
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign; and are these, O man!
Thy friends and warm allies, and thou

(shame burn
Thy cheek to cinder!) rival to the brutes!
Young.

These are the haunts of meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,
Ecstatic felt: and, from this world retired,
Conversed with *angels*, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue, struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams;
To hint pure thought, and warn the favoured soul,
For future trials fated, to prepare.
Thomson.

They are God's minist'ring spirits, and are sent,
His messengers of mercy, to fulfil
Good for salvation's heirs. For us they still
Grieve when we sin, rejoice when we repent:
And on the last dread day they shall present
The severed righteous at His holy hill,
With them God's face to see, to do His will,
And bear with them His likeness. Was it meant,
That we this knowledge should in secret seal,
Unthought of, unimproving? Rather say,
God deigned to man His *angel* hosts reveal,
That man might learn, like *angels*, to obey;
And those who long their bliss in Heaven to feel,
Might strive on earth to serve him ev'n as they.
Bp. Mant.

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an *angel* sits upon the stone;
Like those of old on that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sate and watched in heavenly raiment bright;

And with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Said, pointing upward, that he is not here,
That he is risen!

Samuel Rogers.

Elysian race! while o'er their slumbering flocks
The Galilean shepherds watched, ye came
To sing hosannas to the heaven-born Babe,
And shed the brightness of your beauty round:
Nor have ye left the world, but still, unseen,
Surround the earth, as guardians of the good,
Inspiring souls, and leading them to heaven;
And oh! when shadows of the state unknown
Advance, and life endures the grasp of death,
'Tis yours to hallow and illume the mind,
The starry wreath to bring, by *angels* worn,
And crown the spirit for her native sphere.

Robert Montgomery.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
  Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the *angelic* host rejoices,
  Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wond'rous story,
  Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
  Glory be to God most high!

Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
  Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven:—
  Loud our golden harps shall sound!"

Cawood.

"Many in this world of cares,"
  Truly hath the poet said,
"Sit with *angels* unawares;"
  Round our path, and round our bed,
Angels ever watch and wait,
Striving still to turn our steps unto heaven's gate.

Anon.

ANGER.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine *anger*, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.—Psalm vi. 1.

A wrathful man stirreth up strife; but he that is slow to *anger* appeaseth strife.—Proverbs, xv. 18.

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be *angry*; for *anger* resteth in the bosom of fools.—Ecclesiastes, vii. 9.

Be ye *angry*, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.—Ephesians, iv. 26.

THE *anger* of the Lord? Oh, dreadful thought!
How can a creature frail as man endure
The tempest of His wrath? Ah, whither flee
To 'scape the punishment he well deserves?
Flee to the cross! the great atonement there
Will shield the sinner, if he supplicate
For pardon with repentance true and deep,
And faith that questions not. Then will the frown
Of *anger* pass from off the face of God,
Like a black tempest-cloud that hides the sun.

Anon.

The golden sun is going down,
  Or melting in the west away:
Where are the clouds that seem'd to frown
  So darkly on the rising day?
Molten is every gloomy fold,
In yonder sea of liquid gold.

The winds, at morn so rude and hoarse,
  Make music for an angel's ear;
The sun, beclouded in his course,
  Beholds the heavens, at evening, clear,
And now doth with the tempest's wreck
His glorious pavilion deck.

Lord, sure thy countenance is here;
Thy spirit all the vale informs:
Whatever, in this inward sphere,
Remains to tell of *angry* storms,
Oh! let it melt away, and leave
No cloud to darken life's calm eve!

Joseph Gostick.

Angry words are likely spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken,
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by *anger* stirred,
Oft are rent past human healing,
By a single *angry* word.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow,
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, let them never
From thy tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever,
Check them ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken,
By a single *angry* word.

J. Middleton.

Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness,
Words are better understood,
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood muttered,

Then all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
Angry thoughts revealing;
Better far to drown in tears,
Harsh and *angry* feeling.

J. Burbridge.

APOSTLES.

HE called unto Him His disciples, and of them He chose Twelve, whom also He named *Apostles*.—Luke, vi. 13.

And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.—Mark, xvi. 15, 16.

Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—Acts, i. 8.

By the hands of the *Apostles* were many signs and wonders wrought among the people.—Acts, v. 12.

And He gave some, *apostles*; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers.—Ephesians, iv. 11.

And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve *Apostles* of the Lamb.—Revelations, xxi. 14.

BUT all his mind is bent to holiness,
His champions are the prophets and *apostles*.

Shakspere.

When because faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some *apostleship* in me,
To speak things which by faith alone I see.

Donne.

For them the fullness of His might is shown,
O'erleaping the strong bounds of Nature's law;
Grim death for them contracts his hasty stride,
And checks his dart, e'en in the act to strike;
His horrid messengers, disease and pain,
Loose their remorseless grasp unwillingly,
And leave their prey to ease and thankfulness;
For them bright wisdom opens all her stores,
Her golden treasures spreading to their view,
Whilst Inspiration's all enlivening light
Hangs hovering o'er their heads in glittering blaze;
Warmed by the ray, they pour the sacred strain
In eloquence seraphic.

Charles Jenner.

Oh! who shall dare in this frail scene,
On holiest, happiest thoughts to lean,
  On friendship, kindred, or on love?
Since not *Apostles'* hands can clasp
Each other in so firm a grasp,
  But they shall change, and variance prove.

Yet deem not on such parting sad,
Shall dawn no welcome dear and glad;
  Divided in this earthly race,
Together at the glorious goal,
Each leading many a rescued soul,
  The faithful champions shall embrace.

Keble.

Sit down, and take thy fill of joy
  At God's right hand a bidden guest,
Drink of the cup that cannot cloy,
  Eat of the bread that cannot waste.

O great *Apostle* rightly now
  Thou readest all thy Saviour meant,
What time his grave, yet gentle brow,
  In sweet reproof on thee was bent.

Keble.

Rash was the tongue, and unadvisedly bold,
Which sought, Salome, for thy favoured twain
Above their fellows, in Messiah's reign
On right, on left, the foremost place to hold.
More rash, perhaps, and bolder, that which told
Of power the Saviour's bitter cup to drain,
And, passing stretch of human strength, sustain
His bath baptismal. Lord, by Thee enrolled
Thy servant, grant me Thy Almighty grace,
My destined portion of Thy griefs to bear,
Ev'n what Thou wilt! But chiefly grant, Thy face
Within Thy glory's realm to see, whene'er
Most meet Thy wisdom deems; whate'er the place,
It must be blest, for Thou, my God, art there.

Bp. Mant.

Thy eloquence, O *Paul*, thy matchless tongue,
With strong persuasion, as with magic's voice,
From heathen darkness to the paths of light
Led the benighted wanderers, who, like thee,
Through superstition's gloomy mazes strayed,
Till, Heaven's effulgence bursting on the view.
To thy astonished and enraptured sight
Revealed the glories of unfading day.

William Bolland.

Whose is that sword—that voice and eye of flame,
That heart of unextinguishable ire?
Who bears the dungeon-keys; and bonds, and fire?
Along his dark and withering path he came—

Death in his looks, and terror in his name,
Tempting the might of heaven's Eternal Sire.
Lo, the Light shone! the sun's veiled beams expire—
A Saviour's self a Saviour's lips proclaim!
Whose is yon form stretched on the earth's cold bed,
With smitten soul, and tears of agony,
Mourning the past? Bowed is the lofty head —
Rayless the orbs that flushed with victory.
Over the raging waves of human will
The Saviour's spirit walked—and all was still!

Roscoe.

'Tis pitiful
To court a grin when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart!
So did not *Paul*. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No, he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the mighty terms
That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain.

Cowper.

I think that look of Christ might seem to say;
—
'Thou *Peter*, art thou then a common stone,
Which I at last must break my head upon,
For all God's charge to His high angels, may
Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday
Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run

Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun,—
And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?'
The cock crows coldly.—'Go, and manifest
A late contrition, but no bootless fear!
For when the deathly need is bitterest,
Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here—
My voice, to God and angels, shall attest,—
Because I knew this man, let him be clear.'

Miss Barrett.

With sudden burst,
A rushing noise, through all the sacred band
Silence profound, and fixed attention claimed.
A chilling terror crept through every heart,
Mute was each tongue, and pale was every face.
The rough roar ceased; when, borne on fiery wings,
The dazzling emanation from above
In brightest vision round each sacred head
Diffused its vivid beams: mysterious light!
That rushed impetuous through th' awaking mind,
Whilst new ideas filled th' impassive soul,
Fast crowding in, with sweetest violence.
'Twas then amazed, they caught the glorious flame;
Spontaneous flowed their all-persuasive words,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart addressed.

Charles Jenner.

A Cæsar's title less my envy moves,
Than to be styled the man whom Jesus loves;
What charms, what beauties in his face did shine,
Reflected ever from the face divine!

Wesley.

Ye hallowed martyrs, who with fervent zeal,
And more than mortal courage, greatly dared
To preach the name of Jesus; ye, who stood

The undaunted champions of eternal truth,
Though maddened priests conspired, though princes frowned,
And persecution, with ingenious rage,
Prepared ten thousand torments.

William Bolland.

These, O Lord,
Were all Thy scanty followers; by Thee
First called, first rescued from a world of woe,
To spread salvation into distant climes!
And tell the meanest habitant of earth
"Glad tidings of great joy."

Madan.

ASCENSION.

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of glory.—Psalm xxiv. 9, 10.

Thou hast *ascended* on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.—Psalm lxviii. 18.

While they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

And while they looked steadfastly toward Heaven, as He went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel;

Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven.—Acts, i. 9, 10, 11.

Now that he *ascended*, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth?

He that descended is the same also that *ascended* up far

above all heavens, that he might fill all things.—Ephesians, iv. 9, 10.

LIFT up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the King of glory to come in;
Who is the King of glory? He who left
His throne of glory for the pang of death;
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the King of glory to come in;
Who is the King of glory? He who slew
The ravenous foe that gorged all human race!
The King of glory, He whose glory filled
Heaven with amazement at His love to man,
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumined wildered in the theme.

Young.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, and O prepare,
Ye living orbs, your everlasting doors,
The King of glory comes!
What King of glory? He, whose puissant might
Subdued Abaddon, and the infernal powers
Of darkness bound in adamantine chains:
Who, wrapt in glory, with the Father reigns,
Omnipotent, immortal, infinite!

James Scott.

Majestical He rose
Upborne, and steered a flight of gentlest wing
His native Heaven to gain; whilst from their eye,
That to its centre fixed, in mute survey
Pursued the *ascending* glory, a bright cloud,
Of bidden access, his latest presence caught:
By angel forms supported, who in song,
Not unperceived, and choral symphony,
Through Heaven's wide empyrean loud rejoiced.

Thomas Hughes.

Now, O my soul,
On the blest summit light a holy flame!
From the last foot-print of the Prince of Peace,
The conqueror of death, let incense rise,
And enter Heaven with thine *ascending* Lord!
Shake off the chains, and all the dust of earth!
Go up and breathe in the sweet atmosphere
His presence purified, as He arose!

Hannah F. Gould.

Oh! what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom:
Oh! what a sun that broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls He loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath His powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Mrs. Barbauld.

ATHEISM.

THE wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God: God is not in all his thoughts.—Psalm x. 4.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.—Psalm xiv. 1.

And they say, How doth God know; and is there

knowledge in the Most High?—Psalm lxxiii. 11.

Is not God in the height of Heaven? and behold the height of the stars, how high they are!

And thou sayest, How doth God know? can he judge through the dark cloud?—Job, xxii. 12, 13.

For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water, and in the water.—II. Peter, iii. 5.

Having no hope, and without God in the world.—Ephesians, ii. 12.

"THERE is no God," the fool in secret said:
"There is no God that rules or earth or sky."
Tear off the band that binds the wretch's head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye!
Is there no God?—The stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny;
While his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God?—The stream that silver flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of God; throughout, one voice agrees,
And, eloquent, His dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in these!

Giovanni Cotta.

Hardening by degrees, till double steel'd,
Take leave of Nature's God, and God reveal'd —
Then laugh at all you trembled at before;
And joining the freethinker's brutal war.
Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense—
That Scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense;

If clemency, revolted by abuse
Be damnable, then damn'd without excuse.
Cowper.

These are they
That strove to pull Jehovah from His throne,
And in the place of Heaven's Eternal King,
Set up the phantom Chance.
Glynn.

The owlet *Atheism*,
Sailing on obscene wings across the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and shuts them close,
And, hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"
Coleridge.

They eat
Their daily bread, and draw the breath of Heaven
Without or thought or thanks; Heaven's roof, to them,
Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,
No more, that lights them to their purposes.
They wander loose about; they nothing see,
Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
Short-lived, short-sighted, impotent to save.
So on their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
Destruction cometh, like an armed man,
Or like a dream of murder in the night,
Withering their mortal faculties, and breaking
The bones of all their pride.
Charles Lamb.

No God! Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings, soft and sweet,
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet,
And soar away on pinions fleet,
Beyond the scene of mortal strife,

With fair ethereal forms to meet,
That tell us of an after life?

William Knox.

"There is no God," the foolish saith—
But none, "there is no sorrow:"
And Nature oft the cry of Faith
In bitter need will borrow.
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By way-side graves are raised;
And lips say "God be pitiful,"
That ne'er said, "God be praised."

Miss Barrett.

An *Atheist's* laugh's a poor exchange,
For Deity offended.

Burns.

ATONEMENT.

As he hath done this day, so the Lord hath commanded to do, to make an *atonement* for you.—Leviticus, viii. 34.

Wherewith shall I make the *atonement*, that ye may bless the inheritance of the Lord?—II. Samuel, xxi. 3.

We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the *atonement*.—Romans, v. 11.

Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past.—Romans, iii. 25.

He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world.—I. John, ii. 2.

Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.—I. Peter, ii. 24.

So Man, as is most just,

Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,
And dying, rise, and rising, with Him raise
His brethren, ransomed with His own dear life.

*****

Nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which Thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, imposed
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to Thy transgression due:
So only can high justice rest appaid.

Milton.

'Tis nothing thou hast given; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years;
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live;
Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

Dryden.

Look humbly upward, see His will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
His justice makes the fine, His mercy quits the score.
See God descending in the human frame;
The offended suffering in the offender's name:
All thy misdeeds to Him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolved on thee.

Dryden.

Thou, rather than thy justice should be stained,

Did stain the cross.

*****

O, what a groan was there! a groan not His.
He seized our dreadful right; the load sustained,
And heaved the mountain from a guilty world.

Young.

What needs my blood, since thine will do,
To pay the debt to justice due?
O, tender mercy's art divine!
Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine!
Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart:
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Restores my soul to life again!

Parnell.

The Son of God
Only begotten, and well-beloved, between
Men and His Father's justice interposed;
Put human nature on, His wrath sustained,
And in their name suffered, obeyed, and died;
Making His soul an offering for sin,
Just for unjust, and innocence for guilt.

*****

Thus Truth with Mercy met, and Righteousness,
Stooping from highest heaven, embraced fair Peace,
That walked the earth in fellowship and love.

Pollok.

God's own son, unblemished victim, gave
Himself a sacrifice, and by His blood,
Upon the cross poured forth, washed out the stain
Of primal sin.

Samuel Hayes.

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
  Behold, unmoved, the *atoning* hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
  And death resigns his iron power?
O, shall the heart,—whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress,
And added to His tears of blood—
Refuse its trembling gratitude?

Whittier.

Jesus, thy name beyond all nature loud,
Peals like the trumpet of eternity,
Through all the chambers of responsive faith,
Making them echo with the name of Christ!
Nature was forfeit when the first man fell
To sin, and whatsoe'er in nature lives,
In reason, morals, or in mind enacts
Dominion, from His vast *atonement* flows.

R. Montgomery.

Advance, O hopeless mortal, steeled in guilt,
Behold, and if thou canst, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die, thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When, dying, He looks down to bid thee live?
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffered good,
Bought with His life, and streaming in His blood?
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life *atone*,
And raise thee from a rebel to a son.

Boyse.

Lamb of God! Our Priest and Pastor,
  Who canst bid all evil cease,
Ever dear and holy Master,
  Make our feeble love increase!
So that when we seek Thee, owning
  That Thy wrath is our deserts,

Thou, blest Lord, at whose *atonement*
All iniquity departs,
Mayest speak forth from Thine enthronement,
To our rent and wearied hearts,
"Sinner, go in peace!"

C. D. Mc' Leod.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

J. Evans.

AVARICE.

SOME remove the landmarks; they violently take away flocks, and feed thereof.

They drive away the ass of the fatherless, they take the widow's ox for a pledge.

They turn the needy out of the way; the poor of the earth hide themselves together.—Job, xxiv. 2, 3, 4.

Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!—Isaiah, v. 8.

Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.

Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped, are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.—James, v. 3, 4.

FOR of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:

Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong alike in equal balance weighed.

Spenser.

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

Shakspere.

Woe to the worldly man, whose covetous
Ambition labours to join house to house;
Lay field to field, till the enclosures edge
The plain, girdling a country with one hedge:
They leave no place unbought; no piece of earth
Which they will not engross; making a dearth
Of all inhabitants; until they stand
Unneighboured as unblest within the land.

Bishop King.

Gold glitters most where virtue shines no more,
As stars from absent suns, have leave to shine.

Young.

O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.

Blair.

Starve beside the chests, whose every corn
At the last day, shall in the court of Heaven
Witness against thee.

Sir E. B. Lytton.

Avarice o'ershoots
Its destined mark; and with abundance

cursed,
In wealth, the ills of poverty endures.
George Bally.

The thirst for gold
Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels
The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels
In worship foul to Mammon, is contemned.
W. H. Burleigh.

But should my destiny be quest of wealth,
Kind Heaven, oh! keep my tempted soul in health!
And should'st thou bless my toil with ample store,
Keep back the madness that would seek for more!
Thomas Ward.

Oh! life misspent—Oh! foulest waste of time!
No time has he his grovelling mind to store
With history's truths, or philosophic lore.
No charms for him has God's all-blooming earth—
His only question this—"What are they worth?"
Art, nature, wisdom, are no match for gain;
And even religion bids him pause in vain.
Thomas Ward.

The miser comes, his heart to mammon sold
—
His life, his hope, his god, his all is gold.
"To-morrow, and to-morrow," he will say,
"Soul, take thine ease, for thou hast many a day
Whose smiling dawns will make thee to rejoice."
Hush! Hark the echoes of that awful voice!
"Thou fool! This night yield up thy earthly trust!"
Gaze once again, his treasures are but dust.
B. D. Winslow.

Gold! gold! in all ages the curse of mankind,
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind:
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
And the mind be the slave of a look or a word.
To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown,
Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown.

Park Benjamin.

AWAKE—ARISE.

AWAKE up, my glory; *awake* psaltery and harp; I myself will *awake* early.—Psalm lvii. 8.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is *risen* upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy *rising*.—Isaiah, lx. 1, 3.

Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest; because it is polluted.—Micah, ii. 10.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early *rise*,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear a part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refreshed me while I slept,
Grant Lord, when I from death shall *wake*,
I may of endless life partake.

Kenn.

Awake our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope,

In Achor's gloomy vale.

Behold the portal wide displayed,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

Enter my soul with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling in one narrow path,
To one eternal home.

Doddridge.

Arise, thou bright and morning star,
And send thy silvery beams afar;
Dispel the shades of dreary night,
And let me hail the dawning light.

Blinded by sin I went astray,
And, wand'ring, left the heavenly way;
Dart forth thy soul-reviving rays,
And guide me all my future days.

With growing strength may I pursue
The course which heavenly wisdom drew,
Till I shall reach the blissful shore,
Where pilgrims rest, and stray no more.

Beddome.

Deathless principle *arise*!
Soar thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought;
Go, to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown,
Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Made for God, to God return.

See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread the sail,
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade,
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the distant shore!

Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choirs above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joys in heaven!
—Such the prospects that *arise*
To the dying christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista, faith
Opens through the shades of death.

Toplady.

AWE.

STAND in *awe* and sin not; commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.—Psalm iv. 4.

Princes have persecuted me without a cause: but my heart standeth in *awe* of thy word.—Psalm cxix. 161.

'T IS dreadful!
How reverend is the place of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft the arched and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable!
Looking tranquillity; it strikes an *awe*
And terror to my aching sight. The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

Congreve.

So in the faces of all these there grew,
As by one impulse, a dark, freezing *awe*,

Which, with a fearful fascination, drew
All eyes towards the altar; damp and raw
The air grew suddenly, and no man knew
Whether perchance his silent neighbour saw
The dreadful thing, which all were sure would rise
To scare the strained lids wider from their eyes.

The incense trembled as it upward sent
Its slow, uncertain thread of wandering blue,
As 'twere the only living element
In all the church, so deeply the stillness grew;
It seemed one might have heard it, as it went,
Give out an audible rustle, curling through
The midnight silence of the *awe*-struck air,
More hushed than death, though no such life was there.

Jas. R. Lowell.

When on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with *awe*.

J. Montgomery.

With sacred *awe* pronounce His name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach.

Needham.

BAPTISM.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, *baptizing* them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Matthew, xxviii. 19.

One Lord, one Faith, one *Baptism*.—Ephesians, iv. 5.

Buried with Him in *Baptism*, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, who

hath raised Him from the dead.—Colossians, ii. 12.

The like figure whereunto, even *Baptism* doth also now save us, not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God.—I. Peter, iii. 21.

Then who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin, to life
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befal,
For death like that which the Redeemer died.
Milton.

Since Lord to Thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage; on my infancy
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me still
Write Thee, great God, and me, a child:
Let me be soft and supple to Thy will,
Small to myself, to others mild,
Be-hither ill.
George Herbert.

Baptized as for the dead, He rose
With prayer from Jordan's hallowed flood:
Ere long by persecuting foes,
To be *baptized* in His own blood:
The Father's voice proclaimed the Son,
The Spirit witnessed;—these are one.
James Montgomery.

Thus, made partakers of Thy love,
The *Baptism* of the Spirit ours,
Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
Renewed in purposes and powers;
And songs of joy again shall ring
Triumphant through the arch of heaven;—
The glorious song which angels sing,
Exulting over souls forgiven!
W. H. Burleigh.

The heir of Heaven, henceforth I dread not
Death!
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life. Let Sea, and Earth, and Sky,
Wage war against me: on my front I show
The mighty Master's seal! In vain they try
To end my life, who can but end its woe.

Coleridge.

Ere Christ ascended to his throne,
He issued forth his great command—
Go preach the gospel to the world,
And spread my name to every land.

To men declare their sinful state,
The methods of my grace explain;
He that believes, and is *baptized*,
Shall everlasting life obtain.

Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,
Not of constraint, but with delight;
Hither thy servants come to-day,
To honour thine appointed rite.

Descend again, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted head of all the Church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The mysteries of thy love explore;
And washed, in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

Beddome.

The cross of Christ! The cross of Christ!
While yet my days were few,
'Twas traced upon my infant brow,
Fresh with life's morning dew;
In token that in after years,
Strong in its power and might,
I should beside Christ's followers stand,
Under His banners fight.

Matilda F. Dana.

BAPTIST, JOHN THE.

IN those days came *John the Baptist*, preaching in the wilderness of Judea.—Matthew, iii. 1.

And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was *baptized* of *John* in Jordan.

And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the Heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon Him:

And there came a voice from Heaven, saying, Thou art My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Mark, i. 9, 10, 11.

I say unto you, among those that are born of women, there is not a greater prophet than *John the Baptist*; but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he.—Luke, vii. 28.

> NOW had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
> More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
> Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
> To all *baptized*: to his great *baptism* flocked
> With awe, the regions round, and with them came
> From Nazareth, the Son of Joseph deemed,
> To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
> Unmarked, unknown: but him the *Baptist* soon
> Descried, divinely warned; and witness bore
> As to his worthier, and would have resigned
> To Him this heavenly office, nor was long
> His witness unconfirmed; on Him *baptized*
> Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove
> The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
> From heaven pronounced Him His Beloved Son.
>
> *Milton.*

> Well mayest thou tremble, *Baptist*; well thy cheek,

Now flushed, now pale, thy labouring soul bespeak!
'Tis He, the Christ, by every bard foretold!
Hear Him, ye nations, and ye Heavens behold!
The Virgin-born, to bruise the Serpent's head,
The Paschal Lamb, to patient slaughter led,
The King of kings, to crush the gates of Hell,
Messiah, Shiloh, Jah, Emmanuel!
See, o'er His head, soft sinking from above,
With hovering radiance hangs the mystic Dove:
Dread from the cloud Jehovah's voice is known,
"This is my Son, my own, my well-loved Son!"

C. H. Johnson.

Why crowd ye cities forth? some reed to find,
Some vain reed trembling to the careless wind?
Or throng ye here to view with doting eye,
Some chieftain stand in purple pageantry?
Some dwell in kingly domes—no silken form
Woos the stern wind and braves the mountain storm.
What rush ye there to seek? some Prophet-seer?
One mightier than the Prophets find ye here —
The loftiest bard that waked the sacred lyre,
To him in rapture poured his lips of fire;
Attuned to him the voice of Sion fell—
Thy name, Elias, closed the mystic shell.

C. H. Johnson.

In Judah's rugged wilderness,
  Where Jordan rolls his flood,
In manners strict, and rude of dress,
  The holy *Baptist* stood.

And while upon the river's side,
  The people thronged to hear,

"Repent," the sacred preacher cried,
"The heavenly kingdom's near."

Now Jesus to the stream descends;
His feet the waters lave;
And o'er his head, that humbly bends,
The *Baptist* pours the wave.

When, lo! a heavenly form appears,
Descending as a dove;
And wondrous sounds the assembly hears,
Proclaiming from above.—

"This is my well-beloved Son,
On him my spirit rests;
Now is his reign of grace begun,
Attend his high behests."

The sacred voice has reached our ear,
And still through distant lands
Shall sound, till all His name revere,
And honour His commands.

T. Fletcher.

BEAUTIFUL.

ONE thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the *beauty* of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.—Psalm xxvii. 4.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his *beauty* to consume away like a moth.—Psalm xxxix. 11.

Favour is deceitful, and *beauty* is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Proverbs, xxxi. 30.

I have seen the travail, which God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised in it.

He hath made every thing *beautiful* in his time.—Ecclesiastes, iii. 10, 11.

OH, what is *Beauty's* power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break.
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all,
O'er *Beauty's* fall;
Her praise resounds no more, when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In evening fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

H. K. White.

At Thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain *beauty* flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

J. Montgomery.

A sinful soul possessed of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious devil, large in heart and brain.
That did love *beauty* only, (*beauty* seen
In all varieties of mould and mind,)
And knowledge for its *beauty*; or if good,
Good only for its *beauty*.

Tennyson.

The *beautiful*, the *beautiful*!
Where do we find it not?
It is an all-pervading grace,
And lighteth every spot.

It sparkles on the ocean-wave—
  It glitters in the dew;
We see it in the glorious sky,
  And in the flow'ret's hue.

On mountain-top, in valley deep,
  We find its presence there;
The *beautiful*, the *beautiful*!
  It liveth every where.

The glories of the noontide-day,
  The still and solemn night,
The changing seasons, all can bring
  Their tribute of delight.

There's *beauty* in the dancing beam
  That brightens childhood's eye,
And in the Christian's parting glance,
  Whose hope is fix'd on high.

And in the being whom our love
  Hath chosen for its own,
How *beautiful*! how *beautiful*!
  Is every look and tone.

'Twas in that glance that God threw o'er
  The young created earth,
When he pronounced it "very good,"
  The *beautiful* had birth.

Then who shall say this world is dull,
  And all to sadness given,
While yet there lives on every side
  The smile that came from heaven?

If so much loveliness is sent
  To grace our earthly home,
How *beautiful*—how *beautiful*
  Will be the world to come!

Anon.

BELIEF—UNBELIEF.

IF ye will not *believe*, surely ye shall not be established. —Isaiah, vii. 9.

Lord, I *believe*; help thou mine *unbelief*.—Mark, ix. 24.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye *believe* in God, *believe* also in me.—John, xiv. 1.

For what, if some did not *believe*? shall their *unbelief* make the faith of God without effect? God forbid.—Romans, iii. 3, 4.

God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and *belief* of the truth.—II. Thessalonians, ii. 13.

SUCH my *belief*. Oh, that thou would'st thy bold,
Infatuated, withering doubt discard!
The flower would be more sweet, the moon more fresh,
The sun more bright, the sky more blue, the night
(The natural season for deep thought) less dark:
Life's cares, and wan disease, would blessings be,
And death (annihilation's herald now)
The harbinger of everlasting bliss.
Dare then be wise. Dash down the subtle web,
Thy pride of intellect had round thee wove,
Despised into the dust; *believe* in God;
Obey His will;—and then thy rescued soul
Shall, on angelic pinions, wing its way
To heaven's bright realms of pure beatitude.
T. L. Merritt.

Believe and fear not! In the blackest cloud
A sunbeam hides; and from the deepest pang
Some hidden mercy may a God declare!
R. Montgomery.

Since fools alone all things *believe*
In cloister hatch'd, or college,

Some, by believing nothing, think
They're at the height of knowledge.
And yet to have no faith demands
More faith than is supposed,
For sceptics have their creed,—of things
Incredibly composed.
Some truths above our reason, we
Reject not, but receive:
Against all reason, infidels
Unnumber'd lies *believe*.

C. C. Colton.

BELLS.

AND beneath upon the hem of it, thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof; and *bells* of gold between them round about.

And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not.—Exodus, xxviii. 33, 35.

In that day shall there be upon the *bells* of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord.—Zechariah, xiv. 20.

WHAT a deep murmur on the night-air swells,
What a clear tone draws irresistibly
The goblet from my mouth. Ye hollow *bells*,
Proclaim ye Easter's dawn is drawing nigh?
The word of hope in that sweet music ringing,
That once, when o'er his sepulchre did close
The shades of night, from angel lips arose,
Assurance of a covenant renew'd to mortals bringing.

*****

What in your mighty sweetness, do you seek,
Ye tones of Heaven, with me that dwell in dust?
Seek elsewhere mortals flexible and weak.
I hear the message, but I cannot trust;
Faith's chosen child is the miraculous.
I dare not strive those distant spheres to gain,
From whence these holy tidings came to us;
And yet it seems that long-remembered strain,
In youth, recalls me back to life again.
The kiss of heavenly love upon me fell,
In the deep stillness of the sabbath calm,
The heartfelt fullness of the sabbath *bell*,
A prayer to my glad soul sufficient balm,
Beyond conception sweet; a holy longing
Drove me to wander forth through wood and mead;
And in the thousand tear-drops warmly thronging,
I felt a world grow up, mine own indeed.
The joyous sports of youth those tones revealing,
Of the spring feast once more the joy unfolds,
And recollection, fraught with childish feeling,
Me from the last dread step of all withholds.
Oh sound, sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,
The tears well forth, the earth hath me again.

Goethe's "Faust."

List not those cries! How strangely do they blend
With the sweet *bells* from yonder gothic tower,
Pealing athwart the water. Such the contrast
Of wild religious awe to earthly clamour,
For on the morrow, and the morrow's morrow,

At this still hour those *bells* will still peal on;
But these harsh sinful cries, the moment's offspring,
Will with the moment pass to nought away,
They, and the passions, even as briefly raging;
And, as the echo of those cries, borne far
Up the deep silvery Thames, there dies in air
In the dim distance, seeming well to blend
With the calm beauty of the hour, and heighten
The melody of silence; so the thought
On this vain uproar shall in future years
Prove but a gentle memory! since we shared
The cares it wooed to life, together.

Archer Gurney.

Stop, O stop the passing *bell*!
Painfully, too painfully,
It strikes against the heart, that knell,
I cannot bear its tones—they tell
Of misery, of misery!
All that soothed and sweetened life,
In the mother and the wife—
All that would a charm have cast
O'er the future, as the past—
All is torturing in that knell!
Stop, O stop the passing *bell*!

Stop it! no—but change the tone,
And joyfully, ah, joyfully,
Let the altered chimes ring on,
For the spirit that hath flown,
Exultingly, exultingly!
She hath left her couch of pain,
She shall never feel again,
But as angels feel!—afar,
Chimed beyond the morning star,
Agony and death unknown!
Let the joyful chimes ring on!

Robert Story.

BENEFICENCE—BENEVOLENCE.

THOU openest thine hand, they are filled with good.—Psalm civ. 28.

Give, and it shall be given unto you.—Luke, vi. 38.

Let the husband render unto the wife due *benevolence*: and likewise also the wife unto the husband.—I. Corinthians, vii. 3.

Be rich in good works, ready to distribute.—I. Timothy, vi. 18.

NATURE all
Is blooming and *beneficent*, like Thee.
Thomson.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
—
Shall bless the earth, while in the world above
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,

And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's
immortal bowers.

Charles Wilcox.

The heart has tendrils like the vine,
Which round another's bosom twine,
Outspringing from the parent tree
Of deeply-planted sympathy,
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss;
Beneficence its harvest is.

J. Bowring.

Trees, and flowers, and streams,
Are social and *benevolent*; and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden
dressed,
His Maker there to teach his listening heart.

Mrs. Sigourney.

BENEFIT.

BLESSED be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with *benefits*, even the God of our salvation.—Psalm lxviii. 19.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his *benefits*. —Psalm ciii. 2.

Without thy mind would I do nothing; that thy *benefit* should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly.— Philemon, 14.

OffERED life
Neglect not, and the *benefit* embrace
By faith, not void of works.

Milton.

I gaze upon the thousand stars
That fill the midnight sky;
And wish, so passionately wish,
A light like theirs on high.

I have such eagerness of hope
To *benefit* my kind;
I feel as if immortal power
Were given to my mind.

Miss Landon.

Why are springs enthroned on high,
Where the mountains kiss the sky?
'Tis that thence their streams may flow,
Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,
Basking in the golden light?
'T is to send down genial showers
On this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?
'T is that they may prop the state;
So that toil its sweets may yield,
And the sower reap the field.

Riches why doth He confer?
That the rich may minister
To the children of distress,
To the poor and fatherless.

Does He light a Newton's mind?
'T is to shine on all mankind.
Does He give to Virtue birth?
'T is the salt of this poor earth.

Josiah Conder.

BENIGNITY.

SURELY goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.—Psalm xxiii. 6.

Thou Lord art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.—Psalm lxxxvi. 5.

The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over

all his works.—Psalm cxlv. 9.

THIS turn hath, made amends! Thou hast fulfilled
Thy words, Creator bounteous and *benign*,
Giver of all things fair!

Milton.

He comes not in the pride of martial pomp,
High in triumphal chariot, while around
The poor remains of vanquished kingdoms grace
The trophied car; not such as Judah's sons,
By empire's flattering dreams misled, conceived,
Vindictive monarch over prostrate Rome.
Beyond the confines of this nether world.
At the right hand of the Almighty Sire,
Enthroned he sits; no partial King, to all
Who unfeigned homage offer, He, *benign*,
The treasure of his boundless love vouchsafes.

Samuel Hayes.

Divinest creed! and worthy to be taught
By Him, the Saviour, who thy tidings brought;
Thou wert the first, descending from above,
To teach the nations that their God was love;
That ire eternal dwelt not on His face,
But love and pity, and redeeming grace.
And all the joy this world since then has known,
Springs from this creed, and springs from this alone;
Whatever triumphs have been gained by mind
O'er Error, Hate, and Ignorance combined;
Whatever progress man may yet have made,
Owes all its worth to Thy *benignant* aid.

C. Mackay.

O, Saviour, gracious and *benign*,

Warm and illume this heart of mine,
Disperse the fogs and mists of sin,
And let no evil lurk therein:
Let me Thy love and goodness see—
Thy merciful *benignity*.

Anon.

THE BIBLE.

AND beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning Himself.—Luke, xxiv. 27.

Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me.—John, v. 39.

The holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—II. Timothy, iii. 15, 16.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the scriptures, might have hope.—Romans, xv. 4.

The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.—Ephesians, vi. 17.

WHENCE, but from Heaven, could men
unskilled in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie!
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

Dryden.

So has this book entitled us to Heaven.

And rules to guide us to that mansion given;
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume doth express his mind.
Waller.

A critic on the sacred book should be
Candid and learned, dispassionate and free:
Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,
From fancy's influence, and intemperate zeal.
Cowper.

Within this ample volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way:
And better had they ne'er been born,
That read to doubt, or read to scorn.
Sir Walter Scott.

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star which rose in time
And on its dark and troubled billows, still
As generation driving swiftly by,
Succeeding generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God —
The everlasting hills—pointed the sinner's eye.
By prophets, seers, and priests, and sacred bards,
Evangelists, apostles, men inspired,
And by the Holy Ghost anointed, set
Apart and consecrated to declare
On earth the counsels of the Eternal one,

This book—this holiest, this sublimest book
Was sent. Heaven's will, Heaven's code of laws entire
To man, this book contained; defined the bounds
Of vice and virtue, and of life and death;
And what was shadow, what was substance taught.
This book—this holy book, in every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped,
From first to last; this ray of sacred light,
This lamp from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy brought down, and in the night of time
Stands casting on the dark her gracious bow,
And evermore beseeching men with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

Hast thou ever heard
Of such a book? The author God Himself;
The subject, God and man, salvation, life,
And death—eternal life—eternal death.

Pollok.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the Royal Bard did groaning lie,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or wrapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in Heaven the second

name,
Had not, on earth, whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he who, lone in Patmos banished,
Saw, in the sun, a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Burns.

Look, Christian! in thy *Bible*, and that glass
Which sheds its sands through minutes, hours, and days,
And years; it speaks not: yet methinks it says
To every human heart—"so mortals pass
On to their dark and silent grave!" Alas!
For man:—an exile upon earth he stays,
Weary, and wandering through benighted ways;
To-day in strength, to-morrow like the grass
That withers at his feet. Lift up thy head,
Poor pilgrim, toiling in this vale of tears;
That book declares whose blood for thee was shed,
Who died to give thee life; and though thy years
Pass like a shade, pointing to thy death-bed,
Out of the deep thy cry an angel hears,
And by his guiding hand to heaven thy steps are led.

W. Lisle Bowles.

A book there is, of ancient date,
Where all the truly wise and great
Have found the pearls of wisdom spread,
Like gems upon the ocean-bed.
Brighter than Californian gold,
Are deeds inspired apostles told,
Greater than all that Milton thought,
Are truths that saints and prophets taught.
Oh! be it ours from tender age,

To gather wisdom from its page.

J. Burbidge.

The sacred page
With calm attention scan! If on thy soul,
As thou dost read, a ray of purer light
Break in, O, check it not, give it full scope!
Admitted, it will break the clouds which long
Have dimmed thy sight, and lead thee, till at last,
Convictions like the sun's meridian beams,
Illuminate thy mind.

Samuel Hayes.

Father! that book
With whose worn leaves the careless infant plays,
Must be the *Bible*. Therein thy dim eyes
Will meet a cheering light; and silent words
Of mercy breathed from Heaven, will be exhaled
From the blest page unto thy withered heart.

John Wilson.

What is this world? a wildering maze
Where sin hath tracked ten thousand ways,
  Her victims to ensnare.
All broad, all winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
  All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads,
  Down to eternal night;
Our humble path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
  From darkness into light.

Is there a guide to show that path?
The *Bible*! He alone who hath
  The *Bible*, need not stray;
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly guide to all that live,

Himself shall lose the way.

J. Montgomery.

The *Bible*? That's the Book, The Book indeed,
The Book of Books;
On which who looks,
As he should do, aright, shall never need
Wish for a better light
To guide him in the night.

Or, when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring stomach and digestion good:
And if he be amiss,
This the best physic is.

It is the looking-glass of souls, wherein
All men may see,
Whether they be
Still, as by nature they are, deform'd with sin;
Or in a better case,
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of spiritual arms,
Wherein doth lie
The Artillery
Of heaven, ready charged against all harms,
That might come by the blows
Of our infernal foes.

God's cabinet of reveal'd counsel 'tis:
Where weal and woe
Are order'd so,
That every man may know which shall be his;
Unless his own mistake
False application make.

It is the index of Eternity.
He cannot miss
Of endless bliss,

That takes this chart to steer his voyage by,
Nor can he be mistook,
That speaketh by this Book.

A Book to which no other Book can be compared
For excellence;
Pre-eminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be shared.
Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I should
Say, God of Books?
Let him that looks
Angry at this expression, as too bold
His thoughts in silence smother,
Till he find such another.

George Herbert.

But to outweigh all harm, the sacred book,
In dusty sequestration wrapped too long,
Assumes the accent of our native tongue;
And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong
Which faith hath suffered, Heaven could calmy brook.
Transcendent Boon! nobler than earthly King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless,
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
With bigotry shall tread the offering
Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

Wordsworth.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently! Of anxious looks beguiled.
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine

Were daily bent; her accents, gravely mild,
Breathed out thy love;—whilst I a dreaming child,
On breeze-like fancies wandered oft away
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring flowers wild,
Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest: yet would the solemn word
At times with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
A seed not lost; for which in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart-blessings on the holy dead and thee.

Mrs. Hemans.

Friend of my early days,
  Thou old, brown, folio tome,
Oft opened with amaze,
  Within my childhood's home;
Thy many-pictured pages,
  Beheld with glad surprise,
Would lure me from my playmates,
  To oriental skies.

I found in thee for friends,
  The wise and valiant men
Of Israel, whose heroic deeds
  Are writ with holy pen;
And dark brown Jewish maidens,
  With festive dance and song,
Or fairly dressed for bridal,
  Thy pictured leaves among.

The old life patriarchal
  Did beautifully shine,
With angels hovering over,
  The good old men divine;
Their long long pilgrimages
  I traced through all the way;
While on the stool before me

The pages open lay.
From the German of Freiligrath.

Fancy, Hope, and Conscience could not prove
A future state, without the Word of God.
This is Hope's charter, this gives Fancy power,
And this arms Conscience with authority.
This partly lifts the veil which else had hung
Before our eyes, concealing from our view
The Spirit Land.
Joseph H. Wythes.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.
Geo. P. Morris.

BIRDS—FOWLS.

AND God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and *fowl* that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let *fowl* multiply in the earth.—Genesis, i. 20, 22.

Where is God my maker, who giveth songs in the night; who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the *fowls* of heaven?—Job, xxxv. 10, 11.

In the Lord put I my trust: how say ye to my soul. Flee as a *bird* to your mountain?—Psalm xi. 1.

I know all the *fowls* of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine.—Psalm l. 11.

Our soul is escaped as a *bird* out of the snare of the fowlers.—Psalm cxxiv. 7.

As a *bird* hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life.—Proverbs, vii. 23.

As the *bird* by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come.—Proverbs, xxvi. 2.

Curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a *bird* of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.—Ecclesiastes, x. 20.

Behold the *fowls* of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?—Matthew, vi. 26.

The foxes have holes, and the *birds* of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.—Matthew, viii. 20.

Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap: which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the *fowls*?—Luke, xii. 24.

SWEET *bird*! thou sing'st away the early hours
Of winter past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights, which present are,—
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers,
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers;
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Alter'd in sweetness,) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost

raise
To air of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.
W. Drummond.

Behold! and look away your low despair,
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them no stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind Heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky;
He hears their gay and their distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Thomson.

What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the *fowls* of Heaven?
What but God!
Inspiring God! whose boundless spirit all
And unremitting energy pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
Thomson.

Like an unfledged hungry *bird*, that in its nest
Hears its returning mother flap her wings,
Circling around when some choice food she brings;
The nestling's love for both is then exprest—
It strives to reach the food and be carest,
And rustles to begin its wanderings,
And thanks her with unwonted chiruppings,
In notes that seem too sweet for its young breast:—
So do I feel whene'er the brilliant light
Of the almighty sun to which I gaze,
Cheers with unusual warmth my fainting soul;
Urged by internal love to bless and praise,
I take the pen, with joy beyond controul,
And fluttering, praise my God with all my might.

Vittoria Colonna.

Beautiful *birds* of lightsome wing,
Bright creatures that come with the voice of spring;
We see you arrayed in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn,
Though rainbow splendour around you glows,
Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows:
Oh! what a lesson for glory are ye,
How ye preach the grace of humility.

Swift *birds* that skim o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,
But press still forward, by night or day—
As on your unwearying course ye fly,
Beneath the clear and unclouded sky;
Oh! may we, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet *birds* that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround heaven's gate in melodious throng;
Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,
You remind me that we should likewise raise
The voice of devotion, and song of praise;
There's something about you that points on high,
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky.

C. W. Thompson.

Birds, joyous *birds*, of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
—"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian

sky,
From the myrrh trees of glowing Araby.

A change we have found, and many a change!
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played—
Nought looks the same, save the nests we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed—
So shall *we* reach our bright home at last.

Mrs. Hemans.

What time thy heavenly voice preludes
Unto the fair and silent night,
Winged minstrel of my solitudes,
Unknown to thee I trace its flight.

Thy voice so touching and sublime,
Seems far too pure for this gross earth;
Surely we well may deem the chime
An instinct which with God has birth.

Thy warblings and thy murmurs sweet,
Into melodious union bring
All fair sounds that in nature meet,
Or float from heaven on wand'ring wing.

And that mysterious voice, that sound
Which angels listen to with me,—
That sigh of pious night is found
In thee, melodious *bird*, in thee.

Lamartine.

Ye gentle *birds*, that perch aloof,

And smooth your pinions on my roof,
Preparing for departure hence,
Ere winter's angry threats commence:
Like you my soul would smooth her plume,
For longer flights beyond the tomb.

May God, by whom is seen and heard
Departing man and wandering *bird*,
In mercy mark me for His own,
And guide me to the land unknown!

Hayley.

The *bird*, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam.

So grant me, Lord! from every stain
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air,
To steer my course to Thee.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
The sunshine on her joyful way;
Thy freedom on her wings.

Moore.

The wild *bird's* song is a song of praise,
Which, thankful, he uplifts;
Ever, like him, thy voice upraise,
To the giver of all good gifts.

Egone.

BIRTH—BORN.

JUDAH prevailed above his brethren, and of him came the chief ruler; but the *birthright* was Joseph's.—I. Chronicles, v. 2.

Shall I bring to the *birth*, and not cause to bring forth? saith the Lord.—Isaiah, lxvi. 9.

And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his *birth*.—Luke, i. 14.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be *born* again.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is *born* of the spirit.—John, iii. 7, 8.

My little children, of whom I travail in *birth* again until Christ be formed in you.—Galatians, iv. 19.

Whosoever is *born* of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is *born* of God.—I. John, iii. 9.

ORIENT light,
Exhaling first from darkness, they beheld,
Birthday of heaven and earth.

Milton.

Thou hast been found
By merit, more than *birthright*, Son of God.

Milton.

While no baseness in my breast I find,
I have not lost the *birthright* of my mind.

Dryden.

They tell me 'tis my *birthday*, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness;
'Tis what the day deserves which brought me forth.

Dryden.

Mysterious love! that thou must recommence
Life and existence, and be *born* anew,
Born both of water and of spirit, whence
Spirit comes only, as flesh must flesh ensue:
And where it lists the wind shall blow, whose sound
Thou hearest, but know'st not—none—
Whence cometh it, nor whither it is bound;
And no man hath ascended into heaven

But he who thence came down, and bore the wound,
And perished that the world might be forgiven.

J. A. Heraud.

Let us learn the wondrous story,
Of our great Redeemer's *birth*;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Hasten mortals to adore Him,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him.

Cawood.

Are all the memories of life
Buried when life has fled?
Are we forbid to keep again
The *birthdays* of the dead?

Time was when each successive year
Brought one bright day of mirth,
The looked-for anniversary
Of some belov'd one's *birth*.

The *birthday* feasts of childhood's age,
The feasts of riper years,
Remind us of like youthful joys
Remembered now with tears.

For they with whom those days were spent,
Have done with all on earth,
The fond home circle's broken up
That hailed each day of *birth*.

Yet as the days come round again
Marked with affection's seal,
Once more we think of those we've lost,
Once more their presence feel.

The blessed spirits now in Heaven,
May not such cycles keep,
Time metes not out their happiness,
They know not night or sleep.

Yet may they still retain the thoughts
Commemorating *birth*,
And haply still they keep in Heaven
The calender of Earth.

Far off are they, but still towards them
Our loving arms we spread,
And ever in our hearts we'll keep
The *birthdays* of the dead.

George E. Shirley.

BLESSING—BLESSEDNESS—BLESS.

I WILL *bless* the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.—Psalm xxxiv. 1.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee.—Psalm lxxxiv. 4, 5.

Blessings are upon the head of the just, but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked.—Proverbs, x. 6.

The *blessing* of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.—Proverbs, x. 22.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.—Matthew, v. 8.

I say unto you, love your enemies, *bless* them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.—Matthew, v. 44.

Blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a *blessing*.—I. Peter, iii. 9.

O ALL-SUFFICIENT, All-Beneficent!
Thou God of Goodness and of glory, hear!
Thou who to lowest minds dost condescend,
Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
Adopting jealousy to prove thy love!
Thou who resigned humility upholdest,

E'en as the florist props the drooping rose;
But quellest tyrannic pride with peerless power,
E'en as the tempest drives the stubborn oak!
O All-Sufficient, All-Beneficent!
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear!
Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
To heaven, to immortality, and Thee!

Smart.

O my soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim;
Thine infirmities He healed;
He thy peace and pardon sealed.

As in Heaven, His throne and dwelling.
King on earth He holds his sway;
Angels, ye in strength excelling,
Bless the Lord, his voice obey;
All his works beneath the pole,
Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul.

J. Montgomery.

Author of being! life-sustaining king!
Lo! want's dependant eye from Thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores;
Give to her prayers the renovating spring,
And summer's heats all perfecting, that bring
The fruits which autumn, from a thousand shores
Selecteth provident! when earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exultory sing.
Without thy *blessing* the submissive steer
Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain;
Without thy *blessing* on the varied year,
Can the swarth reaper grasp the golden grain?
Without thy *blessing* all is blank and drear;
With it the joys of Eden bloom again.

Wordsworth.

Blessed be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver;
Thou canst guard the creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity;
God of life! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

James Hogg.

Oh! 'tis a sight the soul to cheer,
The promise of the fruitful year,
When God abroad his bounty flings,
And answering nature laughs and sings!
He, "for the evil and the good,"
For them, who with heart's gratitude,
For them, who thanklessly receive
The *blessings* He vouchsafes to give,
Bids from his storehouse in the skies,
"His rain descend, his sun arise."

Mant.

Thrice *blessed* they who dwell
Within thine house, my God,
Where daily praises swell,
And still the floor is trod
By those who in thy presence bow,
By those whose King and God art thou.

J. Montgomery.

Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Spotless their robes and pure,
  Dipped in the sea of light,
That hides the unapproached shrine
  From men's and angels' sight.

Keble.

From darkness here, and dreariness,
  We ask not full repose,
Only be thou at hand to *bless*
  Our trial hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
  The gate of Heaven unclose?

Keble.

Thou that created'st all! Thou fountain
  Of our sun's light—who dwellest far
  From man, beyond the farthest star,
Yet, ever present; who dost heed
Our spirits in their human need;
  We *bless* thee, Father, that we are!

We *bless* thee for our inward life;
  For its immortal date decreeing;
For that which comprehendeth thee,
A spark of thy divinity,
  Which is the being of our being!

We *bless* thee for this bounteous earth;
  For its increase—for corn and wine;
For forest-oaks, for mountain-rills;
For cattle "on a thousand hills;"
  We *bless* thee—for all good is thine!

Mary Howitt.

We have the promise of th' eternal truth,
  Those who live well, and pious paths
  pursue,
  To man and to their Maker true;
Let them expire in age or youth,
  Can never miss
  Their way to everlasting *bliss*;

But from a world of misery and care,
To mansions of eternal ease repair;
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endless circle moves
Through the vast round of beatific love,
Which no cessation knows.

John Pomfret.

No, 'tis in vain to seek for *bliss*,
For *bliss* can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

Watts.

When we have slept that dreamless sleep,
Which dearest hearts must sever;
O may we wake no more to weep,
But live in *bliss* for ever.

John Linden.

True *bliss*, the flower of Paradise,
Lives not in this ungenial clime;
It blossoms in celestial skies,
Beyond the ravages of time;
The joy to christian pilgrims given,
Is but the rich perfume of heaven.

W. J. Brock.

True *bliss*, the flower of Paradise,
Why seek it here below?
It groweth only 'neath those skies
With love divine that glow.
Warmed by the sun of righteousness,
And watered by the dews
Of mercy, and redeeming grace,
How lively are its hues!
In heaven, an amaranthine flower,
On earth, it blossoms but an hour.

Egone.

BLINDNESS.

THE Lord openeth the eyes of the *blind*.—Psalm cxlvi. 8.

Then the eyes of the *blind* shall be opened.—Isaiah, xxxv. 5.

He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the *blind*.—Luke, iv. 18.

Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the *blindness* of their heart.—Ephesians, iv. 18.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's works, or his own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly, thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve, who only stand and wait."

Milton.

There is a poor *Blind* Man, who every day,
In summer sunshine, or in winter's rain,
Duly as tolls the bell to the high fane,
Explores, with faltering footsteps, his dark way,
To kneel before his Maker, and to hear
The chanted service pealing full and clear.

Ask why, alone, in the same spot he kneels
Through the long year? Oh! the wide

world is cold,
As dark to him; here, he no longer feels
His sad bereavement—Faith and Hope
uphold
His heart—he feels not he is poor and *blind*,
Amid the unpitying tumult of mankind:
As thro' the aisles the choral anthems roll,
His soul is in the choirs above the skies,
And songs, far off, of angel companies.

Oh! happy, if the Rich—the Vain—the Proud
—
The plumed Actors in life's motley crowd,—
Since pride is dust, and life itself a span,—
Would learn one Lesson from a poor *Blind*
Man.

Lisle Bowles.

I see, and yet I see not; outward things
Are visible unto me: I behold
The fresh, cool verdure of succeeding
springs;
The glories of the summer manifold;
The forests rich with their autumnal gold;
The creatures beautiful, that spread their
wings
In the warm sunshine; blossoms that
unfold
Bright as man's hopes and vain imaginings.
The glories of the universe are spread
Before me, and I see them with delight:
Yet am I *blind* of heart, and cold, and dead
To spiritual things. God grant me light
To understand, and warmth to feel, and
grace
Thy message to receive—Thy wondrous
power to trace.

Egone.

But in God's temple the great lamp is out,
And he must worship glory in the dark!
Till death, in midnight mystery, hath
brought
The veiled soul's re-illuminating spark—

The pillar of the cloud enfolds the Ark!
And, like a man that prayeth underground
In Bethlehem's rocky shrine, he can but mark
The lingering hours by circumstance and sound,
And break, with gentle hymns, the solemn silence round.

Yet still life's better light shines out above!
And in that village church, where first he learned
To bear his cheerless doom, for heaven's dear love,
He sits, with wistful face, for ever turned
To hear of those who heavenly pity earned;
Blind Bartimæus, and him desolate,
Who for Bethesda's waters vainly yearned:
And only sighs, condemned so long to wait,
Baffled and helpless still, beyond the Temple gate!

Mrs. Norton.

BLOOD.

AND Moses took the *blood*, and sprinkled it on the people, and said, Behold the *blood* of the covenant, which the Lord hath made with you.—Exodus, xxiv. 8.

Deliver me from *blood*-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.—Psalm li. 14.

By the *blood* of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit.—Zechariah, ix. 11.

God hath made of one *blood* all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.—Acts, xvii. 26.

Neither by the *blood* of goats and calves, but by his own *blood*, he entered in once into the holy place, having

obtained eternal redemption for us.—Hebrews, ix. 12.

Almost all things are by the law purged with *blood*; and without shedding of *blood* is no remission.—Hebrews, ix. 22.

The *blood* of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin.—I. John, i. 7.

STRANGE is it that our *bloods*,
Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In difference so mighty.

Shakspere.

Ye Sacred Writings! on whose antique leaves
  The wondrous deeds of heaven recorded lie,
Say, what might be the cause, that mercy heaves
  The dust of sin above the starry sky,
  And lets it not in dust and ashes fly?
    Could Justice be of sin so over-wooed,
    Or so great ill because of so great good,
That, *bloody* man to save, man's Saviour shed
    his *blood*.

Giles Fletcher.

O, thou great Power! in whom we move,
  By whom we live, to whom we die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
  Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's *blood*, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
  No new-born drams of purging fire:
One rosy drop from David's seed
  Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire:
O, precious ransom! which once paid,
The *Consummatum est* was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
  But sealed it with his sacred breath:
Thou, then, thus hast dispurged our score,
  And dying wert the death of death;
Be now whilst on thy name we call,
Our life, our strength, our joy, our all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from his hands, his feet, his side.

But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every *bleeding* wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

Lord! didst thou *bleed*? for sinners *bleed*?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

Steele.

There is a fountain filled with *blood*,
  Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
  Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
  That fountain in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
  Wash all my sins away!

Dear dying Lamb! thy precious *blood*
  Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
  Be saved, to sin no more.

Cowper.

Not all the *blood* of beasts
  On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
  Or wash away the stain.

But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
  Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
  And richer *blood* than they.

Watts.

BLOSSOM.

THEREFORE as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their *blossom* shall go up as dust: because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel.—Isaiah, v. 24.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and *blossom* as the rose. It shall *blossom* abundantly.—Isaiah, xxxv. 1, 2.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
  Why do you fall so fast?
  Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile,
  To blush and gently smile,
    And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
  An hour and half's delight
  And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
  Merely to show your worth,
    And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
  May read how soon things have
  Their end, though ne'er so brave,
And after they have shown their pride
  Like you awhile, they glide
    Into the grave.

Herrick.

Our life hath many a wintry scene,
  Deciduous are our sweetest joys;

And *blossoms* that have loveliest been,
Some withering demon oft destroys.

But there are germs that inly lie,
Waiting the touch of some kind hand,
Germs that destruction's power defy,
And soon in *bloom* of hope expand.

W. J. Brock.

Lo, the arid desert
Shall *blossom* as the rose,
Wheresoe'er the messenger
Of the Saviour goes.

Egone.

BOLDNESS.

I SPEAK as concerning reproach, as though we had been weak. Howbeit whereinsoever any is *bold*, (I speak foolishly,) I am *bold* also.—II. Corinthians, xi. 21.

Great is my *boldness* of speech towards you.—II. Corinthians, vii. 4.

Christ Jesus our Lord: In whom we have *boldness* and access with confidence by the faith of him.—Ephesians, iii. 11, 12.

Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have *boldness* in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world.—I. John, iv. 17.

We were *bold* in our God to speak unto you the gospel of God with much contention.—I. Thessalonians, ii. 2.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are *bold* as a lion.—Proverbs, xxviii. 1.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

With *boldness*, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Logan.

Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolv'd through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Wesley.

The man is *bold* who fronts the cannon's mouth,
And trembles not when danger leads the way;
But *bolder* far is he who speaks the truth
Regardless who may stand around and hear,
And with a kindly spirit dares reprove
The fool that cavils at a world to come.

J. Burbidge.

BONDAGE.

THE *bondage* was heavy upon this people.—Nehemiah, v. 18.

They answered him, We be Abraham's seed, and were never in *bondage* to any man: how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free.—John, viii. 33.

And God spake on this wise, That his seed should

sojourn in a strange land: and that they should bring them into *bondage*, and entreat them evil four hundred years.—Acts, vii. 6.

The creature itself also shall be delivered from the *bondage* of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.—Romans, viii. 21.

Put on charity, which is the *bond* of perfectness.—Colossians, iii. 14.

Deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to *bondage*.—Hebrews, ii. 15.

GET up, my soul; redeem thy sluggish eyes
From drowsy *bondage*: O beware; be wise:
Thy foe's before thee; thou must fight or fly:
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

Quarles.

Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
  To thee I feebly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
  O take my sins away;

From this *bondage* Lord release;
  No longer let me be opprest;
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
  And take me to thy breast.

Wesley.

My God, what silken cords are thine!
  How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine,
  To draw our souls along.

Thou sawest us crushed beneath the yoke
  Of Satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron *bondage* broke,
  Our worthless hearts to win.

Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
  Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captive in the chains of love,

Embrace our conqueror's feet.

Doddridge.

BOOK.

AND he took the *book* of the covenant, and read in the audience of the people.—Exodus, xxiv. 7.

Ezra opened the *book* in the sight of all the people; (for he was above all the people;) and when he opened it, all the people stood up.—Nehemiah, viii. 5.

Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a *book*!—Job, xix. 23.

Of making many *books* there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.—Ecclesiastes, xii. 12.

There shall in no wise enter into it (the holy city) any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's *book* of life.—Revelation, xxi. 27.

THY glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste,
Thy vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this *book* this learning may'st thou taste:
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by the dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity;
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shall find
Those children nursed delivered from thy brain
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices so oft as thou wilt look,
Will profit thee, and much enrich thy *book*.

Shakspere.

But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes,
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than
we?
This *books* can do;—nor this alone, they give
New views of life, and teach us how to live.
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they
chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confound the wise;
Their aid they lead to all; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone.
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to
kings.
Blessed be the gracious Power! who taught
mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind.
Beasts may convey and tuneful birds may
sing
their mutual feelings in the opening spring,
But man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to a distant friend;
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise
Ages remote, and nations yet to rise.

Crabbe.

I love the sacred *book* of God,
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

Blest *book*! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

Then shall I need thy light no more,
For nothing shall be there concealed;
When I have reached the heavenly shore
The Lord himself will stand revealed.

When, 'midst the throng celestial placed,
The bright original I see,
From which thy sacred page was traced,
Blest *book*! I've no more need of thee.

But while I'm here thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of His love;
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

Kelly.

There is a *book*, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that *book*, to show
How God Himself is found.

Keble.

BOUNTY.

I WILL sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt *bountifully* with me.—Psalm xiii. 6.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt *bountifully* with thee.—Psalm cxvi. 7.

Being enriched in every thing to all *bountifulness*, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.—II. Corinthians, ix. 11.

THIS goodly frame of temperance,
Formerly grounded, and fast settled
On firm foundation of true *bountihood*.

Spenser.

Those godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,
Bounty well placed preferred, and well

designed,
To all their titles.

Dryden.

How full of cheer,
Joyous, devout, and grateful is the soul
To see again its unexhausted God
Thus pile the table of a world with bread!
For what's the globe on which we all subsist?
The table of immortal *bounty* 'tis,
A feast perpetual, where unnumbered sons
Sit down to banquet as their sires withdraw,
And in succession generations feed,
Contented rise, give thanks, and pass away.

Hurdis.

The hand that built the palace of the sky,
Formed the light wings that decorate a fly;
The power that wheels the circling planets round,
Rears every infant floweret on the ground;
That *bounty* which the mightiest beings share,
Feeds the least gnat that gilds the evening air.

J. Montgomery.

I love the Lord;—he lent an ear
When I for help implored;
He rescued me from all my fear,
Therefore I love the Lord.

*****

Return, my soul, unto my rest,
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath *bountifully* blest,
His goodness called thee home.

J. Montgomery.

BREAD.

THEN said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain *bread* from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or no.—Exodus, xvi. 4.

Man doth not live by *bread* only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.—Deuteronomy, viii. 3.

Bread which strengtheneth man's heart.—Psalm civ. 15.

Cast thy *bread* upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecclesiastes, xi. 1.

He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: *bread* shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.—Isaiah, xxxiii. 15, 16.

Give us this day our daily *bread*.—Matthew, vi. 11.

The *bread* of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.—John, vi. 33.

O KING of earth, and air, and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to thee;
To thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep.

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And thou has taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily *bread* from day to day.

And O, when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;

Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,

The *bread* of life, from day to day.

Heber.

Bread of Heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living *bread*;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

Conder.

"Give us our daily *bread*,"—and was that prayer
Unanswered from high Heav'n's eternal dome?
No, poor man, no!—its music entered there,
And blessings dropp'd upon our earthly home:
Let thy sad eye look round thee everywhere,
When the rich showers or golden sunbeams come,
And plenty greets thee from the teeming sod —
The fruit that blossoms from the hand of God?

"Give us our daily *bread*;" Heaven whispers, "Yes."
"Give us our daily *bread*;" Earth mutters, "No,"
And mocks the weepings of her sons' distress:
Bright hours of change are coming, sure though slow,
When pride, and want, and error shall be less,
And more of Heaven be registered below;
Even now the half of Slavery's flag is furled,
And Thought's free sunshine circles the wide world.

Burrington.

Kill not the flower that feeds the useful bee,
For more than beauteous is that sweet

flower's blush;
'Tis toil's reward that sweetens industry,
As love inspires with strength th'
enraptured thrush.

To fall'n humanity our Father said,
That food and bliss should not be found
unsought:
That man should labour for his daily *bread*;
But not that man should toil and sweat for
nought.

Not that the best should live a living death,
To give the worst a beastly sense of life;
And waste in servitude their fleeting breath,
Weeping with care and want a hopeless
strife.

E. Elliott.

Father in heaven! thy sacred name
In hallowed strains be sung!
Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth;
Thy praise fill every tongue.

By happy spirits round thy throne,
As thy commands are done;
So be thy perfect will obeyed
By all beneath the sun.

Our numerous wants are known to thee,
Who canst alone supply;
O grant each day our daily *bread*,
Nor other good deny.

Hancox.

BREAK—BREAKING.

OUR heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from thy way; though thou hast sore *broken* us in the place of dragons, and covered us with the shadow of death.—Psalm xliv. 18, 19.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the *broken* in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.—Psalm cxlvii. 2, 3.

The Lord hath annointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the *broken*-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.—Isaiah, lxi. 1.

A bruised reed shall he not *break*.—Isaiah, xlii. 3.

For circumcision verily profiteth, if thou keep the law; but if thou be a *breaker* of the law, thy circumcision is made uncircumcision.—Romans, ii. 25.

O MANY
Have *broke* their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey.
Shakspere.

Virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And *break* our fierce barbarians into men.
Addison.

Unhappy man, to *break* the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause.
Dryden.

Almighty Power, by whose most wise command,
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain, here I stand;
Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,
And *break* into my soul with perfect day!
Arbuthnot.

See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And *break* upon thee in a flood of day.
Pope.

Not streaming blood, nor purging fire,

Thy righteous anger can appease;
Burnt-offerings thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.

The *broken* heart in sacrifice,
Alone may thine acceptance meet;
My heart, O God, do not despise,
Broken and contrite, at thy feet.

J. Montgomery.

BREATH—BREATHING.

BY the blast of God they perish, and by the *breath* of his nostrils are they consumed.—Job, iv. 9.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their *breath*, they die, and return to their dust.—Psalm civ. 29.

Behold, the name of the Lord cometh from far, burning with his anger, and the burden thereof is heavy: his lips are full of indignation, and his tongue as a devouring fire.

And his *breath*, as an overflowing stream, shall reach to the midst of the neck.—Isaiah, xxx. 27, 28.

Thou hast heard my voice: hide not thine ear at my *breathing*, at my cry.—Lamentations, iii. 56.

SINCE I in storms most used to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for thee
From those rude barren hours?
The softer dressings of the spring,
Or summer's later store,
I will not for thy temples bring,
Which thorns, not roses, wore:
But a twined wreath of grief and praise,
Praise soiled with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all thy pain,
Thy causeless pain; and as sad death,
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,

O not in vain; now beg thy *breath*,
  Thy quick'ning *breath*, which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place
  Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
Sing thy just praise, and see thy face.
Henry Vaughan.

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is severed from the heart;
Till loosened life, at last, but *breathing* clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend, laid low,
Dragged lingering on, from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is *breath*.
Thomson.

BRIGHTNESS.

THROUGH the *brightness* before him were coals of fire kindled.—II. Samuel, xxii. 13.

God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. And his *brightness* was as the light.—Habakkuk, iii. 3, 4.

Then shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the *brightness* of his coming.—II. Thessalonians, ii. 8.

IMPOTENT words, weak lines, that strive in vain,
  In vain, alas! to tell so heavenly sight!
So heavenly sight as none can greater feign,
  Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might:
  Could any yet compare with Infinite?
  Infinite sure these joys; my words but light:

Light is the palace where she dwells—O then
how *bright*!

Giles Fletcher.

Through a cloud,
Drawn round about thee like a radiant
shrine,
Dark with excessive *bright* thy skirts appear.

Milton.

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest.

Milton.

High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely *bright*,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.

Built of pure and massy gold,
Strong and durable are they;
Deck'd with gems of worth untold,
Subjected to no decay.

Raffles.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The *bright* inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

J. Montgomery.

BROTHERHOOD.

THOU shalt not hate thy *brother* in thine heart.—Leviticus, xix. 17.

If thy *brother* be waxen poor, and hath sold away some

of his possession, and if any of his kin come to redeem it, then shall he redeem that which his *brother* sold.—Leviticus, xxv. 25.

If there be among you a poor man of one of thy *brethren* within any of thy gates, in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thy hand from thy poor *brother*: but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth.—Deuteronomy, xv. 7, 8.

If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy *brother* hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy *brother*, and then come and offer thy gift.—Matthew, v. 23, 24.

Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my *brother* sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?

Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.—Matthew, xviii. 21, 22.

Whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth nor his *brother*.—I. John, iii. 10.

COME, Christian *brethren*, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
Our solemn hymn to God we raise
Our final song of grateful praise.

Christians we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.

H. Kirke White.

Even now a radiant angel goeth forth,
A spirit that hath healing in its wings—
And flyeth east and west, and south and north,

To do the bidding of the King of Kings;
Stirring men's hearts to compass better things,
And teaching *Brotherhood* as that sweet source,
Which holdeth in itself all blessed springs;
And showeth how to guide its silver course,
When it shall flood the world with deep exulting force.

Mrs. Norton.

A *brother's* grave oft leads the soul
Up to a *brother's* joys;
Joys which ne'er yield to time's controul,
Beyond the jewelled skies.

W. J. Brock.

Oh, if the thought be beautiful, if it be wise and kind,
To weave the bond of *brotherhood*, the whole wide world to bind;
And if to sheathe the murderous sword be called a holy deed,
Let all the praise be given to Thee, from whom all such proceed!
Hail, manifested Saviour King! *Brother* of every man!
Of the poor negro in his chains, the roving mountain clan;
Redeemer of the forest child, and of the fettered slave;
Lover of every human soul, in city, waste, or wave.

Emma Tatham.

Give me thy hand, *brother*—give me thy hand,
But not as our fathers did, dropping with gore;
Dash down the gauntlet, and shiver the brand,
But not in the fashion they did so of yore;
Throw away war's array,—come let us prove

Which has the heart that is strongest in love.

Dost thou come from Columbia, afar o'er the deep,
Where the forest its requiem sings in the storm;
Where the bison and elk o'er the broad prairie sweep,
And the hero of labour has conquered a farm?
Ah, then come away, as a *brother* should come,
For our fathers had birth in the same island home.

J. B. Syme.

Oh! never let us lightly fling
The barb of woe to wound another;
Oh! let us never haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a *brother*.

Each has the power to wound, but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue:
But not to wound, nor to annoy,
Is part of virtue's lesson too;—

Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall lend her dawn and brighten this,
When all man's labour shall be love,
And all his thoughts a *brother's* bliss.

J. Bowring.

In all around we see
Links of the chain that binds the soul of man
Unto his *brother* man. No human eye
Can gaze undazzled where those links begin,
Nor trace them to their end. Alone to Faith,
With her far eagle-gaze, 'tis given to see

That the all-loving heart of Nature's God,
And man's Redeemer, is the burning clasp
That joins in one that all-embracing zone,
Round as the circle of eternity.

*****

This truth, more beautiful than all beside,
That He, whose name is Love, and from whose heart,
As from a living and immortal root,
The whole fair universe hath budded forth,
Hath granted him the high and holy right
To call him "Father"—So all things speak
God's Fatherhood, and *Brotherhood* of man.

H. M. P.

Not with the flashing steel,
Not with the cannon's peal,
  Nor stir of drum;
But in the bonds of love,
Our white flag floats above;
Its emblem is the dove,—
  Thus we come.

Oh, then! in God's great name,
Let each pure spirit's flame
  Burn bright and clear;
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
Be every fear forgot,
  Christ leads us here.

So shall earth's distant lands,
In happy, holy bands,
  One *brotherhood*,
Together rise and sing,
Gifts to one altar bring,
And heaven's eternal King
  Pronounce it good.

Elnathan Davis.

In these romantic regions man grows wild:

Here dwells the Negro, nature's outcast child;
Scorned by his *brethren*; but his mother's eye,
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
Sees in his flexile limbs untutored grace,
Power on his forehead, beauty in his face;
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
The heart of friendship, and the home of love;
Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,
Fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains,
A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit;
Sees in his soul, involved in thickest night,
An emanation of eternal light,
Ordained,'midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
And shine for ever when the stars expire.
Is he not man, though Knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not man, though sweet Religion's voice
Ne'er made the mourner in his God rejoice?
Is he not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is he not man, for whom the Saviour died?
Belie the Negro's powers:—in headlong will,
Christian! thy *brother* thou shalt prove him still:
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stamped him man.

J. Montgomery.

For God, who made this teeming earth so full,
And made the proud dependent on the dull—
The strong upon the weak, thereby would show
One common bond should link us all below.

Mrs. Norton.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,

And wherever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, or scorn,
  Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian *Brotherhood*.

C. Mackay.

CALAMITY.

THEY prevented me in the day of my *calamity*: but the Lord was my stay.—II. Samuel, xxii. 19.

Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my *calamity* laid in the balances together!—Job, vi. 2.

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these *calamities* be overpast.—Psalm lvii. 1.

He that is glad at *calamities* shall not be unpunished.—Proverbs, xvii. 5.

STRICT necessity
Subdues me, and *calamitous* constraint!
Lest in my hand both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolved.

Milton.

Much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest
To be in that *calamitous* prison left.

Milton.

From adverse shores in safety let her hear
Foreign *calamity*, and distant war;
Of which, great heav'n, let her no portion bear.

Prior.

Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief;
Mistaken kindness! Our hearts heal too soon,
Are they more kind than He who struck the blow?
Who bids it do His errand in our hearts,
And banish peace till nobler guests arrive,
And bring it back, a true and endless peace?
Calamities are friends.

Young.

When great *calamities* afflict the soul,
Then, God of Mercy, then, we cry to Thee!
Thou the physician art to make us whole;
Thou art the help in our *calamity*.
But when the clouds of grief be overpast,
And we may bask in sunshine once again,
Then praise and prayer become a weary task;
Thee we forget, and so neglect to ask
The aid we implored amid our grief and pain.
Calamities are links of that bright chain
Of love divine around us ever cast,
Weaning us from the world, and all things
light and vain.

Egone.

CALMNESS.

THEN said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be *calm* unto us? for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous.

And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be *calm* unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.

So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea: and the sea ceased from her raging.—Jonah, i. 11, 12, 15.

As they sailed he fell asleep: and there came down a storm of wind on the lake; and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy.

And they came to him, and awoke him, saying, Master,

master, we perish! Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water: and they ceased, and there was a *calm*.—Luke, viii. 23, 24.

BE *calm* in arguing—for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes,
More than his sicknesses or poverty?
In love I should, but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither: therefore gently move.
Calmness is great advantage—he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Herbert.

There is a *calm* the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distrest;
There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken, and when tempests lower;
That *calm* is faith, and hope and love is given;
That peace remains when all beside is riven,
That light shines down to man direct from heaven.

James Edmeston.

The roaring tumult of the billowed sea
Awakes him not: high on the crested surge,
Now heaved, his locks flowed streaming to the blast:
And now descending, 'tween the sheltering waves,
The falling tresses veil the face divine:
Meek through that veil, a momentary gleam,

Benignant shines; he dreams that he beholds
The opening eyes,—that hopeless long had rolled
In darkness,—look around bedimmed with tears
Of joy; but suddenly the voice of fear
Dispelled the happy vision. Awful he rose,
Rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea,
"Peace, be thou still!" and straight there was a *calm*.
With terror-mingled gladness in their looks,
The mariners exclaim—"What man is this,
That even the wind and sea obey his voice?"
Grahame.

Earth has not anything to show more fair!
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty!
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air,
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a *calm* so deep!
The river glideth at its own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.
Wordsworth.

Like a frail bark upon an angry sea
Is man, o'erburdened with a weight of sin;
Tossed to and fro, and like to perish, he
Seeks how he best may 'scape, and safety win:
What trembling Jonah is it hides within,
That from the Lord would vainly strive to flee?
Seek till ye find him, straight the quest begin!
And cast him forth that ye may lightened be.

Then with a prayer approach the throne of grace,
The Saviour's with thee, though he seems to sleep;
Have ye but faith, and wait a little space,
He will arise, and say unto the deep—
"Be still!" The waves will sink, like your alarm,
O'er troubled heart and soul will come a mighty *calm*.

Egone.

CALVARY.

AND when they were come to the place which is called *Calvary*, there they crucified him.—Luke, xxiii. 33.

O CALVARY! how blessed are thy borders,
More holy than God's sanctuary mount,
Of whose high praise be Angels the recorders;
But grateful Man thy praises shall recount,
There Jesus is adored, but here he died!
O *Calvary*! that road is as a fount,
Whence with a sanguine stream thou art supplied,
Yet healing as Bethesda.—*Calvary!*

J. A. Heraud.

From *Calvary* a cry was heard,
A long reiterated cry;
My Saviour's every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

*****

Let the dumb world her silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky!
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we may never die.

Cunningham.

When on Sinai's top I see
God descend in Majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

When, in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on *Calvary* I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful *Calvary*.

J. Montgomery.

CANAAN.

AND I have also established my covenant with them, to give them the land of *Canaan*, the land of their pilgrimage, wherein they were strangers.—Exodus, vi. 4.

Behold the land of *Canaan*, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession.—Deuteronomy, xxxii. 49.

Unto thee will I give the land of *Canaan*, the lot of your inheritance.—I. Chronicles, xvi. 18.

O! COULD we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the *Canaan* that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Nor Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,

Should fright us from the shore.

Watts.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To *Canaan's* fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Stennet.

Tell me, where is the promised land—
The *Canaan* of our earthly hopes,
Where Peace and Joy go hand in hand,
By sparkling streams, and flowery slopes?
It may be far, it may be near,
Oh, Pilgrim, faith must be thy guide
Across the desert wild and drear,
And o'er the Jordan's swelling tide.

Egone.

CAPTIVITY.

BY the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away *captive* required of

us a song, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?—Psalm cxxxvii. 1, 2, 3, 4.

The Lord their God shall visit them, and turn away their *captivity*.—Zephaniah, ii. 7.

That they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil who are taken *captive* by him at his will.—II. Timothy, ii. 26.

He that leadeth into *captivity* shall go into *captivity*.—Revelations, xiii. 10.

WE sat by Babel's waters; and our tears
Mingled in silence with the silent stream;
For, oh! our hearts went back to happier years,
And brighter scenes, that faded like a dream.

Our harps, neglected, hung upon the trees,
That threw their shadows o'er the wave's dark rest,
And sighed, responsive to each passing breeze
That stirred a ripple on its slumbering breast.

But they who led us *captive* touched the string,
And waked its music with unhallowed hand,
And—mocking all our sadness—bade us sing
The song of Zion in a foreign land.

Oh! never, never!—hushed be now its strains,
Far, far away her exiled children roam;
And never will they sound on other plains,
The holy music of their native home.

T. K. Hervey.

Thousands of Angels at Thy gate,

And great archangels stand,
And twenty thousand chariots wait,
Great Lord, Thy dread command!
Through all Thy great, Thy vast domain,
With Godlike honours clad,
Captivity in *captive* chains
Triumphing Thou hast led.

Mickle.

CARE—CAREFUL.

AND the *cares* of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.—Mark, iv. 19.

That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same *care* one for another.—I. Corinthians, xii. 25.

Be *careful* for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—Philippians, iv. 6.

Casting all your *care* upon him; for he *careth* for you.—I. Peter, v. 7.

ESTEEM none happy by their outward air;
All have their portion of allotted *care*,
Though wisdom wears the semblance of content,
When the full heart with agony is rent,
Secludes its anguish from the public view,
And by secluding, learns to conquer too;
Denied the fond indulgence to complain,
The aching heart its peace may best regain.
By love directed, and in mercy meant,
Are trials suffer'd, and afflictions sent;
To stem imperious passion's furious tide,
To curb the insolence of prosperous pride,
To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar
To that blest clime where pain shall be no more;
Where wearied virtue shall for refuge fly,

And every tear be wiped from every eye.
Hannah More.

The insect that with puny wing,
Just shoots along one summer ray;
The flow'ret, which the breath of spring
Wakes into life for half a day.
The smallest mote, the tenderest hair,
All feel our heavenly Father's *care*.

E'en from the glories of His throne,
He bends to view this earthly ball;
Sees all as if that all were one,
Loves as if that one were all;
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
And counts the sinner's lonely tears.
Cunningham.

Will then the merciful One, who stamped
our race
With his own image, and who gave them
sway
O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her
face,
Now that our flourishing nations far away
Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks
the day,
Forget the ancient *care* that taught and
nursed
His latest offspring? will he quench the ray
Infused by his own forming smile at first,
And leave a work so fair all blighted and
accursed?

Oh, no! a thousand cheerful omens give
Hope of yet happier days whose dawn is
nigh.
He who has tamed the elements, shall not
live
The slave of his own passions; he whose
eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,
And in the abyss of brightness dares to

span
The sun's broad circle, rising yet more
high,
In God's magnificent works his will shall
scan—
And love and peace shall make their paradise
with man.

W. C. Bryant.

Father of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,
To thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.
We praise the Power that made us,
We praise the love that blesses,
While every day that rolls away,
Thy gracious *care* confesses.

Henry Ware, Jun.

Faithful servant of the Lord,
Sower of the gracious Word,
Scattering thy seed abroad,—

Much of it will fall, and sink
Where the cattle come to drink,
Trodden in the river's brink;

Much of it on bogs unsound,
Much on hard and stony ground,
Much where thorns and briers abound.

In the path of daily life
Worldly *cares*, like thorns, are rife,
Ever with the word at strife.

Egone.

CHANGE.

BECAUSE they have no *changes*, therefore they fear not God.—Psalm lv. 19.

My son, fear thou the Lord and the king: and meddle not with them that are given to *change*.—Proverbs, xxiv. 21.

For I am the Lord, I *change* not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.—Malachi, iii. 6.

Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be *changed*.—I. Corinthians, xv. 51.

EMBLEM of life! see *changeful* April sail
In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
Now bidding summer's stormy zephyrs rise,
Anon, recalling winter's softest gale,
And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;
Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,
While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.
So to us sojourners in life's low vale,

The smiles of fortune flatter to deceive,
While still the fates the web of misery weave;
So hope exultant spreads her airy sail,
And from the present gloom the soul conveys
To distant summers, and far happier days.

H. K. White.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And as we fall, another race succeeds,
To perish likewise. Meanwhile nature smiles —
The seasons run their round—the sun fulfils
His annual course—and heaven and earth remain
Still *changing*, yet *unchang'd*—still doomed to feel
Endless mutation in perpetual rest.

H. K. White.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom, evening in the west,
Sinks smilingly forsworn.
The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.
The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightening down upon the head
It promised to defend.
But Thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No *change* can falsify.
I bent before Thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstacy!

Wordsworth.

Of chance, or *change*, O let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel the assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to *change* are doomed;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed,
And where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have bloomed.

Beattie.

The day was dark and stormy; but the night
Dawns into brightness, and the silvery moon
Pours over sea and land her urn of light,
Making of midnight a most pleasant noon.
The autumn blasts were withering, and their blight
Brought desolation: but a richer boon
The balmy showers and breathing zephyrs bring;
And the cold earth, fanned by the breath of spring,
Again shall start into luxuriant life,
Deformity and beauty—storm and calm—
The day-dawn and the darkness—quiet and calm—
Throughout all nature, mix and mingle rife.
Then why should man expect a fixed state,
Where all is *change*—or shrink beneath his fate?

A. Bethune.

CHARITY.

CHARITY suffereth long and is kind; *charity* envieth not; *charity* vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

And now abideth faith, hope, *charity*, these three; but the greatest of these is *charity*.—I. Corinthians, xiii. 4, 5, 6, 7, 13.

Above all these things put on *charity*, which is the bond of perfectness.—Colossians, iii. 14.

Now the end of the commandment is *charity*.—I. Timothy, i. 5.

Above all things have fervent *charity* among yourselves; for *charity* shall cover the multitude of sins.—I. Peter, iv. 8.

ATTAIN the sum
Of Wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, and sea,
And all the riches of the world enjoyedst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to some called *charity*, the soul
Of all the rest.

Milton.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounced, or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,

That thought can reach, or Science can
define:
And had I power to give that knowledge
birth
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast
inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire:
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles and law;
Yet gracious *Charity*, indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded
prayer,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form; my eloquence were
noise.

*****

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows,
To one fixt purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus in obedience to what heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy decrease,
But lasting *Charity's* more ample sway,
Ne'er bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise
receive.

Prior.

Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence,
The reign of genuine *charity* commence.
Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,
She still is kind and still she perseveres;
The truth she loves a sightless world
blaspheme,
'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream;
The danger they discern not, they deny;
Laugh at their only remedy, and die.
But still a soul thus touch'd can never cease,

Whoever threatens war, to speak of peace.
Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child:
She makes excuses where she might
condemn,
Reviled by those that hate her, prays for
them;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
The worst suggested, she believes the best;
Not soon provoked, however stung and
teazed,
And if perhaps made angry, soon appeased,
She rather waives than will dispute her right,
And, injured, makes forgiveness her delight.

Cowper.

Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they can know and feel what they
have been;
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings, have been kind to
such
As needed kindness, for this single cause
That we have all of us one human heart.
Such pleasure is to one kind being known,
My neighbour, when with punctual care,
each week
Duly as Friday comes, though press'd herself
By all her wants, she from her store of meal
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old mendicant, and from her door
Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in
heaven.

Wordsworth.

Gentle reader, see in me,
An emblem of true *charity*;
That while my bounty I bestow,
I'm neither heard nor seen to flow;
And I have fresh supplies from heaven
For every cup of water given.

Bishop Hoadly, on a Spring.

Were we as rich in *charity* of deed
As gold—what rock would bloom not with the seed?
We give our alms, and cry "What can we more?"
One hour of time were worth a load of ore!
Give to the ignorant our wisdom!—give
Sorrow our comfort!—lend to those who live
In crime, the counsels of our virtue!—share
With souls our souls, and Satan shall despair!
Alas! what converts one man, who would take
The cross, and staff, and house with Guilt, could make!

*****

Search the material tribes of earth, sea, air,
And the fierce SELF, which strives and slays, is there;
What but that SELF to man doth Nature teach?
Where the charmed link that binds the all to each?
Where the sweet law, (doth Nature boast its birth?)
"Good will to man, and *charity* on earth?"

Sir E. B. Lytton.

What though to poverty's imploring voice
I give my earthly goods; though to the pile
I yield my body, if thy genuine love
Inspire not, this alike is void and vain.

*****

Thou, mild and gentle nature, art estranged
From envy, hatred, insolence, or pride;
Thou seekest not thy own, but others' weal;
Slow to reprove, but studious to applaud,
And from the eyes of malice to conceal
The weakness thou lamentest to behold:
For thou of each forgiv'st and hop'st the best,
Forbearing and forgiving every ill.

*****

The time shall come when prophecy itself,
And all the knowledge which exalts mankind,
Shall lose their use; these, while the state of man
In imperfection lies, by Heaven are made
To compass ends sublime; but when that state
Imperfect, for perfection shall be changed,
Shall fade away, and boast that use no more.
But, subject to no change, through endless time
Shall Faith, and Hope, and *Charity* endure;
And thou, O *Charity*, of these the chief,
In high pre-eminence shalt ever reign!

C. P. Layard.

The consciousness of wrong, in wills not evil
Brings *charity*.

Leigh Hunt.

When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more,
And the Great Day is come, thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant.

Glynn.

“Chief grace below, and all in all above!”
What shall I call thee? *Charity* or Love?
Thy name is bliss; for let but grace remove
The Serpent, Selfishness, and lo! the Dove,
Cover’d with silver wings, or plumes of gold, [1]
Enters the rescued heart, and keeps her hold:
Then love to God on high, good will to men,
With all the gentle virtues in their train,
Flourish together, and together prove
That bliss is but another name for Love!
Blest affluence of that bright flame that glows
Amid the Seraphim, “in burning rows,”

Fill my whole soul! since who has most of Love,
Knows most of Heaven, and of the joys above.

Mary Milner.

[1] Psalm lxviii. 13.

CHARGE.

THE Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, and gave them a *charge* unto the children of Israel.—Exodus, vi. 13.

He shall give his angels *charge* over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.—Psalm xci. 11.

Who shall lay any thing to the *charge* of God's elect. It is God that justifieth.—Romans, viii. 33.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And Oh! thy servant Lord prepare,
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Wesley.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,

He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

He shall *charge* His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep;
On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread,
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

J. Montgomery.

CHASTENING.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither *chasten* me in thy hot displeasure.—Psalm vi. 1.

Blessed is the man whom thou *chastenest*, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law.—Psalm xciv. 12.

Whom the Lord loveth he *chasteneth*, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.—Hebrews, xii. 6.

O KEEP up life and peace within,
If I must feel thy *chastening* rod!
Yet kill not me, but kill my sin;
And let me know Thou art my God.
O give my soul some sweet foretaste
Of that which I shall shortly see!
Let faith and love cry to the last,
"Come, Lord, I trust myself with Thee!"

Baxter.

When urged by strong temptation to the brink
Of guilt and ruin, stands the virtuous mind
With scarce a step between; all-pitying Heaven,
Severe in mercy, *chastening* in its love,

Ofttimes in dark and awful visitation,
Doth interpose, and call the wanderer back
To the straight path, to be for ever after
A firm, undaunted, onward-bearing traveller,
Strong in humility, who swerves no more.

Joanna Baillie.

So, Christian! though gloomy and sad be thy days,
And the tempest of sorrow encompass thee black;
Though no sunshine of promise or hope sheds its rays
To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate track:
Though thy soul writhes in anguish, and bitter tears flow
O'er the wreck of fond joys from thy bleeding heart riven,
Check thy murmuring sorrows, thou lorn one, and know
That the *chastened* on earth are the purest for Heaven;
And remember, though gloomy thy present may be,
That "the Master is coming," and coming to thee.

S. D. Patterson.

CHERUB—SERAPH.

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the *cherubims*, shine forth.—Psalm lxxx. 1.

I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up.... Above it stood the *seraphims*.... And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.—Isaiah, vi. 1, 2, 3.

And the sound of the *cherubims'* wings was heard even to the outer court, as the voice of the Almighty God when

he speaketh.—Ezekiel, x. 5.

THOU shepherd that doth Israel keep,
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadeth like a flock of sheep
Thy loved of Joseph's seed;
That sitt'st between the *cherubs* bright—
Between their wings outspread,
Shine forth, and from Thy cloud give light,
And on Thy foes Thy dread.

Milton.

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On *cherub* and on *cherubim*
Full royally He rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

Sternhold.

High on a throne of burnish'd gold,
With rays of Godhead crown'd,
Jehovah sat; His thunders roll'd,
And glory sparkled round.

His flowing train, of glittering white,
The spacious temple fill'd;
The angels, dazzled at the sight,
With wings their faces veil'd.

Around the throne, in burning row,
The six-winged *seraphs* stood;
While millions, flying to and fro,
Tun'd all their harps to God.

Thrice holy, holy, Lord, they cry,
The God of Sabaoth's Thou;
Thy glory fills the worlds on high,
And fills the world below.

Cowper.

CHILDHOOD—INFANCY.

VERILY I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little *children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.—Matthew, xviii. 3.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.—Matthew, xviii. 10.

Have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?—Matthew, xxi. 16.

And they brought unto him also *infants*, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little *children* to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.—Luke, xviii. 15, 16.

WHEN little tripping *children* follow God,
And leave old doting sinners to his rod,
'Tis like those days wherein the young ones cried,
Hosanna! while the old ones did deride.

Bunyan.

At his first aptness the maternal love
Those rudiments of wisdom did improve;
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to the artificer, the laboured mind
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;
Soft for impression, from the first prepared,
Till virtue, with long exercise, grew hard;
With every act confirmed and made at last,
So durable as not to be effaced,
It turned to habit; and from vices free,
Goodness resolved into necessity.

Dryden.

The *child* between her parents knelt,

Who prayed the more to God above,
Because so close to them they felt
The dearest gift of Heavenly love.

*****

To her new beauty largely given
From deeper fountains, looked and smiled,
And, like a morning dream from heaven,
The woman gleamed within the *child*.
John Sterling.

O! how I love the prattling of that *child*,
Frisking so blithely in its nurse's hand!
Fair as her face who first in Eden smiled,
Ere blissful innocence had left the land!
Thy dimpled cheeks remind me of a time,
When first I ventured on life's thorny way!
May no false joys consume thy early prime,
No friend mislead thee, and no friend betray;
Thy bark, like mine, is on a rocky sea;
For life's a voyage far from shore to shore,
No resting-place, unless thine anchor be
The hope of glory when the course is o'er;
Blest hope for thee, just entering into bloom,
Thrice blessed hope for me just hast'ning to the tomb.
J. Mayne.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me,"
Was the command of Him who, on the cross,
Bowed His anointed head, and with His blood
Purchased redemption for our fallen race—
And blessed they, who to that holy task
Devote the energies of their young years,
Teaching, with pious care, the dawning light
Of *infant* intellect to know the Lord.
C. Huntingdon.

The life that makes the heart to beat,
The light that from the heavens doth shine,

My daily strength,—the bread I eat,—
All, all, great Lord of Life, are thine.
Then let me seek Thee daily, Lord,
At morn, at noontide, and at even;
And do Thy will, and know Thy word,
That I may be Thy *child* in heaven!

W. Martin.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high,
I used to think their tiny tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a *childish* ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy!

T. Hood.

Blessed Jesus ever loved to trace
The innocent brightness of an *infant's* face;
He raised them in His holy arms;
He blessed them from the world and all its harms:
Heirs though they were of sin and shame,
He blessed them in His own, and in His Father's Name.

Keble.

Christian! thy dream is now—it was not then:
O, it were strange if *childhood* were a dream.
Strife, and the world, are dreams: to wakeful men
Childhood and home as jealous angels seem:
Like shapes and hues that play in clouds at even,
They have but shifted from Thee into Heaven!

F. W. Faber.

Something divine about an *Infant* seems

To them, who watch it in that holy light
Of meaning, caught from these celestial words
Of Christ—"Forbid them not, but let them come."
Fresh buds of being! beautiful as frail.
Types of that kingdom which our souls profess
To enter! Symbols of that docile love
And meek compliancy of creed and mind,
Which Heaven hath canonized, and for its own
Acknowledged,—well may thoughtful hearts perceive
A mystery, beyond mere nature's law,
Around them girdled like a moral zone.

R. Montgomery.

Death found strange beauty on that polished brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep—which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless hand he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

L. H. Sigourney.

Child, there is One, the High above all
Height,

Who doth not scorn thee—
Ever, from Him, may beams of Heavenly light
Comfort—but warn thee—
That from youth's innocence each proud removal
Is a departure from His best approval.

H. H. Weld.

The Lord of Heaven, who, from his throne above,
Governs the universe, yet deigns to hear
The praise which from the mouths of sucklings flows,
And from the lisping babe ordaineth strength.

C. P. Layard.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born *infant* beside her lies.
O, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

Henry Ware, Jun.

How soft and fresh he breathes!
Look, he is dreaming! Visions sure of joy
Are gladdening his rest; and ah, who knows
But waiting angels do converse in sleep
With babes like this!

Arthur C. Coxe.

Little *children*, not alone
On the wide earth are ye thrown,
'Mid its labour and its cares;
'Mid its sufferings and its snares,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing has trod
In the presence of our God!
Spotless, blameless, glorified,

Little *children*, ye abide!

Mary Howitt.

How oft, heart-sick and sore,
I've wished I were, once more,
A little *child*!

Mrs. Southey.

CHRIST—CHRISTMAS.

WE have heard out of the law that *Christ* abideth for ever.—John, xii. 34.

We preach *Christ* crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness;

But unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, *Christ* the power of God, and the wisdom of God.—I. Corinthians, i. 23, 24.

We preach not ourselves, but *Christ* Jesus the Lord.—II. Corinthians, iv. 5.

Christ is all, and in all.—Colossians, iii. 11.

For even hereunto were ye called: because *Christ* also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps;

Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth:

Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously—I. Peter, ii. 21, 22, 23.

WITH force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is the same? *Christ* Jesus is His name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son, He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

Martin Luther.

Christ is a path,—if any be misled;
He is a robe,—if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger,—He is bread;
If any be a bondman,—He is free;
If any be but weak,—how strong is he!
To dead men life he is; to sick men health;
To blind men sight; and to the needy wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a pleasure without stealth.

Giles Fletcher.

He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love, as well as He.
Love as He loved! how can we soar so high?
He can add wings when He commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismayed,
He that examples gives, will give His aid;
For He took flesh, that where His precepts fail,
His practice as a pattern might prevail.

Waller.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be an emblem of Thy ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of Thy blood:
Though Thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Island unto Thee,
And all whom I loved there, and who loved me;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
Put Thou Thy seas betwixt my sins and Thee:

As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go
Where none but Thee, th' eternal root
Of true love, I may know.
Dr. Donne.

Without *Christ* all gain is loss,
All hope despair, that stands not on his cross;
Except the few his God may have impress'd,
A tenfold phrenzy seizes all the rest.
Cowper.

Father! in *Christ* we live, and *Christ* in Thee!
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death:
In *Christ* I live! in *Christ* I draw the breath
Of the true life! Let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me! on my front I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where the *Christian* lies?
Yes! but not his—'tis death itself there dies.
S. T. Coleridge.

Heaven is within of magnitude immense;
No human thought can its dimensions grasp;
Yet heaven has but one door. *Christ* is the way—
The only way—to God. Whoever seeks
By other ways to enter, must, ashamed,
Confused, and disappointed, see too late
The gates of hell expanded to his view!
No other name is published under heaven,
Wherein salvation can be found, but His.
Anon.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say no spirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;

No fairy tales; no witch has power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time!
Shakspere.

Sweet rest ye, happie *Christians*,
'Tis earlie *Christmas* daye,
When *Christ* our Lord and Savioure
Became the sinner's staye.
Arise, and for such benefits
His precepts all obeye.
Joyful tidings let us singe,
Christ our refuge, *Christ* our kinge,
To hallowe *Christmas* daye.

In Judah's lands, in Bethlehem,
The lovelie babe was born,
Upon a manger poorlie laid,
On *Christmas* happie morn.
God speed ye, merrie gentlemen,
And *Christian* grace adorn.
Joyful tidings let us singe,
Christ our refuge, *Christ* our kinge,
To hallowe *Christmas* morn.
Stuart Farquharson.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
  Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
  Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story,
  Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
  Glory be to God most high!
Christ is born, the Great Anointed,
  Heaven and earth His praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
  For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"
Cawood.

CHRISTIANITY.

AND the disciples were called *Christians* first in Antioch.

—Acts, xi. 26.

Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.—Galatians, v. 1.

Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.—Ephesians, iv. 1.

Yet if any man suffer as a *christian*, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf.—I. Peter, iv. 16.

BUT for that contention and brave strife
The *Christian* hath to enjoy, the future life,
He were the wretchedest of the race of men;
But as he soars at that, he bruiseth then
The serpent's head; gets above death and sin,
And, sure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.
Ben Jonson.

All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulged has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose;
Unfed by nature's soil in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppressed without and undermined within,
It thrives through pain, its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign,
Transcending nature, but to laws divine,
Which in that sacred volume are contained,
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordained?
Dryden.

Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who, singly, hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence.
Milton.

A *Christian* is the highest style of man;
And is there who the blessed cross wipes of
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?—
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight.

Young.

O Antioch, thou teacher of the world!—
From out thy portals passed the feet of those,
Who, banished and despised, have made thy name
The next in rank to proud Jerusalem.
Within thy gates the persecuted few,
Who dared to rally round the Holy Cross,
And worship Him whose sacred form it bore,
Were first called *Christians*. In thy sad conceit,
Thou mad'st a stigma of reproach and shame,
This noblest title of the sons of earth:
While, save for this, thy name were scarcely known,
Except among the mouldering vestiges
Of dim antiquity. So doth our God
Make all men's folly ever praise His name.

J. L. Chester.

To be an humble follower of Him,
Who left the bliss of Heaven, to be for us
A man on earth in spotless virtue living
As man ne'er lived; such words of comfort speaking,
To raise, and elevate, and cheer the heart,
As man ne'er spake; and suffering poverty,
Contempt, and wrong, and pain, and death itself,
As man ne'er suffered.

Joanna Baillie.

The *Christian's* faith had many mysteries too.
The uncreated Holy Three in One;
Divine Incarnate, Human in Divine;
The inward call; the Sanctifying Dew;
Coming unseen, unseen departing thence;
Anew creating all, and yet not heard;

Compelling, yet not felt:—mysterious these;
Not that Jehovah to conceal them wished;
Not that Religion wished. The *Christian* faith,
Unlike the timorous creeds of Pagan priest,
Was frank, stood forth to view, invited all
To prove, examine, search, investigate,
And gave herself a light to see her by.
Mysterious these—because too large for eye
Of man, too long for human arm to mete.

Pollok.

CHURCH.

WHATSOEVER thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven.—Matthew, xvi. 19.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—Matthew, xxviii. 20.

So were the *churches* established in the faith, and increased in number daily.—Acts, xvi. 5.

And God hath set some in the *church*, first, apostles, secondarily, prophets, thirdly, teachers.—I. Corinthians, xii. 28.

And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the *church*,

Which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.—Ephesians, i. 22, 23.

Christ also loved the *church*, and gave himself for it.—Ephesians, v. 25.

That thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the *church* of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.—I. Timothy, iii. 15.

Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is.—Hebrews, x. 25.

THE solemn scene
The sun, through storied panes, surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
Smart.

Think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

When once thy foot enters the *church*, be bare.
God is more there than thou: for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware;
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking. Quit thy state.
All equal are within the *church's* gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest;
Stay not for the other pin: why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in *church*-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plots, thy plough, thy pleasure thither.

Christ purged His temple—so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well,
For *churches* either are our heaven or hell.

George Herbert.

Dear is the ancient village *church*, which rears
By the lone yew, or lime, or elm-girt mound,
Its modest fabric: clear, and pleasant sound
Of bells, the grey embattled tower that wears
Of changeful hue the marks of bye-gone years,
Buttress, and porch, and arch with mazy round
Of curious feet or shapes fantastic crown'd;
Tall pinnacles and mingled window tiers,
Norman, or misnamed Gothic. Fairer spot
Thou givest not, England, to the tasteful eye,
Nor to the heart more soothing. Blest their lot!
Know they their bliss, who own their dwelling nigh
Such resting-place; there by the world forgot,
In life to worship, and when dead to lie!

Bishop Mant.

Some there are
Who hold it meet to linger now at home,
And some o'er fields and the wide hills to roam,
And worship in the temple of the air!
For me, not heedless of the lone address,
Nor slack to meet my Maker on the height,
By wood, or living stream; yet not the less
Seek I His presence in each social rite
Of His own temple: that He deigns to bless,
There still He dwells, and that is His delight.

Bishop Mant.

I love to hear the sound of holy bell,
And peaceful men, their praises lift to Heaven.

Joanna Baillie.

Clad in a robe of pure and spotless white,
The youthful bride, with timid steps, comes forth
To greet the hand to which she plights her troth,
Her soft eyes radiant with a strange delight.
The snowy veil which circles her around,
Shades the sweet face from every gazer's eye,
And thus enwrapt, she passes calmly by—
Nor casts a look, but on the unconscious ground.
So should the *Church*, the bride elect of Heaven,—
Remembering whom she goeth forth to meet,
And with a truth that cannot brook deceit,
Holding the faith which unto her is given—
Pass through this world, which claims her for a while,
Nor cast about her longing look nor smile.

Mrs. Neal.

Thy best type, Desire
Of the sad heart,—the Heaven-ascending spire!

Sir E. B. Lytton.

To Thee the *churches* here rejoice,
The solemn organs aid the voice;
To sacred roofs the sound we raise,
The sacred roofs re-sound Thy praise;
And while our notes in one agree,
Oh! bless the *church* that sings to Thee!

Parnell.

The *Church* of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the Word;

In these our Saviour's steps we trace,
By this His living voice is heard.
J. Montgomery.

So shall her holy bounds increase,
With walls of praise and gates of peace;
So shall the Vine which martyr tears
And blood sustained, in other years,
With fresher life be clothed upon;
And to the world in beauty show
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,
And glorious as Lebanon.
J. G. Whittier.

O, prayer is good when many pour
Their voices in one solemn tone;
Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
'Tis good to see the quiet train
Forget their worldly joy and care,
While loud response, and choral strain,
Re-echo in the House of Prayer.
Eliza Cook.

There is a Presence spiritually vast
Around Thy *Church*, arisen Saviour! cast;
A holy effluence, an unspoken awe,
A sanctity which carnal eye ne'er saw,—
A pure, impalpable, almighty sense
Of peace, by reconciled Omnipotence,—
That hallows, haunts, and makes a Christian mind
Rich in all grace, celestially refined:
Mere Nature's worshippers can never feel
The fulness of that high seraphic zeal
Which veileth all things with religious light,
And works unwearied in Jehovah's sight;
Thought, dream, and action, ev'ry pulse of soul
The awe of Christ will solemnly control:
Girt by the Spirit, wheresoe'er they rove,
True faith is feeding on His breath of love.
R. Montgomery.

How sweetly wide this Sabbath morn
The chime of village bells is sent
O'er the hamlets, o'er the fields,
With Sabbath sunshine blent.
The noble hears and quits his hall—
The peasant quits his cottage-home;
All cheerfully, all pleasantly,
To *church* the people come.
They come from far-off heathy moors,
From lonely farms, from quiet dells,
Led strongly, irresistibly,
By the sweet chime of Sabbath bells.
Across the fields, across the green,
From shades emerge they to the light;
And seen in groups, or singly seen,
It is a charming sight.

Richard Howitt.

CITY.

BEAUTIFUL for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, the *city* of the great King.—Psalm xlviii. 2.

Except the Lord keep the *city*, the watchman waketh but in vain.—Psalm cxxvii. 1.

Thou shalt be called The *city* of righteousness; the faithful *city*.—Isaiah, i. 26.

How doth the *city* sit solitary that was full of people! All her gates are desolate.—Lamentations, i. 1, 4.

For he looked for a *city* which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—Hebrews, xi. 10.

And the *city* had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.—Revelations, 21, 23.

WHERE are the *cities* which of old in mighty
grandeur rose!
Amid the desert's burning sands, or girt with
frozen snows;
Is there no vestige now remains their

wondrous tale to tell,
Of how they blazed, like meteor-stars, and
how, like them, they fell?
Hark! hark! the voice of prophecy comes o'er
the desert wide,
Come down, come down, and in the dust thy
virgin beauties hide;
Oh "Daughter of Chaldea," thou no more
enthroned shall be,
For the desert and the wilderness alone shall
tell of thee.
Though old Euphrates still rolls in his
everlasting stream,
Thy brazen gates and golden halls, as though
they ne'er had been;
Where stood thy massy tower-crowned walls,
and palaces of pride,
The dragon and the wild beast now therein
securely hide.
The "besom of destruction" o'er thee hath
swept its way
In wrath, because thine impious hand on
God's Anointed lay.

H. Brownlee.

This is the *city* John did once discern
Descend from heaven apocalyptical,
Whereof "his thoughts do breathe, his words
do burn."

Beautiful *city*! Mother of us all!
Vision of Peace! white bride of Deity!
Whose Glory clothes thine apostolic walls!
Angels thy gates encompass lovingly,
Equal in all dimensions as beseems,
And like an angel's thy capacity.
Death is not in thee, nor the fierce extremes
Of pain or sorrow, nor anxiety.
Here evil comes not, neither evil dreams;
No temple hast thou, for the Lord Most High
Thy temple is. No sun thou hast, nor moon,
His Glory is thy light eternally.
Lo! every nation brings to thee a boon;

Thy gates shall not be shut at all by day,
Nor night be thine, land of perpetual noon;
The kings of earth to thee their homage pay.
But no defiled thing shall enter thee,
Loving a lie, or tempting to betray.

J. A. Heraud.

Jehovah is great, and great be his praise;
In the *city* of God He is King;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays,
On the mount of his holiness sing.

The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill;
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

Go walk about Zion, and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks mark well;
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
Her towers and her pinnacles tell.

Then say to your children:—Our stronghold is tried;
This God is our God to the end;
His people for ever his counsel shall guide;
His arm shall for ever defend.

J. Montgomery.

CLOTHES.

THEN all the princes of the sea shall come down from their thrones, and lay away their robes, and put off their broidered garments: they shall *clothe* themselves with trembling.—Ezekiel, xxvi. 16.

Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be *clothed*? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.—Matthew, vi. 31, 32.

For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be *unclothed*, but *clothed* upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.—II. Corinthians, v. 4.

If there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment:

And ye have respect to him that weareth the gay *clothing*, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool:

Are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?—James, ii. 2, 3, 4.

IF thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how
changed
From him who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, did'st
outshine
Myriads, though bright!

Milton.

The golden palace of my God,
Towering above the clouds I see;
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be!
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, Thou life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne!
And *clothe* me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night.

Bowring, from the Russian.

All *clothed* with majesty and power,
The Lord of glory and of might,
He comes, who can abide the hour?
Who can behold the dreadful sight?
He, even he, who hath put on
The spotless robe of righteousness,
Washed in the blood of God's dear Son:

Thus *clothed*, the ransomed soul may press
Into the presence bright with songs of thankfulness.

Egone.

CLOUDS.

BEHOLD, God is great, and we know him not, neither can the number of His years be searched out.

For He maketh small the drops of water: they pour down rain according to the vapour thereof;

Which the *clouds* do drop and distil upon man abundantly.

With *clouds* He covereth the light; and commandeth it not to shine by the *cloud* that cometh betwixt.—Job, xxxvi. 26, 27, 28, 32.

Who maketh the *clouds* His chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind.—Psalm civ. 3.

While they beheld, He was taken up; and a *cloud* received Him out of their sight.—Acts, i. 9.

Behold He cometh with *clouds*; and every eye shall see Him.—Revelation, i. 7.

A *cloud* lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow,
Even in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,

Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

J. Wilson.

See'st yon light *cloud*, the wind is hurrying by?
The eagle's scarce more rapid in his flight,
'Tis thus the years of youth,—hope—rapture fly,
Clad in attractive hues and robes of light,
Swiftly they fly, but ah! a weary night
Their reign succeeds—a more than midnight gloom,
That gives no peace to morn's uprising bright,
Nor bids sweet Hope her wonted smile resume.
Ah! yes; though dark our night and drear the tomb,
Through its long vista, lo! the glorious star,
Whose rays from heaven's bright vestibule illume
Death's deepest vaults with radiance from afar,
Sun of immortal day! victorious faith
Eyes thy uprising blaze, and triumphs over death.

G. M. J.

I asked the *clouds*, in their pomp of light,
As they sat in the crimson west at night,
Wherefore they gathered around the sun,
And brightened although his race was run;
When, perhaps, the breezes of night might strew
Their fragile folds into mist and dew?
The *clouds* replied, "Though we should be driven
Away from our rest, we shall still be in heaven."

M. A. Browne.

When gathering *clouds* around I view,

And days are dark, and friends are few;
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

And, oh! when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed,—for thou hast died.
Then point to realms of *cloudless* day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Grant.

See where yonder *cloudlet* lingers
On the tranquil verge of day;
The golden sunset with its fingers,
Gilds it with its burnished ray;
Swiftly, calmly, on it glides,
Mingling, melting, into air,
Fainter, fainter—now it hides
In the bosom of its lair.

So I've seen the gentle spirit
Linger as it pass'd away,
Softly, brightly glowing, ere it
Faded in eternal day.
Glowing with the light of Heaven—
Light of God's eternal love:—
Like the *cloudlet* of the even,
So it pass'd to realms above.

Rev. E. Case.

COMFORT.

YEA, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they *comfort* me.—Psalm xxiii. 4.

This is my *comfort* in my affliction: for thy word hath quickened me.—Psalm cxix. 50.

Comfort ye, *comfort* ye my people, saith your God.—

Isaiah, xl. 1.

I, even I, am He that *comforteth* you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the Son of Man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker.—Isaiah, li. 12, 13.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to *comfort* all that mourn.—Isaiah, lxi. 1, 2.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all *comfort*;

Who *comforteth* us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to *comfort* them which are in any trouble, by the *comfort* wherewith we ourselves are *comforted* of God.—II. Corinthians, i. 3, 4.

THERE is a haven yet to rest my soul on,
In midst of all unhappiness, which I look on
With the same *comfort* as a distressed seaman
Afar off views the coast he would enjoy,
When yet the seas do toss his reeling barque,
'Twixt hope and danger.

Shirley.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, *comfort* me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, *comfort* me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,

Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, *comfort* me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, *comfort* me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that open which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, *comfort* me!

Robert Herrick.

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key;
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More *comfortable* than the day!
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them,
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly *comforts* vanish thus;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

Wither.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last, faltering accents whisper'd praise.

Goldsmith.

Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God!
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod;
And own, when now the cloud's removed,
He only chasten'd whom he loved.

Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap,
The Lord shall *comfort* all that mourn,
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

Wesley.

They sank amid the wilderness,
The weary and forsaken;
She gave the boy one faint caress,
And prayed it might not waken.

Far, far away the desert spread;
Ah! love is fain to cherish
The vainest hopes, but now she said,
"Let me not see him perish."

Then spoke the Lord, and at his word
Sprang forth a little fountain,
Pure, cold as those whose crystal hoard
Is in some pine-clad mountain.

O blessed God! thus doth thy power,
When, worn and broken-hearted,
We sink beneath some evil hour,
And deem all hope departed.

Then doth the fountain of thy grace
Rise up within the spirit,
And we are strengthened for that race,
Whose prize we shall inherit.

When least we hope, our prayer is heard,
The judgment is averted,
And comes the *comfort* of thy word,
When most we seem deserted.

Miss Landon.

On wings of everlasting love
The *Comforter* is come;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

Doddridge.

COMMAND—COMMANDMENT.

MOSES went up unto mount Sinai, as the Lord had *commanded* him, and took in his hand the two tables of stone.

And he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten *commandments*.—Exodus, xxxiv. 4, 28.

Jesus said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great *commandment*.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

On these two *commandments* hang all the law and the prophets.—Matthew, xxii. 37, 38, 39, 40.

HOW, in one house,
Should many people, under two *commands*
Hold amity?

Shakspere.

Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Reforming as impure what God declares
Pure, and *commands* to some, leaves free to all
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and man.

Milton.

Heralds of creation cry,
—Praise the Lord, the Lord most high;

Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He *commanded*,—Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

J. Montgomery.

What is the first and great *command*?—
  To love thy God above:
And what the second?—As thyself
  Thy neighbour thou shalt love:
Who is my neighbour?—He who wants
  The help that thou canst give:
Jesus, our blessed Saviour, said—
  This do, and thou shalt live.

Anon.

COMPASSION.

THOU O Lord, art a God full of *compassion*, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.—Psalm lxxxvi. 15.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his *compassions* fail not.—Lamentations, iii. 22.

Have *compassion* on us, and help us.—Mark, ix. 22.

Ye had *compassion* of me in my bonds.—Hebrews, x. 34.

Be ye all of one mind, having *compassion* one of another. —I. Peter, iii. 8.

JESUS, the friend of human kind,
  With strong *compassion* moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
  To save the souls he loved.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
  And Lord of all below,
Through him is pardoning love dispensed,

And boundless blessings flow.

And still, for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

Barbauld.

The light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ the Saviour,
The holy Guide, who lived and died,
That we might live for ever.

And since thy great *compassion*
Thus brings thy children near thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love as well as fear thee.

Henry Ware, Jun.

Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft *compassion's* feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest,
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

John Taylor.

CONCORD.

WHAT *concord* hath Christ with Belial?—II. Corinthians, vi. 15.

BUT lovely *concord*, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breedes;
Weake she makes strong, and strong things does increase,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceedes —
Brave be her warres, as honourable deedes,

By which she triumphs over ire and pride,
And winnes an olive garden for her meedes.

Spenser.

One shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord, and law of nature from the earth.

Milton.

E'en as the dew, that, at the break of morning,
All nature with its beauty is adorning,
And flows for Heaven, calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's hill,
And to the young and withering herb resigns
The drops for which it pines:
So are fraternal peace and *concord* ever
The cherishers without whose guidance, never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast,—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest,—
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

Kamphuyzen.

It is not once an age two hearts are set
So well in unison, that not a note
Jars in their music; but a skilful hand
Slurs lightly over the discordant tones,
And wakens only the full power of those
That sound in *concord*.
Happy, happy those
Who thus perform in the grand concert—life.

Mrs. Southey.

CONQUEST.

AS it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than *conquerors* through Him that loved us.—Romans, viii. 36, 37.

And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth *conquering* and to *conquer*.—Revelations, vi. 2.

THE *conquered* also, and enslaved by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
And fear of God.

Milton.

Well then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain;
Thy Christ, that *conquered* hell, shall from above
With greater triumph yet return again,
And *conquer* his own justice with his love —
Commanding earth and seas to render those
Unto His bliss, for whom He paid His woes.

Henry Wotton.

Strange *conquest*, when the *conqueror* must die,
And he is slain who wins the victory,
And yet another *conquest* he must gain,
Or all our faith and highest hopes are vain.

Anon.

He on whose eyes sweet light revealed hath been,
He on whose ears the mysteries of sound,
The lame who now can walk, he who hath seen
The gate of death and he whom death hath bound,
Rejoice aloud—a choral company!
And had they not, the stones from out the ground
Witness of Him, whom Patriarchs longed to see,

Had borne; such was the aspiration then,
The rapture and procession. And lo, He
Went like a *conqueror* on his way, while men
Cowered as before a God.

J. A. Heraud.

To Thee, who dying, *conquerest*, all hail!
Son of the virgin! Hero of the blest!
Over the gates of death and hell prevail;
Warrior who hast alone the wine-press trod.

J. A. Heraud.

CONSCIENCE.

AND herein do I exercise myself, to have always a *conscience* void of offence toward God, and toward men.—Acts, xxiv. 16.

Their *conscience* also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another.—Romans, ii. 15.

Ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for *conscience* sake.—Romans, xiii. 5.

Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure *conscience*.—I. Timothy, iii. 9.

Purge your *conscience* from dead works to serve the living God.—Hebrews, ix. 14.

We trust we have a good *conscience*.—Hebrews, xiii. 18.

GUILT still alarms, and *conscience*, ne'er asleep,
Wounds with incessant strokes, not loud but deep;
While the vexed mind her own tormentor flies,
A scorpion scourge unmark'd by human eyes!
Trust me no tortures that the poets feign,
Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain
He feels, who day and night, devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

Juvenal.

Study *conscience*, more than thou wouldst
fame;
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got, without the first.

Ben Jonson.

For though the plain judge, *Conscience*,
makes no show,
But silently to her dark session comes,
Not as red law does to arraignment go,
Or war to execution, with loud drums;

Though she on hills sets not her gibbets high,
Where frightful law sets hers; nor bloody
seems,
Like war in colours spread, yet secretly
She does her work, and many men
condemns;

Chokes in the seed what law, till ripe, ne'er
sees;
What law would punish, *Conscience* can
prevent;
And so the world from many mischiefs frees;
Known by her cures, as law by
punishment.

Sir William Davenant.

So gnaws the grief of *conscience* evermore,
And in the heart it is so deeply grave,
That they may never sleep nor rest therefor,
Nor think one thought but on the dread
they have.

Earl of Dorset.

The soul's rough file that smoothness does
impart;
The hammer that does break the stony heart!
The worm that never dies! the "thorn
within,"
That pricks and pains! the whip and scourge

of sin!
The voice of God in man! that without rest
Does softly cry within a troubled breast—
"To all temptations is that soul set free
That makes not to itself a curb of me."
Sir E. Sherburne.

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,
(That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
A guilty *conscience* lurking after blood,)
Pursued eagerly, nor ever stayed,
Till the betrayer's self it had betrayed;
Oft changed he place in hope away to wind,
But change of place could never change his mind,
Himself he flies to lose, but follows but to find.
Giles Fletcher.

There is a kind of *conscience* some men keep,
Is like a member that's benumbed with sleep;
Which, as it gathers blood, and wakes again,
It shoots, and pricks, and feels as big as ten.
Quarles.

The swelling of an outward fortune can
Create a prosperous, not a happy, man;
A peaceful *conscience* is the true content,
And wealth is but her golden ornament.
Quarles.

Divine authority, within man's breast,
Brings every thought, word, action, to the test;
Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains,
As reason, or as passion takes the reins.
Heaven from above, and *Conscience* from within,
Cries in his startled ear,—Abstain from sin.
Cowper.

From behind her secret stand,

The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.

Young.

'Tis ever thus
With noble minds; if chance they slide to folly,
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless *conscience*
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance.

Mason.

Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But mark how just the ways of heaven:
True joy to all is free.
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon,
'Tis thine, O *Conscience*! thine alone—
It all belongs to thee.

Mickle.

What terrestial woe can match
The self-convicted bosom, which hath wrought
The bane of others, or enslaved itself
With shackles vile? Not poison, nor sharp fire,
Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate
Suggested, or despotic rage imposed,
Were at that season an unwished exchange;
When the soul loathes herself, when flying thence,
To crowds, on every brow she sees pourtrayed
Fell demons, hate or scorn, which drive her back
To solitude, her Judge's voice divine,
To hear in secret, haply sounding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still

Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompense; or charging her own tongue
To speak the award of justice on herself.
Akenside.

Conscience distasteful truths may tell,
But mark her sacred lessons well,
With her whoever lives at strife,
Loses his better friend for life.
Anon.

Conscience, tremendous *conscience*, in his fits
Of inspiration, whencesoe'er it came,
Rose like a ghost, inflicting fear of death
On those who feared not death in fiercest battle,
And mocked him in their martyrdoms of torments;
That secret, swift, and silent messenger,
Broke on them in their lonely hours;—in sleep,
In sickness; haunting them with dire suspicions
Of something in themselves that would not die—
Of an existence elsewhere, and hereafter;
Of which tradition was not wholly silent,
Yet spake not out; its dreary oracles
Confounded superstition to conceive,
And baffled scepticism to reject,
What fear of death is like the fear beyond it?
J. Montgomery.

Nothing they saw, but a low voice was heard
Threading the ominous silence of that fear,
Gentle and terrorless, as if a bird,
Wakened by some volcano's glare, should cheer
The murk air with his song; yet every word
In the cathedral's farthest arch seemed near,
As if it spoke to every one apart,
Like the clear voice of *conscience* to each heart.

Lowell.

Lest too powerful passions should propel
Headlong to acts immoral, nor allow
Time for slow Reason to deduce a rule
To curb their mad career, *Conscience* kind heaven
Appointed her assistant; *Conscience* quick
To heed the call of duty, to discern
'Twixt right and wrong, and bias to the best.
William Gibson.

Oh, that folk would well consider
What it is to lose a name,
What this world is altogether,
If bereft of honest fame.
Poverty ne'er brings dishonour,
Hardship ne'er breeds sorrow's smart,
If bright *conscience* takes upon her
To shed sunshine round the heart.
Hector Mc' Neill.

CONSOLATION.

ARE the *consolations* of God small with thee?—Job, xv. 11.

Woe unto you that are rich; for you have received your *consolation*.—Luke, vi. 24.

Barnabas, which is, being interpreted, the son of *consolation*.—Acts, iv. 36.

For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our *consolation* also aboundeth by Christ.—II. Corinthians, i. 5.

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion

sought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with the afflicted, in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a time
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feels within
Some source of *consolation* from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

Milton.

A faded flower, a bud of beauty blasted,
A broken lute, a precious diamond shattered,
A stream of purest water, early wasted,
A priceless essence on the desert scattered,
Like these thou hast perished, in thy beauty mild.
To which shall we compare thee, lovely child?

If to the faded flower, we know its fruit
Is garner'd up midst Heaven's holy treasures;
If to the lovely-toned, but broken lute,
Its echo mingleth now, in heavenly measures;
The diamond is not lost; its fragments gather
Into a star before the Eternal Father.

The stream beside the stream of life is flowing,
And ever fed from their celestial springs;
The essence round the Throne eternal, going
Embodied on a Seraph's radiant wings;
Oh, lost one!—let us call thee what we will,
The very name hath *consolation* still.

Anon.

CONTENT.

BUT godliness, with *contentment*, is great gain.

For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.

And having food and raiment, let us be therewith *content*.—I. Timothy, vi. 6, 7, 8.

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be *content*.—Philippians, iv. 11.

Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be *content* with such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Hebrews, xiii. 5.

POOR and *content* is rich and rich enough.
Shakspere.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth,
A mean the surest lot;
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.
Robert Southwell.

Though still thou get'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But, as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch;
But with my little I have much *content*—
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is, ever,
To reckon how, and when, and where he spent;
Then this thou bragg'st—thou art a great receiver:
Little my debt, when little is my store—

The more thou hast, the debt still grows
the more.

Phineas Fletcher.

I grieve, and dare not show my dis*content*;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I do, yet dare not say I ever meant,
I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate:
I am, and not, I freeze, and yet am burn'd,
Since from myself my other self I turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun—
Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it;
Stands and lies by me, does what I have
done,
This too-familiar care does make me rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it is suppress'd.

Some gentler passions slide into my mind,
For I am soft, and made of melting snow;
Or be more cruel, love, and so be kind,
Let me or float or sink, be high or low,
Or let me live with some more sweet
content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

Queen Elizabeth.

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent
groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most
dearly loves:
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, no pale-faced
fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's
folly,
And learn 't affect an holy melancholy;
And if *Contentment* be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in Heaven again.

Sir Henry Wotton.

There's *discontent* from sceptre to the swain,
And from the peasant to the king again.
Then whatsoever in thy will afflict thee,
Or in thy pleasure seem to contradict thee,
Give it a welcome as a wholesome friend,
That would instruct thee to a better end.
Since no condition from defect is free,
Think not to find what here can never be.
Alexander Nicholas.

Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glittering baubles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.
Churchill.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade;
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes idly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul;
'Tis then we busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Dyer.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,
Who still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain;
Though, were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own;
Yet as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all are made for me:
For me yon waving fields their burden bear,
For me yon labourer guides the shining

share;
While happy I, in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

H. K. White.

O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent;
And if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord! bless us with *content*!

Burns.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—*content*.

Anon.

Ye venerable groves! whose open glades
Invite the musing wanderer to your shades,
Ye birds! whose honied notes enthral the ear,
Wake the bright morn, the darksome evening cheer,
Ye fountains! murmuring music as ye flow,
Ye flowers! that on their purple margins glow,
Ye winds! that o'er those flowers soft breathing play,
Calm the hot sky, and mitigate the day;—
Take me, O take me to your loved retreats;

All, all conspire to bless me with your sweets.
Here in your soft enclosure let me prove
The shade and silence of the life I love!
Not idle here;—for, as I rove along,
I form the verse, and meditate the song;
Or mend my mind by what the wise have taught,
Studious to be the very thing I ought
Here will I taste the blessings of *content*,
No hope shall flatter, and no fear torment:
Unlike the sea, the sport of every wind,
And rich with wrecks, the ruin of mankind,
My life an honest, humble praise shall claim,
As the small stream, scarce honoured with a name,
Whose gladdening waters through my garden play,
Give a few flowers to smile, then glide away.

Bishop Hurd.

The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
That ever walk *content* with Nature's way,
God's goodness measuring bounty as it may;
For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,
Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,
Is with that wholesome office satisfied;
While unrepining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

Wordsworth.

Grant, gracious Lord, as through this troubled scene
  I walk unsafely, stumbling as I go,
Glimpses of hope, the murky clouds between,
  May break at times, and light the way below;
But if I may not such sweet solace find,
Give me a prayerful and *contented* mind.

Egone.

CONTRITION.

THE Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a *contrite* spirit.—Psalm xxxiv. 18.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a *contrite* heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.—Psalm li. 17.

Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a *contrite* and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the *contrite* ones.—Isaiah, lvii. 15.

To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a *contrite* spirit, and trembleth at my word.—Isaiah, lxvi. 2.

FRUITS of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sown with *contrition* in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced.

Milton.

I, who have gone so far and long astray,
  Adding to primal guilt the mountains high
  Of trespass day by day, as if to try
Thy long forbearance, still for mercy pray;
For mercy even yet. Look ere thou slay,
  Great God! upon my tears; look where I lie
  Repentant; give, O give, before I die,
Thy grace, and guide my feet into thy way.
Reveal thy sufferings, thy blood and sweat:
  Short is my time; reveal thy bitter cross
  To my dark eyes, all used to other sight.
Quench, O my God! all that unhallowed heat
  Of former life, which now I count but loss:
  Lord, thou hast ne'er despised a heart
  contrite.

From the Italian of Gabriel Fiamma.

Where sad *contrition* harbours, there the heart
Is truly acquainted with the secret smart

Of past offences, hates the bosom sin
The most, which most the soul took pleasure in;
No crime unsifted, no sin unpresented
Can lurk unseen, and seen, none unlamented;
The troubled soul's amazed with dire aspects
Of lesser sins committed, and detects
The wounded conscience; it cries amain
For mercy—mercy; cries, and cries again.

It sadly grieves, and soberly laments,
It yearns for grace, reforms, returns, repents.
Aye, this is incense whose accepted savour
Mounts up the heavenly throne, and findeth favour:
Aye, this it is whose valour never fails—
With God it stoutly wrestles and prevails:
Aye, this it is that pierces heaven above,
Never returning home, (like Noah's dove,)
But brings an olive leaf, or some increase,
That works salvation and eternal peace.

Quarles.

All powerful is the penitential sigh
Of true *contrition*; like the placid wreaths
Of incense, wafted from the righteous shrine
Where Abel ministered, to the blest seat
Of Mercy, an accepted sacrifice,
Humiliation's conscious plaint ascends.

Samuel Hayes.

Lord! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer thee,
  Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in my treasury,
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:—
  My nothingness, my wants,
  My sins, and my *contrition*.

Southey, imitated from the Persian.

O, my soul! thy lost condition
Brought the gentle Saviour low!
Hast thou felt one hour's *contrition*
For those sins that pierced him so?
Dost thou bear the love thou owest
For such proof of grace divine?
Can'st thou answer,—Lord thou knowest
That this heart is wholly Thine?

C. Bowles.

COURAGE.

WAIT on the Lord: be of good *courage*.—Psalm xxvii. 14.

Be of good *courage*, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.—Psalm xxxi. 24.

And he that is *courageous* among the mighty shall flee away naked in that day, saith the Lord.—Amos, ii. 16.

When the brethren heard of us they came to meet us: whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took *courage*. —Acts, xxviii. 15.

THAT *courage* which the vain for valour take,
Who proudly danger seek for glory's sake,
Is impudence; and what they rashly do,
Has no excuse, but that 'tis madness too.

Sir William Davenant.

Stand but your ground, your ghostly foes will fly—
Hell trembles at a heaven-directed eye;
Choose rather to defend than to assail—
Self-confidence will in the conflict fail:
When you are challenged, you may dangers meet—
True *courage* is a fixed, not sudden heat;
Is always humble, lives in self-distrust,
And will itself into no danger thrust.
Devote yourself to God, and you will find
God fights the battles of a will resigned.
Love Jesus! Love will no base fear endure—

Love Jesus! And of conquest rest secure.
Bishop Ken.

True *courage* is not moved by breath of words;
While the rash bravery of boiling blood,
Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
A feverish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
Or circumstances change: but inborn *courage*,
The generous child of fortitude and faith,
Holds its firm empire in the constant soul;
And like the steadfast pole-star, never once
From the same fixed and faithful point declines.
Hannah More.

COURT.

BLESSED is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy *courts*.—Psalm lxv. 4.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the *courts* of our God.—Psalm xcii. 13.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His *courts* with praise.—Psalm c. 1, 4.

It shall be an habitation of dragons, and a *court* for owls. —Isaiah, xxxiv. 13.

GAZE but upon the house where man doth live,
With flowers and verdure to adorn his way;
Where all the creatures due obedience give;
The winds to sweep his chambers every day;
The clouds to wash his rooms, the ceiling gay

With glittering stars, that night's dark
empire brave;
If such an house God to another gave,
How shine those splendid *courts* He for
Himself will have?

And if a heavy cloud, opaque at night,
In which the sun may seem embodied,
Deprived of all its dregs we see so white,
Burning in liquid gold its watery head,
Or round with ivory edges silvered;
What lustre supereminent will HE
Lighten on those who shall his sunshine
see
In that all-glorious *court*, in which all glories
be.

Giles Fletcher.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears.
Fly, fly to *courts*;
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd sardonic smiles are glossing
still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery;
And sorrows only real be!

Sir Walter Raleigh.

COVENANT—RAINBOW.

AND God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me.

But with thee will I establish my *covenant*.—Genesis, vi. 13, 18.

And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud.

And I will remember my *covenant*, which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.—

Genesis, ix. 14, 15.

Know therefore that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth *covenant* and mercy with them that love Him and keep His commandments to a thousand generations.—Deuteronomy, vii. 9.

For if that first *covenant* had been faultless, then should no place have been sought for the second.—Hebrews, viii. 7.

STILL young and fine, but what is still in view,
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new;
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry;
When Zarah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's grey fathers, in one knot,
Did, with intentive looks, watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spreads his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tye
Of the Lord's hand, the object of his eye;
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the *covenant* betwixt all and One.

Henry Vaughan.

The *rainbow* bending in the sky,
  Bedecked with sundry hues,
Is like the seat of God on high,

And seems to tell these news:—
That as, thereby, He promised
To drown the world no more,
So, by the blood which Christ has shed,
He will our souls restore.

George Gascoigne.

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place,
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair *bow*, no fabling beams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's *covenant* thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth,
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when the yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the *bow* of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

Campbell.

Bow in the cloud, what token dost thou bear?
—That justice still cries "strike," and mercy
"spare."

J. Montgomery.

Such thou hast shone, bright *rainbow*! when the sky
Has clothed in clouds its blue serenity;
And such shall shine, while, grateful for the vow.
All nations of the earth to heaven shall bow.
Curbing the tempest on its thunder path,
Chaining the boisterous billows in their wrath;
Majestic symbol of their Maker's might!
Girdle of beauty! coronal of light!
God's own blest handmark, mystic, sure, sublime,
Graven in glory to the end of time!

Anon.

CREATION.

IN the beginning, God *created* the heavens and the earth. —Genesis, i. 1.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for He commanded, and they were *created*.—Psalm cxlviii. 5.

Remember now thy *Creator* in the days of thy youth.—Ecclesiastes, xii. 1.

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath *created* these things.

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the *Creator* of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?—Isaiah, xl. 26, 28.

Have we not all one father? hath not one God *created* us?—Malachi, ii. 10.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast *created* all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were *created*.—Revelation, iv. 11.

HERE finished he, and all that he had made
Viewed, and behold all is entirely good;
So even and morn accomplished the sixth

day;
Yet not till the *Creator* from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,
Up to the heaven of heavens his high abode,
Thence to behold his new *created* world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it showed
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Followed by acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air, Resounded,
The heavens and all the constellations rang,
The planets in their stations listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant:—
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sang,
Open, ye heavens, your everlasting doors; let in
The great *Creator* from his work returned
Magnificent, his six days' work—a world.

Milton.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy *creation*, finished, yet renewed
For ever.

W. C. Bryant.

From the throne of the Highest the mandate came forth,
From the word of Omnipotent God;
And the elements fashioned his footstool the earth,
And the Heavens his holy abode:
And his Spirit moved over the fathomless flood
Of waters that fretted in darkness around,
Until at his bidding, their turbulent mood
Was hushed to a calm, and obedient they stood

Where he fixed their perpetual bound.

From the work of *creation*, which rose by his word,
When finished the heavens and the earth;
On the seventh day rested th' Omnipotent Lord,
As he looked on each beautiful birth:—
On the firmament, stretched from the east to the west,
On the far flowing sea, and the fast teeming land,
And he saw they were good, and the Sabbath was blest,
The Sabbath! the sanctified season of rest
To the *creatures* that came from his hand.

Knox.

Mysterious power! which guides by night
Through darkest wood the illumined sight;
Which prompts them, by the unerring smell,
The appointed prey's abode to tell;
Bore with long bill the investing mould,
And feel, and from the secret hold
Dislodge the reptile spoil! But who
Can look *Creation's* volume through,
And not fresh proofs, at every turn,
Of the *Creator's* mind discern:
The end to which his actions tend,
The means adapted to the end,
The reasoning thought, the effective skill,
And, ruling all, the Almighty will.

Bishop Mant.

In the Beginning primal darkness flung
Her veil o'er chaos, void and formless all;
The brooding Spirit o'er the waters hung;
The father's fiat moved the empty pall:
"Let there be Light!" Forthwith *Creation* sprung
Glad into being. Thy *Creating* Love,
Lord, I believe! Mine unbelief remove.

H. H. Weld.

CROWN.

IN that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a *crown* of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of his people.—Isaiah, xxviii. 5.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize?

Now they do it to obtain a corruptible *crown*; but we an incorruptible.—I. Corinthians, ix. 24, 25.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

Henceforth there is laid up for me a *crown* of righteousness.—II. Timothy, iv. 7, 8.

THEY who die in Christ are bless'd—
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving!
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving:
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the *crown* secureth!
Bishop Doane.

The way to bliss lies not on bed of down,
And he that had no cross deserves no *crown*.
Quarles.

How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, and kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a *crown*,
Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down.
With outside show, and vain appearance caught,
They look no further, and by folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worship, which a *crown* adorns,
Nor once suspects that *crown* is lin'd with thorns.
O might reflection folly's place supply,
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we know what woe from grandeur springs,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.
Churchill.

CROSS—CRUCIFIXION.

AND he that taketh not his *cross*, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.—Matthew, x. 38.

Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus

which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let Him be *crucified*.

And the governor said, Why, what evil hath He done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let Him be *crucified*.—Matthew, xxxvii. 22, 23.

For the preaching of the *cross*, is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us, which are saved, it is the power of God.—I. Corinthians, i. 18.

But we preach Christ *crucified*, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness;

But unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.—I. Corinthians, i. 23, 24.

I am *crucified* with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.—Galatians, ii. 20.

But God forbid that I should glory, save in the *cross* of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is *crucified* unto me, and I unto the world.—Galatians, vi. 14.

NOW my frail bark through this tempestuous flood
  Is steered, and full in view that port is seen,
  Where all must answer what their course has been,
And every work be tried if bad or good.
Now do those lofty dreams, my fancy's brood,
  Which made of art an idol and a queen,
  Melt into air; and now I feel, how keen!
That what I needed most I most withstood.
Ye fabled joys, ye tales of empty love,
  What are ye now if two-fold death be nigh?
  The first is certain, and the last I dread.
Ah! what does sculpture, what does painting prove,
  When we have seen the *cross*, and fixed our eye

On him whose arms of love were thus
outspread.

From the Italian of Michael Angelo.

My trust is in the *Cross*, there lies my rest,
My fast, my sole delight.
Let cold-mouthed Boreas, or the hot-mouthed
East,
Blow till they burst with spite;
Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their
best,
And join their twisted might;
Let showers of thunderbolts dart round and
round me,
And troops of fiends surround me:
All this may well confront; all this shall ne'er
confound me.

Francis Quarles.

Christ, when he died,
Denied the *cross*,
And on death's side,
Threw all the loss:
The captive world awak'd and found
The prisoners loose, the jailor bound.

O dear and sweet dispute,
'Twixt death's and love's far different fruit,
Different as far
As antidotes and poisons are:
By the first fatal tree,
Both life and liberty
Were sold and slain;
By this, they both look up and live again.

O strange mysterious strife,
Of open death and hidden life!
When on the *cross* my kind did bleed,
Life seemed to die, death died indeed.

Richard Crawshaw.

The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: midnight veiled his

face;
Not such as this; not such as nature makes;
A midnight nature shuddered to behold;
A midnight new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres.) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bowed his blessed head; o'erwhelmed
his *cross*;
Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble
womb
With pangs, strange pangs! delivered of her
dead?
Hell howled, and Heaven that hour let fall a
tear;
Heaven wept that man might smile! Heaven
bled that man
Might never die!

Young.

My soul is caught:
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from
the *cross*,
Rush on her in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—In his blessed life
I see the path, and, in His death, the price,
And in His great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality.

Young.

Man, know thyself; all wisdom centres there,
To none man seems ignoble but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire,
How long shall human nature be their book,
Degenerate mortal! and unread by thee?
The beam dim reason sheds, shows wonders
there;
What high contents! illustrious faculties!
But the grand comment which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from
divine,
By heaven composed, was publish'd on the
cross.

Young.

There, where the *cross* in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ershade the lettered stones;
While midnight silence wraps these dark abodes,
And soothes me, wand'ring o'er my kindred bones;
Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the dust shall rise,
All nature smiling; and, by angels borne,
Messiah's *cross*, far blazing o'er the skies.

Mickle.

Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies;
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies;
And he that will be cheated to the last,
Delusions strong as hell shall bind him fast.
But if the wanderer his mistake discern,
Judge his own ways, and sigh for a return,
Bewildered once, must he bewail his loss
For ever and for ever? No—the *cross*!
There, and there only, (though the Deist rave,
And Atheist, if earth bear so base a slave;)
There, and there only, is the power to save.
There no delusive hope invites despair;
No mockery meets you, no delusion there;
The spells and charms that blinded you before,
All vanish there, and fascinate no more.

Cowper.

The *cross* once seen is death to every vice:
Else He that died there suffered all His pain,
Bled, groaned, and agonized, and died, in vain.

Cowper.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the *cross* did stain,

Let not those agonies be vain.

Roscommon.

Guide me there, for here I burn
To make my Saviour some return.
I'll rise (if that will please thee, still,
And sure I've heard thee own it will;)
I'll trace His steps and bear my *cross*,
Despising every grief and loss:
Since He, despising pain and shame,
First took up His, and did the same.

Parnell.

How blessed the man, how fully so,
As far as man is blessed below,
Who, taking up his *cross*, essays
To follow Jesus all his days.

Parnell.

Through *cross* to crown! And, through the spirit's life,
Trials untold assail with giant strength.
Good cheer! good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign, in peace, with Christ, at length.

Rosegarten.

Or if, at times, wild storms shall hover, dark,
Still fix thy gaze upon that hallowed mark
Which gilds the tempest with hope's bow divine—
Cling to the *Cross*, and conquer in that sign.

B. D. Winslow.

Lovely was the death
Of Him whose life was love! Holy, with power,
He on the thought-benighted sceptic beamed
Manifest Godhead.

Coleridge.

Thou palsied earth, with noon-day night o'erspread;

Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? Why fades the light? Declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek, forgiving eye,
Raised from the *cross* in patient agony?

Bishop Heber.

DANGER.

YE have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in *danger* of the judgment:

But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in *danger* of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in *danger* of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in *danger* of hell fire.—Matthew, v. 21, 22.

WHAT is *danger*
More than the weakness of our apprehension?
A poor cold part o' the blood; whom takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked livers; valiant minds
Were made the masters of it.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the World's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Cowper.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,

And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this *dangerous* road,
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Watts.

When *dangers* compass me around,
And unto Thee I cry,
An ark of safety will be found,
Whereto my soul may fly.

I know that my Redeemer's hand
Will be outstretched to save,
If *dangers* meet me on the land,
Or on the stormy wave.

And wheresoe'er my feet may go,
Though perilous the road,
My soul assured will keep, and know
That there His feet have trod.

Egone.

DARKNESS.

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and *darkness* was upon the face of the deep.—Genesis, i. 1, 2.

Thou makest *darkness*, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.—Psalm civ. 20.

The people which sat in *darkness* saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.—Matthew, iv. 16.

But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer *darkness*: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Matthew, viii. 12.

HE here with us to be
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a *darksome* house of
mortal clay.

Milton.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!

O who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
One peace-branch from above!

Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As *darkness* shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Moore.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In *darkness* and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Thou Framer of the light and *dark*,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

Keble.

DAVID.

DAVID, the son of Jesse, the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet

psalmist of Israel.—II. Samuel, xxiii. 1.

He chose *David* also his servant, and took him from the sheep-folds:

From following the ewes great with young, he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance.—Psalm lxxviii. 70, 71.

I have found *David* my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him.—Psalm lxxxix. 20.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people,

And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant *David*.—Luke, i. 68, 69.

For *David* speaketh concerning him, I foresaw the Lord always before my face.—Acts, ii. 25.

BEAUTEOUS and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun attired in glistering robe
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And, bridegroom-like, hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams: such doth King *David* show,
Crowned with the honour of his enemies' town,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The starry vault that overhangs the earth:
So looketh *David*, King of Israel.

George Peele.

See Judah's promised king bereft of all:
Driven out an exile from the face of Saul.
To distant caves the lonely wanderer flies,
To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.
Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice;
Hear him, o'erwhelmed with sorrows, yet rejoice;
No womanish or wailing grief has part,
No, not a moment, in his royal heart;
'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,

Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake;
His soul exults; hope animates his lays;
The sense of mercy kindles into praise;
And wilds, familiar with the lion's roar,
Ring with ecstatic sounds unheard before.
Cowper.

And lo! the glories of the illustrious line
At their first dawn with ripened splendours shine,
In *David* all expressed; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man, complete.
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See, with what art he strikes the vocal strings
The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!
Bishop Lowth.

Thy living lyre alone, whose dulcet sounds
In gentlest murmurs floating on the air,
Could calm the fury of the woe-struck king,
And soothe the agony which pierced his heart.
Or when thou swept the master strings, and rolled'st
The deep impetuous tide along with more
Than mortal sound, could'st raise his raptured soul
To ecstacy; or from the tortured strings
Harsh discord shaking, sink him in the gulf
Of dire despair, while horror chilled his blood,
And from each pore the agonizing sweat
Distilled! that deep-toned lyre alone can sing
Thy fervent piety, thy glowing zeal.
William Hodson.

One struggle of might, and the giant of Gath
With a crash like the oak in the hurricane's path,
And a clangour of arms, as of hosts in the fray,
At the feet of the stripling of Ephratah lay.

A hush of amazement;—a calm as of death,
When the watcher lists long for that spasm-
drawn breath,
Then a shout like the roll of artillery rose,
And the armies of Israel swept on to their
foes.

For a space the Philistine had paused, as in
doubt,
Ere the Israelite triumph rang gloriously out;
Then, scattering his arms on the mountains,
he fled,
Till the valley of Elah was strewn with the
dead.

The carnage moved on, and alone in the vale,
The Shepherd knelt down by the dead in his
mail,
And there, with his arm on that still reeking
sword,
Poured forth his thanksgiving in prayer to
the Lord.

Anon.

DAY.

AND God called the light *Day*.—Genesis, i. 5.

The *day* of the Lord is great and very terrible; and who can abide it?—Joel, ii. 11.

But of that *day* and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.—Matthew, xxiv. 36.

The *dayspring* from on high hath visited us.—Luke, i. 78.

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the *day* of salvation.—II. Corinthians, vi. 2.

HOW many hours bring about the *day*?
How many *days* will finish up the year?

Shakspere.

The breath of heaven, blowing pure and sweet,
With *dayspring* born, here leaves us to respire.

Milton.

Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of *day*.

Prior.

Once more, my soul, the rising *day*
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

Night unto night His name repeats,
The *day* renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

Watts.

See, where the falling *day*
In silence steals away,
Behind the western hills withdrawn;
Her fires are quench'd, her beauty fled,
With blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfill'd
The promise of the dawn.

Another morning soon shall rise,
Another *day* salute our eyes,
As smiling and as fair as she,
And make as many promises:
But do not thou
The tale believe.
They're sisters all,
And all deceive.

Barbauld.

Sudden in the sky
Stands the great sun! Like the first glorious breath
Of Freedom to the slave, like Hope upon

The hush of woe, or through the mists of death
The pardoning Angel—comes to earth the Sun.
Ice still on land—still vapour in the air,
But Light—the victor Lord—but Light is there!

On siege-worn cities, when their war is spent,
From the far hill as gleam on gleam, arise
The spears of some great aiding armament,
Grow the dim splendours, broadening up the skies;
Till, bright and brighter, the sublime array
Flings o'er the world the banners of the *Day*!
Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

That *day* of wrath, that dreadful *day*,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How will ye meet that dreadful *day*?

When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

O! on that *day*, that wrathful *day*,
When man to judgment wakes from clay;
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
Scott.

Oh! *day* of *days*! shall hearts set free,
No "minstrel rapture" find for thee?
Thou art the Sun of other *days*,
They shine by giving back thy rays:

Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere,
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year,
Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter *day* in every week.

And week *days* following in their train,

The fullness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's *day* of holy joy.

Keble.

DEATH.

LET me *die* the *death* of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!—Numbers, xxiii. 10.

But now he is *dead*, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. II. Samuel, xii. 23.

What man is he that liveth, and shall not see *death*? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?—Psalm lxxxix. 48.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the *death* of His saints.—Psalm cxvi. 15.

Weep ye not for the *dead*, neither bemoan him: but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.—Jeremiah, xxii. 10.

O *death*, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of *death* is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—I. Corinthians, xv. 55, 56, 57.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus *died* and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.—I. Thessalonians, iv. 13, 14.

Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also himself likewise took part of the same;

that through *death* He might destroy him that had the power of *death*, that is, the devil,

And deliver them who through fear of *death* were all their lifetime subject to bondage.—Hebrews, ii. 14, 15.

Blessed are the *dead* which *die* in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.—Revelations, xiv. 13.

AH, but to *die*, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of *death*.

Shakspere.

O harmless *Death*! whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite;
And all the good embrace, who know the Grave,
A short dark passage to eternal light.

Sir W. Davenant.

This world *death's* region is, the other, life's:
And here it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front *death*, as each might judge us past it:
For good men but see *death*, the others taste

it.

Ben Jonson.

The glories of our birth and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
  Death lays his icy hands on kings:
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
  They tame but one another still.
    Early or late
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to *death*.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon *death's* purple altar now
  See where the victor victim bleeds:
    All heads must come
    To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Shirley.

He patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend sincere;
He taught us how to live; and (Oh! too high
The price of knowledge,) taught us how to *die*.

Tickell.

That I must *die*, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking;
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the

mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last.
Charmed with my Father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Rowe.

Death comes with irrespective feet
And beats upon the door,
That shuts the palace of the great,
The cabin of the poor.

Howell, from Horace.

And since 'tis certain then that we must *die*,
No hope, no chance, no prospect of redress;
Be it our constant aim, unswervingly,
To tread God's narrow path of holiness:
For He is first, last, midst—O, let us press
Onwards—and when *death's* monitory glance
Shall summon us to join his mortal dance,
Even then shall hope and joy our footsteps bless.

From the Spanish of R. de Carrion.

I fled and cried out *Death*—
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded *Death*.

Milton.

Thou dost, O *Death*, a peaceful harbour lie
Upon the margin of Eternity;
Where the rough waves of Time's impetuous tide
Their motion lose, and quietly subside.
Weary, they roll their drowsy heads asleep
At the dark entrance of Duration's deep.
Hither our vessels in their turn retreat;
Here still they find a safe untroubled seat,

When worn with adverse passions, furious strife,
And the hard passage of tempestuous life.
Blackmore.

Dear, beauteous *Death*, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!
He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.
Henry Vaughan.

The man, how wise, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent cypress shades,
Unpierced by vanity's fantastic ray!
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Young.

Why should man's high aspiring mind
Burn in him, with so proud a breath:
When all his haughty views can find
In this world, yields to *death*;
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,
The rich, the poor, the great, and small,
Are each, but worm's anatomies,
To strew his quiet hall.

Power may make many earthly gods,
Where gold, and bribery's guilt, prevails;
But *death's* unwelcome honest odds,
Kicks o'er the unequal scales.
The flatter'd great, may clamours raise
Of power,—and their own weakness hide;
But *death* shall find unlooked-for ways
To end the farce of pride.

Death levels all things, in his march
Nought can resist his mighty strength;
The palace proud,—triumphal arch,
Shall mete their shadow's length:
The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find, in the unhonoured grave,
Where weeds shall crown alike the head
Of tyrant, and of slave.

Andrew Marvell.

The prince, who kept the world in awe,
The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd: *death* confounds them all.

Gay.

There was, 'tis said, and I believe, a time
When humble Christians *died* with views sublime;
When all were ready for their faith to bleed,
And few to write or wrangle for their creed;
When lively faith upheld the sinking heart,
And friends assured to meet prepared to part;
When love felt hope, when sorrow grew serene,
And all felt comfort in the *death*-bed scene.

Crabbe.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long-livers,
In the world's hale and degenerate days,
Could scarce have leisure for: fools that we are!
Never to think of *death*, and of ourselves,
At the same time! As if, to learn to *die*,
Were no concern of ours!

Blair.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must *die*!

Sweet rose, in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must *die*!

Sweet spring, of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade—
Thou, too, alas! must *die*!

Be wise, then, christian, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying;
The thoughtless man may laugh to-day,
To-morrow may be *dying*!

Bishop Horne.

Death distant!—no alas! he's ever with us,
And shakes the dart at us in all our actings;
He lurks within our cup, while we're in health;
Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines;
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,
But *death* is by to seize us when he lists.

Sir Walter Scott.

Since we can *die* but once, and after *death*
Our state no alteration knows,
But when we have resign'd our breath,
Th' immortal spirit goes
To endless joys, or everlasting woes;
Wise is the man who labours to secure
That mighty and important stake;
And by all methods strives to make
His passage safe, and his reception sure.

J. Pomfret.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its perils every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
  Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
  On manhood's middle day.

Heber.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God;
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Parnell.

Happy the babe, who, privileged by fate
To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordered to-morrow to return to *Death*.

Prior.

  Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
  And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O *Death*!

Mrs. Hemans.

O what is *Death*? 'Tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more!
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where, in their bright results, shall rise
Thought, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

Leigh Richmond.

Cold hand, I touch thee! Perished friend! I know
  What years of mutual joy are gone with thee;
And yet from those benumbed remains there flow
  Calm thoughts, that best with chastened hopes agree.

How strange is *Death* to life! and yet how sure
The law which dooms all living things to *die*!
Whate'er is outward cannot long endure,
And all that lasts, eludes the subtlest eye.
John Sterling.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.
Coleridge.

O *Death*! Thou great invisible,
Pale monarch of the unending Past,
Who shall thy countless trophies tell,
Or when shall be thy last!
By thee high thrones to earth are flung—
By thee the sword and sceptre rust—
By thee the beautiful and young
Lie mouldering in the dust.
Into thy cold and faded reign
All glorious things of earth depart;
The fairest forms are early slain,
And quenched the fiery heart.
But in yon world thou hast not been,
Where joy can fade, nor beauty fall:
O, mightiest of the things unseen,
Save One that ruleth all!
Geo. H. Colton.

To *die* is landing on some peaceful shore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar,
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis o'er.
Garth.

The air of *death* breathes through our souls,
The *dead* all round us lie;
By day and night the *death*-bell tolls,
And says, "Prepare to *die*!"

The loving ones we love the best,

Like music all are gone!
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
Their monumental stone.

But not when the *death*-prayer is said,
The life of life departs;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

Professor Wilson.

Sleep on, sleep on, ye resting *dead*;
The grass is o'er ye growing
In dewy greenness. Ever fled
From you hath Care; and in its stead
Peace hath with you its dwelling made,
Where tears do cease from flowing—
Sleep on!

Robert Nicol.

All at rest now—all dust!—wave flows on wave;
But the sea dries not!—what to us the grave?
It brings no real homily; we sigh,
Pause for awhile and murmur, "all must *die*!"
Then rush to pleasure, action, sin once more,
Swell the loud tide, and fret unto the shore.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

Ah! it is sad when one thus link'd departs!
When *Death*, that mighty sev'rer of true hearts,
Sweeps through the halls so lately loud in mirth,
And leaves pale Sorrow weeping by the hearth!

Mrs. Norton.

So live, that when thy summons comes,
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of *death*,
That thou, sustained and soothed, approach thy grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams.

W. C. Bryant.

DEFENCE.

BE thou my strong rock, for an house of *defence* to save me.—Psalm xxxi. 2.

Deliver me from my enemies, O my God: *defend* me from them that rise up against me.—Psalm lix. 1.

WHO trust in thee, O let not shame deject!
Thou ever just, my chased soule secure:
Lord lend a willing eare, with speede protect;
Be thou my rock; with thy strong arme
immure.

My rock, my fortresse, for thy honour aid,
And my engaged feet from danger guide,
Pull from their subtile snares in secret laid,
O thou, my only strength, so often try'd.

O let thy face upon thy servant shine;
Save for thy mercies sake, from shame
defend.
Shame cover those who keepe no lawes of
thine,
And undeplored to the grave descend!

Sandys.

How are thy servants blest O Lord!
How sure is their *defence*!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

Addison.

From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still;
From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee *defend*;
Conduct thee, through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

Brady and Tate.

DELIGHT.

DELIGHT thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart.—Psalm xxxvii. 4.

Then I was by him, as one brought up with him; and I was daily his *delight*, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my *delights* were with the sons of men.—Proverbs, viii. 30, 31.

Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give *delight* unto thy soul.—Proverbs, xxix. 17.

O VOICE! once heard
Delightfully, increase and multiply;
Now death to him.

Milton.

Holy and reverend is the name
Of our Eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy let us sing.

Holy is He in all His works,
And truth is His *delight*!

But sinners and their wicked ways,
Shall perish from His sight.

Needham.

And was the day of my *delight*
As pure and perfect as I say?
We know the very Lord of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been a paradise;
It never look'd to human eyes
Since Adam left his garden yet.

Tennyson.

Amid a round of vain *delights* he lived,
And took his fill of pleasure; never thought
That life had higher objects, nobler aims
Than just to eat, and drink, and pass away
The precious hours in revelry and mirth.
Born to a priceless heritage, he went
Down to his grave, and knew it not, and all
The everlasting pleasures and *delights*
Of heaven he forfeited—great loss was his!

Egone.

DELIVERANCE.

THOU art my King, O God: command *deliverances* for Jacob.—Psalm xliv. 4.

Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked, out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.—Psalm lxxi. 4.

And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be *delivered*: for in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be *deliverance*, as the Lord hath said. —Joel, ii. 32.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach *deliverance* to the

captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.—Luke, iv. 18.

BREAK off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great *Deliverer* reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains.
Watts.

Lord, I have put my trust in Thee,
Turn not my confidence to shame;
Thy promise is a rock to me,
A tower of refuge is Thy name.

Thou hast upheld me from the womb;
Thou wert my strength and hope in youth;
Now, trembling, bending o'er the tomb,
I lean upon Thine arm of truth.

Cast me not off in mine old age,
Forsake me not in my last hour;
The foe hath not forgone his rage,
The lion ravens to devour.

Me, through what troubles hast Thou brought!
Me, with what consolations crown'd!
Now be Thy last *deliverance* wrought:
My soul in peace with Thee be found!
J. Montgomery.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong *Deliverer*,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
Oliver.

DELUSIONS.

I ALSO will choose their *delusions*, and will bring their

fears upon them; because when I called, none did answer; when I spake, they did not hear: but they did evil before mine eyes, and chose that in which I delighted not.—Isaiah, lxvi. 4.

GOD shall send them strong *delusion*, that they should believe a lie.—II. Thessalonians, ii. 11.

WHO therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by *delusion*.
Milton.

Dreams and *delusions* play
With man: he thinks not of his mortal fate:
Death treads his silent way;
The earth turns round, and then, too late,
Man finds no beam is left of all his fancied state.

Rise from your sleep, vain men!
Look round, and ask if spirits born of Heaven,
And bound to Heaven again,
Were only lent or given
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres;
And spurn the vanity
Of time's *delusive* years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread
But a mere point compared with that vast space
Around, above you spread—
Where, in the Almighty's face,
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?
From the Spanish of Luis Ponce de Leon.

We walk amid *delusions* here,
  Our joys are unsubstantial things,
Though glorious our dreams appear,
  They have their quick evanishings;
They cheat the sense, with vain pretence,
  The heart that on them leans deceive;
Delusive all, they rise and fall,
  And nought but sad remembrance leave.
Egone.

DENIAL.

WHOSOEVER shall *deny* me before men, him will I also *deny* before my Father which is in heaven.—Matthew, x. 33.

Peter answered and said unto him, Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.

Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt *deny* me thrice.

Peter said unto him, Though I should die with thee, yet will I not *deny* thee. Likewise also said all the disciples.—Matthew, xxvi. 33, 34, 35.

I THINK that look of Christ might seem to say:—
"Thou, Peter! art thou then a common stone,
Which I at last must break my heart upon,
For all God's charge to His high angels may
Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday
Wash my feet, my beloved, that they should run
Quick to *deny* me, 'neath the morning sun,—
And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?
The cock crows coldly,—Go, and manifest
A late contrition, but no bootless fear!
For when thy deathly need is bitterest,
Thou shalt not be *denied*, as I am here—
My voice to God and angels shall attest,—
'Because I know this man let him go clear.'"
Elizabeth Barrett.

She in her Saviour's ranks had done
A veteran's service, and with Polycarp
Might say to Death, "For more than fourscore years
He was my Lord—shall I *deny* Him now?"
No! no! thou could'st not turn away from Him
Who was thy hope in youth, and on whose arm
The feebleness of hoary hairs were staid.
Before His Father, and the Angel host,
He will adjudge thee faithful. So farewell,
Blessed and full of days.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true;
Nor yet one been *deny'd*,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith our footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

John Newton.

DESIRE—DESIRES.

LORD, all my *desire* is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee.—Psalm xxxviii. 9.

And I will shake all nations, and the *desire* of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts.—Haggai, ii. 7.

For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a *desire* to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.—Philippians, i. 23.

BUT our *desires'* tyrannical extortion
Doth force us there to set our chief delightfulness,
When but a baiting-place is all our portion.

Sir P. Sidney.

Thou blind man's mark; thou fool's self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scatter'd thought;
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
Thou web of ill, whose end is never wrought,
Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should'st my mind to higher things prepare.

Sir P. Sidney.

Desire's the vast extent of human mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor hope behind.

Dryden.

How large are our *desires*! and yet how few
Events are answerable! So the dew,
Which early on the top of mountains stood,
Meaning, at least, to imitate a flood;
When once the sun appears, appears no more,
And leaves that parch'd which was too moist before.

Gomersall.

Sages leave your contemplations,
  Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great *Desire* of nations,
  Ye have seen its natal star;
    Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

J. Montgomery.

The *desire* of the moth for the star—
  Of the night for the morrow—
The devotion to something afar
  From the sphere of our sorrow.

Shelley.

DESOLATION.

BE not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the *desolation* of the wicked, when it cometh.—Proverbs, iii. 25.

And what will ye do in the day of visitation, and in the *desolation* which shall come from far? to whom will ye flee for help? and where will ye leave your glory?—Isaiah, x. 3.

O my God, incline thine ear, and hear; open thine eyes and behold our *desolations*, and the city which is called by thy name.—Daniel, ix. 18.

How is Babylon become a *desolation* among the nations! —Jeremiah, l. 23.

LET us seek some *desolate* shades, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Shakespere.

My *desolation* does begin to make
A better life.

Shakespere.

God hath created nights
As well as days to deck the varied globe;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of *desolation*, as in white attire.

John Beaumont.

'Tis well to be a mourner, well to feel
My glad hope die;
And sicken at the tears that daily steal
O'er the dimmed eye,
If this strong *desolation* should reveal
Where my sins lie.

E. L. Montague.

I sometimes deem their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy

With their angel plumage on,
But my heat is very *desolate*,
To think that they are gone.

Park Benjamin.

But this was like those sudden blasts that
Unlook'd for, wonder on the face of spring;
And worst woe for the heart, whose early
fate
Leaves it so young, and, oh, so *desolate*.

Miss Landon.

DESTRUCTION.

Is not *destruction* to the wicked? and a strange punishment to the workers of iniquity?—Job, xxxi. 3.

O thou enemy, *destructions* are come to a perpetual end; and thou hast *destroyed* cities; their memorial is perished with them.—Psalm ix. 6.

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to *destruction*, and many there be which go in thereat.—Matthew, vii. 13.

'Tis safer far to be that which we *destroy*,
Than by *destruction* swell in doubtful joy.

Shakspere.

What a scene of misery
Hath thine obdurate frowardness, old man,
Drawn on thy country's bosom! and, for that,
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be styled thy country's only patron;
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of hell, to be renowned in the title
Of her *destroyer*.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

To *destruction*, sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die.

Milton.

Thus saith the righteous Lord,
My vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword,
O'er all thy realms my fury shall be poured.
Where yon proud city stood,
I'll spread the stagnant flood!
And there the bittern in the sedge shall lurk,
Moaning with sullen strain,
While sweeping o'er the plain,
Destruction ends her work.

Mason.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast *destruction* come;
The creatures—look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

Watts.

DEVOTION—DEVOUT.

NO *devoted* thing, that a man shall *devote* unto the Lord of all that he hath, both of man and beast, and of the field of his possession, shall be sold or redeemed: every *devoted* thing is most holy unto the Lord.—Leviticus, xxvii. 28.

A *devout* man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway.—Acts, x. 2.

For as I passed by, and beheld your *devotions*, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.—Acts, xvii. 23.

AN aged holy man,
That day and night said his *devotion*,
No other worldly business did apply.

Spenser.

One grain of incense with *devotion* offer'd,
'S beyond all perfumes or Sabæan spices,
By one that proudly thinks he merits it.

Massinger.

I fly
Those wicked tents *devoted*, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not.

Milton.

In vain doth man the name of just expect,
If he *devotion* to his God neglect.

Denham.

Man at home, within himself, may find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore His providence and power.
I see, and I adore! O God most bounteous!
O Infinite of goodness and of glory!
The knee that Thou hast shaped, shall bend to Thee;
The tongue which Thou hast tuned, shall chant Thy praise.
And Thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee, for ever!

Christopher Smart.

Devotion, when lukewarm, is un*devout*;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven:
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High Heaven's orchestra chants Amen to man.

Young.

DEW.

THEREFORE God give thee of the *dew* of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine.—Genesis, xxviii. 28.

My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the *dew*.—Deuteronomy, xxxii. 2.

As the *dew* of Hermon, and as the *dew* that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.—Psalm cxxxiii. 3.

O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? For your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early *dew* it goeth away.—Hosea, vi. 4.

SEE how the orient *dew*,
  Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
  For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself incloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight!
  Scarce touching where it lies;
  But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
  Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green.
And recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,

Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day;
Dark beneath but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love:
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend,
Such did the manna's sacred *dew* distil,
White and entire although congeal'd and chill;
Congeal'd on earth; but does dissolving run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

Andrew Marvell.

The starlight *dews*
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse,
Deep into nature's breast, the spirit of her hues.

Byron.

Within these leaves the holy *dew*
That falls from heaven, hath won anew
A glory—in declining.

Miss Barrett.

Those verdant hills now bathed in morning *dews*,
Whose every drop outvies Golconda's gem.
Lo! one hangs glittering on yon blade of grass:
Spurn not that lucid trembler, but admire
Its glorious hues, and trace them to their source;
The nice arrangement of its particles.
Draw nigh;—through microscopic lens inspect
That single drop's profound elaborateness—
Most delicate, and wonderfully wrought.
Is it a work of chance? It is a world
Replete with life, and love, and feud. Its crowds

Dart swift from verge to verge (their ocean depths.)
How nervous and minute each supple fin!
What made that film-like hinge on which it plays?
What hand, what eye, save God's could fashion it?

T. L. Merritt.

Dews of the morning! wherefore were ye given?
—To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.

J. Montgomery.

See how the *dewdrops* in the morning flowers
  Stand glistening, brighter than the precious gem
  Whose worth exalts the kingly diadem!
Clear, tiny droplets, which some April showers
  Born of big, listed clouds, did weep o'er them,
In their pure joy that summer's rosy bowers
  Were bursting into bloom. Oh! *dewdrops* pale,
How bountiful His hand, who sends the blessing
Of your surpassing coolness to th' oppressing
  Thirst of the dying flowers, whose juices fail
(But for such timely aid) 'neath noontide's sun.
  There is no storm-wind with its rushing wail,
There is no storm-cloud lowers o'er the vale,
But scatters blessings as it passeth on.

G. J. O. Allmann.

But, ah! what numbers still are dead,
  Though under means of grace they lie!
The *dew* still falling round their head,
  And yet their heart untouched and dry.
Dear Saviour! hear us when we call,

To wrestling pray'r an answer give;
Pour down thy *dew* upon us all,
That all may feel, and all may live.
John Newton.

One morn I mark'd two *dewdrops* bright,
Impendent on a thorny spray:
The gems had caught my roving sight,
Gay glittering in the sunny ray.

A sudden breeze pass'd o'er the ground,
And shook their faithless resting-place;
They trembled—waver'd—with a bound,
Commingled in a kind embrace,

'Tis thus, thought I, with loving hearts,
When adverse storms sweep o'er their sky,
In closer union, each imparts
To each, aid, comfort, soothing joy.

The mingled *dewdrops* by the sun
Were cherish'd, then exhaled together:
Thus virtuous love, on earth begun,
Renew'd in Heaven, exists for ever.
George Taylor.

DISTRESS.

LET us arise, and go up to Bethel; and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my *distress*, and was with me in the way which I went.—Genesis, xxxv. 3.

I called upon the Lord in *distress*: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.—Psalm cxviii. 5.

There shall be great *distress* in the land, and wrath upon this people.—Luke, xxi. 23.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still

My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are *distrest*
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
Brady and Tate.

He can, He will, from out the dust,
Raise the blest spirits of the just;
Heal every wound, hush every fear,
From every eye wipe every tear;
And place them where *distress* is o'er,
And pleasures dwell for evermore.
Bishop Mant.

Lo! through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

My suffering, slain, and risen Lord!
In deep *distress* I turn to Thee—
I claim acceptance in thy word,
My God! my God! forsake not me!
James Montgomery.

Teach me in times of deep *distress*
To own Thy hand, my God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of Thy rod.
Heginbotham.

DOUBT.

AND when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some *doubted*.—Matthew, xxviii. 17.

Then came the Jews round about Him, and said unto Him, How long dost thou make us to *doubt*? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly.—John, x. 24.

Now when the high priest and the captain of the temple,

and the chief priests heard these things, they *doubted* of them whereunto this would grow.—Acts, v. 24.

ATTEMPT the end, and never stand to *doubt*;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.
Herrick.

But desperate is their doom whom *doubt* has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego;
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all who pass, a monument of woe.
Beattie.

Ah! thou knowest not the war of struggling thought
That agitates my soul. I find in all
Some peril still to dread. I choose, and then
My choice repent; and then again regret
Having repented; while protracted *doubt*
Wearies her mind, so that the ill from good
No longer I distinguish; till at length
The flight of time impels me to the worst!
From the Italian of Pietre Metastasio.

Doubt! anarch old, that staggers all—
The mighty vulgar as the small,
Claims from all hearts th' allegiance won,
Yet satisfaction gives to none;

And still resisted, still must reign,
Dreaded, abhorred, reviled in vain;
Sole tyrant he, that still must thrive,
While any of his subjects live;

The stoutest arm he fastest binds,
Still strongest in the strongest minds;
Who struggles hardest, suffers most;
And tightens bands be cannot burst.
C. C. Colton.

DREAD—DREADFUL.

SHALL not his excellency make you afraid? and his *dread* fall upon you?—Job, xiii. 11.

Withdraw thine hand far from me: and let not thy *dread* make me afraid.—Job, xiii. 21.

They were so high, that they were *dreadful*.—Ezekiel, i. 18.

I am a great King, saith the Lord of hosts, and my name is *dreadful* among the heathen.—Malachi, i. 14.

> NEXT saw we *Dread*, all trembling, how he shook,
> With foot uncertain, proffer'd here and there;
> Benumb'd with speech; and with a ghastly look,
> Search'd every place, all pale and *dread* for fear;
> His cap borne up with starting of his hair;
> 'Stoun'd and amazed at his own share for *dread*,
> And fearing greater dangers than was need.
>
> *Sackville.*

> Thou attended gloriously from Heaven,
> Shall in the sky appear, and from thee send
> The summoning archangels to proclaim
> Thy *dread* tribunal.
>
> *Milton.*

> Who the Creator love, created might
> *Dread* not; within their tents no terrors walk.
>
> *Coleridge.*

> As if a lark should suddenly drop dead
> While the blue air yet trembled with his song,
> So snapped at once that music's golden thread,
> Struck by a nameless fear, that leapt along

From heart to heart, and like a shadow sped
With instantaneous shiver through the throng;
So that some glanced behind, as half aware
A hideous shape of *dread* were standing there.

As when a crowd of pale men gather round,
Watching an eddy in the leaden deep,
From which they deemed the body of one drowned
Will be cast forth; from face to face doth creep
An eager *dread*, that holds all tongues fast bound,
Until the horror, with a ghastly leap,
Starts up, its dead blue arms stretched aimlessly,
Heaved with the swinging of the careless sea.

J. R. Lowell.

DUST.

IN the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for *dust* thou art, and unto *dust* shalt thou return.—Genesis, iii. 19.

All flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto *dust*.—Job, xxxiv. 15.

All go unto one place; all are of the *dust*, and all turn to *dust* again.—Ecclesiastes, iii. 20.

Then shall the *dust* return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.—Ecclesiastes, xii. 7.

FEAR no more the frown o' the great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat,
  To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must

All follow this, and come to *dust*.

Shakspere.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies;"
And "*dust* to *dust*" concludes her noblest song.

Young.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discussed,)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the *dust*.

Then, since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up worldly joys,
When *dust* corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon the hand will freeze, the throbbing heart be still?

H. K. White.

DUTY.

FEAR God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole *duty* of man.—Ecclesiastes, xii. 13.

So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our *duty* to do.—Luke, xvii. 10.

WHO shall, O God! ascend thy holy hill?
Ev'n he whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
Faithful of Word, and *dutiful* of Will.

J. A. Heraud.

Between ourselves and our desires, too oft,
We build a wall impassable. We mar
By futile artifice what honest skill
In either would alone effect.—Straight on,
And up the mountain, heavenwards aloft,
Should be the chosen path; however far
The goal may be; to reach it wants but will
To trust in God, and prudent courage drawn
From honourable purpose. Hard may be
The track, and steep to climb, but walls are none
To scale, nor ladders lack we, 'midst the chill
Of mental Alps, but only eyes to see
These words of truth light-written in the sun—
"The path of *duty* aye runs up the hill."

Calder Campbell.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward *duty*—
These will form the perfect man.

Mrs. Hale.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O *Duty*! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.

Wordsworth.

DWELL—DWELLING.

DEPART from evil, and do good; and *dwell* for evermore. —Psalm xxxvii. 27.

My people shall *dwell* in a peaceable habitation, and in sure *dwellings*, and in quiet resting-places.—Isaiah, xxxii. 18.

No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God *dwelleth* in us, and his love is perfected in us.

Hereby know we that we *dwell* in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.—I. John, iv. 12, 13.

I PRAIS'D the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
I prais'd the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I prais'd the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold:
I prais'd the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair;
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where thy redeem'd shall *dwell* with thee.

Bishop Heber.

O, come and *dwell* with me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

Wesley.

Think on th' eternal home
The Saviour left for you;

Think on the Lord most holy, come
To *dwell* with hearts untrue.
So shall ye tread untired his pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

Keble.

EARTH.

AND God called the dry land *Earth*.—Genesis, i. 10.

The *earth* is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.—Psalm xxiv. 1.

The *earth*, O Lord, is full of thy mercy.—Psalm cxix. 64.

The *earth* shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—Isaiah, xi. 9.

The *earth* also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.—II. Peter, iii. 10.

UNCONSTANT *Earth*! why do not mortals cease
To build their hopes upon so short a lease?
Uncertain lease, whose term but once begun,
Tells never when it ends till it be done:
We dote upon thy smiles, not knowing why,
And whiles we but prepare to live, we die:
We spring like flowers for a day's delight,
At noon we flourish, and we fade at night:
We toil for kingdoms, conquer crowns, and then
We that were Gods, but now, now less than men.
If wisdom, learning, knowledge, cannot dwell
Secure from change, vain bubble *earth*, farewell.

Francis Quarles.

Earth's cup
Is poisoned; her renown, most infamous;
Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust;

Her titles, slanderous names; her praise, reproach;
Her strength, an idiot's boast; her wisdom, blind;
Her gain, eternal loss; her hope, a dream;
Her love, her friendship, enmity with God;
Her promises, a lie; her smile, a harlot's;
Her beauty, paint, and rotten within; her pleasures,
Deadly assassins masked; her laughter, grief;
Her breasts, the stings of death; her total sum,
Her all, most total vanity.

Pollok.

And had *earth*, then, no joys? no native sweets,
No happiness, that one who spoke the truth,
Might call her own? She had, true native sweets,
Indigenous delights, which up the Tree
Of Holiness, embracing as they grew,
Ascended, and bore fruit of Heavenly taste.

Pollok.

Lean not on *earth*; 't will pierce thee to the heart:
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear:
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
There's nothing here but what as nothing weighs;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are tutored to despair.
Nor is it only thus, but must be so.
Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child;
Loose then from *earth* the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Young.

Earth, thou great footstool of our God
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life, and food,
Our house, our parent, and our nurse.
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Drest with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around,
And flowery carpets spread the ground—
Thou bulky globe, prodigious map,
That hangs unpillared in an empty space,
While thy unwieldly weight hangs in the feeble air,
Bless that Almighty word that fix'd and holds thee there.

Watts.

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good;
Thus, like the ass of savage kind,
We snuff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charms the poles
But strike one doleful sound,
'T would be employed to mourn our souls;
Souls that were formed of sprightly fires
In floods of folly drowned.
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy;
How they disclaim their heavenly birth,
Melt their bright substance down with drossy *earth*,
And hate to be refined from that impure alloy.

Watts.

There are wondrous things on the aged *earth*;
'tis speeding to its close;
From the very heart of the prosperous world
the prophet-thunder grows;
And as this sphere whirls round and round
upon its endless way,
And as the laws of the universe from their
boundless centres sway,

From the everlasting hills of heaven look
down a seraph-race,
And gaze upon the mighty change that
speaks aloud through space:
With joy they hymn the Eternal, in whose
embrace they live,
And strike the harp to him who loves to pity
and forgive.

Stands the archangel Lucifer on a stormy
planet near,
And the hollow sound of his mighty voice
fills many worlds with fear;
"Vain *earth*," he said, "thy pigmy lords may
strive from thee to rise,
May gasp their hopes in frequent verse, they
half philosophize,
Build temples to the monarch steam, be
victors o'er the sea—
Their pride, their power shall disappear at
one dark glance from me!
O for the fierce wild rapture of that fast
approaching day,
When man and his brief dwelling in the
storm are swept away."

Far in the centre of all space burns the
eternal throne,
Where God, unseen, ineffable, dwells in his
light alone.
"My Son," the one existence saith, "*earth*
speeds its course to thee,
And soon beneath thy rule of love its
kingdoms shall be free.
The demons dream of fury, of swift,
consuming fire,
Dream that the spirit of the Lord is stern
resentful ire:
But the whole universe shall know that
mercy is divine—
Beloved Son! Men, angels, friends, for
evermore are thine."

Carrera.

I believe this *earth* on which we stand
Is but the vestibule to glorious mansions,
Through which a moving crowd for ever press.

Joanna Baillie.

As trees beneath the soil must shoot,
  Before they form the grove,
So man in *earth* must spread his root,
  That hopes to bloom above.

Thomas Ward.

Earth hath of thee had glimpses, shaped to suit
The contemplative Spirit, suffering
From occultation of the absolute,
The shadow of the spiritual thing
That passing, veils the Truth. Let it pass on!
Shine forth, O Sun! the universal King,
Intelligible God. Thy steadfast Throne
For ever is immovable, and *Earth*
Light from thine aspect borrows, and, anon,
In constant revolution, giveth birth
To darkness, not forsaken: for the Moon
And Stars reflect thy glory faintly forth,
In night, most holy night, in whose high noon
Majestic Heaven itself alone reveals
To faith,—a starry spell,—a visible tune,—
Until thy reappearing opes the seals
Of the mysterious Tome, and supersedes
Their borrowed lights—their spirit-motioned wheels.
Yet are they God's! how happy he who reads
Their office rightly;—oracles *Earth* hears
In visionary slumber, hears and heeds;
The Deities of darkness, on the spheres
Enthroned, Angels of Night, whose choral gleams
Echo the word unto the worlds He cheers.

J. A. Heraud.

ELEMENTS.

EVEN so we, when we were children, were in bondage under the *elements* of the world.—Galatians, iv. 3.

But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly *elements*, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage?—Galatians, iv. 9.

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the *elements* shall melt with fervent heat.—II. Peter, iii. 10.

I CAVILLED at the *elements*—what is earth?
A huge congestion of unmethodized matter
With but a skin of life—a mighty solid,
Which nature's prodigal of space provides
For superficial uses; and what air?
A motion and a pressure; fire? a change;
And light? the language of the things called dumb.

Last came the troubled question—what am I?
A blade, a sapling of the growth of life
Wherewith the outside of the earth is covered;
A comprehensive atom, all the world
In act of thought embracing; in the world
A grain scarce filling a particular place.

Henry Taylor.

Father, I know my frame is all composed
Of *elements* that perish; and I know
The bondage whereunto my grovelling soul
Still turns, in spite of higher aspirations.
Oh, grant me strength to burst the chains of sense!
That in the *elemental* wreck to come,
I may not perish utterly, but live
To praise and bless Thee for my great salvation.

Egone.

Let every *element* rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To Him who bade you roll.
His praise in softened notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

Ogilvie.

ENVY.

BE not thou *envious* against evil men, neither desire to be with them.—Proverbs, xxiv. 1.

Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before *envy*?—Proverbs, xxvii. 4.

But Pilate answered them, saying, Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for *envy*.—Mark, xv. 9, 10.

For where *envying* and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.—James, iii. 16.

AND next to him malicious *Envy* rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw:
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbour's wealth that made him ever sad,
For death it was when any good he saw;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
And when he heard of harme he waxed wondrous glad.

Spenser.

I *envy* not their hap
Whom favour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain

That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruin built,
To ruin run amain.

Southwell.

Here are no false entrapping baits,
To hasten too, too hasty fates;
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, worldling like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook:
Nor *envy*, unless among
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

For every thing contains within itself
The seeds and sources of its own corruption;
The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel;
The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak:
But *Envy*, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever,
Saps and consumes the heart in which it works.

Cumberland.

Envy's a sharper spur than pay,
And, unprovok'd,'t will court the fray.

*****

Fools may our scorn, not *envy*, raise,
For *envy* is a kind of praise.

*****

Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is't you *envy*? *Envy*'s blind.
Tell *Envy*, when she would annoy,

That thousands want what you enjoy.

Gay.

The lion craved the fox's art;
The fox the lion's force and heart;
The cock implored the pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The pigeon strength of wing despised,
And the cock's matchless valour prized.
The fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, *envious* of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of fate.

Gay.

Slander'd in vain, enjoy the spleen of foes;
Let these from *envy* hate—from interest those!
Guilt, like the first, your gratitude requires,
Since none can *envy* till he first admires;
And nature tells the last his crime is none,
Who to your interest but prefers his own.

Aaron Hill.

What made the man of *Envy* what he was,
Was worth in others, vileness in himself,
A lust of praise, with undeserving deeds,
And conscience poverty of soul; and still
It was his earnest work and daily toil,
With lying tongue, to make the noble seem
Mean as himself.

Pollok.

ERROR.

WHO can understand his *errors*? cleanse thou me from secret faults.—Psalm xix. 12.

For the vile person will speak villany, and his heart will work iniquity, to practise hypocrisy, and to utter *error* against the Lord.—Isaiah, xxxii. 6.

Beware lest ye also, being led away with the *error* of the

wicked, fall from your own stedfastness.—II. Peter, iii. 17.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
An honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind;
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name;
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death makes us our *errors* know.

Drummond.

Swifter than feathered arrow in the wind,
Than winged vessel on the yielding tide,
Than river shooting down the mountain side,
Than foot o'er champaign of the slender hind,
To *error's* flowery vale, the headlong mind
Is prone, without a curb, to fly aside;
Neither by dangers of the path untried,
Nor roughest road, nor highest Alp confined.
But if the way of truth upon the right
It follows, like slow worm, or bird unfledged,
At every twig it checks, and stone, and rill.
Great guide! make strong my pinions for the flight
In that true course; by every other hedged,
And lift and bring me to thy holy hill!

From the Italian of Tarsia.

"But what is *error*?—Answer he who can!"
The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:

"Love, Hope, and Admiration—are they not
Mad Fancy's favourite vassals? Does not life
Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust
Imagination's light when Reason's fails,
The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?
—Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare
What *error* is; and of our *errors*, which
Doth most debase the mind; the genuine seats
Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate,
With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?"

Wordsworth.

Thus *error's* monstrous shapes from earth are driven;
They fade, they fly—but truth survives their flight;
Earth has no shades to quench that beam of heaven;
Each ray that shone, in early time, to light
The faltering footsteps in the path of right,
Each gleam of clearer, brightness, shed to aid
In man's maturer day his bolder sight,
All blended, like the rainbow's radiant braid,
Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze that cannot fade.

W. C. Bryant.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil;
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish:
For there is no *error* so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth:
Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use:
And the just man, enamoured of the right, is blinded by the speciousness of wrong,

And the prudent, perceiving an advantage, is
content to overlook the harm.
On all things created remaineth the half-
effaced signature of God,
Somewhat of fair and good, though blotted
by the finger of corruption:
And if *error* cometh in like a flood, it mixeth
with the streams of truth;
And the adversary loveth to have it so, for
thereby many are decoyed.

Martin F. Tupper.

ESTATE.

O GIVE thanks unto the God of Gods: for His mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us in our low *estate*: for His mercy endureth for ever.—Psalm cxxxvi. 2, 23.

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low *estate* of His handmaiden. —Luke, i. 46, 47, 48.

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low *estate*.—Romans, xii. 16.

GO, miser! go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole
to pole,
That men may say, when thou art dead and
gone,
See what a vast *estate* he left his son.

Dryden.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er *estate*,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

Ann L. Waring.

Oh yes! I have a goodly heritage,
A vast *estate* is mine;
My title deeds are on the sacred page,
Writ by a hand divine.

The land is fruitful, yielding all things good,
An overflowing store;
To satisfy the utmost wish, nor could
My spirit ask for more.

'Tis in a pleasant country—this *estate*—
Of ever-new delight;
No storms are there to chill and devastate,
There comes no gloomy night.

My tenor is inviolate; for death
Signs, seals, and opes the door,
That me into possession ushereth,
There to dwell evermore.

Egone.

ETERNITY.

FOR thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth *eternity*, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place.—Isaiah, lvii. 15.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, *eternal* in the heavens.—II. Corinthians, v. 1.

OF that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfastly rest all things, firmly stayed
Upon the pillars of *eternity*,
That is contraire to mutability;
For all that moveth doth in change delight;
But thenceforth all shall rest *eternally*,
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.

Spenser.

Him, blessed Shepherd,
His flocks shall follow through the maze of life,
And shades that tend to day spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage, and more fragrant breath,
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it be
With those that love Him: for sweet is their savour,
And all *eternity* shall be their spring.

Smart.

Man, (mortal creature,) fram'd to feel decays,
Thine unresisted power at pleasure sways,
Thou say'st return, and parting souls obey,
Thou say'st return, and bodies fall to-day.
For what's a thousand fleeting years with Thee?
Or Time compared with long *eternity*?
Whose wings expanding infinitely vast,
O'erstretched its utmost ends of first and last.

Parnell.

We strive with earthly imagings,
To reach and understand
The wondrous and the fearful things
Of an *eternal* land.

But soon the doubt, the toil, the strife
Of earth shall all be done,
And knowledge of our endless life
Be in a moment won.

Otway Curry.

Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates *eternity* to man.

Addison.

The *Eternal* Life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid,—the spirit
Corrupt with sin,—shall not inherit
A joy so great.

Longfellow, from the Spanish.

Our better nature pineth—let it be!
Thou human soul—earth is no home for thee;
Thy starry rest is in *eternity*.

Miss Landon.

He of the lion-voice, the rainbow-crowned,
Shall stand upon the mountains and the sea,
And swear by earth, by Heaven's throne, and Him
Who sitteth on the throne, there shall be Time
No more, no more! Then veiled *Eternity*
Shall straight unveil her awful countenance
Unto the reeling world, and take the place
Of seasons, years and ages. Aye and aye
Shall be the time of day!

Miss Barrett.

Time! whither dost thou flee?
—I travel to *eternity*,
Eternity! what art thou?—say!
—Time past—time present—time to come—to-day.

J. Montgomery.

See, how beneath the moonbeams' smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And having swelled a moment there,

Thus melts into *eternity*.

Moore.

EVENING.

EVENING, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice.—Psalm lv. 17.

It shall come to pass, that at *evening* time it shall be light.—Zechariah, xiv. 7.

Abide with us: for it is toward *evening*, and the day is far spent.—Luke, xxiv. 29.

NOW came still *evening* on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird—
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests—
Were shrunk, all but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long her beauteous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw:
When Adam thus to Eve, "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of long repose, since God has set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft cumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemployed, and less need rest:
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways,
While other animals inactive range,

And of their doings God takes no account."
Milton.

Then is the time
For those whom wisdom, and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.
Thomson.

The sun hath sunk behind the hill,
But over earth, and sky, and air,
Eve's crimson tints are glowing still,
And tidings of to-morrow bear.

Thus hope, when sinks life's happiness,
Upon our night of sorrow glows,
Promising brighter, endless bliss,
After our pilgrimage of woes.

The longing heart, whose wishes spring
To fond foreboding's unknown land,
Borrows imagination's wing,
Though fettered here in reason's band.

Presumptuous! whither would'st thou fly?
Earth's vapours mock thine eye of clay.
Mark crimson *evening's* golden sky,
And hope the morrow's promised day.
From the Swedish of Ingelgren.

Few bring back at *eve*,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought is blotted; we resolved,
Is shaken; we renounced, returns again.
Young.

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of *evening*, over brake, and bloom,
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
Through all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till doubt and death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

Tennyson.

Pleasantly comest thou,
Dew of the *evening*, to the crisp'd up grass;
And the curl'd corn-blades bow,
And the light breezes pass,
That their parch'd lips may feel thee, and
expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fever'd land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
And the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, untrammelled, in that better
"land."

W. D. Gallagher.

Behold the western *evening*-light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast;
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light

Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are seal'd in death.
Shall wake, to close no more.

Peabody.

EXAMPLE.

IF I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet: ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

For I have given you an *example*, that ye should do as I have done to you.—John, xiii. 14, 15.

Be thou an *example* of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.—I. Timothy, iv. 12.

Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an *example* of suffering affliction, and of patience.—James, v. 10.

Sodom and Gomorrha, and the cities about them in like manner, giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh, are set forth for an *example*, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.—Jude, i. 7.

TAUGHT this by his *example*, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer, ever blest!

Milton.

Since great *examples* justify command,
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.

Pope, from Homer.

His faults, that in a private station sits,
Do mainly harm him only that commits:
Those placed on high a bright *example* owe,
—
Much to themselves, more to the crowd below.

A paltry watch, in private pocket borne,
Misleads but him alone by whom 'tis worn:
But the town-clock that domes or towers display,
By going wrong, leads half the world astray.
C. C. Colton.

Ye who look for great *examples*
O'er the wide historic page:—
Teachers, who with good ensamples
Would the thoughts of youth engage!
To the sacred record turning,
There behold the perfect man!
There the light, for ever burning;
Match its lustre, if you can!
Imitate the Great *Example*,
Humbly as a Christian should,
Ever like that bright ensample,
Speaking well and doing good.
Egone.

FAITH.

FOR therein is the righteousness of God revealed from *faith* to *faith*: as it is written, the just shall live by *faith*.—Romans, i. 17.

So then *faith* cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.—Romans, x. 17.

By grace are ye saved through *faith*.—Ephesians, ii. 8.

The shield of *faith*, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.—Ephesians, vi. 16.

Now *faith* is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Hebrews, xi. 1.

But without *faith* it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God, must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.—Hebrews, xi. 6.

For as the body without the spirit is dead, so *faith*

without works is dead also.—James, ii. 26.

IF bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gained it;
Where now, by *faith*, all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature;
Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story;
And when sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

George Herbert.

From purer manners to sublimer *faith*,
Is nature's unavoidable ascent;
An honest deist, where the gospel shines,
Matured to nobler, in the christian ends.

Young.

If weak thy *faith*, why choose the harder side?
We nothing know but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
So weak our reason, and so great our God,
What most surprises in the sacred page,
Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

Young.

O ye, whom, struggling on life's craggy road,
With obstacles and dangers, secret foes
Supplant, false friends betray, disastrous rage
Of elements, of war, of civil broil
Brings down to Poverty's cold floor, while grief

Preys on the heart, and dims the sinking eye;
Faint not! There is, who rules the storm, whose hand
Feeds the young ravens, nor permits blind chance
To close one sparrow's flagging wing in death.
Trust in the rock of ages. Now, even now
He speaks, and all is calm. Or if, to prove
Your inmost soul, the hurricane still spread
Its licensed ravages. He whispers hope,
Earnest of comfort; and through blackest night
Bids keen-eyed *Faith* on heaven's pure sunshine gaze,
And learn the glories of her future home.

Gisborne.

The pious man
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide heaven's fine circlet, spring aloft in *faith*
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veiled
With intervening vapours, and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea, which hides
The earth's fair breast; that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all,
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd
The glowing sunbeams play.

H. K. White.

Through *Faith* on earth, man holds a life sublime,
And in the past and future, as he lists,
Expatiates, and confers with every clime.
Through *faith* he knows whereby the frame subsists,
Of the expanded universe, by whom
Created, and whereto it yet exists;
A stranger and a pilgrim till the tomb

Opens the way to the celestial land,
Where God prepares a city, as a womb.
So hopeful o'er the grave the *faithful* stand,
Wherein their brethren in the dust repose,
Grasped in the Father's Omnipresent hand.

J. A. Heraud.

I saw in visions of still thought reveal'd,
Two silent forms before me; both were fair,
But yet how much unlike that voiceless pair,
Except in outward beauty. One appeal'd
To all, save hearts by pride and passion steel'd,
With meek-eyed gentleness; and seem'd to wear
Mixt with each human charm, an heavenlier air,
To which humanity had wisely kneel'd.
Beautiful was the other's speechless shade,
And called herself Philosophy; but proud,
Cold, statue-like, she look'd upon the crowd,
Who to the lovelier spirit homage paid—
Her name was Scepticism! That gentler maid
Was titled *Faith* by acclamation loud!

B. Barton.

Behold the chamber where the Christian sleeps,
And where, from year to year, he prays and weeps;
Whence, in the midnight watch, his prayers arise
To those bright mansions where his treasure lies,
How near it is to all that *Faith* can see;
How short and peaceful may his passage be!
One beating pulse, one feeble struggle o'er,
May open wide the everlasting door;
Yes, for that bliss unspeakable unseen,
Is ready, and the veil of flesh between
A gentle sigh may rend, and then display
The broad full splendour of an endless day.

—This bright conviction elevates his mind,
He presses forward, leaving all behind.
Thus from his throne the tyrant foe is hurl'd
—
This is the *Faith* that overcomes the world.
Jane Taylor.

Thou ask'st why Christ so lenient to the deed,
So sternly claims the *Faith* which founds the creed;
Because, reposed in *Faith*, the soul has calm;
The hope a haven, and the wound a balm;
Because the light, dim seen in Reason's dream,
On all alike, through *faith* alone, could stream.
God willed support to weakness, joy to grief,
And so descended from His throne, BELIEF!
Sir E. B. Lytton.

To reason less is to imagine more;
They most aspire, who, meekly, most adore
—
Therefore the God-like Comforter's decree—
"His sins be loosened who hath *faith* in me."
Sir E. B. Lytton.

O, thou that rearest with celestial aim
Thy future seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy *Faith*! whatever thorns I meet,
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms, and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls, through my long infancy!
Coleridge.

As evening's pale and solitary star
  But brightens while the darkness gathers round;
So *Faith*, unmoved amid surrounding storms,
  Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

However deep be the mysterious word,
  However dark, she disbelieves it not;
Where reason would examine, *Faith* obeys,
  And "It is written" answers every doubt.
Caroline Fry.

Lo, when dangers closer threaten,
  And thy soul draws near to death;
When assaulted sore by Satan,
  Then present the shield of *Faith*:
Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
  Intercepted by thy God,
Then shall lose their force in patience,
  Sheathed in love, and quenched in blood.
Hart.

Redeemed from fear, and washed from lustful blot,
By *Faith* we then might rise above our lot;
And like Thy chosen few, restored within,
By hearts, as morning pure, might conquer sin.

*****

Faith, Hope, and Love, together work in gloom;
What *Faith* believes, Hope shapes in form and bloom,
And Love sends forth to daylight from the tomb.
John Sterling.

O thou of little *faith*, lift up thine eyes!
  Are the ten thousand glorious stars of night
  But a vain dream, because thy feeble sight
May not behold them in the noon-day skies?
Mary Howitt.

The steps of *Faith*
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The Rock beneath.
J. G. Whittier.

Lady, there is one star, and one alone,
That tells the future. Its interpreter
Is in man's heart, and is called Conscience:
The star, True *Faith*; the future that it shows
Is beyond human life.

G. P. R. James.

Faith is the Spirit's sweet control,
From which assurance springs,
Faith is the pencil of the soul,
That pictures heavenly things.

Faith is the conq'ring host that storms
The battlements of sin,
Faith is the quick'ning fire that warms
The trembling heart within.

O Rock of Ages, Fount of Bliss,
Thy needful help afford,
And let our constant prayer be *this*—
"Increase my *faith*, O Lord."

J. Burbidge.

We walk by *faith*, and not by sight,
Along this vale of tears,
'Till our wrapt souls shall wing their flight
To Heaven's unclouded spheres.

Triumphant then o'er sin and death,
We'll praise our living head,
And, looking back, behold the path,
Through which we have been led.

W. J. Brock.

FALL.

THE steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he *fall*, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.—Psalm xxxvii. 23, 24.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and

doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it *fell*: and great was the *fall* of it.—Matthew, vii. 26, 27.

And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the *fall* and rising again of many in Israel.—Luke, ii. 34.

POOR race of men! said the pitying Spirit,
Dearly ye pay for your primal *Fall*—
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all!
Thomas Moore.

Alas—the evil that we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to *fall*;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants, all,
Are we alway.
J. G. Whittier.

Grim-hearted world, that look'st with Levite eyes
On those poor *fallen* by too much faith in man,
She that upon thy freezing threshold lies,
Starved to more sinning by thy savage ban,—
Seeking that refuge because foulest vice
More godlike than thy virtue is, whose span
Shuts out the wretched only,—is more free
From all her crimes than thou wilt ever be.
Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair
Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sit'st at meat
With him who made her such, and speak'st him fair,

Leaving God's wandering lamb the while to bleat
Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless air:
Thou hast made prisoned virtue shew more wan
And haggard, than a vice to look upon.
James R. Lowell.

FAME.

SO the Lord was with Joshua; and his *fame* was noised throughout all the country.—Joshua, vi. 27.

And the *fame* of David went out into all lands; and the Lord brought the fear of him upon all nations.—I. Chronicles, xiv. 17.

And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.

And his *fame* went throughout all Syria.—Matthew, iv. 23, 24.

BUT *Fame*, alarmed, o'er Libya's cities flies:
Fame, the most fleet of mischief's progenies:
Who gathers speed from every passing hour;
Grows as she moves, and travels into power.
Timid and small at first, at length she shrouds,
While treading on the ground, her forehead in the clouds.
Offended at the gods, great parent Earth,
'Tis said, in vengeance gave the monster birth,
Of all her giant family the last;
A swift-wing'd portent, foul, deform'd, and vast,
Beneath each numerous plume, that lifts her flight,
An active eye extends her scope of sight.
As many ears, and mouths, and tongues she

moves,
To catch and spread the rumours as she roves.
Midway 'twixt heaven and earth, through night she flies
Clanging, nor bathes in dewy sleep her eyes.
By day she keeps on watch, and takes her stand
On some high roof or tower of wide command;
And thence, alike for truth or falsehood loud,
She shakes the city and distracts the crowd.
Symmons, from Virgil.

Let *fame*, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant-devouring time,
The endeavour of his present death may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And makes us heirs of all eternity.
Shakspere.

Then straight thro' all the world 'gan *fame* to fly;
A monster swifter none is under sun;
Increasing, as in waters we discry
The circles small, of nothing that begun,
Till of the drops, which from the skies do fall,
The circles spread and hide the waters all.
Sackville.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil,
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies.
Milton.

For *fame* the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Disowning every crime for which he dies,
Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care of names we leave behind.
To extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earnest of a life to come;
For, if when dead, we are but dust or clay,
Why think of what posterity shall say?
Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

Soame Jennins.

All *fame* is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not near the heart;
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

*****

And what is *fame*? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

Pope.

I hate this *Fame*, false avarice of fancy,
The sickly shade of an unsolid greatness!
The lying lure of pride that Europe cheats by.

Hill.

Absurd! to think to overreach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours:
The best concerted schemes men lay for *fame*,
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.

Blair.

Not inspiration can obtain
That *fame*, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp, what no man can possess alive!
Fame's a reversion in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.

Young.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
Was earthly *Fame*. She was a voice alone,
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
She never thought, but gabbled ever on,
Applauding most what least deserved applause.
The motive, the result, was nought to her.
The deed alone, though dyed in human gore,
And steeped in widows' tears, if it stood out
To prominent display, she talked of much,
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.
As changed the wind her organ, so she changed
Perpetually; and whom she praised to-day,
Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.

Pollok.

True *fame*'s a plant that seems to need
A body buried—for its seed;
And ere the churlish sucklings thrive,
The parent-stock must cease to live.

The good, the great, the wise, the just,
Are little valued till they're dust,
Nor till they mutter "Earth to earth,"
Can men perceive another's worth.

C. C. Colton.

What though the mounds that mark'd each

name,
  Beneath the wings of Time,
Have worn away?—Theirs is the *fame*
  Immortal and sublime;
For who can tread on Freedom's plain,
Nor wake her dead to life again.

R. Montgomery.

FAREWELL.

ANOTHER said, Lord, I will follow Thee; but let me first go bid them *farewell*, which are at home at my house.—Luke, ix. 61.

When they desired him to tarry longer time with them, he consented not; but bade them *farewell*.—Acts, xviii. 20, 21.

Finally, brethren, *farewell*.—II. Corinthians, xiii. 11.

Farewell! There is a spell within the word:
Methinks I never heard it sound so mournful;
Oh, thou subdued, oft scarce articulate sound,
How powerful thou art! How strong to move
The hidden strings that guide us puppet mortals!
Pass-word of memory—of by-gone days—
Thou everlasting epitaph—is there
A land in which thou hast no dwelling-place?
Wherein may be nor pageantry nor pride,
Nor altars, save the pure one of the heart,
Nor tombs, except for sorrow; and no tears;
There is a world, Oh God, where human lips
May say *Farewell!* no more.

Dilnot Sladden.

When eyes are beaming
  What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
  From their crystal cell:
When hands are link'd that dread to part,

And heart is met by throbbing heart.
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid *Farewell*!

When hope is chidden,
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell:
When fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again;
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid *Farewell*.

Bishop Heber.

'Tis well, if well thou farest
Upon thy heavenly way;
With joy the lips that love thee
Then *Fare-thee-well* may say.

Egone.

FATHER.

THE Mighty God, the everlasting *Father*.—Isaiah, ix. 6.

O Lord, Thou art our *Father*; we are the clay, and Thou our potter; and we all are the work of Thy hand.—Isaiah, lxiv. 8.

Our *Father* which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven.—Matthew, vi. 9, 10.

We have one *Father*, even God.—John, viii. 41.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the *Father* of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—James, i. 17.

FATHER, King, whose heav'nly face
Shines serene upon our race;
Mindful of Thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare;
We Thy majesty adore,

We Thy well-known aid implore;
Not in vain Thy aid we call,
Nothing want, for Thou art all!

Source of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright;
Thee, when morning greets the skies,
Blushing sweet with humid eyes:
Thee, when soft declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee, O Parent, will I sing,
To Thy feet my tribute bring!

Wesley.

Father and Friend! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with
Thee.

And through the various maze of time,
And through the infinity of space,
We follow Thy career sublime,
And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since Thou their God art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

Anon.

The Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amidst the clouds of even;
"Our *Father*,"—breathed a voice below—

"*Father*, who art in Heaven!"

Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud—
Those infant words were given;
"Our *Father*," angels sang aloud—
"*Father*, who art in Heaven!"

"Thy kingdom come"—still from the ground,
That childlike voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come"—God's hosts resound—
Far up the starry way!

"Thy will be done,"—with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done,"—the angelic throng—
Sing from seraphic shores!

"For ever,"—still those lips repeat,
Their closing evening prayer;
"For ever,"—floats in music sweet—
High 'midst the angels there!

Thine be the glory evermore,
From Thee may man ne'er sever;
But every Christian land adore
Jehovah!—God!—for ever!

C. Swain.

One *father* have we here on earth,
Another up in heaven;
By Him to us the second birth,
And lasting life is given.

Egone.

FEAR.

THE *fear* of the wicked it shall come upon him: but the desire of the righteous shall be granted.—Proverbs, x. 24.

The *fear* of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.—Proverbs, xxix. 25.

Say to them that are of a *fearful* heart, Be strong, *fear*

not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; He will come and save you.—Isaiah, xxxv. 4.

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather *fear* Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.—Matthew, x. 28.

For God hath not given us the spirit of *fear*; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.—II. Timothy, i. 7.

So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not *fear* what man shall do unto me.—Hebrews, xiii. 6.

SINCE nature's work be good, and death doth come
As nature's work, why should we *fear* to die?
Since *fear* is vain, but when it may presume,
Why should we *fear* that which we cannot fly?
Fear is more pain than is the pain it *fears*,
Disarming human minds of native might;
While each conceit an ugly figure bears,
Which were not ill well viewed in reason's light.

Sir P. Sidney.

Persuade them then,
Fearless to be resolved to die like men;
For want of such a resolution stings
At point of death, and dreadful horror brings
Ev'n to the soul; 'cause, wanting preparation,
She dies, despairing of her own salvation.
Yea, and moreover this full well know I,
He that's at any time *afraid* to die,
Is in weak case, and whatsoe'er he saith,
Hath but a wavering and a feeble faith.

George Wither.

Fear on guilt attends, and deeds of darkness;
The virtuous breast ne'er knows it.

Havard.

Some, for *fear* of want,
Want all their lives; and others ev'ry day,
For *fear* of dying, suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosoms banish if you can
That fatal guest, I mean the demon *fear*,
That trembles at impossible events,
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And Heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than *fear* itself?
And what avails it, that indulgent Heav'n
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present, nor with needless cares
Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb
Appal the surest hour that life bestows;
Serene and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come, and leave the rest to heaven.

Armstrong.

God's altar grasping with an eager hand,
Fear, the wild-visaged, pale, eye-starting wretch,
Sure-refuged, hears his hot-pursuing fiends
Yell at vain distance. Soon refreshed from Heaven,
He calms the throb and tempest of his heart,
His countenance settles; a soft solemn bliss
Swims in his eye—his swimming eye upraised:
And faith's whole armour glitters on his limbs!
And thus transfigured with a dreadless awe,
A solemn hush of soul, meek he beholds
All things of terrible seeming.

Coleridge.

Happy beyond description he
  Who *fears* the Lord his God,
Who hears His threats with holy awe
  And trembles at His rod.

Let *fear* and love, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine.
Then shall I worship Thee aright,
And taste Thy joys divine.

Needham.

My son, be this thy simple plan:
Fear God and love thy fellow-man;
Forget not in temptation's hour
That sin lends sorrow double power:
With hand, and brow, and bosom clear,
Fear God and know no other *fear*.

Anon.

FELLOWSHIP.

SHALL the throne of iniquity have *fellowship* with thee, which frameth mischief by a law.—Psalm xciv. 20.

Have no *fellowship* with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.—Ephesians, v. 11.

That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have *fellowship* with us; and truly our *fellowship* is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. —I. John, i. 3.

WE would not die in that man's company,
That fears his *fellowship* to die with us.

Shakspere.

From blissful bowers
Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life where'er they sat.
In *fellowship* of joy.

Milton.

The blessings which the poor and weak can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,

May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is but a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 't will fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted band
To know the bonds of *fellowship* again.

Talfourd.

O, sweet it is, through life's dark way
  In Christian *fellowship* to move,
Illumed by one unclouded ray,
  And one in faith, in hope, in love.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

How sweet it is when friend with friend
  In holy *fellowship* can walk!
When thoughts and sympathies may blend,
  And hearts be open as their talk!
Such will the preparation prove
For lasting *fellowship* above.

Egone.

FINISHED.

MOREOVER the word of the Lord came unto me saying, The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also *finish* it.—Zechariah, iv. 8, 9.

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is *finished*; and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.—John, xix. 30.

As he had begun, so he would also *finish* in you the same grace also.—II. Corinthians, viii. 6.

HE that of greatest works is *finisher*,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.

Shakspere.

O prophet of glad tidings! *finisher*
Of utmost hope.

Milton.

Though here you all perfection should not find,
Yet it is all the Eternal will designed;
It is a *finished* work, and perfect in its kind.

Blackmore.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is *finished*!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

"It is *finished*!"—O what pleasure
Do those charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is *finished*!"—
Saints the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is *finished*!"—
Saints from hence their comfort draw.

Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood:
"It is *finished*!"—
Christ has borne the heavy load.

J. Evans.

FLOOD.

AND the *flood* was forty days upon the earth.—Genesis, vii. 17.

The Lord sitteth upon the *flood*: yea the Lord sitteth King for ever.—Psalm xxix. 10.

For as in the days that were before the *flood* they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark,

And knew not until the *flood* came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.—Matthew, xxiv. 38, 39.

By faith *Noah*, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.—Hebrews, xi. 7.

God spared not the old world, but saved *Noah*, the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the *flood* upon the world of the ungodly.—II. Peter, ii. 5.

HE preached
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under dangers imminent:
But all in vain, which, when he saw, he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off,
Then from the mountain hewing timbers tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk.

Milton.

And now, the thickening sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen. The floating vessel swam
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow,
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmed, and them, with all their pomp,
Deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,

Where luxury late reigned, sea monsters whelped
And stabled. Of mankind, so numerous late,
All left in one small bottom swam imbarked.

Milton.

Methinks I see a distant vessel ride,
A lonely object on the shoreless tide,
Within whose ark the innocent have found
Safety, when stayed destruction ravens round;
Thus, in the hour of vengeance, God, who knows
His servants, spares them, while He smites His foes.

James Montgomery.

Sunk beneath the wave,
The guilty share an universal grave;
One wilderness of waters rolls in view,
And heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue;
Still stream unbroken torrents from the skies,
Higher, beneath, the inundations rise;
A lurid twilight glares athwart the scene,
Now thunders peal, faint lightnings flash between.

James Montgomery.

Down rush the torrents from above; the deep
Opens in all its fountains, ceaseless, still
Ceaseless: the muddy waters eddying fill
The valleys. High on every mound and steep,
In crowds, men, women, children, cattle, sheep,
  Stand shivering with dismay, the horrible
  Confusion eyeing; and, from hill to hill,
They shout in agony, or shriek, or weep,
  In vain! the waters gain upon them. Lo!
The ark careering past, their hands they stretch
For help; and now you see some drowning wretch
  Pursue the sacred vessel; but in woe

No pity must they have; so on they go.—
Now all is one wide sea without a beach.
Morehead.

Behold the awful Deity enthroned
In darkness awful—inaccessible,
And order almost unto chaos changed;
Tremendous gloom! that blots the sun's bright beams,
And more than midnight horrors shroud the skies,
The faint grey twilight gleaming thro' the clouds,
Discover, floating on a shoreless sea,
The chosen eight embosom'd in the Ark,
One family preserved to renovate
The world, Jehovah's judgments have destroyed.

*****

But see the bow its new-created dyes
Begin to beam propitious from the cloud—
"Destructive waters shall no more prevail,
No more become a *flood* upon the earth."
S. Hughes.

FLOWERS.

MAN that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a *flower*, and is cut down.—Job, xiv. 1, 2.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a *flower* of the field, so he flourisheth.—Psalm ciii. 15.

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the

field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith.—Luke, xii. 27, 28.

Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted:

But the rich in that he is made low: because as the *flower* of the grass, he shall pass away.—James, i. 9, 10.

For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the *flower* of grass. The grass withereth, and the *flower* thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.—I. Peter, i. 24, 25.

WHEN with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious marigold;
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast. When Titan spreads his rays,
How she observes him in his daily walk.
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk.
For when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd as 'twere, with tears till he returns;
And how she veils her *flowers* when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye, or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him.
When thus I meditate, methinks the *flowers*
Have spirits far more generous than ours;
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawning and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.

George Wither.

To me the meanest *flower* that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

Foster the good, and thou shalt tend the

flower
Already sown on earth;—
Foster the beautiful, and every hour,
Thou call'st new *flowers* to birth.

Schiller.

The enlivening sap,
Obedient to Thy laws, through fitted tubes
Ascends fermenting, and, at length, matured,
Breaks forth in gems, and germinates in leaves.
By Thee each family of *flowers* is clothed
In one unvarying dress, and breathes the same
Transmitted essences; and though the loom
No virgin fingers ply to swell her pride,
The lily shines, more gorgeously arrayed
Than monarchs, where the East, with hand profuse,
Showers on their pomp barbaric, pearl and gold.

Smart.

There is a lesson in each *flower*,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

Allan Cunningham.

When spring returns, the little children play,
In the grave-yard of the cathedral grey,
Busy as morning bees, and gather *flowers*—
Daisies and gold-cups—of the hurrying hours
Thoughtless as unsolicitous, though time
Speeds like a spectre, and their playful prime
Bears on to sorrow. Angel! cry aloud!
Speak of the knell, the grave-worm and the shroud!
No! let them play! for solitude and care
Too soon will teach them what poor mortals

are.
Yes! let them play, but as their thoughts expand,
May smiling pity lead them by the hand,
When they look up, and in the clouds admire
The lessening shaft of that aërial spire,
So be their thoughts uplifted from the sod,
Where time's brief *flowers* they gather to their God.

W. Lisle Bowles.

This cottage door, this gentle gale,
Hay-scented, whispering round,
Yon path-side rose, that down the vale,
Breathes incense from the ground,
Methinks should from the dullest clod,
Invite the thankful heart to God.

But, Lord, the violet bending low,
Seems better moved to praise;
From us what scanty blessings flow,
How voiceless close our days;—
Father, forgive us, and the *flowers*
Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.

James T. Fields.

Flowers! wherefore do ye bloom?
—We strew the pathway to the tomb!

J. Montgomery.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a *flower* at all.
He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no *flowers*.

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man—
To beautify the earth;
To whisper hope, to comfort man,

Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the *flowers*,
Will care much more for him.

Mary Howitt.

"See," said Marian unto me,
Standing by the cressy brook,
"How my wealth of *flowers* increaseth;
Have they not a pleasant look?"

"Deeper still," I said unto her,
"There the ceaseless worm alway
Feeds upon the living *flower*,
Drooping, drooping to decay."

"Deeper yet," said Marian,
"Love, and thank the love that giveth;
In the death of every one,
Future wealth uncounted liveth."

J. B. Kington.

FOLLY.

THE *fool* hath said in his heart, There is no God.—Psalm xiv. 1.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to *folly*.—Psalm lxxxv. 8.

The crown of the wise is their riches: but the *foolishness* of *fools* is *folly*.—Proverbs, xiv. 24.

Answer not a *fool* according to his *folly*, lest thou also be like unto him.—Proverbs, xxvi. 4.

Whosoever shall say, Thou *fool*, shall be in danger of hell fire.—Matthew, v. 22.

THE rout is *folly's* circle which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.

There we grow early grey, but never wise;
There form connections, but acquire no friend;
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood; and devote old age
To sports, which only childhood could excuse.

Cowper.

Many there are who wear the cap and bells,
And tread the maze of *folly*;
And some who dwell apart in hermit cells
With moping melancholy.
Many there are who toil, and moil, and scrape,
For gold they cannot keep;
And many who from toil and care escape,
Wrapped in a drunken sleep.
Some of their brothers in their anger cry—
Thou *fool*! nor heed the sin;
And some their God and Saviour would deny
Human applause to win.
All this is *foolishness*, but worst of all
The last mad *folly*,
Building betwixt the soul and heaven a wall,
Spreading o'er nature's face a gloomy pall
Of hopeless melancholy.

Egone.

FORGETFULNESS.

HOW long wilt thou *forget* me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?—Psalm xiii. 1.

But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath *forgotten* me.

Can a woman *forget* her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may *forget*, yet will I not *forget* thee.—Isaiah, xlix. 14, 15.

BEHOLD the inexorable hour at hand!
Behold the inexorable hour *forgot*!
And to *forget* it, the chief aim of life;
Though well to ponder it is life's chief end.
Young.

Forget me not! *Forget* me not!
Thou utterest, Lord, from earth or skies,
In glittering glory—rainbow dyes,
And every breeze that sheds a balm
On morning's joy or evening's calm,
In open glade or lonely spot,
Maintains a tongue to tell Thy power,
And whispers in Thy name and hour,
Forget me not! *Forget* me not!

Forget me not! *Forget* me not!
The record of Thy will doth say,
Revealing Thee in glory's ray,
On Sinai's mount with justice crowned,
Throwing Thy awful thunders round,
But most, when pitying the hard lot
Of man, Thy Son rejoiced to die
Upon the mount of Calvary,
Thy voice was heard—*Forget* me not!

Forget us not! *Forget* us not!
In that dread hour when tyrant death
Shall gripe this form and stop its breath;
Oh! in each struggling throe, that clay
Feels when the soul is wrenched away,
And it is left for earth to rot,
Look down in mercy—Lord, be nigh,
To curb the dying agony;
We are but dust—*Forget* us not!
William Martin.

FORGIVENESS.

TO the Lord our God belong mercies and *forgivenesses*, though we have rebelled against him.—Daniel, ix. 9.

When ye stand praying, *forgive*, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may *forgive* you your trespasses.

But if ye do not *forgive*, neither will your Father which is in heaven *forgive* your trespasses.—Mark, xi. 25, 26.

When they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

Then said Jesus, Father, *forgive* them; for they know not what they do.—Luke, xxiii. 33, 34.

Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, *forgiving* one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath *forgiven* you.—Ephesians, iv. 32.

THOUGH in the secret paths of sin I trod,
Yet do not quite forsake me, O my God!
'Tis Thou alone canst ease me of my pain,
Thy healing hand can wash out every stain,
Can cleanse my soul, and make the leper clean.
Speak, love divine, and bid the suppliant live,
Oh, let mine ear but hail the word, "*Forgive!*"
Daniel.

Forgive thy foe;—nor that alone,
His evil deed with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
From the Persian.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to *forgive* divine.
Pope.

Great souls *forgive* not injuries till time
Has put their enemies into their power,
That they may show *forgiveness* in their own.
Dryden.

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell,

They spurn me in their pride;
They render evil for my good,
My patience they deride.

Arise, O King! and be the proud
To righteous ruin driven!—
"*Forgive!*" an awful answer came,
"As thou would'st be *forgiven*."

Heber.

O thou unknown, Almighty cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But Thou art good; and Goodness still
Delighteth to *forgive*.

Burns.

Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound,
To rebel sinners doomed to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs shout it from the sky!

'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full—outmeasuring every crime;

Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we shew?
Where much transgression is *forgiven*,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

Cheered by the hope of pardoning grace,
We come Thy mercy, Lord, to prove;
Like weeping Mary, let us taste
A pledge of Thy *forgiving* love.

Gibbons.

She rose from her untroubled sleep,
And put aside her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breath'd a prayer.
And there, from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bow'd her slight and graceful form,
And humbly pray'd to be *forgiven*.

Oh, God! if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy from Thy throne,
If she, upon her bended knees,
Our loveliest and purest one—
She, with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her first years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we?
How hardly if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be *forgiven*?

N. P. Willis.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the keen stroke bends—
E'en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,

As if to token in her fall
"Peace to her foes, and love to all."
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, and feel the pain,
But render only love again.
This spirit ne'er was given on earth;
One had it,—he of heavenly birth;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made,
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for his murderers—and died.

Edmeston.

FOUNDATION.

OF old hast thou laid the *foundation* of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.—Psalm cii. 25.

Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I lay in Zion for a *foundation* a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure *foundation*: he that believeth shall not make haste.—Isaiah, xxviii. 16.

According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the *foundation*, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon.

For other *foundation* can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—I. Corinthians, iii. 10, 11.

WHY build ye on the unsteady sand,
A worthless house that cannot stand?
Behold, in winter's stormy day,
That frail support will glide away,
And rising billows lightly sweep
Your fortress to the yawning deep.
God hath a sure *foundation* given,
Fix'd as the firm decrees of heaven:
The changeless, everlasting rock,
That braves the storm, and bides the shock;
There build: the gates of hell in vain

Against that rock their war maintain.
Christ is the rock, the corner stone,
Faith rears her beauteous house thereon;
Adorn'd with works of willing love,
And pointing to the scenes above;
Where faith and hope their sway resign,
Swallow'd in sight and joy divine.
Charlotte Elizabeth.

I built my house upon a rock,
(Faith's strong *foundation* firm and sure,)
Fixed my abode, the heaviest shock
Of time and tempest to endure.

Nor small, nor large, nor low, nor high,
Midway it stands upon the steep,
Beneath the storm-mark of the sky,
Above the flood-mark of the deep.

And here I humbly wait, while He
Who pluck'd me from the lowest hell,
Prepares a heavenly house for me,
And calls me hence with Him to dwell.
J. Montgomery.

FOUNTAIN.

HOW excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

For with thee is the *fountain* of life: in thy light shall we see light.—Psalm xxxvi. 7, 9.

In that day there shall be a *fountain* opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.—Zechariah, xiii. 1.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the *fountain* of the water of life freely.—Revelation, xxi. 6.

HE set before him spread

A table of celestial food divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetched from the tree of life,
And from the *fount* of life ambrosial drink.
Milton.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of *fountains* that glide by us.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

How free the *fountain* flows
Of endless life and joy!
The spring which no confinement knows,
Whose waters never cloy.

How sweet the accents sound
From the Redeemer's tongue!
Assemble all ye nations round
In one obedient throng.

Ho, every thirsty soul
Approach the sacred spring,
Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer,
Renew the draught and sing.
Doddridge.

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a *fountain* near,—
A *fountain* which shall ever run
With waters sweet and clear?
Ryland.

FRAILTY.

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of

my days, what it is; that I may know how *frail* I am.—Psalm xxxix. 4.

BUT man with *frailty* is allied by birth.
Bishop Lowth.

By nature peccable and *frail* are we,
Easily beguiled; to vice, to error prone;
But apt for virtue too. Humanity
Is not a field where tares and thorns alone
Are left to spring; good seed hath there been sown
With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the shoot
Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone;
But in a kindly soil it strikes its root,
And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.
Southey.

"How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth designed
T' enclose a heavenly star?

"Weak cottage where our souls reside,
This flesh a tott'ring wall;
With frightful breaches gaping wide,
The building bends to fall.

"All round it storms of trouble blow,
And waves of sorrow roll;
Cold waves and winter storms beat through,
And pain the tenant soul.

"Alas! how *frail* our state!" said I;
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul felt all the glory come,
And breathed her native air;

Then she remembered heaven, her home,
  And she a prisoner here.

Straight she begun to change her key,
  And joyful in her pains,
She sang the *frailty* of her clay
  In pleasurable strains.

Watts.

FREEDOM.

HE that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord's *freeman*: likewise also he that is called, being *free*, is Christ's servant.—I. Corinthians, vii. 22.

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you *free*.—John, viii. 32.

If the Son therefore shall make you *free*, ye shall be *free* indeed.—John, viii. 36.

As *free*, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God.—I. Peter, ii. 16.

Freely we serve,
Because we *freely* love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall.

Milton.

Yet gave me in this dark estate
  To see the good from ill,
And, binding Nature fast in fate,
  Left *free* the human will.

Pope.

Placed for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse;
Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
Say to what bar amenable were man?
With nought in charge he could betray no trust;

And if he fell, would fall because he must;
If Love reward him, or if Vengeance strike,
His recompense in both unjust alike.

Cowper.

Grace leads the right way: if you choose the wrong,
Take it and perish, but restrain your tongue;
Charge not, with light sufficient, and left *free*,
Your wilful suicide on God's decree.

Cowper.

True *freedom* is where no restraint is known
That scripture, justice, and good sense disown,
Where only vice and injury are tied,
And all from shore to shore is *free* beside.

Cowper.

Where had been
The test of faith if the expanded arm
Of Heaven, in glory and in power displayed,
Had curbed the *freedom* of the human will,
Nor left the scope of choice!

Samuel Hayes.

If, with streamy radiance, God
Had dazzling beamed upon His creatures' eyelids,
And shown Himself to their unbandaged view,
And with a voice divine to us had spoken,
Destroying in our hearts the wondrous balance,
(Man ceasing to be man had lost his *freedom*,)
Our soul would not have struggled with our senses,
And void of *freedom* what would virtue be?

Pulling, from Lamartine.

For what is *freedom*, but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use had

given?
But chiefly this, Him first, Him last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil His blaze.

Coleridge.

Man (ingenious to contrive his woe,
And rob himself of all that makes this vale
Of tears bloom comfort) cries, If God foresees
Our future actings, then the objects known
Must be determined, or the knowledge fail:
Thus liberty's destroyed, and all we do
Or suffer, by a fatal thread is spun.
Say, fool, with too much subtilty misled,
Who reasonest but to err, does Prescience change
The property of things? Is aught thou seest
Caused by thy vision, not thy vision caused
By forms that previously exist? To God
This mode of seeing future deeds extends,
And *freedom* with foreknowledge may exist.

George Bally.

In a service which Thy will appoints
  There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
  That makes thy children "*free*;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
  Is a life of liberty.

A. L. Waring.

FRIENDSHIP.

A FRIEND loveth at all times.—Proverbs, xvii. 17.

A man that hath *friends* must shew himself *friendly*: and there is a *friend* that sticketh closer than a brother.—Proverbs, xviii. 24.

The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a *friend* of

publicans and sinners. But wisdom is justified of her children.—Matthew, xi. 19.

Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the *friendship* of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a *friend* of the world is the enemy of God. —James, iv. 4.

O WORLD, thy slippery turns! *Friends* now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart;
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meat, and exercise,
Are still together; who twin, as 't were, in love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear *friends*,
And interjoin their issues.

Shakspere.

Each *friend* by fate snatched from us, is a plume
Plucked from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
And, damped with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lowered,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up;
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance.

Young.

Heaven gives us *friends* to bless the present scene;
Resumes them to prepare us for the next.

Young.

Celestial happiness! Whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven,—the bosom of a *friend*,
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

Young.

A *friend* is worth all hazards we can run,
Poor is the *friendless* master of a world;
A world in purchase of a *friend* is gain.

Dr. Young.

Friend of the *friendless* and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not that word still fixed remain,
That "none shall seek thy face in vain?"

Cowper.

To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With power to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but Heaven decrees
To all, the gift of minist'ring to ease:
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all praise above;
The mild forbearance of another's fault,
The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought;
On these Heaven bade the sweets of life depend;
And crush'd ill fortune when she gave a *friend*.
A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the breast he loves,

Smoothes not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.
Hannah More.

There is a *Friend*, more tender, true,
Than brother e'er can be,
Who, when all others bid adieu,
Remains—the last to flee;
Who, be their pathway bright or dim,
Deserts not those who turn to Him.

The heart by Him sustained, though deep
Its anguish, still can bear!
The soul He condescends to keep,
Shall never know despair;
In nature's weakness, sorrow's night,
God is its strength, its joy, its light.
Barton.

Friend after *friend* departs;
Who hath not lost a *friend*?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.
J. Montgomery.

Friendship, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mixed and joined again.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,

And *friendship* stay to moan?
Why the fond passion cling so fast,
When every joy is gone?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain;
For love and joy were once allied,
And must be joined again.

Watts.

Christ had His *friends*—His eye could trace
In the long train of coming years,
The chosen children of His grace,
The full reward of all His tears.
These are *friends*, and these are thine,
If thou to Him hast bowed the knee;
And where these ransomed millions shine
Shall thy eternal mansion be.

Anonymous.

In yonder bright clime Christian *friendships* of earth
Shall live through eternity's day,
Shall blossom like plants in the land of their birth,
But never to suffer decay.

W. J. Brock.

GAIN.

WHAT shall it profit a man, if he shall *gain* the whole world, and lose his own soul.—Mark, viii. 36.

For me to live is Christ, and to die is *gain*.—Philippians, i. 21.

But what things were *gain* to me, those I counted loss for Christ.—Philippians, iii. 7.

Godliness with contentment is great *gain*.—I. Timothy, vi. 6.

Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go

into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get *gain*.

Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow.—James, iv. 13, 14.

I LEFT the God of truth and light,
  I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
  And perish in the snares of death.

In riches when I sought for joy,
  And placed in sordid *gain* my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
  And worldly pleasures fleeting dust.

J. Montgomery.

The Christian knows each cloud of grief
  Bears impress of his God;
That love, he knows, will send relief
  Which sends the chastening rod.

He suffers still:—God doth not spare;
  But, lo, He soothes his grief!—
The Christian has a cross to bear,—
  But has a Christ's relief!

A crown was purchased by his cross,
  A Paradise by pain;
And for His sake, each present loss
  Shall yield eternal *gain*.

Anon.

No more, my God, I boast no more
  Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
  To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now for the love I bear His name,
  What was my *gain* I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
  And nail my glory to His cross.

Watts.

GARDEN—EDEN—GETHSEMANE.

AND the Lord God planted a *garden* eastward in *Eden*; and there he put the man whom he had formed.—Genesis, ii. 8.

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called *Gethsemane*, and saith unto his disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.—Matthew, xxvi. 36.

Jesus went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a *garden*, into the which he entered, and his disciples.—John, xviii. 1.

In the place where he was crucified there was a *garden*; and in the *garden* a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid.

There laid they Jesus.—John, xix. 41, 42.

THE mighty Lord of heaven and earth,
By Gihon's pure and placid stream,
That from the new-born hills came forth,
To sparkle in the sun's young beam—
Upraised, all lovely as a dream
To hearts of holy feeling given,
The *garden*-bowers with joy that teem
For the peculiar wards of heaven:—

For man and woman—blessed pair!
In innocence and beauty made:
With sinless lips to breathe the air,
Whose odorous gales around them played;
With hearts as pure as dew-drops laid
Within the rose's virgin breast;
With souls that never felt a shade
Of gloom upon their prospects rest.

Knox.

Bring the thrilling scene
Home to thine inmost soul:—the sufferer's cry,
"Father, if it be possible, this cup
Take thou away.—Yet not my will but thine:"

The sleeping friends who could not watch
one hour,
The torch, the flashing sword, the traitor's
kiss,
The astonished angel, with the tear of
Heaven
Upon his cheek, still striving to assuage
Those fearful pangs that bowed the Son of
God,
Like a bruised reed. Thou who hast power to
look
Thus at *Gethsemane*, be still! be still!
What are thine insect-woes, compared to His
Who agonizeth there? Count thy brief pains
As the dust atom on life's chariot-wheels,
And in a Saviour's grief forget them all.

Mrs. Sigourney.

The palm—the vine—the cedar—each hath
power
To bid fair oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistening of the laurel bower
Waft Grecian images, o'er fancy's eye:
But thou, pale olive! in thy branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet grove of old
Might e'er enshrine:—I could not hear thee
sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
Without high thoughts and solemn of that
scene
When in the *Garden* the Redeemer prayed—
When pale stars looked upon His fainting
head,
And angels, ministering in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling
shade.

Hemans.

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade

Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
In this delicious solitude.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
As at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets, and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

How well the skilful *gard'ner* drew
Of flow'rs and herbs the dial new,
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes the time, as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers.

Andrew Marvell.

In a *garden*—man was placed,
  Meet abode for innocence,
With his Maker's image graced:
  —Sin crept in and drove him thence,
Through the world, a wretch undone,
Seeking rest and finding none.

In a *garden*—on that night
  When our Saviour was betrayed,
With what world-redeeming might,
  In his agony he prayed!
Till he drank the vengeance up,

And with mercy filled the cup.

In a *garden*—on the cross,
When the spear His heart had riven,
And for earth's primeval loss
Heaven's best ransom had been given,
Jesus rested from His woes,
Jesus from the dead arose.

Emblem of the church above!
Where, as in their native clime,
'Midst the *garden* of His love,
Rescued from the rage of time,
Saints, as trees of life shall stand,
Planted by His own right hand.

J. Montgomery.

GENTLENESS.

THOU hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy *gentleness* hath made me great.—II. Samuel, xxii. 36.

Now I Paul myself beseech you by the meekness and *gentleness* of Christ.—II. Corinthians, x. 1.

But we were *gentle* among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.—I. Thessalonians, ii. 7.

The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be *gentle* unto all men, apt to teach, patient.—II. Timothy, ii. 24.

GENTLY I took that which *ungently* came,
And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's eye spark,
Thou wouldest not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,

Or smother'd stifle thee with noisome air.
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it;—thine the gains
—
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

Coleridge.

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
She, and my friends here, this delightful night,
That power itself has not one half the might
Of *Gentleness*. 'Tis want to all true wealth;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strain'd upon or else they rise;
The battle to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile:
The tempest, trampled in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun;
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was spoken.

Leigh Hunt.

Speak *gently*!—It is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak *gently*—let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak *gently*—love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And *gently* Friendship's accents flow,—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak *gently* to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak *gently* to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak *gently* to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak *gently*, kindly, to the poor—
Let no harsh word be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak *gently* to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again.

Anonymous.

GIVING.

THOU hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received *gifts* for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.—Psalm lxviii. 18.

That every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the *gift* of God.—Ecclesiastes, iii. 13.

The *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Romans, vi. 23.

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable *gift*.—II. Corinthians, ix. 15.

THE King of light, Father of aged time,
Hath brought about that day, which is the prime
To the slow gliding months, when every eye
Wears symptoms of a sober jollity;
And every hand is ready to present
Some service in a real compliment.
While some in golden letters write their love,
Some speak affection by a ring or glove,
Or pins and points, (for e'en the peasant may,
After his ruder fashion, be as gay
As the brisk courtly Sir,) and thinks that he
Cannot, without a gross absurdity,
Be this day frugal, and not spare his friend
Some *gift*, to show his love finds not an end
With the deceased year.

Joshua Poole.

Who *gives*, constrained, but his own fear reviles;
Not thanked, but scorned; nor are they *gifts*, but spoils.

Denham.

Cheap *gifts* best fit poor *givers*. We are told
Of the lone mite, and cup of water cold,
That, in their way, approved the offerer's zeal.
True love shows costliest where the means are scant,
And, in her reckoning, they abound who want.

Charles Lamb.

Largely Thou *givest*, gracious Lord,
Largely Thy *gifts* should be restored;
Freely Thou *givest*, and thy word
  Is "Freely *give*."
He only who forgets to hoard
  Has learned to live.

Keble.

GLORY.

AND she named the child Ichabod, saying, The *glory* is departed from Israel.—I. Samuel, iv. 21.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to *glory*.—Psalm lxxiii. 24.

When the Lord shall build up Zion he shall appear in his *glory*.—Psalm cii. 16.

The wise shall inherit *glory*.—Proverbs, iii. 35.

For men to search their own *glory* is not *glory*.—Proverbs, xxv. 27.

Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord, and for the *glory* of his majesty.—Isaiah, ii. 10.

T' RAISE desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater *glory*,
Than to mix greatness with a prince that owns
No worth but that name only.

Massinger.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The *glory* of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

Shirley.

This is true *glory* and renown, when God,
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks

The just man, and divulges him through
heaven
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises: thus He did to Job,
Who famous was in heaven, on earth less
known;
Where *glory* is false *glory* attributed
To things not *glorious*, men not worthy of
fame.
They err who count it *glorious* to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles
win,
Great cities by assault; what do these
worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and
enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave
behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing arts of peace destroy.
But if there be in *glory* aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.

Milton.

Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to
themselves
All *glory* arrogate, to God give none.

Milton.

Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And sports and flutters in the treacherous
blaze;
Ravished with joy he wings his eager flight,
Nor deems of ruin in so clear a light:
He tempts his fate, and courts a *glorious*
doom,

A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.
Tickell.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The path of *glory* leads but to the grave.
Gray.

O, that mine eye might closed be,
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear,
To what concerns me not to hear;
That Truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived, in my breast;
That by each word, and deed, and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
Thomas Ellwood.

Lift up your heads, ye gates that long endure!
The King of *Glory* comes victoriously!
Who is the King of *Glory*? He, be sure,
The Lord, renowned in battle! This is He!
Lift up your heads, ye gates! He stands before ye;
Oh ye æonian gates, uplifted be,
And make to Him wide entrance whom adore ye.
Who is the King ye herald? who but He,
The Lord of Hosts? Who else is King of *Glory*?
J. A. Heraud.

Wake, arm divine! awake
Eye of the only wise!
Now for Thy *glory's* sake,
Saviour and God arise!
Keble.

GOD.

THOU art a *God* ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.—Nehemiah, ix. 17.

The mighty *God*, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

Our *God* shall come, and shall not keep silence.—Psalm l. 1, 3.

And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our *God*; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.—Isaiah, xxv. 9.

To whom then will ye liken *God*? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?—Isaiah, xl. 18.

Prepare to meet thy *God*.—Amos, iv. 12.

God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John, iv. 24.

Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: *God* was manifest in the flesh.—I. Timothy, iii. 16.

> TO *God* more glory, more good-will to men
> From *God*, and over wrath shall grace abound.
>
> *Milton.*

> The heavens are a point from the pen of His perfection;
> The world is a rosebud from the bower of His beauty;
> The sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom;
> And the sky a bubble on the sea of His power.
> His beauty is free from stain of sin,
> Hidden in a veil of thick darkness.
> He formed mirrors of the atoms of the world,
> And he cast a reflection from His own face on every atom!
> To thy clear-seeing eye whatsoever is fair,
> When thou regardest it aright, is a reflection

from His face.

Jami, from the Persian.

O Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast,
With silent confidence, and holy rest;
From Thee, great *God*! we spring—to Thee we tend,
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

Dr. Johnson.

Not *God* alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Pope.

The *God* that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas—
This awful *God* is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

Watts.

Spirit whose life-sustaining presence fills
Air, ocean, central depths by man untried,
Thou for Thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time! The silence of the hills
Breathes veneration: founts and choral rills
Of Thee are murmuring:—to its inmost glade
The living forest with Thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness in every shade.

Mrs. Hemans.

On earth there's not a creature
Too small, dear *God*, for Thee:
Thou gav'st them form and feature,
And Thine they aye must be.
For Thee the bird sings,
For Thee the fish springs,
For Thee the bee hums,
The gold-beetle drums,
The little mouse pipes clear and fine;—
We all are Thine, dear Lord; but Thine!

Clemens Brentano.

There is no *God*,—the fool in secret said;
There is no *God* that rules on earth or sky;
Tear off the band that folds the wretched head,
That *God* may burst upon his faithless eye.
Is there no *God*?—the stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no *God*?—the silver stream that flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of *God*; throughout one voice agrees,
And eloquent His dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah! see Him, fool, in these.

Anon.

My *God*, to Thee belong
Incense of praise and hallowed song;
To Thee be all the glory given
Of all my mercies under heaven;
From Thee my daily bread and health,
Each comfort, all my spirit's wealth,
Have been derived;—my sins alone,
And errings, I can call mine own.

Walker.

What secret hand, at morning light,
  By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
  And opens earth and sky?

'Tis Thine, my *God*—the same that kept
  My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
  Beneath the Almighty's arm.

'Tis Thine—my daily bread that brings,
  Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
  In beauty from the ground.

J. Montgomery.

With years oppress'd, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harass'd, sick, forlorn,
  To Thee, O *God*, I pray;
To Thee my withered hands arise;
To Thee I lift my failing eyes:
  Oh! cast me not away!

Sir R. Grant.

Who spoke creation into birth,
Arch'd the broad heavens, and spread the
    rolling earth;
Who form'd a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run;
Who fill'd the air, the forest, and the flood,
And gave man all for comfort, or for good.

Charles Sprague.

GOLD.

BUT he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as *gold*.—Job, xxiii. 10.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than *gold*, yea, than much fine *gold*.—Psalm xix. 9, 10.

The trial of your faith, being much more precious that of *gold* that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.—I. Peter, i. 7.

I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure *gold,* like unto clear glass.—Revelation, xxi. 2, 18.

NEVER exceed thy income. Youth may make
Even with the year; but age if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still its stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends, upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayest safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.
Herbert.

To purchase heaven has *gold* the power?
Can *gold* remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with *gold*?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought—
Fair virtue gives, unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
Dr. Johnson.

Oh, bane of man! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?

Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill,
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill;
'Twas *gold* instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.

Gay.

Gold, many hunted, sweat, and bled for *Gold*;
Waked all the night, and laboured all the day.
And what was this allurement dost thou ask?
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which, being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A god; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less;
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life;
And to complete the horrid murderous rite,
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them—what? an hour of dreaming joy,
A feverish hour that hasted to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of woe.

Pollok.

The deep damnation of the crowd, O *Gold*!
  Heapeth reproach upon thy innocent dust!
  "Evil's prolific root,"—"Bribe of the
  just,"—
"Strength of the false and cruel,"—"God, extoll'd
By priests, by whom heaven's pardoning grace is sold,"—
  Such are thy titles! while, with covetous
  lust,
Men hoard the very ore they have befoul'd

With the tongue's obloquy of wordy rust,—
Yet thou art sinless, *Gold!* and bright, and bland,
And fit for glorious offices; and blest,
When put to uses holy. Oh, be sure
The curse is not on thee; for 'tis the hand
That toucheth thee doth thee with stains invest,
Or maketh thee beneficent and pure!

Calder Campbell.

That universal idol, *Gold*,
In homage all unites;
Without a temple, 'tis adored,
And has no hypocrites.

Nay, more, *Gold's* warmest devotees
Strive most to hide their zeal;
And he that loves this idol most,
Would most that love conceal.

Colton.

GOODNESS.

THERE be many that say, Who will shew us any *good*? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.—Psalm iv. 6.

There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth *good*, and sinneth not.—Ecclesiastes, vii. 20.

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is *good*; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.—Micah, vi. 8.

Do *good* to them that hate you.—Matthew, v. 44.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do *good* unto all men.—Galatians, vi. 10.

Hold fast that which is *good*.—I. Thessalonians, v. 21.

Therefore to him that knoweth to do *good*, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.—James, iv. 17.

HOW far the little candle throws his beams!
So shines a *good* deed in a naughty world.
Shakspere.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing *good*,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return.
Rowe.

Then to be *good*, is to be happy: angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
Rowe.

Take well whate'er shall chance, though bad it be,
Take it for *good*, and 'twill be *good* to thee.
Randolph.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows;
The author not impaired, but honoured more.

Milton.

Look round the world, behold the chain of love
Combining all below, and all above;
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to the next in place,
Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace;
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre, still the general *good*.

Young.

A *good* man and an angel! These between
How thin the barrier? What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or if an age, it is a moment still,
A moment, or eternity's forgot.

Young.

Who never felt the impatient throb—
The longing of a heart that pants
And reaches after distant *good*.

Cowper.

Sure the last end
Of the *good* man is peace!—how calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft!

Blair.

The *good* are better made by ill,
As odours crushed, are better still.

Rogers.

As flowers which night, when day is o'er, perfume,
Breathes the sweet memory from a *good* man's tomb.

Sir E. B. Lytton.

When to the common rest that crowns our days,
Called in the noon of life, the *good* man goes,
Or full of years, or ripe in wisdom, lays
His silver temples in their last repose;
When, o'er the buds of youth, the death-wind blows,
And blights the fairest; when our bitterest tears
Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest *goodness* die with them, and leave the coming years.

W. C. Bryant.

Give credit to thy mortal brother's heart
For all the *good* that in thine own hath part.

Mrs. Norton.

Never despair of *goodness*. Men are bad,
But have been worse. The badness shall die out,
The *goodness*, like the thistle-down, shall float,
Bearing a germ beneath its tiny car—
A germ predestined to become a tree,
To fall on fruitful soil, and on its boughs
Bear seed enough to stock the universe.

Charles Mackay.

GOSPEL.

AND He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and

preach the *gospel* to every creature.—Mark, xvi. 15.

To the poor the *gospel* is preached.—Luke, vii. 22.

For I am not ashamed of the *gospel* of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.—Romans, i. 16.

The word of truth, the *gospel* of your salvation.—Ephesians, i. 13.

If ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the *gospel*, which ye have heard, and which was preached to every creature which is under heaven.—Colossians, i. 23.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting *gospel* to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.—Revelation, xiv. 6.

O, I have seen, (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again,)
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-eyed;
A man that would have foiled, at their own play,
A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright, as ready to produce;
Could fetch the records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlightened page
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear:
Yet, above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory was the *gospel* theme;
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seemed there at home,
—
Ambitious not to shine, or to excel,

But, to treat justly what he loved so well.
Cowper.

Behold His life, and learn from Him to live;
In death still greater view thy dying Lord,
And imitate that worth thou canst not reach.
Smooth are His paths, and to conduct thy feet,
The *Gospel's* holy light around thee sheds
Its mild effulgence.
William Bolland.

Gazing ever on the *Gospel* light,
That endless source of evidence and truth,
Prove every doctrine by that golden rule,
And "try the spirits if they be of God."
Mrs. Sigourney.

The *Gospel's* glorious hope,
Its rule of purity, its eye of prayer,
Its fort of firmness on temptation's steep,
Its bark that fails not, 'mid the storm of death,
He spread before them, and with gentlest tone,
Such as a brother to his sister breathes,
His little sister, simple and untaught,
Did urge them to the shelter of that ark
Which rides the wrathful deluge.
Mrs. Sigourney.

The moon is up! How calm and slow
  She wheels above the hill;
The weary winds forget to blow,
  And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers, with delight,
  The rising brightness see,
Revealing all the paths and plains,
  And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
  Its little ripple leaves;

It falls upon the forest shade,
And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening bills,
The heavenly lustre spread;
The *gospel* sounded from the blaze,
And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
Its guiding splendour throws;
Bright in the opening hours of life,
But brighter at the close.

The waning moon in time shall fail
To walk the midnight skies,
But God hath kindled *this* bright light
With fire that never dies.

W. B. O. Peabody.

GRACE.

THE Lord will give *grace* and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.—Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

The law was given by Moses, but *grace* and truth came by Jesus Christ.—John, i. 17.

We have access by faith into this *grace* wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.—Romans, v. 2.

My *grace* is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.—II. Corinthians, xii. 9.

For the *grace* of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.—Titus, ii. 11.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of *grace*, that we may obtain mercy, and find *grace* to help in time of need.—Hebrews, iv. 16.

PRAY for the health of all that are diseased,

Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And *grace* to all, that all may be amended.
Nicholas Breton.

The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with *Grace*,
And there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.
Shakspere.

That word, *Grace*,
In an un*gracious* mouth, is but profane.
Shakspere.

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His *grace* than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;—
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.
Henry Wotton.

Prevenient *grace* descending had removed
The stony from their hearts.
Milton.

But *grace*, abused, brings forth the foulest deeds,
As richest soil, the most luxuriant weeds.
Cowper.

My stock lies dead, and no increase,
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O let thy *grace* still without cease,
Drop from above!

The dew doth every morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove,

The dew for which grass cannot call?
Drop from above!

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove;
Let *grace* work too, and on my soul
Drop from above!

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let suppling *grace*, to cross his art,
Drop from above!

O come! for Thou dost know the way,
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me when I need, and say—
Drop from above!

George Herbert.

I want that *grace* which springs from Thee,
Which quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

Cowper.

All-powerful *Grace*, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey;
Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile, inconstant heart!

Mrs. Carter.

O God! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the bless'd decree,
That *Grace* can e'er be found, when sought,
And nought shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear;
But torture, stake, or prison-wall,
Can be endured with faith and prayer.

Eliza Cook.

This *grace* is ours: who asks in Thy great name,

May ask for all; and with assurance claim
The purchased pardon to believers given,
The seal of mercy, and the hope of heaven.
Perronet.

Every act
Which shunned the trifling plaudit of mankind,
Shall here to wondering millions be displayed,
A monument of *grace*.
C. P. Layard.

Faith! anchor of the soul amid the storms
Which vex and toss the ocean deep, which forms
The pathway to that land of light and love,
Which waits the ransom'd in the world above;
While this life lasts, I fain would stay on thee;
I shall not need thee in eternity.
Hope! be thou mine, while here on earth I rove,
But only till I reach my home above:
But *Charity!* of christian *graces* best,
Ever increasing, blessing still and blest,
Thou shalt remain when Faith and Hope shall cease,
The source and fulness e'en of Heaven's bliss!
No period circumscribes my prayer for thee;
Be mine on earth, and through eternity!
Mary Milner.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that *grace* display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Doddridge.

GRAVE—TOMB.

THE Lord killeth, and maketh alive: he bringeth down to the *grave*, and bringeth up.—I. Samuel, ii. 6.

God will redeem my soul from the power of the *grave*: for he shall receive me.—Psalm xlix. 15.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the *grave*, whither thou goest.—Ecclesiastes, ix. 10.

I will ransom them from the power of the *grave*: I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O *grave*, I will be thy destruction.—Hosea, xiii. 14.

WHEN self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we are something
Above the common level of our kind;
The *grave* gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Blair.

Dull *grave*! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;

Branding out laughter with the name of madness.

Blair.

All at rest now—all dust!—wave flows on wave,
But the sea dries not! What to us the *grave*?
It brings no real homily; we sigh,
Pause for awhile, and murmur "all must die;"
Then rush to pleasure, action, sin, once more,
Swell the loud tide, and fret unto the shore.

Sir E. B. Lytton.

Oh! for a heart that seeks the sacred gloom
That hovers round the precincts of the *tomb*!
While fancy, musing there, sees visions bright,—
In death discovering life, in darkness, light.

What though the chilling blasts of winter's day
Forbid the garden longer to be gay?
Of winter yet I'll not refuse to sing,
Thus to be followed by eternal spring.

Leigh Richmond.

What is the *Grave* of Pride? Is it to lie
'Neath sculptured marble, where the night-winds sigh
Through solemn arches, and 'mid pillars tall,
The while the pallid moonbeams coldly fall
On shrine, and urn, and "animated bust,"
The vain memorials all of "dust to dust?"
Is it to lie with hands uprear'd in prayer,
As many a warrior rests in sculpture rare;
His banner floating o'er the chisell'd stone,
'Neath which, long ages since, he laid him down,
To fear no battle-cry, nor trumpet call,
Till on his startled ear the peal shall fall,
That from the storied *tomb*, or daisied sod,
Death's sleepers shall awake to meet their God?

Then will it seek not, if in minster-pile,
While music roll'd through each time-honour'd aisle,
And choral hymnings swell the flood of sound,
That rose and fell through all the vaults around;
Or if beneath some village yew-tree's shade,
The child of earth to his long rest were laid.
The marble *tomb* must yield its treasured trust,
The grass-grown *grave* give up the sleeping dust.

Mary Milner.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground, God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each *grave* within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Longfellow.

'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die,
And the best of the world, is its path to the sky,—
Be it gloomy or bright, for the life that He gave
Let us thank Him—but blessed be God for the *grave*!
'Tis the end of our toil, 'tis the crown of our bliss,
'Tis the portal of happiness—aye, but for this,
How hopeless were sorrow, how narrow were love,
If they looked not from earth to the rapture above!

J. K. Mitchell.

Come unto the churchyard near:
Where the gentle, whispering breeze
Softly rustleth through the trees;
Where the moonbeam pure and white,
Falls in floods of cloudless light,
Bathing many a turfy heap
Where the lowlier slumberers sleep;
And the graceful willow waves,
Banner-like, o'er nameless *graves*:
Here hath prayer arisen like dew,—
Here the earth is holy, too,
Lightly press each grassy mound:
Surely this is hallowed ground.

M. A. Browne.

Through these branched walks will
contemplation wind,
And grave wise Nature's teachings on his
mind;
As the white *grave*-stones glimmer to his eye,
A solemn voice will thrill him, "*Thou* must
die!"
When autumn's tints are glittering in the air,
That voice will whisper to his soul "Prepare!"
When winter's snows are spread o'er hill and
dell,
"Oh, this is death!" that solemn voice will
swell;
But when with spring, streams leap, and
blossoms wave,
"Hope, Christian, hope," 'twill say, "there's
life beyond the *grave*."

Alfred B. Street.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark *grave*;
It points to the glory where He shall reign
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise
again!"

Henry Ware, Jun.

Yes! it is a certain sleep,
  Where dreams of woe can ne'er intrude;
Ah! if no earthly passion creep
  Into its solemn solitude.

If there at length we cease to feel
  Each pang, which living rends the breast;
Who would not from this vain world steal
  Into the silent *grave* to rest?

Arthur Brook.

GREATNESS.

ASCRIBE ye *greatness* unto our God.—Deuteronomy, xxxii. 3.

Great is the Lord, and *greatly* to be praised; and His *greatness* is unsearchable.—Psalm cxlv. 3.

Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be *greatest*.

And Jesus perceiving the thought of their heart, took a child, and set him by him,

And said unto them, Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me; and whosoever shall receive me receiveth him that sent me: for he that is least among you all, the same shall be *great*.—Luke, ix. 46, 47, 48.

O HAPPY man, saith he, that lo I see
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction *greatness* yields!
Other than what he is who would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life; that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

Samuel Daniel.

The good alone are *great*!
When winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home;
It hopes in time to roam no more.
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state;
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are *great*!
Great, when amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise;
As when along the trophied plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

Beattie.

The wretched tumults that confound
The soul, nor wealth can tell, nor kingly state;
And stubborn are the cares that hover round
The vaulted ceilings of the *great*.

Horace.

To meet life's ills with soul serene,
Treading the path our Saviour trod:
To live as seeing things unseen,
To walk and commune with our God;
This is true *greatness*! worth divine!
Giv'n by the Spirit and the Word
To man! Thus grows that living shrine,
Formed, hallowed, dwelt in by the Lord!

Rev. W. M. Hetherington.

What though the *great*,
With costly pomp, and aromatic sweets,

Embalmed his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chaunted slow orisons; say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from the lowly swain,
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf,
Long lay neglected.

Glynn.

The truly *great* are those who make least noise,
And walk with humble looks upon the earth;
They nor affect a swelling part, nor speak
Big words, that make their hearers stand aside
In silent awe, and clear an ample space,
Like Liliputians for some Gulliver.
Greatness consists not in such empty gauds
As dazzle and attract the public eye;
It rests not on the breath of multitudes,
For soothly hath the poet said—"The world
Knows nothing of its *greatest* men." There went
A *great* man once about the daily paths
Of life, and few there were that recognised
The *greatness* that in goodness dwelt; and still
Small is the number unto whom this truth
Is made apparent.

Egone.

GRIEF.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with *grief*: and we hid as it were our faces from Him: He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.

Surely He hath borne our *griefs*, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.—Isaiah, liii. 3, 4.

For the Lord will not cast off for ever:

For though He cause *grief*, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.

For He doth not afflict willingly, nor *grieve* the children of men.—Lamentations, iii. 31, 32, 33.

For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure *grief*, suffering wrongfully.—I. Peter, ii. 19.

WHEN *grief* that well might humble, swells our pride,
And pride increasing, aggravates our *grief*,
The tempest must prevail till we are lost.

Lillo.

Every *grief* we feel
Shortens the destined number; every pulse
Beats a short moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and soon we shall arrive
At life's sweet period. Celestial point
That ends this mortal story.

Watts.

We *grieve* to think our eyes no more
That form, those features loved, shall trace.
But sweet it is from memory's store
To call each fondly-cherished grace,
And fold them in the heart's embrace.
No bliss 'mid worldly crowds is bred,
Like musing on the sainted dead.

We *grieve* to see expired the race
They ran, intent on works of love;
But sweet to think no mixture base,
With which their better nature strove,
Shall rear their virtuous deeds above.
Sin o'er their soul has lost its hold,
And left them with their earthly mould.

Bishop Mant.

This is the curse of time. Alas!
In *grief* I am not all unlearned;
Once thro' mine own doors death did pass—
One went who never hath returned.

*****

Let *grief* be her own mistress still,
She loveth her own anguish deep,
More than much pleasure. Let her will
Be done—to weep or not to weep.

Words weaker than your *grief*, would make
Grief more. 'Twere better I should cease;
Altho' myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Tennyson.

We overstate the ills of life, and take
Imagination, given us to bring down
The choirs of singing angels, overshone
By God's clear glory,—down our earth, to rake
The dismal snows instead; flake following flake,
To cover all the corn. We walk upon
The shadow of hills, across a level thrown,
And pant like climbers. Near the alder-brake
We sigh so loud, the Nightingale within
Refuses to sing loud, as else she would.
O, brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of *Grief*!—holy herein,
That by the *grief* of One, came all our good.

Miss Barrett.

Warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him: such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
Between them, flusht with happiness and love.

He was more changed than they were, doomed to show,
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarr'd
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.
W. S. Landor.

GUIDANCE.

FOR this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our *guide* even unto death.—Psalm xlviii. 14.

The Lord shall *guide* thee continually.—Isaiah, lviii. 11.

Will thou not from this time cry unto me, My father, thou art the *guide* of my youth?—Jeremiah, iii. 4.

THAT man
May safely venture to go on his way,
That is so *guided*, that he cannot stray.
Marmyon.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And *guide* me through the dreadful shade.
Addison.

Difference of good and ill for men to know
Was needless sure, while, with the fearless eye
Of an obedient son, he might look up
To the Almighty Father of his race,
And claim his *guidance*.
John Hey.

Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou

pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Thou'rt gone, th' abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet in my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

Bryant.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know,
I would be treated as a child,
And *guided* where to go.

L. A. Waring.

Here, where all climes their offerings send,
Here, where all arts their tribute lay,
Before thy presence, Lord, we bend,
And for thy smile and blessing pray.

For Thou dost sway the tides of thought,
And hold the issues in thy hand,
Of all that human toil has wrought,
And all that human skill has plann'd.

Thou lead'st the restless Power of Mind
O'er destiny's untrodden field,
And *guid'st* him wandering bold but blind,
To mighty ends not yet revealed.

Anon.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land!
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand!
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow!
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through!
Strong Deliv'rer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield!

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side!
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Oliver.

GUILT.

THE Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.

Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the *guilty*.—Exodus, xxxiv. 6, 7.

The Lord will not hold him *guiltless* that taketh His name in vain.—Deuteronomy, v. 11.

Deliver me from blood-*guiltiness*, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness.—Psalm li. 14.

For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is *guilty* of all.—James, ii. 10.

AMIDST the royal race, see Nathan stand:
Fervent he seems to speak, and lifts his hand;
His looks the emotion of his soul disclose,
And eloquence from every gesture flows.
Such, and so stern he came, ordained to bring
The ungrateful mandate to the *guilty* king:
When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart
Shot through the trembling monarch's conscious heart,
From his own lips condemned, severe decree,
Had his God proved as stern a Judge as he.

Bishop Lowth.

O, happy pair,
Lords of fair Eden's blooming range, where earth,
Benignant parent, from her verdant lap
Spontaneous pour'd immortal sweets, and gave
Whate'er could minister delight! Too soon,
Alas, this scene was closed: behold them now,
So lately rich in happiness, and blessed
With converse of the Living God, o'erwhelmed
In misery, and tortured by the stings
Of conscious *guilt*.

Samuel Hayes.

Guilt is a timorous thing, ere perpetration:
Despair alone makes *guilty* men be bold.

Coleridge.

And oh, that pang, where more than madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep, and never dies;
Thought of the gloomy day, and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light:
That winds around, and tears the quivering heart,
Ah! wherefore not consume it and depart!

Byron.

Skeptic, whoe'er thou art, tell, if thou knowest,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world
Where wickedness shall weep? Why in each breast
Is placed a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why Conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the *guilty* soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Glynn.

Come and see a sad example!
  Look on my unquiet shade;
Start not, sure 'tis nought uncommon,
  When the bones in dust are laid,
That the lonely restless spirit,
  Whom a sense of *guilt* doth fill,
Walks the earth with ceaseless labour,
  Seeking to undo the ill.

I was fond of place and power,
  Grasped the wealth that was not mine,
Seized the friendless stranger's dwelling,
  Left him in despair to pine.
Now, O where are all my riches!
  Come, the sad reverse behold,
For this gain my soul is bartered;
  Can a spirit's loss be told?

Lopez de Mendoza (*Spanish*).

Oppress'd with *guilt*, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad!
Divine compassion, mighty love,

Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your *guilt*, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

Steele.

HAPPINESS.

As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.—Psalm cxxvii. 4, 5.

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways.

For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: *happy* shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.—Psalm cxxviii. 1, 2.

Behold we count them *happy* which endure.—James, v. 11.

How *happy* is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,

Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are giv'n with praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a chosen book, or friend.

This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

He is a *happy* man whose life, e'en now,
Shows somewhat of that *happier* life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure, but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for *happiness*; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.

Cowper.

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.
Vigilant over all that He has made,
Kind Providence attends with gracious aid;
Bids equity throughout His works prevail,
And weighs the nations in an even scale.

Cowper.

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a *happier* seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat;
These goods for man, the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these, celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the *happiness* she does not find.

Dr. Johnson.

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet me there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence on its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives,
Thou art not in the rocks and waves.

*****

No real *happiness* is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground.

Parnell.

How long, ye miserably blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight?
No more in paths of error stray,
The Lord, thy Jesus, is the Way,
The Spring of *happiness*, and where
Should men seek *happiness*, but there?

Parnell.

Consider man in every sphere,
Then tell me is your lot severe?

'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched: God is just:
We're born a restless, needy crew;
Show me a *happier* man than you?

Gay.

When are we *happiest* then? O, when resigned
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may brim;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind
Creatures of earth; and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain;
Oh! we are *happiest* then.

M. A. Brown.

Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All to *happiness* aspire,
Only to be found in thee;
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below!
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

Toplady.

True *happiness* is not the growth of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it here;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise! thy seeds are sown
In here and there a mind of heavenly mould;
It rises slow and blooms, but ne'er was known
To ripen here—the climate it is too cold.

Anon.

One morning in the month of May,
I wandered o'er the hill;
Though nature all around was gay,

My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the good, the great,
These meaner creatures bless;
And yet deny our human state
The boon of *happiness*?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
Where, in creation's wide domains,
Can perfect bliss be found?

The birds wild carolled overhead,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said,
No bliss for man she knew.

I questioned Love, whose early day
So heavenly bright appears;
And Love in answer seemed to say
His light was dimmed by tears.

I questioned Friendship;—Friendship moaned,
And thus her answer gave;
The friends whom fortune has not turned,
Were vanished in the grave.

I asked if Vice could bliss bestow;
Vice boasted loud and well;
But fading from her pallid brow,
The venomed roses fell.

I questioned Virtue;—Virtue sighed,
No boon could she dispense;
Nor Virtue was her name she cried,
But humble Penitence.

I questioned Death; the grisly shade
Relaxed his brow severe;
And, "I am *Happiness*," he said
"If Virtue guides thee here!"

Bishop Heber.

HARVEST.

THE *harvest* is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—Jeremiah, viii. 20.

Then saith he unto his disciples, The *harvest* truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few;

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the *harvest*, that he will send forth labourers into his *harvest*.—Matthew, ix. 37, 38.

The *harvest* is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.—Matthew, xiii. 39.

LIFE hath its seasons:
And time, on a chariot of hours,
Rolls to eternity's gate
Adown a dim valley, where flowers,
Bereft of their beauty,
Lie, withered and scattered by fate.

Hearts have their *harvests*:
And sorrow goes after the reapers
To mildew the yellowing grain;
While pity, in tears,
Stands watching the labouring weepers
Go reaping a *harvest* of pain.

Youth is the seed-time:
The season of sunshine and showers,
That nurtures the delicate germ
Which, in life's autumn,
Will bring to our bosom sweet flowers,
Or thorns and a cankering worm.

God is the *harvest*:
Whose sickle by mercy is wielded
Among the ripe grain and the tares:
Unto his garner
The sheaves of the gleaner are yielded
With *harvest*-home anthem and prayers.

Anon.

Then glory to the steel
That shines in the reaper's hand;

And thanks to God, who has bless'd the sod,
And crowns the *harvest* land!

Eliza Cook.

HATRED.

LET God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that *hate* him flee before him.—Psalm lxviii. 1.

Hatred stirreth up strifes: but love covereth all sins.—Proverbs, x. 12.

He that *hateth* dissembleth with his lips, and layeth up deceit within him.—Proverbs, xxvi. 24.

Hate the evil, and love the good, and establish judgment in the gate.—Amos, v. 15.

He that *hateth* me *hateth* my Father also.—John, xv. 23.

I TELL thee not the burning thunderbolt,
When its fierce brow is lit in blasting flames,
Stooping from its red chariot to sweep
The earth, its angry voice is pealing o'er,
Is half so deadly, or so sure as *hate*.
Promethean *hate*! that can make cowards bold;
Where he pursues it is in vain to flee;
Where his form comes, a blight is on the earth;
Where his hand strikes, life passeth, or is cursed;
Where his eye glances, there despair comes down;
Where his breath falls, all mercy vanisheth.

Constantia L. Reddell.

Blunted unto goodness is the heart which
anger never stirreth,
But that which *hatred* swelleth, is keen to
carve out evil.
Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous
failing of the just,

The one degree that riseth above zeal,
asserting the prerogatives of virtue;
But *hatred* is a slow continuing crime, a fire
in the bad man's breast,
A dull and hungry flame, for ever craving
insatiate.
Hatred would harm another; anger would
indulge itself;
Hatred is a simmering poison; anger, the
opening of the valve;
Hatred destroyeth as the upas-tree; anger
smiteth as a staff;
Hatred is the atmosphere of hell, but anger is
known in heaven.

Martin F. Tupper.

HEAD.

THE hoary *head* is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.—Proverbs, xvi. 31.

Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.—Isaiah, xlvi. 4.

The very hairs of your *head* are all numbered.—Matthew, x. 30.

THESE hairs of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray;
They be of death the harbingers,
That doth prepare and dress the way;
Wherefore, I joy that you may see
Upon my *head* such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is well begun;
The which I feel, and you may see
Such lines upon my *head* to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
  Whose music is harmonical;
Their tunes declare a time from ground
  I came, and bow thereto I shall;
Wherefore I love, that you may see
Upon my *head* such hairs to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
  No worse them take than I have meant;
That after they be laid in grave,
  Their souls may joy, their lives well spent;
God grant, likewise, that you may see
Upon my *head* such hairs to be.

Lord Vaux.

Head of the church triumphant,
  We joyfully adore thee!
Till thou appear, Thy members here,
  Shall sing like those in glory.
  We lift our hands and voices,
  With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
  The praise of our salvation.

De Courcey.

HEALING.

HEAL me, O Lord, and I shall be *healed*: save me, and I shall be saved: for Thou art my praise.—Jeremiah, xvii. 14.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with *healing* in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.—Malachi, iv. 2.

And when Jesus was entered into Capernaum, there came unto Him a centurian, beseeching Him,

And saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented.

And Jesus saith unto him, I will come and *heal* him.—Matthew, viii. 5, 6, 7.

Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep-market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.

In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.—John, v. 2, 3, 4.

AROUND Bethesda's *healing* wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtues to the holy spring,—
With earnest, fixed solicitude,
Were seen the afflicted multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirred;
Whose heart had often heaved the sigh—
The bitter sigh of hope deferred;
Beholding, while he suffered on,
The *healing* virtue giv'n and gone;

No pow'r had he; no friendly aid
To him the timely succour brought;
But while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought;
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which *healed* him by a word alone.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which, with its *healing* waters, went;
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

B. Barton.

Oh! Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,

If, when deceived, and wounded here,
  We could not fly to Thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,
  When winter comes are flown,
And he who has but tears to give,
  May weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt *heal* the broken heart,
  Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
  Breathe sweetness out of woe.

Moore.

Dread Omnipotence alone,
  Can *heal* the wound He gave;
Can point the brim-full, grief-worn eyes,
  To scenes beyond the grave.

Burns.

Thus ever in the steps of grief,
  Are sown the precious seeds of joy;
Each fount of Marah hath a leaf,
  Whose *healing* balm we may employ.
Then, 'mid life's fitful, fleeting day,
  Look up! the sky is bright above!
Kind voices cheer thee on thy way!
  Faint spirit! trust the God of Love!

Miss A. D. Woodbridge.

Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

Lyte.

Thou cam'st with *healing* on thy wings,
  Oh, gentle gale of spring!
Like one that some sweet message brings
  Of hope and comforting;
So with a power to *heal* the smart
Of sin, comes grace unto the heart.

Egone.

HEALTH.

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the *health* of my countenance, and my God.—Psalm xlii. 11.

Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and *health* to the bones.—Proverbs, xvi. 24.

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is not the *health* of the daughter of my people recovered?—Jeremiah, viii. 22.

I will restore *health* unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord.—Jeremiah, xxx. 17.

HEALTH, brightest visitant from heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest!
For the short term by nature given,
Be thou my constant guest!
For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we court in regal state
That makes men covet to be great;

Whatever sweets we hope to find
In Love's delightful snare;
Whatever good by Heaven assigned,
Whatever pause from care:
All flourish at thy smile divine;
The spring of loveliness is thine,
And every joy that warms our hearts,
With thee approaches and departs.

Bland, from Alciphron.

Slow wand'ring on the margin of the deep,
I breathe the cheering gale of *health* once more;
And see the billows gently dash the steep,
That rears its bold head on the sandy shore.

Fresh looks the landscape with the dews of

dawn;
A bluish mist swims o'er the softened grove;
The wanton deer bound lightly o'er the lawn,
And every copse resounds with notes of love.

The village-clocks proclaim the passing hour;
The tall spires glitter to the early sun;
The ploughman, whistling, quits his low-roofed bow'r,
And now his peaceful labour is begun.

Yet not this ocean, cheered with many a sail,
Nor all these rural sounds, and pastures fair,
To solace worn disease could aught avail,
Or from his bosom chase the clouds of care.

The merry morn no rapture could impart,
Nor converse sweet of friends his hours beguile;
In vain could beauty warm his aching heart,
Or on his cold-wan cheek awake a smile.

Yet oft we slight thy worth, O, blessed *Health*!
Poor mortals as we are, till thou art flown;
And thy sweet joys, more dear than fame or wealth,
Touch not our hearts, but pass unfelt, unknown.

The joys, without whose aid whate'er of blest,
Or great, or fair, the heavens to man ordain,
Is dull and tasteless to the unthankful breast,
Love loveless, youth old age, and pleasure pain.

Rev. E. Hamley.

What is life?—like a flower, with the bane in

its bosom,
To-day, full of promise, to-morrow it dies!
And *health* like the dewdrop that hung on its blossom,
Survives but a night, and exhales to the skies:
How oft 'neath the bud that is brightest and fairest,
The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk!
How oft at the root of the flower that is rarest,
Secure in its ambush the worm is at work!

Dr. W. Beattie.

Green pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.

The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field they range;
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring *health* ev'ry change.

The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.

J. Montgomery.

HEARING.

HEAR thou in heaven thy dwelling-place; and when thou *hearest*, forgive.—I. Kings, viii. 30.

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her *ear*; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.—Psalm lviii. 4, 5.

He that planted the *ear*, shall he not *hear*?—Psalm xciv. 9.

Incline thine *ear* unto wisdom.—Proverbs, ii. 2.

The *ear* that *heareth* the reproof of life abideth among the wise.—Proverbs, xv. 31.

The *hearing ear*, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them.—Proverbs, xx. 12.

Take heed what ye *hear*.—Mark, iv. 24.

Take heed therefore how ye *hear*.—Luke, viii. 18.

THIS is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense;
For even the *ears* of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence;
And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.
And though this sense first gentle music sound,
Her proper object is the speech of men;
But that speech, chiefly, which God's heralds sound,
When their tongues utter what His spirit did pen.

Sir John Davies.

As Thou hast touched our *ears*, and taught
Our tongues to speak Thy praises plain,
Quell Thou each thankless, godless thought
That would make fast our bonds again.
From worldly strife, from mirth unblest,
Drowning Thy music in the breast,
From foul reproach, from thrilling fears,
Preserve, good Lord, Thy servants' *ears*.

From idle words that restless throng,
And haunt our hearts when we would pray,
From pride's false chime, and jarring wrong,
Seal Thou my lips, and guard the way:
For thou hast sworn that every *ear*
Willing, or loath, Thy trump shall *hear*,
And every tongue unchained be,
To own no hope, O God, but Thee.

Keble.

HEART.

THE hypocrites in *heart* heap up wrath.—Job, xxxvi. 13.

The *heart* knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.—Proverbs, xiv. 10.

The *heart* is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?—Jeremiah, xvii. 9.

A new *heart* also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony *heart* out of your flesh, and I will give you an *heart* of flesh.—Ezekiel, xxxvi. 26.

Blessed are the pure in *heart*: for they shall see God.—Matthew, v. 8.

A good man, out of the good treasure of his *heart*, bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his *heart*, bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of the *heart* his mouth speaketh. —Luke, vi. 45.

Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our *hearts* by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.—Romans, v. 5.

With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness.—Romans, x. 10.

That Christ may dwell in your *hearts* by faith.—Ephesians, iii. 17.

> I CARE not, so my kernel relish well,
> How slender be the substance of my shell;
> My *heart* being virtuous, let my face be wan,
> I am to God, I only seem to man.
>
> *Quarles.*

> So now the soul's sublimed, her sour desires
> Are re-calcined in Heaven's well-tempered fires;
> The *heart* restored, and purged from drossy nature,
> Now finds the freedom of a new-born

creature;
It lives another life, it breathes new breath,
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death.
Quarles.

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but Himself
That hideous sight—a naked, human *heart*.
Young.

The Almighty, from His throne, on earth surveys
Naught greater than an honest, humble *heart*;
An humble *heart*, His residence! pronounced
His second seat, and rival to the skies.
Young.

Wash, Lord, and purify my *heart*,
And make it clean in every part,
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do.
Thomas Ellwood.

A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet
Oft lodging fiends; the dwelling-place of all
The heavenly virtues—charity and truth,
Humility, and holiness, and love—
And yet the common haunt of anger, pride,
Hatred, revenge, and passions foul with lust;
Allied to heaven, yet parleying oft with hell.
Pollok.

Consider well. The *heart* is a deceiver,
O, paltering with it, in some double sense,
Thou'st shunned, perhaps, the word that would condemn thee,
E'en while thy will was partner in the crime.
Schiller.

Thou too, my *heart*, whom He, and He alone,
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate and pure, pour all thyself

A living sacrifice before His throne!
Christopher Smart.

Walk in the light! and sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lord,
Shall cleanse from every stain.
Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy *heart* made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
Bernard Barton.

All our actions take
Their hues from the complexion of the *heart*,
As landscapes their variety from light.
William Thompson Bacon.

Would'st thou the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn;
Love is life's only sign.
The spring of the regenerate *heart*,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embraced, as God adored.
Keble.

HEAVEN—HEAVENS.

THE *heavens* declare the glory of God.—Psalm xix. 1.

All the host of *heaven* shall be dissolved, and the *heavens* shall be rolled together as a scroll: and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree.—Isaiah, xxxiv. 4.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in *heaven*, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal;

For where your treasure is there will your heart be also. —Matthew, vi. 20, 21.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the *heavens*.—II. Corinthians, v. 1.

An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in *heaven*.—I. Peter, i. 4.

We, according to His promise, look for new *heavens* and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.—II. Peter, iii. 13.

IN having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish not sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of *Heaven*, *Heaven* unpossessed of Thee.

Quarles.

Shall we serve *heaven*
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?

Shakspere.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does *heaven* and earth command.

Dryden.

Inquirer cease, petitions yet remain,
Which *heaven* may hear, nor deem religion vain.

*****

Still raise for good the supplicated voice,
But leave to *heaven* the measure and the choice.

Dr. Johnson.

Heaven's the perfection of all that can
Be said or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all these not subject to
The waste of time, but in their height eternal.
Shirley.

Heav'n is a great way off, and I shall be
Ten thousand years in travel, yet 'twere happy
If I may find a lodging there at last,
Though my poor soul get thither upon crutches.
Shirley.

I sat, one day, upon a stone,
'Rapt in a musing fit, alone,
And resting on my hand my head,
Thus to myself, in thought, I said—
"How in these times of care and strife,
Shall I direct my fleeting life?
Three precious jewels I require
To satisfy my heart's desire:
The first is honour, bright and clear;
The next is wealth; but (far more dear!)
The third is *Heaven's* approving smile."
Then, after I had mused awhile,
I saw that it was vain to pine
For these three pearls in one small shrine;
To find within one heart a place
For honour, wealth, and *heavenly* grace,
For how can one, in days like these,
Heaven and the world together please?
Gostick, from Walter Von Der Vogelweide.

As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show:
So whilst our mind its knowledge would

improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope:
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light:
But soon the 'mediate clouds shall be dispelled;
The sun shall then be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Prior.

Friends, even in *Heaven*, one happiness would miss,
Should they not know each other when in bliss.

Bishop Ken.

All hail! all hail! resplendent vault, so
wondrously display'd,
Abyss, where the Eternal's hand the scattered
scene array'd;
He gave them light; His mighty hand
suspended them alone;
And ever from the chilling north, to India's
sultry zone,
In every region of the west, and isle of
southern sea,
All raise, Oh! glorious firmament, their
suppliant glance to thee!

Vast sea of air, with countless gems, I love on
thee to gaze!
Oh empyreal space! Oh stars! I love your
softened rays;
Mysterious torches; ye have made the
universe so bright!
Yet from this temple far above, ye bring your

borrowed light!
What rapture fills thy spirit, borne on
contemplation's wing,
What charms, oh, beauteous canopy! thy
varied aspects bring.
From the French of Anna H. P. Le Chatelain.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but *heaven*.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even,
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb:
There's nothing bright but *heaven*.
Moore.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—
Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?
There is—to those who fix their anchor-
hope in *heaven*.

Turn then, O man! and cast all else aside;
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things
above—
Low at the cross bow down—in that confide,
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured
in love.
C. C. Colton.

The world, in all its boasted grandeur proud,
In all its stores of dazzling splendour
bright,
Is but a transient, unsubstantial cloud,
Which the sun skirts with momentary
light:
Anon, the assailing winds impetuous rise,
Black lowers the tempest in the sullen sky;
Before the driving blast the vision dies,

And all the vivid tints of splendour fly:
Pass but a moment, every ray is gone:
Nor e'en a vestige left where the bright
glories shone.

And shall we, for this visionary gleam,
Degenerate, swerve from *Heaven's*
immortal plan?
Give up, for vanity's light airy dream,
The nobler heritage reserved for man?
Though rocks their cragged heads in ambush
hide,
Though storms and tempests sweep the
angry main,
While Hope's fair star shines forth,
auspicious guide,
E'en tempests, storms, and rocks oppose in
vain.
Safe, 'mid the ocean's iterated force,
The sacred vessel shapes her *Heaven*-directed
course.

Samuel Hayes.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in *heaven*!

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest their aching head,
And find repose in *heaven*!

Anon.

HELL.

THE wicked shall be turned into *hell*, and all the nations that forget God.—Psalm ix. 17.

I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which

after he hath killed hath power to cast into *hell*.—Luke, xii. 5.

God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to *hell*, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment.—II. Peter, ii. 4.

DIVINES and dying men may talk of *hell*,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.
Shakspere.

Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Milton.

Which way shall I fly,
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is *hell*; myself am *hell*;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the *hell* I suffer seems a heaven.
Milton.

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is *hell*;
And where *hell* is, there must we ever be;
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be *hell* that are not heaven.
Marlowe.

Will without power, the element of *hell*,
Abortive all its acts returning still
Upon itself; ... oh! anguish terrible!
Meet guerdon of self-love, its proper ill!
Malice would scowl upon the foe he fears;
And he with lip of scorn would seek to kill;
But neither sees the other, neither hears—
For darkness each in his own dungeon bars,
Lust pines for dearth, and grief drinks its own tears—
Each in its solitude apart. Hate wars
Against himself, and feeds upon his chain,

Whose iron penetrates the soul it scars,
A dreadful solitude each mind insane,
Each its own place, its prison all alone,
And finds no sympathy to soften pain.
J. A. Heraud.

I'll tell thee what is *hell*—thy memory
Still mountained up with records of the past,
Heap over heap, all accents and all forms,
Telling the tale of joy and innocence,
And hope, and peace, and love; recording, too,
With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs
Worked upon weakness and defencelessness;
The blest occasions trifled o'er or spurned;
All that hath been that ought not to have been,
That might have been so different, that now
Cannot but be irrevocably past!
Thy gangrened heart,
Stripped of its self-worn mask, and spread at last
Bare, in its horrible anatomy,
Before thine own excruciated gaze!
D. P. Starkey.

The day
Will come, when virtue from the cloud shall burst,
That long obscured her beams; when sin shall fly
Back to her native *hell*; there sink eclipsed
In penal darkness, where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce the impervious gloom.
Glynn.

In the human breast there dwell
Warring passions fierce and dark,
Making of their home a *hell*,
Of the soul a driving bark
On a wild tempestuous sea,
Till too oft 'tis wrecked and driven

Far away, far away!
Hear the pitying angels say—
Soul so lost, and tempest-tost,
Upon *hell* and death's bleak coast,
Far away from heaven!

Egone.

HELP.

AND the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make him an *help* meet for him.—Genesis, ii. 18.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present *help* in trouble.—Psalm xlvi. 1.

Give us *help* from trouble: for vain is the *help* of man.—Psalm lx. 11.

Our *help* is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.—Psalm cxxiv. 8.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms:
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert from virtue's way:
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for Heav'nly mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heav'nly mercy's plan?

Who sin so oft have mourn'd: yet to
temptation ran.

O thou great governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling power assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to
confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with Thy *help*, Omnipotence
Divine!

Burns.

God, my supporter and my hope,
My *help* for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

Watts.

HILLS.

THE chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting *hills*.—Deuteronomy, xxxiii. 15.

The *hills* melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.—Psalm xcvii. 5.

For the mountains shall depart, and the *hills* be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.—Isaiah, liv. 10.

Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the *hills*, cover us.—Luke, xxiii. 30.

OH! my heart panteth to be far away,
Amid the *hills*—the everlasting *hills*;
For in my dreams last night a thousand rills
And mountain torrents held resistless sway

O'er my hush'd spirit; and the silent play
Of golden lights and gleamy shadowings
Chequer'd my veiled eyes, like seraphs' wings,
That fan the crimson light of fading day.
I woke: the hum of traffic, and the din
Of mercenary crowds, fill'd the calm air:
I heard the voice of mendicant despair
Echo the hollow laugh of reckless sin;
And love was not, nor peace. Oh! let me win
The *hills*, the eternal *hills*—for peace dwells there!

R. F. Housman.

Oh! ye time-honoured *hills*,
The ancient, the immortal is it not
A high-born privilege ne'er to be forgot,
To feel none of earth's ills?

Sublime are ye as heaven!
Though bleak, not barren; silent, yet not dumb,
From outgone shadows health and music come,
And thronging thoughts are given!

Not worthless is your aim,
To stand from age to age, from hour to hour,
The Almighty's temple, token of his power,
And record of His name.

W. Anderson.

For the strength of the *hills* we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made the children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fix'd our arch of refuge
Where the spoilers foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the *hills* we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die;

We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the *hills* we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

For the dark resounding heavens,
Where thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirr'd;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the *hills* we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for thy communion
Have sought the mountain sod;
For the strength of the *hills* we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

Mrs. Hemans.

Look up, my soul, toward the eternal *hills*;
Those heavens are fairer than they seem,
There pleasures all sincere glide in its crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor guilt disturbs the stream:
There is no cursed soil, no tainted spring,
No roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

Watts.

HOLINESS.

THOU art *holy*, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.—Psalm xxii. 3.

Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.—Psalm xciii. 5.

Follow peace with all men, and *holiness*, without which no man shall see the Lord.—Hebrews, xii. 14.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.—Revelations, iv. 8.

THRICE *holy* fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire.
Dryden.

Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
The sun of *Holiness* shall shine.
H. K. White.

Lord, be it mine, like Thine elect, to choose
The better part; like them to use
The means Thy love hath given;
Be *holiness* my aim on earth;
That death be welcom'd as a birth
To life and bliss in heaven.
Bishop Mant.

Not all the pomp and pageantry of worlds
Reflect such glory on the eye supreme,
As the meek virtues of one *holy* man;
For ever doth his angel, from the face
Divine, beatitude and wisdom draw;
And in his prayer, what privilege adored!
Mounting the heavens, and claiming audience there;
Yes! there, amid a high, immortal host
Of seraphs, hymning in eternal choir,
A lip of clay its orisons can send,
In temple, or in solitude outbreathed.
R. Montgomery.

Ascribe ye *holiness* unto the Lord;
Not unto man, for he is never *holy*:
The best of men, who walketh in the light
Of a clear conscience, may not claim that title—

That high distinction, only fit for those
Who dwell with Him—the fount of *holiness*!
Egone.

HOME.

MAN goeth to his long *home*, and the mourners go about the streets.—Ecclesiastes, xii. 5.

And another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at *home* at my house.—Luke, ix. 61.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at *home* in the body, we are absent from the Lord.—II. Corinthians, v. 6.

DEATH is, no doubt, in every place the same;
Yet nature casts a look towards *home*, and most,
Who have it in their power, choose to expire
Where first they drew their breath.
Lillo.

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
  Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken seemed,
  Still, but with nought of gloom.

For there, secure in happy age,
  Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
  Of heaven-recorded love.

Pure fell the beam and meekly bright
  On his gray holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light,
  As if its shrine were there.

But, oh, that patriarch's aspect shone
  With something lovelier far;
A radiance all the spirit's own,

Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye,
Some ancient promise breathing yet
Of immortality.

Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said, "I know
That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.

Silent, yet did not each young heart
With love and reverence melt;
Oh blest be those fair girls, and blest
That *home* where God is felt.

Mrs. Hemans.

Sweet is the smile of *home*; the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure;
Yet in the world even these abide, and we
Above the world, our calling boast:
Once gain the mountain-top, and thou art free;
Till then, who rest, presume; who turn to look, are lost.

Keble.

Yes, let the future smile or mourn,
To us a glorious place is given,
With the great church of the first-born,
Whose names are registered in heaven.

Beyond the bounds of time's expansion,
Where change and sorrow cannot come,
We're journeying to the promised mansion,

Made ready in our Father's *home*.

Friends, kindred, loving and beloved,
That wont on earth our lot to cheer,
Thither are, one by one removed,
And we shall find them settled there.

Enough! though sin, and pain, and death,
This transitory world infest,
They who attain to Abraham's faith,
Shall be with faithful Abraham blest.
Hankinson.

Our God, to call us *homeward*,
His only Son sent down;
And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
Has taken up our own.
Thomas Ward.

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven He came—of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come wanderers to my Father's *home*,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher.—we will come—
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
Bowring.

Home of the Christian! when Messiah comes
A scene of Heaven in miniature art thou,
Where all is redolent of charms divine,
Temper renewed, and souls of grave
becalmed.
Thy quiet precincts of a purer world
Breathe to the heart of faith, and, when
compared

With what the worldling in his home enjoys.
—
E'en like the vexing hum of some large street,
Where all is haste and hurry, tramp and strife,
In contrast with the unpolluted calm
Of some cathedral, when a spirit's hush
Hath brooded—seems that worldlings' noisy hour.

R. Montgomery.

How sweet, bow consoling, when seasons of gloom
Roll over the soul like the billowy spray,
To view in the mansions of Heaven a *home*,
Where sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

W. J. Brock.

And in our *home* above there is a friend,
More tender, true, more loving and sincere,
Who knows each want, and every help will lend
Our souls, through this world's misery to steer;
In danger's path is present, ever near,
Allures to brighter worlds, hath cleared the way,
Will wipe from every cheek the sinner's tear,
Deigns in our hearts to claim a peaceful sway,
And leads us to our *homes* in realms of endless day.

Stuart Farquharson.

HONESTY.

LET us walk *honestly*, as in the day.—Romans, xiii. 13.

Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you;

That ye may walk *honestly* toward them that are

without, and that ye may have lack of nothing.—I. Thessalonians, iv. 11, 12.

Pray for us: for we trust we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live *honestly*.—Hebrews, xiii. 18.

Honesty!

A name scarce echo to a sound—*honesty*!
Attend the stately chambers of the great—
It dwells not there, nor in the trading world;
Speaks it in councils? No, the sophist knows
To laugh it thence.

Havard.

I ask not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name—
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
I care not though of world's wealth
But slender be his part;
If yes you answer, when I ask—
Hath he a true man's heart?

I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed—
If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst:
The palace or the hovel,
Where first his life began,
I seek not of: but answer this—
Is he an *honest* man?

Nay, blush not now—what matters it
Where first he drew his breath?
A manger was the cradle-bed
Of Him of Nazareth!
Be nought, be any, every thing—
I care not what you be—
If yes you answer, when I ask—
Art thou pure, true, and free?

R. Nicoll.

HONOUR.

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

Sing forth the *honour* of his name: make his praise glorious.—Psalm lxvi. 1, 2.

I receive not *honour* from men.—John, v. 41.

Jesus answered, If I *honour* myself, my *honour* is nothing; it is my Father that *honoureth* me; of whom ye say, that he is your God.—John, viii. 54.

Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; *honour* to whom *honour*.—Romans, xiii. 7.

THE voice of nature, yea, the voice of God
Commands to *honour* those that gave us birth,—
Even her, from whose supporting bosom flowed
By far the sweetest stream that flows on earth;
Whose tongue of kindness never knew a dearth
Of soothing words that could our griefs allay—
Even him who listened to our prattling mirth,
Who early taught our infant lips to pray,
And led our tottering steps to walk in wisdom's way:

A parent is indeed a tender friend,
And, if once lost, we never more shall find
A bosom that so tremblingly can blend
Its feelings with our own congenial mind;
Our lips may speak their anguish to the wind
That hurries heedlessly and wildly by—
Our hearts, to lonely agony consigned,
May thirst without relief—for no reply
Comes from their mouldering breasts, that in their graves lie.

And then we pause to think—alas! how late!
Of deeds that wrung a parent's heart with pain;
And oh! could we but open death's dark gate,
And lead them back into the world again—
Oh! but once more to see their face!—'tis vain!
Once more to hear their voice!—'tis sweetly driven
Across our fancy, and expires,—and then
We wish ourselves away—away to heaven,
To weep upon their breast, and there to be forgiven.

Knox.

Honour's a sacred tie—the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.

Addison.

Honour demands my song. Forget the ground
My generous muse, and sit among the stars!
There sing the soul that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world
Amongst these dying clods, and bears her state
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character, superior to the flesh,
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were born but to obey.

Watts.

This deity, whose altars reek with blood,
Though millions bend the prostituted knee
Before the radiant shrine, though millions own
His power vindictive just, and call him

Honour,
All cannot sanctify what public good
What nature's moral dictates disavow,
And Heaven's almighty mandate impious deems.

Samuel Hayes.

Honour—in blood congealed to take a life,
Which had been murder in the heat of strife!
Honour—when its result we dare not tell!
Honour—to plunge a fellow's soul to hell!
Honour—to stand to be a murderer's mark,
And hurl defiance e'en with life's last spark;
To dare that law which has for ages stood—
"He dies by man who sheds a brother's blood!"
Oh, in that moment when we all shall stand
Waiting the judgment of the Almighty hand,
Will then thy *honour* palliate the crime,
And Heaven's high monarch hear the plea of time?
Stript of those robes which make it *honour* here,
Before that throne the murder will appear,
Disrobed of ornament the sin is there;
The crime is Cain's; why not his judgment share—
An outcast on the earth, and in the Heaven,
O God! can crimes like these be e'er forgiven?

Anon.

HOPE.

HAPPY is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose *hope* is in the Lord his God.—Psalm cxlvi. 5.

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I *hope* in Him.—Lamentations, iii. 24.

It is good that a man should both *hope* and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.—Lamentations, iii. 26.

If in this life only we have *hope* in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable.—I. Corinthians, xv. 19.

Which *hope* we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil. —Hebrews, vi. 19.

UPON her arm a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befel:
And ever up to Heaven as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, not swerved otherway.

Spenser.

Hope, eager *hope*, the assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.
With no past toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession why more tasteless than pursuit?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplished, why the grave of bliss?
Because in the great future buried deep,
Beyond our plans of empire and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour should pursue;
And He who made him, bent him to the right.

Young.

Rich *Hope* of boundless bliss!
Bliss, past man's power to paint it; time's to close!
This *Hope* is earth's most estimable prize:
This is man's portion while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,

Health to the frame, and vigour to the mind!
A joy attempered! A chastised delight!
Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet,
'Tis man's full cup, his paradise below.

Young.

Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth;
On steady wings, sails through the immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor, firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.

Cowper.

Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow;
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly *hope* is all serene,
But earthly *hope*, how bright soe'er,
Still flutters o'er this changeful scene,
As false, as fleeting as 'tis fair.

Bishop Heber.

Whose was that voice, that whispering sweet,
Promised methought long days of bliss sincere;
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping! 'twas the voice of *hope*.
Of love and social scenes it seem'd to speak:
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That hand in hand along life's downward slope,

Might walk with peace and cheer the
tranquil hours:
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung,
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell
rung:
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bowers
She built, while pointing to yon breathless
clay,
She cried, "No peace be thine, away,
away!"

W. L. Bowles.

Daughter of faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumph's o'er her
woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight
still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!
Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou
fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel and return.

Campbell.

A Heaven as bright, as blue, as mild, as calm,
As thine own eye; the sun hath passed away,
But left his mantle of transparent light
To deck the gorgeous west, amid whose
bright

And purple depths I see a floating speck
Of purest white, and now 'tis fixed, and now
Swells into clearest beauty—'tis a star,
Whose trembling orb seems shrinking from the light,
Like a rebuked seraph's eye, when drooped
'Neath the chastising glance; a bright ray shoots
Up from its centre; gradual the star
Severs before that ray, it parts—it spreads—
And from its heart comes forth a gliding form,
Surpassing all my mortal thought of beauty:
—

*****

'Tis *Hope*! the enduring angel he has deigned
To send upon the earth, that she may be
Your comforter, that when despair comes down
Upon your spirit, ye may flee to her,
And in her cradling arms of safest rest
Lay down your wearied heads upon her heart,
Till your own souls have caught the light of hers;
'Tis she, whose fervent voice, and star-like eye,
Shall string you to your toil of wrestling with
The care of being; blessed be the name
Of Him, whose mercy hath thus given ye
A beacon to your path!

Constantia Louisa Reddell.

All *hope* on earth for ever fled,
A higher *hope* remaineth;
For while His wrath is o'er me shed,
I know my Saviour reigneth.
The worm may waste the withering clay,
When flesh and spirit sever;
My soul shall see eternal day,
And dwell with God for ever!

T. Dale.

She lights our gloom, she soothes our care,
  She bids our fears depart,
Transmutes to gems each grief-fraught tear,
  And binds the broken heart!

She glances o'er us from above,
  The brightest star that's given,
And guides us still, through faith and love,
  To endless peace, in Heaven.
Anna Peyre Dinnies.

The night is mother of the day,
  The winter of the spring,
And ever, upon old decay,
  The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,
  Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
  Hath left His *Hope* with all.
J. G. Whittier.

The world may change from old to new,
  From new to old again;
Yet *Hope* and Heaven, for ever true,
  Within man's heart remain.

The dreams that bless the weary soul,
  The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
  The story of *Hope's* song.
Sarah Flowers Adams.

HOUSE.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the *house* of the Lord.—Psalm cxxii. 1.

Except the Lord build the *house*, they labour in vain that build it.—Psalm cxxvii. 1.

It is better to go to the *house* of mourning, than to go to the *house* of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the

living will lay it to his heart.—Ecclesiastes, vii. 2.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's *house* are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. —John, xiv. 1, 2.

IT is the Sabbath bell, which calls to pray'r,
Ev'n to the *house* of God, the hallow'd dome,
Where He who claims it bids His people come
To bow before His throne, and serve him there
With pray'rs, and thanks, and praises: some there are
Who bold it meet to linger now at home,
And some o'er fields and the wide hills to roam,
And worship in the temple of the air!
For me, not heedless of the lone address,
Nor slack to greet my maker on the height,
By wood, or living stream; yet not the less
Seek I His presence in each social rite
Of His own temple: that He deigns to bless,
There still He dwells, and there is His delight.

Bishop Mant.

If in the family thou art the best,
Pray oft, and be the mouth unto the rest;
Whom God hath made the heads of families,
He hath made priests to offer sacrifice.
Daily let part of Holy Writ be read,
Let as the body, so the soul have bread;
For look, how many souls in thy *house* be,
With just as many souls God trusteth thee.

Anonymous. (1600.)

If to the *house* of God below
Thou go'st with faith and holy love;
Thy soul, released, may hope to go
And dwell in God's own *house* above.

Egone.

HUMILITY.

THE fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom: and

before honour is *humility*.—Proverbs, xv. 33.

Better is it to be of an *humble* spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud.—Proverbs, xvi. 19.

By *humility*, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, and honour, and life.—Proverbs, xxii. 4.

A man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the *humble* in spirit.—Proverbs, xxix. 23.

Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased: and he that shall *humble* himself shall be exalted.—Matthew, xxiii. 12.

All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with *humility*: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the *humble*.—I. Peter, v. 5.

HE that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.
In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheous wept,
  Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe:
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
  Yet he to Heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

Robert Southwell.

Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low:
Whene'er thou speak'st look with a lowly eye —
Grace is increased by *humility*.

Robert Herrick.

He that is down need fear no fall;
  He that is low, no pride;
He that is *humble* ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

Bunyan.

Humility is the softening shadow before the

statue of excellence,
And lieth lowly on the ground beloved and
lovely as the violet:
Humility is the fair-haired maid that calleth
worth her brother,
The gentle, silent nurse, that fostereth infant
virtues:
As when the blind man is nigh unto a rose its
sweetness is herald of its beauty,
So, when thou savourest *humility*, be sure
thou art nigh unto merit.

Tupper.

When Mary chose the "better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet!
And Lydia's gently-opened heart,
Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorned is she,
Whose clothing is *humility*.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest
crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most the soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of *humility*.

James Montgomery.

Pride, with haughty port, defies in vain
The force of rough adversity, which rends
With double violence the stubborn heart.
But, like a tender plant, *Humility*
Bends low before the threat'ning blast
unhurt,
Eludes its rage, and lives through all the
storm.
Pride is the livery of the prince of darkness,
Worn by his slaves, who glory in their
shame;
A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent and foul,
And loathsome to the holy eye of heaven.
But sweet *humility*, a shining robe,

Bestowed by heaven upon its favourite sons;
The robe which God approves and angels wear—
Fair semblance of the glorious Prince of Light,
Who stoop'd to dwell (divine *humility*!)
With sinful worms, and poverty, and scorn.
Pride leads her wretched votaries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy, and death.
But sweet *humility* points out the way
To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.
Humility how glorious! how divine!
Thus clothed, and thus enrich'd, O may I shine;
Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

Mrs. Steele.

HYMN.

AND when they had sung an *hymn*, they went out into the Mount of Olives.—Matthew, xxvi. 30.

WHOSE business was to serve their Lord,
High up in heav'n with songs to *hymn* His throne.

*****

They touched their golden harps, and *hymning* praised
God and His works.

Milton.

Then, kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future

days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together *hymning* their Creator's praise,
In such society yet still more dear,
When circling time moves round, in an eternal sphere.

Burns.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" feeds the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

Burns.

There is no gloom on earth, for God above
Chastens in love;
Transmuting sorrow into golden joy,
Free from alloy.
His dearest attribute is still to bless,
And man's most welcome *hymn* is grateful cheerfulness.

Horace Smith.

Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls.

R. H. Dana.

HYPOCRISY.

THE *hypocrite's* hope shall perish.—Job, viii. 13.

The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the *hypocrite* but for a moment.—Job, xx. 5.

For the vile person will speak villany, and his heart will work iniquity, to practise *hypocrisy*, and to utter error against the Lord.—Isaiah, xxxii. 6.

When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee as the *hypocrites* do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men.

When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the *hypocrites* are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.—Matthew, vi. 2, 5.

SO smooth he daubed his life with show of virtue,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.
Shakspere.

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.
Cowper.

Great day of revelation! in the grave
The *hypocrite* had left his mask, and stood
In naked ugliness. He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise,
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread;
In holy phrase, transacted villanies
That common sinners durst not meddle with;
At sacred feast, he sat among the saints,
And with his guilty hands touched holiest things;
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed

More deeply, or with graver countenance,
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man
Whose infant children, at the moment, he
Planned how to rob.
Seest thou the man,
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewed!

Pollok.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl,
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil.
And thus I clothe my naked villany,
With old, odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ.

Shakspere.

Wo to ye *Hypocrites*! ye insincere,
Who shut the gates of heaven against mankind,
And yet yourselves will never enter there—
Wo to ye *Hypocrites*! your hearts are blind;
The houses of the widow ye devour,
And make long prayers, devotion ill-designed.
The matters of the Law of gravest power—
Omit ye;—Judgment—Mercy—Faith! and dole
The petty tithe of your external dower:
Not those omit,—nor these; but pay the whole!
As righteous men ye do without appear,
Within iniquity usurps the soul:
Ye are e'en like a whited Sepulchre,
Beautiful outward, hiding dead men's bones;
Uncleanness and corruption, everywhere.

J. A. Heraud.

Like the detested tribe
Of ancient Pharisees, beneath the mask
Of clamorous piety, what numbers veil
Contaminated, vicious hearts! How many

In the devoted temple of their God,
With *hypocritic* eye, from which the tear
Of penitential anguish seems to flow,
Pour forth their vows, and by affected zeal
Pre-eminent devotion boast; while vice
Within the guilty breast, rankles unseen.

Samuel Hayes.

These are they
That prey upon the widow, and devour
The orphan's portion, mocking Heaven with prayers
Ceaseless, and fasts, which will but more incense
His anger, and bring down worse chastisement.

Charles Peers.

IDOLATRY.

REBELLION is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and *idolatry*.—I. Samuel, xv. 23.

What agreement hath the temple of God with *idols*?—II. Corinthians, vi. 16.

Covetousness, which is *idolatry*.—Colossians, iii. 5.

THE sparkling flames, that burn in beaten gold,
And, like the stars of heav'n in midst of night,
Black Egypt, as her mirrors doth behold;
Are but the dens where *idol* snakes delight
Again to cover Satan from their sight:
Yet these are all their gods; with whom they vie,
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly:
Fit gods indeed, for such men to be served by.

Giles Fletcher.

Hear, Father! hear and aid!

If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid;
If I have sought to live
But in one light, and made a mortal eye
The lonely star of my *idolatry*,
Thou that art Love, oh! pity and forgive!

Mrs. Hemans.

City of *idol*-temples, and of shrines
Where folly kneels to falsehood—how the pride
Of our humanity is here rebuked!
Man, that aspires to rule the very wind,
And make the sea confess his majesty;
Whose intellect can fill a little scroll
With words that are immortal: who can build
Cities, the mighty and the beautiful:
Yet man,—this glorious creature,—can debase
His spirit down, to worship wood and stone,
And hold the very beasts which bear his yoke,
And tremble at his eye, for sacred things.
With what unutterable humility
We should bow down, thou blessed Cross, to thee,
Seeing our vanity and foolishness,
When, to our own devices left, we frame
A shameful creed of craft and cruelty.

L. E. L.

If, when the Lord of Glory was in sight,
Thou turn thy back upon that fountain clear,
To bow before the "little drop of light"
Which dim-eyed men call praise and glory here:
What dost thou, but adore the sun, and scorn
Him at whose only word both sun and stars were born?

If while around the gales from Eden breathe,
Thou hide thine eyes, to make thy peevish moan
Over some broken reed of earth beneath,
Some darling of blind fancy, dead and gone,
As wisely might'st thou in Jehovah's fane
Offer thy love and tears to Thammuz slain.

Turn thee from these, or dare not to inquire
Of Him whose name is Jealous, lest in wrath,
He hear and answer thine unblest desire:
Far better we should cross His lightning's path,
Than be according to our *idols* heard,
And God should take us at our vain word.

Keble.

Before the *idol*-monster was the blood
Of man poured out by man. No mother there
Blessed the fair skies which smiled upon her babe,
But hastened rather, with unnatural hand,
To crush the unfolding life, and turn aside
The dark inheritance of woe and pain,
Ere yet the unconscious victim owned its doom.

A. Alexander.

And still from Him we turn away,
And fill our hearts with worthless things;
The fires of avarice melt the clay,
And forth the *idol* springs!
Ambition's flame, and passion's heat,
By wondrous alchemy transmute
Earth's dross, to raise some gilded brute
To fill Jehovah's seat.

J. H. Clinch.

Idol-worshippers are we,
Bowing evermore heart and knee
Unto stone and unto stock;
Thus the living God we mock.

Who shall say his heart is free
From this foul *idolatry*?

Egone.

IMAGE.

SO God created man in his own *image*, in the *image* of God created he him; male and female created he them.—Genesis, i. 27.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven *image*, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God.—Exodus, xx. 4, 5.

As we have borne the *image* of the earthy, we shall also bear the *image* of the heavenly.—I. Corinthians, xv. 49.

FOR what had all this all, which man in one,
Did not unite; the earth, air, water, fire,
Life, sense, and spirit; nay, the pow'rful throne
Of the Divinest Essence did retire;
And his own *Image* into clay inspire;
So that this creature well might called be,
Of the great world the small epitome;
Of the dead world, the life, and small anatome.

Giles Fletcher.

Thou man Thy *image* mad'st, in dignity,
In knowledge and in beauty like to Thee;
Placed in a heaven on earth; without his toil,
The ever flourishing and fruitful soil
Unpurchased food produced; all creatures were
His subjects, serving more for love than fear.

Sandys.

He made us to His *image* all agree;

That *image* is the soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's *image*, or be free.

Dryden.

Outcasts of mortal race! can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, soft, or great.

Prior.

Poor man! How happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamped thee with His *image*, and well pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work!

Blair.

God spake: He look'd on earth and heaven
With mild and generous eye;
In his own *image* man he made,
And gave him dignity.

Krummacher.

IMMORTALITY.

TO them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and *immortality*, eternal life.—Romans, ii. 7.

This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on *immortality*.—I. Corinthians, xv. 53.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and *immortality* to light through the gospel.—II. Timothy, i. 10.

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's name.

Dryden.

Thy nature, *immortality*! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,

And spun for ever, dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian die, how black, how brittle here!
How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, Inglorious! Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! our highest joys,
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how great
To mingle interests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of reason, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endowed! To live free citizens
Of universal nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which support archangels in their state,)
Our own! To rise in science as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan, and execution, to collate!
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow blown remote; and leave
No mystery—but that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the Seraph's flaming wing,
From earth's aceldama, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!
Love's element! True joy's illustrious house!
From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
Blest absolution of our blackest hour!

Young.

Man's soul *immortal* is; whilst here they live,
The purest minds for perfect knowledge strive;
Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,
From whom all life proceeds: in this abode

Of flesh, the soul can never reach so high,
So reason tells us. If the soul then die,
When from the body's bonds she takes her flight,
Her unfulfilled desire is frustrate quite,
And so bestowed in vain! It follows then,
The best desires, unto the best of men,
The Great Creator did in vain dispense,
Or else the soul must live when gone from hence,
And if it live after the body fall,
What reason proves that it must die at all?

Thomas May.

Strong as the death it masters, is the hope
That onward looks to *immortality*:
Let the frame perish, so the soul survive,
Pure, spiritual, and loving. I believe
The grave exalts, not separates, the ties
That hold us in affection to our kind.
I will look down from yonder pitying sky,
Watching and waiting those I loved on earth;
Anxious in heaven, until they, too, are there.
I will attend your guardian angel's side
And weep away your faults with holy tears:
Your midnight shall be filled with solemn thought;
And when, at length, death brings you to my love,
Mine the first welcome heard in Paradise.

Anon.

The sun is but a spark of fire,—
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, *immortal* as its Sire,
Shall never die!

J. Montgomery.

Prisoners of hope! heirs of eternity!
Waiting for the consummate day, when time
Shall be no more—Why on the past dwell ye?
Prisoners of hope! look to the goal sublime

Of the expanded future, and behold
The flesh redeemed to its *immortal* prime.
J. A. Heraud.

Yet know, vain sceptics, know the Almighty mind,
Who breathed on man a portion of His fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confined,
To Heaven, to *immortality* aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope His mercy reared,
By vain philosophy be e'er destroyed:
Eternity, by all or wished or feared,
Shall be, by all, or suffered, or enjoyed.
William Mason.

Whoe'er thou art, this truth take home,—and think
Two spirits only for thy soul contend,—
The good and bad; but now alone is grace
Imparted; soon thy final sands will fall,
And thou in moral nakedness shalt be
To Devil or to Deity assign'd
Through endless ages!—Oh, that truth immense,
This mortal, *immortality* shall wear!
The pulse of mind can never cease to play;
By God awaken'd, it for ever throbs,
Eternal as His own eternity!
Above the angels, or below the fiends:
To mount in glory, or in shame descend—
Mankind are destined by resistless doom.
R. Montgomery.

Beyond the purple verge of infinite space,
The *immortal* soul of man shall live again;
Live where its glories never more may wane,
And where its nobler memories will efface
All thoughts which rend the solemn' pall away
That shrouds the meanness of its primal clay.
H. B. Hirst.

INSPIRATION.

THERE is a spirit in man: and the *inspiration* of the Almighty giveth them understanding.—Job, xxxii. 8.

All scripture is given by *inspiration* of God.—II. Timothy, iii. 16.

O THOU bless'd Spirit: whether the Supreme
Great ante-mundane Father; in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions rolled,
Present though future; prior to themselves
Whose breath can blow it into naught again,
Or from His throne some delegated power,
Who studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile to solid and sublime!
Unseen Thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of *Inspiration*, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the God, than that which burst
From famed Castalia.

Young.

We to his high *inspiration* owe
That what was done before the flood we know.

Denham.

How precious is the book divine
By *inspiration* given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light

Of an eternal day.

Fawcett.

On the page of *inspiration*
Lo! the promise of salvation;
May I earnestly inquire,
May the Lord my soul *inspire*
With the love of truth divine,
So to make that promise mine.

Egone.

INSTRUCTION.

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and *instruction*.

My son, hear the *instruction* of thy father.—Proverbs, i. 7, 8.

Hear *instruction*, and be wise, and refuse it not.—Proverbs, viii. 33.

He that refuseth *instruction* despiseth his own soul.—Proverbs, xv. 32.

AND chiefly Thou, O Spirit that dost prefer
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou knowest: Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Milton.

From heaven descend the drops of dew,
From heaven the gracious showers,
Earth's winter aspect to renew,

And clothe the spring with flowers;
From heaven the beams of morning flow,
That melt the gloom of night,
From heaven the evening breezes blow
Health, fragrance, and delight.

Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of wisdom fall,
Awaken man's unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call;
Like morning beams they strike the mind,
In loveliness reveal;
And softer than the evening wind,
The wounded spirit heal.

As dew and rain, as light and air,
From heaven *Instruction* came,
The waste of nature to repair,
And kindle sacred flame,
A flame to purify the earth,
Exalt her sons on high,
And train them for their second birth—
Their birth beyond the sky.

J. Montgomery.

INTERCESSION.

HE bare the sin of many, and made *intercession* for the transgressors.—Isaiah, liii. 12.

It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh *intercession* for us.—Romans, viii. 34.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make *intercession* for them.—Hebrews, vii. 25.

WHY gaze the clustered stars on Hermon's height?
Immensity around—why gaze they there?
On its high top, as farthest up from earth,

Enshrined in darkness and alone, there kneels
The world's great *Intercessor*. Evening came,
And found Him kneeling there: the rising morn
Lingered awhile upon His upturned brow;
And night passed over Him, and still he kneels;
Till all the air is incense and a prayer,
As He would save the world by prayer alone,
Close clasping the eternal throne,—His voice,
Unheard below, was heard in heaven intent.

Anon.

With blood—but not his own—the Jew drew near
The mercy-seat, and heaven received his prayer.
Yet still his hope was dimmed by doubt and fear:
"If Thou should'st mark transgression, who might dare
To stand before Thee?" Mercy loves to spare
And pardon, but stern Justice has a voice,
And cries—Our God is holy, nor can bear
Uncleanness in the people of His choice.
But now One Offering, ne'er to be renewed,
Hath made our peace for ever. This now gives
Free access to the Throne of Heavenly Grace,
No more base fear and dark disquietude,
He who was slain—the Accepted Victim!—lives,
And *intercedes* before the Father's face.

Conder.

Lord! there is a throne of grace;
There we now would seek Thy face;
Thou wilt bear the humblest prayer
Of the soul that seeks Thee there.
Saviour, for us *intercede*,
While the promises we plead!

Cobbin.

ISRAEL.

AND he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob.

And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but *Israel*: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.—Genesis, xxxii. 27, 28.

Truly God is good to *Israel*.—Psalm lxxiii. 1.

He that keepeth *Israel* shall neither slumber nor sleep.—Psalm cxxi. 4.

For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose *Israel*, and set them in their own land.—Isaiah, xiv. 1.

WHILST Pharoah's pride
withstood,
His pools turned poison, and his Nile ran blood,
From whose corrupting channel, moist and warm,
Leaped forth the frogs, a foul, offensive swarm;
No place was sheltered from their loathsome tread,
The festive banquet, nor the bridal bed.
Anon, destructive sweeps the burning hail,
His trees stand branchless, and his furrows fail;
Whilst from the East, devouring locusts rise,
To spoil the pittance spared him by the skies.
But why on each particular token dwell
Of God's deep wrath, or all His judgments tell?
Enough to add, that *Israel's* thraldom ceased,
From Pharaoh's stubborn hand, by him released.

William Gibson.

Backsliding *Israel*, hear the voice

Of thy forgiving God;
Nor force such goodness to exert
The terrors of the rod.

Thus saith the Lord—"My mercy flows,
An unexhausted stream;
And after all its millions saved,
Its sway is still supreme."

Own but the follies thou hast done,
And mourn thy sins in dust,
And soon thy trembling heart shall learn
To hope, and love, and trust.

Doddridge.

The day of Freedom dawns; rise, *Israel*, from thy tomb.

Croly.

JEHOVAH.

AND God spake unto Moses, and said unto him, I am the Lord:

And I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of God Almighty, but by my name JEHOVAH was I known to them.—Exodus, vi. 2, 3.

That men may know that thou, whose name is JEHOVAH, art the most high over all the earth.—Psalm lxxxiii. 18.

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.—Isaiah, xii. 2.

TELL mankind *Jehovah* reigns;
He shall bind the world in chains,
So as it shall never slide,
And with sacred justice guide.
Let the smiling heavens rejoice,
Joyful earth exalt her voice:
Let the dancing billows roar,

Echoes answer from the shore,
Fields their flowery mantles shake,
All shall in their joy partake;
While the wood-musicians sing
To the ever-youthful spring,
Fill His courts with sacred mirth.
He, He comes to judge the earth.
Justly He the world shall sway,
And His truth to men display.

Dr. Henry More.

Before *Jehovah's* awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd His gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall find thy courts with sounding praise.

Watts.

Ascribe, ye mighty, to *Jehovah* might
And glory, victor o'er his enemies—
Give to *Jehovah* glory in the height,
The glory due unto His name! Adore
Him in the beauty of Holiness aright!

Thy voice, *Jehovah!* on the waters hoar
Careers; the God of glory thundereth;
Jehovah speaks where many waters roar—
Thy voice, *Jehovah!* is more strong than death—
Thy powerful voice is full of majesty;
Thy voice o'erthrows the cedar with its breath.
And Lebanon and Sirion before Thee
Skip like a calf, and like a unicorn,

In youth transcilient, and by nature free,—
Thy voice *Jehovah!* shakes the desert lorn;
Jehovah shakes the wilderness; His voice
Maketh the hinds to calve, the forest-born.

Within His temple shall His sons rejoice,
And all declare His glory. On the sea
He sitteth—hushed is its tempestuous noise—
Behold *Jehovah* sitteth royally
Upon the calmed flood, eternal Lord:
And strength unto His people giveth He,
And them with peace and blessing hath
restored.

J. A. Heraud.

The name of *Jehovah* defend thee!
For He from His dwelling above,
Shall hear thee in trouble, and send thee
The might of His covenant love.
His rod of dread powers
Shall bind with sweet flowers,
In the ark of His covenant love.

Then kneel; for the prayer of the lowly
As incense, all odour shall be,
In the cloud of the holocaust holy,
That pleads in His presence for thee.
His word, like strong mountains,
Still shed forth the fountains
Of strength from His presence for thee.

Waring.

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM is builded as a city that is compact together. —Psalm cxxii. 3.

O *Jerusalem, Jerusalem*, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.—Matthew, xxiii. 37, 38.

Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled.—Luke, xxi. 24.

But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly *Jerusalem*, and to an innumerable company of angels.—Hebrews, xii. 22.

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is named,
In heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are framed;
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire, from heaven,
Her wedding-chamber, now descends,
Prepared in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls wherewith she is enclosed,
And streets are of pure gold composed.

The gates adorn'd with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show,
And thither by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits go
All those who are on earth distress'd,
Because they have Christ's name
profess'd.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,
Before they throughly polish'd are,
Then each in his own proper seat,
Established by the builder's care,
In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So join'd, that them no power can sever.
Drummond.

The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more:
Her tale of splendour now is done;
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,

And all is o'er—her grandeur and her guilt.
Oh, fair and favoured city, where of old,
The balmy airs were rich with melody,
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky
In vestments flaming with the orient gold;
Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,
The heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice!
How stately then was every palm-deck'd street
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet!
How proud the elders in the lofty gate!
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
With white-robed Levites, and high-mitred priests;
How gorgeous her temple's sacred state!
Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves;
Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentile's scorn,
By stealth her priesthood's holy garments worn.

Milman.

Jerusalem! alas! alas! of old,
Deaf to whate'er prophetic seers foretold,
Assailing all, whom Heaven, in mercy sent
And murdering those that warned thee to repent!
Thou, the world's Saviour who suspendedst high,
His works reviled, and mocked His agony,
How oft hath God, still gracious, striven to bring
Thy devious brood beneath His sheltering wing,
To save thee from the hovering eagle's power,
And shield the unequalled misery of this hour!
But no! thou would'st not! thence this signal fate!

Thence art thou fallen! deserted! desolate!
William Gibson.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
Dickson.

JESUS.

AND thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matthew, i. 21.

But we see JESUS, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.—Hebrews, ii. 9.

Whosoever shall confess that JESUS is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.—I. John, iv. 15.

TO Thee, O *Jesu*, I direct my eyes,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees;
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees;
To Thee myself, myself and all I give,
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music in my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
  My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
  And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish,
  In Thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
  Nor friendship half so sweet,

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
  And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
  The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of Thy name
  With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
  The antidote of death.

Doddridge.

O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
  Who would not love Thee with his might?
O *Jesu*, Lover of mankind!
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
  With all his strength, to Thee unite;

Hell's armies tremble at Thy nod,
And, trembling, own th' Almighty God,
  Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky:
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments roll'd in blood appear?
  'Tis God made man, for man to die.

Wesley.

Weary souls that wander wide,
  From the central point of bliss,
Turn to *Jesus* crucified,
  Fly to those dear wounds of His,
Sink into the purple flood—rise into the life of God.

Wesley.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Watts.

Jesus, in Thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus the angels' sweetest theme!
The wonder of the skies!

Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine,
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

Steele.

We know that "He will save us" Lord,
If we on Him depend,
Jesus, the true and living word,
The sinner's only friend.
May He be ours, in life and death,
Jesus enthroned above,
And may we with our latest breath
Adore redeeming love!

J. Burbidge.

JEWS.

THE Lord shall establish thee an holy people unto himself, as He hath sworn unto thee, if thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in His ways.

And all people of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord; and they shall be afraid of thee.

But it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments and his statutes, * * * thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb and a bye-word, among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee.—Deuteronomy, xxviii. 9, 10, 15, 37.

Salvation is of the *Jews*.—John, iv. 22.

He is not a *Jew*, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh;

But he is a *Jew*, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men but of God.—Romans, ii. 28, 29.

What advantage then hath the *Jew*, or what profit is there in circumcision? Much every way: chiefly, because that unto them were committed the oracles of God.—Romans, iii. 1, 2.

THEY, and they only, amongst all mankind,
Received the transcript of the Eternal Mind;
Were trusted with His own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of His cause;
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
And theirs, by birth, the Saviour of us all.
Cowper.

Thrice happy nation! Favourite of Heaven!
Selected from the kingdoms of the earth
To be His chosen race, ordained to spread
His glory through remotest realms, and teach
The Gentile world Jehovah's awful name.
William Hodson.

That people once
So famed, whom God Himself vouchsafed to call
His chosen race, and with a guardian hand
Deigned to protect, from Palestine exiled,
Are doomed to wander; although scattered thus
Through all the globe, there is no clime which they
Can call their own, no country where their laws
Hold sovereign rule. Irrefragable proof,
That every oracle of Holy Writ

Was given by Heaven itself!

Samuel Hayes.

JORDAN.

AND Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of *Jordan*, that it was well watered every where.—Genesis, xiii. 10.

If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of *Jordan*.—Jeremiah, xii. 5.

Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea and all the region round about *Jordan*.

And were baptized of him in *Jordan* confessing their sins.—Matthew, iii. 5, 6.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On *Jordan's* bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beatings of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way
And leaned in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells
By its light heed of human suffering
That it was fashioned for a happier world.

N. P. Willis.

Christian, behold the typic shade
  Of that dim path prepared for thee—
Behold, in *Jordan's* tide displayed,
  Death's overflowing sea.
But if thou still hast kept the Ark

Of God before thee as a mark,
Fear not the troubled waters dark,
  Howe'er they rage, and chafe, and roar;
On that mysterious voyage embark,
  And God will guide thee o'er.

J. H. Clinch.

When I tread the banks of *Jordan*
  May my soul no tremblings know;
Be my Saviour near to guide me,
  And uphold me as I go
    Through the waters,
  Fearing not their overflow.

Egone.

JOY.

THOU wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of *joy*; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Psalm xvi. 11.

Weeping may endure for a night, but *joy* cometh in the morning.—Psalm xxx. 5.

And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your *joy* no man taketh from you.—John, xvi. 22.

WHAT nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt *joy*.

Pope.

A Deity believed, is *joy* begun;
A Deity adored, is *joy* advanced;
A Deity beloved, is *joy* matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires.

Young.

Words of eternal truth proclaim
  All mortal *joys* are vain;
A diamond pen engraves the theme

Upon a mortal pane.

Watts.

When on some balmy-breathing night of spring
The happy child to whom the world is new,
Pursues the evening moth of mealy wing,
Or from the heath-bell shakes the sparkling dew,
He sees before his inexperienced eyes,
The brilliant glow-worm like a meteor shine
On the turf-bank, surprised, and pleased, he cries
"Star of the dewy grass! I make thee mine."
Then, ere he sleeps, collects the moistened flower,
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize unfold,
And dreams that fairy lamps illume his bower;
But in the morning shudders to behold
His shining treasure viewless as the dust;
So fade the world's bright *joys* to cold and blank disgust.

Charlotte Smith.

I see a forest, dark, dim, deep, and dread,
Whose solemn shades no human foot or eye
Can penetrate; but now, oh see! a veil
Falls from my strengthened eyes; and now
Even in its deepest centre I behold
A spot more beautiful than human heart
Can comprehend; it is the home of *Joy*,
And there the blessed spirit broods for ever,
Making her dwelling-place a heaven: there
The skies are pure as crystal, and the eye
Looks through their clear expanse direct to God.
No sun is there; the air itself is light
And life; a rainbow spans it like a crown
Of tearless glory, and the forest trees

Sweep round it in a belt of living green.
Colour, that wayward sprite of changeful mien,
Is here subdued to an intensity
Of burning lustre. Sound has but one voice,
And that *joyous* song; sight but one object,
And that is happiness; mine eyes are strained
To catch the lineaments of the bright queen,
Whose dwelling-place I see; but 'tis in vain;
Nowhere distinct, yet felt in all, she glides,
A shape of light and colour through the air,
Making its pure transparency to thrill
With the soft music of her viewless step.

C. L. Reddel.

Christ had His *joys*—but they were not
The *joys* the son of pleasure boasts—
O, no! 'twas when His Spirit sought
Thy will, Thy glory, God of hosts!
Christ had His *joys*—and so hath he,
Who feels His Spirit in his heart;
Who yields, O God, his all to Thee,
And loves Thy name, for what thou art!

Anon.

Joy dwells not in external things,
It hath an inner birth;
The sweetest bird in darkness sings,
And fairest flowers oft nurture stings,—
Such is our life on earth.

Then measure not by outward show
The depth of real *joy*;
The heart can o'er the darkest woe
A stream of sunlight softly throw,
Or purest bliss destroy.

W. J. Brock.

JUDAH.

WHEN Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language;

Judah was his sanctuary and Israel his dominion.—Psalm cxiv. 1, 2.

Judah shall dwell for ever, and Jerusalem from generation to generation.—Joel, iii. 20.

It is evident that our Lord sprang out of *Judah*.—Hebrews, vii. 14.

JUDAH! thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise,
Thy hand shall be on the neck of thine enemies:
Thy father's children shall bow down before thee.
Judah is a lion's whelp!
From the prey, my son, thou art gone up:
He stooped down, he crouched as a lion,
And as an old lion; who shall rouse him up?
The sceptre shall not depart from *Judah*,
Nor a lawgiver from between his feet,
Until Shiloh come,
And unto him shall the gathering of the people be.
Jacob's Benediction of Judah, Genesis, xlix. 8, 9, 10.

Dr. Caunter's Metrical Arrangement.

O, Thou, the Shepherd of Thy flock,
Who led'st Thy people through the wave,
And gav'st them water from the rock,
And bar'dst thine arm in might to save:—
Hear Thou the strain our hearts prolong—
List—list the suppliant captive's cry—
O, when shall cease the mournful song,
O, when shall *Judah's* tears be dry?

C. W. Everest.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall
O, *Judah*, from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read
Thy testimonies right,
When thou, with all Messiah's signs
In Christ distinctly seen,

Shall, by Jehovah's nameless name,
Invoke the Nazarene.

William Crosswell.

JUDGE—JUDGMENT.

THE Lord loveth *judgment*.—Psalm xxxvii. 28.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications.

And enter not into *judgment* with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.—Psalm cxliii. 1, 2.

Judge not, that ye be not *judged*.—Matthew, vii. 1.

We shall all stand before the *judgment*-seat of Christ.

Let us not therefore *judge* one another any more, but *judge* this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way.—Romans, xiv. 10, 13.

HE should be born grey-headed, that will bear
The sword of empire: *judgment* of the life,
Free state, and reputation of a man,
If he be just and worthy, dwells so dark,
That it denies access to sun and moon;
The soul's eye, sharpen'd with that sacred light
Of whom the sun itself is but a beam,
Must only give that *judgment*. O how much
Err those kings then that play with life and death,
And nothing put into their serious states
But humour and their lusts! For which alone
Men long for kingdoms, whose huge counterpoise
In cares and dangers, could a fool comprise,
He would not be a king, but would be wise.

Chapman.

The day of Christ; the last, the dreadful day;
When thou and I, and all the world, shall

come
Before His *judgment*-seat, to bear their doom
For ever and for ever; and when they
Who loved not God, far, far from Him away
Shall go;—but whither banished? and with whom?—
And they who loved Him shall be welcomed home
To God, and Christ, and Heaven, and Heaven's array,
Angels and saints made perfect—may the scene
Of that dread day be always present here—
Here in my heart! That every day between,
Which brings my passage to the goal more near,
May find me fitter, by His love made clean,
Before His throne of justice to appear.

Bishop Mant.

Then, all Thy saints assembled, Thou shalt *judge*
Bad men and angels; they, arraigned, shall sink
Beneath Thy sentence: Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut.
Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then Thou Thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre thee no more shall need,
God shall be All in All.

Milton.

The world is grown old, and her pleasures are past;
The world is grown old, and her form may

not last;
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear,
For sorrows abound, and *judgment* is near!

The sun in the heaven is languid and pale;
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and *judgment* is near!

The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer;
For the world is grown old, and *judgment* is near!

The world is grown old, but should we complain
Who have tried her, and know that her promise is vain;
Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here,
And we look for our crown when *judgment* is near.

Bishop Heber.

From Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one shall 'scape that muster-roll;
Each, as if he alone were there,
Shall stand, and win, or lose his soul:
These from the Judge's presence, go
Down into everlasting woe;
Vengeance hath barred the gates of hell—
The scenes within no tongue can tell.

But lo! far off, the righteous pass
To glory; from the king's right hand,
In silence, on the sea of glass,
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While He who bore the cross, lays down
His priestly robe and victor crown;
The mediatorial reign complete,

All things are put beneath His feet.

James Montgomery.

Time
Hath functions awful and sublime,
And on its viewless lapse are traced
Stern chronicles of all the past,
A writing every sunset laid,
While heaven is still within the shade
Of Christ's high throne, one day to be
A part of the solemnity
And pomp of *judgment*, endless Woe,
Or endless Weal! to some a show
Of fiery ciphers, symbols dread,
Of unchaste things unpardoned.

*****

And some there are to whom that scroll
Sad record still, may yet unroll
A fairer vision, dark and bright,
Like dawn o'er-mastering tardy night
In dubious streaks, with here and there
A firm and radiant character,
To angels' eyes not new, but known
And recognised the *Judge's* own.

Frederic W. Faber.

The *judgment*! the *judgment*! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word!

O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us thy sad children, with love!
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in Heaven!

H. H. Milman.

JUSTICE.

SHALL mortal man be more *just* than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker.—Job, iv. 17.

Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out: he is excellent in power, and in judgment and in plenty of *justice*.—Job, xxxvii. 23.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne.—Psalm lxxxix. 14.

To do *justice* and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice.—Proverbs, xxi. 3.

WHOSO upon himself will take the skill
True *justice* unto people to divide,
Has need have mighty hands for to fulfil
That which he doth with righteous doom decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride;
For vain it is to deem of things aright,
And make wrong doers *justice* to deride,
Unless it be performed with dreadless might;
For power is the right hand of *justice* truly hight.

Spenser.

A *just* man cannot fear,
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
Should, in a point meet all to take his life,
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

Ben Jonson.

The words of Heaven, on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis *just*.

Shakspere.

His life is parallel'd

Even with the stroke and line of his great *justice*;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others; where he meal'd
With that which he corrects, than where he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's *just*.

Shakspere.

Heaven's king
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Ev'n beasts must be with *justice* slain.

Marvell.

Well, then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain;
Thy Christ, that conquered hell, shall from above
With greater triumph yet return again
And conquer His own *justice* with His love.
Commanding earth and seas to render those
Unto His bliss for whom he paid His woes.

Wotton.

So sure the fall of greatness raised on crimes!
So fixed the *justice* of all-conscious Heaven!
When haughty guilt exalts with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man, with erring rage, may throw the dart,
But Heaven shall guide it to the guilty heart.

Dr. Johnson.

Say, how can man be *justified* by God?
Thy vaults eternity would echo. How?
But from the cross, responding grace replies
To this high question. Faith in Christ is life
And Love and Righteousness. Completely fit
To each vast claim of violated law.

R. Montgomery.

The Sun of *Justice* may withdraw his beams
Awhile from earthly ken, and sit concealed
In dark recess pavilioned round with clouds:
Yet let not guilt presumptuous rear her crest,
Nor virtue droop despondent: soon these clouds,
Seeming eclipse, will brighten into day,
And in majestic splendour He will rise,
With healing and with terror on His wings.

George Bally.

Peace to the *just* man's memory,—let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
His calm benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but heaven, and, in the book of fame,
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.

W. C. Bryant.

KINDNESS.

BLESSED be the Lord: for he hath shewed me his marvellous *kindness*.—Psalm xxxi. 21.

Rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great *kindness*.—Joel, ii. 13.

Be *kindly* affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.—Romans, xii. 10.

Be ye *kind* one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Ephesians, iv. 32.

THE poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings—have been *kind*
To such as needed *kindness*; for this single cause,
That we have all of us a human heart.

Wordsworth.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-*kindness* O how free!

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all:
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-*kindness* O how great!

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But, though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-*kindness* changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail:
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-*kindness* sing in death!

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day:
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-*kindness* in the skies.

Medley.

As from the bosom of her mystic fountains,
  Nile's sacred water windeth to the main,
Flooding each vale embosom'd 'mong the mountains,
  From far Alata's fields to Egypt's plain:
So from the bosom of the Fount of Love,

A golden stream of sympathy is gushing;
And winding, first through intellect above,
Then through each vale of mortal mind is rushing;
Sweeping the heart of iceberg and of storm,
Purging humanity of every blindness,
Melting all spirits earthly into one,
And leaving holiness and joy—'tis *Kindness*.

D. K. Lee.

Meanwhile as we idly rave,
Thousands hasten to the grave;
No *kind* voice their footsteps guides
To the home where truth abides;
Tones of truth within them stirred,
Meet with no *kind* answering word.

J. Gostick.

Be *kind* to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.
Then, 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earn'd
The blest recollection
Of *kindness* return'd!
When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
The watch, broken-hearted,
Where all the loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love.
Nor change with to-morrow
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling.
Oh, be *kind* to each other,
For night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

Anon.

KING.

THE Lord is *King* for ever and ever.—Psalm x. 16.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the *King* of glory shall come in.

Who is this *King* of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the *King* of glory.—Psalm xxiv. 9, 10.

The *King* that faithfully judgeth the poor, his throne shall be established for ever.—Proverbs, xxix. 14.

Fear God. Honour the *King*.—I. Peter, ii. 17.

THE *king*-becoming graces
Are justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.
Shakspere.

O take heed, sir,
Saints stand upon heaven's silver battlements,
When *kings* make vows, and lay their listening ears
To princes' protestations.
R. Davenport.

The silver trumpet's heavenly call
Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all;
Kings are invited, and, would *kings* obey,
No slaves on earth more welcome were than they;
But royalty, nobility, and state,
Are such a dead preponderating weight,
That endless bliss, how strange soe'er it seem,
In counterpoise flies up, and kicks the beam.
Cowper.

There's not a leaf within the bower;
There's not a bird upon the tree;

There's not a dew-drop on the flower;
  But leaves the impress Lord of Thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
  And gave the bird its thrilling tone;
Thy power the dew-drop's tints combined,
  Till like the diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes, dew-drops, leaves, and buds, and all,
  The smallest, like the greatest things;
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide hall,
  Alike proclaim Thee *King* of *Kings*.

Mrs. Opie.

KINGDOM.

THE Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his *kingdom* ruleth over all.—Psalm ciii. 19.

Thy *kingdom* come.—Matthew, vi. 10.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the *kingdom* prepared for you from the foundation of the world.—Matthew, xxv. 34.

Jesus answered, My *kingdom* is not of this world: if my *kingdom* were of this world, then would my servants fight; that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my *kingdom* not from hence.—John, xviii. 36.

And there were great voices in heaven, saying, The *kingdoms* of this world are become the *kingdoms* of our Lord, and of his Christ and he shall reign for ever and ever.—Revelation, xi. 15.

"HIS *kingdom* come!" For this we pray in vain,
Unless He does in our affections reign.
How fond it were to wish for such a King,
And no obedience to His sceptre bring,
Whose yoke is easy, and His burthen light;
His service freedom, and His judgments

right.

Waller.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,
His honours shall enrich your verse.

Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Watts.

Thy *kingdom* come! and shall we dare
With lips unhallowed breathe that prayer?
With hearts unsanctified within,
How can we ever hope to win
A place or *kingdom* such as Thine,
Where all is holy and benign?
Send down Thy spirit, Lord, and bless
The prayer we falteringly express:
Oh, give us grace, and give us power,
To wait with confidence the hour
When we shall in thy *kingdom* be,
And dwell to all eternity.

Egone.

KNOWLEDGE.

SHALL any teach God *knowledge*?—Job, xxi. 22.

He that teacheth man *knowledge*, shall not he *know*?

The Lord *knoweth* the thoughts of man, that they are vanity.—Psalm xciv. 10, 11.

Wise men lay up *knowledge*.—Proverbs, x. 14.

Many shall run to and fro, and *knowledge* shall be increased.—Daniel, xii. 4.

According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the

knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue.—II. Peter, i. 3.

O LORD! in me there lieth nought,
But to Thy search revealed lies;
For when I sit
Thou markest it,
No less Thou notest when I rise;
Yea, closest closet of my thought
Hath open windows to Thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk,
When to my bed for rest I go,
I find Thee there,
And every where;
Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk,
But yet unuttered thou dost *know*.

To shun Thy notice, leave Thine eye,
O whither might I take my way?
To starry sphere?
Thy throne is there.
To dead men's undelightsome stay?
There is Thy walk, and there to lie
Unknown, in vain I should essay.

O sun! whom light nor flight can match,
Suppose Thy lightful, flightful wings
Thou lend to me,
And I could flee,
As far as Thee the evening brings;
Ev'n led to west He would me catch,
Nor should I lurk with western things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night
In sable vail to cover me;
The sable vail
Shall vainly fail:
With day unmask'd my night shall be:
For night is day, and darkness light,
O Father of all lights to Thee.

Countess of Pembroke.

Almighty Being,
Cause and support of all things, can I view
These objects of my wonder: can I feel
These fine sensations, and not think of Thee?
Thou who dost through th'eternal round of time,
Dost through th' immensity of space exist
Alone, shalt Thou excluded be
From this Thy universe? Shall feeble man
Think it beneath his proud philosophy
To call for Thy assistance, and pretend
To frame a world, who cannot frame a clod?
Not to *know* Thee, is not to *know* ourselves—
Is to *know* nothing—worth the care
Of man's exalted spirit.

Stillingfleet.

O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing *knowledge* as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder: or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free.

Wordsworth.

What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?
What is there in thee, Man, that can be

known?—
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
Vain sister of the worm,—life, death, soul, clod—
Ignore thyself, and strive to *know* thy God!

Coleridge.

What is true *knowledge*? is it with keen eye
Of lucre's sons to thread the mazy way?
Is it of civil rights, and royal sway,
And wealth political, the depth to try?
Is it to delve the earth, to soar the sky?
To marshal nations, tribes in just array;
To mix, and analyze, and mete, and weigh
Her elements, and all her powers descry?
These things, who will may *know* them, if to *know*
Breed not vain glory; but, o'er all, to scan
God in His works, and word shown forth below,
Creation's wonders; and Redemption's plan
Whence came we; what to do, and whither go;
This is true *knowledge*, and the whole of man.

Bishop Mant.

Let him stand who will on the giddy height
Of the palace-top in his pride of place!
In a humbler home may my heart delight,
Where my couch is low, and my pillow,—peace.

Be it *known* to few how my life flows on,
As I silent sail on its noiseless tide!
When its days and years are expired and gone,
Let my record be that,—I lived and died!

For sadly he meets the stroke of death,
(At the ends of earth though his name be *known*,)
Who laments, when yielding his final breath,
That he's *known* to all but himself alone.

Mordaunt Barnard.

View all around the works of Power Divine,
Inquire, explore, admire, extol, resign;
This is the whole of human kind below;
'Tis only given beyond the grave to *know*.
W. Hamilton.

Who loves not *knowledge*? who shall rail
  Against her beauty? May she mix
  With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire;
  She sets her forward countenance,
  And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain,
  She cannot fight the fear of death.
  What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery hot to burst
  All barriers in her onward race
  For power. Let her know her place,
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
  If all be not in vain; and guide
  Her footsteps moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child.

For she is earthly of the mind,
  But wisdom heavenly of the soul.
  O friend, who earnest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
  Who grewest not alone in power
  And *knowledge*, but from hour to hour
In reverence and in charity.
Tennyson.

Knowledge holdeth by the hilt, and heweth
out a road to conquest;
Ignorance graspeth the blade, and is
wounded by its own good sword.
Knowledge distilleth health from the virulence
of opposite poisons;
Ignorance mixeth wholesomes unto the
breeding of disease.
Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and
findeth a friend in all things;
But ignorance is everywhere a stranger,
unwelcome, ill at ease, and out of place.
M. F. Tupper.

LABOUR.

COME unto me, all ye that *labour* and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matthew, xi. 28.

The *labourer* is worthy of his hire.—Luke, x. 7.

Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him *labour*, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.—Ephesians, iv. 28.

INVENTIVE *Labour*! cunning to deceive
Thyself, and skilful to no end but this,
Still to be doing, never to achieve—
What profitest?—though all, to such excess,
Man cannot utter it, be full of thee—
The eye unsatisfied, the ear no less—
Sore travail, and the vainest vanity
Ordained to exercise the sons of men—
Who getteth wisdom, where thy trials be?
J. A. Heraud.

Labour, with envy and annoyance, where
strangers will thee wealth;
Labour, with indolence and gloom, where
wealth falleth from a father;
Labour unto all, whether aching thews, or

aching head, or spirit;
The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is *labour*.
Nevertheless, to the diligent, *labour* bringeth blessing;
The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is a pleasure;
And time spent in doing, hath a comfort that is not for the idle,
The hardship is transmuted into joy by the dear alchemy of mercy.
Labour is good for man, bracing up his energies to conquest,
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless.
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty hinges,
And the grasp of the mind is weakened, as the talons of a caged vulture.

M. F. Tupper.

LAND.

AND the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt.

And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that *land* unto a good *land*, and a large, unto a *land* flowing with milk and honey.—Exodus, iii. 7, 8.

He that tilleth his *land* shall be satisfied with bread.—Proverbs, xii. 11.

Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty: they shall behold the *land* that is vary far off.—Isaiah, xxxiii. 17.

BEAUTIFUL *Landscape*! I could look on thee
For hours, unmindful of the storm and strife,
And mingled murmurs of tumultuous life.
Here, all is still as fair—the stream, the tree,
The wood, the sunshine on the bank; no tear

—
No thought of time's swift wing, or closing night,
Which comes to steal away the long sweet light,—
No sighs of sad humanity are here.
Here is no tint of mortal change—the day,—
Beneath whose light the dog and peasant boy
Gambol, with look, and almost bark, of joy—
Still seems, though centuries have passed, to stay;
Then gaze again, that shadow'd scenes may teach
Lessons of peace and love, beyond all speech.

Bowles.

There is a *land* of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly *land* from ours.

Dr. Watts.

Yes, far beyond the clouds outspread,
Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a *land* where Thou hast said
The pure in heart shall enter in;
They dream no more of grief and care,
For Thou, the God of Peace, art there.

Mrs. Welby.

LAW.

AND the Lord said unto Moses, come up to me into the mount, and be there: and I will give thee tables of stone, and a *law*.—Exodus, xxiv. 12.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the

ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the *law* of the Lord; and in his *law* doth he meditate day and night.—Psalm i. 1, 2.

Think not that I am come to destroy the *law*, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the *law*, till all be fulfilled.—Matthew, v. 17, 18.

THE good need fear no *law*;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.
Massinger.

Law hath dominion over all things, over
universal mind and matter;
For there are reciprocities of right which no
creature can gainsay.
Unto each was there added by its Maker, in
the perfect chain of being,
Dependencies and sustentations, accidents,
and qualities, and powers:
And each must fly forward in the curve, unto
which it was forced from the beginning;
Each must attract and repel, or the monarchy
of order is no more.
Laws are essential emanations from the self-
poised character of God,
And they radiate from that sun to the circling
edges of creation.
Verily the mighty *Law*giver hath subjected
himself unto *laws*,
And God is the primal grand example of free
unrestrained obedience;
Martin F. Tupper.

Adam's foul revolt
From the primeval *law*, on all his sons,
Through every age, the sad inheritance
Of sin and death entailed.
Samuel Hayes.

LEAF.

WE all do fade as a *leaf*.—Isaiah, lxiv. 6.

SEE the *leaves* around us falling
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Blighted when like us he fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Fluttering high in fancied worth,
Lo! the fickle air, that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sophs, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease, at length, by us persuaded,
Ev'ry *leaf* must have its fall.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
Think, amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach, this truth concerning,
"Heaven and Earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be staid,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a *leaf* that shall not fade.

Bishop Horne.

LEARNING.

A WISE man will hear, and will increase *learning*; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.—Proverbs, i. 5.

Cease to do evil; *Learn* to do well.—Isaiah, i. 16, 17.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our *learning*.—Romans, xv. 4.

WHAT is the pomp of *learning*? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the grey morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish. Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

H. K. White.

Of the deep *learning* of the schools of yore
The reverend pastor hath a golden stock;
Yet with a vain display of useless lore,
Or sapless doctrine never will he mock
The better cravings of his simple flock;
But faithfully their humble shepherd guides
Where streams eternal gush from Calvary's rock;
For well he knows not *learning's* purest tides
Can quench the immortal thirst that in the soul abides.

Mrs. Little.

Learning is good, but holiness is better:
Learning with holiness combined—what

then?
Aye, that is best of all; th' instructed
mind,
Which ignorance nor prejudice can fetter,
That looks through nature with a searching
ken,
And knows the history of human kind,
And hath a store of treasures at command;
If such can meekly bend, and humbly wait
Beside the footstool of the Infinite,
Eager to bask in beams of saving
grace,
Learning and goodness then go hand in hand,
And happy is the people and the state,
That hath such *learned* men to shed the
light
Of their example round their early
resting-place.

Egone.

LIBERTY.

BECAUSE the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious *liberty* of the children of God.—Romans, viii. 21.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is *liberty*.—II. Corinthians, iii. 17.

So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of *liberty*.—James, ii. 12.

IN vain from thee, O love, expecting ease,
Few hours of calm, but years of grief I
passed,
And lived on joys and hopes that would
not last—
Food ill adapted to my heart's disease.
But now that I desire a full release,
And heaven has granted me this sweet
contrast
Of light, and life, and *liberty* so vast,

Far as I can from thee I fly for peace;
Even as a bird, which, rescued from the snare,
Wings to the shady covert of the grove,
Still fluttering at the danger it has seen.
I hear thee call indeed, as I remove;
But He who sought me, and who hears my prayer,
Allows not earthly love to come between.

Gabriel Fiamma.

But there is yet a *liberty*, unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate, take away;
A *liberty* which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
'Tis *liberty* of heart, derived from Heaven,
Bought with His blood, who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token.

Cowper.

True *Liberty* was Christian; sanctified,
Baptized and found in Christian hearts alone.
First-born of Virtue, daughter of the skies,
Nursling of truth divine; sister of all
The graces, meekness, holiness, and love.
Giving to God, and man, and all below
That symptom showed of sensible existence,
Their due, unasked.

Pollok.

LIFE.

A MAN'S *life* consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—Luke, xii. 15.

This is *life* eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.—John, xvii. 3.

In hope of eternal *life*, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began.—Titus, i. 2.

For what is your *life*? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.—James, iv. 14.

Hereby perceive we the love of God; because he laid down his *life* for us: and we ought to lay down our *lives* for the brethren.—I. John, iii. 16.

So, in the passing of a day, doth pass
The bud and blossom of the *life* of man,
Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass
Cut down, becometh withered, pale, and wan.

Tasso.

I *live* on earth upon a stage of sorrow;
Lord, if Thou pleasest, end the play to-morrow.
I *live* on earth, as in a dream of pleasure;
Awake me when Thou wilt, I wait Thy leisure.
I *live* on earth, but as of *life* bereaven;
My *life*'s with Thee, for, Lord, Thou art in Heaven.

Quarles.

Thy *life*'s a warfare, thou a soldier art,
Satan's thy foeman, and a faithful heart
Thy two-edged weapon, patience thy shield,
Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world thy field.
To be afraid to die, or wish for death,
Are words and passions of despairing breath:
Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield;
And who the second, basely flies the field.

Quarles.

While man is growing, *life* is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

*****

He sins against this *life*, who slights the next.
Young.

Life is most enjoyed
When courted least; most worth when disesteemed;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace,
In prospect richer far; important, awful,
Not to be mentioned, but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

*****

In the same brook, none ever bathed him twice:
To the same *life*, none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our *life*, though still more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the much irrevocably lapsed,
And mingled with the sea.
Young.

Opening the map of God's expansive plan,
We find a little isle, this *life* of man;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around, and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells,
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and

great,
And happiest be that groans beneath his weight.
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
They shriek and sink—survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.

Cowper.

This mortal *life*,
Seeming so fair, is like a feather tossed,
Borne on the wind, and in a moment lost.
Or if with sudden wheel it flies
Further sometimes, and upwards springs,
And then upon its wings
Sustained in air, as if self-balanced, lies,
The lightness of its nature is the cause—
And swiftly, after little pause,
With thousand turns, and thousand idle stops,
Because it is of earth, to earth it drops.

From the Italian of Sanazzaro.

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flattering only to betray;
What, alas! can *life* contain!
Life like all its circles,—vain.

Moore.

Man's *life*'s a book of history;
  The leaves thereof are days;
The letters, mercies closely joined;
  The title is God's praise.

Mason.

How short is human *life*! the very breath
Which frames my words, accelerates my death.

Hannah More.

Ah, what is *Life*! a dream within a dream;

A pilgrimage from peril rarely free;
A bark that sails upon a changing sea,
Now sunshine and now storm; a mountain stream
Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone;
A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
Yet for a season fair to look upon.
Life is an infant on Affection's knee,
A youth now full of hope and transient glee,
In manhood's peerless noon, now bright, anon
A time-worn ruin silvered o'er with years.
Life is a race where slippery steeps arise,
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
And where the goal appears the grave is won.

E. Moxon.

In deserts of the Holy Land I strayed,
Where Christ once *lived*, but seems to *live* no more,
On Lebanon my lonely home I made,
I heard the wind among the cedars roar,
And saw, far off, the Great Sea's solemn shore:
"But 'tis a dreary wilderness," I said,
Now the prophetic spirit hence has fled:
Then, from a convent in the vale, I heard,
Slow-chanted forth, the everlasting Word,
Saying "I am he that *liveth*, and was dead,
And lo! I am *alive* for evermore."
Then forth upon my pilgrimage I fare,
Resolved to find and praise Him everywhere.

J. Gostick.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"*Life* is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! *Life* is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of *Life*,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the *living* Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our *lives* sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er *life's* solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Longfellow.

LIGHT.

AND God said. Let there be *light*: and there was *light*.

And God saw the *light* that it was good: and God divided the *light* from the darkness.

And God called the *light* Day.—Genesis, i. 3, 4, 5.

Truly the *light* is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.—Ecclesiastes, xi. 7.

Come ye, and let us walk in the *light* of the Lord.—Isaiah, ii. 5.

Let your *light* so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matthew, v. 16.

The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give *light* to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.—Luke, i. 78, 79.

Every one that doeth evil, hateth the *light*; neither cometh to the *light*, lest his deeds should be reproved.—John, iii. 20.

THE day that only springeth from on high,
That high day-*light* wherein the heavens do live:
The life that loves but to behold that eye
Which doth the glory of all brightness give,
And from the enlightened doth all darkness drive:
Where saints do see, and angels know to see
A brighter *light* than saints or angels see.

In this *light's* love, O, let me ever live!
And let my soul have never other love
But all the pleasures of this world to give,
The smallest spark of such a joy to prove,
And ever pray unto my God above,
To grant my humble soul good Simeon's grace,
In love to see my Saviour in the face.

Nicholas Breton.

Hail, holy *Light*, offspring of heav'n first born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,

May I express thee unblam'd? Since God is *Light*,
And never but in unapproached *light*
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, did'st invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite!

Milton.

He that hath *light* within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon.

Milton.

Prime cheerer, *Light*!
Of all material beings, first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty, all were wrapt
In unessential gloom! and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom, best seen,
Shines out thy Maker!

Thomson.

See, the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun:
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day.
That, as the *light*, serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air;
The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams, upon thy breast.

Parnell.

When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame,
By day along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

And present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day.
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray;
And oh, when stoops in Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining *light.*

Sir Walter Scott.

O *light*, thy subtle essence who may know?
—Ask not, for all things but myself I show.
J. Montgomery.

Almighty Framer of the skies!
O let our pure devotion rise
  Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
  Till thy command gave *light*.
Chatterton.

Awake, arise, thy *light* is come;
  The nations that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb,
  The glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,
  From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
  Their homage to thy rising lustre.
Moore.

Walk in the *light*! so shalt thou know
  That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
  Who reigns in *light* above.

Walk in the *light*! and sin, abhorred,
  Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
  Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the *light*! and thou shalt find,
  Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless *light* enshrined,
  In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the *light*! and thou shalt own
  Thy darkness passed away,
Because that *light* hath on thee shone,
  In which is perfect day.

Walk in the *light*! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

Walk in the *light*! and thou shalt be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is *light*!

Barton.

"Let there be *light*!" The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And *light* around creation flowed:
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be *light*!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam poured,
Uttered again His fiat forth,
And shed the gospel's *light* abroad;
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot, and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flushes the signal-*light* for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there;
Come, kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul;
To Him whose mercies, like His *light*,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

Charles F. Hoffman.

Then moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening Spirit of the Lord;
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the Everlasting Word!

"Let there be *Light*!" and listening earth,
With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,
"In the beginning" sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God.

W. H Burleigh.

Heard as each morn relumes the eastern cloud,
Thy voice of holiest comfort cries aloud,
Bidding us rise, the night-like past above,
And soar on morning's wing to thoughts of *light* and love!

Anon.

LORD.

THE *Lord* shall reign for ever and ever.—Exodus, xv. 18.

Hear, O *Lord*, and have mercy upon me: *Lord*, be thou my helper.—Psalm xxx. 10.

By the word of the *Lord* were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth.—Psalm xxxiii. 6.

Exalt the *Lord* our God, and worship at his holy hill, for the *Lord* our God is holy.—Psalm xcix. 9.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunderings, saying. Alleluia: for the *Lord* God omnipotent reigneth.—Revelation, xix. 6.

THOU art of all created things
O *Lord*, the essence and the cause,
The source and centre of all bliss;
What are those veils of woven light,
Where sun and moon and stars unite,
The purple morn, the sprangled night,
But curtains which Thy mercy draws
Between the heavenly world and this?
The terrors of the sea and land,
When all the elements conspire,

The earth and water, storm and fire,
Are but the shadows of Thy hand;
The lightning's flash, the howling storm,
The dread volcano's awful blaze,
Proclaim Thy glory and Thy praise!
Beneath the sunny summer showers
Thy love assumes a milder form
And writes its angel name in flowers;
The wind that flies with winged feet
Around the grassy gladdened earth,
Seems but commissioned to repeat
In echo's accents—silvery sweet—
That Thou, O *Lord*, didst give it birth.
There is a tongue in every flame,
There is a tongue in every wave,
To these the bounteous Godhead gave
These organs but to praise His name!
O mighty *Lord* of boundless space
Here canst Thou be both sought and found.
For here in everything around
Thy presence and Thy power I trace;
With faith my guide and my defence,
I burn to serve in love and fear;
If as a slave, oh! leave me here,
If not, O *Lord*, remove me hence!
M' Carthy, from the Spanish of Calderon.

The *Lord* of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintained;
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various
names,
Female and Male Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods
That were not; and commending as they

would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One Spirit, His
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.

Cowper.

The *Lord* will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, with'ring, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The *Lord* will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.

The *Lord* will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, the *Lord* is come!

Heber.

Great Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

Thou *Lord*, with unsurprised survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye,
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

Doddridge.

In the dark winter of affliction's hour,
When summer friends and pleasures haste away,
And the wrecked heart perceives how frail each power
It made a refuge, and believed a stay;
When man, all wild and weak is seen to be—
There's none like Thee, O *Lord*! there's none like Thee!

Thou in adversity canst be a sun;
Thou hast a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
The peace, the truth, the life, the love of One,
Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm can overpower
Gifts of a King; gifts, frequent and yet free,—
There's none like Thee, O *Lord*! none, none like Thee!

Miss Jewsbury.

Attired with majesty, the *Lord* doth reign,
And girt with strength. The world immovably
Is stablished, and His throne shall aye remain!
Thou art for ever! The floods have lifted high,
O *Lord*! the floods have lifted high their voice,
The floods lift up their billows mightily—
The *Lord* on high is mightier than the noise
Of many waters, stronger than the seas—
Thy word is sure—Let all the earth rejoice!

J. A. Heraud.

LOVE.

THE Lord preserveth all them that *love* Him.—Psalm xciv. 20.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you.—Matthew, v. 44.

This is my commandment, that ye *love* one another, as I have *loved* you.

Greater *love* hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. —John, xv. 12, 14.

God commendeth his *love* toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Romans, v. 8.

Behold, what manner of *love* the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.—I. John, iii. 1.

Beloved, let us *love* one another: for *love* is of God; and every one that *loveth* is born of God, and knoweth God.—I. John, iv. 7.

WEAK though we are, to *love* is no hard task,
And *love* for *love* is all that Heaven does ask.

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'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this *love*, they must with weeds abound;
Unruly passions, whose effects are worse
Than thorns and briars, springing from the curse.

Waller.

Legions of angels, which He might have used,
For us resolved to perish, He refused;
While they stood ready to prevent His loss,
Love took Him up, and nailed Him to the cross.
Immortal *love*! which in His bowels reigned,
That we might be by such high *love*

constrained
To make return of *love*; upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion roll.
To *love* is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of Heaven below.
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those who *loved* Him, He was hid from none.

Waller.

Humble *love*,
And not proud science, keeps the door of Heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science fails.

Young.

Love celestial! wondrous heat!
O, beyond expression great!
What resistless charms were thine,
In thy good, thy best design!
When God was hated, sin obeyed,
And man undone, without thy aid,
From the seats of endless peace
They brought the Son, the Lord of Grace;
They taught Him to receive a birth,
To clothe in flesh, to live on earth,
And after, lifted Him on high,
And taught Him on the cross to die.

Parnell.

He prayeth best, who *loveth* best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who *loveth* us,
He made and *loveth* all.

Coleridge.

They sin who tell us *love* can die!
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity;
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,

They perish where they have their birth.
  But *love* is indestructible,
  Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth:
  For oft on earth a troubled guest,
  At times deceived, at times oppress'd;
  It here is tried and purified,
  Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
  It sowest here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of *love* is there.

Southey.

  I must *love* on, O God!
  This bosom must *love* on! but let thy breath
  Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death
Bearing it up to Heaven, *Love's* own abode.

Mrs. Hemans.

No mortal object did these eyes behold
  When first they met the placid light of thine,
  And my soul felt her destiny divine;
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold;
  Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
  (For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
  In that which perishes: nor will he lend
  His heart to ought which doth on time depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true *love*,
Which kills the soul: *love* betters what is best
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

Wordsworth, from Michael Angelo.

O *Love*! thy essence is thy purity!
  Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy flame,
And it is gone for ever, and but leaves

A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame.
Miss Landon.

Love Thee! Oh, clad in human lowliness,—
In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows,—
Our flesh, our forms, our tears, our pains, our woes;
A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!
Love Thee!—whose very word but breathes to bless!
Through Thee, from long-seal'd lips, glad language flows;
The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, unclose;
And babes, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.
I see thee—doomed by bitterest pangs to die,
Up the sad hill, with willing footsteps move,
With scorge, and taunt, and wanton agony;
While the cross nods, in hideous gloom, above,
Though all—even there—be radiant Deity!
Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is *Love*.
Milman.

They err, who deem *love's* brightest hour in blooming youth is flown:
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life is known,
When passions chastened and subdued, to riper years are given,
And earth, and earthly things, are viewed in light that breaks from Heaven.
Bernard Barton.

Music of the bough that waves,
As the wind plays lightly o'er;
Music of the stream that laves
Pebbly marge or rocky shore;
Sweet your melody to me,
Singing to the soul—the tone
Exceeds by far the minstrelsy

Of halls wherein bright harpers shone;
For ye attune His praise who made
The wondrous perfect frame we view,
Each hill, and plain, and leafy shade,
And yon fair canopy of blue:
Ye seem to sing,—"How great the arm
Of that high God who reigns above;
Him worship! but without alarm;
His dearest, best known name is *Love*."

James Edmeston.

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the *Love* of God, which shall live and last for aye.

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Anon the great globe itself (so the holy writings tell,)
With the rolling firmament, where the starry armies dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat—they all shall pass away,
Except the *Love* of God, which shall live and last for aye.

W. C. Bryant.

God is *Love*, saith the Evangel;
And our world of woe and sin
Is made light and happy only,
When a *love* is shining in.

J. G. Whittier.

Oh, *loving* and forgiving—
Ye angel words of earth
Years were not worth the living
If ye too had not birth!
Oh, *loving* and forbearing—
How sweet your mission here;
The grief that ye are sharing
Hath blessings in its tear.

Oh, stern and unforgiving—

Ye evil words of life,
That mock the means of living
With never-ending strife.
Oh, harsh and unrepenting
How would ye meet the grave,
If Heaven, as unrelenting,
Forbore not, nor forgave?

Oh, *loving* and forgiving—
Sweet sisters of the soul,
In whose celestial living
The passions find control!
Still breathe your influence o'er us
Whene'er by passion crost,
And, angel-like, restore us
The paradise we lost.

Charles Swain.

'Tis the angel *Love*,
He, who for ever strives with Death, and yet
Doth live! I see a form erect and motionless,
Veiled with a cloud of darkness, that no eye
Can pierce; that spectre form is Death, and there
I see *Love* crushed and bleeding 'neath his feet:
But still undying—still a conqueror—still
A thing that Death may wound but cannot quell.
In his warm blood a spirit still survives;
In his bright eye a soul is living yet;
In his undying heart, eternal life
Throbs fixedly. Oh strife most beautiful!
Thou crowned martyr! thou enduring *Love*!
How beautiful thou art!

Constantia L. Riddell.

Why should I a stranger be
In my Father's dwelling,
While hill and river, rock and tree,
Of his *love* are telling?
Always heard their simple voice,
Bidding child-like hearts rejoice,
Whispers us this *love* is near;

What we seek in yonder sphere,
Love can find it now—and here.

Joseph Gostick.

Hail, holy *love*! ethereal essence, hail!
Heaven's earliest offspring, earliest visitant
From thence to earth, here latest found to soothe
Man's burdened heart, with pains and griefs oppressed,
(Sad fruit of disobedience,) thou, ere time
His race had yet begun, the glorious plan
Of mercy didst devise, the day of grace,
That with mild lustre dawned in Eden's shades,
What time primeval sinners strove to hide
(Vain subterfuge!) from God's all-piercing eye
Their guilt and shame; and thousand promises
With kindling radiance on the raptured mind
Of patriarchs, and kings, and prophets rose,
And saints expectant.

S. Stennet.

Love never fails: though knowledge cease,
Though Prophecies decay,
Love, Christian *love*, shall still increase,
Shall still extend her sway.
Here dimly, through life's shadowy glass,
We strain our infant eyes;
Soon shall the earth-born vapours pass,
And light, unclouded, rise;
Then Hope shall sink in changeless doom,
Then Faith's bright race be o'er,
But Thou, Eternal *Love*, shalt bloom
More glorious than before.

W. Peter.

Before the sparkling lamps on high
Were kindled up, and hung around the sky:
Before the sun led on the circling hours,
Or vital seeds produced their active powers;

Before the first intelligences strung
Their golden harps and soft preludiums sung
To *Love*, the mighty cause whence their
existence sprung,
Th' ineffable Divinity
His own resemblance meets in
thee.
By this thy glorious lineage thou dost prove
Thy high descent—for God Himself is *Love*.

Mrs. Rowe.

LOWLINESS.

THOUGH the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the *lowly*: but the proud He knoweth afar off.—Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the *lowly* is wisdom.—Proverbs, xi. 2.

Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in *lowliness* of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.—Philippians, ii. 3.

THE man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one
The least of nature's works, one who might
move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom
holds
Unlawful ever. O be wiser, Thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
True dignity abides with him alone,
Who in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself
In *lowliness* of heart.

Wordsworth.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;

But a *lowly* heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

Ann L. Waring.

The blessing of a *lowly* mind
Lord, unto me be given,
Joy in the meanest spot to find,
To see in all of human kind,
But fellow-travellers, designed
To rest at last in heaven.

The pleasures of a *lowly* state
Oh, let me ne'er despise;
And should I sit among the great,
Ne'er be my heart with pride elate,
But meekly let me watch and wait
In *lowliness* of guise.

Egone.

MAN.

IN the day that God created *man*, in the likeness of God made he him.

Male and female created he them; and blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created.—Genesis, v. 1, 2.

Behold, even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight.

How much less *man*, that is a worm? and the son of *man*, which is a worm?—Job, xxv. 5, 6.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained.

What is *man* that thou art mindful of him, and the son of *man* that thou visitest him.

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.—Psalm viii. 3, 4, 5.

Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a *man*, then, understand his own way?—Proverbs, xx. 24.

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.—Matthew, iv. 4.

O, WHAT is *man*, great Maker of *mankind*!
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear;
That Thou adornest him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer?

O, what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost Thou within the dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,
But Thy whole image Thou in *man* hast writ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds *man's* thoughts, to think how high
God hath raised *man*, since God a *man* became;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the same:

Nor hath He given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Sir John Davies.

So fair is *man*, that death (a parting blast,)

Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is *man*, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is *man*, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is *man*, that (all his debts being paid,)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is *man*, that (broke with care and sorrow,)
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.

Francis Quarles.

Man's not a lawful steersman of his days,
His bootless wish nor hastens, nor delays;
We are God's hired workmen, He discharges
Some late at night, and (when He list) enlarges
Others at noon, and in the morning some:
None may relieve himself, till He bid, Come.

Francis Quarles.

Let us make *man* in our own image, *man*
In our similitudes, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of both sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, He formed thee Adam, thee, O *man*!
Dust of the ground; and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life: in His own image, He
Created thee—in the image of God
Express.

Milton.

When by His Word God had accomplished all,
Man to create He did a council call:
Employed His hand to give the dust He took
A graceful figure and majestic look;

With His own breath conveyed into his
breast
Life and a soul fit to command the rest.
Waller.

Alas! that *man*
Must prove the direst enemy of *man*—
His boasted reason wielded to contrive
Dark systems of despair—his vaunted skill,
To forge the fetters which enthral the soul.
A. Alexander.

A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine;
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised,
aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason
reels!
Oh! what miracle to *man* to *man*!
Young.

Say, why was *man* so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing
eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him
forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his
breast;
And through the mists of passion and of
sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and
pain,

To hold his course unfaltering; while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward—
The applauding smile of Heaven?

Akenside.

Traveller, as roaming over vales and steeps,
Thou hast, perchance, beheld in foliage fair
A willow bending o'er a brook—it weeps,
Leaf after leaf, into the stream, till bare
Are the best boughs, the lovliest and the brightest,
Oh! sigh, for well thou may'st, yet as thou sighest,
Think not 'tis o'er imaginary woe;
I tell thee, traveller, such is mortal *man*,
And so he hangs o'er fancied bliss, and so,
While life is verging to its shortest span,
Drop one by one his dearest joys away,
Till hope is but the ghost of something fair,
Till joy is mockery, till life is care,
Till he himself is unreflecting clay.

Henry Neele.

Whate'er of earth is formed, to earth returns
Dissolved: the various objects we behold—
Plants, animals, this whole material mass—
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of *man* alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail:
Hence the great distance 'twixt the beasts that perish,
And God's bright image, *man's* immortal race.

Somerville.

Prostration vile, an alienate from God
Man is, and shall his fallen nature rise,
Her height regain, and fill ethereal thrones?

Many a cloud of evil shall be burst,
Ere that day come, severe and dread the strife
Of sullied nature with the soul of *man*,
Whate'er his climate, character, or creed,
Temptation, like a spirit, tracks his path.

R. Montgomery.

And what is *man*? In outward guise
Let him be prince, or peer, or slave,
Or poor and weak, or great and wise—
A mortal, tending to the grave:
Such are all *men*—from earth we came,
Earth doth her own poor dust reclaim.

H. H. Weld.

But, of Thy works, through sea and land,
Or the wide fields of ether wending,
In *man* Thy noblest thoughts are blending;
Man is the glory of thy hand;—
Man modelled in a form of grace,
Where every beauty has its place;
A gentleness and glory sharing
His spirit, where we may behold
A higher aim, a nobler daring:
'Tis Thine immortal mould.

Jacob Bellamy.

When the Almighty Fiat, from the gloom
Of chaos drawn to light, had now arranged
The jarring seeds, the last, the most sublime
Of all His works, was *Man* called forth; to him
The Sovereign Word gave empire o'er the whole.

Samuel Hayes.

MARRIAGE.

THEREFORE shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. —Genesis, ii. 24.

And the third day there was a *marriage* in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there:

And both Jesus was called, and his disciples to the *marriage*.—John, ii. 1, 2.

Marriage is honourable in all.—Hebrews, xiii. 4.

Blessed are they which are called unto the *marriage* supper of the Lamb.—Revelations, xix. 9.

SAVE the love we pay
To Heaven, none purer, holier than that
A virtuous woman feels, for him she'd cleave
Thro' life to. Sisters part from sisters—brothers
From brothers—children from their parents—but
Such woman from the husband of her choice,
Never.

Sheridan Knowles.

Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand,
Filled with life's dewy flowerets, girdeth on
That harness which the ministry of death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of Eternity.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Look down, O Thou
Who wast at Cana! Bless the rite that's past!
Help me to put a wedding-garment on
For the great *marriage* supper; and to wear
Thy choice of ornaments, while I await
The coming of the Bridegroom.

Hannah F. Gould.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in the bosom swell,

As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Henry Ware, Jun.

MARTYRDOM.

AND others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment;

They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented;

(Of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.—Hebrews, xi. 36, 37, 38.

I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God.—Revelations, xx. 4.

THE Sacred Book, its value understood,
Received the seal of *martyrdom* in blood.
These holy men, so full of truth and grace,
Seem, to reflection, of a different race;
Meek, modest, venerable, wise, sincere,
In such a cause they could not dare to fear;
They could not purchase earth with such a price,
Or spare a life too short to reach the skies.
From them to thee conveyed along the tide,
Their streaming hearts poured freely when they died;
Those truths which neither use nor years impair,
Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.

Cowper.

In vain the Roman lord
Waved the relentless sword,

And spread the terrors of the circling flame;
In vain the heathen sought,
If chance some lurking spot,
Might mar the lustre of the Christian name:
The Eternal Spirit, by His fruits confessed,
In life secured from stains, and steel'd in
death, the breast.

Bishop Mant.

The Son of God is gone to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
—Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who boldest bears his cross below,—
He follows in his train.

The *martyr* first, whose eagle-eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them who did the wrong:
—Who follows in the train?

Heber.

When persecution's torrent blaze
Wraps the unshrinking *martyr's* head,
When fade all earthly flowers and bays,
When summer friends are gone and fled,
Is he alone in that dark hour,
Who owns the Lord of love and power?

Or waves there not around his brow,
A wand no human arm may wield,
Fraught with a spell no angels know,
His steps to guide, his soul to shield?
Thou, Saviour, art his Charmed Bower,
His Magic Ring, his Rock, his Tower.

Keble.

In rendering to the Lord what is the Lord's,

Doth not the thought of violence bring
shame?
Think ye, He gave the branching forest-tree
To furnish fagots for the funeral pyre,
Or bid His sunrise light the world, to see
Pale, tortured victims perish there by fire?
Mrs. Norton.

The blood of *martyrs*, living still,
Makes the ground pregnant where it flows,
And for their temporary ill
Thereon eternal triumph grows.
J. A. Heraud.

Thy children, even as *martyrs* perished:
Those first-loved fruits that sprang from
thee,
From which thy heart was doomed to sever,
In praise of God, shall bloom for ever,
Unhurt, untouched, by tyranny.
Vondel.

MEEKNESS.

THE Lord lifteth up the *meek*.—Psalm cxlvii. 6.

The Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the *meek* with salvation.—Psalm cxlix. 4.

Blessed are the *meek*: for they shall inherit the earth.—Matthew, v. 5.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am *meek* and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—Matthew, xi. 29.

O, WHAT a doctrine of almighty depth
Messiah founded, when His truth declar'd
In *meekness* lies the majesty of man!
At once the wisdom of the world was dumb,
And fortune blasted on her throne of bliss.
The ways of pleasantness, the paths of peace,
Are dim and narrow, tracks of noiseless

gloom
Which glory flies, and grandeur seldom walks:
The poor in spirit, and the *meek* in heart,
Who thirst and hunger for Thy righteous word.—
Oh! these are blest, for Thine unerring voice
Hath call'd them so.

R. Montgomery.

Behold! where, in the friend of man,
Appears each grace divine:
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light;
To give the mourner joy;
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and *meek* He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;—
He laboured for their good.

Enfield.

Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme;
And that the end they take so calm,
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

Anon.

MEETING.

AND thou shalt put the mercy seat above upon the ark; and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee.

And there I will *meet* with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat.—Exodus, xxv. 21, 22.

O, WHEN a mother *meets* on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

Southey.

O, 'tis one scene of parting here,
Love's watchword is farewell!
And almost starts the following tear,
Ere dried the last that fell!
'Tis but to feel that one most dear
Is needful to the heart,
And straight a voice is muttering near,
Imperious, Ye must part!

But happiest he, whose gifted eye
Above this world can see,
And those diviner realms descry,
Where partings cannot be;
Who, with One changeless Friend on high,
Life's various path has trod,
And soars to *meet*, beyond the sky,
The ransomed and their God.

Townshend.

Oh, what an all-glorious *meeting*,
In yonder bright world we shall know;
When glorified spirits are greeting
The friends they left mourning below.

Earth's friendships renewed shall then heighten
The loud-rolling anthem of praise;
While each happy spirit shall brighten
At the feet of the ancient of days.

W. J. Brock.

MERCY.

ALL the paths of the Lord are *mercy* and truth unto such

as keep his covenant and his testimonies.—Psalm xxv. 10.

The Lord is good to all: and His tender *mercies* are over all His works.—Psalm cxlv. 9.

He that hath *mercy* on the poor, happy is he.—Proverbs, xiv. 21.

Blessed are the *merciful*: for they shall obtain *mercy*.—Matthew, v. 7.

Be ye therefore *merciful*, as your Father also is *merciful*. —Luke, vi. 36.

YE Sacred Writings! in whose antique leaves,
The wondrous deeds of heaven recorded lie,
Say what might be the cause, that *mercy* heaves
The dust of sin above the starry sky,
And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?
Could Justice be of sin so over-woo'd,
Or so great ill be cause of so great good,
That, bloody man to save, man's Saviour shed his blood.

Here, when the ruin of that beauteous frame,
Whose golden building shin'd with every star
Of excellence, deform'd with sin became;
Mercy rememb'ring peace in midst of war,
Lift up the music of her voice to bar
Eternal fate, lest it should quite erase
That from the world, which was the first world's grace.
And all again into their nothing—chaos—chase.

Giles Fletcher.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you, as you are? O, think on that!
And *mercy* then will breathe within your lips,
Like men new made.

Shakspere.

It is an attribute of God himself,
And earthly power doth then show liker
God's,
When *mercy* seasons justice.

Shakspere.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
  Of summer friends,—when eyes grow
  strange,—
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
  When earth and all things in it change,—
O Lord, thy *mercies* fail me never—
Where once thou lovest, thou lovest for ever!

John Quarles.

Mercy is the highest reach of wit,
A safety unto them that save with it:
Born out of God, and unto human eyes,
Like God, not seen, till fleshly passion dies.

Lord Brooke.

'Tis He supports my mortal frame,
  My tongue shall speak His praise,
My sins would rise His wrath to flame,
  And yet His wrath delays.

On a poor worm Thy power might tread,
  And I could ne'er withstand,
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
  But *mercy* held Thy hand.

Watts.

Hard is his fate who builds his peace of mind
On the precarious *mercy* of mankind;
Who hopes for wild and visionary things,
And mounts o'er unknown seas with
vent'rous wings.

Crabbe.

Though Nature her inverted course forego,
The day forget to rest, the time to flow,
Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
His *Mercy*, fixed, eternal shall endure;
On them her everlasting rays shall shine,
More mild and bright, and sure, O sun! than thine.

Bishop Lowth.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence!

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy *mercies* past,
And humbly hope for more.

Addison.

With grief opprest, and prostrate in the dust,
Shouldst Thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.
But oh! Thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by *Mercy's* gentle name.
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair;
From righteous Justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attributes of power,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.

Mrs. Carter.

O, Thou, whose piercing thought
Doth note each secret path,
For *mercy* to Thy Throne we fly
From man's condemning wrath.

How fearless should our trust
In thy compassion be,
When from our brother of the dust
We dare appeal to Thee.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Believe, and fear not! in the blackest cloud
A sunbeam hides; and from the deepest pang,
Some hidden *mercy* may a God declare!

R. Montgomery.

By all the tender *mercy*
God hath shown to human grief,
When fate, or man's perverseness,
Denied and barr'd relief,—
By the helpless woe which taught me
To look to Him alone,
From the vain appeals for justice
And wild efforts of my own,—
By thy light—thou unseen future,
And thy tears—thou bitter past,
I will hope—though all forsake me—
In His *Mercy* to the last!

Mrs. Norton.

If Heaven
Did in the balance of strict justice weigh
The iniquity of men, who could abide
Its judgment? Did not *mercy* temper wrath,
Eternal ruin would o'erwhelm mankind.

Samuel Hayes.

Mercy descends
From heaven, and o'er the penitential heart,
Rent by the agonizing pains of guilt,
Spreads the soft blessings of internal peace.

Samuel Hayes.

Mankind are all pilgrims on life's weary road,
And many would wander astray
In seeking eternity's silent abode,
Did *Mercy* not point out the way.

G. P. Morris.

I hear a sound that comes from far;
It fills my soul with joy and love;
Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.

'Tis *mercy's* voice that strikes my ear,
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul and calms my fear;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice,
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to *mercy's* voice.

With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than *mercy* utters from the cross.

Kelly.

Lord have *mercy* when we strive
To save, through Thee, our souls alive!
When the pampered flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
Oh, then have *mercy*, Lord!

H. H. Milman.

MESSAGE.

I HAVE a *message* from God unto thee.—Judges, iii. 20.

The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth: for he is the *messenger* of the Lord of Hosts.—Malachi, ii. 7.

Behold I will send my *messenger*, and he shall prepare the way before me.—Malachi, iii. 1.

This is the *message* that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.—I. John, iii. 11.

GENTLY hast thou told
Thy *message*, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us.

Milton.

O for a *message* from above
To bear my spirit up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrors and support my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar;
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
While thou art Sovereign, I'm secure;
I shall be rich till Thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wish, Heaven, Earth, and Hell, are thine.

Watts.

Oh, there are *messengers* of wrath,
And *messengers* of love;
And each one goeth on his path,
Commissioned from above.

Eternal justice sends the one,
Mercy the other guides;
Their ways at times so nearly run,
That scarce a line divides.

Which, oh my soul! shall come to thee,
When my last hour is near?
What shall the awful *message* be,
That thou shalt trembling hear?

Momentous question! yet, alas!
But little heed I pay,
Although I see the *messengers*
Speed by me every day.

Egone.

MESSIAH.

KNOW therefore and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the *Messiah* the Prince, shall be seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks: the street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times.

And after threescore and two weeks shall *Messiah* be cut off, but not for himself.—Daniel, ix. 25, 26.

We have found the *Messias*, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.—John, i. 41.

THE seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But, fixed, His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns.

Pope.

Messiah comes!—Let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel His blest control,
And howling fiends release the tortured soul!
The beams of gladness Hell's dark caves illume,
And mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Bishop Heber.

Messiah comes! ye rugged paths be plain;
The Shiloh comes, ye towering cedars bend;
Swell forth ye valleys; and, ye rocks descend;
The withered branch let balmy fruits adorn,
And clustering roses twine the leafless thorn;
Burst forth, ye vocal groves, your joy to tell —
The God of Peace redeems His Israel.

C. H. Johnson.

Rising from His cross and passion,
Lo! the King *Messiah* reigns;

Lord! the strength of Thy salvation
His triumphant joy sustains;
Crowned with conquest
Now th' eternal throne He gains.

Joy and triumph crown the Saviour,
Seated on the throne above;
There exalted in Thy favour,
Safely trusting in Thy love:
King of Sion!
Never shall Thy throne remove!

Goode.

MIND.

THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose *mind* is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.—Isaiah, xxvi. 3.

To be carnally *minded* is death; but to be spiritually *minded* is life and peace.

Because the carnal *mind* is enmity against God.—Romans, viii. 6, 7.

A double-*minded* man is unstable in all his ways.—James, i. 8.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest,
That only boasts a large estate:
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great,—
Should a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,—
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

Were I so tall as reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The *mind*'s the standard of the man.

Watts.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal *mind*?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.

Byron.

The insate *mind*, but from without supplied,
Languishes on a weak imperfect food;
If sustenance more spiritual be denied,
With flame consuming on itself 'twill brood.

Sir E. Brydges.

My voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual *Mind*
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species,) to the External world
Is fitted:—and how exquisitely too—
Theme this but little heard of among men—
The External world is fitted to the *Mind*;
And the Creation, (by no lower name
Can it be called,) which they with blended might
Accomplish—this is our high argument.

Wordsworth.

MINISTRY.

YE shall be named the Priests of the Lord: men shall call you the *ministers* of our God.—Isaiah, lxi. 6.

We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the *ministry* of the word.—Acts, vi. 4.

If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good *minister* of Jesus Christ.—I. Timothy, iv. 6.

THEIR *ministry* performed, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die.

Milton.

From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlight'ning spirits and *ministerial* flames,
Lift we our reason to that Sovereign Cause,
Who blessed the whole with life.

Prior.

God gives us *ministers* of love,
  Which we regard not, being near;
Death takes them from us, then we feel
  That angels have been with us here!

As mother, sister, friend, or wife,
  They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain;
And when the grave has closed between
  Our heart and theirs, we love—in vain.

Aldrich.

Oh, thou who once on earth, beneath the weight
  Of our mortality did'st live and move,
  The incarnation of profoundest love;
Who, on the Cross, that love didst consumate,—
  Whose deep and ample fulness could embrace
  The poorest, meanest of our fallen race!
How shall we e'er that boundless debt repay?—
  By long, loud prayers in gorgeous temples said?
  By rich oblations on thine altars laid?—
Ah no! not thus thou didst appoint the way.
  When thou wast bowed our human woe beneath,
  Then as a legacy thou didst bequeath
Earth's sorrowing children to our *ministry*;
And as we do to them, we do to thee.

Anne C. Lynch.

MIRACLES.

AFTER these things Jesus went over the sea of Galilee,

which is the sea of Tiberias.

And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his *miracles* which he did on them that were diseased.—John, vi. 1, 2.

Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you, by *miracles*, and wonders, and signs.—Acts, ii. 22.

And God wrought special *miracles* by the hands of Paul.

So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.—Acts, xix. 11, 12.

God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers *miracles*.—Hebrews, ii. 4.

> O, WHAT a scale of *miracles* is here—
> Its lowest round high planted in the skies;
> Its towering summit lost, beyond the thought
> Of man or angel.
>
> *Young.*

> A *miracle*, with *miracles* enclosed,
> Is man; and starts his faith at what is strange?
> What less than wonders from the Wonderful;
> What less than *miracles*, from God can flow?
> Admit a God—that mystery supreme,
> That Cause uncaused, all other wonders cease.
>
> *Young.*

> Who! O, who shall tell
> His acts *miraculous*? When His own decrees
> Repeals He, or suspends; when by the hand
> Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
> Of His prophetic seers, such deeds He wrought,
> Before the astonished sun's all-seeing eye,
> That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
> The fate of Pharaoh, and his numerous band,
> Lost in the reflux of the watery walls,

That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount bow Samson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was strung, to o'erthrow
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell
How David triumphed, and what Job sustained?
—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequalled, mystery immense,
Which angels long to unfold! 'Tis man's redemption
That crowns Thy glory, and Thy power confirms.

Smart.

When God came down from Heaven, the Living God,
What signs and wonders marked His stately way?
Brake out the winds in music where He trode?
Shone o'er the heavens a brighter, softer day?

The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,
And the lame leaped, and pain and darkness fled;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead.

H. H. Milman.

"Come forth!" He cries, "thou dead!"
O God, what means that strange and sudden sound,
That murmurs from the tomb? That ghastly head,
With funeral fillets bound?
It is a living form—
The loved, the lost, the won,
Won from the grave, corruption, and the worm—

"And is not this the Son
Of God?" they whispered, while the sisters poured
Their gratitude in tears, for they had known the Lord.

Dale.

At His command fled fever, thirsty fiend,
Whose parching fire dries up the wholesome blood:
And madness wild, whose moon-struck eye-
balls glare,
With steady gaze, on vacancy: His touch,
With healing virtue, from the withered limbs
Drove nerveless palsy, that with fatal stroke
'Numbs every fibre, grafting death on life—
Unnatural union! Scaly leprosy,
At His appearance, vanished: dropsy, swol'n,
Withdrew his bloated form, and each confessed
A present God.

William Bolland.

When raging winds
Rushed from their caverns, and resistless swept
The foaming waves, when hideous roared the storm,
As if the wild contending elements
Had strove for mastery, at His command
The tempest ceased, the towering billows sunk
In undulations calm, and zephyrs played
Upon the bosom of the peaceful deep.

William Bolland.

MISERY.

THOU shalt forget thy *misery*, and remember it as waters that pass away.—Job, xi. 16.

To every purpose there is time and judgment, therefore

the *misery* of man is great upon him.—Ecclesiastes, viii. 6.

Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your *miseries* that shall come upon you.—James, v. 1.

TILL in our eyes another sight we met;
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Rueing, alas, upon the woeful plight
Of *Misery*, that next appear'd in sight.

His face was lean, and some deal pined away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone;
But, what his body was, I cannot say,
For, on his carcase raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patched pierced one by one,
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept be,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare;
His drink, the running stream! his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard cold ground,
To this poor life was *Misery* ybound.

Sackville.

I do believe myself the creature,
Subject, and soldier, if I so may speak,
Of an Almighty Father, King and Lord;
Before whose presence, when my soul shall be
Of flesh and blood disrobed, I shall appear,
There to remain with all the great and good
That e'er have lived on earth; yea, and with spirits
Higher than earth e'er owned, in such pure bliss
As human hearts conceive not,—if my life,

With its imperfect virtue, find acceptance
From pard'ning love and mercy; but if otherwise,—
That I shall pass into a state of *misery*,
With souls of wicked men and wrathful demons.

Joanna Baillie.

MISSIONARIES.

HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!—Isaiah, lii. 7.

This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations: and then shall the end come.—Matthew, xxiv. 14.

They are the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ.—II. Corinthians, viii. 23.

BY Heaven directed, by the world reviled,
Amidst the wilderness they sought a home,
Where beasts of prey and men of murder roam,
And untamed Nature holds her revels wild.
There on their pious toil their Master smiled,
And prospered them, unknown or scorned of men,
Till in the satyr's haunt, and dragon's den,
A garden bloomed, and savage hordes grew mild.
So, in the guilty heart, when heavenly grace
Enters, it ceaseth not till it uproot
All evil passions from each hidden cell;
Planting again an Eden in their place,
Which yields to men and angels pleasant fruit,
And God Himself delighteth there to dwell.

Pringle.

Strange scenes, strange men, untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
Diseases; death, in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts, and wilder men:—unmoved with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
And warn one spirit from eternal woe:
Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus—to live is Christ, to die is gain.

James Montgomery.

Thus saith the Lord,—My Church, to thee,
  Peace, like a river, I will send;
The Gentiles in a stream shall see
  My mercy, flowing without end.

The isles that never heard my fame,
  Nor knew the glory of my might,
They shall be taught to fear my name
  Called out of darkness into light.

And it shall come to pass, that vows
  From Sabbath unto Sabbath day,
From moon to moon, in mine own house,
  All nations, tribes, and tongues, shall pay.

James Montgomery.

Our prayers be with them—we who know
  The value of a soul to save,
Must pray for those who seek to show
  The heathen, hope beyond the grave.

Miss Landon.

Blessings be on their pathway, and increase!
  These are the moral conquerors, and belong
  To them the palm-branch and triumphal song—
Conquerors,—and yet the harbingers of

peace!

Miss Landon.

Great Britain has her sons, both frank and brave,
Who noble triumphs win, but wear no glave!
Sons who in heart are firm, in toil are free,
To spread her glorious name from sea to sea!
Men, who have pushed their conquests wide and far,
And changed to pruning-hooks the shafts of war;
Who bear no glittering arms, no banners wave—
Who strike no blow—are stricken but to save!
Yet still they conquer! and where they appear,
The painted savage breaks his poisoned spear;
A bloodless triumph follows in their train—
For those they vanquish feel no victor's chain!
They conquer!—nor like other conquerors boast
A prostrate people and a plundered coast—
Nor pant to hear a nation's deafening peals,
With captive warriors at their chariot wheels —
Nor hang, like relics, in our holiest fane,
The flags that blush with war's unhallowed stains.—
No, theirs are triumphs war can never bring!
Theirs are the pæans guardian seraphs sing!
Their noblest banner is the Book of Truth!
Their trophies—age, and infancy, and youth!
'Tis theirs to free—exalt—and not debase—
The painted brothers of our common race!
Nor stripe—nor tribute—nor oppressive sway
Degrade their labours, or obstruct their way!
Their watchword still—Let war and sorrow cease!
Their noblest epithet—The men of peace!

Dr. W. Beattie.

He goes to speak the words of life
To souls by error tossed:
And bear the gospel's joyful sound
To lands in darkness lost—
To speak his Master's glorious works,
His grace and power proclaim,
And teach untutored savages
To breathe Messiah's name.

And O, the rich reward that waits
A work of grace like this!
A life of love, a death of peace,
A Heaven of endless bliss!
Earth's proudest, noblest honours, fall
Far, far below the prize
He gains, who claims this work his own—
His glory never dies!

S. D. Patterson.

O, bless the pious zeal
And crown with glad success the labouring sons
Of that best charity, whose annual mite
Sends forth Thy gospel to the distant isles!
So shall the nations, rescued myriads, hear,
And own Thy mercy over all Thy works!
So, from each corner of the enlightened earth,
Incessant peals of universal joy
Shall hail Thee, heavenly Father, God of all!

Madan.

Where is your heathen brother?—From his grave
Near thy own gates, or 'neath a foreign sky,
From the thronged depths of ocean's mourning wave,
His answering blood reproachfully doth cry,
Blood of the soul!—Can all earth's fountains make
Thy dark stain disappear?—Stewards of God, awake!

Mrs. Sigourney.

MOMENT—MINUTE.

IN a *moment* shall they die, and the people shall be troubled at midnight, and pass away.—Job, xxxiv. 20.

Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little *moment*, until the indignation be overpast.—Isaiah, xxvi. 20.

MINUTES are number'd by the fall of sands,
As by an hour-glass; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves and we look on it.
An age of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow; but the life,
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Waiting in sighs, until the last drop down;
So to conclude calamity in rest.

Ford.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour,
Improve each *moment* as it flies;
Life's a short summer,—man a flower;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

Dr. Johnson.

Hark! What petty pulses, beating,
Spring new *moments* into light;
Every pulse, its stroke repeating,
Sends its *moment* back to night;
Yet not one of all the train
Comes uncall'd, or flits in vain.

In the highest realms of glory
Spirits trace, before the throne,
On eternal scrolls, the story
Of each little *moment* flown;
Every deed, and word, and thought,

Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a *minute*
  Thus to mortal sight unroll'd,
More of sin and sorrow in it,
  More of man, might we behold,
Than on history's broadest page
  In the reliques of an age.

James Montgomery.

MORNING.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the *morning* will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.—Psalm v. 3.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the *morning*: I say, more than they that watch for the *morning*.—Psalm cxxx. 6.

Behold the day, behold it is come: the *morning* is gone forth.—Ezekial, vii. 10.

Seek Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the *morning*, and maketh the day dark with night.—Amos, v. 8.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
  To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
  Unto their God, as flowers do the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
  Dawn with the day, there are set awful hours
'Twixt Heaven and us; the manna was not good
  After sun-rising, for day sullies flowers.

Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And Heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his *morning* hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM—canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Mornings are mysteries: the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—They make us holy, happy, rich.

Henry Vaughan.

Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the *morn*,
And pours increasing day.

O, what a night was that which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud Hosannah's sung;
Let gladness dwell on every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Then thousand different lips shall join
To hail this happy *morn*;

Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

Barbauld.

Through the vales the breezes sigh;
Twilight opes her bashful eye,
Peeping from the east, she brings
Dew-drops on her dusky wings:
And the lark, with wak'ning lay,
Upsprings, the harbinger of day.

Now behold! the blushing sky
Tells the bridegroom sun is nigh;
Nature tunes her joyful lyre,
And the trembling stars retire,
Him the east, in crimson drest,
Ushers, nature's welcome guest,
And the mountains of the west
Seem to lift their azure heads,
Jealous of the smile he sheds.

Glory, beaming from on high,
Charms devotion's lifted eye;
Bliss, to which sluggards ne'er were born,
Waits the attendant of the *morn*.

Maria Colling.

The *morning* breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all, below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send up the incense of grateful prayer!

Henry Ware, Jun.

The God of mercy walks His round
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
"No longer stand ye idle here."

Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,

Waste not of youth the *morning* light,
Oh fools, why stand ye idle here?

And ye, whose scanty locks of grey
Foretel your latest travail near,
How fast declines your useless day,
And stand ye yet so idle here?

One hour remains, there is but one,
But many a grief and many a tear,
Through endless ages, must atone
For moments lost and wasted here.

Heber.

Serve God at *morn*, that solemn hallowed hour,
When Nature wakes, as from the sleep of death,
When the glad song from mountain, grove, and bower,
Is heard through heaven and on the earth beneath.
Serve God! Let Him receive thy *morning's* early breath.

Weir.

Morn is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life, just balanced on the brink
Of vast eternity!
To ask our souls if they are meet
To stand before the judgment seat.

Miss Gray.

New, every *morning*, is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

Keble.

MOSES.

So *Moses* the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.

And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.—Deuteronomy, xxxiv. 5, 6.

By faith *Moses*, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter;

Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;

Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.—Hebrews, xi. 24, 25, 26.

> Slow glides the Nile; amid the margin flags,
> Closed in a bulrush ark, the babe is left;
> Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits
> Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear, beholds
> The royal maid, surrounded by her train,
> Approach the river bank; approach the spot
> Where sleeps the innocent: she sees them stoop
> With meeting plumes; thy rushy lid is ope'd,
> And wakes the infant smiling in his tears.
>
> *Grahame.*

> The son of Amram spurns the regal prize,
> From the rich scene the zealous hero flies,
> And dwells 'mongst Israel's sons. Resigned he bears
> The servile yoke, and every burden shares;
> Rather than violate Jehovah's trust,
> And live the pampered slave of sordid lust,
> He quits the Egyptian court, and, undismayed,
> Seeks poverty's inhospitable shade.
>
> *Samuel Hayes.*

In his hand

The rod which blasted, with strange plagues, the realm
Of Mizraim, and from its time-worn channels
Upturned the Arabian Sea. Fair was his broad
High front, and forth from his soul-piercing eye,
Did legislation look.

Hillhouse.

On the Mount
Of Sinai, whose foundations shook, whose top
Was lost in smoke and fire, while seraphim
At distance gazed, full forty days and nights,
Guest of terrestrial mould, did he sojourn
Within the dread pavilion, and the veil
Of cloud and tempest; there as face to face,
In visions of beatitude rejoiced
Past utterance, till his countenance imbibed
Transcendent splendours.

Charles Hoyle.

Moses, the patriot fierce, became
The meekest man on earth,
To show us how love's quickening flame
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
Lost Canaan by self-will,
To show, where Grace has done its part,
How sin defiles us still.

Lyra Apostolica.

Sweet was the journey to the sky
The holy prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," said God, "and die"—
The prophet climbed, and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker soothed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath

That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

Watts.

God made his grave, to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold;
And laid the aged seer alone,
To slumber while the world grows old.
Thus still, where'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust,
Till the pure spirit comes again.

W. C. Bryant.

MOTHER.

HE maketh the barren woman to keep house, and to be a joyful *mother* of children. Praise ye the Lord.—Psalm cxiii. 9.

Despise not thy *mother* when she is old.—Proverbs, xxiii. 22.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his *mother*, and his *mother's* sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

When Jesus therefore saw his *mother*, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his *mother*, Woman, behold thy son!

Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy *mother*! And from that hour that disciple took her into his own home.—John, xix. 25, 26, 27.

HER pious love excelled to all she bore;
New objects only multiplied it more;
And as the chosen found the pearly grain
As much as every vessel could contain:
As in the blissful vision, each shall share,
As much of glory as his soul can bear,
So did she love, and so dispense her care.

Dryden.

But when I go
To my lone bed, I find no *mother* there;
And weeping kneel, to say the prayer she taught;
Or when I read the Bible that she loved,
Or to her vacant seat at church draw near,
And think of her, a voice is in my heart,
Bidding me early seek my God, and love
My Blessed Saviour; and that voice is her's,
I know it is, because these were the words
She used to speak so tenderly, with tears,
At the still twilight hour,—or when we walked
Forth in the Spring, among rejoicing birds,
Or peaceful talked beside the Winter hearth.

Mrs. Sigourney.

But if in yon immortal clime,
Where flows no parting tear,
That root of earthly love may grow,
Which struck so deeply here;
With what a tide of boundless bliss,
A thrill of rapture wild,
An angel *mother* in the skies,
Will greet her cherub child.

Mrs. Sigourney.

And say to *mothers* what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world has sown its tares.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?

Then may'st thou mete out a *mother's* love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angel's bright employ?
Then may'st thou speak of a *mother's* joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee
Go forth on her errands of industry.
The bee for himself hath gathered and toiled,
But the *mother's* cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller Thought afar—
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast—but on ocean, earth, and sea,
The heart of a *mother* has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a *mother's* eye.

And ever, since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise an open book,
To win them back from the lore they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings in earth, and sky, and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice, beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a *mother's* love.

Emily Taylor.

The *mother's* love—there's none so pure,
  So constant, and so kind,
No human passion doth endure
  Like this within the mind.

Mrs. Hale.

Lo! where yon cottage whitens through the green,
The loveliest feature of a matchless scene;
Beneath its shading elm, with pious fear,
An aged *mother* draws her children near;
While from the Holy Word, with earnest air,
She teaches them the privilege of prayer.
Look! How their infant eyes with rapture speak;
Mark the flushed lily on the dimpled cheek;
Their hearts are filled with gratitude and love,
Their hopes are centred in a world above,
Where, in a choir of angels, Faith portrays
The loved, departed, father of their days.

Rufus Dawes.

By thee, dear *Mother*, o'er whose darksome bed
Summer now pours his beams in vain—by thee
Gladly my infant love of flowers was fed;
By thee my steps through flow'ry tracts were led,
Where ne'er mine eye could aught but beauty see;
Throughout our borne exotics perfume shed,
In sooth, it was fair Flora's treasury!
Thy love, and use of heaven's blest means of grace,
Faith bids me trust, have placed thee with thy God,
Where flowers unfading deck the lovely place.
Oh, when I've closed my toilsome earthly race,
With thee may those bright scenes by me be trod,
With thee may I behold th' eternal face.

William Pulling.

A *mother's* love
Is an undying feeling. Earth may chill
And sever other sympathies, and prove

How weak all human bonds are; it may kill
Friendships, and crush hearts with them—
but the thrill
Of the maternal breast must ever move
In blest communion with her child, and fill
Even Heaven itself with prayers and hymns
of love.

S. D. Patterson.

I see my *mother's* calm, sad face
Look through the mist of by-gone years;
And from yon high and holy place,
Her accents come unto mine ears,
To bid me hope amid my fears.

Egone.

MOUNTAIN.

AS the *mountains* are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.—Psalm cxxv. 2.

It shall come to pass in the last days, that the *mountain* of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the *mountains*, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.—Isaiah, ii. 2.

ONCE more, hoar *mount*! with thy sky-
pointing peak,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the
pine serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast
—
Thou too again stupendous *mountain*! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with
tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!

Thou kingly spirit throned amongst the hills.
Thou dread ambassador from earth to
heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.
Coleridge.

Behold! the *mountain* of the Lord
In later days shall rise
On *mountain* tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes:

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion's hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.
Logan.

Calvary's mournful *mountain* climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
J. Montgomery.

MOURNING.

I AM troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go *mourning* all the day long.—Psalm xxxviii. 6.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy *mourning* shall be ended.—Isaiah, lx. 20.

Blessed are they that *mourn*: for they shall be comforted. —Matthew, v. 4.

O MAN! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to *mourn*.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our fame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands *mourn*.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight;
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring *mourn*.

Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the best!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that *mourn*.

Burns.

God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great waterfloods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Did ever *mourner* plead with Thee,

And Thou refuse that *mourner's* plea?
Does not Thy word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
Cowper.

We *mourn* for those who toil,
The slave who ploughs the main,
Or him who hopeless tills the soil
Beneath the stripe and chain;
For those who in the world's hard race,
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase,—
Why *mourn* for those who rest?

We *mourn* for those who sin,
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckons in
To prisons of despair,
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
Are wrecked on folly's shore,—
But why in sorrow should we *mourn*
For those who sin no more?

We *mourn* for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend;—
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away
Oh! *mourn* for them no more!
Mrs. Sigourney.

When *mourning* o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
R. Grant.

MURDER.

JESUS said, Thou shalt do no *murder*.—Matthew, xix. 18.

Whosoever hateth his brother, is a *murderer*; and ye know that no *murderer* hath eternal life abiding in him.—I. John, iii. 15.

THE great King of kings
Hath in the table of His law commanded
That thou shalt do no *murder*; wilt thou then
Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's?
Shakspere.

Other sins only speak; *murder* shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood mounts upwards.
John Webster.

Silently, swift as the lightning's blast,
A hand of fire across his temples passed;
He ran, as in the terror of a dream,
To quench his burning anguish in the stream;
But, bending o'er the brink, the swelling wave
Back to his eye the branded visage gave;
As soon on *murdered* Abel durst he look:
Yet power to fly his palsied limbs forsook;
There turned to stone, for his presumptuous crime,
A monument of wrath to latest time,
Might Cain have stood; but mercy raised his head
In prayer for help,—his strength returned, he fled.
James Montgomery.

The *murderer* has no past
But one eternal present.
T. N. Talfourd.

He told how *murderers* walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain;
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls

Its everlasting stain!

Thomas Hood.

Lo, on the everlasting stone engraved,
"No *murder* shalt thou do." From God to man
The solemn law came down: by specious gloss
Of subtle learning, seek not to evade
The great command.

Samuel Hayes.

MUSIC.

SING unto Him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.—Psalm xxxiii. 3.

Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet: praise Him with the psaltery and harp.—Psalm cl. 3.

Cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of *music*.—Daniel, iii. 5.

That chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of *music* like David.—Amos, vi. 5.

HOW sour sweet *music* is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the *music* of men's lives.

Shakspere.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

Milton.

The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their present union show;
Their joys are full; our expectation long,
In life we differ, but we join the song.

Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.
Waller.

Hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes 'round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind!
The thrilling trebles, and the manly base,
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song;
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns,
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies.
Smart.

Born on the swelling notes, our soul aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from Heaven to hear.
Pope.

Should the well-meant songs I leave behind,
With Jesus' lovers an acceptance find,
'Twill heighten even the joys of Heaven, to know
That in my verse the saints hymn God below.
Bishop Ken.

The song of Zion is a tasteless thing,
Unless when rising on a joyful wing,
The soul can mix with the celestial bands,
And give the strain the compass it demands.
Cowper.

How shall the harp of poesy regain
That old victorious tone of prophet-years—
A spell divine o'er guilt's perturbing fears,
And all the hovering shadows of the brain?
Dark, evil wings took flight before the strain,
And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,

Sank on the soul:—O, who may now recall
The mighty *music's* consecrated reign?—
Spirit of God! whose glory once o'erhung
A throne, the Ark's dread cherubim between,
So let Thy presence brood, though now unseen,
O'er those two powers by whom the harp is strung—
Feeling and thought!—till the rekindled chords
Give the long-buried tone back to immortal words.

Mrs. Hemans.

O, surely melody from Heaven was sent
To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

Kirke White.

O, what a gentle ministrant is *music*
To piety—to mild, to penitent piety!
O, it gives plumage to the tardy prayer
That lingers in our lazy, earthly air,
And melts with it to Heaven.

H. H. Milman.

Music, the tender child of rudest times,
The gentle native of all lands and climes;
Who hymns alike man's cradle and his grave,
Lulls the low cot, or peals along the nave.

Mrs. Norton.

'Tis He that taught the lark, from earth upspringing,
To warble forth his matin strain;
And the pure stream, in liquid gushes singing,
Gladly to bless the thirsty plain;
And from the laden bee, when homeward winging

Its tuneful flight doth not disdain,
To hear the song of praise.
There's not a voice in Nature, but is telling
(If we will hear that voice aright,)
How much, when human hearts with love
are swelling,
His blessed bosom hath delight
In our rejoicing lays.
His love, that never slumbers,
Taught thee those tuneful numbers.

Bethune.

But O, her richest, dearest notes to man,
In strains aerial over Bethlehem poured,
When He, whose brightness is the light of
Heaven,
To earth descending, for a mortal's form,
Laid by His glory, save one radiant mark,
That moved through space, and o'er the
infant hung,
He summoned *Music* to attend Him here,
Announcing peace below!
He called her, too,
To sweeten that sad Supper, and to twine
Her mantles round Him and His few grieved
friends,
To join their mournful spirits with the hymn,
Ere to the Mount of Olives He went out
So sorrowful.
And now, His blessed word,
A sacred pledge, is left to dying man,
That at His second coming, in His power,
Music shall still be with Him, and her voice
Sound through the tombs, and wake the dead
to life.

Hannah F. Gould.

The solemn hymn to ancient *music* set
In many a heart response of memory met.
To me, it seemed departed Sabbaths hung
Upon those notes, which gave the past a
tongue
To speak again in voices from the dead,
And wake an echo from their silent bed.

Elizabeth Bogart.

MYSTERY.

BEHOLD I shew you a *mystery*; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.—I. Corinthians, xv. 51, 52.

The *mystery* which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints.—Colossians, i. 26.

Praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the *mystery* of Christ.—Colossians, iv. 3.

WITH outstretched arms,
Stern justice and soft-smiling love embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seemed its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man, inevitably lost:
What, but the fathomless of love divine
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue both? Both rescue? Both exalt!
O, how are both exalted by the deed!
The wondrous deed! or shall I call it more?
A wonder in Omnipotence itself!
A *mystery* no less to gods than men.

Young.

Hail, Sovereign Lord! by all Thy works confess'd!
By angels worship'd, and by saints address'd!
Hail, Sovereign Lord! *mysterious* Wisdom! hail;
In whom the Father and His fulness dwell.
In whom the Godhead and the man unite,
Stamp of His form, and glory of His light!
In whom complete, in Thee completed shine,
The God incarnate, and the man divine.
Mysterious truth! withheld from reason's eye;

Outcast on earth! but loftiest on high!
Hail, wondrous cross!—yet how more
wondrous He
That cross who bore!—Thyself its *mystery*!—
And borne for man!—a greater *mystery* still;
So great Thy love, and love's *mysterious* will!
Peronnet.

That things to mortals are *mysterious*,
Is not because the things themselves are
dark,
But the perceptions through which they are
viewed.
David Bates.

NAME.

THOU shalt not take the *name* of the Lord thy God in vain.—Exodus, xx. 7.

Blessed be the *name* of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.—Psalm cxiii. 2.

A good *name* is rather to be chosen than great riches.—Proverbs, xxii. 1.

God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every *name*.

That at the *name* of Jesus every knee should bow.—Philippians, ii. 9, 10.

We wish our *names* eternally to live.
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an interest in hereafter,
But our blind reason sees not where it lies;
Or seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Young.

In the fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my *name*
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.
Watts.

I read His awful *name* emblazoned high,
With golden letters, on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree:
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
Mrs. Barbauld.

Wide he extends
His royalties, and still the throne adorns
With piety and mercy. Loved and feared.
Twice twenty years, with equitable hand,
He sways the sceptre; then in peace repose
His ashes, but his *name* lives evermore.
Charles Hoyle.

O blessed Father, righteous Lord!
Within Thy book of life record
My undeserving *name*;
Teach me to know and do Thy will;
My heart with holy longings fill,
And heavenly love inflame.
Bayly.

Alone I walk'd the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;

I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
  My *name*, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I pass'd,
One lingering look I fondly cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
  And wash'd my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
  Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more;
Of me—my day—the *name* I bore,
  To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him, who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
  Inscribed against my *name*,
Of all this mortal part has wrought—
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
  For glory or for shame.

Miss Gould.

The card-built house amused our infant age;
The child was pleased; but is the man more sage?
A breath could level childhood's tottering toy:
See manhood—effort, art, and time employ,
To build that brittle *name* a whisper can destroy!

There is a Book where nought our *name* can spot,
If we ourselves refuse to fix the blot;
'Tis kept by One that sets alike at nought
The tale with malice or with flatt'ry fraught,
—
He reads the heart, and sees the whisper in
    the thought.

C. C. Colton.

Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow:
Jesus, no other *name* but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

Steele.

NATURE.

O LORD God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto Thee?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them.

The heavens are Thine, the earth also is Thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, Thou hast founded them.—Psalm lxxxix. 8, 9, 11.

The Lord is a great God, and a Great King above all Gods.

In His hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His, and he made it; and His hands formed the dry land.—Psalm xcv. 3, 4, 5.

Mine hand also hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned the heavens; when I call unto them they stand up together.—Isaiah, xlviii. 13.

FROM dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is *Nature's* progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.

Cowper.

Nature, employed in her allotted place,
Is hand-maid to the purposes of Grace;
By good vouchsafed, makes known superior good,

And bliss not seen, by blessings understood.
Cowper.

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of *Nature*; and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
Cowper.

By swift degrees the love of *Nature* works,
And warms the bosom; till, at last sublimed
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world.
Thomson.

From *Nature's* constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soil this general inference draws—
That an effect must pre-suppose a cause.
Prior.

All *Nature* is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
Pope.

Read *Nature*; *Nature* is a friend to truth:
Nature is Christian; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Young.

How faint is language when we strive to sing

The beauties of the Almighty hand!
Each year upon our outward sense they win,
With all increasing and still varying force;
The seasons, days, months, years, incessant bring
Contrasting changes! First seeds, leaves, expand
As the young years with tender warmth begin,
Then bloom and fruit, and life bursts from its source,
In animated *Nature*, then decays,
And with revolving time is still renew'd.
Thus hope's bright beam the distant scene displays
Where no repelling shadow's may intrude;
So life may joyous be, and genius dwells
In new awaked fires, and fresh enchantment spells.

Sir E. Brydges.

Almighty Father! such the lesson is
That in these cool and venerable woods,
I con to-day; and firmer in my breast,
By every syllable, these truths are fixed
That Thou art the Beginning and the End
Of all this glorious work, and that Thy love
Pervades the universe; and that Thy smile
Seeketh all hearts, to sun them; and that Thou,
In every glorious thing we here behold,
Declarest and reveal'st Thyself to be
The Majesty Supreme—Eternal God.

W. D. Gallagher.

Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Wordsworth.

Nature, when sprung thy glorious frame?
—My Maker called me, and I came.

J. Montgomery.

Live thou with God in *Nature*: never falter
In thy communings with Him. Be
Like those blest birds we read of in the Psalter,
Who found a borne from peril free
In God's own house, and nestled near His altar,
Making it ring with melody.
That temple stands no more,
But *Nature* standeth still; God's holy presence
Abideth with us, and the offering
Of thankful joy to Him whose perfect essence
Is perfect love, our glowing lips may bring,
Till this brief life is o'er;
And in a brighter, better,
Our spirits know no fetter.

Bethune.

Never have the works of *Nature*
Yet to mortal man revealed,
How his much offended Maker
May to him be reconciled.

Flower, nor tree, nor rock, nor mountain,
Ever yet have showed the way,
Ever told him of a Fountain
That could wash his guilt away.

Man could never yet discover,
From the sky, the earth, the sea,
When his days on earth are over,
Where or what his state should be.

But the page of inspiration
Casts a light upon the whole,
Bringing peace and consolation
To the never-dying soul.

Alexander Letham.

NIGHT.

DAY unto day uttereth speech, and *night* unto *night*

showeth knowledge.—Psalm xix. 2.

Thou makest darkness, and it is *night*.—Psalm civ. 20.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the *night* shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the *night* shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.—Psalm cxxxix. 11, 12.

ONE sun by day, by *night* ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence is *night*!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries there, I feel it at my heart.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all animating birth!
Work worthy Him who made it! worthy praise!
All praise! praise more than human! nor denied
Thy praise divine!—But tho' man, drown'd in sleep,
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his universal temple hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul; at once
The temple and the preacher! O how loved
It calls devotion! genuine growth of *night*!

Young.

The glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of *night* comes on.

Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where His children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of *night*.

Henry Ware, Jun.

And still as day concludes in *night*
To break again with new-born light,
God's wondrous bounty let me find,
With still a more enlightened mind;
When Grace and Love in one agree,
Grace from God and Love from me;
Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
Love that seals it in desire.

Parnell.

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light
Blends with the solemn colouring of the *night*.

Wordsworth.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright;
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy *night*,
While half the world is lapp'd in blissful dreams,
And round the lattice creep your fairy beams,
How sweet to gaze upon those placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of *night* along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with a moon-lit hour,
And feels from heaven a sympathetic power!
See! not a cloud careers yon pathless deep
Of molten azure,—mute as lovely sleep;
Full in her pallid light the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Wear the rich garment of her woven beam.
The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in her caves,

No stormy prelude rolls upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works ador'd,
Still'd into homage of her living Lord!
R. Montgomery.

O, blessed *Night*! that comes to rich and poor
Alike; bringing us dreams that lure
Our hearts to One above!
Henry B. Hirst.

Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion;
O, dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my *midnight* shall be day!
Thomas Flatman.

OBEDIENCE—DISOBEDIENCE.

FOR as by one man's *disobedience* many were made sinners, so by the *obedience* of one shall many be made righteous.—Romans, v. 19.

Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to *obey*, his servants ye are to whom ye *obey*; whether of sin unto death, or of *obedience* unto righteousness?—Romans, vi. 16.

Though He were a Son, yet learned He *obedience* by the things which He suffered.—Hebrews, v. 8.

THE will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I *obey*.
Shakspere.

Of man's first *disobedience*, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb or of Sinai, didst inspire

That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos. Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou, from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from Thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress His will.
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal serpent: he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If He opposed; and, with ambition's aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle

proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Milton.

Nor can this be
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want —
Obedience to the law of God, imposed
On penalty of death.

Milton.

Flatter not folly with an idle faith,
  Nor let earth stand upon her own desert;
But show what wisdom in the Scripture saith
  The fruitful hand doth shew the fruitful heart;
Believe the word, and thereto bend thy will,
And teach *obedience* for a blessed skill.

Nicholas Breton.

Other bond have I
None with the Father, but *obedience* whole.
The Son returns through all eternity
Entire *obedience* to the Father's will
Inscrutable, devout and finally—
Relying on his love, that shall fulfil
All gracious purposes—and so became
The Mediator to all creatures, till
God shall be all in all.

J. A. Heraud.

OFFERING.

AND in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an *offering* unto the Lord.

And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his *offering*.

But unto Cain and to his *offering* He had not respect.—Genesis, iv. 3, 4, 5.

So Christ was once *offered* to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin unto salvation.—Hebrews, ix. 8.

For by one *offering* He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.—Hebrews, x. 14.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thy aid!
Star of the east the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and *offerings* divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

Vainly we *offer* each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favour secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Bishop Heber.

What *offering* can I bring to Thee
Which may find favour in Thine eye?
Is it some work of charity?
Some form of prayer on bended knee,

Some spoil of earthly treasury,
That toil can win, or gold can buy?
Nay, all were worthless, all were vain
As that oblation made by Cain,
If a sad spirit, and a contrite heart,
Form of the sacrifice no part.

Egone.

ONE.

THAT they all may be *one*; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be *one* in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.—John, xvii. 21.

One Lord, *one* faith, *one* baptism.—Ephesians, iv. 5.

ONE baptism, and *one* faith,
One lord, below, above!
The fellowship of Zion hath
One only watchword,—Love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our Sacrifice is *one*;
One priest before the throne,—
The crucified, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

Oh, why should they who love
One Gospel to unfold,
Who look for *one* bright home above,
On earth, be strange and cold?
Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace.
In strife abide, and bitterness?

Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and his last,
The utterance of his latest care,
Ere to his throne he pass'd,—
No longer unfulfill'd remain

The world's offence, the people's stain!

Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic,—the true,—
On her disjointed members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as *one*.

E. Robinson.

O Thou Eternal *One*! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God!

From the Russian.

PARADISE.

AND Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto Thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in *Paradise*.—Luke, xxiii. 43.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the *Paradise* of God.—Revelation, ii. 7.

SO on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, whose delicious *Paradise*
Now nearer crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hoary sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied: and overhead up-grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm;
A sylvan scene! And as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of *Paradise* up-sprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.

Milton.

Say'st thou there was no "*Paradise* of God?"
No happy, sinless state of early man?
Ask all the ages past, each record scan,
And see if always cursed was this now barren sod.
Go ask the Greek—he tells of Golden age,
When the god-governed earth was heavenly pure;
When never death, nor woes men now endure
Had entered here, nor hate, nor guile, nor rage.
The eastern Magian speaks of earliest days,
When holy Oromasdes reign'd o'er man:
The far Egyptian tells Osiris' praise,
Governing all in peace, ere rude revolt began.
And wilt thou God's own *Paradise* deny,
When e'en the heathen tales affirm it ceaselessly?

Ann Flinders.

Lord I will take no comfort but of Thee!
I had an earthly plant—a pleasant vine,
From whose dear grapes I pressed delightful wine,
Which made my heart as merry as could be.
Thine anger hath cut down that cheerful tree;
Or at the least, (for yet I but divine,)
Thou hast cut off its joyful fruit from me,
And made its precious shade no longer mine.
Shall I then murmur? If my road henceforth
Lies but before me wearisome and bare,
And no green garland twined amid my hair
Will guard, as it was wont, my tortured eyes,
What then? The sweeter after this stripped earth
Will be the shady rest of *Paradise*.

Thomas Burbidge.

The God of nature and of grace
In all His work appears;

His goodness through the earth we trace,
  His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
  By Him in wisdom planned;
'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
  The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
  Thither His path pursue;
His glory boundless as the sky,
  O'erwhelms the wandering view.

The forests in His strength rejoice,
  Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
  Is heard among the trees.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
  Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
  And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made the world so fair,
  Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
  Will *Paradise* be found!

James Montgomery.

PARDON.

AND Moses said unto the Lord, *Pardon*, I beseech Thee, the iniquity of this people according unto the greatness of Thy mercy, and as Thou hast forgiven this people, from Egypt even until now.

And the Lord said, I have *pardoned* according to thy word.—Numbers, xiv. 13, 19, 20.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will

abundantly *pardon*.—Isaiah, lv. 7.

BUT infinite in *pardon* is our judge.

Milton.

What can we better do than prostrate fall
Befort Him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and *pardon* beg, with tears
Watering the ground?

Milton.

When with deep agony His heart was racked,
Not for Himself the tear-drop dewed His cheek,
For them He wept, for them to Heaven He prayed,—
His persecutors—"Father *pardon* them;
They know not what they do."

Charles Lamb.

O Time! O Life! ye were not made
For languid dreaming in the shade,
Nor sinful hearts to moor all day
By lily-isle, or grassy bay,
Nor drink at noontide's balmy hours
Sweet opiates from the meadow-flowers.
O give me grace, dear Lord! to win
Thy *pardon* for my youthful sin,
For all the days, in woods embowered,
When currents of sweet thought o'erpowered
With pleasant force the sense of duty,
And gentle nature's harmless beauty,
Too much adored, gave birth to throngs
Of joys effeminate, and songs
Which sprung from earth, and, like a breeze,
Died wantonly among the trees,
Without a moral or a mirth
Above the passing bliss of earth!

Frederic W. Faber.

PARENTS.

CHILDREN, obey your *parents* in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.—Colossians, iii. 20.

HONOUR thy *parents* to prolong thine end;
With them, though for a truth, do not contend;
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,
Shall have a son that will avenge the deed.
Thomas Randolph.

Not those alone are *parents*, to whose cares
The opening buds of human life are given;
Truth, Beauty, Love, have each unnumbered heirs,
And Earth itself is but the child of Heaven.

Nature repeats herself; and human thought
Mirrored in deeds, becomes more truly real:
Thus only on the web of life are wrought
The glowing pictures of the world ideal.

The labourer who embowers his cottage round
With tasteful gifts—his honest hand the donor,
Makes of that little spot of cultured ground,
A pleasing transcript of its joyful owner.

The matron, toiling with unselfish aim
To bless her little band of cherished creatures,
But mounts the picture, from whose shining frame
For ever beam her dear, benignant features.

Thought is the favoured child of thoughtful ones,
As heaven is mirrored in the quiet waters;
The statesman's high achievements are his sons,
And the sweet poet's lays his tuneful

daughters.

The sculptor, bending o'er his marble child,
Models himself in fixed, enduring beauty;
The painter's soul hath from the canvass smiled,
Breathing deep tones of passion or of duty.

None shall die childless; and the frailest one
Of all the living crowds around us pressing,
May, like the Eternal Father, give his son
To be humanity's perpetual blessing.

Mrs. F. H. Cooke.

PASSIONS.

WE also are men of like *passions* with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from those vanities unto the living God.—Acts, xiv. 15.

WHAT profits us, that we from heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind
We follow where our *passions* lead the way?

Claudian.

While *passions* glow, the heart like heated steel
Takes each impression, and is worked at pleasure.

Young.

The gales
Of pleasure haply waft him, and he bounds
Exultingly upon the flattering main;
Nor heeds the inexperienced boy the hints
Of prudence, and the counsel of the wise;
He steers impetuously through dancing waves
And oceans of illusive bliss, till now,
Crashing upon the keel, his vessel lies

A total wreck upon th' undreaded reef!
"Avoid the shoal!" the sacred preacher cries,
The volumes of the dead and living, ope
The monitory page, alas, in vain!
If *passion* hold the helm, and pleasure fill
The swelling sail, though reason, conscience, say
"Avoid the shoal!" the voyager is lost.
Carrington.

Thou must chain thy *passions* down;
Well to serve, but ill to sway,
Like the fire they must obey.
They are good, in subject state,
To strengthen, warm, and animate;
But if once we let them reign,
They sweep with desolating train,
'Till they but leave a hated name,
A ruined soul, and blackened fame.
Eliza Cook.

Passions, indulged beyond a certain bound,
Lead to a precipice, and plunge in woe
The heedless agent.
George Bally.

PAST.

THAT which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is *past*.—Ecclesiastes, iii. 15.

THE *past* lives o'er again,
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning present is its image.
Coleridge.

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O, terrible Remorse?—
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times, a sad, and half-reluctant look,

Regretful of the *Past*?

J. G. Whittier.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable *Past*!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

W. C. Bryant.

Whene'er upon the *past* I gaze,
Though thorns and clouds appear,
Rich gifts from Heaven demand my praise,
Gifts to the heart most dear,
The strong One's arm, the friend above,
The fulness of Redeeming Love.

Through childhood's hours and youthful snares,
That Arm my footsteps led,
That friend amid the heart's own cares,
The balm of pity shed,
And raised my drooping soul to feel
How deep the wound Love's power can heal.

W. J. Brock.

PASTOR.

I WILL give you *pastors* according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.—Jeremiah, iii. 15.

Woe be unto the *pastors* that destroy and scatter the

sheep of my pasture! saith the Lord.—Jeremiah, xxiii. 1.

HE was a shepherd, and no mercenary.
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full piteous;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught;
A love benignant he discreetly taught.
To draw mankind to Heaven by gentleness
And good example, was his business.
But if that any one were obstinate,
Whether he were of high or low estate,
Him would he sharply check with altered mien:
A better parson there was nowhere seen.
He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense;
But Jesus' love, which owns no pride or pelf,
He taught—but first he followed it himself.

Chaucer.

Do not, as some ungracious *pastors* do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own road.

Shakspere.

A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned *pastor* dwells, their watchful lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword,
Though pride's least lurking thought appears a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart; can earth afford

Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, array'd in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?
Wordsworth.

He is a faithful *pastor* of the poor;—
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
"Feed, feed my sheep," are ever at his heart,
The Cross of Christ is aye before his eyes.
Grahame.

So glorious let Thy *pastors* shine,
That, by their speaking lives, the world may learn
First, filial duty, then divine;
That sons to parents, all to Thee may turn.
Keble.

Of the deep learning in the schools of yore,
The reverend *pastor* hath a golden stock;
Yet, with a vain display of useless lore,
Or sapless doctrine, never will he mock
The better cravings of his simple flock;
But faithfully their humble shepherd guides
Where streams eternal gush from Calvary's rock;
For well he knows, not learning's purest tides
Can quench the immortal thirst that in the soul abides.
Mrs. Little.

By weakest ministers, the Almighty thus
Makes known His sacred will, and shows His power;
By Him inspired, they speak with urgent tongue
Authoritative, while the illumined breast
Heaves with unwonted strength; high as their theme,
Their great conceptions rise in rapturous

flow,
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
And, in such strains as science could not teach,
Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart;
The listening throng there feel its bless'd effect,
And deep conviction glows in every breast.

Charles Jenner.

Shepherd of Israel, Thou dost keep
With constant care, Thy humble sheep,
By Thee inferior *pastors* rise
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.

Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all Thy sheep appear,
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.

Doddridge.

PATIENCE.

IN your *patience* possess ye your souls.—Luke, xxi. 19.

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh *patience*;

And *patience*, experience; and experience, hope.—Romans, v. 3, 4.

Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of *patience*.

Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the *patience* of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.—James, v. 10, 11.

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books unroll'd,
Extolling *patience* as the truest fortitude;

And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolitaries writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength
And fainting spirits uphold.

Milton.

Give me care,
By thankful *patience*, to prevent despair:
Fit me to bear whate'er Thou shalt assign;
I kiss the rod, because the rod is Thine.

Francis Quarles.

Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

Young.

Like some well-fashioned arch thy *patience* stood,
And purchased strength from each increasing load.

Goldsmith.

A dungeon, dark and drear
As death, but in its cold and gloomy depths
I see a form of beauty, round whose locks
A glory plays, that lights the dungeon with
A quivering lustre—she is stretched upon
The damp cold earth, her head is pillowed on
One arm, the while its fellow presses to
Her heart a holy volume. O'er her eyes
The dove of peace seems brooding, while deep sleep
Heaves the long ringlets of the golden hair
That cluster on her neck, and sweep the

earth:
A smile is lingering on her placid lip,
As though she dreamt of heaven, the while her brow,
As that same heaven, arched and calm, shoots forth
A halo—in her breast a dove is nestling,
And angel wings are spread to guard her dreams
From evil—favoured one of God—who art thou?

'Tis *patience*, the beloved of Heaven! the meek,
The mild, the lowly, and the gentle *patience*,
Whose eye looks up to God; and ne'er unbends
Its fixed and placid gaze to look upon
The thorns that tear her bleeding breast; who stands
Pale, calm, unmoved amid the storms of life;
Whose soul weeps not for heart's torture—*patience*,
The meek-eyed pilgrim of the earth, that child
Of heaven—perfection's crown.

C. L. Reddell.

For God, who binds the broken heart,
  And dries the mourner's tear,
If faith and *patience* be their part,
  Will unto these be near.

Let such but say "Thy will be done!"
  And He who Jesus raised,
Will qualify them, through His Son,
  To say "Thy name be praised!"

Bernard Barton.

When, in justice, he appals us
  By the threat of endless pain,
Sink not—soon His mercy calls us
  To His pardoning arms again.
Father! O, with *patience* bless us,

Till each seeming ill be past:
Let whatever gloom oppress us,
All must end in light at last.

Thomas Ward.

PEACE.

MARK the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is *peace*.—Psalm xxxvii. 37.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are *peace*.—Proverbs, iii. 13, 17.

Lord, thou wilt ordain *peace* for us.—Isaiah, xxvi. 12.

Blessed are the *peacemakers*, for they shall be called the children of God.—Matthew, v. 9.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth *peace*, good will toward men.—Luke, ii. 14.

Peace I leave with you, my *peace* I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John, xiv. 27.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, *peace*.—Galatians, v. 22.

The *peace* of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Philippians, iv. 7.

NO war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still, with awe-full eye
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord

was by.

But *peaceful* was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light,
  His reign of *peace* upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
  Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sat brooding on the
    charmed wave.

Milton.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered
o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

Pope.

My soul, there is a country
  Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
  All skilful in the wars;
There above noise and danger
  Sweet *peace* sits crown'd with smiles;
And One born in a manger
  Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
  And oh! my soul, awake;
Did in pure love descend
  To die here for my sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
  There grows the flower of *peace*;
The rose that cannot wither,
  Thy fortress and thy ease
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
  For none can thee secure,
But one who never changes,
  Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Henry Vaughan.

Sure the last end
Of the good man is *peace*. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more calmly on the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Blair.

Hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is *peace* in his eye that upward bends;
There is *peace* in his calm confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words, prayer.
Henry Ware, Jun.

"*Peace*" was the word our Saviour breathed,
When from our world His steps withdrew;
The gift He to His friends bequeathed,
With Calvary and the Cross in view:—
Redeemer! With adoring love
Our spirits take Thy rich bequest,
The watchword of the host above,
The passport to their realm of rest.
Mrs. Sigourney.

Oh, *peace*; thou source and soul of social life,
Beneath whose calm inspiriting influence,
Science his views enlarges; art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the man divine who gives us thee;
Who bids the trumpet hush its horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage.
Who sheathes the murderous blade, the deadly gun
Into the well-piled armoury returns;
And every vigour from the work of death
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish and the city smile.
Thomson.

When groves by moonlight silence keep,
And winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hushed, and cities sleep,—

Lord! is not this the hour of *Peace*?

When Infancy at Evening tries
By turns to climb each Parent's knees,
And gazing meets their raptured eyes,—
Lord! is not this the hour of *Peace*?

In golden pomp when autumn smiles;
And every vale its rich increase
In man's full barns exulting piles;—
Lord! is not this the hour of *Peace*?

When Mercy points where Jesus bleeds,
And Faith beholds thine anger cease;
And Hope to black despair succeeds;—
This, Father! this alone is *Peace*!

Gisborne.

Wherefore from His throne exalted,
Came He on this earth to dwell;
All His pomp an humble manger—
All His court a narrow cell?
"From that world to bring to this,
Peace, which of all earthly blisses
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Violante Di Ceo.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease!
And like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "*Peace*!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holiest melodies of love arise.

Longfellow.

"*Peace*," shall the world outwearied ever see
Its universal reign? Will states, will kings,

Put down these murderous and unholy
things,
Which fill the earth with blood and misery?
Will nations learn that love—not enmity—
Is heaven's first lesson—which beneath the
wings
Of mercy, brooding over land and sea,
Fills earth with joy by its soft ministerings?
'Twere a sad prospect—'twere a vista dark
As midnight—could this wearied mortal
eye,
Through the dim mists that veil futurity,
Discern not that heaven-bright though
distant spark,
Lighted by prophecy, whose ray sublime
Sheds a soft gleam of hope o'er the dull
path of time.

I hate that noisy drum, it is a sound
That tells of war, of bondage, and I blush
That liberty had ever cause to rush
Into a warrior's arms; that right e'er found
Asylum in the furious field. Not so
The holy crowns of genuine glory grow;
Not there should they who bear the badge
serene
Of Him who was the Prince of *Peace*, be seen;
Can such His faithful followers be?—Oh
no!
His laurels are not drenched in blood,—but
green
And beautiful as spring:—His arms are
love
And mercy and forgiveness; and with them
He rules the nations' mighty destinies
And gently leads us to our homes above.

Dr. Bowring.

If there be sore strife and care,
In the world below,
Restless spirits never there
Could chase away their woe,
Let the storm that raves about us,
By our faith be kept without us;

Let us from our troubles cease,
Power and conquest dwell in *peace*.

J. Gostick.

PERFECTION.

OUT of Zion, the *perfection* of beauty, God hath shined. —Psalm l. 2.

O when wilt thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a *perfect* heart.—Psalm ci. 2.

I have seen an end of all *perfection*.—Psalm cxix. 96.

Be ye therefore *perfect*, even as your Father which is in heaven is *perfect*.—Matthew, v. 48.

GIVE glory to the Son, who came
Clothed in our fleshy, mortal frame;
Who bore our sins, vouchsafed to give
Himself to die, that we might live;
Who—holy, harmless, undefiled,
Was patient—spurned, was dumb—reviled;
Who, in the agonies of death,
Poured for His foes His parting breath;
Was *perfect* God and man in one:
Give glory to the Incarnate Son!

Barton.

Behold the beauty of His matchless life
In deed and thought connecting earth and heaven:—
Call every virtue which the mind conceives,
Or view *perfection* in sublime excess
Of glory, such as dreams of God pourtray,
And what can emulate the Prince of Peace!

R. Montgomery.

Oh! who shall paint them—let the sweetest tone
That ever trembled on the harps of Heaven,
Be discord; let the chanting seraphim,
Whose anthem is eternity, be dumb;

For praise and wonder, adoration,—all
Melt into muteness, ere they soar to Thee,
Thou sole *Perfection*!—Theme of countless worlds!

R. Montgomery.

Oh, Thou, who all *perfection* art!
How shall my soul approach to Thee?
How can my black, polluted heart
Endure Thy searching scrutiny?
Only through grace of Him by whom
The just avenging arm is stayed;
By whose descent into the tomb
Was im*perfection perfect* made.

Egone.

PESTILENCE—PLAGUE.

AND the Lord said unto Moses, Rise up early in the morning, and stand before Pharoah, and say unto him, Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, Let my people go, that they may serve me.

For I will at this time send all my *plagues* upon thine heart, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people; that thou mayest know that there is none like me in all the earth.

For now I will stretch out my hand, that I may smite thee and thy people with *pestilence*; and thou shalt be cut off from the earth.—Exodus, ix. 13, 14, 15.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome *pestilence*.

There shall no evil befal thee, neither shall any *plague* come nigh thy dwelling.—Psalm xci. 1, 3, 10.

A TERRIBLE change is come; I see a cloud
Brooding above the valley like the wing

Of a destroying angel dark and dread;
And in its awful depth I see a brow
On which is stamped in fiery characters
The one word—*Plague*. The beds of dewy flowers
Are pressed by loathsome forms of dark disease,
Putrid though living; some have dragged their weak
And fainting limbs to where the pure stream glides,
But sink ere they can quench their burning thirst
In its cool waters; some bow down their heads
In prayer, but the unfinished words are quelled
By groans of agony; some wait for death
With stubborn pride that scorns to murmur; some
Rave of cool forests and of shady rivers,
In their delirious pain; the dead and dying
Tenant that valley only.

C. L. Reddell.

From the sword at noonday wasting,
  From the noisome *pestilence*,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
  God shall be thy sure defence.

Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
  God, thine hope, shall bear through all,
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
  Thee no evil shall befall.

J. Montgomery.

PHILOSOPHY.

BEWARE lest any man spoil you through *philosophy* and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.—Colossians, ii. 8.

PHILOSOPHY consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculation;
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks; but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but her's is false and rotten;
All valour not conducted by her precepts
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.
Thomson.

What is an high-praised *philosophy*,
But books of poesy in prose compil'd,
Far more delightful than they fruitful be,
Witty appearance, guile that is beguil'd;
Corrupting minds much rather than directing,
Th' alloy of duty, and our pride's erecting.

For, as among physicians, what they call
Word magic, never helpeth the disease,
Which drugs and diet ought to deal withal,
And by their real working give us ease;
So these word-sellers have no power to cure
The passions which corrupted lives endure.
Sir Falke Greville.

In its sublime research, *philosophy*
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries: Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled at Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so

high,
Even like past moments in eternity.
From the Russian.

With thee, serene *Philosophy*, with thee
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind
Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourished powers, enlarged by thee
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-winged,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
To reason and to fancy's eye displayed:
The first up-tracing from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of Heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Thomson.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here

By His Omnipotence, *Philosophy*
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands with all His circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn, in th' ethereal space
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

Smart.

Sublime *Philosophy*!
Thou are the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beckoning angels; but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step, dull slumbering on the earth.

Bulwer.

PILGRIMAGE.

THESE all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and *pilgrims* on the earth.

For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.—Hebrews, xi. 13, 14.

Dearly beloved, I beseech you, as strangers and *pilgrims*, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.—I. Peter, ii. 11.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, (hope's true gage,)
And thus I'll take my *pilgrimage*.
Blood must be my body's only balmer
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
No other balm will there be given.

Sir W. Raleigh.

From darkness, here, and dreariness,
We ask not full repose;
Only be Thou at hand to bless
Our trial hour of woes.
Is not the *pilgrim's* toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not up earth's dark glade,
The gate of Heaven unclose?

Keble.

While his staff the traveller handles
In his weary journeying,
Thorns may tear his dusty sandals,
Fangs his tender feet may sting;
But were life devoid of pain,
Bliss were proffered man in vain.
Look aloft, where light is breaking
Through this doubt-enveloped sky—
Forward leap, the joy partaking,
Of a higher destiny.
Lift thy staff, and move apace
In the *pilgrim*-thronging race.

T. G. Spear.

There is a light on the hills, and the valley is past!
Ascend, happy *pilgrim*! thy labours are o'er!
The sunshine of Heaven around thee is cast,
And thy weak, doubting footsteps can falter no more.
On, *pilgrim*! that hill richly circled with rays
Is Zion! Lo, there is the "city of saints!"
And the beauties, the glories, that region displays,
Inspiration's own language imperfectly paints.

Mrs. Opie.

Pilgrim, burden'd with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till mercy speaks within,

Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.
Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice,
"Welcome *pilgrim* to thy rest."
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and own'd, and bought, and blest.
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Own'd—by joys the contrite know;
Bought—by love and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt we owe.
Holy *pilgrim* what for thee,
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt and pain.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in full belief shall die;
Pain—in endless joy expire.

Crabbe.

We journey through a vale of tears
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last!
Not to the last—Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright;
Poor *Pilgrim*! lift, in hope, thy head;
At eve there shall be light.

Bernard Barton.

PITY.

To him that is afflicted *pity* should be shewed from his friend.—Job, v. 14.

Like as a father *pitieth* his children, so the Lord *pitieth* them that fear him.—Psalm ciii. 13.

He that hath *pity* upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.—Proverbs, xix. 17.

GENIUS of *pity*! exercise thy sway,
And with thy soft emotions soothe each breast;
May every heart thy kind dictates obey,
And be thy humanizing pow'r confess'd!

May sweet Benevolence, auspicious fair,
Vouchsafe thy cheering progress to attend,
And smiling Charity, with constant care,
Where'er distress appears, her succour lend.

In the drear season of embitter'd woe,
Oh! may the sons of opulence and ease
Feel *pity's* genial animating glow,
Nor suffer avarice their soul to freeze!

May they, whene'er the child of want is seen,
Dispense their warm benevolence around,
—
The hapless suff'rer from misfortune screen,
Nor to a narrow sphere their mercies bound!

Not to the wanderer their gifts confine,
But the sad roofs of silent woe explore,
Where modest mourners secretly repine,
And, unsoliciting, their wants deplore.

Then shall the orphan's and the widow's prayer,
To Heav'n, with thanks for such relief, be made;
The welcome boon with grateful hearts they share,
And bless the donor for his timely aid.

Anon.

Oh! do not seek the mirthful throng,
But find where friendship lingers,
And feel the strings, untouched so long,
Swept o'er by *Pity's* fingers.
Though not a star has lent its light,
Who knows what may be dawning?

The mists that robe the earth at night
Precede the brightest morning!
J. Burbidge.

PLEASING—PLEASURE.

THE Lord taketh *pleasure* in them that fear Him.—Psalm cxlvii. 11.

He that loveth *pleasure* shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.—Proverbs, xxi. 17.

Hear now this, thou that art given to *pleasures*, that dwellest carelessly, evil shall come upon thee.—Isaiah, xlvii. 8, 11.

Walk worthy of the Lord unto all *pleasing*, being fruitful in every good work.—Colossians, i. 10.

So we speak; not as *pleasing* men, but God, which trieth our hearts.—I. Thessalonians, ii. 4.

ADMIRERS of false *pleasures* must sustain
The weight and sharpness of ensuing pain.
John Beaumont.

Short is the course of every lawless *pleasure*—
Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height;
But, downwards as its blaze declining speeds,
The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.
Milton.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it, with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seized at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?
Young.

Pleasure is good, and man for *pleasure* made;
But *pleasure* full of glory as of joy;

Pleasure which neither blushes nor expires.

*****

Death treads in *pleasure's* footsteps round the world,
When *pleasure* treads the paths which reason shuns.

Young.

Pleasure, admitted in undue degree,
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

*****

Peace follows virtue as its sure reward;
And *pleasure* brings as surely in her train
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain.

Cowper.

Pleasures, like wonders, quickly lose their price,
When reason or experience makes us wise.

Bishop King.

If the soft hand of winning *pleasure* leads
By living waters and through flowery meads,
Where all is smiling, tranquil, and serene;
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene;
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
And doubtful with a trembling heart rejoice.

Mrs. Barbauld.

Graces withered by too warm a beam,
May spread and flourish in the dreary shade:
And *pleasure*, to voluptuous guilt denied,
May bloom ambrosial from affliction's thorn.

George Bally.

All these fond *pleasures*, if fond things

Deserve so good a name,
Should not seduce a noble mind
To stain itself with shame.
The time shall come when all these same,
Which seem so rich with joy,
Like tyrants, shall torment thy mind,
And vex thee with annoy.

Brandon.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to *please* Thee perfectly.

A. L. Waring.

That *pleasure* is of all
Most bountiful and kind,
That fades not straight, but leaves
A living joy behind.

Campion.

POVERTY.

THE Lord maketh *poor*, and maketh rich: He bringeth low, and lifteth up.—I. Samuel, ii. 7.

Give me neither *poverty* nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me;

Lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be *poor*, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.—Proverbs, xxx. 8, 9.

Blessed be ye *poor*: for yours is the kingdom of God.—Luke, vi. 20.

In a great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy, and their deep *poverty*, abounded unto the riches of their liberality.—II. Corinthians, viii. 2.

If well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my *poverty*;
My want no *poorer* than thy rich estate.
Our ends and births alike, in this as I,
Poor thou wert born, and *poor* again
shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind,
Thou having more than much, yet seekest
more;
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and whoso wants, is
poor:
Then this must follow of necessity,
Poor are thy riches, rich my *poverty*.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not
spent,
But as thy wealth, so great thy wealthy
itch;
But with my little I have great content—
Content hath all, and who hath all is rich;
Then this in reason thou must needs
confess,
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God has lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon how, and where, and when he
spent.
Then thus thou bragg'st thou art a great
receiver.
Little my debt, when little is my store,
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows
the more.

But seeing God himself descended down,
T' enrich the *poor* by His deep *poverty*,

His meat, his house, his grave were not his own,
Yet all is His from all eternity;
Let me be like my Head, whom I adore,
Be thou great, wealthy, I still base and *poor*.

Phineas Fletcher.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak,
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be *poor*, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass;
Rich hated: wise suspected: scorn'd if *poor*:
Great fear'd: fair tempted: high still envied more:
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither;
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; *poor* I'll be rather.

Sir Henry Wotton.

No soil like *poverty* for growth divine,
As leanest land supplies the richest mine.
Earth gives too little, giving only bread,
To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head.

Cowper.

Around each pure, domestic shrine,
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine;
Our hearths are altars all:
The prayers of hungry souls and *poor*,
Like armed angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appal.

Keble.

And what is want? 'Tis virtue's test:
What weakness? An escape from pride:
That life on earth may be the best
In which, by woe, the soul is tried:
For He whose word is ever sure,
Hath said that "Blessed are the *Poor*."

H. H. Weld.

If *poverty*—a bitter medicine—cure
The soul's distempers, blessed are the *poor*;
Yea, if ye be Christ's *poor*, thrice blessed men are ye.

Thomas McKellar.

POWER.

POWER belongeth unto God.—Psalm lxii. 11.

Let every soul be subject unto the higher *powers*. For there is no *power* but of God; the *powers* that be are ordained of God.

Whosoever therefore resisteth the *power*, resisteth the ordinance of God.—Romans, xiii. 1, 2.

Upholding all things by the word of His *power*.—Hebrews, i. 3.

O, ALL-PREPARING Providence divine!
In thy large book, what secrets are enrolled,
What sundry helps doth Thy great power assign,
To prop the course which Thou intend'st to hold!
What mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, Thy councils manifold!
It is Thy wisdom strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.

Michael Drayton.

There is a *power*
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world,

That guides its motions from the brightest
star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould.
While man, who madly deems himself the
Lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and
dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
They must have learn'd when wand'ring all
alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the
sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.

Thomson.

For the strong spirit will at times awake,
Piercing the mists that wrap her clay abode;
And, born of thee, she may not always take
Earth's accents for the oracles of God;
And ev'n in this—O dust, whose mask is
power!
Reed, that wouldst be a scourge thy little
hour!
Spark, whereon yet the mighty hath not trod,
And therefore thou destroyest,—where were
flown
Our hope, if man were left to man's decrees
alone.

Mrs. Hemans.

O put away thy pride,
  Or be ashamed of *power*,
That cannot turn aside
  The breeze that waves a flower.

Clare.

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of *power*;
Of the old kings with high exacting looks
Sceptered and globed; of eagles on their
rocks
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth
and drear,

Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,
All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;
Then of cathedral with its priestly height,
Seen from below at superstitions night;
Of ghastly castle, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;
And of all sunless subterranean deeps
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps;
Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones;
And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens, under precipitous shores;
And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by,
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot,
Of bruised right, and flourishing bad men,
And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den;
Brute force, and fury; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
And all which lights the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes—the horsed war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.

Leigh Hunt.

All-knowing, all-directing God!
  In whom we move and live,
Our thoughts, and works, and empty days,
  And careless wrongs forgive;
But most in need the cruel heart
  That breeds the conscious wrong,
And cares not for the consequence
  To helpless old and young.
Some wilful deeds are perfect crimes,
  And some less wicked are,

Because 'twas meant that good should spring
Beneath the baleful star.
Yet of all sinful beings most
In need of mercy those,
Who having *power* much good to do,
All goodness would oppose,
And turn heaven's bounteous gifts to gall,
And nature's smiles to blows.

Horne.

'Tis not in mockery of man that earth
Is strewed with splendid fragments, temple, tower;
That realms, where glory sprang full-arm'd to birth,
Are desolate, the snake and tiger's bower:
They lie the monuments of misused *power*,
Not freaks of fate, but warnings against crime:
And ancient Babylon might, at this hour,
Had she been guiltless, stand as in her prime,
Nay, stand in growing pomp, till God had finished time.

Croly.

But, God be thanked! they are moments only when
Man, subdued by nature's mightiest *power*,
Thinks even his purer self the sport of waves.
In such like moments 'tis the Godhead shows us
The distance 'twixt itself and us,—chastises
Man's vain audacity to equal it,
And casts him back to nothingness and woe.
In such like moments, even the wisest sinks
Unto the dust: he, too, is formed of dust;
But soon again he rises purified
By Fate's worst blast, and thus the Eternal's will
Declares and proves its own omnipotence.

From the German of Herder.

With God a thousand years are as one day;
He in one day can sum a thousand years;

All acts with him are equal; for no more
It costs Omnipotence to build a world,
And set a sun amidst the firmament,
Than mould a dewdrop, and light up a gem.
R. Montgomery.

PRAISE.

PRAISE ye the Lord. *Praise* the Lord, O my soul.

While I live will I *praise* the Lord: I will sing *praises* unto my God while I have any being.—Psalm cxlvi. 1, 2.

Praise ye the Lord. *Praise* God in his sanctuary: *praise* him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: *praise* him according to his excellent greatness.

Let every thing that hath breath *praise* the Lord.—Psalm cl. 1, 2, 6.

For they loved the *praise* of men more than the *praise* of God.—John, xii. 43.

MY God! I will address Thee
In loudest hymns of *praise*;
Then, too, my soul shall bless Thee,
When mute in deep amaze;
For Thou, who kind receivest
Each word to be addressed,
The silent thought perceivest,
The feeling unexpressed.
And, while we ne'er can know
Thy deep and wondrous ways,
Words sink far, far below
Thy due reward of *praise*.
From the Greek of Synesius.

O! while thy sinful soul can cast
Sin's robes away—redeem the past,
If not in deeds, in words to *praise* thy Maker haste.
In sacred hymns employ the day,

In *praises* pass the night away;
And let the martyrs' *praise* attune the willing lay.
O what a privilege, could I,
The prison of mortality
Thus burst, and breathing forth this language, die!

From the Spanish of Prudentius.

Not thankful when it pleaseth me;
As if Thy blessings had spare days:
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy *praise*.

George Herbert.

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His *praise*.
Join voices all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His *praise*;
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk the earth,
And stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His *praise*.

Milton.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be;
To father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity,
Whose boundless power we still adore,
And sing their *praise* for evermore.

Drummond.

While this immortal spark of heavenly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame,
To thee my ardent *praises* shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing

morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of Thee, my soul excursive flies
Through earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;
From world to world new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind,
When, winged with whirlwinds, vice shall take its flight
To the deep bosom of eternal night,
To Thee my soul shall endless *praises* pay:
Join, men and angels! join the exalted lay.

Blacklock.

If no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of *praise*:
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
O, grant me honest fame, or grant me none.

Pope.

Nor absolutely vain is human *praise*,
Where human is supported by divine.

Young.

My fears of danger, while I breathe,
My dread of endless hell beneath,
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort change within;
Change all my sad complaints for ease,
To cheerful notes of endless *praise*.

Parnell.

The praise I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed;
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed
That quickens only where Thou sayest it

may;
Unless Thou show to us Thy own true way,
No man can find it. Father! Thou must lead:
Do Thou then breathe these thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread:
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing to Thee;
And sound Thy *praises* everlastingly.

Wordsworth.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of *praise* at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide;
Then here, reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and *praise*.

Wordsworth.

Oh, for the harp that David swept,
At whose divine entrancing sound,
The evil spirit distance kept,
While holier visions hover'd round:
Oh for such harp, in these our days,
To speak a God's, a Saviour's *praise*.

Barton.

From yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms—the simple song of *praise*.

Graham.

And now, with fixed intent and mind sincere,
Lift up your eyes from earth, to *praise* with me
The Sovereign Lord, who reigns in heaven above,

And try to follow where I shew the way.
But be it yours, while joining in the prayer,
That not your tongue so much as heart may share.
O love supreme, full-orbed and glorious sun,
Compared with whom that other is but night,
The world's true life alone, the world's true light!
O Thou whose breath created it at first,
And still upholdest with a father's care!
Whate'er Thou willest, who hast power to do!
O fountain without rise, whose boundless stream
Flows without ebb, and undiminished pours!
Who from Thyself derivest, underived!
And in Thyself hast ever lived!
Who, when revealed the most, then most art hid!
Thou, if the soul has breathed one true desire
To see Thy light, wilt give it wings for heaven.
To mount a phœnix at Thy beam revived!
Since nought there is beside Thee, in Thyself
And of Thyself sole blest! since only Thou
Conferrest good, and to receive must give.
Deign in my heart, to light the holy flame,
And by my lips give glory to Thy name.

From the Italian of Celio Magno.

God of the fair and open sky!
  How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue,
  Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
  Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
  The beauty of its *praise* to Thee!

W. B. O. Peabody.

PRAYER.

O LORD God of hosts, hear my *prayer*: give ear, O God of Jacob.—Psalm lxxxiv. 8.

But thou, when thou *prayest*, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, *pray* to thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.—Matthew, vi. 6.

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by *prayer* and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—Philippians, iv. 6.

Is any among you afflicted? let him *pray*.—James, v. 13.

The effectual fervent *prayer* of a righteous man availeth much.—James, v. 16.

EVEN as Elias, mounting to the sky,
  Did cast his mantle to the earth behind,
So, when the heart presents the *prayer* on high,
  Exclude the world from traffic with the mind:
Lips near to God, and ranging heart within,
Is but vain babbling, and converts to sin.
Robert Southwell.

Temporal blessings Heaven oft doth share
Unto the wicked, at the good man's *prayer*.
Quarles.

When we of helps or hopes are quite bereaven,
Our humble *prayers* have entrance into Heaven.
Ford.

Petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measures and the choice.
Safe in His power whose eyes discern afar,
The secret ambush of a specious *prayer*;

Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Dr. Johnson.

O may my *prayers* before Thy throne arise,
An humble but accepted sacrifice!
And when Thou shalt my weary eyelids close,
And to my body grant a sweet repose,
May my ethereal guardian kindly spread
His wings, and from the tempter shield my bead!
May of Thy heavenly light some piercing beams
Illume my sleep, and sanctify my dreams.
Watts.

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of *prayer*
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining *prayer*, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
Cowper.

Enthroned amidst the worlds of light,
  Jehovah rules the realms of bliss;
Yet bends to scenes of earthly night,
  To such a house of pain as this!
The glories of the heavenly plains
  Hide not one mourner from his eye,
Nor can the seraphs' loudest strains
  Drown, by their sound, the faintest sigh.

Oh *Prayer*! thou mine of things unknown,

Who can be poor possessing thee?
Thou wert a fount of joy alone,
Better than worlds of gold could be.
Were I bereft of all beside,
That bears the form or name of bliss,
I yet were rich, what will betide,
If God, in mercy, leave me this.

Edmeston.

Prayer, surpassing human might;
Prayer, heaven's holy portress;
Prayer, the saint's supreme delight,
Prayer, the sinner's fortress.
Prayer and faith can joy impart,
Joy beyond expressing,
And call down upon the heart
Israel's choicest blessing.

Bernard Barton.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword in the hour of death,
He enters Heaven with *prayer*.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their hymns rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he *prays*!"

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of *prayer* Thyself hath trod,—
Lord, teach us how to *pray*.

J. Montgomery.

Arrested suns and tranquill'd seas declare
To heav'n and earth th' omnipotence of *prayer*,
That gives the hopeless hope, the feeble might,
Outruns the swift, and puts the strong to flight,
The noontide arrow foils, and plague that stalks by night;

Unmatch'd in power, unbounded in extent,
As omnipresent as omnipotent,
To no meridian nor clime confined,
Man with his fellow-man, and mind to mind,
'Tis hers, in links of love and charity to bind.

But farther still extends her awful reign:
To her indeed belongs that golden chain
From fabled God and their Olympus riven;
But, since to truth and her adorers given,
E'en with his Maker man to join, and earth with heaven.

Then let those lips that never *pray'd*, begin:
We must or cease to *pray*, or cease to sin;
Each earth-born want and wish, a grov'ling brood,
Are oft mistaken, or misunderstood;
But who would dare to *pray* for aught that is not good?

Nor that our *prayers* make Heav'n more prompt to give,
But they make us more worthy to receive:
There is in that celestial treasury
Wealth inexhaustible, admission free;
But he that never *prays*, rejects the golden key.

Colton.

Prayer is a creature's strength, his very
breath and being;
Prayer is the golden key that can open the
wicket of mercy;
Prayer is the magic sound that saith to fate,
so be it;
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the
muscles of Omnipotence.
Wherefore, *pray*, O creature, for many and
great are thy wants;
Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy
rights commend thee unto *prayer*,
The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for
all pains,
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the
antidote to all anxieties.

Martin F. Tupper.

But holiest rite or longest *prayer*
That soul can yield, or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than "Father, hallowed be Thy name!"

Eliza Cook.

Give me, O Lord, the spirit of *prayer*,
Thy grace, thy mercy to implore;
Let not my wilful spirit dare
To count secure her present store.
The richer falls Thy dew of grace,
The humbler let my head descend,
Till mercy's sun in boundless space
Shall shed its bliss, time without end.

John Jay Adams.

PREACHING.

HOW then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a *preacher*?

And how shall they *preach*, except they be sent.—Romans, x. 14, 15.

For, after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of *preaching* to save them that believe.—I. Corinthians, i. 21.

Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine.—II. Timothy, iv. 2.

HE bore his great commission in his look,
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
He *preached* the joys of Heaven, and pains of hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.

Dryden.

But above all, in her own light array'd,
See mercy's grand apocalypse display'd!
The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,
Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue;
But speaks with plainness, art could never mend,
What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.
God gives the word, the *preachers* throng around,
Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound:
That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the farthest north:
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

Cowper.

No studied eloquence was there displayed,
Nor poetry of language lent its aid;
But plain the words that from the *preacher* came;
A *preacher* young, and all unknown to fame;
While youth and age a listening ear inclined,
To learn the way the pearl of price to find.

Elizabeth Bogart.

PREPARATION.

THE *preparations* of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord.—Proverbs, xvi. 1.

For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath *prepared* for him that waiteth for him.—Isaiah, lxiv. 4.

Prepare to meet thy God.—Amos, iv. 12.

BLASPHEME not Heaven with rash, impatient speech,
Nor deem, at thine own hour, its rest to reach,
Unhappy child! The full-appointed time
Is His to choose; and when the sullen chime
And deep-toned striking of the funeral bell,
Thy fate to earthly ears shall sadly tell,
O! may the death thou talk'st of as a boon,
Find thee *prepared*, nor come, even then, too soon!

Mrs. Norton.

If no more
From its calmed deeps shall rise the fettered sea,
If Heaven's fair bow proclaims the peril o'er;
A wreck more fearful yet remains for thee;
Time only bears thee to eternity.
Tread then the path thy bright Exemplar trod;

Think on the day when this vast earth shall be
In bursting flames dissolved—yon skies so broad
Shrink like a shrivelled scroll.—"*Prepare* to meet thy God."

Dale.

Prepare me gracious God
To stand before thy face!
Thy spirit must the work perform
For it is all of grace.

In Christ's obedience clothe
And wash me in His blood!
So shall I lift my hand with joy
Among the sons of God.

Do thou my sins subdue;
Thy sov'reign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

Anon.

PRESENCE—OMNIPRESENCE.

O GOD, when Thou wentest forth before Thy people, when Thou didst march through the wilderness;

The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the *presence* of God: even Sinai itself was moved at the *presence* of God, the God of Israel.—Psalm lxviii. 7, 8.

Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy *presence*?

If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.—Psalm cxxxix. 7, 8, 9, 10.

WHAT!—will a man play tricks, will he
indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
A pretty face, in *presence* of his God?

Cowper.

Come, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thou Father, Son, and Spirit come!
I lean upon Thy changeless word;
Make the faithful soul Thy home!
Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
In me Thy glorious self reveal:
Let me thy sevenfold gifts partake:
All, all Thy mighty *presence* feel.

C. Wesley.

Yes!—what was earth to him, whose spirit
passed
Time's utmost bounds?—on whose
unshrinking sight
Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast
Their full resplendence?—Majesty and
might
Were in his dreams;—for him the veil of
light
Shrouding Heaven's inmost sanctuary and
throne,
The curtain of the unutterably bright,
Was raised!—to him, in fearful splendour
shown,
Ancient of days! e'en Thou mad'st Thy dread
presence known.

Mrs. Hemans.

In all the immense, the strange, and old,
Thy *presence* careless men behold;
In all the little, weak, and mean,
By Faith be thou as clearly seen.

Thou teachest not a leaf can grow,
Till life from Thee within it flow;
That not a speck of dust can be,
O Fount of Being, save by Thee!

John Sterling.

What joy, while here I view the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away;
  What transports fill my breast!
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
  And leads me to His rest.

The festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to the hallowed dome,
  Thy *presence* to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
  And tread th' ethereal floor.

Merrick.

God hath a *presence*, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree,
In the sun of the noon-day, the star of the night,
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of night,
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land,
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand,
Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not God.

Eliza Cook.

Soul of the world, All-seeing Eye,
Where, where shall man Thy *presence* fly?
Say, would he climb the starry height?
All Heaven is instinct with Thy Light:—
Dwell in the darkness of the grave?
Yea, Thou art there to judge and save.

In vain on wings of morn we soar,
In vain the realms of space explore,
In vain retreat to shades of night,—
From what can veil us from Thy sight?
Distance dissolves before Thy ray,
And darkness kindles into day.

William Peter.

PRIDE.

EVERY ONE that is *proud* in heart is an abomination to the Lord.—Proverbs, xvi. 5.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.—Proverbs, xvi. 18.

Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof; and the patient in spirit is better than the *proud* in spirit.—Ecclesiastes, vii. 8.

The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is *proud* and lofty.—Isaiah, ii. 12.

SMALL things make base men *proud*.
Shakspere.

When grief, that well might humble, swells
our *pride*,
And *pride* increasing aggravates our grief,
The tempest must prevail till we are lost.
Lillo.

Though, various foes against the truth
combine,
Pride, above all, opposes her design;
Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
The subtlest serpent, with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought, and, kindling into
rage,
Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.
Cowper.

Pride, self-adoring *pride*, was primal cause
Of all sin past, all pain, all woe to come.
Pollok.

Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God,
Envy and slender, malice and revenge,
And murder and deceit, and every birth
Of damned sort, were progeny of *pride*.
Pollok.

What if his very virtues
Had pampered his swol'n heart, and made
him *proud*?
And what if *pride* had duped him into guilt?
Coleridge.

If thou be one whose heart the holy form
Of young imagination hath kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warn'd, and know
that *pride*,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used, that thought with
him
Is in its infancy.
Wordsworth.

PRIEST.

THE Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, thou art a *priest* for ever after the order of Melchizedek.—Psalm cx. 4.

Such an high *priest* became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens.

For the law maketh men high *priests* which have infirmity; but the word of the oath, which was since the law, maketh the Son, who is consecrated for evermore.—Hebrews, vii. 26, 28.

BEHOLD, Melchizedek!
And he who for himself and for his seed
Paid tithes to him, and he who thus bespake
His pious Father: "But where is the Lamb
For sacrifice?"—his dignity partake,
Humbly with Isaac and with Abraham,
The eternal *priest* bowed down in silent
prayer.
Messiah thus—

"Ere Abraham was, I am!
And thou, thou *priest* of Salem, who while-
ere
Greeted the faithful from his victory
With sacramental blessing;—thou wert him
Of th' everlasting Order and Decree,
Whence bread from Heaven, angelic food for
man,
And life divine outpoured in blood. With
thee
That sacramental ordinance began,
Accomplished now. Be thou a *priest* for ever:
I swear, nor shall repent. I will—I can—
After thine Order rule, and it shall never
In righteousness and peace, surcease to hold
Sway and dominion when and wheresoever."

J. A. Heraud.

The *priestly* brotherhood, devout, sincere,
From mean self-interest and ambition clear,
Their hope in Heaven, servility their scorn,
Prompt to persuade, expostulate, and warn.
There wisdom pure, and given them from
above,
Their usefulness ensured by zeal and love,
As meek as the man Moses, and withal
As bold as in Agrippa's presence, Paul,
Should fly the world's contaminating touch,
Holy and unpolluted.

Cowper.

PRISON.

LET the sighing of the *prisoner* come before Thee; according to the greatness of Thy power preserve Thou those that are appointed to die.—Psalm lxxix. 11.

The Lord looseth the *prisoners*.—Psalm cxlvi. 7.

Turn you to the stronghold ye *prisoners* of hope.—Zechariah, ix. 12.

PRISONERS of hope, arise,

And see your Lord appear!
Lo! on the wings of love He flies,
And brings redemption near.

Redemption in His blood
He calls you to receive:
"Look unto me, the pardoning God;
Believe," He cries, "believe!"

C. Wesley.

Though not a human voice he hears,
And not a human form appears
His solitude to share,
He is not all alone—the eye
Of Him who hears the *prisoner's* sigh
Is even on him there.

J. L. Chester.

The captive welcomes even death's relief:
What then, to him, the frowning *prison*-walls,
The clanking chain, the tyrant's 'vengeful spite?
From the freed spirit every shackle falls,—
Earth's gloom is lost, in Heaven's glorious light.

H. H. Weld.

Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord;
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing "How faithful is Thy word!
How righteous all thy ways!"

Thou hast secured my soul from death,
O set Thy *prisoner* free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for Thee.

Then, like a bird that soars and sings,
Escaping from the cage,
My *prisoned* soul shall stretch her wings,
And in Thy cause engage.

Anon.

PROMISE.

HE remembered His holy *promise*, and Abraham His servant.

And He brought forth His people with joy, and His chosen with gladness.—Psalm cv. 42, 43.

Behold I send the *promise* of my Father upon you.—Luke, xxiv. 49.

The Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you.

All the *promises* of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.—II. Corinthians, i. 19, 20.

HIS very word of grace is strong
  As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
  Speaks all the *promises*.
He said, "Let the wide heaven be spread;"
  And heaven was stretched abroad.
"Abra'm, I'll be thy God," He said;
  And He was Abra'm's God.

Watts.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He built the sky,
  And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppress'd, He feeds the poor,
  And none shall find His *promise* vain.

Watts.

When the good man yields his breath,
  (For the good man never dies,)
Bright, beyond the gulf of death,
  To the land of *promise* hies!

James Montgomery.

Still let me love the sacred page
  Where truths from Heaven recorded lie;
And while I tread this mortal stage,

May I be taught to live and die.

Still let me bind it to my heart,
The richest jewel I can wear;
That when all other charms depart,
Its lustre still may sparkle there.

Father! Thy truth shall be my guide;
Thy *promises* my soul shall cheer;
And when by sin or sorrow tried,
Oh! may Thy smile dispel my fear.

Hutton.

PROPHECY—PROPHETS.

HE spake by the mouth of His holy *prophets*, which have been since the world began.—Luke, i. 70.

Knowing this first, that no *prophecy* of the scripture is of any private interpretation.

For the *prophecy* came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.—II. Peter, i. 20, 21.

THE world's a *prophecy* of worlds to come.

Young.

The words of *prophecy*, those truths divine,
Which make that Heaven, if thou desire it, thine—
(Awful alternative! believed, beloved,
Thy glory—and thy shame if unimproved,)
Are never long vouchsafed, if pushed aside
With cold disgust, or philosophic pride.

Cowper.

But chief the *Prophets* glowed with full delight,
Strong as a god, mature as soon as born
To scotch the serpent's coil. Oh, happy lands,
Where hope ne'er hopes in vain, and love is

ne'er lovelorn!
And lo, Isaiah now amidst them stands,
Majestically eminent o'er all,
And blesses them with his thanksgiving hands.
Though they so great, he towers heroical,
Though humblest of that holiest company,
Sweet as sublime. So once looked royal Saul;
So looked, but was not what he seemed to be,
Amidst the children of his father's land,
The goodliest, loftier then the rest was he.
But fairer Jesse's son whom Samuel's hand
King 'midst his brethren hallowed and proclaimed.
So Samuel stood above the *prophet* band,
When the insane tyrant at the youth's life aimed,
But, smit at Naioth by the Spirit there,
Quelled at his feet lay naked and ashamed.
Now, as a pupil in his own school here,
Vaileth his reverential forehead low
Unto the *prophet*, the time-hallowed Seer—
A larger college is endowed now;
A true *prophetic* university;
The jewels are made up, or nearly so;
One only they await, to whose broad eye
Shall be disclosed the vision, that will fill
The casket up, and seal it sacredly.

*****

So Jeremiah on a sea of grief
Floated his ark of pensive melody.

With bolder mien, and shown in strong relief,
Ezekiel, with a brother's strict embrace,
Greeted the grasp of that returned chief;
Yet sighed bitterly before his face,
Because the furbished sword contemned the rod,
And, for a trial, glowed with its disgrace,
Sanguine with slaughter. Let it rage! For God
Will smite his hands together, and refrain

From fury—but the vintage must be trod.
To men on earth his was a lovely strain,
Of one who sweetly sang, and deftly played,
But in a foreign land discoursed in vain.

Oh, Daniel well beloved! who plainly said
In no strange tongue the things that were to be,
Simple of manners, and of mind unswayed.
Dear is the welcome of simplicity!
How dear is thine, to whom for this was given
The Hope of Nations over all to see!

Come forth, ye sacred band, inspired of Heaven,
Surround the *Prophet* silently controlled,
And hear how well his embassy has thriven—
Hosea, the zealous; Amos, herdsman bold;
Jonas, type of our theme, and Obadiah,
And Nahum, who of Nineveh foretold—
Micah and Habakkuk, and Zephaniah,
Joel, Haggai, and Malachi who saves
But with a curse, and lofty Zechariah—
Noble your duty—noble he who braves
The stormy world, and guides the ark of God
In safety o'er the inimical waves!

J. A. Heraud.

PROSPERITY.

FOR I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the *prosperity* of the wicked.

Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.

Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places: Thou castedst them down into destruction.—Psalm lxxiii. 3, 17, 18.

O Lord, I beseech thee, send now *prosperity*.—Psalm cxviii. 25.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall *prosper* that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and *prosperity* within thy palaces.—Psalm cxxii. 6, 7.

DAILY and hourly proof
Tells us *prosperity*'s at the highest degree
The fount and handle of calamity.

Chapman.

O, how portentous is *prosperity*!
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheathe his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honour, bloomed with every bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre of the public eye;
When fortune thus has tossed her child in air,
Snatched from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call Death's arrows on the destined prey.

Young.

The man, perhaps,
Thou pitiest, draws his comfort from distress.
That mind so poised, and centred in the good
Supreme, so kindle with devotion's flame,
Might, with *prosperity's* enchanting cup
Inebriate, have forgot the All-giving hand;
Might on earth's vain and transitory joys
Have built its sole felicity, nor e'er
Winged a desire beyond.

George Bally.

PSALM.

TAKE a *psalm*, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.—Psalm lxxxi. 2.

Speaking to yourselves in *psalms* and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—Ephesians, v. 19.

Is any merry? let him sing *psalms*.—James, v. 13.

WHEN Israel's king first woke his strains sublime,
And offered praises unto Thee, O Lord!
With heart contrite for expiated crime,
And soul that yearned Thy mercy-seat toward;
He knew Thy power, he felt Thy saving grace,
On earth with joy Thy wondrous works surveyed,
Then turned to Heaven, his final resting-place,
And thence drew inspiration as he prayed.

With shawms and psalt'rys as in days of yore,
And dulcimers and harps we greet Thee not,
But richer, sweeter strains around us pour,
And fill with melody this sacred spot;
To Thee, to Thee, great God of Hosts! this day
An instrument of praise we consecrate:
May we, like David, own Thy sovereign sway,
And unto Thee our service dedicate.

As through Thy temple now the deep strains peal
And choral minstrelsy is heard to swell,
Devotion wakes within us, and we feel
All that the *psalmist* hath expressed so well;
Be it no transient feeling that within
The bosom stirs, and turns the soul to

Thee;
Guard us, and save us from besetting sin;
Make us Thine own to all eternity!

Egone.

Nor think the muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts, with bigot frown, her sullen brow;
Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
Or shades with horrors what with smiles should glow.

No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are, of Heaven's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that Heaven aspire,
Nor sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

William Mason.

PUNISHMENT.

WHEREFORE doth a living man complain, a man for the *punishment* of his sins?

Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord.—Lamentations, iii. 39, 40.

Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

And these shall go away into everlasting *punishment*: but the righteous into life eternal.—Matthew, xxv. 41, 46.

Governors are sent by him for the *punishment* of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well.—I. Peter, ii. 14.

THE house of endless pain is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of *punishment*
The cursed creatures do eternally torment.

Spenser.

If you confess humanity, believe
There is a God, to *punish* or reward
Our doings here.

Thomas Southern.

Ye princes all, and rulers every one,
In *punishment* beware of hatred's ire.
Before you scourge, take heed; look well thereon:
In wrath's ill will, if malice kindle fire,
Your hearts will burn in such a hot desire,
That, in those flames, the smoke shall dim your sight,
Ye shall forget to join your justice right.

You should not judge till things be well discerned;
Your charge is still to maintain upright laws:
In conscience' rules ye should be thoroughly learned—
Where clemency bids wrath and rashness pause;
And further saith, strike not without a cause:
And when ye smite, do it for justice' sake;
Then in good part each man your scourge will take.

Thomas Churchyard.

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the *punishment* those crimes have met.

Dryden.

A greater power
Now ruled him, *punished* in the shape he sinned.

Milton.

PURITY.

BLESSED are the *pure* in heart; for they shall see God.—Matthew, v. 8.

For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the *purifying* of the flesh:

How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.—Hebrews, ix. 13, 14.

HENCEFORTH in my name
Take courage, O thou woman,—man take hope,
Your graves shall be as smooth as Eden's sward,
Beneath the steps of your prospective thoughts;
And, one step past them, a new Eden gate
Shall open on a hinge of harmony,
And let you through to mercy. Ye shall fall
No more within that Eden, nor pass out
Any more from it. In which hope, move on
First sinners and first mourners. Live and love,
Doing both nobly because lowlily,
Love and work strongly,—because patiently!
And for the deed of death, trust it to God,
That it be well done, unrepented of,
And not to loss. And thence with constant prayers
Fasten your souls on high, that constantly
The smile of your heroic cheer may float
Above all floods of earthly agonies,
Purification being the joy of pain.

E. B. Browning.

Blest are the *pure*, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin,
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless *purity*.

Watts.

Me through the blood of sprinkling make
  Pure from defilement white as snow,
Heal me for my Redeemer's sake,
  Then joy and gladness I shall know.
J. Montgomery.

Thou holy God! preserve our souls
  From all pollution free;
The *pure* in heart are thy delight,
  And they thy face shall see.
Needham.

QUIET.

WHEN he giveth *quietness*, who can then make trouble? —Job, xxxiv. 29.

But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be *quiet* from fear of evil.—Proverbs, i. 33.

For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in *quietness* and in confidence shall be your strength: and ye would not.—Isaiah, xxx. 15.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
  Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
  Make me as a weaned child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
Newton.

If there be a heaven so fair
  O'er us ever shining,
We shall never enter there
  By looking up and pining.
In one holy, *quiet* thought,
Heaven to us is nearer brought,
Than in all the radiance bright,
Of a thousand worlds of light.
J. Gostick.

Come to thy lonely bower, thou who dost love
The hour of musing. Come, before the brow
Of twilight darkens, or the solemn stars
Look from their casement, 'mid that hush of soul,
Music from viewless harps shall visit thee,
Such as thou never heard'st amid the din
Of earth's coarse enginery, by toil and care
Urged on without reprieve: Ah! kneel and catch
That tuneful cadence.
How closely wrapt
In *quiet* slumber are all things around,
The vine-leaf and the willow-fringe stir not,
Nor doth the chirping of the feeblest bird,
Nor even the cold glance of the vestal moon,
Disturb thy reverie.

Mrs. Sigourney.

RANSOM.

THEY that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches;

None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a *ransom* for him.—Psalm xlix. 6, 7.

And the *ransomed* of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—Isaiah, xxxv. 10.

For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus;

Who gave himself a *ransom* for all, to be testified in due time.—I. Timothy, ii. 5, 6.

ERE the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see Him rise,
The *ransom* paid which man from death redeems

His death for man.

Milton.

Lord of every land and nation,
  Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
  Be Thy just and lawful praise.

Brightness of Thy Father's glory,
  Shall Thy praise unuttered be?
Fly my tongue, such guilty silence,
  Sing the Lord who came to die!

From the highest throne of glory,
  To the cross of deepest woe;
All to *ransom* guilty sinners:
  Flow, thy praise, for ever, flow!

Robinson.

The *ransomed* shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyless song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Henry Ware, Jr.

Blessed are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesu's blood,
They are *ransom'd* from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
  With them number'd may we be,
  Now and through eternity!

Humphreys.

REASON—REASONS.

COME now, and let us *reason* together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—Isaiah, i. 18.

Produce your cause, saith the Lord; bring forth your

strong *reasons* saith the King of Jacob.—Isaiah, xli. 21.

And at the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High;

At the same time my *reason* returned.—Daniel, iv. 34, 36.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is *Reason* to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so *Reason's* glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows *Reason*, at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves, in supernatural light.

Dryden.

Yet, since the effects of Providence, we find,
Are variously dispensed to human kind;
That Vice triumphs and Virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
Our *reason* prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declared;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Dryden.

Though *Reason* cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
It sees that there, and such they be;
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command
Must not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all descried.

Cowley.

Through *Reason's* wounds alone, thy faith
can die.

Young.

Reason the root; fair faith is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die, but *reason* lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.

Young.

'Tis *Reason* our great Master holds so dear;
'Tis *Reason's* injured rights His wrath resents;
'Tis *Reason's* voice obeyed, His glories crown;
To give lost *Reason* life, He poured His own.

Young.

With scanty line shall *Reason* dare to mete
Th' immeasurable depths of Providence?
On the swol'n bladders of opinion borne,
She floats awhile, then, floundering, sinks
absorbed
Within that boundless sea she strove to
grasp.
Shall man, here stationed to revere that God
Who called him into being from the dust,
His moral scheme implead, and, impious, cite
Th' Almighty Legislator to the bar
Of erring intellect?

George Bally.

Far other flame the vain enthusiast feels
When, *reason* by delusive fancy led
In sad captivity, the thoughts confused
Rush on his mind in dark and doubtful sense,
His mind a chaos of blind zeal, that spurns
Th' unerring clue which mild discretion
lends.
Perchance the clashing images strike out
Some ray of casual light; how soon
The weak and momentary glance is lost
Beneath a load of wild obscurity!
Much does he labour with some weighty
thought
Of faith, of grace, of Heaven, perchance of

hell,
But all in vain be draws the thread confused
To tedious length; the end eludes his search,
And leaves him wrapt in wild perplexity,
Recoiling still on the same beaten track.
Charles Jenner.

The godhead which is ours
Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;
That nothing hath a natural right to last
But equity and *reason.*
Wordsworth.

REDEEMER.

I KNOW that my *Redeemer* liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.—Job, xix. 25.

Thy *Redeemer* the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall He be called.—Isaiah, liv. 5.

The *Redeemer* shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord.—Isaiah, lix. 20.

O, BLEST *Redeemer*, from Thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing Thy triumphs won,
From that exalted height of bliss supreme
Look down on those who bear Thy Sacred Name;
Restore their ways, inspire them by Thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and Thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to Thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!
Boyse.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
The King of Glory comes! He comes to clothe
This mortal in the unperishable garb
Of immortality! Hear it, ye dead,

Hear the glad tidings! and with trembling
hope
Expect that day, when at th' Archangel's
trump,
From the long sleep of many thousand years
Ye shall awake—awake to sleep no more:
Hear it, O living man, ere greedy Death
Consigns thee to the prison of the tomb;
Hear and be wise, seek thy *Redeemer's*
throne;
On bending knees implore His healing grace,
Chaunt forth His praise and venerate His
name.

William Bolland.

Then shall the day-spring rise, before whose
beams
The darkness of the world is past: for hark!
Seraphs and angel-choirs with symphonies
Acclaiming of ten thousand golden harps,
Amid the bursting clouds of heaven reveal'd.
At once in glory jubilant,—they sing:
"God the *Redeemer* liveth! He who took
Man's nature on Him, and in human shroud
Veil'd His immortal glory! He is risen—
God the Redeemer liveth! and behold
The gates of life and immortality
Opened to all that breathe."

Bowles.

Out of my penitence there has grown hope;
I trust and raise my suppliant eyes to
Heaven,
And when my soul desponds, I meekly say,
"I know that my *Redeemer* liveth."

Miss Landon.

He dies; in whose high victory,
The slayer, death himself, shall die,
He dies; by whose all-conquering tread
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head;
From his proud throne to darkness hurled,
The god and tempter of this world.

He dies; creation's awful Lord,
Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word!
To come in thunder from the skies;
To bid the buried world arise;
The earth His footstool, heaven His throne;—
Redeemer! may Thy will be done!

Croly.

My blest *Redeemer* lives.—In that last day
When, like the baseless fabric of a dream,
Earth's unsubstantial glories pass away,
He then shall stand, acknowledged Lord supreme.
My blest *Redeemer* lives.—Though death the head
Consign, a victim to the silent tomb;
Though worms around my lifeless body spread,
Though noisome worms these mouldering limbs consume,
Triumphant still o'er Satan's power I rise,
My God, my God appears, and wakes these languid eyes.

Samuel Hayes.

Rejected, scorned,
Despised, a man of sorrow and distress,
To all the ills which poverty's chill cold,
Or power of tyrant malice could inflict,
Exposed a victim, through life's wretched vale
Our blest *Redeemer* passed.

Samuel Hayes.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the *Redeemer's* name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

Watts.

REDEMPTION.

WITH the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous *redemption*.—Psalm cxxx. 7.

But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who, of God, is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and *redemption*.—I. Corinthians, i. 30.

Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal *redemption* for us.—Hebrews, ix. 12.

REDEMPTION! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
Far more than labour, it was death in Heaven:
A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true,
If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

Young.

Harp! lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
And loudest ye *redeemed*! Glory to God,
And to the Lamb, who bought us with His blood,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue;
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls;
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God!
Shout back to ancient time! sing loud, and wave
Your palms of triumph! sing, where is thy sting,
O death? where is thy victory, O grave?
Thanks be to God, eternal thanks, who gave
Us victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord!
Harp! lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
And loudest ye *redeemed*! Glory to God,
And to the Lamb, all glory and all praise!
All glory and all praise, at morn and even,
That come and go eternally, and find
Us happy still, and Thee for ever blest!

Glory to God and to the Lamb! Amen.
For ever and for evermore! Amen.

Robert Pollok.

Redemption was no after-thought, by Sin
Awakened from thy depths, celestial Love!
When first Humanity the fiend obeyed,
For in the councils of Almighty Grace
Thy priesthood, Oh Incarnate! was designed
Before Creation out of nothing sprang.
But when at length the hour predestined
came,
Eternity a form of Time assum'd;
Then from His throne of perfect glory stoop'd
The second in the Godhead, and Himself
In mortal limbs and lineaments array'd;
Then did Emmanuel on this blighted earth
Of sin and suffering, body forth such grace
As made our orb a miracle of worlds,
By there achieving what the God Triune
Determined when their master-work was
plann'd,
The vast atonement blood divine unveils.

R. Montgomery.

Nor hymn, nor harp, nor song divine,
Nor myriad orbs created Thine,
Thy measureless display of love
To earth below, and heaven above,
By their unmingled power could tell,—
That ends the curse, and conquers hell!
Lo! the manger where He lies,
A world-*redeeming* sacrifice:
"Peace on earth! to man good-will!"
Let the skies our anthem fill!

R. Montgomery.

Hark! 'tis the prophet of the skies
  Proclaims *redemption* near;
The night of death and bondage flies,
  The dawning tints appear.

Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
  Awakes to glorious day;

Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
  Her shadows flee away.

To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
  The heralds cross the main;
On calvary's awful brow they tell,
  That Jesus lives again.

From Salem's towers, the Islam sign,
  With holy zeal is hurled:
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine,
  His banner is unfurled.

The gladdening news, conveyed afar,
  Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising star,
  The ransomed tribes appear.

Again in Bethlehem swells the song,
  The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,
  "Good-will and peace to men!"

W. P. Tappan.

Redemption! O, thou beauteous mystic plan!
Thou salutary source of light to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruined nature lay,
When awful justice claimed her righteous pay,
See the mild Saviour bend His pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepared to fly!

Boyse.

Be every knee
To Christ in homage bent! Be every heart
In adoration, and in fervent prayer,
To Him poured forth! From His all-gracious birth,
The day-spring from on high descends: grim death,

Stripped of his boasted empire, prostrate falls:
The cerements of the dank, victorious grave
Are burst asunder: th' adamantine gates
Of Paradise unbarred: man's forfeit race
From the deep gulf of Erebus *redeemed*,
To life, to immortality arise.

Samuel Hayes.

The grand *Redemption* of degenerate man
Is not a single, independent act,
But one great system; that, perchance, involved
In the one only greater, God's high law
Pervading and supporting every part
Of the stupendous universe: to thee,
Dark are the system's limits; nay, the whole
To thee unknown, save some minuter spots,
Displayed to show the parts thou hast to act
In the alarming scene.

John Hey.

REFUGE.

THE eternal God is thy *refuge*.—Deuteronomy, xxxiii. 27.

The Lord also will be a *refuge* for the oppressed, a *refuge* in times of trouble.—Psalm ix. 9.

I will say of the Lord, He is my *refuge* and my fortress.—Psalm xci. 2.

AT length life's stormy voyage well nigh done,
  These waves shall toss my fragile bark no more,
But ah! there waits the judge, the unerring one,
  Who shall each word, and work, and thought explore.
  And is it so? the fantasy is o'er
That made enshrined art my idol still;
  And many a flying shade I chased before,

As my chief good was but a specious ill!
What, if when death has wrack'd his power to kill,
The living death beyond the grave be mine.
The pencil and the chisel have no skill
To chain such thoughts to rest. O Love Divine
Who didst spread wide thy arms on Calvary,
Be thou my *refuge*, Lord! for I have none save thine!

Michael Angelo.

When rising winds and rain descending,
A near approaching storm declare;
With trembling speed their wings extending,
The birds to sheltering trees repair.

So I, by faith, with sin oppressed,
Would *refuge* taste, O Christ, in thee;
Thou art my hiding-place and rest,
From every evil shelter me.

From the German.

Except the Lord the city keep
All vainly may the watchman wake,
The careless souls within who sleep
In fear and terror well may quake.

Except the soul for safety flee
For *refuge* to the city built
By God for trembling sinners, he
Will be o'ertaken in his guilt.

Egone.

RELIGION.

If any man among you seem to be *religious*, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's *religion* is vain.

Pure *religion* and undefiled before God and the Father is

this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—James, i. 26, 27.

SEEMING devotion doth but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
But where *Religion* doth with Virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.
Waller.

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess, in her left,
Holds out this world, and in her right, the next.
Young.

Religion! Providence! an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us, bestows, and then devours.
His band the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
Young.

Religion does not censure, or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures, harmlessly pursued.
Cowper.

Pity *Religion* has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground!
The flowers would spring where'er she deigned to stray,
And every muse attend her in the way.
Virtue, indeed, meets many a rhyming friend,
And many a compliment politely penned;
But unattired in that becoming vest
Religion weaves for her, and half undressed,
Stands in the desert, shivering and forlorn
A wintry figure, like a withered thorn.
The shelves are full, all other themes are sped;
Hackneyed and worn to the last flimsy

thread,
Satire has long since done his best, and
curs'd;
And loathsome ribaldry has done his worst;
Fancy has sported all her powers away
In tales and trifles, and in children's play;
And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing
new.
'Twere new, indeed, to see a bard all fire,
Touched with a coal from Heaven, assume
the lyre
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That he who died below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that His name is Love.
Cowper.

Religion! what treasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word,
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
Cowper.

And when *religious* sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.
Praed.

This *Religion*, which dilates our thoughts
Of God Supreme to an infinity
Of awful greatness, yet connects us with Him
As children, loved and cherished;—
Adoring awe with tenderness united.
Joanna Baillie.

Religion pure,
Unchanged in spirit, though its forms and
codes
Wear myriad modes,
Contains all creeds within its mighty span—
The love of God, displayed in love of man.
Horace Smith.

And when *Religion* moves upon the face
Of the remote and multitudinous seas,
Be hers again the peaceful mien that charmed
Judea's midnight winds in secret prayer,
And walked, a spirit of prevailing love,
Upon the star-lit waves of Galilee.

A. Alexander.

That man alone is truly brave, whose soul
By virtue tutored, by *religion* swayed,
At their tribunal every impulse scans.

Samuel Hayes.

Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, nor health,
Can give us such repose.

Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

Fawcett.

O deem not that *Religion's* hallowed name
Is justly given to deeds of guilt and shame.
Deem not she loves the faggot and the steel,
The blood-stained hand, the heart untaught to feel.
Trace not her footsteps in the princely hall,
Where Borgia's father held high festival.
She flees from haunts of guilt, nor heeds her voice
To bid the unrepentant heart rejoice;
To the seared spirit opes no ready heaven;
Forgives not him whom God hath not forgiven;

Nor loves she pomp's vain homage; not the tide
Of low oblations at the shrine of pride.
Wm. Spicer Wood.

I see the ocean tossing in its strength,
And with a moan that speaks of coming storms
Rousing the dark waves from their lair, to greet
The howling wind, that in its force comes down
As with a war-cry of defiance, to
The might of the proud waters; in the midst
A giant rock uprears its crest, upon
Whose summit stands a form, beneath whose crowned
And awful brow the tempest seems to quail:
The pale magnificent beauty of her face
Is shaded by dark raven locks, that seem
Like night descending on the setting sun—
The calm rebuking chastity of eye
That lays the soul so bare before its glance
Is hers, and her august and stately form
Towers o'er the storm and tempest like a god
Serene in power. 'Tis *Religion*—yes,
Woman thy homage is well paid to her,
Who shall be as a mother to thy race;
When in his dungeon the lone prisoner weeps
Deserted by his kindred; hunted down
Like a wild beast of prey by man, and left
Year after year to count the lingering time
By the slow pulse of his own failing heart;
When in the bitterness of his despair
He weeps, and deems himself forsaken by
All living things; her soothing voice shall thrill
In comfort to his heart; her form shall bend
Like a pitying mother's o'er him, and
Uphold his drooping head; her hallow'd brow
Shall shed its light upon his soul, and cast
Around him peace ineffable.
L. C. Reddell.

With ineffectual toil, the Pow'r Supreme
I sought along the mead which flow'rets bore;
Thro' a dense woodland;—by a mazy stream;—
On heights;—in valleys;—by the wavy shore;
Nor God I found within the solar beam;
Nor in night's radiance. What I could explore,
I saw, with proofs of His existence teem;
His certain stamp it had, but nothing more!
But thou, *Religion!* can'st unveil His face!
Shall, then, man's bosom feel no love for thee,
And seek thee not within thy hallow'd place?
How clearly there the eye of Faith can see
The ever-living God of Truth—Love—Grace!
There man can learn to meet Eternity!

Rev. W. Pulling.

'Tis *Religion* that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis *Religion* must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Master.

REMEMBRANCE.

REMEMBER, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions; according to thy mercy *remember* thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.—Psalm xxv. 6, 7.

They that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of

remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.—Malachi, iii. 16.

GETHSEMANE, can I forget? or there Thy
conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat, and not
remember Thee?
When to the cross I turn mine eyes, and rest
on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice! I must
remember Thee!
Remember Thee and all Thy pains, and all
Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath or pulse remains, I will
remember Thee!
And when these failing lips grow dumb, and
mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus *remember* me.

J. Montgomery.

Say, who can mourn
Over the smitten idol, by long years
Cemented with his being, yet perceive
No dark *remembrance* that he fain would blot,
Troubling the tear? If there were no kind
deed
Omitted, no sweet, healing word of love
Expected, yet unspoken; no light tone
That struck discordant on the shivering
nerve,
For which the weeper fain would rend the
tomb
To cry, "Forgive." O, let him kneel and praise
God amid all his grief.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy;
For then it were not kind or meet
Thy thoughts thy pleasures should alloy;
But on the sacred Sabbath day,

And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet sister, then *remember* me.

Edward Everett.

Remember thee! *remember* Christ!
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of Life,
Who saves us by his grace?

The Lord of Life, with glory crown'd,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Forgets not those for whom on earth
He heav'd his dying groan.

The promis'd joy he then obtain'd
When he ascended hence,
Up from the grave to God's right hand
A Saviour and a prince!

His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell.

For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death,
For this he pleads in heav'n!

Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give:
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

Dr. Wardlaw.

Remember thy Creator,
Now in thy youthful days,
And let thy heart, an opening flower,
Breathe incense forth of praise.

Remember thy Creator;
O'er thee His love abides,

His wisdom plans, His power sustains,
  His bounteous hand provides.

Remember thy Creator,
  In all life's mirth and glee,
And he shall in thy fading age
  Still, still, *remember* thee.

W. Martin.

REPENTANCE.

REPENT ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for *repentance*.—Matthew, iii. 2, 8.

Repent ye, and believe the gospel.—Mark, i. 15.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.—Acts, iii. 19.

And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to *repent*.—Acts, xvii. 30.

For godly sorrow worketh *repentance* to salvation not to be *repented* of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death. —II. Corinthians, vii. 10.

CONFESS yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker.

Shakspere.

Try what *repentance* can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot *repent*?
O, wretched state! O, bosom black as death!
O, limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!

Shakspere.

Chide sinners as the father doth his child,
  And keep them in the awe of loving fear;
Make sin most hateful, but in words be mild,

That humble patience may the better hear;
And wounded conscience may receive relief,
When true *repentance* pleads the sinner's grief.

Yet flatter not the foul delight of sin,
But make it loathsome in the eye of love,
And seek the heart with holy thoughts to win
Unto the best way to the soul's behove:
So teach, so live, that both in word and deed
The world may joy thy heavenly rules to read.

Heal the infect of sin with oil of grace,
And wash the soul with true contrition's tears;
And when confession shows her heavy case,
Deliver faith from all infernal fears,
That when high justice threatens sin with death,
Mercy again may give *Repentance* breath.

Nicolas Breton.

At the round world's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels; and arise, arise,
From death you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you whose eyes
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and men mourn a space;
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there; here, on this lowly ground
Teach me how to *repent*; for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.

John Donne.

Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence,
For Heaven can judge if penitence is true.
Dryden.

While music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses, fierce *repentance* rears
Her snaky crest: a quick returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart.
Thomson.

I will to-morrow, that I will,
I will be sure to do it;
To-morrow comes, to-morrow goes,
And still thou art to do it.
Thus still *repentance* is deferred,
From one day to another:
Until the day of death is come
And judgment is the other.
Drexelius.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some lingering strain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth and never rise;
While tears that from *repentance* flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly then the summer's wind;
And while they pass'd a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is faint, is cold to those that swell
The heart, where pure *repentance* grieves
O'er hours of pleasure loved too well.
Moore.

He who seeks *Repentance* for the past,

Should woo the angel virtue for the future.
Sir E. B. Lytton.

Divine *Repentance*, in thy sacred tear
Alone is wisdom for the erring heart,
That infancy of soul, that stainless hour
When all the chaos of our spirit sleeps
In passionless repose,—how oft it woos
Our feelings back to purity and Heaven!
Alas! that in our solitude we soar
To perfect goodness, but in life descend
To dust again!—our aspirations quenched;
And all that purer moments wisely taught,
Denied, degraded, or forgot!—Thus glide
Our years along, in melancholy dreams
Of what they dare, and what they cannot be!
R. Montgomery.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the past is laid.
John Sterling.

O blest *Repentance*, in thy weeping eye
Swim the pure beams of embryo-ecstacy.
And Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Joy, prepare
To still thy heart, and wipe thy bitter tear!
To thee alone the privilege is given,
By earthly woe, to kindle joy in Heaven,
For God Himself descends to soothe the heart
That weeps o'er sin, and struggles to depart;
And deeper transport swells the bliss above,
As seraphs sing the triumphs of His love.
J. K. Mitchell.

RESIGNATION.

I WOULD seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause:

Which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without number.—Job, v. 8, 9.

I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—Psalm cxix. 75.

If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way—
Still let my steady soul Thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on Thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

Mrs. Barbauld.

Thou Power supreme! whose mighty scheme,
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here firm I rest; they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want, (O do Thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou didst deny,
Assist me to *resign*.

Burns.

Luxury and pomp
Are but the splendid cover of distress
Rankling within; while conscience, ever gay,
And placid *resignation* to his lot,
Cheer the poor tattered pilgrim, and derive
A flavour to his casual homely meal,
The rich man's laboured dainties cannot yield.

George Bally.

Yet is He there: beneath our eaves
Each sound His wakeful ear receives;
Hush idle words, and thoughts of ill,
Your Lord is listening; peace, be still.
Christ watches by a Christian's hearth,
Be silent, vain, deluding mirth,
Till in thine altered voice be known,
Somewhat of *resignation's* tone.

Keble.

REST.

RETURN unto thy *rest*, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.—Psalm cxvi. 7.

Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your *rest*: because it is polluted.—Micah, ii. 10.

Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into His *rest*, any of you should seem to come short of it.

There remaineth therefore a *rest* to the people of God.—Hebrews, iv. 1, 9.

I PASS, with melancholy state,
By all these solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as soft and sad I tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like me, they life possessed;
And time will be, when I shall *rest*."

Parnell.

Think not of *rest*; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?

Keble.

Hail, heavenly voice, once heard in Patmos;
"Write,
  Henceforth the dead who die in Christ are
  blest:
  Yea, saith the Spirit, for they now shall *rest*
From all their labours!" But no dull, dark
night
That *rest* o'ershadows: 'tis the day-spring
bright
  Of bliss; the foretaste of a richer feast;

A sleep, if sleep it be, of lively zest,
Peopled with visions of intense delight.
And though the secrets of that *resting*-place
The soul embodied knows not; yet she knows
No sin is there God's likeness to deface,
To stint His love, no purgatorial woes;
Her dross is left behind, nor mixture base
Mars the pure stream of her serene repose.
Bishop Mant.

Hail to the day, which He, who made the Heaven,
Earth, and their armies, sanctified and blest,
Perpetual memory of the Maker's *rest*!
Hail to the day, when He, by whom was given
New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,
Arose! That day His church hath still confest,
At once creation's and redemption's feast,
Sign of a world call'd forth, a world forgiven.
Welcome that day, the day of holy peace,
The Lord's own day! to man's Creator owed,
And man's Redeemer; for the soul's increase
In sanctity, and sweet repose bestowed;
Type of the *rest*, when sin and care shall cease,
The *rest* remaining for the lov'd of God.
Bishop Mant.

Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler *rest* above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to *rest* with God.

Dr. Doddridge.

O, *rest* not now, but scatter wide the seeds
Of faithful words, and yet more faithful deeds;
So thou shalt *rest* above eternally,
When God the harvest fruit shall give to thee.

Bethune.

Not in this weary world of ours
Can perfect *rest* be found;
Thorns mingle with its fairest flowers,
Even on cultured ground;
Earth's pilgrim still his loins must gird
To seek a lot more blest;
And this must be his onward word—
"In Heaven alone is *rest*!"

Bernard Barton.

He passeth calmly from that sunny morn,
Where all the buds of youth are newly born,
Through varying intervals of onward years,
Until the eve of his decline appears;
And while the shadows round his path descend,
And down the vale of age his footsteps tend,
Peace o'er his bosom sheds her soft control,
And throngs of gentlest memories charm the soul;

Then, weaned from earth, he turns his
steadfast eye
Beyond the grave, whose verge he falters
nigh,
Surveys the brightening regions of the blest,
And, like a wearied pilgrim, sinks to *rest*.

Willis G. Clark.

Oh, when life's sunset draws around me,
Closing my eventful day,
Let Thy love, O Christ, upon me
Shed its pure and spirit ray.
Up the starry steeps of even,
Let Thy spirit be my guide,
Till in the deathless light of heaven,
Lost to earth, my spirit glide.

There, where daylight ever lingers,
O'er the vernal flower-clad plains,—
There, where morning's rosy fingers
Wreathe with light the azure main—
There, where all we dream of brightness,
Joy or peace, to make us blest,
May the wrapt soul on wings of lightness
Find *rest*, ah, yes: eternal *rest*.

Rev. E. Case.

RESURRECTION—RISING.

JESUS of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is *risen*: he is not here:—Mark, xvi. 6.

The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the *resurrection* of life; and they that have done evil, unto the *resurrection* of damnation.—John, v. 28, 29.

I am the *resurrection* and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.—John, xi. 25, 26.

Now is Christ *risen* from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the *resurrection* of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—I. Corinthians, xv. 20, 21, 22.

THE waking cock, that early crows
To wear the night away,
Puts in my mind the trump that blows
Before the latter day;
And as I *rise* up lustily,
When sluggish sleep is past,
So hope I to *rise* joyfully
To judgment, at the last.

George Gascoigne.

Up, and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before,
Why dost thou stay,
Dull soul? Behold the door
Is open, and His precepts bid thee *rise*,
Whose power hath vanquished all thine enemies.

In vain thou say'st
Thou art buried with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'st
To show by thy behaviour,
That thou art *risen* with Him. Till thou shine
Like Him, how canst thou say His light is thine.

Open thine eyes
Sin-seized soul, and see
What cobweb ties
They are that trammel thee;
Not profit, pleasure, honours, as thou thinkest,
But loss, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.

All that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought
With His heart's blood,
And it must then be sought,
Where he keeps residence, who *rose* this day;
Linger no longer then, up and away.
George Herbert.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.
George Herbert.

Man but dives in death;
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to *rise*;
The grave his subterranean road to bliss.
Young.

Angels of Heaven,
Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,
And did Him homage, say, may mortal join
The hallelujahs of the *risen* God?
Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign
For mercy to accept the hymn of faith,
Low tho' it be and humble. Lord of life,
The Christ, the Comforter! thine advent now
Fills my *uprising* soul. I mount, I fly
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow, are no more.
Henry Kirke White.

These ashes too, the little dust
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel *rise* and break
The long and dreary sleep.
Then Love's soft dew on every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays;

And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.
Henry Kirke White.

Majestical He *rose*: trembled the earth;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away;
The keepers fell, the angels, awe-struck, sunk
Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the world walked, and stood
Before the sepulchre, and viewed the clouds
Empurpled glorious by the *rising* sun.
Graham.

Jesus is *risen*! triumphal anthems sing;
Thus from dead winter mounts the sprightly spring;
Thus does the sun from night's black shades return,
And thus the single bird wings from the Arabian urn.
Jesus is *risen*! He shall the world restore!
Awake, ye dead! dull sinners, sleep no more!
Wesley.

Christ hath *arisen*! Oh! not one cherished head
Hath 'midst the flowery sods been pillowed here
Without a hope, (howe'er the heart hath bled
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier,)
A hope upspringing clear
From those majestic tidings of the morn,
Which lit the living way to all of woman born.
Mrs. Hemans.

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone;
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly

bright;
And with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upwards—that he is not here,
That he is *risen*.

Samuel Rogers.

Deign from Thy glory, Saviour, now to shed
On us Thy quickening Spirit's influence,
That, *risen* with Thee, our hearts with strong desire
May seek the things above, and join the strain
Of seraphs that surround Thy sapphire throne,
Mingle our songs with theirs, till, in one tide
Of harmony, the pealing anthem roll
O'er the eternal hills, and waft Thy deathless fame.

S. Stennet.

REVELATION.

THE wrath of God is *revealed* from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness;

Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them.—Romans, i. 18, 19.

Now to him that is of power to stablish you according to my gospel, and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the *revelation* of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest.—Romans, xvi. 25, 26.

Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the *revelation* of Jesus Christ.—I. Peter, i. 13.

REVEALED religion first informed thy sight,
And Reason saw not till Faith sprung to light.

Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'Tis *Revelation*, what thou think'st discourse,
Else how com'st thou to see those truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear.
Dryden.

Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight;
O, teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thyself *revealed*.
Dryden.

Bright as the morning of primeval day
Burst on the waters of chaotic gloom,
Came *Revelation* on the darksome world!—
Then error vanish'd in celestial truth,
Hush'd were the oracles, and quench'd the fires
That savage bigotry for ages fed:
New light, new order, new existence rose!
The pangs of woe, the wrongs of patient worth,
Were now no more, as once their truth had been:
Eternity would pay the debt of time,
The soul redeem, and justify her God.
R. Montgomery.

Sad error this, to take
The light of Nature, rather than the light
Of *Revelation* for a guide. As well
Prefer the borrowed light of earth's pale moon
To the effulgence of the noon-day sun.
David Bates.

REVENGE.

ALL my familiars watched for my halting, saying, Peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail

against him, and we shall take our *revenge* on him.—Jeremiah, xx. 10.

Dearly beloved, *avenge* not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath.—Romans, xii. 19.

TALK not of fame! What fame enjoyed that wretch
That slew his brother? he who could not brook
Rejection from his God, with anger fired,
With envy stung, the ties of nature burst,
And sacrificed the guiltless to *revenge*.
C. P. Layard.

The fairest action of our human life
Is, scorning to *revenge* an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart doth to him tie:
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.
Lady Carew.

How rash, how inconsiderate is rage!
How wretched, O, how fatal is our error,
When to *revenge* precipitate we run!
Revenge, that still with double force recoils
Back on itself, and is its own *revenge*.
While to the short-lived, momentary joy,
Succeeds a train of woes—an age of torment.
Frowde.

A wrong *avenged* is doubly perpetrated;
Two sinners stand, where lately stood but one.
Thomas McKeller.

Why should man
For a hasty syllable or two,
And vented only in forgetful fury,
Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul
To the *revenge* of that? Die lost for ever!
For he that makes his last peace with his Maker

In anger, anger is his peace eternally:
He must expect the same return again
Whose venture is deceitful.

Rowley.

REVERENCE.

GOD is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in *reverence* of all them that are about Him. —Psalm lxxxix. 7.

He sent redemption unto His people: He hath commanded His covenant for ever: holy and *reverend* is His name.—Psalm cxi. 9.

We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them *reverence*.—Hebrews, xii. 9.

WHILE they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
God's image did not *reverence* in themselves.

Milton.

Eternal Spirit! grant
The wisdom meek, that lives on truth divine
However veiled. A waiting mind impart,
And in our weakness show our strength to dwell,
Like as of old the pensive Mary sat
Low at His feet, and listened to her Lord;
Absorb'd and self-renouncing, be our soul
Before the cross in docile *reverence* bent.

R. Montgomery.

Leaning on Him, make with *reverent* meekness
His own, thy will;
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfil;
And that cloud itself, which now before thee

Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light, from the inner glory,
Be stricken through.

Whittier.

He that to his earthly parent
Pays not *reverence* due,
To His great Almighty Father
Will be careless too:

He whose filial love is mingled
With no filial fear,
Scarcely will from sad reproaches
Keep his conscience clear.

Grant me, Lord, to duly mingle
Love and fear, that so
I *revere* my parents earthly,
And for Thee true *reverence* know.

Egone.

REWARD.

VERILY there is a *reward* for the righteous.—Psalm lviii. 11.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the *reward* of the wicked.—Psalm xci. 8.

Behold the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold, his *reward* is with him, and his work before him.—Isaiah, xl. 10.

TO judge the unfaithful dead, but to *reward*
His faithful, and receive them into bliss.

Milton.

Blest are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty,
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart,
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake,
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their *reward*.

Watts.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
  And glad that he has gone to his *reward*:
Nor deem that kindly Nature did him wrong,
  Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, with his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

Wm. C. Bryant.

Reward me not according to my deeds,
But give me grace to stand before Thy throne,
Clad in the robe of righteousness, which He,
The Saviour, graciously hath lent to hide
The foul and leprous taint of guilt. O grant
That His *reward* may rescue me from death!

Egone.

RICHES.

LABOUR not to be *rich*: cease from thine own wisdom.

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for *riches* certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.—Proverbs, xxiii. 4, 5.

How hardly shall they that have *riches* enter into the kingdom of God.—Mark, x. 23.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was *rich*, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be *rich*.—II. Corinthians, viii. 9.

HIGH-BUILT abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then make a *richer* scramble for the throng,
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long,
Almost by miracle, is tired of play.

Young.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower, dishevelled in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

Cowper.

Nor *riches* boast intrinsic worth,
Their charms at best superior earth:
These oft the heaven-born mind enslave,
And make an honest man a knave.
"Wealth cures my wants," the miser cries.
Be not deceived—the miser lies:
One want he has, with all his store,
That worst of wants—the want of more.

Cotton.

My soul, with all thy weakened powers
  Survey the heavenly prize!
Nor let these glittering toys of earth
  Allure thy wandering eyes.

The joys and treasures of a day
  I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large, immortal store,
  Secured by grace divine.

Doddridge.

Riches are akin

To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death.
Wordsworth.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BUT we are all as an unclean thing, and all our *righteousnesses* are as filthy rags.—Isaiah, lxiv. 6.

We do not present our supplications before Thee for our *righteousnesses*, but for thy great mercies.—Daniel, ix. 18.

For they being ignorant of God's *righteousness*, and going about to establish their own *righteousness*, have not submitted themselves unto the *righteousness* of God.—Romans, x. 3.

AY me! how many perils do enfold
The *righteous* man, to make him daily fall!
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And steadfast truth acquit him out of all.
Spenser.

Lord, grant my just request; O hear my cry,
And prayers that lips untouched by guile unfold,
My cause before Thy high tribunal try,
And let Thine eyes my *Righteousness* behold.

For impious men, and such as deadly hate
My guiltless soul, have compassed me about;
Who swell with pride, enclosed in their own fate,
And words of contumely thunder out.

Filled with Thy secret treasure, to Thy race,
They their accumulated riches leave!
But I with *righteousness* shall see Thy face;
And rising in Thy image, joy receive.
Sandys.

What is all *righteousness* that men devise?
What, but a sordid bargain for the skies?
But Christ as soon would abdicate His own,
As stoop from Heaven to sell the proud a throne.

Cowper.

All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends;
The reign of *righteousness* from Heaven descends;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword!
Death is destroyed, and Paradise restored;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is All in all.

James Montgomery.

RIVERS.

THERE is a *river*, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy places of the tabernacles of the Most High.—Psalm xlvi. 4.

All the *rivers* run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the *rivers* come, thither they return again.—Ecclesiastes, i. 7.

RIVER! *river!* headlong *river*!
  Down you dash unto the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
  Like unto Eternity!

Mrs. Southey.

I think of that great *River*
  That from the throne flows free;
Of weary pilgrims on its brink,
Who, thirsting, have come down to drink;
Of that unfailing Stream I think,
  When earthly streams I see!

Mary Howitt.

River, beyond the rest
Thou wert supremely blest,
When Zion's King stood in thy pearly bed;
There did the Saviour stand,
Pour by the prophet's hand
Thy simple waves o'er His anointed head.
O Saviour! in that tide
Which from Thy pierced side
On Calvary's mount was poured out like wine,
Cleanse my polluted soul,
The wounds of sin make whole,
And breathe Thy spirit o'er this heart of mine.

W. H. Brownlee.

Bountiful *rivers*! not upon the earth
Is record traced of God's exuberant grace,
So deeply graven, as the channels worn
By ever-flowing streams.

Thomas Ward.

Oh, beautiful *river*,
Flowing so fresh and so free,
I thank the Great Giver
Of every good gift for thee.

Egone.

ROCK.

THE Lord is my *rock*.—Psalm xviii. 2.

He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly;

He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of *rocks*.—Isaiah, xxxiii. 15, 16.

Behold, I lay in Sion a stumbling-stone and *rock* of offence: and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.—Romans, ix. 33.

GOD, known in Hebron, and by Kedar's hill,
His glory to those *rocks* was once laid bare;

Upon the mountain top we seek Thee still,
Lord, tell us whether Thou art there?

Ye peaceful dwellers in these blest retreats;
As at the foot of mountains Israel prayed,
For tranquil nights, and on your *rocky* seats
Are sounds to you from heav'n conveyed?

Never behold ye the celestial bands
Upon your sacred domes alight and bend?
Never the harpings hear of angel-hands,
Back from the *rocks* their echoes send?
Rev. W. Pulling, from Lamartine.

Rock of ages! cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

While I draw this fleeting breath
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages shelter me!
Let me bide myself in thee!
Toplady.

As the shade of a *rock* in a weary land
Whence gush the fresh waters at thy command;
As a *rocky* foundation whereon to build,
As a fortress of *rock* when the foe is afield,
Such Maker and Saviour of man art thou,
Our fortress, our *rock*, and our shield below.
Egone.

ROD.

YEA, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy *rod*

and Thy staff they comfort me.—Psalm xxiii. 4.

I will cause you to pass under the *rod*.—Ezekiel, xx. 37.

The Lord's voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name: hear ye the *rod*, and who hath appointed it.—Micah, vi. 9.

GIVE me the voice of mirth, the sound of laughter,
The sparkling glance of pleasure's roving eye,
The past is past,—Avaunt thou dark hereafter!
"Come, eat and drink—to-morrow we must die!"

So, in his desperate mood, the fool hath spoken—
The fool whose heart hath said, "There is no God."
But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,
There's balm in Gilead yet.—The very *rod*,

If we but kiss it, as the stroke descendeth,
Distilleth balm to allay the inflicted smart,
And "Peace that passeth understanding," blendeth
With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Caroline Bowles.

He who each bitter cup rejects,
No living spring shall quaff;
He whom Thy *rod* in love corrects,
Shall lean upon Thy staff:
Happy, thrice happy, then, is he,
Who knows the chastening is from Thee!

Bernard Barton.

Faith and hope
Will teach me how to bear my lot;
To think Almighty Wisdom best,
To bow my head and murmur not.
The chastening hand of One above

Falls heavy, but I kiss the *rod*:
He gives the wound, and I must trust
Its healing to the self-same God.

Eliza Cook.

SABBATH.

REMEMBER the *Sabbath* day to keep it holy.—Exodus, xx. 8.

Thus saith the Lord, Keep ye judgment, and do justice: for my salvation is near to come, and my righteousness to be revealed.

Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it: that keepeth the *Sabbath* from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.—Isaiah, lvi. 1, 2.

The *Sabbath* was made for man, and not man for the *Sabbath*.

Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the *Sabbath*.—Mark, ii. 27, 28.

GREAT Lord of time! Great King of Heav'n,
Since weekly Thou renew'st my days,
To Thee shall daily thanks be giv'n,
And weekly sacrifice of praise.

This day the light, time's eldest born,
Her glorious beams did first display,
And then the evening and the morn
Did first obtain the name of day.

Discretion grant me so to know
What *Sabbath*-rites Thou dost require,
And grace my duty so to do,
That I may keep Thy law entire.

George Wither.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;

Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness pre-possessed in this.

Henry Vaughan.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms descending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.
The halls from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound—yet oh my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with *Sabbath* peace hath filled
My chastening heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

Mrs. Hemans.

The cheerful *Sabbath* bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one who from the far off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion.

Charles Lamb.

The *Sabbath* bell,
That over wood, and wild, and mountain-dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds most musical, most melancholy.

Samuel Rogers.

Ah! why should a thought of a world that is flying,
Encumber the pleasure of seasons like these?
Or, why should the *Sabbath* be sullied with sighing,
While Faith the bright side of eternity sees!

Now let us repose from our care and our sorrow,
Let all that is anxious and sad pass away;
The rough cares of life lay aside till to-morrow,
But let us be tranquil and happy to-day.

Let us say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,
As Abraham said to his men on the plain,
There's the mountain of prayer, I am going up yonder,
And tarry you here till I seek you again.

To-day on that mount we would seek for Thy blessing,
O Spirit of Holiness meet with us there!
Our hearts then will feel, Thine high influence possessing,
The sweetness of praise, and the favour of prayer.

James Edmeston.

'Tis past! no more the Summer blooms!
Ascending in the rear,
Behold, congenial Autumn comes,
The *Sabbath* of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the verdure of decay,
O, let me wander through the sounding woods!

Logan.

When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the *Sabbath* bells,
Duly tread the sacred road
Which leads you to the house of God;
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
For "God is in the midst of her."

Bishop Mant.

Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Her admonitions nature yields;
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a *Sabbath* of the heart;
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve with hallowed rest.

Wordsworth.

On the seventh day reposing, lo! the great
Creator stood,
Saw the glorious work accomplished,—saw
and felt that it was good;
Heaven, earth, man, and beast have being,
day and night their courses run,—
First creation,—infant manhood,—earliest
Sabbath,—it is done.

On the seventh day reposing, Jesus filled His
sainted tomb,
From His spirit's toil retreating, while He
broke man's fatal doom;
'Twas a new creation bursting, brighter than
the primal one,—
'Tis fulfilment,—reconcilement; 'tis
redemption,—it is done.

Da Costa.

The All-beneficent
Cares for man's better nature, and has given
This *Sabbath*-rest to lead his thoughts to
Heaven.
Myriads of thanks for this divinest gift,
For this perpetually recurring day—
Wherein both rich and poor—bond—free—

can lift
Their hopes above this fading world, and pray.

E. J. Eames.

The solemn tolling of the *Sabbath* bell
Hath something in it holier than of earth;
And when loud anthems to Jehovah swell,
The spirit longeth for a heavenly birth;
And, catching impulse from the good man's prayer,
The heart is softened to contrition there.

Isaac F. Shepard.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
An echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill:
Hail, light serene! Hail, sacred *Sabbath* morn!
The rooks float by in silent, airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
So smiled the day, when the first morn arose!

Dr. Leyden.

Yes! blessed *Sabbath* morn, thy light
Is affluent in pure delight
To those who love thy rest;
Beyond thy sun, a heavenly ray
Adds moral lustre to the day,
And shines into the breast.

J. K. Mitchell.

Too soon our earthly *Sabbaths* end!
Cares of a work-day will return,

And faint our hearts, and fitful, burn:
O, think, my soul, beyond compare,
Think what a *Sabbath* must be there;
Where all is holy bliss, that knows
Nor imperfection, nor a close.

Thomas Grinfield.

It is the *Sabbath*, O my soul
  Own its divine and potent sway;
Let it each sinful thought control,
  For thee, for that, was blest this day.

Anon.

SACRIFICE.

FOR thou desirest not *sacrifice*: else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The *sacrifices* of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart. O God, thou wilt not despise—Psalm li. 16, 17.

I will offer to thee the *sacrifice* of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.—Psalm cxvi. 17.

For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins.

Wherefore when he cometh into the world, he saith, *Sacrifice*, and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me.—Hebrews, x. 4, 5.

SEE where man's voluntary *sacrifice*
Bows His meek head, the God eternal dies!
Fixed to the Cross His bleeding arms are bound,
While copious Mercy streams from every wound.

Bishop Louth.

Thou, Lord, hast said, "the blood of goats,
  The flesh of rams I will not prize;—
A contrite heart, a lowly thought,

Are mine accepted *sacrifice*."

Sir W. Scott.

When all the breast is pure, each warm
desire
Sublimed by holy Love's ethereal fire,
On winged words our breathing thoughts
may rise,
And soar to Heaven, a grateful *sacrifice*.

James Scott.

Well may the cavern depths of earth
Be shaken and her mountains nod;
Well may the sheeted dead come forth
To gaze upon a suffering God!
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the Cherubim,
When He, the chosen One of Heaven,
A *sacrifice* for guilt is given!

J. G. Whittier.

When bees sing chorus in the light,
Of infant day in joy begun,
And sparkling dewdrops clear and bright
Mirror the full uprising sun,
Then let us, Lord of light, arise,
To pay our early *sacrifice*.

W. Martin.

SAFETY—SAVING.

I AM the Lord your God.

Wherefore ye shall do my statutes, and keep my judgments, and do them; and ye shall dwell in the land in *safety*.—Leviticus, xxv. 17, 18.

The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but *safety* is of the Lord.—Proverbs, xxi. 31.

Look unto me, and be ye *saved*, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.—Isaiah, xiv. 22.

The Son of man is come to *save* that which was lost.—Matthew, xviii. 11.

But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition; but of them that believe to the *saving* of the soul.—Hebrews, x. 39.

SHOULD any to himself for *safety* fly?
The way to *save* himself (if any were)
Is to fly from himself. Should he rely
Upon the promise of his wife? What there,
What can he see, but that he most may fear,
A syren sweet to death? Upon his friends?
Who what he needs, or what he hath not, lends?
Or wanting aid himself, and to another sends?

His strength? 'Tis dust:—His pleasure? cause of pain:
His hope? False courtier:—Youth or beauty? Brittle:
Intreaty? Fond:—Repentance? Late and vain:
Just recompense? The world were all too little:
Thy love? He hath no title to a tittle:
Hell's force? In vain her furies hell shall gather:
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
His child (if good) shall judge; (if bad) shall curse his father.

His life? That brings him to his end, and leaves him:
His end? That leaves him to begin his woe:
His goods? What good is this which so deceives him?
His gods of wood? Their feet, alas! are slow
To go to help, which must be helped to go:
Honours, great worth? Ah! little worth

they be
Unto their owners:—Wit? That makes
him see
He wanted wit, who thought he had it,
wanting Thee.

Giles Fletcher.

O *save* me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frowns of fate hath
stood,
And in Thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou who for me, through ev'ry throbbing
vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms
below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe:
Defend me, O my God! O *save* me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!

Young.

Encompass'd with ten thousand ills,
Press'd by pursuing foes,
I lift mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence salvation flows.

My help is from the Lord, who made
And governs earth and sky;
I look to his almighty aid,
And ever-watching eye.

He who thy soul in *safety* keeps,
Shall drive destruction hence;
The Lord thy keeper never sleeps;
The Lord is thy defence.

J. Montgomery.

Place me on some desert shore
Foot of man ne'er wandered o'er;
Lock me in a lonely cell
Beneath some prison citadel;
Still, here or there, within I find

My quiet kingdom of the mind;
Nay, 'mid the tempest fierce and dark,
Float me in peril's frailest barque,
My quenchless soul could sit and think,
And smile at danger's dizziest brink;
And wherefore? God, my God is still
King of kings in good and ill;
And where He dwelleth—every where—
Safety supreme and peace are there;
And where He reigneth—all around—
Wisdom, and love, and power are found,
And, reconciled to Him and bliss,
"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Tupper.

SAINT.

O LOVE the Lord, all ye his *saints*: for the Lord preserveth the faithful.—Psalm xxxi. 23.

O fear the Lord, ye his *saints*; for there is no want to them that fear him.—Psalm xxxiv. 9.

Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the *saints* in light.—Colossians, i. 12.

If but one sun with his diffusive fires,
Can fill the stars and the whole world with light,
And joy and light into each heart inspires:
And every *saint* shall shine in heaven as bright;
As doth the sun in his transcendant might;
(As faith may well believe what truth once says)
What shall so many sun's united rays
But dazzle all the eyes that now in heaven we praise?

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warm;
And looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his *saints* amidst their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm;
And on this lower field when straying wide
Through Satan's wiles, who would their sails misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

Giles Fletcher.

What are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.
Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow,
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,

God doth in his *saints* delight.

De Courcy.

A *Saint*! Oh, would that I could claim
The privileged, the honour'd name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest in the *saintly* band.

Would, though it were in scorn applied
That term the test of truth could bide!
Like kingly salutation given,
In mockery to the king of Heaven.

A *saint*? and what imports the name
Thus banded in derision's game?
"Holy and separate from sin;
To good, nay even to God akin."

How shall the name of *saint* be prized,
Though now neglected and despised,
And sinners to their doom be hurled,
When scorned *saints* shall "judge the world."

Marriot.

From *saint* to *saint* the world around
Celestial odours are diffused;
Sweet thoughts are born on hallow'd ground,
Where holy men have mused.

And none can tell how many springs
Flow to sustain one soul serene;
But every hour some tribute brings
From sources quiet and unseen.

The loneliest pilgrim in the ways
Is never in his prayers alone;
But every one for thousands prays,
And thousands pray for every one.

We dwell with shadows round us here,
And nought is bright but heaven above:
When all our secret friends appear,
How many shall we know and love!

Yet, as we learn the mystery,
  Around One holy fount we fall,
And, in the light eternal, see
  That God is all in all.

J. Gostick.

SALVATION.

HE that is our God, is the God of *salvation*.—Psalm lxviii. 20.

And all the ends of the earth shall see the *salvation* of our God.—Isaiah, lii. 10.

For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain *salvation* by our Lord Jesus Christ.—I. Thessalonians, v. 9.

A CHEERFUL confidence I feel,
  My well-placed hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
  To worship Him who died for me.
As man He pities my complaint;
  His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, He cannot faint,
  Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

Cowper.

Almighty framer of the skies!
O let our pure devotion rise,
  Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made
  Till Thy command gave light.

The Son of Glory gleamed the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
  And bid the vapours fly:
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above
  To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,

The mark of worldly scorn:
When the Archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hail'd *salvation's* morn.

Chatterton.

"Thy Spirit knows I love Thee." Worthless wretch,
To dare to love a God! But, grace requires—
And grace accepts—Love divine
Constrains me; I am thine. Incarnate Love
Has seized and holds me in Almighty arms:
Here's my *salvation*, my eternal hope,
Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature,
"I am the Lord's; and He for ever mine."

Watts.

Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Watts.

Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can *salvation* have,
But Jesus came the world to save.

Wesley.

If the best Thy great *salvation*

Must attain with trembling fear,
Lord and Judge of all creation,
Where should sinful man appear?

God of love and mercies tender,
Stern to vice, to weakness mild,
Teacher, Saviour, Sire, Defender,
Save, O save Thy suppliant child!

By the claims which saints inherit
From Thy blood for converts pour'd,
By thy all-prevailing Spirit,—
By Thy covenanted Word,—

By Thy tears, in sorrow weeping,
Over harden'd sinners' doom;
Take me to Thy gracious keeping,
Lead me to Thy glorious home!

Bishop Spencer.

SATAN.

THEN saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, *Satan*: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.—Matthew, iv. 10.

And the God of peace shall bruise *Satan* under your feet shortly.—Romans, xvi. 20.

THE other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand; and from his seat

The monster, moving onward, came as fast
With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode.

Milton.

He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heav'n and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Milton.

Satan, thy power's decline is nigh;
Like lightning flashing through the sky,
Thy demons hear the Heavenly Word,
And owning Him Creation's Lord,
Confess, with fierce appalling yell—
Emmanuel deigns on earth to dwell.

Shepherd.

How sad our state by nature is!
  Our sin how deep it stains!
And *Satan* binds our captive minds
  Fast in his slavish chains.

Watts.

SAVIOUR.

I, EVEN I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no *Saviour*.—Isaiah, xliii. 11.

Thou shalt know that I the Lord am thy *Saviour* and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob.—Isaiah, lx. 16.

And the angel said unto them, fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all

people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a *Saviour*, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.—Luke, ii. 10, 11, 12.

For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the *Saviour*, the Lord Jesus Christ.—Philippians, iii. 20.

We trust in the living God, who is the *Saviour* of all men, specially of those that believe.—I. Timothy, iv. 10.

AND thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy cross whence thy salvation came,
On which thy *Saviour* and thy sin did die!
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that *Saviour* is my life, my treasure.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

O unexampled Love!
Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!
Hail son of God, *Saviour* of men, Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp Thy praise
Forget, nor from Thy Father's praise disjoin.
Milton.

O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
And with strong Faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my soul in Hope, and grasp the prize,
Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
At the great day of recompense behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
From age to age my graceful song repeat;
My Light—my Life—my God—my *Saviour*,—see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee.

Young.

O *Saviour* God! O Lamb once slain!
At thought of Thee, Thy love, Thy flowing blood,
All thoughts decay; all things remembered fade;
All hopes return; all actions done by men
Or angels disappear, absorbed and lost.

Pollok.

Exalted high at God's right hand
And Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring guilty man
A brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

So then, my *Saviour*, and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live.

Mrs. Barbauld.

My soul shall cry to Thee, O Lord!
To Thee supreme incarnate word!
My rock and fortress, shield and friend,
Creator, *Saviour*, source, and end!
Yea, Thou wilt hear Thy servant's prayer,
Though death and darkness speak despair.

Bowdler.

Dear *Saviour*! draw reluctant hearts,
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die!

Steele.

Saviour! and dost Thou speak
Such gracious words to me?

Dost Thou the wanderer seek
Who basely fled from Thee?
Wilt Thou my footsteps guide
To where Thy sheep beside
The living streams abide?
I come, I come, with shame and grief oppressed,
Thy feet embrace, and shelter in thy breast.

Pearson.

A *Saviour's* light shall break,
A ray from Jacob's star the darkness streak:
To Him the fairest scenes their lustre owe;
His covenant brightens the celestial bow;
His vast benevolence profusely spreads
The yellow harvests, and the verdant meads.

John Duick.

Great God, Thy judgments all are just and right;
Thou art all pity, and to anger slow;
But I have done such evil in Thy sight,
That mercy now with justice cannot flow.

Yes, gracious God, my sins have reached such height,
As leaves no choice but how to deal the blow;
Such guilt to pardon would Thy honour blight,
And even Thy goodness seals my final woe.

Consult Thy glory, then withhold no more,
Let fall Thy thunder, and my tears forget,
Wage war for war, pour Thy avenging flood;
The justice which consumes me I adore.
But where to strike, O Lord? where find even yet
A spot not covered by the *Saviour's* blood?

James Glassford.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight, in the garden, now,
The suffering *Saviour* prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The *Saviour* wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the *Saviour's* woe.

W. B. Tappan.

SCORN.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the *scornful*.—Psalm i. 1.

The *scorner* is an abomination to men.—Proverbs, xxiv. 9.

The *scorner* is consumed, and all that watch for iniquity are cut off.—Isaiah, xxix. 20.

BLESSED is the man who hath not walked
astray
In counsel of the wicked; and i' the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of *scorners* hath not sat.

Milton.

Thrice happy he, who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray;

Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the *scorner* takes his seat.

The law of God is his delight;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through the wilderness.

J. Montgomery.

I may not *scorn* the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl;
The slave who dares not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.

The vile oppressor, who hath made
The widowed mother mourn,
Though worthless, he before me stand—
I cannot, dare not *scorn*.

The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there.

I pity all that evil are—
I pity, and I mourn;
But the Supreme hath fashioned all,
And, oh! I dare not *scorn*.

Robert Nicol.

SEA.

THE Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

The *sea* is His, and He made it: and His hands formed the dry land.—Psalm xcv. 3, 5.

They that go down to the *sea* in ships, that do business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.—Psalm cvii. 23, 24.

And the *sea* gave up the dead which were in it.—Revelation, xx. 13.

And I saw a new heaven and new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more *sea*.—Revelation, xxi. 1.

SEA!—of Almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror!—how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
What awful grandeur rounds thy heavy space:
Thy surge two worlds eternal-warring sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.
Chenedolle.

Mysterious deep, farewell!
I turn from thy companionship, but lo,
Thy voice doth follow me. 'Mid lonely bower,
Or twilight dream, or wakeful couch, I hear
That solemn and reverberated hymn
From thy deep organ, which doth speak God's praise
In thunder, night and day. Still by my side,
Even as a dim-seen spirit, deign to walk,
Prompter of holy thought, and type of Him,
Sleepless, immutable, omnipotent.
Mrs. Sigourney.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright looks, and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee:—
Restore the dead, thou *sea*!
Mrs. Hemans.

How humbling to one, with a heart and a soul,

To look on thy greatness, and list to its roll;
To think how that heart in cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of Eternity rises from thee!

But when thy deep surges no longer shall roll,
And the firmament's length is drawn back like a scroll,
Then—then shall the spirit that sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty, more lasting, more chainless than thou!

John A. Shea.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their slumbering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the *seas*,
Till, calmed by Thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes,—Depart in peace.

W. B. O. Peabody.

In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee;
Firm as the rock Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a *sea* immensely wide,
Thy grace an overflowing tide.

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points to thee;
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the *Ocean*,
And like the tides in constant motion.

B. Barton.

The prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid;
The plashing water marks his resting-place,

And folds him round, in one long, cold embrace;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep.

Charles Sprague.

Thou paragon of elemental powers,
Mystery of waters—never slumbering *sea*!
Impassioned orator with lips sublime,
Whose waves are arguments which prove a God!

R. Montgomery.

SEASONS.

AND God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for *seasons*, and for days, and years.—Genesis, i. 14.

While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.—Genesis, viii. 22.

He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth His ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold?

He sendeth out His word, and melteth them: He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow.—Psalm cxlvii. 16, 17, 18.

He changeth the times and the *seasons*.—Daniel, ii. 21.

The earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God.—Hebrews, vi. 7.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that live.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

Thomson.

Truth bids me look on men as Autumn leaves;
And all they bleed for, as the Summer's dust,
Driven by the whirlwind.

Young.

What prodigies can power divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
And in the constancy of nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,

See nought to wonder at.

Cowper.

When Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint
the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the
mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the
fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her
Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those
that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull
the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth
on his way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in
silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of
the sky—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his meed of
praise deny?
No,—let the sun forsake its course, the
seasons cease to be,
Thee, Maker, must we still adore; and,
Saviour, honour Thee.

The flowers of spring may wither,—the hope
of Summer fade,—
The Autumn droop in Winter,—the birds
forsake the shade,—
The wind be lull'd,—the sun and moon forget
their old decree,—
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will
cling to Thee.

Bishop Heber.

Is there a heart that beats and lives,
To which no joy the Spring-time gives?
Alas! in that unfeeling heart

Nor love nor kindliness has part;
Or chilling want, or pining care
Must brood, or comfortless despair.
Blest, who without profane alloy
Can revel in that blameless joy!
More blest, in every welcome hour,
If Spring-time smile, or winter lower,
Who round him scatter'd hears or sees
What still the excursive sense may please;
Who round him finds, perchance unsought,
Fresh matter for improving thought;
And more, the more he looks abroad,
Marks, owns, and loves the present God!

Bishop Mant.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes,
Is born beneath thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are Thine.

Thomas Moore.

Ah, how soon
The shades of twilight follow hazy noon,
Short'ning the busy day!—day that slides by
Amidst th' unfinish'd toils of husbandry;
Toils still each morn resumed with double care,
To meet the icy terrors of the year;
To meet the threats of Boreas undismay'd,
And Winter's gathering frowns and hoary head.

Then welcome, cold; welcome, ye snowy nights!
Heaven 'midst your rage shall mingle pure delights,
And confidence of hope the soul sustain,
While devastation sweeps along the plain:
Nor shall the child of poverty despair,
But bless the Power that rules the changing year;
Assur'd—though horrors round his cottage

reign—
That Spring will come, and Nature smile again.

Bloomfield.

SEEING—SIGHT.

THOU GOD *seest* me.—Genesis, xvi. 13.

He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not *see*.—Psalm xciv. 9.

The light of the body is the eye: if, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!—Matthew, vi. 22, 23.

FIRST the two eyes that have the *seeing* power,
  Stand as one watchman, spy, or sentinel,
Being placed aloft within the head's high tower;
  And though both *see*, yet both but one thing tell.

These mirrors take into their little space
  The forms of moon, and sun, and every star,
Of every body, and of every place,
  Which with the wide world's arms embraced are:

Yet their best objects, and their noblest use,
  Hereafter, in another world, will be;
When God in them shall heavenly light infuse,
  That face to face they may their Maker *see*,

Here are they guides, which do the body lead,
  Which else would stumble in eternal night;

Here in this world they do most knowledge read,
And are the casements which admit most light.

Sir John Davies.

Though all the doors are sure, and all our servants
As sure bound with their sleeps; yet there is One
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind;
He *sees* through doors, and darkness, and our thoughts;
And, therefore, as we should avoid with fear,
To think ourselves amiss before His search;
So should we be as curious to shun
All cause that others think not ill of us.

George Chapman.

God nought *foresees*, but *sees*: for to His eyes
Nought is to come, or past: nor are you vile
Because that Heaven *foresees*, for God, not we,
Sees as things are; things are not as we *see*.

John Marston.

SEEKING.

O GOD thou art my God; early will I *seek* thee.—Psalm lxiii. 1.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.—Isaiah, lv. 6.

It is time to *seek* the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you.—Hosea, x. 12.

Seek and ye shall find.—Matthew, vii. 7.

WE'LL *seek* Thy face at early dawn
When clouds and darkness veil the sky,
Upon the rising mist of morn,

Confess our errors in a sigh,
And the first beam that shines above
Shall glow with Thy forgiving love.

Then will the clouds that linger oft
About the region of the breast,
Like those that faint in light aloft,
Flee far away and give us rest;
While every darksome grief shall be
Dispelled by glory shed from Thee.

Like happy bees, O! let us roam,
Extracting joy from all around,
And winging towards our heavenly home,
Rise up with pure devotion crowned;
And Thee, great King of Glory, meet,
As tuneful larks the sun would greet.

Give us the faith to feel and know
That Thou art mirrored full and true
Within the breast, as Thou dost show
Thy sun amid a drop of dew.
And thus from sleep Thy saints upraise,
To *seek* Thy face in prayer and praise.

W. Martin.

Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain:
Shall we *seek* Thee Lord in vain?

In Thy own appointed way,
Now we *seek* Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

Hammond.

SEPULCHRE—TOMB.

AND when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth.

And laid it in his own new *tomb*, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the *sepulchre*, and departed.—Matthew, xxvii. 59, 60.

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the *sepulchre*.—Matthew, xxviii. 1.

And entering into the *sepulchre*, they saw a young man sitting on the right side.

And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen.—Mark, xvi. 5, 6.

HOW sweet, in the musing of faith to repair
To the garden where Mary delighted to rove;
To sit by the *tomb* where she breathed her fond prayer,
And paid her sad tribute of sorrow and love;
To see the bright beam which disperses her fear,
As the Lord of her soul breaks the bars of her prison,
And the voice of the angel salutes her glad ear,—
The Lord is a captive no more—"He is risen."

Cunningham.

I saw two women weeping by the *tomb*
Of one new buried, in a fair green place,
Bower'd with shrubs; the eye retained no trace
Of aught that day performed; but the faint gloom
Of dying day was spread upon the sky.
The moon was broad and bright above the wood;
The distance sounded of a multitude,
Music, and shout, and mingled revelry.
At length came gleaming through the thicket-

shade
Helmet and casque, and a steel-armed band
Watched round the *sepulchre* in solemn stand.
The night-word passed, from man to man convey'd;
And I could see those women rise and go
Under the dark trees, moving sad and slow.

Henry Alford.

Hark from the *tomb* a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry;
Ye living men come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

Watts.

SERVICE.

As for me and my house, we will *serve* the Lord.—Joshua, xxiv. 15.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable *service*.—Romans, xii. 1.

Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh,

Not with eye-*service* as men-pleasers; but as the *servants* of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.—Ephesians, vi. 5, 6.

HAD I but *served* my God with half the zeal
I *served* my king, He would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Shakspere.

To tell you truly what I wish to be,
And never would be other, if I could,
But in the comfort of the heaven's decree

In soul and body that I ever should—
Though in the world, not to the world to live,
But to my God my *service* wholly give.

This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious *servant* of my God;
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod;
Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the heaven above.

Thus would I spend in *service* of my God
The ling'ring hours of these few days of mine,
To show how sin and death are overtrod
But by the virtue of the power divine;
Our thoughts but vain, our substance slime and dust,
And only Christ for our eternal trust.

Nicolas Breton.

Expect not more from *servants* than is just;
Reward them well, if they observe their trust,
Nor them with cruelty, or pride invade;
Since God and nature them our brothers made.

Denham.

A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes,
Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize—
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Sealed with His signet whom they *serve* and love.

Cowper.

SHADE—SHADOW.

We are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a *shadow*.—Job, viii. 9.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the *shadow* of the Almighty.—Psalm xci. 1.

I am gone like the *shadow* when it declineth.—Psalm cix. 23.

The Lord is thy *shade* upon thy right hand.—Psalm cxxi. 5.

> It is a dial—which points out
> The sunset as it moves about,
> And *shadows* out in lines of night
> The subtle stages of time's flight,
> Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
> His body in perpetual *shade*.
>
> *Dr. Henry King.*

> Alas! the idle tale of man is found
> Depicted in the dial's moral round;
> With Hope Reflection blinds his sacred rays
> To gild the total tablet of his days;
> Yet still the sport of some malignant Power,
> He knows but from its *shade* the present hour.
>
> *Wordsworth.*

> Between two breaths, what crowded mysteries lie,—
> The first short gasp, the last and long drawn sigh!
> Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
> Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,
> As living *shadows* for a moment seen
> In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
> Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,
> Then seek the dust and stillness, whence we came.
>
> *O. W. Holmes.*

> This *shadow* on the dial's face,
> That steals, from day to day,
> With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
> Moments, and months, and years away;

This *shadow*, which in every clime,
  Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime:
  What is it?—Mortal man!
It is the scythe of Time.
A *shadow* only to the eye,
It levels all beneath the sky.

Anon.

SHEEP—SHEPHERD.

THE Lord is my *shepherd*; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.—Psalm xxiii. 1, 2.

All we like *sheep* have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.—Isaiah, liii. 6.

Then said Jesus, I am the good *shepherd* and know my *sheep*, and am known of mine.

As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the *sheep*.—John, x. 7, 14, 15.

'TIS said, that God is a consuming fire,
But oh! 'tis sure, He now lays by his ire:
  He thunders out,
  With trumpet's shout,
No judgment from Mount Sinai; but a still
Soft voice of love and free good will:
He that appear'd then in a warlike dress,
Seeks now the stray *sheep* in the wilderness.

P. Fletcher.

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
  Brought again from sin and straying!
Hear the *Shepherd's* gentle voice,
  'Tis a true and faithful saying—
"Greater love how can there be
Than to yield up life for thee!
Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,
Turn and live! why will ye die?"

Bishop Doane.

And dost Thou, Holy *Shepherd*, leave
  Thine unprotected flock alone,
Here in this darksome vale to grieve,
  While Thou ascend'st Thy glorious throne?

Oh, where can they their hopes now turn,
  Who never lived but on Thy love?
Where rest the hearts for Thee that burn,
  When Thou art lost in light above?

How shall those eyes now find repose
  That turn in vain Thy smile to see?
What can they hear save mortal woes,
  Who lose Thy voice's melody?

And who shall lay his tranquil hand
  Upon the troubled ocean's might?
Who hush the winds by His command?
  Who guide us through this starless night?

For Thou art gone!—that cloud so bright,
  That bears Thee from our love away,
Springs upwards through the dazzling light,
  And leaves us here to weep and pray.
From the Spanish of Luis Ponce de Leon.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a *shepherd's* care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Addison.

The Lord is my *shepherd*, no want shall I know,
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppress.

J. Montgomery.

SHORTNESS.

HOW long, Lord? wilt Thou hide Thyself for ever? shall Thy wrath burn like fire?

Remember how *short* my time is: wherefore hast Thou made all men in vain.—Psalm lxxxix. 46, 47.

MAN'S life, sir, being
So *short*, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;

Life is *short* and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as *short* as one!

Oldys.

How *short*, how narrow is the span,
How few the years allow'd to man;
And e'en in those few years he feels,
And groans, beneath a thousand ills.

As springs the flower in some gay mead,
Then sudden hangs its drooping head,
So does our boasted strength decay,
And, like the shadow, flee away.

For every moment that we breathe,
We're hast'ning to the gates of Death!
And who can needful help afford,
In that sad hour, but Thou, O Lord?

Conscious of guilt, to Thee we cry,
And raise the hand and lift the eye;
Yet sure our sins may justly move
Thine anger, rather than Thy love!

R. Brown.

SICKNESS.

AND Jesus went about all Galilee, healing all manner of *sickness*, and all manner of disease among the people.—Matthew, iv. 23.

That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our *sicknesses*.—Matthew, viii. 17.

BUT chiefly, Thou,

Whom soft-eyed pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And O, still harder lesson, how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of *sickness* and of pain.

Bishop Porteus.

When *sickness* to my fainting soul
Her fearful form display'd,
I to my secret chamber stole,
And humbly thus I pray'd.

If softened by the impending stroke,
My heart, O Lord, will yield,
In mercy Thy decree revoke,
And let my wound be heal'd.

But if from memory's tablet soon
Ingratitude would tear
The bounteous giver, and the boon,
Oh, hear not Thou my prayer.

Rather than bear that blackest stain
Within my breast, I'd brave
The keenest throes of restless pain—
The terrors of the grave.

If health's unmerited return
Should bless my future days,
Oh, may I from Thy Spirit learn
A daily song of praise.

But should I shortly hence depart,
Or, lingering suffer still,
May that blest Spirit, Lord, impart
Submission to Thy will.

Bishop Heber.

SILENCE.

UNTO Thee will I cry, O Lord, my rock; be not *silent* to

me: lest if Thou be *silent* to me, I become like them that go down to the pit.—Psalm xxviii. 1.

The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep *silence* before Him.—Habakkuk, ii. 20.

Be *silent*, O all flesh, before the Lord.—Zechariah, ii. 13.

THE *silence*, often, of pure innocence,
Persuades when speaking fails.

Shakspere.

Sacred *silence*! thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart,
Offspring of a heavenly kind;
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind,
Admiration's readiest tongue,
Leave the desert shades, among
Reverend hermits' hallow'd cells,
Where retired devotion dwells.

Flecknoe.

In *silence* mend what ills deform thy mind;
But all thy good impart to all thy kind.

John Sterling.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep *silence* of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

Mrs. Sigourney.

When some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, failed suddenly,
And *silence* against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope, what help, what music will undo
That *silence* to your sense.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Ours is a world of words; Quiet we call
"*Silence*," which is the merest word of all.
All nature speaks, and ev'n ideal things

Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings—
But ah! not so when, thus in realms on high,
The eternal voice of God is passing by,
And the red winds are withering in the sky!
E. A. Poe.

SIN.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose *sin* is covered.—Psalm xxxii. 1.

I will declare my iniquity; I will be sorry for my *sin*.—Psalm xxxviii. 18.

Hide Thy face from my *sins*, and blot out all my iniquities.—Psalm li. 9.

I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy *sins*: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee.—Isaiah, xliv. 22.

By one man *sin* entered into the world, and death by *sin*; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have *sinned*. —Romans, v. 12.

All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ.

For He hath made Him to be *sin* for us, who knew no *sin*; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.—II. Corinthians, v. 18, 21.

SIN ever must
Be tortured with the rack of his own frame;
For he that holds no faith, shall find no trust,
But sowing wrong, is sure to reap the same.
Daniel.

O, how unsufferable is the weight
Of *sin*! how miserable is their state,
The silence of whose secret *sin* conceals
The smart, till justice to revenge appeals!

*****

Who loves to *sin*, in hell his portion's given;
Who dies to *sin* shall, after, live in heaven.
Quarles.

'Tis not to cry God mercy, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast failed:
'Tis to bewail the *sins* thou didst commit;
And not commit those *sins* thou hast bewailed.
He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather what he means to do.
Quarles.

That *sin* does ten times aggravate itself,
That is committed in a holy place;
An evil deed done by authority,
Is *sin* and subornation; deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast;
The poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning's flash;
Lilies that fester smell far worse then weeds;
And every glory that inclines to *sin*,
The same is treble by the opposite.
Old Play. (1597.)

Much have we *sinned* to our shame,
But spare us who our *sins* confess;
And for the glory of Thy name,
To our sick souls afford redress.
Drummond.

It is a shame, that man, that has the seeds
Of virtue in him springing unto glory,
Should make his soul degenerate with *sin*,
And slave to luxury; to drown his spirits
In lees of sloth; to yield up the weak day
To wine, to lust, and banquets.
Shackerly.

Sin, like a bee, unto thy hive may bring
A little honey, but expect the sting.

Watkyns.

Woe unto those who countenance a *sin*,
Siding with vice that it may credit win,
By their unhallowed vote; that do benight
The truth with error, putting dark for light,
And light for dark; that call an evil good,
And would by vice have virtue understood.

Bishop King.

O, the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us! And the tyranny
He exercises, when he hath expunged:
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mixed with a gushing storm, that suffers nothing
To stir abroad on earth but their own rages,
Is *sin*, when it hath gathered head above us:
No roof, no shelter will secure us so,
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

Chapman.

To threats the stubborn *sinner* oft is hard,
Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm prepared;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.

Dryden.

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault;
Then what must he expect, that still proceeds
To finish *sin*, and work up thoughts in deeds?

Dryden.

What if the *sinner's* magazines are stored
With the rich spoils that Ophir's mines afford?
What if he spends his happy days and nights
In softest joys, and undisturbed delights?

Where is his hope at last, when God shall wrest
His trembling soul from his reluctant breast?
Blackmore.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, *Sin*!
Greatest and first of ills! The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee,
Sorrow had never been!
Blair.

Lord! with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; the schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason; holy messengers:
Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow, dogging *sin*;
Afflictions sorted; anguish of all sizes;
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in;
Bibles laid open; millions of surprises;
Blessings beforehand; ties of gratefulness;
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and Grace; eternal hopes and fears!
Yet all these fences and their whole array,
One cunning bosom *sin* blows quite away.
George Herbert.

As the fond sheep that idly strays,
With wanton play, through devious ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And passing there, and turning here,
He will, for rest, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he strove to shun:
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Ran blind and headlong on in ill.

'Twas thus from *sin* to *sin* I flew,
And thus I might have perished too;
But mercy dropped the likeness here,
And showed and saved me from my fear,

While o'er the darkness of my mind
The sacred Spirit purely shined,
And marked and brightened all the way
Which leads to everlasting day;
And broke the thickening clouds of *sin*,
And fixed the light of love within.

Parnell.

On His pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
  His hands are clasped, His eyes are raised
    in prayer—
  Alas, and is there strife He cannot bear,
Who calmed the tempest, and who raised the
dead?
  There is! there is! for now the powers of
  hell
  Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the
  hour
  When death exerts his last permitted
  power,
When the dead weight of *sin*, since Adam fell,
Is visited on Him who deigned to dwell—
  A man with men, that He might bear the
  stroke
  Of wrath divine, and break the captive's
  yoke—
But O, of that dread strife, what words can
tell?
Those, only those which broke, with many a
groan,
  From His full heart—"O, Father, take away
  The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day
  —
Yet, Father, not My will, but Thine, be
done!"
It could not pass away, for He alone
  Was mighty to endure and strong to save:
  Nor would Jehovah leave Him in the
  grave,
Nor could corruption taint His Holy One.

Dale.

When at first from virtue's path we

stray,
How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay!
More bold at length, by powerful habit led,
Careless and sered, the dreary wilds we tread;
Behold the gaping gulf of *sin* with scorn,
And plunging deep, to endless death are borne.

James Scott.

SINAI.

THE Lord came from *Sinai*, and rose up from Seir unto them; He shined forth from Mount Paran, and He came with ten thousands of saints: from His right hand went a fiery law.—Deuteronomy, xxxiii. 2.

The mountains melted from before the Lord, even that *Sinai* from before the Lord God of Israel.—Judges, v. 5.

GOD from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose grey top
Shall tremble, He descending, will himself,
In thunder, lightning, and loud tempest's sound,
Ordain them laws; part such as appertain
To civil justice, part religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means He shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful! They beseech
That Moses might repeat to them His will,
And terror cease. He grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell.

Milton.

The mountain rocked round *Sinai's* trembling

sides;
In gloomy spires the dreadful smoke arose;
Angelic trumpets pierced the ethereal vault;
Wide-echoing thunder rent the conscious air;
Fierce lightning shot its terrors through the sky;
All nature spake, and with convulsive shock
Gave awful proof of the descending God.

Samuel Hayes.

Those laws which from Mount *Sinai*
Jehovah, clothed with terrors, while thick clouds
And darkness wrapt him round, pronounced, in sounds
Which chilled the hearts of those who heard, and froze
Their very blood. Beneath His awful feet
Earth trembled, and the lofty mountain shook;
Hoarse thunder growled, and livid lightnings flashed,
While sounds of horror and distress amid
The howling wilderness were heard.

William Hodson.

SINGING—SONG.

O SING unto the Lord a new *song*: *sing* unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.—Psalm xcvi. 1, 2.

And they *sing* the *song* of Moses the servant of God, and the *song* of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.—Revelation, xv. 3.

WHO is the Lord, then? Earth to me hath cried:
He, whose soul boundless everywhere is spread;

Who measures the Creation with a stride;
He, who with splendour e'er the sun hath fed.

He, who from nothingness all matter drew;
He, who built up the universe on nought;
He, who round shoreless seas a girdle threw;
He, whose sole look forth light from darkness brought.

He, who no heed to Time's progression gives;
He, who draws being from his own command;
Who, in the future as the present lives;
And recalls years, departed from his hand.

'Tis He!—it is the Lord! Oh! may my tongue,
His countless glorious names to man repeat;
As the gold lamp before His altars hung;
I'll *sing* to Him, while holds my life her seat!

Rev. W. Pulling, from Lamartine.

Thanks be to God! His grace has shown
How sinful man on earth
May join the *songs* which round his throne
Give endless praises birth:
He gave His Son for man to die!
He sent His Spirit from on high
To consummate the scheme:
O be that consummation blest!
And let Redemption be confest
A poet's noblest theme.

B. Barton.

"Worthy the Lamb," on earth we *sing*
"Who died our souls to save."
Henceforth, O Death where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

J. Montgomery.

SKY.

STAND still, and consider the wondrous works of God.

Hast thou with him spread out the *sky*, which is strong, and as a molten looking-glass?—Job, xxxvii. 14, 18.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the *skies* pour down righteousness.—Isaiah, xlv. 8.

WHEN yonder glorious *sky*
Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate;
And turn my dazzled eye
To this vain mortal state,
All dim and visionary, mean and desolate,

A mingled joy and grief
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude;
I find a short relief
In tears, whose torrents rude
Roll down my cheeks, or thoughts which then intrude.

Thou bright, sublime abode!
Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine:
My soul! a spark of God,
Aspiring to thy seats divine,
Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine?

For there, and there alone,
Are peace, and joy, and never-dying love;
There, on a splendid throne,
'Midst all those fires above,
In glories and delights which never wane nor move.

Oh, wondrous blessedness!
Whose shadowy effluence hope o'er time can fling;
Day that shall never cease,
No night there threatening,
No winter there to chill joy's ever-during spring.

Ye fields of changeless green
Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers,
Thou Paradise serene,
Eternal, joyful hours
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers.

Luis Ponce de Leon, Spanish.

SLANDER.

FOR I have heard the *slander* of many: fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.—Psalm xxxi. 13.

He that uttereth a *slander*, is a fool.—Proverbs, x. 18.

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect;
For *slander's* mark was ever yet the fair;
So thou be good, *slander* doth but approve
Thy worth the greater.

Shakspere.

'Tis *slander*,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting wind, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
The viperous *slander* enters.

Shakspere.

Slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed when once it gets possession.

Shakspere.

Imperfect mischief!

Thou, like an adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the traveller, yet hear'st
Not his pursuing voice. E'en when thou think'st
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
Confess and point the path where thou hast crept.

Congreve.

Forgot by those who in the grave abide,
And as a broken vessel past repair,
Slandered by many, fear on every side,
Who counsel take and would my life ensnare.

But Lord, my hopes on Thee are fixed: I said
Thou art my God, my days are in Thy hand;
Against my furious foes oppose thy aid,
And those, who prosecute my soul, withstand.

Sandys.

One who molests a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth or beauty in distress;
Who loves a lie, lame *slander* heaps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out.

Pope.

SLAVERY.

Is Israel a servant? is he a home-born *slave*? why is he spoiled?—Jeremiah, ii. 14.

THERE is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy

cause,
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.

*****

Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? and what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man.
Cowper.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
Stone walls a Prisoner make, but not a *Slave*.
Shall man assume a property in man?
Lay on the moral will a withering ban?
Shame that our laws at distance should protect
Enormities, which they at home reject!
"*Slaves* cannot breathe in England"—a proud boast!
And yet a mockery! if from coast to coast,
Though fettered *slave* be none, her floors and soil
Groan underneath a weight of *slavish* toil,
For the poor many, measured out by rules
Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,
That to an Idol, falsely called "the wealth
Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,
Body, and mind, and soul, a thirst so keen
Is ever urging on the vast machine
Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
The power least prized is that which thinks and feels.
Wordsworth.

Man seeks for gold in mines, that he may
weave
A lasting chain for his own *slavery*;
In fear and restless care that he may live,
He toils for others, who must ever be
The joyless thralls of his captivity;
He murders, for his chief delight's in ruin;
He builds the altar, that its idol's fee
May be his very blood; he is pursuing,
O, blind and willing wretch! his own obscure
undoing.

Shelley.

Lives there a savage ruder than the *slave*?
Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
Boist'rous in speech, in action prompt and
bold,
He buys, he sells—he steals, he kills for gold.

J. Montgomery.

Hast thou ever asked thyself
What it is to be a *slave*?
Bought and sold for sordid pelf,
From the cradle to the grave.

'Tis to know thy transient powers
E'en of muscle, flesh, and bone,
Cannot, in thy happiest hours,
Be considered as thine own.

But thy master's goods and chattels,
Lent to thee for little more
Than to fight his selfish battles
For some bits of shining ore.

'Tis to learn thou hast a heart
Beating in that bartered frame
Of whose ownership—no part
Thou canst challenge but in name;

For the curse of *slavery* crushes
Out the life-blood from its core,
And expends its throbbing gushes
But to swell another's store.

God's best gift from heaven above,
Meant to make a heaven on earth,
Hallowing, humanizing love!
With the ties which thence have birth,

These can never be his lot,
Who, like brutes, is bought and sold,
Holding such—as having not
On his own the spider's hold.

'Tis to feel e'en worse than this,
If aught worse than this can be,
Thou hast shrined, for bale or bliss,
An immortal soul in thee!

But that this undying guest
Shares thy body's degradation,
Until *slavery's* bonds unblest,
Check each kindling aspiration.

And what should have been thy light,
Shining e'en beyond the grave,
Turns to darkness worse than night,
Leaving thee a hopeless *slave*!

Such is *Slavery*! Couldst thou bear
Its vile bondage? Oh! my brother,
How, then, canst thou, wilt thou dare
To inflict it on another?

Bernard Barton.

Slave-mart!—
Oh, mart of blood!—but God for vengeance cries,
And man shall shrink when *slaves* in judgment rise;
The Power that moulds the lily's snowy form,
Ordains the sunbeam, and propels the storm,
Whose boundless presence all creation fills,

Adorns the valleys, and surmounts the hills,
Designs for all, and yet creates alone,
Shall rise at last to vindicate His own!

J. Burbidge.

They are *slaves* who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are *slaves* who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Anon.

SLEEP.

I WILL both lay me down in peace, and *sleep*: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.—Psalm iv. 8.

He giveth His beloved *sleep*.—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

COME *sleep*, O *sleep*, the certain knot peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Sleep that knits up the revelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Shakspere.

Why rather *sleep* liest thou in smoky cribs
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great
Under the canopies of costly state,

And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?

*****

Canst thou, O partial *sleep*! give thy repose
To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night
With all appliances and means to boot
Deny it to a king?

Shakspere.

Sleep on, my love! in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last 'Good night!'—thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake—
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to the dust
It so much loves—and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there! I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale:
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when *sleep* breath'd his drowsy gale.

Bishop King.

How blessed was that *sleep*
The sinless Saviour knew!
In vain the storm-winds blew,
Till He awoke to others' woes,
And hushed the billows to repose.

How beautiful is *sleep*!
The *sleep* that christians know:
Ye mourners! cease your woe.
While soft upon his Saviour's breast,
The righteous sinks to endless rest.

Mrs. M'Cartee.

Good night!
Slumber till the morning light!
Slumber till the dawn of day
Brings its troubles with its ray!
Sleep without or fear or fright!
Our Father wakes! Good night!

Korner.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet,
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep, full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

Tennyson.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour;
Forgetful of Thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our *sleep*-bound spirits free;
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee!

J. G. Whittier.

SLOTH.

THE hand of the diligent shall bear rule: but the *slothful* shall be under tribute.—Proverbs, xii. 24.

Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.—Proverbs, xix. 15.

Be not *slothful*, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.—Hebrews, vi. 12.

HE that outlives Nestor, and appears
To have passed the date of grey
Methusalem's years,
If he his life to *sloth* and sin doth give,
I say he only was, he did not live.

Thomas Randolph.

Two principles from the beginning strove
In human nature, still dividing man,—
Sloth and activity; the lust of praise,
And indolence that rather wished to sleep.

*****

Sloth lay till mid-day, turning on his couch
Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge,
And having rolled him out with much ado,
And many a dismal sigh, and vain attempt,
He sauntered out, accoutred carelessly,—
With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye,
Somniferous, that weighed the object down
On which its burden hung,—an hour or two,
Then with a groan retired to rest again.
The one, whatever deed had been achieved,
Thought it too little, and too small the praise:
The other tried to think, for thinking so
Answered his purpose best, that what of great
Mankind could do had been already done;
And therefore laid him calmly down to sleep.

Pollok.

Why in *sloth* thy days consume?
Why anticipate the tomb?
Wasting thus thy youthful prime,
Slumbering before the time?
Sluggard up! there's work to do,
  Let not *sloth* thy soul ensnare;
Only the reward is due
  Unto those the toil who share.

Egone.

SNARE.

THE proud have hid a *snare* for me, and cords; they have spread a net by the wayside; they have set gins for me.—Psalm cxl. 5.

The law of the wise is a fountain of life, to depart from the *snares* of death.—Proverbs, xiii. 14.

Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go:

Lest thou learn his ways, and get a *snare* to thy soul.—Proverbs, xxii. 24, 25.

WARN all creatures from thee
Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form pretended
To hellish falsehood *snare* them.

Milton.

In the embattled plain
Though Death exults and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not, even there, so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in the intoxicating draught concealed,
Or couched beneath the glance of lawless love,
He *snares* the simple youth, who, nought suspecting,
Meant to be blest—but finds himself undone.

Bishop Porteus.

Beset with *snares* on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse Thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Doddridge.

He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,

And there at night shall rest his head.

Then will I say, “My God, Thy pow’r
Shall be my fortress and my tow’r:
I, that am form’d of feeble dust,
Make Thine almighty arm my trust.”

Thrice happy man! thy Maker’s care
Shall keep thee from the fowler’s *snare*;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

Watts.

SOLDIERS.

THOU therefore endure hardness, as a good *soldier* of Jesus Christ.

No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a *soldier*.—II. Timothy, ii. 3, 4.

THY life’s a warfare, thou a *soldier* art,
Satan’s thy foeman, and a faithful heart
Thy two-edged weapon, patience is thy shield,
Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world thy field.
To be afraid to die, or wish for death,
Are words and passions of despairing breath:
Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield;
And who the second, basely flies the field.

Francis Quarles.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The Panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome though Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Wesley.

Soldier rise! the war is done;
Lo! the hosts of hell are flying:
'Twas the Lord thy battle won;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory.
Hark!—what songs of rapture rise!
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown.
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

Phelan.

SOLOMON.

IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to *Solomon* in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.

And *Solomon* said, Give Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and bad.

And the speech pleased the Lord, that *Solomon* had asked this thing.—I. Kings, iii. 5, 6, 9, 10.

And God said to *Solomon*, Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches, wealth, or honour, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people, over whom I have made thee king:

Wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee; and I will give thee riches and wealth, and honour, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like.—II. Chronicles, i. 11, 12.

A RIGHTEOUS sceptre in Jerusalem
Reigned over Israel; and the arts of peace
In higher honour placed King David's son,
Than all the father's fierce and weary wars.
Plenty and comfort blessed the labouring poor,
And splendour graced the noble and the wise:
Silver was nothing counted; massive gold
Adorned the temple and the royal board,
And richly-laden ships, from distant shores,
Swelled the king's tribute and the people's wealth.
Worthier than gold, than jewels far more rare,
Was the king's wisdom; all the people bowed
Before the mighty mind of *Solomon*,
For God was with him.

H. H. Weld.

In wealth, in power, tranquillity, and fame,
His mightier son, high-favoured *Solomon*,
Serene in strength, and dreadful without war,
Reigns jubilant: in knowledge peerless he,
With proverb, meditation, holy song,
Exalts the soul; while o'er his laws preside
Truth unncorrupt, integrity severe,
By keen discernment led. With lustrous train
See Sheba's queen, to prove his wisdom come,
And kings from every realm, admiring, hear
His varied eloquence; admiring, view
Magnificence and regal state profuse
Beyond compare.

Charles Hoyle.

SON.

IN this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten *Son* into the world, that we might live through him.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his *Son* to be the propitiation for our sins.

And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the *Son* to be the Saviour of the world.—I. John, iv. 9, 10, 14.

OF all creation, first
Begotten *Son*, divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on Thee
Impressed, the effulgence of His glory bides;
Transfused in Thee His ample spirit rests.
The Heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein
By Thee created.

Milton.

The Lord of Hosts hath walked
This world of man; the one Almighty sent
His everlasting *Son* to wear the flesh,
And glorify this mortal human shape;
And the blind eyes unclosed to see the Lord,
And the dumb tongues broke out in songs of praise,
And the grave cast forth its wondering dead,
And trembling devils murmured sullen homage.

H. H. Milman.

I am ere the beginning. Manifold
Creation of the Father's will, by me
Expressed, in its begotten order rolled;
Image express of Him whom none may see,
My glory veils and shadows for behoof
Of all His creatures, His great Deity;
Whereof ye are partakers, though aloof

It dwells from you, ye in its light doth dwell,
Sun of the soul—a pattern and a proof.
The Father sitteth inaccessible
To eye or ear. In me His plenitude
Abides—His only *Son* for whom ye will,
Rays of that Radiance wherein may be viewed
His glory only. I His brightness am,
His word in whom He sole is understood.
J. A. Heraud.

SORROW.

MANY *sorrows* shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.—Psalm xxxii. 10.

Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.—Ecclesiastes, vii. 3.

For godly *sorrow* worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the *sorrow* of the world worketh death.—II. Corinthians, vii. 10.

OH, sacred *sorrow*, by whom hearts are tried
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide,
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker he has had his share?)
Still let me feel for what Thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment.
From the Russian.

I suffer now for what hath former been,
Sorrow is held the eldest son of sin.
John Webster.

Peace was theirs, and harmony within,
They know no *sorrow*, for they know no sin.
Whyte.

Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod;

And in thy chastening *sorrow*, see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed He will not break—
Afflictions all His children feel:
He wounds them for His mercy's sake—
He wounds to heal.

James Montgomery.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our *sorrows* known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Logan.

If affliction grasps thee rudely
And presents the rack and cup,
Drink the draught and brave the torture—
Even in despair,—look up!
Still look up! For One there liveth
With the will and power to save—
One who knows each human *sorrow*,
From the cradle to the grave.

J. L. Chester.

SOUL.

AND the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living *soul*.—Genesis, ii. 7.

Bless the Lord, O my *soul*: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.—Psalm ciii. 1.

I wait for the Lord, my *soul* doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My *soul* waiteth for the Lord more than they than watch for the morning.—Psalm cxxx. 5, 6.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own *soul*? or what shall a man give in exchange for his *soul*?—Matthew, xvi. 26.

THOUGH life, since finite, has so ill excuse
For being but in finite objects learned,
Yet sure the *soul* was made for little use,
Unless it be in infinites concerned.
Sir William Davenant.

But Thou which didst man's *soul* of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fallen again,
To make it new, the form of man didst take,
And, God with God, becam'st a man with men:

Thou that hast fashioned twice this *soul* of ours,
So that she is by double title thine;
Thou only know'st her nature and her powers,
Her subtile form Thou only canst define.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass the tropics and behold each pole;
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own *soul.*
Davies.

Poor *soul*, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a leese,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, *soul*, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more;
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men;
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Shakspere.

The *soul* which doth with God unite,
Those gaieties how doth she slight,
  Which o'er opinion sway!
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars or on Martyrs' shrines,
  How doth she burn away!

How violent are her throes till she
From envious earth deliver'd be,
  Which doth her flight restrain!
How doth she doat on whips and racks,
On fires, and the so dreaded axe,
  And every murdering pain!

How soon she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health,
  And fame's more precious breath;
And every gaudy circumstance
That doth the pomp of life advance
  At the approach of death.

W. Habington.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
  For Thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in the grave,
  And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie:
My music shows you have your closes,
  And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous *soul*,
Like season'd timber never gives,
But, though the whole world turns to coal,
  Then chiefly lives.

Herbert.

The *soul* of man (let man in homage bow
Who names his *soul*) a native of the skies!
High-born and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgaged for earth's little bribes.
Young.

Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her day.
Young.

The *soul*, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!
Addison.

For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robe, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The *Soul* should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning, disdainful, to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.
Akenside.

The *soul* on earth is an immortal guest,
Condemned to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark, which upwards tends by nature's force;
A stream, diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;

A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.
Hannah More.

Since *soul* decays not; freed from earth,
And earthly coils, it bursts away;
Receiving a celestial birth,
And spurning off its bonds of clay,
It soars and seeks another sphere,
And blooms through heaven's eternal year.
Moir.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the *soul* itself must issue forth,
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth,
And from the *soul* itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.
Coleridge.

The spirit leaves the body's wondrous frame,
That frame itself a world of strength and skill;
The nobler inmate new abodes will claim,
In every change to Thee aspiring still.

Although from darkness born, to darkness fled,
We know that light beyond surrounds the whole;
The man survives, though the weird corpse be dead,
And He who dooms the flesh, redeems the *soul*.
John Sterling.

Lord! we sit and cry to Thee,
  Like the blind beside the way:
Make our darkened *souls* to see
  The glory of Thy perfect day!
Lord! rebuke our sullen night,
And give Thyself unto our sight!

H. H. Milman.

The *Soul*!—the *Soul*!—with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire;
It shall spread its wings o'er the ills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained;
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.

Mrs. Sigourney.

That mysterious thing,
Which hath no limit from the walls of sense,—
No chill from hoary time,—with pale decay
No fellowship,—but shall stand forth unchanged,
Unscorched amid the resurrection fires,
To bear its boundless lot of good or ill.

Mrs. Sigourney.

SOWING.

THEY that *sow* in tears shall reap in joy.—Psalm cxxvi. 5.

In the morning *sow* thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good.—Ecclesiastes, xi. 6.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
  At eve hold not thine hand;

To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters *sow*,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early *sown*;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

John Sterling.

SPEECH.

DAY unto day uttereth *speech*, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.—Psalm xix. 2.

Let not an evil *speaker* be established in the earth.—Psalm cxl. 11.

Let your *speech* be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.—Colossians, iv. 6.

THE glittering heaven's refulgent glow,
And sparkling spheres of golden light,
Jehovah's work and glory show,
By burning day or gentle night.

In silence, through the vast profound,
They move their orbs of fire on high,
Nor *speech*, nor word, nor answering sound,
Is heard upon the tranquil sky;

Yet to the earth's remotest bar
Their burning glory all is known;
Their living light has sparkled far,
And on the attentive silence shone.

God 'mid the shining legions, rears
A tent where burns the radiant sun;
As, like a bridegroom bright, appears
The monarch, on his course begun.

From end to end of azure heaven
He holds his fiery path along;
To all, his circling heat is given,
His radiance flames the spheres among.

By sunny ray, and starry throne,
The wonders of our mighty Lord
To man's attentive heart are known,
Bright as the promise of His word.

J. W. Eastbourne.

First think; and if thy thoughts approve thy will,
Then *speak*; and, after, that thou *speak'st*,

fulfil.

Thomas Randolph.

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

Daniel Bates.

SPIRIT.

IF ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy *Spirit* to them that ask Him.—Luke, xi. 13.

The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things. —John, xiv. 26.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the *Spirit* gave them utterance.—Acts, ii. 2, 3, 4.

Likewise the *Spirit* also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the *Spirit* itself maketh intercession for us.—Romans, viii. 26.

Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.—I. Corinthians, vi. 19.

EVERY *spirit* as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and is more fairly dight
With cheerful grace, and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Spenser.

Darkness profound
Covered the abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the *Spirit* of God outspread,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
Throughout the fluid mass.

Milton.

Millions of *spiritual* creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake.

Milton.

Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete! to Thee.

Dryden.

That He, The Third
In the Eternal Essence, to the prayer
Sincere should come, should come as soon as asked,
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
To give Faith and Repentance, such as God Accepts.

Pollok.

Our God is a *Spirit*, and they who, aright,
  Would perform the pure worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek with delight,
  That *spirit* the Father approveth.

Bernard Barton.

Will He again in flames of glory
  From His celestial hill unfold
His *Spirit*, to confirm the story

Of the inspired Twelve of old?
Else, when the light so brightly glowing,
Each dark cloud fringing with its flame,
Like snow-white mantle lightly flowing
Around the Ethiop's sable frame?

Forth from the open doors of Heaven,
The radiance over all is shed;
A splendour to the earth is given,
Like glory round a saintly head!
The valleys all, the mountain spires,
The world and all therein, to-night
Are bathed in the celestial fire,
As once the Twelve were crowned with light!

To-morrow is the celebration
Of the out-flowing *Spirit's* might,
And all the earth, in preparation,
Is consecrated in this light!
And, like yon golden candles burning
Around the glorious evening skies,
The *Spirit's* holy fire returning,
From every Christian heart shall rise!

Gostick, from the German of Freiligrath.

'Tis a solemn place:
For this dark purple loam, wherein I lie,
And this green mould, the mother of bright flowers,
Was bone and sinew once, now decomposed;
Perhaps has lived, breathed, walked, as proud as we,
And animate with all the faculties,
And finer senses of the human soul!
And now what are they? To their elements
Each has returned, dust crumbled back to dust,
The *spirit* gone to God.

William Thompson Bacon.

When the *Spirit* of our God
Came down, His flock to find,
A voice from Heaven was heard abroad—

A rushing, mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start;
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone;
'Tis echoed in the heart.

Keble.

If yet the Holy *Spirit* deigns to dwell
In earthly domes, 'tis not in those defiled
With pride, with fraud, with rapine, or with lust;
'Midst the rough foliage of the thorny brake,
The clustering grape not blushes, and the fig
Decks not the prickly thistle's barren stalk;
Even thus shall all be measured by their fruits.

Charles Jenner.

On your souls
The *Spirit* of God shall dart with inward ray,
And heavenly light in fullest streams be poured.
Then shall ye to remotest peoples, Jew
Or Gentile, bear Christ's name, and through the world
Proclaim forgiveness of repented sins.

Thomas Hughes.

The *Spirit* of God
From Heaven descending, dwells in domes of clay;
In mode far passing human thought, He guides,
Impels, instructs: intense pursuit of good
And cautious flight of evil He suggests,
But in such gentle murmurs, that to know
His heavenly voice, we must have done His will.

John Hay.

STARS.

AND God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the *stars* also.—Genesis, i. 16.

Where wast thou when the morning *stars* sang together? —Job, xxxviii. 4, 7.

He telleth the number of the *stars*; he calleth them all by their names.—Psalm cxlvii. 4.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his *star* in the east, and are come to worship him.—Matthew, ii. 1, 2.

CONFUSION heard His voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
Till, at His second bidding, darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rolled orbicular, and turned to *stars*
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move:
Each had his place appointed, each his course.

Milton.

At His birth, a *star*
Unseen before in Heaven, proclaims Him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold,
His place of birth, a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night:
They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
Of squadroned angels, hear His carol sung:
A Virgin is His Mother, but His Sire,
The Power of the Most High.

Milton.

Child of the earth! oh, lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

Doth it not speak to every sense,
The marvels of Omnipotence?
Seest thou not there the Almighty name
Inscribed in characters of flame?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night;
Behold them!—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

Mark well each little *star*, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze:
Each is a world by Him sustain'd
Who from eternity hath reign'd.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,
Hath circling planets of its own,
And beings whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of Kings.
Mrs. Hemans.

Ye *stars*! bright legions that before all time,
Camped on yon plain of sapphire, what shall tell
Your burning myriads, but the eye of Him,
Who bade thro' heaven your golden chariots wheel,
Yet who earth-born can see your hosts, nor feel
Immortal impulses—Eternity?
What wonder if the o'erwrought soul should reel
With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye
See fate within your tracks of sleepless glory lie?

For ye behold the Mightiest. From that steep
What ages have ye worshipped round your King,
Ye heard his trumpet sounded o'er the deep
Of earth:—ye heard the morning angels sing.
Upon that orb now o'er me quivering,
The gaze of Adam fixed from Paradise?
The wanderers of the deluge saw it spring
Above the mountain's surge, and hailed its rise,
Lighting their lonely track with hope's celestial dyes.

On Calvary shot down that purple eye,

When, but the soldier and the sacrifice,
All were departed.—Mount of Agony!
But Time's broad pinion, ere the giant dies,
Shall cloud your clime.—Ye fruitage of the skies,
Your vineyard shall be shaken! From your urn,
Censers of heaven, no more shall glory rise
Your incense to the throne! The heavens shall burn!
For all your pomps are dust, and shall to dust return.

Croly.

And ye, bright sisters, *stars* my dear companions,
Which with enamel deck Heaven's azure field,
And to the heavenly lyre your steps adapting,
Knit and unknit your choruses harmonious,
Into your chain celestial introduced,
Ye shall direct mine eyes to that bright desert,
That view bewildering labyrinths of fire;
Your beams should teach me how to praise and show
Him whom ye seek, and whom, perhaps, ye see;
And merging in my breast his trembling brightness,
I should perceive in him all ye perceive.

Rev. W. Pulling, from Lamartine.

Ye quenchless *stars*! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies.

R. Montgomery.

Stars, wherefore do ye rise?
To light thy spirit to the skies.
J. Montgomery.

When up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where *stars* pursue their endless ways,
We think we see, from earth's low clod,
The wide and shining home of God.

'Tis vain to dream those tracts of space,
With all their worlds, approach His face:
One glory fills each wheeling ball—
One love has shaped and moved them all.

This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is no less His than yonder spheres;
And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by His immediate hand.
John Sterling.

Yet as the *stars*, the holy *stars* of night,
Shine out when all is dark,
So would I, cheered by hopes more purely bright,
Tread still the thorny path, whose close is light;
If, but at last, the tossed and weary barque,
Gains the sure haven of her final rest.
Lucy Hooper.

STILLNESS.

AND, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake:

And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a *still* small voice.—I. Kings, xix. 11, 12.

Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be *still*.—Psalm iv. 4.

Be *still*, and know that I am God.—Psalm xlvi. 10.

'Tis *stillness* now! A sudden stay
Has check'd the wild wind on its way,
As, screaming on its mother's breast,
At once the infant sinks to rest.
And now, throughout the wood, that late
Wav'd bending to the tempest's weight,
Nor could its depths an echo form,
Save to the wailing of the storm;
Nor bends a twig, nor breathes a breath:
'Tis silence, like the calm of death.
'Twould seem that winter had foregone,
By wrong unsurp'd, his stormy throne,
And giv'n the rightful sway again
To mild October's placid reign.
Or rather He, whose boundless force
Directs each month's, each season's course,
Who formed creation's works of old,
And, what He form'd, hath still controll'd,
Even He hath said, at whose high will
The wind or swells or falls, "Be *still*!"

Mant.

The Almighty King,
Not always in the splendid scene of pomp
Tremendous, on the sounding tempest rides,
Or sweeping whirlwind; nor in the awful peal
Of echoing thunder is He always heard,
Or seen in lightning's livid flames; but oft,
When every turbid element is hushed,
In the *still* voice of nature stands confest
The Lord Omnipotent.

Samuel Hayes.

STORM.

He commandeth, and raiseth the *stormy* wind.

He maketh the *storm* a calm.—Psalm cvii. 25, 29.

Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of Hosts with thunder, and with earthquake, and great noise, with *storm* and tempest.—Isaiah, xxix. 6.

THE *storm* was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

Addison.

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here
Safe shelter'd as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves
—
The madden'd waves, and know no succour near;
The howling of the *storm* alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light;
And in the dread of death to think of her
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale?
O God! have mercy on the mariner!

Southey.

A thunder-*storm*!—the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber riven,
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown?
With what a gloom the ush'ring scene appears!
The leaves all fluttering with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops patt'ring on the tree and bower,
While wizard shapes the low'ring sky deform,

—
All mark the coming of a thunder-*storm*.
R. Montgomery.

STRANGER.

I AM a *stranger* and a sojourner with you.—Genesis, xxiii. 4.

The Lord loveth the *stranger*, in giving him food and raiment.

Love ye therefore the *stranger*: for ye were *strangers* in the land of Egypt.—Deuteronomy, x. 18, 19.

Do no wrong, do no violence to the *stranger*.—Jeremiah, xxii. 3.

HE will vouchsafe
This day to be your guest: bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
The heavenly *stranger*.
Milton.

The *stranger's* heart! Oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The *stranger* finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
Are music round the household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The *stranger's* heart is with his own.

Thou think'st the children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;
Then are the *stranger's* thoughts opprest—
A mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend to friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the *stranger's* eye grow dim—

Far, far are those who've prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—
The voices of thy kindred band;
Oh! 'midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the *stranger's* heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

Why should I a *stranger* be
In my Father's dwelling,
While hill and river, rock and tree,
Of His love are telling?
Always heard, their simple voice,
Bidding child-like hearts rejoice,
Whispers us that love is near.
What we seek in yonder sphere,
Love can find it now, and here.

J. Gostick.

STREAM.

THERE is a river, the *streams* whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.—Psalm xlvi. 4.

He brought *streams* also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers.—Psalm lxxviii. 16.

In the wilderness shall waters break out, and *streams* in the desert.—Isaiah, xxxv. 6.

WHO see not that the valleys of the world
Might even right with the mountains: that they grow
Green and lie warmer; and ever peaceful are
When clouds spit fire at hills, and burn them bare.
Not valley's part, but we should imitate *streams*
That run below the valleys, and do yield
To every mole-hill; every bank embrace
That checks their currents; and when torrents

come,
That swell and raise them past their natural height,
How mad they are and troubled; like low *streams*
With torrents crown'd are men with diadems.
Chapman.

Around Thy throne, in peaceful *streams*,
O God! celestial pleasure glides;
The brightening wave Thine image beams,
Untinged by sorrow's darkened tides.

That *stream* my fainting spirit cheers
When sultry suns pour down their heat;
And when I cross the vale of tears,
It makes the cup of sorrow sweet.
J. Alexander.

I know a *stream*, a gentle *stream*
Which by a valley glides along,
That well might suit a Poet's theme,
Or fit a raptured Minstrel's song;
And often I have stood to look
On the calm beauty of that brook,
And thought the scene was such as might
Have shone upon Creation's morn,
When all the morning stars of light,
Sang joyously that earth was born;
And angels as they paused to see,
Joined the triumphant Jubilee!
And God himself in glory stood,
And there pronounced it very good.
Ann Pratt.

STRENGTH.

As thy days, so shall thy *strength* be.—Deuteronomy, xxxiii. 25.

The Lord is my *strength* and song, and is become my salvation.—Psalm cxviii. 14.

He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is His name.

He hath shewed *strength* with his arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.—Luke, i. 49, 51.

VIGOUR from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But ah! it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of *strength* supplies.

Beattie.

The *strength* of man sinks in the hour of trial;
But there doth live a power, that to the battle
Girdeth the weak.

Joanna Baillie.

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,—
While life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,—
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my *strength* shall be."

When, with sad footstep, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,—
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,—
Still to Thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my day, my *strength* shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang,—the keenest and the last;

And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her *strength* shall be."

Mrs. Sigourney.

STRIFE.

LET there be no *strife*, I pray thee, between me and thee.—Genesis, xiii. 8.

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence from the pride of man; Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the *strife* of tongues.—Psalm xxxi. 20.

He that passeth by, and meddleth with *strife* belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.—Proverbs, xxvi. 17.

Foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender *strifes*.—II. Timothy, ii. 22.

O SHAME to men! Devil with Devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and *strife*
Among themselves.

Milton.

O for thy children too confined!
Thy sons in peace thou canst not feed,
Doomed land! to strangers now resigned
  Such judgment hath begun on thee.
A foe, by thee unharmed indeed,
Sits at thy board and mocks thy toils,
Divides thy frantic people's spoils,
  And holds thy sword of sovereignty.

Frantic he too! O never! no,
Was nation blessed by blood and wrong;
The conquered feel not all the wo;

Still turns to tears the guilty's joy:
Though not his haughty way along
Th' eternal vengeance sweeps and breaks;
It follows, watches still, and wakes,
At his last moment to destroy.

Stamped in one image at our birth,
Made in the likeness all of one;
Ever at every part of earth
Where breath of life we may inherit,
Be brethren all! Our unison
Accursed be he to *strife* who turns,
Accursed who mocketh him that mourns,
Or saddeneth one immortal spirit!
From the Italian of Manzoni.

SUBMISSION.

SUBMIT yourselves therefore to God.—James, iv. 7.

Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake.—I. Peter, ii. 13.

SINCE 'tis Thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
I freely that and more resign,
My heart itself, as its delight is thine;
My little all I give to thee,
Thou gav'st a greater gift, Thy Son, to me.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give;
I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit
My paradise; I bless and do *submit*;
I will not murmur at thy word,
Nor beg thy angel to sheathe up his sword.
Norris.

Almighty power, I love Thee! blissful name,
My healer, God! and may my inmost soul
Love and adore for ever! Oh, 'tis good
To wait *submissive* at Thy holy throne,

To leave petitions at Thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries.

Watts.

Though round him numerous tribes,
Sworn foes to Heaven's dread Ruler, pitch their tents,
No wayward doubts or coward fears appal
The patriarch's soul. By the bright hope sustained
That in his seed all nations should be blessed,
Calm and unmoved the delegated seer
Submissive bends to the Eternal Will.

Samuel Hayes.

Christ had his sorrows—so must thou,
If thou wilt tread the path He trod—
O then, like Him, *submissive* bow,
And own the sovereignty of God.

Anon.

SUFFERING.

FOR I reckon that the *sufferings* of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—Romans, viii. 18.

Christ hath *suffered* for us in the flesh.

If any man *suffer* as a Christian let him not be ashamed. —I. Peter, iv. 1, 16.

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. —I. Peter, v. 10.

CHRIST *suffers*, and in this his tears begin;
Suffers for us, and joy on us bestows:
Suffers to death,—here is his manhood seen;

Suffers to rise,—and hence his Godhead shows;
For man that could not by himself have rose
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise;
And God that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live, by that sweet sacrifice.

Giles Fletcher.

They who have rarest joy, know joy's true measure;
They who most *suffer*, value *suffering's* pause;
They who but seldom taste the simplest pleasure,
Kneel oftenest to the Giver and the Cause.

Mrs. Norton.

O ye, whose hearts in secret bleed
O'er transient hope, like morning dew,
O'er friendship faithless in your need,
Or love to all its vows untrue,
Who shrink from persecution's rod,
Or slander's fang, or treachery's tone,
Look meekly to the Son of God,
And in His griefs forget your own.

Forsaken are ye?—so was He;
Reviled?—yet check the 'vengeful word;
Rejected?—should the servant be
Exalted o'er his *suffering* Lord?
Nor deem that Heaven's omniscient eye
Is e'er regardless of your lot,—
Deluded man from God may fly,
But when was man by God forgot?

Mrs. Sigourney.

SUN.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for He is good:

To Him that made great lights; the *sun* to rule by day: for His mercy endureth for ever.—Psalm cxxxvi. 1, 7, 8.

The Lord, which giveth the *sun* for a light by day; the Lord of Hosts is His name.—Jeremiah, xxxi. 35.

He maketh His *sun* to rise on the evil and on the good.—Matthew, v. 45.

WHEN creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, Thou didst make the *sun*
Impart a lustre, and allow them bright;
And in this, show what Christ hath done.
George Herbert.

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
From world to world the vital ocean round.
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: he hushed the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh ye hills, ye mossy rocks
Return the sound; the broad responsive low
Ye valleys raise, for the great shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Thomson.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious *sun*
Already half his race hath run,
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with thy grace through life's short day
Our upward and our downward way,
And glorify for us the west,

When we shall sink to final rest.

Wordsworth.

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal *sunshine* settles on its head.

Goldsmith.

Doth thy great Maker, *Sun!* forbid the thought,
That of his glory, thou one ray hast caught;
When thou go'st measuring the boundless skies,
Art thou not *Sun*! the brightness of his eyes?
Ah! if I've sometimes in misfortune's days
Blasphem'd the *sun's* vexation-causing rays;
And if I've cursed the gifts, receiv'd from thee,
My God! who readest hearts—O pardon me!

Pulling, from Lamartine.

I marvel not, O *sun*, that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,
Beauty and life and joyance from above.

Southey.

Source of light! thou mak'st the *sun*
On his burning axles run:
The stars like dust around him fly,
And strew the area of the sky:
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move;
To smooth his course oblique or straight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night,
Fills at his vase her orb of light,

Imparted lustre, thus we see
The solar virtues shine by thee!
Phœbus borrows from thy beams
His radiant locks, and golden streams!
Whence thy warmth and light disperse,
To cheer the grateful universe.

Samuel Wesley.

Cold and obscure, in vain the king and sage
Gave law and learning to the darkened age.
There was no present faith, no future hope,
Earth bounded then the earth-drawn horoscope;
Till to the east there rose the promised star—
Till rose the *Sun* of Righteousness afar—
Till on a world redeemed the Saviour shone,
Earth for His footstool,—Heaven for His throne.

Miss Landon.

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still thou art parting bright, shedding immortal light
Down on the throne of night—hail! setting *sun*!

Slow thou depart'st away, far from the realms of day,
Ling'ring in pity on summer's loved bowers;
Thy last ray is streaming, thy farewell tint beaming,
Yet soon thou'lt return to refreshen the flowers.

Thy parting brings sadness, yet nations in gladness
Are waiting to worship thee—fountain of light!
Where'er thy footsteps be, there do we beauty see,
Thou kindlest day in the dwellings of

night.

Where sleeps the thunder—there dost thou wander,
Down 'neath the ocean deep, there dost thou stray,
Kissing the stars at morn, high on the air upborne,
Skirting creation's far verge on thy way.

Grandeur and glory, they travel before thee,
Brightness and majesty walk in thy train!
Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee
When thou awak'st from the ocean again.

All own thy influence, kindly thou dost dispense
Blessings o'er nature where'er its bounds be;
Afric's lone desert, it blooms at thy presence;
And Lapland is turn'd into summer by thee.

Time cannot conquer thee, age cannot alter thee,
Years have no power to limit thy sway;
Strength and sublimity, still they attend on thee,
Pilgrim of ages, but not of decay.

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day it is done;
Still thou art parting bright, shedding immortal light
Down on the throne of night—hail! setting *sun*!

Robert Gilfillan.

O *Sun*! what makes thy beams so bright?
—The word that said "Let there be light!"

J. Montgomery.

SUPERSTITION.

THEN Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too *superstitious*.—Acts, xvii. 22.

'TIS *Superstition*! that
Dread bolt that seems to him and thee the home
Of torture, is the earth, the beauteous earth,
Created by thy God, a perfect thing,
All loveliness, and life, and light, to be
The dwelling-place of thee and thine—but this,
This ignorant, besotted fool, sees but
In that beneficent gift, where all is formed
For happiness, a scene of punishment
And death; turns every joy to bitterness,
Reproaches God with never-ending fears,
And, like a thankless wretch, dashes aside
The cup of happiness the Almighty hand
Gives to his lips, when he might know his praise,
And gratitude can but be shown by free
And innocent enjoyment; not content
That his own soul must suffer misery,
He would crush down his fellow-beings with
The weight of his own gloom. His voice shall fill
The earth with one loud cry; at his command,
The homes of thousands shall be desolate;
At his command, fathers shall give their sons
To be devoured by lingering fire, or stretched
Upon a wheel, whose racking torture tears
The victim limb-meal, and then lift their hands,
Their impious hands, to heaven, and call the deed
Of blasphemy a holy act. Weak fools!
To think it pleaseth Him who made them in
His image—that that image should be torn,
Defaced, and blotted.

Constantia Louisa Riddell.

But hence, far hence be ostentatious pomp,
And *superstition's* tinsel.

Samuel Hayes.

Fell *Superstition* leads
Her horrid train, engendered in the womb
Of her own mad imaginings.

A. Alexander.

SUPPER, THE LORD'S.

WHOSO eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.—John, vi. 54, 55.

The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread.

And when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—I. Corinthians, xi. 23, 24, 25, 26.

HIM first to love, great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the Food of Life, which now we have,
Even He Himself, in His dear Sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls, unto us lent.

Then next to love our brethren, that were made
Of that self-mould, and that self-Maker's hand.

Spenser.

I love to mingle there
In sympathy of praise and prayer,
And listen to that Living Word,
Which breathes the Spirit of the Lord:
Or, at the mystic table placed,
Those eloquent mementoes taste
Of Thee, Thou suffering Lamb divine,
Thy soul-refreshing bread and wine;
Sweet viands, given us to assuage
The faintness of the pilgrimage.

Thomas Grinfield.

And oft your willing steps renew, around the sacred board,
And break the bread, and pour the wine, in memory of your Lord:
To drink with me the grape's first juice, to you shall yet be given,
Fresh from the deathless vine that blooms in blest abodes of Heaven.

Thomas Dale.

Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and Living Bread.

Vine of Heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give;
To Thy cross we look and live.

Day by day, with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O' let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!

Conder.

Bow thee to earth, and from thee cast
  All stubbornness of human will;
Then dare to drink the Sacred Cup
  Thy God and Saviour died to fill.

Come with thy guilt new-washed in tears,
  Thy spirit raised in faith above;
Then drink, and so thy soul shall live,
  Thy Saviour's blood,—thy Saviour's love.

Miss Landon.

Break to us each, this day, our daily bread,
Nor let earth's fading food alone be given;
Feed us upon THY WORD,—in Christ our Head,
To find Thy Peace, the living Bread from Heaven.

H. H. Weld.

For say, can fancy, fond to weave the tale
Of bliss ideal, feign more genuine joy
Than thine, Believer, when the man of God
Gives to thy hand the consecrated cup,
Blessed memorial of a Saviour's love!
Glowing with zeal, the humble penitent
Approacheth: Faith her fostering radiance points
Full on his contrite heart: Hope cheers his steps,
And Charity, the fairest in the train
Of Christian virtues, swells his heaving breast
With love unbounded.

Thomas Zouch.

So is it with true Christian hearts;
  Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
An everlasting bond imparts
  Of holiest brotherhood:
Oh! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive, do good and love,
By soft endearments in kind strife
Lightening the load of daily life!

Keble.

Thou who didst taste
Of man's infirmities, yet bar his sins
From thine unspotted soul, forsake us not
In our temptations, but so guide our feet,
That our Last *Supper* in this world may lead
To that immortal banquet by thy side,
Where there is no betrayer.

Mrs. Sigourney.

By chain yet stronger must the soul be tied:
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, memorial Sacrament,
The offspring, haply at the parents' side;
But not till they, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners died,
Here must my song in timid reverence pause;
But shrink not, ye, whom to the saving rite
The Altar calls; come early, under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on, nor dread its weight,
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause.

Wordsworth.

Here He led
From the Last *Supper*, when the hymn was sung,
His few grieved followers out, in that drear night,
When, in the garden, on the mountain's slope,
His agony wrung forth the crimson drops!
While these sad pictures hang upon thy sides,
Thou consecrated height, dissolve the heart
In pious sorrow!

Hannah F. Gould.

SUPPLICATION.

I CRIED to Thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord I made *supplication*.—Psalm xxx. 8.

Let my *supplication* come before Thee: deliver me according to Thy word.—Psalm cxix. 170.

O my God incline Thine ear, and hear: for we do not present our *supplications* before Thee for our righteousnesses, but for Thy great mercies.—Daniel, ix. 18.

OH, when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame;
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let "Come, ye blessed" then call me.

Oh, hear a *suppliant* heart all crush'd
And crumbled into contrite dust;
My Hope, my Fear, my Judge, my Friend,
Take charge of me, and of my end.

Crashaw.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My *suppliant* voice is heard. Ah, do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountains, on the verdant sod,
When the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lone, communing with my God.

Beckford.

From lowest depths of woe
To God I send my cry;
Lord bear my *supplicating* voice,
And graciously reply!

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word!

Let Israel trust in God;
  No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
  Eternal succour flows.

Brady and Tate.

TEACHING.

BLESSED is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and *teachest* him out of Thy law.—Psalm xciv. 12.

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus:

The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto Him, Rabbi, we know that Thou art a *teacher* come from God.—John, iii. 1, 2.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; *teaching* and admonishing one another.—Colossians, iii. 16.

THE azure vault, the crystal circles bright,
The gleaming, fiery torches powdered there,
The changing round, the shining, beamy light,
The sad and bearded fires, the monsters fair,
And prodigies appearing in the air;
The rending thunders, and the blust'ring winds,
The birds in hue, and shape, and nature rare;
The pretty notes of winged musicians fine;
Of earth the saucy flowers, the metalled mine,
The wholesome herbs, the healthful, pleasant trees,
The silver streams, the beasts of sundry kinds;
The bounding waves and fishes of the seas:
  All these for *teaching* man the Lord did frame,
  To do His will whose glory shines in flame.

King James I.

If man sleeps on, *untaught* by what he sees,
Can he prove infidel to what he feels?

Young.

Father of light and life! Thou good Supreme!
O *teach* me what is good! *Teach* me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit.

Thomson.

Spirit of Light! do Thou impart
Majestic truths, and *teach* my heart;
Teach me to know how weak I am,
How vain my powers, how poor my frame;
Teach me celestial paths untrod,
The ways of glory and of God.

Crabbe.

Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined,
  Thy work to seek, Thy will to do;
And while we *teach* the youthful mind,
  Our own be *taught* Thy lessons too.

Miss Landon.

  Chief of the household Gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly Scottish homes!
  While looking at thy signs
Which speak, though dumb, deep thought
  upon me comes—
With sad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirred,
Like childhood when it hears the carol of a bird!

  The mountains old and hoar—
The chainless winds—the streams so pure and free—
  The God-enamelled flowers—
The waving forest—the eternal sea—
The eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow—
Are *teachers* all; but oh! they are not such as

thou!

Robert Nicoll.

To conquer hate,
And in its place to cherish love unfeigned,
Forgiveness and forgetfulness of wrongs,
No precepts but the perfect law of Christ,
No *teacher* but the blessed Son of God,
Could e'er instruct mankind.

C. P. Layard.

Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er, its labours done;
Where waving boughs, between the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
Which grief sententious gives to marble pale,
Shall *teach* the heart; while waters, leaves, and birds
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Willis G. Clark.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous *teachers*,
From loneliest nook.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from the voice of *teachers* and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines.

Horace Smith.

TEARS.

My *tears* have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?—Psalm xlii. 3.

The Lord God will wipe away *tears* from off all faces.—Isaiah, xxv. 8.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all *tears* from their eyes. —Revelation, vii. 16, 17.

Not when the earth revives with genial heat,
To fresh and blooming flowers, the bee applies
With such delight, and bears on loaded thighs
The fragrant treasure to her loaded seat;
Not young and timorous hind with course so fleet,
Escaped to trackless forest from the cries
Of fell pursuit, now unsuspected flies,
Panting to reach the cooling waters sweet,
As I in those hot *tears* exult, which shower
From my relenting eyes, when up to God,
With love or kindling zeal my heart ascends.
"How great," in transport thus my soul I pour,
"Must be their glory in the blest abode,
Whose joy the pleasure of my grief transcends!"

From the Italian of Gabriel Fiamma.

No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear;
From every face He wipes off every *tear*.

Pope.

To hurry at thy mandate, matchless King!
The orbs of night have cars of sapphire dyes;

To reach Thee th' eagle hath at least his wing,
And nought have we except our sighs!

May thy saints' voice ascend and calm thy wrath,
Terrestrial incense is the just man's prayer;
But pass we sinners, nought the sinner hath,
Unto thy shrine, but *tears* to bear.

Lamartine.

Raise it to Heaven when thine eye fills with *tears*,
For only in a watery sky appears
The bow of light; and from th' invisible skies
Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping eyes.

Frances Ann Kemble.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O, human love!
E'en on this greensward; night hath heard thy cry,
Heart-stricken one! thy precious dust above,
Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply
Unto thine agony!
But he who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
Christ, hath arisen, O love! thy *tears* shall all be dried.

Mrs. Hemans.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well —
That is light grieving! lighter none befel,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are *tears*? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing: at her marriage bell
The bride weeps: and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Commend the

grace,
Mourners who weep! Albeit, as some have done,
Ye grope, *tear*-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs,—look up! Those *tears* will run,
Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear, for stars and sun.

Miss Barrett.

O, turn, and be thou turned! The selfish *tear*,
In bitter thoughts of low-born care begun,
Let it flow on, but flow refined and clear,
The turbid waters brightening as they run.

Let it flow on, till all thine earthly heart
In penitential drops have ebbed away;
Then fearless, turn where Heaven hath set thy part,
Nor shudder at the eye that saw thee stray.

O, lost and found! All gentle souls below
Their dearest welcome shall prepare, and prove
Such joy o'er thee as raptured seraphs know,
Who learn their lesson at the Throne of Love.

Keble.

What sadder scene can angels view
Than self-deceiving *tears*,
Poured idly over some dark page
Of earlier life, though pride or rage
A record of to-day engage,
A woe for future years?

Keble.

For Spring, and flowers of Spring,
Blossoms and what they bring,
Be our thanks given;
Thanks for the maiden's bloom,
For the sad prison's gloom;
And for the sadder tomb,

E'en as for heaven!

Great God thy will be done,
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks,
Done when the righteous bleed,
When the wrong'd vainly plead,
Done in the mended deed,
When the heart breaks.

Lo! how the dutiful
Snows clothe in beautiful
Life, the dead earth!
Lo! bow the clouds distil
Riches o'er vale and hill,
While the storm's evil will
Dies in its birth!

Bless'd is the unpeopled down,
Bless'd is the crowded town,
Where the tir'd groan:
Pain but appears to be;
What are man's fears to Thee,
God! if all *tears* shall be
Gems on Thy throne.

E. Elliot.

And *tears* once filled His eye
Beside a mortal's grave,
Who left His throne on high
The lost to seek and save.
And fresh, from age to age,
Their memory shall be kept,
While man shall bless the page
Which tells that Jesus wept!

Bernard Barton.

Alas! who hath not *tears* on earth,
Perchance though often wept unseen?
On every soil they have their birth,
In hearts where blithest smiles have been.

Tears are the blessings of the heart,
When nature oft would fain rebel,

Yet bends beneath the rending dart,
And *tears* her deepest anguish tell.

Tears are the heir-loom of our race,
From sire to son profusely given;
Bright dew-drops on the mourner's face,—
Bright only in the light of Heaven.

In that pure light the mother sees
Through her fast *tears* the cloud grow bright;
Hope gilded with sweet promises,
Smiling upon the brow of night.

Faith draws the distant vision nigh,
Where basks her child in thornless bowers;
While cherub hands suppress each sigh,
And wreath her heart with fadeless flowers.

In that bright world no *tears* are seen,
For God hath wiped all *tears* away;
Earth's last deep groan of anguish keen
Ne'er mingles with Redemption's lay.

Washed in the Saviour's cleansing blood,
The white-robed saints in glory stand,
Hailing Earth's lingerers o'er the flood
To the full bliss of Canaan's land.

Oh, blest re-union! No more *tears*
Shall dim the sun-blaze of the soul,
But smiles shall be the chroniclers
Of joys that own not death's control.

W. J. Brock.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a *tear*,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,

And guides the planets in their course.
Rogers.

TEMPERANCE.

EVERY man that striveth for the mastery is *temperate* in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.—I. Corinthians, ix. 25.

IF all the world
Should, in a pet of *Temperance*, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-Giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half His riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve Him as a grudging master,
And a penurious niggard of His wealth.
Milton.

Nature, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictates of spare *Temperance*.
Milton.

Rarely shall that path be trod,
Which without horror leads to death's abode.
Some few, by *temperance* taught, approaching slow,
To distant fate by easy journeys go;
Gently they lay them down, as evening sheep
On their own woolly fleeces softly sleep.
Dryden.

Grateful and salutary spring the plants
Which crown our numerous gardens, and
Invite to health and *temperance*, in the simple meal
Unpoisoned with rich sauces, to provoke
Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.

For this the bulbous esculents their roots
With sweetness fill; for this with cooling juice
The green herb spreads its leaves; and opening buds,
And flowers, and seeds, with various flavours.

Dodsley.

He who can guard 'gainst the low baits of sense,
Will find Temptation's arrows hurtless strike
Against the brazen shield of *Temperance*.
For 'tis the inferior appetites enthral
The man, and quench the immortal light within him;
The senses take the soul an easy prey,
And sink the imprison'd spirit into brute.

H. More.

TEMPLE.

THE Lord is in His holy *temple*, the Lord's throne is in heaven.—Psalm xi. 4.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His *temple*.—Psalm xxvii. 4.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven.

And I saw no *temple* therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the *temple* of it.—Revelation, xxi. 2, 22.

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on every side arise,
Discarding life, impatient for the skies!

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy *temple* bend.

Pope.

'Twas thee
The almighty chose among the sons of men,
To dedicate a *temple* to His name,
Where He whose awful presence fills the vast
Immensity of space, who makes the clouds
His chariot, rides sublime the whirlwind's wing,
And guides the raging storm, would deign to dwell,
And make His presence known. The exalted task
Thy wisdom worthily performed.

William Hodson.

The groves were God's first *temples*. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the root above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

W. C. Bryant.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue.

Not now, on Zion's height alone,
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this Thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To Thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are roll'd.

To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverend air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall *temples* rise, and praise be sung.

Pierpont.

And now the assembled Hosts advance, and glow
Into a hymn as they ascend the hill,
In numbers without number, singing so.
"Glad was I when they said to me, we will
Go up into the *Temple* of the Lord;
Lo, we shall dwell in Salem."
Thus, until
They reached the sacred gates, did they record
Their raptures in no mortal verse; their strain
Of higher mood they raised and bolder word.

J. A. Heraud.

In a *temple* fair to see,
Gracious Lord, we worship Thee:
Meet it is that we should come
Duly to the hallowed dome;
Kneel, and pray, our sins confessing,
Asking—hoping for Thy blessing.

Egone.

TEMPTATION.

THEN was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be *tempted* of the devil.—Matthew, iv. 1.

Lead us not into *temptation*.—Matthew, vi. 13.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into *temptation*.—Matthew, xxvi. 41.

There hath no *temptation* taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be *tempted* above that ye are able; but will with the *temptation* also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.—I. Corinthians, x. 13.

NOT thou mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me
Firm we subsist yet possibly to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborned,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch as she was warned.
Seek not *temptation* then; which to avoid
Were better! * * * trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience: th' other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer that thus warned thou seem'st,
Go, for thy stay not free absents thee more,
Go, in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part; do thine.

Milton.

When gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should *tempt* my soul to stray

From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt *temptation's* power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

Grant.

And now came on *temptation's* demon hour
To crush the Saviour! By the Holy Ghost
Constrained, within a desert's trackless wild
Alone He wandered, unperceived by eyes
Of mortal; there to fathom time and truth,
Redemption and the vast designs of Love.

*****

Thus forty days of dire *temptation* leagued
Their might hell-born, with hunger, thirst, and pain.
Meanwhile, in thankless calm the world reposed,
Life went her rounds, and busy hearts maintain'd
Their wonted purpose: still uprose the parent orb,
And all the dewy ravishment of flowers
Enkindled; day and ocean mingled smiles,
And then, meek night with starr'd enchantment rose,
While moonlight wander'd o'er the palmy hills
Of green-hair'd Palestine: and thus unmark'd
By aught portentous, save demonian wiles,
His fasting period in the desert gloom
Messiah braved.

Robert Montgomery.

The *Tempter* to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee:"
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

Thus to the Lord I made my cry;

He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves roll'd by;
He beckon'd and the winds were still.
J. Montgomery.

O trembling, learn
That Peter, too, was chosen by his Lord,
Admonished, and forewarned, and resolute,
And sworn to persevere in righteousness;
Yet in the hour of trial, Peter fell.
Into *temptation* lead us not, O God!
But with Thy hand deliver us from ill!
Cockburn.

He who sends *temptation*, giveth
Strength to meet and overcome the foe,
If but to Him we pray,
And in Him put our trust.
Egone.

THANKFULNESS.

O LORD my God, I will give *thanks* unto thee for ever.—Psalm xxx. 12.

Enter into his gates with *thanksgiving*, and into his courts with praise: be *thankful* unto him, and bless his name.—Psalm c. 4.

In every thing give *thanks*; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—I. Thessalonians, v. 18.

A THANKFUL heart hath earned me favour twice,
But he that is ungrateful wants no vice.
Quarles.

God is much displeased
That you take with *unthankfulness* His doing;
In common, worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly
lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the debt it lent you.

Shakspere.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
  My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
  In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumber'd blessings on my head
  Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
  From whom those blessings flow'd.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
  My daily *thanks* employ;
Nor is the least a grateful heart,
  To taste those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
  The glorious theme renew.

Addison.

Break forth into *thanksgiving*,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords!
Unite, to praise the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of
words,
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon:
Thou too be heard lone eagle! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six days work, by flaming Seraphim
Transmits to Heaven! as deep to deep
Shouting through one valley rolls;
All worlds, all nature, mood and measure
keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation poured

Into the ear of God—their Lord.

Wordsworth.

Is there any smile of prophecy upon the
world's wide face?
Among the striving millions there, say who
shall win the race?
'Mid fallen towers, and falling thrones, and
glories that decay,
Will any kingdom rise to shine in everlasting
day?

One spirit powers His riches o'er all the earth
abroad,
And all these changing pictures shew the
glory of our God.
But, would you know the meaning and the
virtue of the whole,
Descend to yonder vale, where dwells one
happy human soul.

There sitting in the sunshine, the grey-haired
labourer see,
He smiles upon his grandson there, who
plays besides the tree;
Where, when a child, he played himself, and
soon its bough shall wave,
When he rests from all his labours, above his
quiet grave!

Oh yes; there is a meaning and a rest for
every heart,
Not in gazing on the whole, but in doing well
a part;
Where rests in peace and *thankfulness*, one
reasonable soul,—
There centres all the happiness, the wisdom
of the whole!

J. Gostick.

THOUGHT.

O LORD, how great are thy works? and thy *thoughts* are very deep.—Psalm xcii. 5.

I hate vain *thoughts*; but thy law do I love.—Psalm cxix. 113.

The *thoughts* of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord.—Proverbs, xv. 26.

Which of you by taking *thought* can add one cubit unto his stature.—Matthew, vi. 27.

MY words fly up, my *thoughts* remain below;
Words without *thoughts* never to Heaven go.
Shakspere.

Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let vain *thoughts* no more thy *thoughts* abuse;
But sown in darkness let them lie;
So live the better, let the worst *thoughts* die!
Sir Walter Raleigh.

Think that is just; 'tis not enough to do,
Unless thy very *thoughts* are upright too.
Thomas Randolph.

His pure *thoughts* were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels' wings, through ways
Of light to the bright Source of all.
Congreve.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,—
Through *thinking*, few, or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not *thoughts* to cease;
And he speaks best, that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
  Our kinsmen at the grave,
But virtues of the mind unto
  The heavens with us we have;
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
  I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
  To deem in *thinking* spent.

Lord Vaux.

Thoughts uncontrolled and unimpressed, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of one world confined.

Young.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery fields in endless view survey,
Glittering in beams of visionary day;
O yet while Fate delays th' impending blow,
Be roused to *thought*, anticipate the woe;
Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill.

Beattie.

O reader, had you in your mind,
  Such stores as silent *thought* can bring,
O gentle reader, you would find
  A tale in everything.

Wordsworth.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our *thoughts* are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the various avenues of sense,
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Frightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.

Rogers.

God is great and right!
He crowned man's brow with radiant orbs of light—
Light which inspires all abstracts, and prints
On each twin lens all images and tints.
To contract, brings the world beyond our span,
And makes the farthest star converse with man;
To read His works, God thus illumed the head,
But made man's breast no window to be read.
Glory to God; though given to King and Pope,
To seal our eyes, our bosoms none can ope;
There still shall freedom one asylum find:
Go to, make creeds and laws to scourge mankind;
Enthral them, hand and foot, and sight and speech,
Thought only, *thought* is barred beyond your reach;
What racks can bind? or what research unveil
The soul, with flesh encompassed as a mail
Of proof, impervious, save to God alone,
Defies her labours, and resumes her own.
Whether she break communion with the tongue
And bid it mock you with the lie you wrung,
Or scorning such degenerate use of breath,
Escape with truth, and leave you dust and death.

Nicholas Thorning Moile.

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou little *thought*,
That in the curtained chamber of the soul
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do
A secret work? Look to the hues that roll
O'er the changed brow—the moving lips behold—
Linking thee unto speech—the feet that

run
Upon thy errands, and the deeds that stamp
Thy lineage plain before the noon-day sun;
Look to the pen that writes thy history down
In those tremendous books that ne'er unclose
Until the day of doom, and blush to see
How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,
Where all things tend to judgment. So beware,
O, erring human heart! what *thought* thou lodgest there.

Mrs. Sigourney.

Methought I heard a reverend old man speak;
Grey were his locks, his eyes were calmly bright,
The rosiness of youth was on his cheek,
And, as he spoke, a heaven of truth and light
Open'd itself upon my inner sight;
While, banish'd by his accents soft and meek,
Dissolve itself in holy harmony.
Then to the old man, doubtfully, I said,
"Yet in the world these evils are not dead!"
But, confidently, thus he gave reply—
"As in my *thoughts*, so in the world they lie."—
And with these words he rais'd his drooping head.

J. Gostick.

Free from guile, and free from sin,
May the *thoughts* my breast within,
Gracious God, Thy favour win!

Egone.

TIDINGS.

BLESSED is the man that feareth the Lord.

He shall not be afraid of evil *tidings*: his heart is fixed,

trusting in the Lord.—Psalm cxii. 1, 7.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you good *tidings* of great joy, which shall be to all people.—Luke, ii. 8, 10.

THE *tidings* which that infant brings,
Are not for conquerors, or for kings:
Not for the sceptre or the brand,
For crowned head, or red right hand.
But to the contrite and the meek,
The sinful, sorrowful, and weak:
Or those who, with a hope sublime,
Are waiting for the Lord's good time.
Only for those the angels sing,
"All glory to our new-born King,
And peace and good-will unto men,
Hosanna to our God! Amen!"

Miss Landon.

Sent from the ark, the dove, with timid flight,
Strove through the storms, yet found not where to light;
Pursued by winds o'er restless ocean's roar,
Back to the flood-tossed crew no leaf she bore:
So through the past man's tempest-driven mind,
Sent fancy forth some resting-place to find;
O'er bush, tree, hill, she winged her trackless way,
Nor foothold found her weary flight to stay;
Back o'er the sea on terror-haunted air,
She flew, to tell the *tidings* of despair;
Again she flies for fairer forms to seek,
And lo! the olive borne upon her beak!
Hear her glad news,—she rested on the tomb,
Saw the dawn break, and flit the ancient gloom!
Through night she swept, and heard the

gentle fall
Of angel footsteps in its silent hall;
Upborne from earth, in strong and joyous flight,
Fearless she sought the empyrean height,
Gazed on the source whence pours the living ray,
On earth's time-shadows, God's eternal day.
John Brooks Fellon.

TIME.

O LORD, Thou art my God: my *times* are in Thy hand.—Psalm xxxi. 14, 15.

It is *time* to seek the Lord.—Hosea, x. 12.

It shall come to pass that at evening *time* it shall be light.—Zechariah, xiv. 7.

But this I say, brethren, the *time* is short.—I. Corinthians, vii. 29.

Behold, now is the accepted *time*: behold, now is the day of salvation.—II. Corinthians, vi. 2.

And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven,

And sware by him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be *time* no longer.—Revelation, x. 5, 6.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And *time* that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

Shakspere.

Misshapen *time*, copesmate of ugly night;
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare:
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.

Shakspere.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of *time* on aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger, till he render right.

Shakspere.

Time is so swift that none can match his course,—
Time is so strong that none can match his force:
Like to a thiefe *Time* stealingly doth haste;
No man can call *Time* backe when *Time* is past.

*****

Time is as swift as thought—the swift'st-wing'd swallow
Cannot endure the flight of *Time* to follow:
Time is of the Ubiquitaries' race,—
Time's here, *Time*'s there, *Time* is in every place;
Time is divided in a three-fold sum,
Time past, *Time* present, and the *Time* to come.

A present *Time* I presently intreat,
For therein lies the sum of my conceit,
For *Time* (once past) can never be recall'd.
And therefore *Time* is figured to be bald.

Peter Small.

Fly, envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is our gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine,
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O *Time*!

Milton.

Throw years away!
Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize
Heavens on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy.

Young.

O *Time*! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Young.

Time as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unroil'd and swift, and of a silken sound;
But the World's *Time*, is *Time* in masquerade!
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledged,
With motley plumes; and where the peacock shews
His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves.
Cowper.

"Why sits thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?"

"Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried,
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

Before my breath, like smoking flax,
Man and his marvels pass away,
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When *time* and thou shalt part for ever!"
Sir Walter Scott.

Time speeds away—away—away:
Another hour—another day—

Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflet sear;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away,
Like torrent in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that blest;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away:
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed—from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Knox.

Time, as he courses onwards, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The undistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare, or to reward.

Coleridge.

And who is he, the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandalled with the storm?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head,
To highest Heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And hark! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice—that *time* shall be no

more!

Bishop Heber.

I ask'd an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
"*Time* is the warp of life," he said, "Oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
I ask'd the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
"*Time* sow'd the seed we reap in this abode!"
I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins.—"*Time!*" he replied;
"I've lost it! ah, the treasure!" and he died.
I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answered, "*Time* is but a meteor glare,"
And bade us for Eternity prepare.
I ask'd the Seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
"'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize!"
I ask'd a spirit lost, but oh, the shriek
That pierc'd my soul! I shudder while I speak!
It cried, "a particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"
Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply—
"*Time* is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory, or the path of hell!"
I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
"*Time* is the present hour, the past is fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any living being rose or set!"
I ask'd old Father *Time* himself at last;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past:—
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I ask'd a mighty angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land:
"By Heaven," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er;
Time was," he cried, "but *Time* shall be no more!"

Joshua Marsden.

O *Time*! the fatal wreck of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtains over kings.
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a record, are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid i' the dust,
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings, 'scape *Time's* rust;
But he whose name is 'graved in the white stone,
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

Mrs. Anne Bradstreet.

Be silent and still, for his end draweth near,
And watch with a quivering breath;
No mortal eye beheld his birth,
But all shall behold his death,
For the nations from every land and clime
Shall gather to gaze on the close of *Time*.

The Moon shall look down with a tearful eye,
And the Sun shall withhold his fire,
And the hoary Earth, all parched and dry,
Shall flame for his funeral pyre,
When the Angel, that standeth on earth and shore,
Proclaimeth that "*Time* shall be no more!"

Edward Pollok.

O, God of *times*, and yet, in *time* a man!
Before all *times* thy *time* of being was;
And yet in *time* thy human birth began,
Lest we should fade, *untimely*, like the

grass,—
Thou that hast said thy word should never pass,
And thou that dost all *times* begin and end,—
Vouchsafe thy comfort to my sad soul send.

G. Ellis.

A moment is a mighty thing,
Beyond the soul's imagining,
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied lot!
How much of life, life cannot see,
Darts onward to eternity!
While vacant hours of beauty roll
Their magic o'er some yielded soul,
Ah! little do the happy guess
The sum of human wretchedness;
Or dream, amid the soft farewell
That *time* of them is taking,
How frequent mourns the funeral knell,
What noble heart is breaking,
While myriads to their tombs descend
Without a mourner, creed, or friend!

R. Montgomery.

TO-DAY—TO-MORROW.

BOAST not thyself of *to-morrow*, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—Proverbs, xxvii. 1.

Ye know not what shall be on the *morrow*.—James, iv. 14.

TO-DAY is yesterday returned; returned
Full-powered to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessors' fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.

Young.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;

At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve.
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on *to-morrow's* dawn.
Where is *to-morrow*? in another world.
And yet on this perhaps, this peradventure,
(Infamous for lies) as on a rock of adamant
We build our mountain hopes, spin our eternal schemes,
And big with life's futurities expire.

Young.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry,
In what far country does this *morrow* lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this *morrow* live?
'Tis so far fetch'd this *morrow*, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

Cowley.

To-morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward and the fool, condemned to lose
An useless life in waiting for *to-morrow*,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect:
Strange! that this general fraud, from day to day,
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.

Dr. Johnson.

To-morrow then begins the task, you say:
Alas! you'll act *to-morrow* as *to-day*:
What? is one day, (you cry,) too much to ask?
Trust me *to-morrow* shall commence the task.

But think, ere yet *to-morrow's* dawn come on,
Our yesterday's *to-morrow* will be gone.
Thus, while the present from the future borrows,
To-morrows slowly creep upon *to-morrows*,
Till months and years behold the task undone,
Which, still beginning, never is begun.
Just as the hinder of two chariot wheels
Still presses closely on its fellow's heels;
So flies *to-morrow*, while you fly so fast,
For ever following, and for ever last.

Howes, from Persius.

To-morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, *To-morrow*.
Go to—I will not hear of it—*To-morrow*!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—*To-morrow!*
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calender.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

Cotton.

As Time glides on in silent flow,
  To-day yields to *to-morrow*;
To-morrow's expectations grow
  To-day's own bliss or sorrow.

Still, as *to-morrow's* sun appears,
  It shines upon *to-day*;
So, realized, our hopes and fears

For ever melt away.

Anon.

TONGUE.

THE *tongue* of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness.

A wholesome *tongue* is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit.—Proverbs, xv. 2, 4.

The *tongue* is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

And the *tongue* is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the *tongue* among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell.

The *tongue* can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God.

Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be.—James, iii. 5, 6, 8, 9, 10.

THE man
In whom this spirit entered, was undone.
His *tongue* was set on fire of hell, his heart
Was black as death, his legs were faint with haste
To propagate the lie his soul had framed.

Pollok.

Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect, or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonour or defile the *tongue*;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at the market price!

Cowper.

Nor did the pulpit's oratory fail
To achieve its higher triumph.—Not unfelt
Were its admonishments, nor lightly heard
The awful truths, delivered thence by *tongues*
Endowed with various power to search the soul.

Wordsworth.

From idle words that restless throng,
And haunt our hearts when we would pray,
From pride's false chime, and jarring wrong,
Seal Thou my lips, and guard the way:
For Thou hast sworn that every ear,
Willing, or loth, Thy trump shall hear,
And every *tongue* unchained be,
To own no hope, O God, but Thee.

Keble.

TREASURE.

TREASURES of wickedness profit nothing: but righteousness delivereth from death.—Proverbs, x. 2.

Lay not up for yourselves *treasures* upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves *treasures* in heaven:

For where your *treasure* is, there will your heart be also. —Matthew, vi. 19, 20, 21.

HE is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, He is bread;
If any be a bondman, He is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is He!
To dead men life He is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy, wealth—
A pleasure without loss, a *treasure* without stealth.

Giles Fletcher.

Not to understand a *treasure's* worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
Cowper.

Engage this roving treacherous heart,
Great God! to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my *treasure* with me bear.

If Thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and cheerful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.
Doddridge.

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp, and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he, who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of *treasure* in the skies.
Mrs. Sigourney.

What are they?—gold and silver,
Or what such ore can buy?
The price of silken luxury—
Rich robes of Tyrian dye?
Guests that come thronging in
With lordly pomp and state?
Or thankless liveried serving men,
To stand about the gate?

Or are they daintiest meats,

Sent up on silver fine?
Or golden cups o'er brimm'd
With rich Falernian wine?
Or parchments, setting forth
Broad lands our fathers held?
Parks for our deer, ponds for our fish,
And woods that may be fell'd?

No, no! they are not these! or else
God help the poor man's need!
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones,
He would be poor indeed!
They are not these—our household wealth
Belongs not to degree:
It is the love within our souls—
The children at our knee!

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand:—
And this he kisseth tenderly,
And that sweet names doth call;
For I know he has no *treasure*
Like those dear children small!

Oh, children young, I bless ye!
Ye keep such love alive!
And the home can ne'er be desolate
Where love has room to thrive!
Oh, precious household *treasures*,
Life's sweetest, holiest claim—
The Saviour bless'd ye while on earth—
I bless ye in His name!

Mary Howitt.

TREE.

THE *trees* of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted.—Psalm civ. 16.

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the *trees*:

therefore every *tree* which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.—Matthew, iii. 10.

Every good *tree* bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt *tree* bringeth forth evil fruit.—Matthew, xii. 17.

A TREE was first the instrument of strife,
When Eve to sin her soul did prostitute;
A *tree* is now the instrument of life,
Though ill that trunk, and Christ's fair body suit;
Ah, cursed *tree*! and yet, oh, blessed fruit!
That death to Him, this life to us doth give:
Strange is the cure when things past cure revive,
And the physician dies to make his patient live.

Giles Fletcher.

Like crowded forest *trees* we stand,
And some are marked to fall:
The axe shall smite, at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay *tree*, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless have I seen;
I passed, and they were gone.

Cowper.

Of all the *trees* that in earth's vineyard grow,
And with their clusters tempted man to pull
And eat, one *tree* alone the true
Celestial manna bore, which filled the soul.
The *tree* of holiness, of heavenly seed,
A native of the skies, though stunted made,
And dwarfed by time's cold, damp, ungenial soil,
And chilling winds, yet yielding fruit so pure,
So nourishing and sweet, as on his way
Refreshed the pilgrim; and begot desire
Unquenchable, to climb the arduous path
To where her sister plants, in their own

clime,
Around the fount and by the stream of life,
Blooming beneath the sun that never sets,
Bear fruit of perfect relish fully ripe.

Pollok.

God spake: the hills and plains put on
Their robe of freshest green;
Dark forest in the valleys wave,
And budding *trees* are seen.
The word of His breath clothes the forest with leaves,
The high gift of beauty the spring-tide receives.

Krummacher.

I heard the language of the *trees*,
In the noons of the early summer;
As the leaves were moved like rippling seas
By the wind—a constant comer.
It came and it went at its wanton will;
And evermore loved to dally,
With branch and flower, from the cope of the hill
To the warm depths of the valley.
The sunlight glow'd; the water flow'd;
The birds their music chanted,
And the words of the *trees* on my senses fell —
By a spirit of Beauty haunted:—
Said each to each, in mystic speech:—
"The skies our branches nourish;—
The world is good,—the world is fair,—
Let us enjoy and flourish!"

Again I heard the steadfast *trees*;
The wintry winds were blowing;
There seem'd a roar as of stormy seas,
And of ships to the depths down-going.
And ever a moan through the woods was blown,
As the branches snapp'd asunder,
And the long boughs swung like the frantic

arms
Of a crowd in affright and wonder,
Heavily rattled the driving hail;
And storm and flood combining,
Laid bare the roots of mighty oaks
Under the shingle twining.
Said *tree* to *tree*, "These tempests free
Our sap and strength shall nourish;
Though the world be hard—though the world be cold—
We can endure and flourish."

Charles Mackay.

TREMBLING.

SERVE the Lord with fear, and rejoice with *trembling*.—Psalm ii. 11.

Fear ye not me? saith the Lord: will ye not *tremble* at my presence?—Jeremiah, v. 22.

ETERNAL Lord of light and life; the soul
Of nature and the Deity of all,
Whose spirit bending o'er the wondrous whole,
Suffers unwill'd, no flower or bird to fall:
Can the proud eye look upwards to yon dome,
Or view the rich array spread forth below,
And not feel pledges of a dearer home,
That make the bosom leap, the spirit glow,
And stretch its hopes far into eternity,
Till, like the Patriarch's dove, it rests, great Lord on Thee.

On Thee, its ark of perfect holiness,
With tokens of its everlasting peace,
And certainty of fadeless joy to bless
It in a higher state when time shall cease,
The stars shall burn; those living orbs were fed
With pure effulgence from Thy vital ray,

To light us deep into Thy essence, shed
Abroad through earth and air by night and day:
Fill'd with that glory would my spirit soar,
And, although *trembling*, yet exultingly, adore.

W. Martin.

Ye *trembling* souls dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream!

Fear not the powers of earth and hell,
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel
And make their efforts vain!

Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to His Son!

Beddome.

TRIAL.

SEARCH me, O God, and know my heart: *try* me, and know my thoughts.—Psalm cxxxix. 23.

The *trial* of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be *tried* with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.—I. Peter, i. 7.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery *trial* which is to *try* you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.—I. Peter, iv. 12.

LEST our *trial*, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepared.

Milton.

Within our life these sorrows we contain
Uncertain days, yet full of certain grief;
In number few, yet infinite in pain;
O'ercharged with wants, but naked of relief,
In ruling it our evil parts are chief;
And though our time be not cut short by death,
Old age will creep to stop uncertain breath.

Yet to the much affliction of the mind,
This of the body is a scant compare,
Wherein so many and so much I find,
As would astone my spirits to declare—
Trial can only tell us what we are:
For we whom custom hath with grief acquainted,
By us her sad proportion best is painted.

Christopher Lever, 1607.

He bids him glow with unremitting love
To all on earth, and to Himself above
Condemns the injurious deed, the slanderous tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong;
Brings not alone the more conspicuous part—
His conduct—to the test, but *tries* his heart.

Cowper.

Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg a *trial* of Thine eyes.

Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in Thy perfect way.

Watts.

TRIBULATION.

IN the world ye shall have *tribulation*.—John, xvi. 33.

We must through much *tribulation* enter into the kingdom of God.—Acts, xiv. 22.

Patient in *tribulation*.—Romans, xii. 12.

THE wisdom of this world is idiotism;
Strength, a weak reed; health, sickness' enemy;
(And it at length will have the victory;)
Beauty is but a painting; and long life
Is a long journey in December gone:
Tedious and full of *tribulation*.

Dekkar.

Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? he told me no less!
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much *tribulation* must follow their Lord.

Newton.

Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand;
Of ev'ry tongue, redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood!

Through *tribulation* great they came;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
But now from all their labours rest,
In God's eternal glory bless'd.

Duncan.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
  Through torrents of temptation
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,

The fire of *tribulation*.

De Courcey.

TRIUMPH.

THEN sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath *triumphed* gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.—Exodus, xv. 1.

The *triumphing* of the wicked is short.—Job, xx. 5.

Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to *triumph* in Christ.—II. Corinthians, ii. 14.

HAIL, Thou! that on this glorious morn didst burst
The bands of death! all hail, incarnate Lord!
First-born of heaven, what time the barren grave
With wondrous throes gave forth Thy present flesh,
In all its incorruptible array
Of majesty and light. *Triumphant* Lord,
Who, in Thy rising power, didst captive lead
Captivity, and at Thy chariot wheels
The vanquished hosts of hell didst with Thee bring!
Hail, conquering King! Almighty Prince of Life!
First-fruits of those that sleep, in hope assured
Of that bright morning, when the trumpet's sound
Shall wake the slumbering dead, when from the tomb
Thy quickened saints shall spring to swell Thy strain,
Clad in immortal bloom. Thy angel bands
Attend Thee up the skies with cheerful notes;
We, too, responsive cry "Our God is gone,
Is upward gone."

S. Stennet.

Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
  Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word,
  Can ne'er be overthrown!

As surely as He overcame,
  And *triumph'd* once for you;
So surely you that love His name,
  Shall *triumph* in Him too!

Newton.

The Lord of Lords has *triumphed* gloriously.

H. H. Milman.

Humility o'er self victorious,
Of earthly *triumphs* the most glorious.

William Peter.

TROUBLE.

THE Lord hear thee in the day of *trouble*.—Psalm xx. 1.

In the day of my *trouble* I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.—Psalm lxxxvi. 7.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my *trouble*.—Psalm cxlii. 1, 2.

FROM out of the depths of misery I cry
To Thee O Lord, and that most earnestly,
  Prayers intermixed with sighs and tears
  My soul sends up into Thine ears.
    I pour out all my moan
    Before Thee, Thee alone,
      And for relief
      Show Thee my grief.

Lord, when my *troubled* spirit could not rest

For anguish of my mind, Thou knowest best
What way to help me, and did see
A path through all to set me free.
Thy foes, and mine, do lay
Snares for me, in my way
One did privily
In ambush lie.

I looked on every side, but I could see
None who would know, and much less
succour me.
My friends revolted totally,
On whom I used to rely;
All ways to 'scape by flight
Were stopped, and shut up quite,
And none did care
My soul to spare.

Thus *troubled*; laid on wait for; desolate;
Enclosed around; and thus disconsolate;
I cried to Thee, O Lord, and said,
Thou art my hope, my help, my aid,
The rock I build upon;
My lot, my portion,
For this life, and
A better land.

Joseph Bunyan.

When the heart is sore smitten by sorrow,
And the bosom is darksome and drear,
And when bright hope no longer may borrow
A smile from the future to cheer;
And the eye that would gaze on the morrow,
Is constrain'd to gaze on through a tear—
Even then there's a hope that can brighten
The soul in its darksome abode,
That can dry up its sorrow, and lighten,
The weight of its wearisome load:
'Tis the hope which no joy can heighten,
That leads it to trust in its God.

Though the world to our griefs may be ever
Disdainful, unkind, and unjust;

And mankind may be eager to sever
The links of our holier trust;
And the mighty may daily endeavour
To tread our torn hearts in the dust,
Still thy presence, Lord, cannot be taken
From those that all faithful will be:
Then why should our spirits be shaken?
And why should we languish to flee?
When we know we are never forsaken,
In the midst of our *troubles*, by Thee.

W. Martin.

If the nation-feeding corn
Thriveth under iced snow;
If the small bird on the thorn
Useth well its guarded sloe;
Bid thy cares thy comforts double,
Gather fruit from thorns of *trouble*.

E. Elliot.

In the time of Grief and *trouble*,
Then we call upon the Lord,
And he hears our supplication,
Ever faithful to his word;
But when o'er the *trouble* passeth,
As a cloud that hid the sun,
We forget the hand that raised us,
Careless of the blessing won.

Egone.

TRUST.

SOME *trust* in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.—Psalm xx. 7.

O my God, I *trust* in Thee: let me not be ashamed.—Psalm xxv. 2.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; *trust* also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.—Psalm xxxvii. 5.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart: and lean not unto thine own understanding.—Proverbs, iii. 5.

BUT, O, the soul that never dies
At once it leaves the clay;
Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel high,
To bear it safe above!

Jesus, to Thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I *trust*;
And my flesh waits for Thy command,
To drop into the dust.

Watts.

Backsliding Israel, bear the voice
Of thy forgiving God;
Nor force such goodness to exert
The terrors of the rod.

Thus saith the Lord, "My mercy flows,
An unexhausted stream;
And after all its millions saved,
Its sway is still supreme."

Own but the follies thou hast done,
And mourn thy sins in dust,
And soon thy trembling heart shall learn
To hope, and love, and *trust*.

Doddridge.

Men safelier *trust* to Heaven than to themselves
When least themselves, in the mad whirl of crowds,
Where folly is contagious, and, too oft,
Even wise men leave their better sense at

home,
To chide and wonder at them when returned.
Coleridge.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we *trust*,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end!
Our Maker—Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration,
Shall lisp to Thy praise.
Sir R. Grant.

Do good, shun evil: live not thou
As if at death thy being died,
Nor error's syren voice allow
To draw thy steps from truth aside;
Look to thy journey's end—the grave!
And *trust* in Him whose arm can save.
Moir.

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God;
Till are dried the martyr's tears
Through a glorious thousand years.
Now, in hope of Him, we *trust*
Earth to earth, and dust to dust.
Croly.

We see no more in Thy pure skies,
How soft, O God! the sunset dies:
How every coloured hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood:
Yet, by the precious memories won
From bright hours, now for ever gone,
Father, o'er all Thy works we know
Thou still art shedding beauty's glow;
Still touching every cloud and tree
With glory, eloquent of Thee;
Still feeding all Thy flowers with light,
Though man hath barred it from our sight.
We know Thou reignest, the unchanging One, All-just!
And bless Thee still, with free and boundless *trust*.

Mrs. Hemans.

O let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will:
Wrapp'd yet in fears and mystery,
I cannot, Lord! Thy purpose see!
Yet all is ruled—since ruled by Thee.

When mounted on Thy clouded car,
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,
I can discern Thy light afar,
Thy light sweet beaming through Thy frown;
And should I faint a moment—then
I think of Thee—and smile again,

So, *trusting* in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled!
What though some flattering dreams are gone;
Yet purer, brighter joys remain,
Why should my spirit then complain?

Bowring.

For now in truth I find

My Father all His promises hath kept;
He comforts those who here in sadness wept.
  Eyes to the blind
Thou art, O God! Earth I no longer see,
Yet *trustfully* my spirit looks to Thee.

Mrs. Neal.

Oh, yet we *trust* that, somehow, good
  Will be the final goal of all,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroy'd,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not anything;
  I can but *trust* that good shall fall
  At last, far off, at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream:—but what am I?
  An infant crying in the night;
  An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

Tennyson.

In patience, then, possess thy soul,
Stand still!—for while the thunders roll,
Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom,
And will to thy assistance come;
His love and mercy will be shown
To those who *trust* in Him alone.

William Allen.

Some in chariots, some in horses,
  We in God Jehovah *trust*;

And, while He our sure resource is,
They are fallen in the dust:
Save Jehovah, save and hear us,
King of glory, King of might;
When we call, be ever near us,—
Even for Thy servants fight.

Tupper.

Oft, alas! we make our boast
In the strength of armed host:
Creatures frail in whom we *trust*,
What are they but ashes—dust?

Egone.

TRUTH.

THE *truth* of the Lord endureth for ever.—Psalm cxvii. 2.

Buy the *truth*, and sell it not; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.—Proverbs, xxiii. 23.

Speak ye every man the *truth* to his neighbour.—Zechariah, viii. 16.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the *truth*, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.—John, xiv. 6.

When He, the Spirit of *truth*, is come, He will guide you into all *truth*.—John, xvi. 13.

It is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is *truth*.—I. John, v. 6.

DARE to be *true*; nothing can need a lie,
A fault which needs it most, grows two
thereby.

Herbert.

Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
To put a feigned blush on.

John Ford.

Defend the *truth*; for that who will not die,

A coward is, and gives himself the lie.
Thomas Randolph.

These furies fell, which turn the world to ruth,
Both Envy, Strife, and Slander, her appear,
In dungeon dark they long enclosed *Truth*,
But time at length did loose his daughter dear,
And sets aloft that sacred lady bright,
Who things long hid reveals and brings to light.

Though Strife wake her, though Envy eat her heart,
The innocent though Slander rend and spoil:
Yet Time will come, and take this lady's part,
And break her bands and bring her foes to foil.
Despair not then, though *Truth* be hidden oft,
Because at length, she shall be set aloft.
Whitney.

God hath how sent His living oracle
Into the world to teach His final will,
And sends His Spirit of *truth* henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts: and inward oracle
To all *truth* requisite for men to know.
Milton.

For error and mistake are infinite,
But *truth* has but one way to be i' th' right:
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to less than one.
Butler.

Marble and recording brass decay,
And like the 'graver's memory, pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
But *truth* divine for ever stands secure,

Its head is guarded, as its base is sure;
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of the eternal plan appears;
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.
Cowper.

But what is *Truth*? 'Twas Pilate's question, put
To *Truth* itself, that deigned him no reply.
And wherefore? Will not God impart His light
To them that ask it? Freely,—'tis His joy,
His glory, and His nature, to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Our negligent enquirer, not a spark.
Cowper.

All *truth* is precious, if not all divine,
And what dilates the powers must needs refine.
Cowper.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Though one did fling the fire,
Heaven flowed upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus *truth* was multiplied on *truth*, the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd
Rare sunrise flow'd.
Tennyson.

Dark, dark, yea, irrecoverably dark,
Is the soul's eye; yet how it strives and battles
Through the impenetrable gloom to fix
That master light, the secret *truth* of things,
Which is the body of the infinite God.
Arthur H. Hallam.

Searching the skiey depths all night in vain,
  The starry seer hath known this mystery—
  That the sky orb, which over half the sky
Hath baulked his chase, and mocked his utmost pain
If (haply while the daylight poured amain
  Into the empty concave of the night)
  Hath stepped into his glass, as clear to sight
As the one tree that stars a glassy plain,
So is it known that some secretive *Truth*,
  Which Thought and Patience strove in vain to find,
Just when Despair and Doubt were swallowing all,
Hath dropped into the heart without a call,
  Conspicuous as a Fire, and sweet as Youth,
An everlasting stronghold to the mind.

Thomas Burbidge.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
  Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evening, in the west,
  Sinks smilingly forsworn.
The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
  To the confiding bark *untrue*;
And if she trust the stars above,
  They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
  Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
  It promised to defend.
But Thou art *true*, incarnate Lord!
  Who didst vouchsafe for man to die,
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
  No change can falsify.

Wordsworth.

That one half creation is to know
Luxurious joy, and others only woe,
And so go down into the common tomb
With none to question their unequal doom?
Shall we give credit to a thought so fond?

Ah! no—the world beyond—the world
beyond!
There shall the desolate heart regain its own!
There the oppressed shall stand before God's
throne!
There, when the tangled web is all explained,
Wrong suffered, pain inflicted, grief
disdained,
Man's proud, mistaken judgments and false
scorn
Shall melt, like mists before the uprising
morn,
And holy *truth* stand forth, serenely bright,
In the rich flood of God's eternal light!

Mrs. Norton.

It is not in the heart of thought
  Nor in the breast of care,
That *truth* its dwelling-place has sought,
  For all is sterile there:
Nor is it in the mind where gay
  Delusive visions throng,
That chastening *truth* can find a way
  Its glittering dreams among:
Yet as within the desert far,
  There are reflections given
Of light, so in the heart there are
  Remembrances of Heaven.

W. Anderson.

Oh! *truth* abideth with Him everywhere;
And lovely is her brow, albeit too bright
For earthly eye, she veils her aspect fair,
Lest bold vain men be blasted with its light,
Beneath a diverse visage, now austere,
Now lovely, suited to the gazer's sight.
He who upon her naked face might bear
To look, would know her heavenly and
divine,
And Deity itself in her revere—
Thy soul, oh Man! is her especial shrine;
There find her, thou unto thyself shalt wake,
And to thy God; for heaven is her's and thine:

Seek her in youth, nor yet in age forsake.
J. A. Heraud.

Immortal *Truth*! by inspiration taught,
Thou spurn'st the servile chains of human art;
In native majesty arrayed, thou shed'st
Thy radiant beams through all this vale below;
Thy piercing voice resounds through distant climes,
By all distinguished, and by all adored.
Charles Jenner.

Truth is in each flower
As well as in the solemnest things of God.
Truth is the voice of Nature and of Time—
Truth is the startling monitor within us—
Nought is without it, it comes from the stars,
The golden sun, and every breeze that blows —
Truth, it is God! and God is everywhere!
William Thomson Bacon.

UNITY.

BEHOLD how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in *unity*!

It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments.—Psalm cxxxiii. 1, 2.

Endeavouring to keep the *unity* of the Spirit in the bond of peace.—Ephesians, iv. 3.

E'EN as the ointment whose sweet odours blended,
From Aaron's head upon his beard descended,
And, falling thence, with rich perfume ran o'er

The holy garb the prophet wore:
So doth the *unity* that lives with brothers
Share its best blessings and its joy with others.

Kamphuyzen.

Behold how good it is that brethren dwell
In *unity* together. Sweet it is,
As the rich unguent that o'er Aaron fell
From head to beard, and even deigned to kiss
His garment skirts. 'Tis precious as the dew
Distilled on Hermon in fine essences.
Yea, it refreshes Zion's mountains too;
For there the blessing of eternal life,
The Lord our God shall evermore renew.

J. A. Heraud.

The glorious universe around,
  The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars are firmly bound
  In one mysterious chain.

In one fraternal bond of love,
  One fellowship of mind,
The saints below, the saints above,
  Their bliss and glory find.

Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
  Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age,
  Thy praises they prolong!

Lord, may our *union* form a part
  Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from Thee, the heart,
  Its life from Thee, the soul.

J. Montgomery.

VALOUR.

THROUGH God we shall do *valiantly*: for He it is that shall tread down our enemies.—Psalm cviii. 13.

I NEVER saw an angry person *valiant*:
Virtue is never aided by a vice.

Ben Jonson.

In the good man's breast,
Justice and piety, with *valour* reign:
He, though the fabric of the shaken world
Should burst in thundering ruin o'er his head,
Calm and unawed would view the crushing wreck,
Nor shudder at destruction; but to brave
The wrath of Heaven, or rashly to intrude,
Spotted with guilt, into his Maker's sight;
Or lift for mercy a rebellious hand
Dyed with a brother's gore, he justly fears;
Yet, in Himself collected, will defy
The taunt of malice, or that groundless right
The weakest, lightest of mankind assume
To brand with infamy his injured name,
And scorn the coward, daring to forgive.

C. P. Layard.

Who is *valiant*, tell me who?
Is it he who braves all danger,
Foremost ever in the field,
'Mid the clash of sword and shield,
Where there's bloodiest work to do,
Unto fear a stranger?

Who is *valiant*, tell me who?
He, who where the tempest rages,
'Mid the elemental strife,
Boldly risking limb and life,
With a dauntless heart and true,
In the work engages?

These are *valiant*, but methinks
'Tis a higher, nobler *valour*,
In a cause that just and right,
Bearing scorn, neglect, and slight,
With a soul that never shrinks,
And a cheek that knows no pallor.

Egone.

VANITY.

SURELY God will not hear *vanity*, neither will the Almighty regard it.—Job, xxxv. 13.

Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth: and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether *vanity*.—Psalm xxxix. 5.

Man is like to *vanity*: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.—Psalm cxliv. 4.

Vanity of *vanities*, saith the Preacher, *vanity* of *vanities*; all is *vanity*.—Ecclesiastes, i. 2.

CAST not thy serious wit on idle things,
Make not thy free-will slave to *vanity*.

Davies.

What well-devised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy regards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st:
If seen and then revy'd, deny'st;
Thou art not what thou seem'st false world,
thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new coined treasure:
A paradise that hath no stint,
No change, no measure,
A painted cask, but nothing in it,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure,
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; *vain* man! that thou rely'st
On earth; *vain* man, thou dot'st, *vain* earth,
thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure
To haberdash
In earth's bare wares, whose greatest treasure
Is drop and trash?

The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the highest?
Can these bring cordial peace! *vain* world
thou ly'st.

Francis Quarles.

The pride
And wand'ring *vanity*, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning.

Milton.

The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him, ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of *vanity*, that seizes all below.

Cowper.

How wise a short retreat to steal,
The *vanity* of life to feel,
And from its cares to fly:
To act one calm, domestic scene,
Earth's bustle and the grave between,
Retire, and learn to die!

Hannah More.

Lord, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span
Mine age is nought with Thee;
Man, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and *vanity*.

James Montgomery.

Art thou puffed with *vanity*?
Hear the preacher, what saith he?
Be thy state however great,
Lofty though thy station be,
Like a shadow, o'er a meadow

Swiftly that is seen to flee:
Like a morning flower that soon
Withers in the eye of noon;
Like a gleam, upon a stream,
That we but a moment see;—
Such thou art, oh, haughty man,
And thy days are but a span;
And thy works, however strong,
May not have endurance long;
And thy thoughts, however high,
What are they but *vanity*?

Egone.

VAPOUR.

WHATSOEVER the Lord pleased, that did He in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places.

He causeth the *vapours* to ascend from the ends of the earth.—Psalm cxxxv. 6, 7.

What is your life? It is even a *vapour*, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.—James, iv. 14.

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
  Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er He please in earth and sea,
  Or heav'n, or hell, His hand hath done.

At His command the *vapours* rise,
  The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, He brings the wind
  And tempests from His airy store.

Watts.

Life is a span, a fleeting hour!
  How soon the *vapour* flies!
Man is a tender transient flower,
  That e'en in blooming dies.

Steele.

How gloriously 'neath yon cerulean arch,
The *vapoury* legions hold their stately march;

Onward they press, with banners all unroll'd,
Like gleaming cohorts, clad in steel and gold;
The space they cover is of vast extent,
And afar off rise tower and battlement,
As of some city bright, with jasper walls,
Enclosing, as we deem, wide stately halls,
And spacious streets, and temples all inlaid
With precious stones, and fit for worship made.
'T is but a dream! behold, comes on the night;
The heavens grow black, and blotted from the sight
Are those fair shapes, and such the airy schemes
Of human pride, all unsubstantial dreams.
Vapour and mist enwrap our senses here,
Only about God's throne is all serene and clear.

Egone.

VENGEANCE.

O LORD God, to whom *vengeance* belongeth; O God, to whom *vengeance* belongeth, shew Thyself.—Psalm xciv. 1.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong; fear not: behold, your God will come with *vengeance*, even God with a recompense.—Isaiah, xxxv. 4.

Dearly beloved, *avenge* not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, *Vengeance* is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.—Romans, xii. 19.

FROM Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,
Life for obedience, death for every flaw.
When the great Sovereign would His will express,
He gives a perfect rule, what can He less?
And guards it with a sanction as severe
As *vengeance* can inflict, or sinners fear:
Else His own glorious rights He would

disclaim,
And man might safely trifle with His name.
Cowper.

Speak not of *vengeance*! 't is the right of God.
"*Vengeance* is His." Who shall usurp the bolt
And launch it for Omnipotence? shall man
Assume the right of judgment, or prescribe
How far the line of mercy shall extend,
Or punishment shall stretch its iron rod?
In thine own cause to judge, who gave thee right,
Presumptuous man!
C. P. Layard.

Some deluded minds,
Harrowed by penal terrors, in the gulf
Of black despair are whelmed. No ray of hope
Dispels the involving gloom; a Deity,
With all the thunder of dread *vengeance* round Him,
Is ever present to their tortured thoughts.
Samuel Hayes.

To *vengeance* horrible aroused,
And clad in tenfold fierceness, shalt thou stand
Beside the atheist's bed; by his who oft,
With wit profane, and poignant blasphemy,
And specious show of argument, hath scoffed
Each awful truth, and ridiculed his God.
William Gibson.

VICTORY.

O SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the *victory*.—Psalm xcviii. 1.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy *victory*?

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the *victory*, through our Lord Jesus Christ.—I. Corinthians, xv. 55, 57.

This is the *victory* that overcometh the world, even our faith.—I. John, v. 4.

YE dead! where can your dwelling be?
—The house of all the living;—come and see.
O life! what is thy breath?
—A vapour lost in death.
O death! how ends thy strife?
—In everlasting life.
O grave! where is thy *victory*?
—Ask Him who rose again from me.

J. Montgomery.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
  See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
From the fight returned *victorious*,
  Every knee to Him shall bow!
    Crown Him! crown Him!
  Crowns become the *victor's* brow.

Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
  Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
  Own His title, praise His name:
    Crown Him! crown Him!
  Spread abroad the *victor's* fame!

Kelly.

Millions now before the throne,
Lay their trophied offerings down;
Clad in robes of purity,
Now they sing of *victory*.

Millions more still onward go,
Militant while here below;
Soon the shield and sword shall be
Laid aside for *victory*.

W. J. Brock.

Beauty;—may that of holiness be mine;

May power be given me to o'ercome the world;
For pleasure, may I have a hand to pour
The oil and wine upon another's wound!
For honour, may I bear my Saviour's cross;
For splendour, light that from His follower beams;
And be my glory His approving smile;
My fame, the world's reproaches for His sake;
My wealth, a conscience where no rust corrodes—
One that may look into a coming world,
As nature shall dissolve, and feel secure;
With these to aid me in the mortal strife,
May I, the palm of *victory* o'er the grave,
Make my immortal prize!

Hannah F. Gould.

Waft not to me the blast of fame,
That swells the trump of *victory*;
For to my ear it gives the name
Of slaughter and of misery.

Boast not so much of honour's sword,
Wave not so high the *victor's* plume;
They point me to the bosom gor'd,
They point me to the blood-stained tomb.

The boastful shout, the revel loud,
That strive to drown the voice of pain;
What are they but the fickle crowd,
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain?

And oh, through glory's fading blaze,
I see the cottage taper, pale,
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays,
Where unprotected orphans wail.

Where the sad widow weeping stands,
As if her day of hope was done;
Where the wild mother clasps her hands,
And asks the *victor* for her son.

Where, midst that desolated land,

The sire lamenting o'er his son,
Extends his pale and powerless hand,
And finds its only prop is gone.

See, how the bands of war and woe
Have rifled sweet domestic bliss;
And tell me if your laurels grow,
And flourish in a soil like this.

Sigourney.

Up to the strife with care,
Be thine an oaken heart,
Life's daily contest nobly share,
Nor act a craven part;
Give murmurs to the coward throng,
Be thine the joyous notes of song.

If thrown upon the field,
Up to the task once more,
'T is worse than infamy to yield,
'T is childish to deplore;
Look stern misfortune in the eye,
And breast the billow manfully.

Close in with every foe,
As thickly on they come,
They can but lay thy body low,
And send thy spirit home;
Yet may'st thou stand it out and view
What giant energy can do.

Soon shall the combat cease,
The struggle fierce and long,
And thine be true, unbroken peace,
And thine the *victor's* song;
Beyond the clouds will wait for thee.
The wreath of immortality.

(Rev.) E. C. Jones.

Who shall wear the *victor's* wreath
In the realms of deathless glory?
Those who reaped the fields of death,
Heroes of an earthly story?
Nay not these, nor such as these,

They have won rewards and prizes,
Shadowy unrealities,
Which the humble saint despises.
He the *victor's* wreath shall wear,
Meekly who the cross could bear.

Egone.

VINE.

RETURN, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold and visit this *vine*;

And the *vineyard* which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest so strong for thyself.—Psalm lxxx. 14, 15.

I am the true *vine*, and my Father is the husbandman.—John, xv. 1.

THANKS to Thy sovereign grace, O God, if I
Am graffed in that true *vine* a living shoot,
Whose arms embrace the world, and in whose root,
Planted by faith, our life must hidden lie.
But Thou beholdest how I fade and dry!
Choked with a waste of leaf, and void of fruit,
Unless Thy spring perennial shall recruit
My sapless branch, still wanting fresh supply.

O cleanse me, then, and make me to abide
Wholly in Thee, to drink Thy heavenly dew,
And, watered daily with my tears to grow.
Thou art the truth, thy promise is my guide;
Prepare me when Thou comest, Lord, to show
Fruits answering to the stock on which I grow.

From the Italian of Vittoria Colonna.

Hast Thou not planted with Thy hands

A lovely *vine* in heathen lands?
Did not Thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning *vine*, that lovely tree.

Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast Thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the *vine*.

Return, Almighty God, return:
Nor let Thy bleeding *vineyard* mourn;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

Watts.

VIOLENCE.

VIOLENCE shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders.—Isaiah, lx. 18.

Thus saith the Lord, do no wrong, do no *violence* to the stranger, the fatherless, nor the widow.—Jeremiah, xxii. 3.

And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, and what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do *violence* to no man.—Luke, iii. 14.

ALL the elements
At least had gone to wreck, disturbed and torn
With *violence* of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal hung his golden scales.

Milton.

Grieved at heart, when looking down He saw
The whole earth filled with *violence*; and all flesh

Corrupting each their way.

Milton.

The grief of mind is that intestine war
That stirs sedition in the state of man;
Where, when our passions once commanding are,
Our peaceful days are desperate, for then
The stir's more hot than when it first began;
For heady passion 's like an untamed beast,
That riots most when we desire it least.

This *violence* exceeds his virtuous mien,
Like swelling tides that overcome their shore,
Leaving the awful current of their stream,
And break their banks that bounded them before;
Yet grief in his great *violence* is more;
For if that reason bound not grief with laws,
In our destruction grief will be the cause.

Christopher Lever.

First Envy, eldest born of hell, imbrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which Nature never made,
And God abhorred; with *violence* rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.

Bishop Porteus.

VIRTUE.

WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any *virtue*, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Philippians, iv. 8.

Giving all diligence add to your faith *virtue*; and to *virtue* knowledge.—II. Peter, i. 5.

HEAVEN doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our *virtues*
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not.

Shakspere.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
  Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood, shakes of pity;
  Tell *virtue*, least preferreth;
And if they do reply
Spare not to give the lie.

Sir W. Raleigh.

—Walls of brass resist not
A noble undertaking—nor can vice
Raise any bulwark to make good a place
Where *virtue* seeks to enter.

Fletcher.

Eternal Spirit! Thou who think'st not scorn
To make thyself a lowly habitant
In the mean cottage of the human breast
When purity has been thy harbinger:
Come then, and lead the *virtues* in Thy train;
Allot to each her office; ceaseless guard
Still let them bold around this earth-born heart,
And watch, with closest glance, its languid pulse.

John Hey.

Virtue's no *virtue* whiles it lives secure;
When difficulty waits on 't, then 't is pure.

John Quarles.

Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From *virtue*, which is reason, that no wrong
But justice, and some fatal course annexed,

Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward lost.

Milton.

Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
Where, then, is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes;
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create:
If on your frame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence;
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace,
In simple manners, all the secret lies;
Be kind and *virtuous*, you'll be blest and wise.

Young.

Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth,
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there;
Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandise?
Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on hills,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales;
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:

Virtue alone outlives the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
Young.

I saw the *virtuous* man contend
With life's unnumbered woes;
And he was poor—without a friend,
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passion's pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train,
But found her soon the nurse of care
And punishment, and pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong,
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
But *virtue* late and long.
Camoens.

O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving *virtues* round the land
In bright patrol: white peace and social love;
The tender-looking charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind:
Courage composed and keen; sound temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disordered at the deep regard she draws;
Rough industry; activity untired,
With copious life informed, and all awake.
Thomson.

Virtue with peculiar charms appears
Crowned with the garland of life's blooming

years.

Cowper.

While *virtue* lends a zest to joy,
And bliss to rapture warms,
Our very tears she turns to smiles,
And every pang disarms.

But vice her foul circean cup
May medicate in vain:
E'en in her mirth some sorrow lurks,
In all her pleasures, pain.

Since this, with voice from heav'n, proclaims
That He that rules above,
Doth on the side of *virtue* stand,
Let fear be lost in love.

C. C. Colton.

Know thou this truth, (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below.

Pope.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness
That e'en above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferred.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned,
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave;
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much neglected use,
Are riches worth your care: for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied.
This noble end is to produce the soul;
To show the *virtues* in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and lend the breast
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Dr. Armstrong.

Virtue in itself commands its happiness,
Of every outward object independent.

Francis.

Virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory, from her aspect.

Byron.

The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of *virtue*; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace—
Thus duties rising out of good possest,
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, equally require,
That the whole people should be taught and trained.
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and *virtuous* habits take
Their place; and genuine piety descend
Like an inheritance, from age to age.

Wordsworth.

VISIONS.

AND God spake unto Israel in the *visions* of the night.—Genesis, xlvi. 2.

Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof.

In thoughts from the *visions* of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men.—Job, iv. 12, 13.

OUR revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this *vision*,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a rack behind!

Shakspere.

Visions and inspirations some expect
  Their course here to direct.
Like senseless chemists, their own wealth destroy,
  Imaginary gold to enjoy.
So stars appear to drop to us from the sky,
And gild the passage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet the opposing ground,
What but a sordid slime is found!

Cowley.

The days of old, in *vision*,
  Bring vanish'd bliss to view,
The years of lost fruition
  Their joys in pangs renew:
Remember'd songs of gladness,
  Through night's lone silence brought
Strike notes of deeper sadness
  And stir desponding thought.

J. Montgomery.

Such castles we build too, on life's ocean rising
Frail phantoms of wishes the future disguising—
They meet us at eve when vague fancies are flowing,
But melt in thin air when the daylight is glowing,
Alas! could such *visions* indeed be our own,
When approached and possessed, they would cease to delight—
But so long as they skirt the horizon's dim zone,
They e'er seem enticing, empurpled, and bright!

W. H. Leatham.

VOICE.

THE *voice* of the Lord is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth.

The *voice* of the Lord is powerful: the *voice* of the Lord is full of majesty.—Psalm xxix. 3, 4.

A fool's *voice* is known by multitude of words.—Ecclesiastes, v. 3.

The Lord shall cause his glorious *voice* to be heard.—Isaiah, xxx. 30.

LET me Thy *voice* betimes i' the morning hear!
Call, and I'll come; say Thou the when and where:
Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run,
And halt not once until my race be done.

Herrick.

There seems a *voice* in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O God, the wondrous tale
Of Thy indulgence, love, and power:
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of Spring
To Thee a general anthem raise.

Mrs. Opie.

There is a tongue in every leaf,—
A *voice* in every rill;—
A *voice* that speaketh everywhere,
In flood and fire, through earth and air!
A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth,
Of things mysterious—life and death,
Time and eternity.

Miss Bowles.

The *voice* of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thundereth abroad;
The *voice* of the Lord from the depth of his throne
Is terror and power;—all nature is awed.

The *voice* of the Lord through the calm of the wood
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves;
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood,
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

J. Montgomery.

WAITING.

LEAD me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I *wait* all the day.—Psalm xxv. 5.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: *wait*, I say, on the Lord.—Psalm xxvii. 14.

The Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that *wait* for him.—Isaiah, xxx. 18.

The Lord direct your heart into the love of God, and into the patient *waiting* for Christ.—II. Thessalonians, iii. 5.

THEY also serve who only stand and *wait*.
Milton.

How difficult the task to *wait*
For promises to be fulfilled,
To stand, and watch, and hope, though late
The coming glory be revealed.

To feel and know the sun will rise,
And patiently endure the night,
With eye of faith, through gloomy skies,
To see afar the dawning light.

Full many a fiery soul would dare
The scorn of man, the martyr's stake,
Whose eager spirit could not bear,
Humbly to *wait* for Jesu's sake.

We ask for some great thing to do,
Some mighty, herculean task,
And always doubt that God is true,
Because he grants not what we ask.

We sow, and look to see the grain
Bend with its weight the golden ears;
We pray, and deem our prayers are vain,
Because in heaven no sign appears.

Oh, give to me the christian's mind,
Neither depressed, nor yet elate,
If active service be assigned,
Or patiently to watch and *wait*,
And still a patient joy to find,
Whatever be my earthly state.

Egone.

WALKING.

ENOCH *walked* with God.—Genesis, v. 24.

I will *walk* before God in the land of the living.—Psalm cxvi. 9.

He that *walketh* uprightly *walketh* surely: but he that perverteth his ways shall be known.—Proverbs, x. 9.

Can two *walk* together, except they be agreed!—Amos, iii. 3.

O FOR a closer *walk* with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my *walk* be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Cowper.

Delightful record! Enoch *walked* with God:
How great his happiness sublime and pure!
Here all is excellence—all solid bliss,
And all of heaven that can be found below.
O, while I dwell a sojourner on earth,
With steadfast purpose may I *walk* with God!
And though I cannot shun the gates of death,
I soon shall triumph in immortal peace.

Joseph Jones.

WANDER.

THOU tellest my *wanderings*: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?—Psalm lvi. 8.

Thus saith the Lord unto this people, Thus have they loved to *wander*, they have not refrained their feet, therefore the Lord doth not accept them.—Jeremiah, xiv. 10.

THE rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
Still keep that order which they first begun;
They their first lesson constantly repeat,

Which their Creator, as a law, did set,
Above, below, exactly all obey:
But wretched men have found another way.
Knowledge of good and evil as at first
(That vain persuasion) keeps them still accurst.
The sacred word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride,
As clocks remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand,
But, when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do show;
So from our Maker *wandering* we stray,
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
In Him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there,
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold His face, and shun eternal night.

Waller.

O Lord, my God, I *wandered* have
As one that runs astray,
And have in thought, and word, and deed,
In idleness and play,
Offended sore Thy Majesty
In heaping sin to sin,
And yet Thy mercy hath me spared,
So gracious hast Thou been!
O Lord, my faults I now confess,
And sorry am therefore;
But not so much as fain I would:
O Lord, what wilt Thou more?

Wm. Hunnis.

WANT.

FOR *want* and famine they were solitary.—Job, xxx. 3.

That which is *wanting* cannot be numbered.—Ecclesiastes, i. 15.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found *wanting*.—Daniel, v. 27.

WANT is a bitter and hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood.
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been, by need, to full perfection
brought.
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For even that indigence that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know.
Dryden.

Lord, grant, oh grant me thy compassion,
For I in thee my trust have placed;
Display thy wings for my salvation,
Until my griefs are overpast.
To thee I sue, oh God most high,
To thee that canst all *want* supply.
George Wither.

On God for all events depend;
You cannot *want* when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which formed thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Cotton.

Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's *wants* a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry;
On thee we cast our care, we live
Through thee, who know'st our every
need,
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!
J. Wesley.

WAR.

COME behold the works of the Lord:

He maketh *wars* to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.—Psalm xlvi. 8, 9.

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn *war* any more.—Isaiah, ii. 4.

From whence come *wars* and fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your lusts that *war* in your members?—James, iv. 1.

O WAR, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister!

Shakspere.

O, shame to men, devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel *wars*,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;
As if, (which might induce us to accord,)
Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

Milton.

Rash, fruitless *war*, from wanton glory wag'd
Is only splendid murder.

Thomson.

O *war*!—what, what art thou?
At once the proof and scourge of man's fall'n state?
After the brightest conquest, what appears
Of all thy glories? for the vanquish'd chains!

For the proud victors, what? alas! to reign
O'er desolated nations!

Hannah More.

War, horrid *war*! oh! would ye understand
That direful word—that scourge of every land,
Oh! then peruse the well-known leaves that time
Himself hath traced in characters sublime:
Consult the archives of many a vast domain
Where pomp, and power, and crime once held their reign,
And view with retrospective eye
Th' Imperial States whose awful destiny
It was to fade, decay, and disappear,
With scarce a trace to say "We once were here!"
Yet *wars* and battles mark'd their passing day
With strife tumultuous, and wild affray.

Count Frederick Von Erlach.

The Son of God goes forth to *war*,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood red banner streams afar,—
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them who did the wrong,—
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came!

Twelve valiant saints, their hopes they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel,—
Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd,

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!

Bishop Heber.

Secure from actual *warfare*, we have loved
To swell the *war*-whoop, passionate for *war*!
Alas! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings, famine, or blue plague,
Battle or siege, or flight through wintry snows!
We, this whole people, have been clamorous
For *war* and bloodshed; animating sports,
The which we pay for as a thing to talk of;
Spectators and not combatants! No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
No speculation or contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause; and forth,
Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names
And adjurations of the God in heaven,
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls,
And women that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of *war*,
The best amusement for our morning's meal!
The poor wretch who has learnt his only

prayer
From curses, who knows scarcely words
enough
To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our
tongues
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds, to
which
We join no feeling, and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven, translated, and not
killed;
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him.

Coleridge.

Of all the murderous trades by mortals plied,
'Tis *war* alone that never violates
The hallowed day by simulate respect—
By hypocritic rest; no, no, the work proceeds,
From sacred pinnacles are hung the flags
That give the sign to slip the leash for
slaughter,
The bells whose knoll a holy calmness
poured
Into the good man's breast, whose sound
consoled
The sick, the poor, the old—perversion dire!
Pealing with sulphurous tongue, speak death-
fraught words.
From morn to eve destruction revels frenzied,
Till at the hour when peaceful vesper chimes
Were wont to sooth the ear, the trumpet
sounds
Pursuit, and flight altern; and for the song
Of larks descending to their grass-bowered
homes,
The croak of flesh-gorged ravens, as they

slake
Their thirst in hoof-prints filled with gore,
disturbs
The stupor of the dying man; while death
Triumphantly sails down the ensanguined
stream,
On corses, throned and crowned with
shivered boughs,
That erst hung imaged in the crystal tide.
Grahame.

When *war* the demon lifts his banner high
And loud artillery rends the affrighted sky;
Swords clash with swords, on horses horses
rush,
Man tramples man, and nations nations
crush,
Death his vast scythe with sweep enormous
wields;
And shuddering pity quits the ensanguined
fields.
Dr. Darwin.

How like a fiend may man be made,
Plying the foul and monstrous trade
Whose harvest-field is human life,
Whose sickle is the reeking sword!
Quenching, with reckless hands in blood,
Sparks kindled by the breath of God.
J. G. Whittier.

Such is *war*!
O heavens! when will the spiritual Sun arise,
And with His beams effulgent, drive away
The mists of error that so long have hung
Their dark, unnatural drapery o'er the mind,
That broods o'er human carnage! when will
man
Turn from the path of Cain, and learn to see
A brother without hating?
Rufus Dawes.

WATCHING.

WATCH and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—Matthew, xxvi. 41.

What I say unto you I say unto all, *Watch*.—Mark, xiii. 37.

If therefore thou shalt not *watch*, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee.—Rev. iii. 3.

THE towers of heaven are filled
With armed *watch*, that render all access
Impregnable.

Milton.

Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
  And still in God confide;
He thy feeble step shall stay,
  Nor suffer thee to slide;
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
  He thy quiet spirit keeps,
Rest in him, securely rest;
  Thy *Watchman* never sleeps.

Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
  Thy keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
  On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
  Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by *watchful* providence,
  And ever-wakeful love.

C. Wesley.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

Watts.

In time of tribulation,
  Hear, Lord, my feeble cries;

With humble supplication,
To thee my spirit flies;
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain:
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still *watch* and weep in vain.

J. Montgomery.

WATER.

HE hath compassed the *waters* with bounds, until the day and night come to an end.—Job, xxvi. 10.

Thus saith the Lord, when thou passest through the *waters*, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isaiah, xliii. 1, 2.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the *waters*.—Isaiah, lv. 1.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites a fallen race;)
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living *waters*, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers home,
And find my grace is free for all.

See from the Rock a fountain rise,
For you, in healing streams, it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

C. Wesley.

Come hither ye that thirst,
Come to the *waters* free,
With a blithesome bound and a joyful burst,
Like a bird in its liberty.

Drink at this holy spring,

That flows for ever bright,
Oh, hasten in faith! make wing, make wing,
'Tis a well of sweet delight.

This living *water* flows
Not heedlessly, nor vain;
Drink, it a fountain of life bestows,
Ye never can thirst again.

Man's heart, that barren place,
Shall blossom like the rose,
Grow fertile in love, and abound in grace,
Wherever that *water* flows.

And every plant shall show
Clusters of goodly fruit,
While all who gaze, in delight may know,
That Christ is at its root.

What fruit each plant may bring,
Is his, and only his;
For He the lovely and constant spring
Of living *water* is.

W. Martin.

Come let me view the wonder! Let me look
On nature in her grandeur and her power;
Reading the fairer portions of her book,
I may have missed her in her solemn hour,
Searching fresh beauty in each wildling flower,
And melody in every woodland song;
I have not seen her when her features lower,
Or known the terrors that to God belong,
Not viewing, in his might, the terrible, the strong!

Come, let me look into the vast abyss,
See the great rush, the whirlwind and the storms;
Hear the "vast hell" where oceans "howl" and "hiss,"
And fell destruction loveliness deforms.

Where is the horror which so much alarms,
At which alike timid and strong turn back?
I hear no howls. I see no horrid forms;
Nor dream of nations or of nature's wrack,
I see a mighty, but a lovely cataract.

No terrors sit upon its smiling brow,
There sunshine plays upon the *waters* clear;
And as it pours its mighty flood below,
Sunshine and glory make their dwelling there:
I wonder and admire, but cannot fear,
All is so lovely and so beautiful.
See! the blessed bow of many tints is here,
A seven-fold bow of promised safety full,
Spanning the glorious whole, each rising fear to lull.

Pour on for ever, thou mighty flood,
Thy stream of goodness thus. For ever flow,
Unchanging emblem of infinitude,
Nor deem thy bounty needs a course more slow,
Unmeasured fountains pour their wealth below,
Where diamond wells in deep concealment lie;
And constant streams that never ebb can know,
For ever flowing, bring their rich supply,
Fed by eternal streams—springs which can never dry.

W. F. Rock.

WAVES.

HITHERTO shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud *waves* be stayed.—Job, xxxviii. 11.

Fear ye not me? saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of

the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it: and though the *waves* thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it?—Jeremiah, v. 22.

DEEP calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O, what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light *wave*,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

J. G. C. Brainard.

Thou, Thou alone, with whom, enthroned on high,
Sits co-essential wisdom, bad'st subside
The valleys, and the mountains, from amidst
Th' o'erwhelming moisture, heave their brow sublime.
The liquid troops, obedient to Thy voice,
Fled to the appointed station. Thou a bound
Hast set, they cannot pass; nor ever spread
Their flowing mantle o'er th' invested earth:
Thou to the sea sayest,—Hitherto advance,
And here thy proud licentious *waves* be stayed.

George Bally.

How oft the ruddy cheek will pale
  To leave the earth behind!
How oft the glowing heart will quail
  Before the tempest wind!
We fear the billow's dash, but why?
  There's One to guard and save;
There's One whose wide and watchful eye
  Sleeps not above the *wave*.

Eliza Cook.

WAY.

SHOW me thy *ways*, O Lord; teach me thy paths.—Psalm xxv. 4.

Jesus saith I am the *way*, the truth, and the life.—John, xiv. 6.

The *way* of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord. —Proverbs, xv. 9.

THOU canst accomplish all things, Lord of might!
And every thought is naked to Thy sight.
But O, Thy *ways* are wonderful, and lie
Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
Young.

To me, O Lord, be Thou "The *Way*,"
To me be Thou "The Truth;"
To me, my Saviour, be "The Life,"
Thou Guardian of my youth!

So shall that *Way* be my delight,
That Truth shall make me free;
That Life shall raise me from the dead,
And then I'll live to thee.
Leigh Richmond.

Thou art the *Way*, the Truth, the Life—
And hearts that, with presumption rife,
Would seek through other means to gain
Light, Truth, and Life, but toil in vain:
Thy hand alone controls our *way*,
Thy Truth bids darkness turn to day;
And they Eternal Life have gained
Whose names are written on Thy Hand.
S. D. Patterson.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;

Round Him, in calmest music, rolls
  Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
  And the end He knoweth;
And not on a blind and aimless *way*
  The Spirit goeth.

J. G. Whittier.

WEAKNESS.

IT is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made *weak*.—Romans, xiv. 21.

Comfort the feeble-minded, support the *weak*.—I. Thessalonians, v. 14.

WHAT *weaker* breast,
Since Adam's armour failed, dares warrant his?
That, made by God of all his creatures best,
Straight made himself the worst of all the rest:
  If any strength we have, it is to ill;
  But all the good is God's, both power and will;
The dead man cannot rise, though he himself may kill.

Giles Fletcher.

Ah! what are we, but lumps of walking clay?
  Why should we swell? Whence should our spirits rise?
Are not the beasts as strong, and birds as gay,
  Trees longer lived, and creeping things as wise?
Only our souls were left an inward light,
To feel our *weakness*, and confess Thy might.

Sir H. Wotton.

Still let us, Lord, with grace be blest,
Who in thy guardian mercy rest,
Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
The *weakest* soul that trusts in Thee;
And never let me lose thy love,
'Till I, even I, am crowned above.

Dryden.

Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty power,
But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
O'erwhelmed with shame, the Lord of life I see,
Abhor myself, and give my soul to Thee.
Nor shall my *weakness* tempt Thine anger more:
Man was not made to question, but adore.

Young.

And though sometimes Thou seem'st Thy face to hide,
As one that had withdrawn his love from me,
'Tis that my faith may to the full be tried,
And that I may thereby the better see
How *weak* I am, when not upheld by Thee!

Thomas Ellwood.

WEALTH.

BLESSED is the man that feareth the Lord, *Wealth* and riches shall be in his house.—Psalm cxii. 1, 3.

Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labour shall increase.—Proverbs, xiii. 11.

Let no man seek his own, but every man another's *wealth*.—I. Corinthians, x. 24.

I HAVE no guide those honours to obtain,
Which men might heretofore by virtue gain;
Nor have I wit if *wealth* were given me,
To think bought place or title honoured me;
I yet have no belief that they are wise,

Who for base ends can basely temporize;
Or that it will at length be all for me,
That I lived poor to keep my spirit free.

*****

I should on God alone so much depend,
That I should need nor *wealth* nor other friend.

Wither.

Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold, his sword the hireling ruffian draws;
For gold, the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on *wealth*, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Dr. Johnson.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line,
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

Watts.

WEARINESS.

THE people shall *weary* themselves for very vanity.—Habakkuk, ii. 13.

Consider him that endureth such contradiction of

sinners against himself, lest ye be *wearied* and faint in your minds.—Hebrews, xii. 3.

Let us not be *weary* in well doing.—Galatians, vi. 9.

POOR worldling! stay thy vain pursuit of peace
In empty vanities: no good can live
In all the gilded charms that mock thee: cease
Thy hold on these; loose every cord, and hear
The word of God: "Come ye that *weary* are!
Ye heavy-laden, come, and I will give
You rest." O, heed that call! in holy fear,
In deep humility, bow down: the star
Of hope shall rise, and joy shall speak thy soul's release.

Isaac F. Shepard.

O, I am *weary* of this sinful life!
Weary of error, and yet erring still,
Knowing, yet doing not Thy holy will,
O, I am *weary* of this endless strife!

I ask not that Thou take me from the earth,
But keep me from its evils—guide my feet,
And give me strength its many cares to meet—
To act all worthy of my heavenly birth.

Mary J. Reed.

Weariness will follow those
Who touch upon their journey's close
But as the sun, though setting, burns
Still brightly, and to glory turns
The very clouds that round him roll;
So, even so, do thou my soul,
With in-born radiance, more and more,
Illume the shades of Sixty-four.

Nay, let a yet diviner power
Glorify thy latter hour:
Too long faithless and forlorn

Earthly image thou hast borne;
Now that heavenly impress seek,
Which, when flesh is frail and weak,
Gives the soul new power to soar
Eagle-winged, at Sixty-four.

Bernard Barton.

WEEPING.

THOU shalt *weep* no more.—Isaiah, xxx. 19.

Blessed are ye that *weep* now: for ye shall laugh.—Luke, vi. 21.

Jesus *wept*.—John, xi. 35.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and *weep* with them that *weep*.—Romans, xii. 15.

THOUGH woe to joy! And though, at morn thou *weep*,
And though the midnight find thee *weeping* still,
Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves his sheep—
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Rosegarten.

Oh! glorious miracle of heavenly love!
Oh! wondrous spectacle of saving grace!
Oh! sympathy divine with human woe!
He who had conquered death did condescend
To *weep* over a grave where others *wept*!
How deep the lesson—and how marvellous
The meaning of such sorrow!

Said it not;
Thy grief offends me not, if it be meek,
Trustful, and humble. I forbid not tears,
When they flow patiently. I would not close
The springs of sympathy. I made ye thus
To cling one to the other, and to feel
Each for his neighbour, both in joy and woe;

Yet teach your sorrow reverence; and believe
That he who smites you is the Lord your
God.

Miss Pardoe.

Thou who hearest plaintive music,
Or sweet songs of other days;
Heaven-revealing organs pealing,
Or clear voices hymning praise,
And would'st *weep*, thou know'st not
wherefore,
Though thy soul is steeped in joy;
And the world looks kindly on thee;
And thy bliss hath no alloy—
Weep, nor seek for consolation,
Let the heaven-sent droplets flow,
They are hints of mighty secrets;
We are wiser than we know.

Charles Mackay.

WELL.

MEN will praise thee, when thou doest *well* to thyself.—Psalm xlix. 18.

Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be *well* with him.—Isaiah, iii. 10.

If when ye do *well*, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.—I. Peter, ii. 20.

SUCH music!
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung
Whilst the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the *well*-balanced world on hinges hung.

Milton.

To pray, without devotion, is to prate;
And hearing is but half our exercise:
We ought not, therefore, to regard alone
How often, but how *well*, the work be done.

George Wither.

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exalted round:
So life we praise that does excel
Not in much time, but acting *well.*

Waller.

Am I doing *well* or ill?
  Soul, a solemn question this!
Am I seeking to fulfil
God's most high and holy will,
Bending all mine efforts still
  To attain eternal bliss?

Am I doing *well* or ill?
  Ask the world, and it will say—
Well, for gold thy coffers fill;
Thou hast learning, thou hast skill,
Thou hast climbed up fortune's hill,
  And helped others on the way.

Am I doing *well* or ill?
  Still recurs the solemn quest;
Worldly wealth, and men's good will,
Cannot satisfy, nor still
Anxious doubts, and fears that fill
  Thee with sadness and unrest.

Egone.

WIFE.

WHOSO findeth a *wife* findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord.—Proverbs, xviii. 22.

A prudent *wife* is from the Lord.—Proverbs, xix. 14.

SEEK a good *wife* of thy God, for she is the
    best gift of His Providence;
Yet ask not in bold confidence that which He
    hath not promised:
Thou knowest not His good will:—be thy

prayer then submissive thereunto.
And leave thy petition to His mercy, assured
that He will deal well with thee.
If thou art to have a *wife* of thy youth, she is
now living on the earth,
Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal;
yea, though thou hast not seen her.
They that love early become like-minded,
and the tempter toucheth them not:
They grow up leaning on each other, as the
olive and the vine.

Martin F. Tupper.

True *wife*! fond *wife*! let us together lean,
Like trees with intertwining boughs, that
so
Brave angry skies, whatever winds may
blow:
And, though there interpose a cloudy screen,
Lift up their heads towards the blue serene
From whence the sunbeams, and the rain-
drops flow,
By which they gather strength, and taller
grow,
And keep their shoots and saplings fresh and
green.
True *wife*! fond *wife*! we have together stood,
Through years of trial, each supporting
each,
Ever unto the infinite and good,
Thy thoughts than mine have higher,
wider reached;
And I have felt how true the wise one's word;
Thou art indeed a gift, a favour from the
Lord!

Egone.

My *wife*! how fondly shall thy memory
Be shrined within the chamber of my
heart!
Thy virtuous worth was only known to me,
And I can feel how hard it is to part.

C. L. Chester.

WILL—WILLING.

TEACH me to do thy *will*; for thou art my God.—Psalm cxliii. 10.

Thy *will* be done in earth, as it is in heaven.—Matthew, vi. 10.

The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the *will* of God abideth for ever.—I. John, ii. 17.

"THY *will* be done." And is't not ever done?
But, as in heaven, it must be made our own.
His *will* must all our inclinations sway,
Whom nature, and the universe obey.
Happy the man, whose longings are confined
To what has been eternally designed;
Referring all to His paternal care,
To whom more dear than to ourselves we are!

Waller.

Half mankind maintain a churlish strife
With Him, the Donor of eternal life,
Because the deed, by which His love confirms
The largess He bestows, prescribes the terms.
Compliance with His *will* your lot ensures,
Accept it only, and the boon is yours.
And sure it is as kind to smile and give,
As with a frown to say, Do this and live.

Cowper.

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
  These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
  Because they are Thy *Will*!
Then all I want, (O, do Thou grant
  This one request of mine,)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
  Assist me to resign.

Burns.

Lord, I submit. Complete Thy gracious *will*,

For, if Thou slay me, I will trust Thee still.
O, be my *will* so swallowed up in Thine,
That I may do Thy *will*, in doing mine?
Hannah More.

Subdued and instructed, I bow to Thy *will*;
My hopes and my longings to Thee I resign;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine!
Sir R. Grant.

My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from the heart to say,
"Thy *will* be done!"

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
"Thy *will* be done!"

Renew my *will* from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy *will* be done!"

Then, when on earth, I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy *will* be done!"
Elliott.

"O Father! not my *will*, but Thine be done!"
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys—
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast,
In perfect rest!
Keble.

But now, see where He lies

On the cold ground, exposed to thick, dank air,
And all the fury of the maddening skies!
See how each nerve and vein
Trembles and throbs with torture! how His eyes
Start from their seat with anguish and despair!
What drops of sanguine sweat roll down amain
From His fair limbs! "O Father, O remove,
If possible, this cup, yet not My *will*,
But Thine be done!" O agonizing love!

James Scott.

Perchance he gives his thousands to the poor —
He well may give what he can use no more.
What *willing* charity! gives, dares he say?
He gives, but not till Heaven has snatched away.

Thomas Ward.

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! Thy *will*, not mine be done.

Oh, ne'er *will* I at life repine,
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
Where falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! Thy *will*, not mine be done.

Sarah Flower Adams.

It is a short and simple prayer,
  But 'tis the Christian's stay
Through every varied scene of care,
  Until his dying day.
As through the wilderness of life

Calmly he wanders on,
His prayer in every time of strife
Is still "Thy *will* be done!"

Mary Anne Brown.

By scale and method works the *Will* Supreme,
Nor clouds, nor waves, without a limit stream;
And all the floods that daylight never saw,
The rayless tide of ruin, owns a law.

O'er all confusions marring earth and air,
O'er all the shuddering hours of man's despair,
Still reigns one fixed decree of peace and love,
And still, though dim below, 'tis bright above.

John Sterling.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness,
His own, thy *will*;
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfil;

And that cloud itself, which now before thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall, with beams of light, for the inner glory,
Be stricken through.

J. G. Whittier.

WIND.

STORMY *wind* fulfilling His word.—Psalm cxlviii. 8.

The *wind* goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north, it whirleth about continually, and the *wind* returneth again according to his circuits.—Ecclesiastes, i. 6.

He that createth the *wind*, the Lord, the God of Hosts is His name.—Amos, iv. 13.

The *wind* bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit.—John, iii. 8.

WINDS, whence and whither do ye blow?
—Ye must be born again to know.
J. Montgomery.

God of the chainless *winds* that wildly wreck,
The moaning forest, and the ancient oak
Rend like a sapling spray,—and sweep the sand
O'er the lost caravan,—that trod with pride
Of tinkling bells, and camel's arching neck,
The burning desert,—a dense host at morn,
At eve, a bubble, on the trackless waste.
God of the *winds*!—canst Thou not rule the heart,
And gather back its passions, when Thou wilt,
Bidding them, "Peace—be still!"
Mrs. Sigourney.

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
And we're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains, and over the deep
Our broad invisible pinions sweep,
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we,
Ye call us the *winds*; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forest, or fan the flower,
When the harebell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering

wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave:
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering *winds* to their secret place?

And whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear,
With music aerial, still 'tis we.
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note, when our numbers
cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
We come and we go at His command:
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back:
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away
Or win us in gentlest air to play,
Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,
Or frees as he will, the obedient *winds*.

Miss Gould.

Ye viewless minstrels of the sky!
I marvel not on times gone by
  That ye were deified:
For even on this later day,
To me oft has your power or play,
  Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
Who mock all our imaginings,
  Like spirits in a dream;
What epithet can words supply,
Unto the bard, who takes so high
  Unmanageable theme?

But one:—to me, when fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem heaven's messengers,
  Who leave no path untrod;
And when, as now, at midnight hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,

It seems the voice of God.

Bernard Barton.

The *wind* breathes low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

W. P. O. Peabody.

WISDOM.

THE fear of the Lord that is *wisdom*.—Job, xxviii. 28.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto *wisdom*.—Psalm xc. 12.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get *wisdom*.—Proverbs, iv. 7.

How much better is it to get *wisdom* than gold.—Proverbs, xvi. 16.

If any of you lack *wisdom*, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him.—James, i. 5.

THE *wise*, I here observe,
Are *wise* towards God, in whose great service still,
More than in that of kings, themselves they serve.

Sir W. Davenant.

He that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of *wisdom* him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Withouten helm or pilot her to sway;
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event:
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Spenser.

Wisdom, the antidote of sad despair,
Makes sharp afflictions seem not as they are,
Through patient sufferance; and doth apprehend,
Not as they seeming are, but as they end.

Francis Quarles.

Wisdom's self
Oft seeks so sweet, retired solitude;
Where, with her best nurse—contemplation—
She plumes her feathers, and lets go her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too muffled, and sometimes impaired.

Milton.

All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest *wisdom* brings about;
And ever best found in the close.

Milton.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their constant race,
To measure what we want in time,
By *wisdom* and by grace.

Christopher Pitt.

Wisdom smiles when humble mortals
weep.
When sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs
the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel the softening
shower,
Her seeds celestial then glad *wisdom* sows,
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

Young.

The weak have remedies, the *wise* have joys:
Superior *wisdom* is superior bliss.

Young.

When knowledge, at her Father's dread
command,
Resigned to Israel's king her golden key,
O, to have joined the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes;
O, how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good-will to man,
That *wisdom* he alone, of man, possessed
In plenitude so rich, and cope so rare.

Smart.

Knowledge and *wisdom*, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion, knowledge
dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which *wisdom*
builds,
Till smooth'd and squared, and fitted to its
place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so
much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Cowper.

Thus *wisdom's* words discover
  Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
  Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
  Ere stars were seen above;
In *wisdom* Thou hast made us,
  And died for us in love.

Cowper.

When did *wisdom* covet length of days?
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No:—*wisdom* views with an indifferent eye
All finite things, as blessings born to die.

Hannah More.

Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God,
'Tis proud, the world replied. *Wisdom*, said God,
Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear
Of man, but God. *Wisdom* revenges, said
The world; is quick and deadly of resentment,
Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,
And hastes, by death, to wipe its honour clean.
Wisdom, said God, loves enemies, entreats,
Solicits, begs for peace. *Wisdom*, replied,
The world, hates enemies, will not ask peace,
Conditions spurns, and triumphs in their fall.
Wisdom mistrusts itself, and leans on Heaven,
Said God. It trusts and leans upon itself,
The world replied. *Wisdom* retires, said God,
And counts it bravery to bear reproach,
And shame, and lowly poverty, upright;
And weeps with all who have just cause to weep.
Wisdom, replied the world, struts forth to gaze,
Treads the broad stage with clamorous foot,
Attracts all praises, counts it bravery
Alone to wield the sword, and rush on death;

And never weeps, but for its own disgrace.
Wisdom, said God, is highest, when it stoops
Lowest before the Holy Throne; throws down
Its crown, abased; forgets itself, admires,
And breathes adoring praise. There *wisdom* stoops
Indeed, the world replied; there stoops, because
It must, but stoops with dignity; and thinks
And meditates, the while, of inward worth.
Pollok.

Come to my aid, celestial *Wisdom*, come;
From my dark soul dispel the doubtful gloom;
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came.
Boyse.

See! full of hope, thou trustest to the earth
The golden seed, and waitest till the Spring
Summons the buried to a happier birth;
But, in Time's furrow duly scattering,
Think'st thou how deeds, by *wisdom* sown, may be
Silently ripen'd for eternity?
Schiller.

Up! 'tis no dreaming time! Awake! Awake!
For He who sits on the high Judge's seat,
Doth in His record mark each wasted hour,
Each idle word. Take heed thy shrinking soul
Find not their weight too heavy, when it stands
At that dread bar from whence is no appeal.
Lo, while ye trifle, the light sand steals on,
Leaving the hour-glass empty, and thy life
Glideth away;—stamp *wisdom* on its hours.
Mrs. Sigourney.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of *wisdom* utter;
To what shall their rarity be likened? what

price shall count their worth?
Perfect and much to be desired, and giving
joy with riches,
No lovely thing on earth can picture all their
beauty.
They be chance pearls, flung among the
rocks by the sullen waters of oblivion,
Which diligence loveth to gather, and hang
round the neck of memory;
They be white-winged seeds of happiness,
wafted from the islands of the blessed,
Which thought carefully tendeth, in the
kindly garden of the heart;
They be sproutings of an harvest for eternity,
bursting through the tilth of time,
Green promise of the golden wheat, that
yieldeth angel's food;
They be drops of the crystal dew, which the
wings of seraphs scatter,
When on some brighter sabbath, their plumes
quiver most with delight:
Such, and so precious, are the words which
the lips of *wisdom* utter.

Martin F. Tupper.

Faith and hope
Will teach me how to bear my lot!
To think Almighty *Wisdom* best,
To bow my head, and murmur not.
The chast'ning hand of One above
Falls heavy, but I kiss the rod,
He gives the wound, and I must trust
Its healing to the self-same God.

Eliza Cook.

WITNESS.

A FAITHFUL *witness* will not lie: but a false *witness* will utter lies.—Proverbs, xiv. 5.

If we receive the *witness* of men, the *witness* of God is greater: for this is the *witness* of God which he hath

testified of his Son.

He that believeth on the Son of God hath the *witness* in himself.—I. John, v. 9, 10.

IN ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Like skeletons in chains
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black slave-ship swims
Freighted with human forms,
Those fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves:
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry from yawning waves,
"We are the *Witnesses*!"

Within earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare school-boys from their play.

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves—
"We are the *Witnesses*!"

Longfellow.

WOE.

WOE unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them. —Isaiah, v. 11.

Woe unto us, that we have sinned.—Lamentations, v. 16.

VENOMOUS thornes that are so sharpe and kene,
Bear flowers we see full fresh and fayre of hue,
Poyson is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clene
May hurt and heale; then if this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my healthe,
Since every *woe* is joined with some wealth!

Wyatt.

Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet, gay this scene, and light this load of *woe*,
Compared with thy hereafter.

Bishop Porteus.

But, God be thanked! there are moments, when
Man, subdued by nature's mightiest powers,
Thinks even his purer self the sport of waves.
In such like moments 'tis the Godhead shows us
The distance 'twixt itself and us,—chastises
Man's vain audacity to equal it,
And casts him back to nothingness and *woe*.
In such like moments, even the wisest sinks
Unto the dust: he, too, is formed of dust;
But soon again he rises purified

By Fate's worst blast, and thus the Eternal's will
Declares and proves its own omnipotence.

Herder.

But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs, by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of *woe*.

Beattie.

Woe unto those that with the morning sun
Rise to drink wine, and set till he have done
His weary course; not ceasing, until night
Have quenched their understanding with the light.

Bishop King.

The Son of God, in doing good,
Was fain to look to Heaven, and sigh;
And shall the heirs of sinful blood
Seek joy unmixed in charity?
God will not let love's work impart
Full solace, lest it steal the heart;
Be thou content in tears to sow,
Blessing, like Jesus, in thy *woe*.

Keble.

Væ vobis, ye whose lip doth lave
So deeply in the sparkling wine,
Regardless though that passion wave
Shut from the soul heaven's light divine;
Væ vobis!—heed the trumpet blast,
Fly ere the leprous taint is deep,
Fly!—ere the hour of hope be past,
And pitying angels cease to weep.

Væ vobis, ye who fail to read,
That name which glows where'er ye tread,

The Alpha of an infant creed,
  The Omega of the sainted dead;
'Tis written where the pencill'd flowers
  Their tablet to the desert show,
And where the mountain's rocky towers
  Frown darkly on the vale below;

Where roll the wondrous orbs on high,
  In glorious order strong and fair,
In every letter of the sky
  That midnight graves—'tis there—'tis there!
It gleams on ocean's wrinkled brow,
  And in the shell that gems its shore,
And where the solemn forests bow
  Væ vobis, ye, who scorn the lore.

L. H. Sigourney.

WOMAN.

WHO can find a virtuous *woman*? for her price is far above rubies.

A *woman* that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Proverbs, xxxi. 10, 30.

Nevertheless, neither is the man without the *woman*, neither the *woman* without the man in the Lord.—I. Corinthians, xi. 11.

WELL I understand, in the prime end
Of nature, her th' inferior in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel
In outward; also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures; yet, when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;

All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded! wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows.
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all.
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her, loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

Milton.

So *woman*, born to dignify retreat
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,
With softness polish, and with virtue warm:
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but Heaven's applauses and her own;
Should dread no blame but that which crimes impart,
The censures of a self-condemning heart.

Hannah More.

For *woman* is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of *woman*, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
More as the double-natured Poet, each:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,

But like each other ev'n as those we love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind!

Tennyson.

What highest prize hath *woman* won
In science or in art?
What mightiest work by *woman* done,
Boasts city, field, or mart?
"She hath no Raphael," Painting saith;
"No Newton," Learning cries;
Show us her Steam-ship! her Macbeth,
Her thought-won victories!

Hail boastful man! though worthy are
Thy deeds when thou art true,
Things worthier still and holier far,
Our sister yet will do;
For this the worth of *woman* shows,
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows,
He honours her the more.

Oh! not for wealth, or fame, or pow'r,
Hath man's weak angel striven,
But silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a heav'n!
And in her garden of the sun,
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For *woman's* best is unbegun!
Her advent yet to come.

Ebenezer Elliot.

WORD.

THY *word* is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psalm cxix. 105.

For there is not a *word* in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord,

Thou knowest it altogether.—Psalm cxxxix. 4.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the *word* of our God shall stand for ever.—Isaiah, xl. 8.

Every idle *word* that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.—Matthew, xii. 36.

ILL deeds are doubled with an evil *word*.
Shakspere.

Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence bush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy *word* shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.
Sir R. Grant.

Not *words* alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for His own;
Nor will a soul by grace restored,
Return the Saviour's *words* alone.
Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling *words* and fluent speech,
Might serve instead of faith and love.
But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free.
Cowper.

O happy they who know the Lord,
With whom be deigns to dwell,
He feeds and cheers them by His *word*,
His arm supports them well.

He helped His saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in His name;
And we can witness to His praise,
His love is still the same.

His presence sweetens all our cares,
  And makes our burdens light;
A *word* from Him dispels our fears,
  And gilds the gloom of night.

Newton.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
  Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',
  And wat'ring our divine abode.

That sacred stream, Thy holy *word*,
  That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
  And give new strength to fainting souls.

Watts.

When quiet in my house I sit,
  Thy book be my companion still,
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
  Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine
Till every heart-felt *word* be mine.

O may the gracious *words* divine
  Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord His follower join,
  And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
  O may Thy reconciling *word*
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
  While, in the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
  Thee may I publish all day long;
And let Thy precious *word* of grace
  Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

C. Wesley.

Where deeds pull down, *words* can repair no faith.

Chapman.

A voice to light gave being:
To Time, and man his earth-born chronicler;
A voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir;
The trumpet, (we intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars,)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O silence! are men's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be dust
And vanish, though the Heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the *word*, that shall not pass away.

Wordsworth.

Why, thou never-setting light,
  Is thy brightness veil'd from me?
Why does this unusual night
  Cloud thy best benignity?
I am lost without thy ray,
  Guide my wandering footsteps, Lord!
Light my dark and erring way
  To the noontide of thy *word*.

Bowring, from the Russian.

I saw one man, armed simply with God's *Word*,
  Enter the souls of many fellow-men,
And pierce them sharply as a two-edged sword,
  While conscience echoed back his words

again;
Till, even as showers of fertilizing rain
Sink through the bosom of the valley clod,
So their hearts opened to the wholesome pain,
And hundreds knelt upon the flowery sod,
One good man's earnest prayer, the link
'twixt them and God.

Mrs. Norton.

WORKS—WORK.

UNTO thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for thou renderest to every man according to his *work*.—Psalm lxii. 12.

The *works* of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.—Psalm cxi. 2.

Prepare thy *work* without, and make it fit for thyself in the field: and afterwards build thine house.—Proverbs, xxiv. 27.

THESE are Thy glorious *works*, Parent of Good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above the Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest *works*; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing! ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Milton.

If faith produce no *works*; I see

That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and *works* together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart,—
What God hath joined, let no man part.

Hannah More.

O, how unlike the complex *works* of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;
From ostentation, as from weakness free,
It stands, like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickening words: Believe and live!

Cowper.

Oh how I love with melted soul to leave
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
Alone! what though the opening air be chill!
Although the lark, checked in his airy path,
Eke out his song, perched on the fallow clod
That still o'ertops the blade; although no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream.
What though the clouds oft lower; their threats but end
In summer showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couched violets, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe—melodious bird!
He hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray,
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf,)
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.
Sweet is the sunny nook to which my steps

Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roamed,
Unheeding where—so lovely all around,
The *works* of God arrayed in vernal smile.
Grahame.

How manifold Thy *works,* O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought!
The earth is with Thy riches stored,
And ocean with Thy wonders fraught:
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For Thee their hidden treasures keep.
J. Montgomery.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a *work* of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.
A. L. Waring.

Fellow-*workers* are we; hour by hour,
Human tools are shaping Heaven's great schemes,
Till we see no limit to man's power,
And reality outstrips old dreams.
Toil and struggle, therefore, *work* and weep,
In God's care ye shall calmly sleep,
When the night cometh.
Mrs. Embury.

Lord of all Being! where can fancy fly,
To what far realms, unmeasured by thine eye?
Where can he hide beneath Thy blazing sun,
Where dwell'st Thou not, the boundless, viewless One?
Shall guilt couch down within the cavern's gloom,
And quivering, groaning, meditate her doom?
Or scale the mountains, where the

whirlwinds rest,
And in the night-blast cool her fiery breast?
Within the cavern-gloom Thine eye can see,
The sky-clad mountains lift their heads to Thee!
Thy spirit rides upon the thunder storms,
Darkening the sky with their terrific forms!
Beams in the lightning, rocks upon the seas,
Roars in the blast, and whispers in the breeze;
In calms, in storm, in Heaven, in earth, Thou art!
Trace but Thy *works*, they bring Thee to the heart.

R. Montgomery.

The blackbird early leaves its rest
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest
From upland, wood, and lawn.
The busy bee that wings its way
'Mid sweets of varied hue,
At every flower would seem to say—
"There's *work* enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snowdrop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass.
The ant within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labour too,
And writes upon its tiny heap,
"There's *work* enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their cars,
For Nature's wheel is never still—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And summer breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare—
"There's *work* enough to do."

J. Burbidge.

WORLD.

THE Lord is the true God, he is the living God, and an everlasting king:

He hath made the earth by his power, he hath established the *world* by his wisdom.—Jeremiah, x. 10, 12.

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole *world*, and lose his own soul?—Mark, viii. 36.

If the *world* hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you.

If ye were of the *world*, the *world* would love his own: but because ye are not of the *world*, but I have chosen you out of the *world*, therefore the *world* hateth you.—John, xv. 18, 19.

Be not conformed to this *world*, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.—Romans, xii. 2.

The friendship of the *world* is enmity with God: whosoever therefore will be a friend of the *world*, is the enemy of God.—James, iv. 4.

And the *world* passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.—I. John, ii. 17.

THE weary mariner so fast not flies
  An howling tempest, harbour to attain;
  Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
  So fast to fold, to save his bleating train!
As I, wing'd with contempt and just disdain,
  Now fly the *world* and what it most doth prize,
  And sanctuary seek, free to remain
  From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes:
To me this *world* did once seem sweet and fair,
  While sense's light mind's perspective kept blind;

Now like imagin'd landscapes in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find;
Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life and silent grave.

William Drummond.

Of this fair volume which we "*world*" do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out his power, which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page—no period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands—leaving what is best;
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

William Drummond.

Seek well another *world*; who studies this,
Travels in clouds, seeks manna where none is.

Henry Vaughan.

Lord, mail my heart with faith, and be my shield,
And if a *world* confront me, I'll not yield.

Francis Quarles.

To tremble, (as the creatures of an hour
Ought,) at the view of an Almighty power
Before His presence, at whose awful throne

All tremble in all *worlds* except our own;
To supplicate His mercy, love His ways,
And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or praise;
Though common sense, allowed a casting voice,
And free from bias, must approve the choice;
Convicts a man fanatic in the extreme,
And wild as madness in the *world's* esteem.

Cowper.

The joy that vain amusements give,
O, sad conclusion that it brings,
The honey of a crowded hive
Defended by a thousand stings.
'Tis thus the *world* rewards the fools
That live upon her treacherous smiles;
She leads them blindfold, by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

Cowper.

What is this *world*?
What but a spacious burial-field unwalled,
Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once lived,
And we that live must lend our carcases,
To cover our own offspring: in their turns,
They too must cover theirs.

Blair.

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced, I talked and sung,
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, nor pain:
Oh! then in those light hours of glee,
I thought the *world* was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,
And sickness shook my feeble frame,
And folly's gay pursuits were o'er,

And I could sing and dance no more,
Oh! then I thought bow sad 'twould be
Were only this *world* made for me.

Princess Amelia.

Virtue, for ever frail as fair below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the *world* without a stain;
The *world*'s infectious.

Young.

The *world*'s a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around
We must or imitate or disapprove;
Must 'list as their accomplices or foes;
That stains our innocence, this wounds our peace.

Young.

Thrice happy *world*, where gilded toys
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our joys!
There light or shade no more succeed by turns,
There reigns the eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

Isaac Watts.

The flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempts, and then flies:
What is this *world*'s delight?
Lightning, that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Shelley.

Dreams cannot picture a *world* so fair—

Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
  It is there, it is there, my child!
Mrs. Hemans.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
  Of all this wondrous *world* we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
  Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
Thomas Moore.

O *world*! how little do thy joys
  Concern a soul that knows
Itself not made for such low toys
  As thy poor hand bestows!

Then take away thy tinsel wares,
  That dazzle here our eyes;
Let us go up above the stars,
  Where all our treasure lies.

The way we know: our dearest Lord
  Himself has gone before:
And has engaged His faithful word,
  To open us the door.
Hicks.

The *world* is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Wordsworth.

Pass on, relentless *world*! I grieve
  No more for all that thou hast riven;
Pass on, in God's name, only leave
  The things thou never yet hast given—
A heart at ease, a mind at home,
  Affections fixed above thy sway,
Faith set upon a *world* to come,
  And patience through life's little day.
George Lunt.

WORSHIP.

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.—Psalm xcvi. 9.

In vain do they *worship* me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.—Mark, vii. 7.

But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true *worshippers* shall *worship* the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to *worship* him.—John, iv. 23.

FIRST *worship* God; he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good-morrow nor good-day:
Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin,
And serve Him first, whence all things did begin.

Thomas Randolph.

There is a joy which angels well might prize:
To see, and hear, and aid God's *worship*, when
Unnumbered tongues—a host of Christian men,
Youths, matrons, maidens, join. Their sounds arise
"Like many waters;" now glad symphonies
Of thanks and glory to our God, and then,
Seal of the social prayer, the loud Amen.
Faith's common pledge, contrition's mingled cries.
Thus when the church of Christ was hale and young,
She call'd on God, one spirit and one voice;
Thus from corruption cleansed, with health new strung,
Her son she nurtured. Oh! be theirs by choice,
What duty bids, to *worship*, heart and tongue,
At once to pray, at once in God rejoice!

Bishop Mant.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that ance did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us *worship* God!" he says, with solemn air.

Burns.

Not always he
Hath holiest heart, whose *worship* is most loud,
And that is purest prayer, where one alone is bowed.

G. H. Colton.

Sweet is the solemn voice that calls
The christian to the house of prayer!
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there!

I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for *worship* meet;
For thither Christ himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

Lyte.

The earth is one great temple, made
For *worship* everywhere;
And its flowers are the bells, in glen and glade,
That ring the heart to prayer.
A solemn preacher is the breeze;
At noon or twilight dim,
The ancient trees give homilies—
The river hath a hymn.
For the city bell takes seven days
To reach the townsman's ear,
But he who kneels in nature's ways,
Hath sabbath all the year.

T. K. Hervey.

Give to the sceptic gain and gaud;
The Christian envies not his lot,
Who, while his fellow-men applaud,
Is by his outraged God forgot.
More blest is he, who, 'mid the cares
Of this world's loud and busy mart,
The melody of *worship* bears
For ever, in his inmost heart.

Miss Pardoe.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I am,
We *worship* Thee."

T. Olivers.

WORTHY.

THOU art *worthy*, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.—Revelation, iv. 11.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.—Revelation, v. 12.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"*Worthy* the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"*Worthy* the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is *worthy* to receive
Honour and power divine,

And blessings more than we can give,
  Be Lord for ever Thine!

Watts.

  Worthy, O Lord, art Thou,
  That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to Thee confess;
  Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, Thee to bless,
  Gracious, merciful, benign.

  Wisdom is due to Thee,
  And might and majesty;
Thee in mercy rich we prove,
  Glory, honour, praise receive;
Worthy thou of all our love,
  More than all we pant to give.

C. Wesley.

Sing we the song of those who stand,
  Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
  A multitude unknown.

"*Worthy* the Lamb for sinners slain,"
  Cry the redeem'd above,
"Blessing and honour to obtain,
  And everlasting love."

J. Montgomery.

WOUND.

PRAISE ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their *wounds*.—Psalm cxlvii. 1, 3.

The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity: but a *wounded* spirit who can bear?—Proverbs, xviii. 14.

He was *wounded* for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon

him; and with his stripes we are healed.—Isaiah, liii. 5.

NO *wounds* like those a *wounded* spirit feels,
No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.
And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father's frown, and kiss His chastening hand.

Cowper.

Come! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my ways your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Ye, by fiercest anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt, who mourn;
Here repose your heavy care:
A *wounded* spirit who can bear?

Mrs. Barbauld.

Saviour! all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with Thy mercy's dart:
Wound the heart that *wounded* Thee;
Break it in Gethsemane!

Hart.

Angels rejoice in Jesu's grace,
And vie with man's more favoured race,
The blood that did for us atone,
Conferred on them some gift unknown;
Their joy through Jesu's pains abounds,
They triumph by his glorious *wounds*.

C. Wesley.

WRATH.

O LORD rebuke me not in thy *wrath*: neither chasten me

in Thy hot displeasure.—Psalm xxxviii. 1.

He that is slow to *wrath* is of great understanding: but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.—Proverbs, xiv. 29.

O Lord, in *wrath* remember mercy.—Habakkuk, iii. 2.

For the great day of his *wrath* is come; and who shall be able to stand.—Revelation, vi. 17.

O THROW away Thy rod,
  O throw away Thy *wrath*!
My gracious Saviour and my God,
  O take the gentle path!

Thou seest my heart's desire
  Still unto Thee is bent;
Still does my longing soul aspire
  To an entire consent.

Not even a word or look
  Do I approve or own,
But by the model of Thy book,
  Thy sacred book alone.

Although I fail, I weep;
  Although I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
  Unto the throne of grace.

O then, let *wrath* remove!
  For love will do the deed:
Love will the conquest gain; with love
  E'en stony hearts will bleed.

O throw away Thy rod!
  What though man frailties hath!
Thou my Saviour and my God,
  O throw away Thy *wrath*!

Herbert.

Awake!
Thou who shalt wake when the creation sleeps;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;

When Time, like him of Gaza in his *wrath*,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies intombed;
And midnight, universal midnight reigns!

Young.

Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To push into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challenged Him to do His worst,
And mattered not His *wrath*.

Blair.

O day of *wrath*! that dreadful day,
When earth in dust shall pass away!
What dread shall strike the sinner dumb,
When the Almighty Judge shall come,
Every bidden sin to sum!
When the wondrous trumpet's tone,
Ringing through each cavern lone,
Calls the dead before the Throne—
When cruel death himself shall die,
And, freed from dark mortality,
The creature to his Judge reply:
What shall then that creature say?
What power shall be the sinner's stay,
When the just are in dismay?
Lord of all power and majesty,
Pure fountain of all piety,
Save us when we cry to Thee!
O thou whose vengeance waits on sin,
Cleanse our souls from guilt within,
Ere the day of *wrath* begin!
With suppliant heart and bended knee,
Low stooping in the dust to Thee,
Lord! save us in extremity!
That day of *wrath*, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay—
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

From the Latin, R. P.

The day of *wrath*, that dreadful day,

Shall all the world in ashes lay,
The last loud trumpet's mighty sound
Shall wake the nations under ground.
Thou Great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty souls now favour find;
My God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

Roscommon.

YEAR.

WHEN a few *years* are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.—Job, xvi. 22.

Thou crownest the *year* with thy goodness, thy paths drop fatness.—Psalm lxv. 11.

For a thousand *years* in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our *years* as a tale that is told.

The days of our *years* are threescore *years* and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore *years*, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.—Psalm xc. 4, 9, 10.

If a man live many *years* and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness for they shall be many. —Ecclesiastes, xi. 8.

ANOTHER *year* of time has passed away,
And long eternity is drawing near:
Another *year*—perhaps another day,
And man and all his works, may disappear,
Time's but a courser, and his fleet career
May end before he reach another round;
Or, should he chance to run another *year*,
He lays a thousand dead at every bound!
Why longer trust to future *years* in store?
Why hang our hopes upon a spider's thread?

Begin the work of life, and, sleep no more,
A flower late planted ne'er may raise its head;
Or choked by weeds neglected in the soil,
May never, never bloom, nor shed a cheerful smile.

Peter Still.

Eternal source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear
To hail Thee sovereign of the *year*.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring at Thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in Autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and *years* revolve no more.

Doddridge.

The middle watch is past! Another *year*
Dawns on the human race with hope and fear.
The last has gone, with mingl'd sigh and song,

To join for ever its ancestral throng;
And Time reveals,
As past it steals,
The potent hand of God, the Everlasting,
Guiding the Sun, with all his blazing peers,
And filling up the measure of our *years*,
Until Messiah, Prince, to judgment hasting,
Shall roll the darkness from this world of sin,
And bid a bright eternity begin.

The *years* fly faster than they did whilom—
With greater speed they go, with greater come,
Has time renewed its youth? or fearing age,
Perspiring, pants it to fulfil its stage?
Perhaps men's fears,
And falling tears,
Oiling its wheels has caused this rapid rolling;
Or, urged along by old Creation's groans,
And sympathizing with its piteous moans,
It flies to set their massive death-bell tolling;
When blooming Paradise shall clothe the earth,
And angels shout to heaven its second birth.

All *years* are like, yet no one like another;
Sons of one sire, yet no one like his brother;
All use one language, yet the tales they tell
Speak now of earth, anon of heaven and hell.
They all are sent,
With kind intent,
The messengers of God, the loving Father,
To tell his weeping children, that his eye
Watches their sorrows from his world on high,
Where, near himself, he means them all to gather;
Yet when they reach this cloud-environ'd globe,
These messengers assume a sable robe.

On then, ye *years*! accelerate your flight;
Ye'll sooner cross the realm of murky night,
On, on, unresting! till your pinions, riven,
Drop down exhausted in the vault of heaven!
And thou, O Time,
The sage sublime,
Nobly obedient to the King Eternal,
Shalt lay thy silver'd head to peaceful rest,
Close by the mansions of the ransom'd blest,
Who on thy breast were borne to joys supernal.
Then shall the memory of thy faithful flight
Be set to music in the realms of light!

W. Leask.

Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shows salvation nigh!

On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing *year*.

Doddridge.

Old time has turn'd another page
Of eternity and truth;
He reads with a warning voice to age,
And whispers a lesson to youth.
A *year* has fled o'er heart and head
Since last the yule-log burnt;
And we have a task to closely ask,
What the bosom and brain have learnt?
Oh! let us hope that our souls have run
With wisdom's precious grains;
Oh! may we find that our hands have done
Some work of glorious pains.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new *year*,
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,

And a prayer for those who love us.

We may have seen some loved ones pass
To the land of hallow'd rest;
We may miss the glow of an honest brow
And the warmth of a friendly breast:
But if we nursed them while on earth,
With hearts all true and kind,
Will their spirits blame the sinless mirth
Of those true hearts left behind?
No no! it were not well or wise
To mourn with endless pain;
There's a better world beyond the skies,
Where the good shall meet again.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new *year*,
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

Have our days rolled on serenely free
From sorrow's dim alloy?
Do we still possess the gifts that bless
And fill our souls with joy?
Are the creatures dear still clinging near?
Do we hear loved voices come?
Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed
A halo round our home?
Oh, if we do, let thanks be pour'd
To Him who hath spared and given,
And forget not o'er the festive board
The mercies held from heaven.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new *year*,
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

Eliza Cook.

YOUTH.

WHEREWITHAL shall a *young* man cleanse his way? by

taking heed thereto according to Thy word.—Psalm cxix. 9.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.—Proverbs, viii. 17.

Rejoice O *young* man in thy *youth*; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy *youth*, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.—Ecclesiastes, xi. 9.

THRICE happy he whose downy age had been
Reclaimed by scourges from the prime of sin;
And, early seasoned with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his *youth*.

Francis Quarles.

Something of *youth* I in old age approve,
But more the marks of age in *youth* I love.
Who this observes, may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.

Denham.

Youth lost in dissipation,—we deplore
Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore;
Our years, a fruitless loss without a prize,
Too many—yet too few to make us wise.

Cowper.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
  Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the *youngest* shows,
  And yields the sweetest fruit.

Cowper.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not;
Her airy minutes swift as thought,
  Slide off the slippery sphere;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has passed his vernal bounds,
  And wheels about his year.

Watts.

For pleasures, vanities, and hates,
  The compact we renew,
And Judas rises in our hearts—
  We sell our Saviour too.
How, for some moments' vain delights,
  We will embitter years,
And in our *youth* lay up for age
  Only remorse and tears.

Miss Landon.

Days of my *youth*! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my *youth*! ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my *youth*! your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my *youth*! ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my *youth*! all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my *youth*! your gay visions are flown.

Days of my *youth*! I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my *youth*! I'm content you should fall;
Eyes of my *youth*! ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my *youth*! bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my *youth*! ye have led me astray!
Strength of my *youth*! why lament your decay?

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! but awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God!

C. Tucker.

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
  Thou *youthful* wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
  And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;

Come while sweet buds, like summer flowers
unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast;
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is
holding,
Come—and secure interminable rest!

Come, while the morning of thy life is
glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee
throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky;
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray;
O, touch the sceptre, win a hope in Heaven;
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away!

Willis G. Clark.

Live that thy *young* and glowing breast
Can think of death without a sigh,
And be assured that life is best
Which finds us least afraid to die.

Eliza Cook.

ZEAL.

FOR I bear them record that they have a *zeal* of God, but not according to knowledge.—Romans, x. 2.

It is good to be *zealously* affected always in a good thing. —Galatians, iv. 18.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be *zealous*, therefore, and repent.—Revelation, iii. 19.

FAREWELL to earth; my life of sense is o'er;
My heart is changed, I feel my bonds
untied;
And casting every thought impure aside,
My guilty course abandon and deplore.
Fallacious leaders I obey no more;
I follow thee, refuse all other guide;

And ne'er did shipwrecked bark with
broken side
Loose from the shelves more anxious for a
shore.
And since I spent with risk of mortal harm,
My life and dearest hours, nor gathered
thence
Profit or fruit, I crowd my sail to thee.
Lord, I am turned! now let thy gracious arm
Sustain me: and my future service be
With *zeal* proportioned to my past offence.

From the Italian of Gabriel Fiamma.

Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

True *zeal* is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild;
And breathes revenge and war.

While *zeal* for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it ought beside.

Newton.

If, gracious God, in life's green, ardent year,
A thousand times thy patient love I tried;
With reckless heart, with conscience hard
and sere,
Thy gifts perverted, and thy power defied:
O grant me, now that wintry snows appear
Around my brow, and youth's bright
promise hide.
Grant me with reverential awe to hear

Thy holy voice, and in thy word confide!
Blot from my book of life its early stain!
Since days misspent will never more return,
My future path do thou in mercy trace;
So cause my soul with pious *zeal* to burn,
That all the trust which in thy name I place,
Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain.
From the Italian of Pietro Bembo.

With *zeal* we watch,
And weigh the doctrine, while the spirit 'scapes;
And in the carving of our cummin-seeds,
Our metaphysical hair-splitting, fail
To note the orbit of that star of love
Which never sets.
Mrs. Sigourney.

It is well to be *zealous* for the truth,
God loveth not those who are lukewarm;
Fear not the reproach of the world;
Hide not thy light under a bushel;
Tell thy neighbour, or those in high places,
Of the sin which thou see'st them committing,
Yet not roughly, nor rudely, though firmly,
But temper thy *zeal* with discretion.

It is well to be *zealous*, for so were
Of old those who bore God's commission;
Their hearts burned like coals from the altar,
And they pressed towards the mark of their calling.
So do thou, in thy sphere and station,
Spread the truth as it dwelleth in Jesus;
In season and out be thou instant;
Let thy *zeal* be according to knowledge.
Egone.

ZION.

OUT of *Zion*, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined. —Psalm l. 2.

For the Lord hath chosen *Zion*; He hath desired it for His habitation.—Psalm cxxxii. 13.

Behold I lay in *Zion* a stumbling-stone and rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed.—Romans, ix. 33.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.

On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake Thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all Thy foes.

Saviour, if of *Zion's* city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in the name.

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys, and lasting treasure,
None but *Zion's* children know.

Newton.

Keep thou *Zion*-ward thy face,
Ask in faith the aid of grace,
Use the strength which grace shall give,
Die to self, in Christ to live.

Bernard Barton.

Go, walk about *Zion* and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks mark well;
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
Her towers and their pinnacles tell.

Then say to your children:—"Our stronghold

is tried,
  This God is our God to the end;
His people for ever his counsels shall guide,
  His arm shall for ever defend."
James Montgomery.

By Babylon's proud stream we sate,
  And tears gushed quick from every eye,
When our own *Zion's* fallen state
  Came rushing to our memory;
And there, the willow-groves among,
Sorrowing, our silent harps we hung.

For there our tyrants in their pride,
  Bade Judah raise the exulting strain,
And our remorseless spoilers cried,
  "Come breathe your native hymns again."
Oh, how in stranger climes can we
Pour forth Jehovah's melody?

When thou, loved *Zion*, art forgot,
  Let this unworthy hand decay;
When Salem is remembered not,
  Mute be these guilty lips for aye!
Yea, if in transport's livelier thrill,
Thou, *Zion*, art not dearer still!
Thomas Dale.

He who slumbereth not, nor sleepeth,
His ancient watch around us keepeth;
Still sent from His creating hand,
New witnesses for truth shall stand—
New instruments to sound abroad
The Gospel of a risen Lord;
  To gather to the fold once more
The desolate and gone astray,
The scattered of a cloudy day,
  And *Zion's* broken walls restore.
J. G. Whittier.

The Lord shall comfort *Zion*,
  Her places waste restore,
And, of her silent wilderness,

Make Eden bloom once more;
His garden she shall then become,
And worthy of His choice,
Gladness and thanks in all her smiles,
And music in her voice.

W. G. Simms.

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