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SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL

EDITED BY THE EDITOR OF
"QUIET HOURS"

WISDOM SERIES

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WISDOM SERIES.

Selections from the Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Selections from the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis.

Sunshine in the Soul. Poems selected by the editor of "Quiet Hours."

Selections from Epictetus.

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ROBERTS BROTHERS, *Publishers,*
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SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL

Poems selected by the Editor of "Quiet Hours."

"I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again.
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are."

BOSTON:
Roberts Brothers.
1881.

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Preface.

THESE poems have been brought together from many sources, old and new, with the hope that their notes of encouragement and cheerfulness may help to carry strength and courage into daily life. I have repeated here two poems which were printed in "Quiet Hours," because I could not spare them. They are, "Thou Grace Divine encircling all," and "I look to Thee in every need." I have taken the liberty of substituting the word "chafing" for "craven" in the first line of "Alone with God," and "mother" for "bosom" in the first verse of "How beautiful our lives may be."

I must express my thanks to Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Scribner & Co., and Roberts

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Brothers for their permission to use copyrighted poems. And I make grateful acknowledgments to the authors who have so kindly allowed me to use their poems.

M. W. T.

December, 1876.

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Sunshine in the Soul.

WITHIN.

WITHIN! within, O turn
Thy spirit's eyes, and learn
Thy wandering senses gently to control;
Thy dearest Friend dwells deep within thy soul,
And asks thyself of thee,
That heart, and mind, and sense He may make whole
In perfect harmony.
Doth not thy inmost spirit yield
And sink where Love stands thus revealed?
Be still and veil thy face,
The Lord is here, this is His holy place!
Then back to earth, and 'mid its toil and throng
One glance within will keep thee calm and strong;
And when the toil is o'er, how sweet, O God, to flee
Within, to Thee!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697–1769.

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FAITH, LOVE, AND PATIENCE.

NONE loves me, Father, with Thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine;
O, grant me, as Thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of Thine!
From every doubt and fear release,
And give me confidence and peace.

Give me a faith shall never fail,
One that shall always work by love;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in Thee to live:

A heart, that, when my days are glad,
May never from Thy way decline,
And when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to Thine, —
A heart that loves to trust in Thee,
A patient heart, create in me!

FROM THE GERMAN.

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WAITING.

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

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The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

"God's hand in all things, and all things in God's hand."

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;—
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will;

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Thy presence fills my solitude:
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. LONGFELLOW.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

WHAT comforts, Lord, to those are given,
Who seek in Thee their home and rest!
They find on earth an opening heaven,
And in Thy peace are amply blest.

Their tranquil joy no troubles banish;
Their hiding-place is safe above!
The dismal clouds of night must vanish
At dawning of Thy light of love!

WOLFGANG CHRISTOPH DESSLER, 1692.

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ALL IS YOURS.

O FOOLISH heart, be still!
And vex thyself no more!
Wait thou for God, until
He open pleasure's door.
Thou know'st not what is good for thee,
But God doth know; —
Let Him thy strong reliance be,
And rest thee so.

He counted all my days,
And every joy and tear,
Ere I knew how to praise,
Or even had learned to fear.
Before I Him my Father knew,
He called me child;
His help has guarded me all through
This weary wild.

The least of all my cares
Is not to Him unknown, —
He sees and He prepares
The pathway for His own;
And what His hand assigns to me,
That serves my peace, —
The greatest burden it might be,
Yet joy's increase!

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Give me, my Lord, whate'er
  Will bind my heart to Thee ;
For that I make my prayer,
  And know Thou hearest me !
But all that might keep back my soul,
  Make Thee forgot, —
Though of earth-good it were the whole,
  Oh give it not !

When sickness-pains distress,
  And want doth follow fear,
And men their hate express,
  My sky shall still be clear.
Then wait I, Lord, and wait for Thee ;
  And I am still, —
Though mine should unaccomplished be,
  Do Thou Thy will !

CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1715-1769.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
  A soundless, shoreless sea
Wherein at last our souls must fall ! —
  O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
  One soft hand blinds our eyes,

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The other leads us, safe and slow, —
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace, —
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control, —
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win:
We know Thee by a dearer name, —
O Love of God within!

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

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BLESSEDNESS.

IT is not happiness I seek,
Its name I hardly dare to speak;
It is not made for man or earth,
And Heaven alone can give it birth.

There is a something sweet and pure,
Through life, through death it may endure;
With steady foot I onward press,
And long to win that Blessedness.

It hath no shadow, this soft light,
But makes each daily duty bright;
It bids each heart-born tumult cease,
And sobers joy to quiet peace.

An all-abiding sense of Love,
In silence falling from above,
A conscience clear from wilful sin,
That hath no subterfuge within;

Fixed duty claiming every power,
And human love to charm each hour, —
These, these, my soul, make Blessedness:
I ask no more, I seek no less.

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And yet I know these are too much;
My very being's life they touch:
Without them all, oh! let me still
Find Blessedness in God's dear will.

LOUISA J. HALI

ALL FOR GOOD.

I ASK not, take away this weight of care;
No, for that love I pray that all can bear;
And for the faith that whatsoe'er befall
Must needs be good, and for my profit prove,
Since from my Father's heart most rich in love,
And from His bounteous hands it cometh all.

I ask not that my course be calm and still;
No, here too, Lord, be done Thy holy will:
I ask but for a quiet childlike heart;
Though thronging cares and restless toil be mine,
Yet may my heart remain for ever Thine,
Draw it from earth, and fix it where Thou art.

CARL JOHANN PHILIP SPITTA.

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PEACE.

THOU art with me, O my Father,
At early dawn of day;
It is Thy glory brighteneth
The upward streaming ray:
It calls me by its loveliness
To rise and worship Thee;
I feel Thy glorious presence, —
Thy face I may not see.

Thou art with me, O my Father,
In the changing scenes of life,
In loneliness of spirit,
And in weariness of strife;
My sufferings, my comfortings,
Alternate at Thy will;
I trust Thee, O my Father,
I trust Thee, and am still.

Thou art with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom;
When night enshrouds the sleeping earth,
Thy presence fills my room:
The little stars bring messages
Of kindness from above;
I love Thee, O my Father,
And I feel that Thou art love.

EUPHEMIA SAXBY.

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MIDWINTER.

MIDWINTER comes to-morrow,
My welcome guest to be:
White-hair'd, wide-winged Sorrow,
With Christmas gifts for me.
Thy angel, God! — I thank Thee still.
Thy will be done — Thy better will!

I thank Thee, Lord! — the whiteness
Of winter on my heart
Shall keep some glint of brightness,
Though sun and stars depart.
Thou smilest on the snow: Thy will
Is dread and drear, but lovely still.

W. J. LINTON

FOLLOWING.

AS God leads me, will I go,
Nor choose my way.
Let him choose the joy or woe
Of every day:
They cannot hurt my soul,
Because in his control:
I leave to him the whole, —
His children may.

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As God leads me, I am still
  Within His hand:
Though His purpose my self-will
  Doth oft withstand.
Yet I wish that none
But His will be done,
Till the end be won
  That He hath planned.

As God leads, I am content;
  He will take care!
All things by His will are sent
  That I must bear.
To Him I take my fear,
My wishes while I'm here, —
The way will all seem clear,
  When I am there!

As God leads me, it is mine
  To follow Him;
Soon all shall wonderfully shine,
  Which now seems dim.
Fulfilled be His decree!
What He shall choose for me,
That shall my portion be,
  Up to the brim!

L. Gedicke.

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LIFE.

FORENOON, and afternoon, and night! —
Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night! — Forenoon, and —
what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

THE CHILD'S FAITH IN LOVE.

MOTHER, fold me to your knees!
How much should I care for these
Little joys that come and go,
If you did not love me so?

Father, now my prayer is said,
Lay your hand upon my head!
Pleasures pass from day to day,
But I know that love will stay.

While I sleep it will be near;
I shall wake and find it here;
I shall feel it in the air,
When I say my morning prayer.

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And when things are sad or wrong,
Then I know that love is strong;
When I ache, or when I weep,
Then I know that love is deep.

Love is old and love is new,
You love me and I love you;
And the Lord, who made it thus,
Did it in His love for us.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

A MORNING SONG.

I WAKE this morn, and all my life
Is freshly mine to live;
The future with sweet promise rife,
And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks with yesterday begun
More bravely to fulfil.

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Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy 'mid the grass
That turns my foot aside,
In each uncurling fern I pass,
Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that nought my thoughts recall
But life of every day, —

Yet if each step in shine or shower
Be where Thy footstep trod,
Then blessed be every happy hour
That leads me nearer God.

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

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AT EVENING.

LOVELY, shadowy, soft, and still
Is the eventide ;
Ah ! if but my heart and will
Evermore might so abide !
Lord, Thy presence can alone
Make this lovely calm my own.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697–1769.

ALONE WITH GOD.

ALONE with God ! day's chafing cares
Have crowded onward unawares ;
The soul is left to breathe her prayers.

Alone with God ! no human eye
Is here, with eager look to pry
Into the meaning of each sigh.

Alone with God ! He only knows
If sorrow's ocean overflows
The silent spring from whence it rose.

Alone with God ! He mercy lends, —
Life's fainting hope, life's meagre ends,
Life's dwarfing pain, He comprehends.

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Alone with God ! He feeleth well
The soul's pent life that will o'erswell, —
The life-long want no words may tell.

Alone with God ! still nearer bend,
O tender Father ! condescend
In this my need to be my friend.

Alone with God ! with suppliant mien
Upon Thy pitying breast I lean,
Nor less because Thou art unseen.

Alone with God ! safe in Thine arms,
Oh shield me from life's wild alarms,
Oh save me from life's fearful harms.

Alone with God ! my Father, bless
With Thy celestial promises
The soul that needs thy tenderness.

Alone with God ! Oh sweet to me
This covert to whose shade I flee,
To breathe repose in Thee — in Thee !

HYMNS OF THE AGES.

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HE KNOWETH.

THE twilight falls, the night is near;
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
My Father knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all: I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since my God knows!

And He has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred;
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.

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So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding, on His breast,
Who knows and pities all!

ANONYMOUS.

VESPER HYMN.

NOW on land and sea descending
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At His touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

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THE NIGHT.

DEAR night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits: my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress and his prayer-time;
The hours to which high heaven doth chime.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
Oh for that night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1621–1695.

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HYMN.

I CANNOT think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand — it lies so near:
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh let me know
If it is wrong to want it so?"
He only smiles, — He does not speak:
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long, —
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go, and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

SAXE HOLM.

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OUR FATHER KNOWETH.

Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

THEREFORE, our Heavenly Father,
We will not fear to pray
For the little needs and longings
That fill our every day;
And when we dare not whisper
A want that lieth dim,
We say, "Our Father knoweth,"
And leave it all to Him.

For His great love has compassed
Our nature, and our need
We know not; but He knoweth,
And He will bless indeed.
Therefore, O Heavenly Father,
Give what is best to me;
And take the wants unanswered,
As offerings made to Thee.

ANONYMOUS.

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THE INWARD LIGHT.

I HAVE a little trembling light, which still
All tenderly I keep, and ever will.
I think it never wholly dies away ;
But oft it seems as if it could not stay,
And I do strive to keep it if I may.

Sometimes the wind-gusts push it sore aside :
Then closely to my breast my light I hide,
And for it make a tent of my two hands :
And though it scarce might on the lamp abide,
It soon recovers, and uprightly stands.

Sometimes it seems there is no flame at all ;
I look quite close, because it is so small :
Then all for sorrow do I weep and sigh ;
But Some One seems to listen when I cry,
And the light burns up, and I know not why.

O God, O Father, hear Thy child who cries !
Who would not quench Thy flame ; who would not
dare
To let it dwindle in a sinful air ;
Who does feel how all-precious such a prize,
And yet, alas ! is feeble, and not wise.

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Oh hear, dear Father! for Thou know'st the need:
Thou know'st what awful height there is in Thee, —
How very low I am: Oh do thou feed
Thy light, that it burn ever, and succeed
My life to deepest holiness to lead.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON, 1854.

SPIRITUAL FORCES.

CENTRIFUGAL.

WITH eager impulse outward tending,
Keen to explore the solemn Whole.
Hot life-throbs toward far verges sending, —
What shall constrain this reaching soul?

CENTRIPETAL.

By sweet calm sway of inward might
Held in an orbit's large control,
Illumined by the Light of light, —
What shall mislead this trusting soul?

KATHARINE HANSON

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THE MYSTERY OF GOD.

O THOU, in all Thy might so far,
In all Thy love so near, —
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here : —

What heart can comprehend Thy name,
Or, searching, find Thee out?
Who art within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about!

Yet though I know Thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more :
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore !

Oh sweeter than all else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see !

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee !

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

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THE LOVE OF GOD.

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best, —
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

SAXE HOLM.

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HESPERUS.

AWAKE, O beautiful Hesperus!
Awake! for the day is done,
And the royal purple curtains are drawn
Round the couch of the sleeping sun;
There is a hush on the blooming earth
And a hush on the beating sea,
And silence, too, in the courts of Heaven;
For the stars all wait for thee,
Hesperus!
All things beautiful wait for thee!

'Tis the hour for fancy's fairy reign,
When the glowing brain is fraught
With visions of beauty, and bliss, and love,
That leave no room for thought.
With the light of warm and glorious dreams
This narrow chamber is bright,
And I need but thee to sing with me,
O sweetest poet of night!
Hesperus!
Open thy volume of golden light!

There may I read of the youth of old,
Who clambered the mountain height,
And talked with stars in the midnight hours
Till he faded from human sight. —

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Till his brow grew bright with wonderful light,
And away from the world's rude jars,
He was lost in the beams of his radiant dreams,
And himself was the fairest of stars.
Hesperus!
The best beloved of all the stars!

There may I read this legend rare,
And its beautiful meaning learn,
While my soul, new-kindled to hopes divine,
With a holy fire shall burn.
Oh never should human heart despair
Of the presence of God on high,
.Oh never should human faith grow dim
While the stars are in the sky!
Hesperus!
Thy voice is the voice of eternity!

Thou art smiling down on me, Hesperus!
With that smile upon my heart
I know that kindred to me and mine,
In those measureless heights, thou art.
When thy spirit blossomed into a star,
In the mystical days of old,
The love and the hope it bore on high
The legend hath never told.
Hesperus!
Thy sweetest story hath never been told.

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Oh to be like thee, Hesperus !
To climb the heights of truth,
And there to drink of celestial airs,
And to glow with immortal youth ; —
There wrapt in the light which is born in skies
Where the blessed angels are,
To hear earth's harmonies only rise
Floating sweetly up from afar !
Hesperus !
How can my spirit become a star ?

FRANCES L. MACE, 1855.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

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Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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THE GATE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.

"And they brought a man lame from his birth, and laid him daily at the gate of the temple, which is called Beautiful."

LAME from our birth — and daily we are brought
And at the gate called Beautiful are laid
Sometimes its wonder makes us free and glad;
Sometimes its grandeur makes us half afraid.

The gate called Beautiful; and yet methinks
No word can name it that begins to tell
How soar its pillars to the highest heavens,
And how their roots take hold on lowest hell.

With what designs its panels are inwrought,
O'er-traced with flowers and hills and shining seas,
And glorified by rise and set of suns,
And Junes of blossom and October trees!

So beautiful, yet never quite the same!
The pictures change with every changing hour;
Or sweeter things come stealing into view,
Which stronger things had hidden by their power.

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There all the stars and systems go their way;
  There shines the moon so tender in her grace;
And there, than moon or star or sun more fair,
  The blessed wonder of the human face.

Faces and faces! some of children sweet;
  And some of maidens fresh and pure and true;
And some that lovelier are at evening time
  Than any can be while the years are few.

This is the gate called Beautiful; it swings
  To music sweeter than was heard that day
When St. Cecilia, rapt in ecstasy,
  Heard through her trance the angelic roundelay.

Music of little children at their play;
  Of mothers hushing them to sleep and dreams;
Of all the birds that sing in all the trees;
  Of all the murmuring of all the streams.

And at this gate, not at wide intervals,
  Are we, lame from our birth, laid tenderly,
But daily; and not one day passes by
  That we look not upon this mystery.

Gate of the Temple? surely it is that!
  It opens not into vacuity;
For all its beauty, it is not so fair
  But that a greater beauty there can be.

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Thy beauty, O my Father! All is Thine;
But there is beauty in Thyself, from whence
The beauty Thou hast made doth ever flow
In streams of never-failing affluence.

Thou art the Temple! and though I am lame, —
Lame from my birth, and shall be till I die, —
I enter through the Gate called Beautiful,
And am alone with Thee, O Thou Most High!

J. W. CHADWICK.

CALM ME.

CALM Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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BEAUTY IMMORTAL.

THE lad and lass were forced to part,
They kissed and went along;
The sight went into the poet's heart,
And it came out a song.

The sun, down-sloping in the west,
Made gold the evening air;
The sight went into the painter's breast,
And grew to a picture fair.

The mother murmured to her child,
And hushed it yet again;
The sound, as the musician smiled,
Grew music in his brain.

The damsel turned, her hair to bind,
A flower was in her zone;
There grew from out the sculptor's mind
A damsel carved in stone.

The song was said, the tune was played,
The girl in marble stood,
The sunset in the picture stayed,
And all was sweet and good.

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And God, who made these things to be, —
The damsel and the sun,
Color and sound, and you and me, —
Was pleased to see it done.

And all the angels would be glad
If, in the world He built,
Although there must be some things sad,
No drop of joy were spilt ;

But all the beauty in the earth,
And skies, and hearts of men,
Were gently gathered at its birth,
And loved, and born again.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

FROM "INSPIRATION."

I WILL not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,
Which wooed me young and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

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"CONSIDER THE LILIES, HOW THEY GROW."

HE hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open!
The blossom vaster shows!

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We hear Thy wide worlds echo, —
See how the lily grows !

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought ;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all !

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

SUNDAY ON LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

GOD'S smile is on the waters,
His spirit in the air,
My glad heart owns His presence,
And swells with thankful prayer.
A peace serene and holy
All Nature's being fills,
Breathes from the fragrant lilies,
Crowns all the circling hills,
Whispers in trembling tree-tops,
Sings in my grateful breast,
Where care and grief and longing
Are hushed in trustful rest.

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THE LAW OF LIFE.

A BRANCH of yellow autumn leaves,
So steeped in sunshine through and through
They seemed like stuff that Nature weaves
When all her homespun work she spurns,
And from her loom, that glows and burns
With all the splendors it achieves,
Doth show what she loves best to do.

I held it 'twixt me and the sun —
The lovely, shining beechen spray ;
The breeze blew fresh, and one by one
Came fluttering down the leaflets fair,
Till all the twigs were brown and bare.
"Ah ! thus," I said, "my life doth run,
And thus my hopes are thrown away."

A foolish thought. In vision clear
God's answer came to comfort me.
"The golden hopes would soon be sere ;
They dropped away to leave a place
For nobler life and richer grace ;
Behold where swelling buds appear,
To crown anew the leafless tree !"

ELIZABETH W. DENISON

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APRIL.

I HEAR through all the solemn pines
The south wind's pleasant flow,
And see the clouds, like happy things,
O'er fields of azure go,
While all the sorrow from the earth
Seems melting with the snow.

The robin and the bluebird sing
O'er meadows brown and bare,
They cannot know what wondrous bloom
Is softly budding there;
But all the joy their hearts outpour
Seems pulsing in the air.

And we will sing, though all our days
Seem dark with pain and loss:
We know that sorrow's furnace-heat
Consumes alone our dross;
We know that one dear Father's love
Gives both our crown and cross.

Oh, while beneath the snow-drift buds
The flower we love the best,
And on the wind-tossed bough the bird
Still builds its happy nest,
Praise God for all the good we know,
And trust Him for the rest!

ANONYMOUS.

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THE REVIVAL.

UNFOLD! unfold! take in His light,
Who makes thy cares more short than night.
The joys which with His day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsy eyes;
And (what the men of this world miss)
Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark! how the winds have changed their note,
And with warm whispers call thee out!
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.
The lofty groves, in express joys,
Reply unto the turtle's voice;
And here, in dust and dirt, oh, here,
The lilies of his love appear.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1621–1695

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A PARABLE FOR HAPPY HEARTS.

ON the earth a Flower grew,
From the Sun its being drew;
Day by day this royal friend
Sent down blessings without end;
Day by day the Flower held up
To be filled with light its cup;
And the great Sun ne'er forgot
In the universe this dot.

And the Sun said to the ground:
"Take my light and bear it round,
Till my Flower's searching root
Find my blessing underfoot;"
And he said unto the air:
"Wrap my Flower in tender care,
Whisper to its very heart
That my loving breath thou art."

So the Flower, with gifts bowed down,
Humbled toward the earth its crown;
"Tell me, Sun, for so much treasure
Showered upon me without measure
Can I nothing give thee back?
Or, if thou dost nothing lack,

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Can I pass these gifts divine
Unto lives less blest than mine?"

But the Sun said, "Nay, not so
Shall thy heart thanksgiving show;
Rather make thou full employ
Of thy privilege and joy,
For the best that thou canst *be*
Is the service asked of thee."

Then the Flower uprose once more,
Stronger-hearted than before, —
Through its seeming useless days
Tried to join earth's hymn of praise
With its given power of bloom,
Grace, and color, and perfume.

But what joys passed unenjoyed,
What powers only half-employed,
Gifts not to the utmost used,
Grace not in its life transfused;
What of all its mighty debt
To the Sun the Flower owed yet,
When its happy life was done,
No one knew but Flower and Sun.

HARRIET WARE HALL.

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TRUE REST.

GOD sends sometimes a stillness in our life,
The bivouac, the sleep,
When on the silent battle-field the strife
Is hushed in slumber deep,
When wearied hearts exhausted sink to rest,
Remembering nor the struggle nor the quest.

We know such hours, when the dim dewy night
Bids day's hot turmoil cease;
When star by star steals noiselessly in sight,
With silent smiles of peace;
When we lay down our load, and half forget
The morrow comes, and we must bear it yet.

We know such hours, when after days of pain,
And nights when sleep was not,
God gives us ease and peace and calm again,
Till, all the past forgot,
We say, in rest and thankfulness most deep,
E'en so "He giveth His beloved sleep."

When some strong chain that bound us by God's strength
Is loosed or torn apart;

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Or when, beloved and longed-for, come at length,
Some friend makes glad our heart;
We know the calm that follows on such bliss,
That looks no farther, satisfied with this.

God does not always loose the chain, nor give
The loved ones back to us;
Sometimes 'mid strife and tumult we must live,
Learning His silence thus:
There is a rest for those who bear His will,
A peacefulness than freedom sweeter still.

He giveth rest more perfect, pure, and true,
While we His burthen bear;
It springeth not from parted pain, but through
The accepted blessing there;
The lesson pondered o'er with thoughtful eyes,
The faith that sees in all a meaning wise.

Deep in the heart of pain God's hand hath set
A hidden rest and bliss;
Take as His gift the pain, the gift brings yet
A truer happiness:
God's voice speaks, through it all, the high behest
That bids His people enter into rest.

LUCY FLETCHER.

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QUIET FROM GOD.

"When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake, and when we sleep,
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven!

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel;
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which His Spirit doth reveal!

Who shall make trouble? Not the evil minds
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower;
The soul which peace hath thus attunèd finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought
Of the departed; that will be a part
Of those undying things His peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting pain,
Not the impending, certain stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then snap, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

SARAH J. WILLIAMS.

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THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee.

A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, *for Thy sake*,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.

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A PRAYER.

RENEW Thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to Thee are dear;
No anger mayst Thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace be there.

A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to Thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

PAUL GERHARDT.
(*Tr. by John Wesley.*)

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be

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A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face !

The fall thou darest to despise —
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand ;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait, and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain ;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days !

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

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LARVÆ.

MY little maiden of four years old —
No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes, and her curls of gold —
Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,
She cried, "O mother! I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
Yet a glance, in its daring, half awed and shy,
She added, "While they were about it, mother,
I wish they 'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

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What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
  Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their heaven above,
  Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O GOD! whose thoughts are brightest light,
  Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
  Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
  With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
  On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
  Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
  Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
  Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
  But sunshine to my heart.

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Yet habits linger in the soul;
More grace, O Lord, more grace!
More sweetness from Thy loving heart,
More sunshine from Thy face.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
Only the poison find.

'Tis not enough to weep my sins;
'Tis but one step to heaven;
When I am kind to others, then
I know myself forgiven.

Would that my soul might be a world
Of golden ether bright,
A heaven where other souls might float,
Like all Thy worlds, in light.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
Sweet God! for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me!

F. W. Faber.

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WORK AND REST.

WHAT have I yet to do?
Day weareth on—
Flowers that, opening new,
Smiled through the morning's dew,
Droop in the sun.

'Neath the noon's scorching glare,
Fainting I stand;
Still is the sultry air,
Silentness everywhere
Through the hot land.

Yet must I labor still,
All the day through—
Striving with earnest will,
Patient my place to fill,
My work to do.

Long though my task may be,
Cometh the end.
God 'tis that helpeth me,
His is the work, and He
New strength will lend.

He will direct my feet,
Strengthen my hand;

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Give me my portion meet;
Firm in His promise sweet
Trusting I 'll stand.

Up, then, to work again!
God's word is given,
That none shall sow in vain,
But find His ripened grain
Garnered in heaven.

Larger the shadows fall,
Night cometh on;
Low voices softly call,
"Come, here is rest for all!
Labor is done!"

ANONYMOUS.

SONG OF THE PILGRIM.

COME, children, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And, when the way grows steep and dark,
He journeys at our side.
Our spirits He would cheer,
The sunshine of His love
Revives and helps us as we rove,
Ah, blest our lot e'en here!

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Come, children, let us go!
We travel hand in hand;
Each in his brother finds his joy
In this wild stranger land.
As children let us be,
Nor by the way fall out,
The angels guard us round about,
And help us brotherly.

The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall;
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.
All beauty, Lord, we see,
All bliss and life and love,
In Him in whom we live and move,
And we are glad in Thee.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.

THE SUN AND THE MOTE.

BE Thou my Sun, my selfishness destroy,
Thy atmosphere of Love be all my joy;
Thy Presence be my Sunshine ever bright,
My soul the little mote that lives but in Thy light.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

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THE MERCY OF THE LORD.

THERE 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There 's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER

THE WORLD'S FREEMAN.

FREE of the world ! by right divine
The earth, O prisoned soul, is thine.
Rise up ! come out ! in sun and air
Claim and possess thy rightful share.
Within thy dark and lonesome cell
It is thy choice, not fate, to dwell

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Whatever thou canst hear or see
Of grand or sweet is meant for thee;
And every joy, for which thy heart
Can gladden, shall be thine in part;
And every sorrow thou canst share,
For thee its blessed fruit shall bear.

Thou call'st "thine own" a narrow spot,
And frettest; but hast thou forgot
That far, and far, this earth is spread,
The one sky stretching overhead?
One earth, one sky, one common air,
One household, 'neath one Father's care.
Thou toil'st to build thy selfish walls;
But, when the evening shadow falls,
Thy Father's voice thou 'lt gladly hear, —
"Come home, my child, for night is near!"

Then, looking backward o'er thy day,
Thy walls will show as children's play, —
As children's play who set apart
Their garden-beds with careful art,
What time their father claims alone
The whole wide garden for his own.

Lo! where no parted claim may be,
A mighty love makes all things free, —
Come forth! in love and life divine,
Thou child of God! the *world* is thine.

HARRIET WARE HALL (*after Rev. C. C. Everett*).

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THE SECRET PLACE OF THE MOST HIGH.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee."—Isa. xxvi. 3.

OH, this is blessing, this is rest!
Into Thine arms, O Lord, I flee;
I hide me in Thy faithful breast,
And pour out all my soul to Thee;
And hushing every adverse sound,
Songs of defence my soul surround,
As if all saints encamped about
One trusting heart pursued by doubt.

And oh, how solemn, yet how sweet,
Their one assured, persuasive strain!
"The Lord of Hosts is thy retreat,
Still in His hand thy times remain,—
And He will prove His right to reign
O'er all things that concern thy heart."
O tenderness, O truth divine!
Lord, I am altogether Thine.

I have bowed down,—I need not flee,—
Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

And now I count supremely kind
The rule that once I thought severe,
And precious to my altered mind
At length Thy least reproofs appear

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Now to the love that casts out fear
Mercy and truth indeed seem one;
Why should I hold my ease so dear?
The work of training must bè done.
I must be taught what I would know,
I must be led where I would go,
And all the rest ordained for me,
Till that which is not seen I see,
Is to be found in trusting Thee.

ANNA L. WARING.

HE CARETH FOR US.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."

O LORD! how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life!
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

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Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished ravens' cry,
Will hear, in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

Rev. Joseph Anstice, 1836.

THE QUIET HOPING HEART.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just;
Howe'er He order now my cause,
I will be still and trust.

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He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
My Light, my Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good,
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see as sunlight clear
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here will I take my stand;
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land,

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My Father's care
Is around me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

SAMUEL RODIGAST, 1675.

TO MYSELF.

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful,
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee too
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest:
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all His creatures, so for thee,
The best.

PAUL FLEMMING, 1609–1640.

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MY FATHER.

O GOD! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

There 's not a craving in the mind,
Thou dost not meet and still;
There 's not a wish the heart can have,
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed;
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed, —

All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow̄ make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

F. W. Faber.

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GOD IN THE HEART.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes, prone to sin;
And, in Thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
As air we breathe, as light we see;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

ANNA L. WARING.

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RESTING IN GOD.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.
Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Leave whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand;
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,

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Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear;
In His love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken, —
Always hath He comfort spoken, —
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day, —
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own thy Father giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.

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Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask Him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

CHARLES RUDOLPH HAGENBACH.
(*Tr. by H. A. P.*)

ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE.

FROM heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs,
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons, —
The stream of Faith whose source is God,
Whose sound the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere.

And still it moves, a broadening flood;
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near,
Towards which the river flows.
O Thou, who art the secret Source
That rises in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean too, — Thy charm,
That ever-deepening roll!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

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WHATE'ER GOD DOES IS WELL.

WHATE'ER God does is well!
His children find it so.
Some He doth not with plenty bless,
Yet loves them not the less;
But draws their hearts unto Himself away.
O hearts, obey!

Whate'er God does is well,
Whether He gives or takes!
And what we from His hand receive
Suffices us to live.
He takes and gives, while yet He loves us still.
Then love His will.

Whate'er God does is well!
And what can our will do?
We cannot reap from what we sow
But what His power makes grow.
Sometimes He doth all other good destroy,
To be thy joy.

Whate'er God does is well!
In patience let us wait:

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He doth Himself our burdens bear,
He doth for us take care.
And He our God knows all our weary days.
Come, give Him praise.

B. Schmolck, 1672–1737.

WAITING.

NOT so in haste, my heart;
Have faith in God, and wait;
Although He linger long,
He never comes too late.

He never comes too late;
He knoweth what is best:
Vex not thyself in vain;
Until He cometh, rest.

Until He cometh, rest;
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God
Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal,
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, my heart,
For I shall wait His lead.

B. T.

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"AS THE GRASS."

MY days are as the grass,
Swiftly my seasons pass,
And like the flower of the field I fade;
O soul, dost thou not see,
The wise have likened thee
To the most living creature that is made?

My days are as the grass;
The sliding waters pass
Under my roots, upon me drops the cloud;
And not the stately trees
Have kinder ministries, —
The heavens are too lofty to be proud.

My days are as the grass;
The feet of trouble pass,
And leave me trampled that I cannot rise:
But wait a little while,
And I shall lift and smile,
Before the sweet congratulating skies.

My days are as the grass;
Soon out of sight I pass,
And in the bleak earth I must hide my head;

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The wind that passes o'er
Will find my place no more, —
The wind of death will tell that I am dead.

But how shall I rejoice
When I shall hear the voice
Of Him who, keeping spring with Him alway,
Lest hope from man should pass,
Hath made us as the grass, —
The grass that always has another day.

CARL SPENCER.

LOOK UP.

LOOK up, look up, my soul, still higher;
On to the heavenly goal aspire,
On God's love ever leaning:
Burst this dull earth's control, and wing
Thy way where no clouds roll, and sing
Thy deep heart's inner meaning.

What though thy way be dark, and earth
With ceaseless care do cark, till mirth
To thee no sweet strain singeth;
Still hide thy life above, and still
Believe that God is love; fulfil
Whatever lot He bringeth.

ALBERT EUBULE EVANS, 1868.

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COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

COMMIT thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint;
Worlds are to Him no load,
To Him breathe thy complaint.
He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
Can make a way for thee.

Thou must in Him be blest,
Ere bliss can be secure;
On His work must thou rest,
If thy work shall endure.
To anxious, prying thought,
And weary, fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought;
He giveth all to prayer.

Father! Thy faithful love,
Thy mercy, wise and mild,
Sees what will blessing prove,
Or what will hurt Thy child.
And what Thy wise foreseeing,
Doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being,
Nor suff'rest them to lose.

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Hope, then, though woes be doubled,
Hope, and be undismayed;
Let not thy heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.
This prison where thou art,
Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart
In His own blessed noon.

Up! up! the day is breaking,
Say to thy cares, good-night!
Thy troubles from thee shaking,
Like dreams in day's fresh light.
Thou wearest not the crown,
Nor the best course canst tell;
God sitteth on the throne,
And guideth all things well.

PAUL GERHARDT.

OUR STRONGHOLD OF HOPE.

GOD liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Our God is good, in every place
His love is known, His help is found;
His mighty arm, and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.

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Easier than we think can He
Turn to joy our agony.
Soul, remember 'mid thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty Whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love Him, He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, remember in thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey,
Oh, come to God, and fear Him not,
His love shall sweep them all away;
Pains of hell at look of His
Change to calm content and bliss.
Soul, remember in thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

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God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
God gently to His bosom takes,
And bids them all His fulness know.
In thy sorrows' swelling flood
Own His hand who seeks thy good.
Soul, forget not in thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not in thy pains
God o'er all for ever reigns.

ZIHN, 1682.

LEAVE THYSELF TO GOD.

OH, leave thyself to God, and if indeed
'Tis given thee to perform so vast a task,
Think not at all, think not, but kneel and ask!
O friend! by thought was never creature freed

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From any sin, from any mortal need ;
Be patient ! not by thought canst thou devise
What course of life for thee is right and wise ;
It will be written up, and thou wilt read.
Oft like a sudden pencil of rich light,
Piercing the thickest umbrage of the wood,
Will shoot, amidst our troubles infinite,
The spirit's voice ; oft, like the balmy flood
Of morn, surprise the universal night
With glory, and make all things sweet and good.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

THE HIGHWAY.

"Whatever road I take joins the highway that leads to Thee." — MEDIÆVAL PERSIAN POET.

WHEN the night is still and far,
Watcher from the shadowed deeps !
When the morning breaks its bar,
Life that shines and wakes and leaps !
When old Bible-verses glow,
Starring all the deep of thought,
Till it fills with quiet dawn
From the peace our years have brought, —
Sun within both skies, we see
How all lights lead back to Thee !

'Cross the field of daily work
Run the footpaths, leading — where ?

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Run they East or run they West,
One way all the workers fare :
Every awful thing of earth,
Sin and pain and battle-noise,
Every dear thing — baby's birth,
Faces, flowers, or lovers' joys —
Is a wicket-gate where we
Join the great highway to Thee !

Restless, restless, speed we on ;
Whither in the vast unknown ?
Not to you and not to me
Are the sealèd orders shown ;
But the Hand that built the road,
And the Light that leads the feet,
And this inward restlessness,
Are such invitation sweet,
That where I no longer see,
Highway still must lead to Thee.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

O MOTHER-HEART, to Thee I turn, —
Comfort Thy child, for Thee I yearn :
Like a parched field my soul doth lie
Pining beneath a sultry sky ;
O Heavenly Dew, O gentle Rain,
Descend and bid it bloom again.

G. TERSTEEGEN.

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LOVE AND LAW.

ONE Lord there is, all lords above,
His name is Truth, his name is Love.
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah! to Wrong, what is his name?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate, —

The happy gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

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"HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT."

THE farmer chides the tardy spring,
The sun withholds his wonted ray,
The days are dull and cold and gray,
No shadow doth the maple fling.

From snow-clad peaks and icy main,
The north wind cometh wet and chill,
And evermore the clouds distil
The hoarded treasure of the rain.

But still, O miracle of good!
The crocus springs, the violets peep,
The straggling vines begin to creep,
The dandelion gilds the sod.

The rain may fall in constant showers,
The south-wind tarry on its way;
And through the night and through the day
Advance the summer's fragrant hours.

And though the north-wind force him back,
The song-bird hurries from the South,
With summer's music in his mouth,
And studs with songs his airy track.

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What then, my soul, if thou must know
  Thy days of darkness, gloom, and cold,
  If joy its ruddy beams withhold,
And grief compels my tears to flow?

And what if, when with bended form
  I praise the Lord for sorrows past,
  There ever comes a fiercer blast,
And darker ruin of the storm?

As tarry not the flowers of June
  For all the ill the heavens can do,
  And, to their inmost natures true,
The birds rejoice in sweetest tune:

So, Father, shall it be with me;
  And whether winds blow foul or fair,
  Through want and woe, and toil and care,
Still will I struggle up to Thee;

That, though my winter days be long,
  And brighter skies refuse to come,
  My life no less may sweetly bloom,
And none the less be full of song.

JOHN W. CHADWICK

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HE LEADS HIS OWN.

"I will lead them in paths that they have not known."

HOW few, who from their youthful day,
Look on to what their life may be,
Painting the visions of the way
In colors soft, and bright, and free, —
How few who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought!
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,
Who pant to toil for God and man;
And view with eyes of keen desire
The upland way of toil and pain, —
Almost with scorn they think of rest,
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast,
But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

A lowlier task on them is laid, —
With love to make the labor light;
And there their beauty they must shed
On quiet homes and lost to sight.
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm, and still, they labor there;

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For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

The gentle heart, that thinks with pain
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil;
And, if it dared its life to scan,
Would ask but pathway low and still, —
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

And they, the bright, who long to prove,
In joyous path, in cloudless lot,
How fresh from earth their grateful love
Can spring without a stain or spot, —
Often such youthful heart is given
The path of grief, to walk to heaven;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

What matter what the path shall be?
The end is clear, and bright to view;
We know that we a strength shall see,
Whate'er the day may bring to do;
We see the end, the house of God,
But not the path to that abode;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead His own.

HYMNS OF THE AGES.

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THY WILL BE DONE.

TO do, or not to do, — to have,
Or not to have, — I leave to Thee;
To be or not to be, I leave, —
Thy only will be done to me:
All my requests are lost in one,
Father, Thy only will be done!

Suffice that for the season past
Myself in things divine I sought,
For comforts cried with eager haste,
And murmured when I found them not:
I leave it now to Thee alone,
Father, Thy only will be done!

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THY GLORY.

THIS world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem;
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

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I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things —

A tapestried tent
To shade us meant
From the bare everlasting firmament;
Where the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of Heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole,
Like a parchèd scroll,
Shall before my amazed sight uproll;
And without a screen,
At one burst, be seen
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

T. Whytehead.

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PRAYER FOR INWARD PEACE.

FATHER! replenish with Thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares;
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease!

FROM THE GERMAN.

LOVE DIVINE.

O LOVE, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Father, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought;
Still lead me, lest I go astray,
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And, if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that Love is near.

PAUL GERHARDT.
(Tr. by J. Wesley.)

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HOW BEAUTIFUL TO BE ALIVE.

HOW beautiful it is to be alive !
To wake each morn, as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, *How happy is our case,*
How beautiful it is to be alive !

To read in some good book, until we feel
Love for the one who wrote it ; then to kneel
Close unto Him whose Love our soul will shrive,
While every moment's joy doth more reveal
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Rather to go without what might increase
Our worldly standing, than our souls deprive
Of frequent speech with God, or than to cease
To feel, through having lost our health and peace,
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Not to forget, when pain and grief draw nigh,
Into the ocean of time past to dive
For memories of God's mercies ; or to try
To bear all nobly, hoping still to cry
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Thus ever, towards Man's height of nobleness
Striving, some new progression to contrive ;

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Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less,
How beautiful it is to be alive.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

INNER SUNSHINE.

THE day with light its genial self engirds;
The trees are glad with fluty voices dear.—
"*Thou art my God!*" When I say o'er those words,
I see a light beyond the day; and hear
Voices far richer than the songs of birds.

Mine eyes with happy tears then overswim:
The thoughts I have are sweetest that can be:
My mind 's a cup with love above the brim:
Fine incense circles around all I see;
In every sound I hear a holy hymn.

Thou art my God! Thou, Father, Thou, my friend.
My Saviour, Thou, the Eternal Lord of all!
O thought which doth all deepest thought transcend!
Beneath whose painful stress well may I fall
In love and wonder which should know no end!

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON, 1854.

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THE DIVINE WHISPER.

LATE on me, weeping, did this whisper fall:
"Dear child, there is no need to weep at all!
Why go about to grieve and to despair?
Why weep now through thy Future's eyes, and bear
In vain to-day to-morrow's load of care?

"Mine is thy welfare. Yea, the storms fulfil,
On those who love me, none but my decrees.
Lightning shall not strike thee against my will;
And I, thy God, can save thee, when I please,
From quaking earth, and the devouring seas.

"Why be so dull, so slow to understand?
The more thou trustest me, the more will grow
My love; and thou, a jewel in my hand,
Shalt richer be; whence thou canst never go
So softly slipping but that I shall know.

"If thou dost seem to fall; if griefs and pains
And death prevail; for thee there yet remains
My Love, which sent them, and which surely will
Thee reinstate, where thou shalt thenceforth fill
A place still warmer, and more steadfast still."

Father! (I said) I do accept Thy word,
To perfect trust in Thee now am I stirred,

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By the dear, gracious saying I have heard. —
And having said thus, fell a peace so deep,
What could I do, dear friends ? what do, but weep ?

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON, 1854.

REST IN GOD.

YEA, my spirit fain would sink
In Thy heart and hands, my God,
Waiting till Thou show the end
Of the ways she here hath trod ;
Stripped of self, how calm her rest
On her loving Father's breast !

And my soul complaineth not,
For she knows not pain or fear,
Clinging to her God in faith,
Trusting though He slay her here.
'Tis when flesh and blood repine,
Sun of joy, Thou canst not shine.

Thus my soul before her God
Lieth still, nor speaketh more,
Conqueror thus o'er pain and wrong
That once smote her to the core ;
Like a silent ocean, bright
With her God's great praise and light.

WINKLER, 1713.

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HOW BEAUTIFUL OUR LIVES.

HOW beautiful our lives may be; how bright
In privilege; how fruitful of delight! —
For we of Love have endless revenue;
And if we grieve, 'tis not as infants do
That wake, and find no mother in the night.

They put their little hands about, and weep
Because they feel mere air, or but the bed
Whereon they lie; but we may rest instead
For ever on His bosom, who doth keep
Our lives alike safe, when we wake, and sleep.

And lo! all round us His bright servants stand;
Events, His duteous ministers and wise,
With frowning brows, perhaps, for their disguise,
But with such wells of love in their deep eyes,
And such strong rescue hidden in their hands!

And our lives may in glory move along;
First holy white, and then all good, and fair
For our dear Lord to see, — the meanest thong
Of all that whips us, welcome, — and the air
We breathe, self-shaped into a natural song.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON, 1854.

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FAME AND DUTY.

"WHAT shall I do, lest life in silence pass?"
"And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye the ocean-deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean, — fame is but the bruit
Along the shore."

"What shall I do to be for ever known?"
"Thy duty ever."
"This did full many who yet slept unknown."
"Oh, never, never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown, —
Divine their lot."

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
"Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.

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Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled,
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead."

SCHILLER.
(*Tr. by Arthur Hugh Clough.*)

HE SHALL TEACH YOU ALL THINGS.

SPIRIT, sent from God above,
To teach His perfect will,
Lo, I wait to learn Thy love,
I tremble and am still:
To Thy guidance I submit,
All my soul to Thee I bow,
See me sitting at Thy feet; —
Speak, Lord, I hear Thee now.

I from outward things withdraw;
No help in them is found;
At Thy feet I seek the law;
I listen for the sound
Which shall all my grief control,
Which shall all my longings fill,
Calm the tempest of my soul,
And bid the sea be still.

WESLEYAN.

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PSALM XXIII.

HAPPY me! O happy sheep!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep;
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these ways of bliss;
On whose pastures cheerful spring,
All the year, doth sit and sing,
And, rejoicing, smiles to see
Their green backs wear his livery.
When my wayward breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying,
Strokes and tames my rabid grief,
And does woo me into life.
When my simple weakness strays,
Tangled in forbidden ways,
He, my Shepherd, is my guide;
He 's before me, on my side,
And behind me; he beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles:
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a path clear as the day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy-conducted feet;
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and peace, to meet new lays

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Tuned to my great Shepherd's praise.
Come now, all ye terrors, sally,
Muster forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darkness hovers
With a sable wing, that covers
Brooding horror. Come, thou death,
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow e'en the shade,
And make darkness' self afraid;
There my feet, even there, shall find
Way for a resolved mind:
Still, my Shepherd — still, my God,
Thou art with me; still Thy rod
And Thy staff whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of Thy word,
Crown'd abundance spreads my board.
How my head in ointment swims!
How my cup o'erlooks her brims!
So, even so, still may I move
By the line of Thy dear love:
Still may thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head,
About my paths; so shall I find
The fair centre of my mind
Thy temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of Thine eye,

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Lightning to eternity.
There I 'll dwell for ever; there
Will I find a purer air
To feed my life with; there I 'll sup
Balm and nectar in my cup;
And thence my ripe soul will I breathe
Warm into the arms of Death.

RICHARD CRASHAW, *d.* 1650.

REJOICE EVERMORE.

A DREARY desert dost thou trace,
And quaff a bitter bowl?
The desert make thy Holy Place:
Sing as thou drinkest, Soul!
Or walkest thou 'neath shining skies,
A garden all the road?
Sing, Soul, and make thy paradise
The Paradise of God!

T. H. GILL.

THE ENLARGED HEART.

WHEN, before, my God commanded
Any thing He would have done,
I was close and gripple-handed,
Made an end ere I begun.

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If He thought it fit to lay
Judgments on me, I could say,
They are good; but shrink away.

All the ways of righteousness
I did think were full of trouble;
I complained of tediousness,
And each duty seemèd double.
Whilst I served Him but of fear,
Every minute did appear
Longer far than a whole year.

But the case is altered now:
He no sooner turns His eye,
But I quickly bend, and bow,
Ready at His feet to lie;
Love hath taught me to obey
All His precepts, and to say,
Not to-morrow, but to-day.

What He wills, I say I must:
What I must, I say I will:
He commanding, it is just
What He would I should fulfil,
Whilst he biddeth, I believe
What He calls for He will give:
To obey Him, is to live.

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His commandments grievous are not,
Longer than men think them so:
Though He send me forth, I care not,
Whilst He gives me strength to go;
When or whither, all is one;
On His business, not mine own,
I shall never go alone.

If I be complete in Him,
And in Him all fulness dwelleth,
I am sure aloft to swim,
Whilst that ocean overswelleth.
Having Him that 's All in All,
I am confident I shall
Nothing want, for which I call.

FRANCIS QUARLES, 1592–1664.

JOY IN THE LORD.

AH, dearest Lord! to feel that Thou art near,
Brings deepest peace, and hushes every fear;
To see Thy smile, to hear Thy gracious voice,
Makes soul and body inwardly rejoice
With praise and thanks.

Oh well for him who ever day and night
Should only seek to feed on Thee aright!
In him a well of joy for ever springs,
And all day long his heart is glad and sings:
Who is like Thee?

CHRIST AN GREGOR, 1778.

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MORNING HYMN.

SWEET morn! from countless cups of gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

One interfusion wide of love,
Thine airs and odors moist ascend,
And 'mid the azure depths above,
With light they blend.

The lark, by his own carol blest,
From thy green harbors eager springs;
And his large heart in little breast
Exulting sings.

A joy from hidden paradise
Is rippling down the shiny brooks,
With beauty like the gleams of eyes
In tenderest looks.

The fly his jocund round unweaves,
With choral strain the birds salute.
The voiceful flocks, and nothing grieves,
And nought is mute.

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In man, O morn! a loftier good,
With conscious blessing, fills the soul,
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

With healthful pulse, and tranquil fire,
Which plays at ease in every limb,
His thoughts unchecked to heaven aspire,
Revealed in him.

To thousand tasks of fruitful hope,
With skill against his toil he bends,
And finds his work's determined scope
Where'er he wends.

From earth, and earthly toil and strife,
To deathless aims his love may rise,
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

Such grace from Thee, O God! be ours,
Renewed with every morning's ray,
And freshening still with added flowers,
Each future day.

Like earth, awake, and warm and bright
With joy the spirit moves and burns;
So up to Thee, O Fount of Light!
Our light returns.

JOHN STERLING.

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THE SECRET.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows Thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore!
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord in Thee.

O rest of rests! O peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, for ever and for ever.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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PRAYER.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower:
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel how weak! we rise how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, — that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE STREAM AND THE POOL.

THE stream of life from fountains flows,
Concealed by sacred woods and caves;
From crag to dell unchecked it goes,
And hurrying fast from whence it rose,
In foam and flash exulting raves.

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But straight below the torrent's leap,
Serenely bright its effluence lies,
And waves that thundered down the steep
Are hushed in quiet, mute and deep,
Reflecting rock, and trees, and skies.

And 'mid the pool, disturbed yet clear,
The noisy gush that feeds it still
Is seen again descending sheer,
A cataract within the mere,
As bright as down the hill.

A living picture, smooth and true,
Of headlong fight and restless power,
Whose burst for ever feeds anew
The lake of fresh and silver dew
That paints and drinks the stormy shower.

Do Thou, who pourest forth our days,
With all their floods of life divine,
Bestow Thy Spirit's peaceful gaze,
To still the surge those tumults raise,
And make Thy calm of being mine!

JOHN STERLING.

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THE HAPPY HOUR.

THE life of man has wondrous hours,
Revealed at once to heart and eye,
When wake all being's kindled powers,
And joy like dew on trees and flowers
With freshness fills the earth and sky.
For this one hour no breath of fear,
Of shame or weakness wandering near
Can trusting hearts annoy:
Past things are dead; or only live
The life that hope alone can give,
And all is faith and joy.
'Tis not that beauty forces then
Her blessings on reluctant men,
But this great globe with all its might,
Its awful depth and heavenly height,
Seems but my heart with wonder thrilling
And beating in my human breast;
My sense with inspiration filling,
Myself — beyond my nature blest.
Well for all such hours who know,
All who hail, not bid them go,
If the spirit's strong pulsation
After keeps its nobler tone,
And no helpless lamentation.
Dulls the heart when rapture's flown;

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If the rocky field of Duty,
Built around with mountains hoar,
Still is dearer than the Beauty
Of the sky-land's colored shore.

JOHN STERLING.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet,

Life! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear —
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thy own time;
Say not Good Night, — but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me Good Morning.

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

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IN QUIET DAYS.

THE dying year grows strangely mild;
Now in the hazy autumn weather,
My heart is like a happy child,
And life and I, friends reconciled,
Go over the hills together.

My peaceful days run sweet and still
As waters slipping over sand,
Seeking the shadows of free will
To gather tender lights and fill
Day's over-lavish hand.

The summer wood with music rings,
The singer's is a troubled breast;
I am no more the bird that sings,
But that which broods with folded wings
Upon its quiet nest.

O, fairest month of all the year!
O sweetest days in life! they meet;
Within, without is autumn cheer,
September there, September here,
So tranquil and so sweet.

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Oft have I watched all night with grief,
All night with joy, — and which is best?
Ah, both were sharp and both were brief,
My heart was like a wind-blown leaf,
I give them both for rest.

Fair Quiet, close to Joy allied,
But loving shadier walks to keep,
By day is ever at my side;
And all night long with me abide
Peace and her sister Sleep.

CARL SPENCER.

REVERENCE AND JOY.

OH! Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of Being's fearful sea,
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood!
We know Thee truly but in this,
That Thou bestowest all our good.

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And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh! grant us still in Thee to dwell;
And through Thy ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide,
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy creature's erring will,
And teach his heart to love Thy law.

JOHN STERLING.

THE NIGHTLY SKIES.

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.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

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'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 His no less than yonder spheres;
And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by His immediate hand.

And is this all that man can claim?
Is this our longing's final aim?
To be like all things round, — no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's gray shore?

Not this our doom, Thou God benign!
Whose rays on us unclouded shine:
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome;
But man is most Thy favored home.

We view those halls of painted air,
And own Thy presence makes them fair;
But dearer still to Thee, O Lord!
Is he whose thoughts to Thine accord.

JOHN STERLING.

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EXPECTATION.

THE wind has blown as it listeth :
I wait with cheerful mood ; —
I know the work is good.

Chilly morns of first Autumn
Proclaim a frost is near ;
I rest : I do not fear.

Winter shall come soon, and dreary :
Behind her blithe trips Spring,
My full reward to bring !

ANONYMOUS.

THERE sits not on the wilderness's edge
In the dusk lodges of the wintry North,
Nor couches in the rice-field's slimy sedge,
Nor on the cold, wild waters ventures forth, —
Who waits not, in the pauses of his toil,
With hope that spirits in the air may sing ;
Who upward turns not at propitious times,
Breathless, his silent features listening,
In desert and in lodge, on marsh and main,
To feed his hungry heart and conquer pain.

CORNELIUS MATTHEWS.

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EXTRACT FROM "THE EXCURSION."

I HAVE seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, — sonorous cadences! whereby
To his belief, the Monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native Sea.
Even such a Shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THANKFULNESS.

MY God, I thank Thee who hast made
The Earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;

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So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

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"THE HILLS OF THE LORD."

GOD ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove His furrows deep!
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all aleap!

But that is the mountains' secret,
Age-hidden in their breast;
"God's peace is everlasting,"
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of his grace;
He spreadeth his mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,—
Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

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Green tribes from far come trooping,
And over the uplands flock;
He hath woven the zones together
As a robe for his risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
Nests for his flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born races,
Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tired cities
Come up to their shrines and pray;
God freshens again within them,
As He passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret!
The beauty deeper than all!
This faith, — that Life's hard moments,
When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing his mountains;
And those mountains yet shall be
The source of his grace and freshness,
And his peace everlasting to me.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

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SONNET.

GOD speaks to hearts of men in many ways ;
Some the red banner of the rising sun,
Spread o'er the snow-clad hills, has taught His praise ;
Some the sweet silence when the day is done ;
Some, after loveless lives, at length have won
His word in children's hearts and children's gaze :
And some have found Him where low rafters ring
To greet the hand that helps, the heart that cheers ;
And some in prayer, and some in perfecting
Of watchful toil through unrewarding years :
And some not less are His, who vainly sought
His voice, and with His silence have been taught,—
Who bare His chain that bade them to be bound,
And, at the end, in finding not, have found.

SPECTATOR

VESPERS.

WHEN I have said my quiet say,
When I have sung my little song,
How sweetly, sweetly dies the day
The valley and the hill along ;
How sweet the summons, "Come away,"
That calls me from the busy throng !

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I thought beside the water's flow
Awhile to lie beneath the leaves,
I thought in Autumn's harvest glow
To rest my head upon the sheaves;
But, lo! methinks the day was brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring, and yet accepted, free
And blest, my Lord, I come to thee.

What matter now for promise lost,
Through blast of spring or summer rains!
What matter now for purpose crost,
For broken hopes and wasted pains!
What if the olive little yields!
What if the grape be blighted! Thine
The corn upon a thousand fields,
Upon a thousand hills the vine.

Thou lovest still the poor: oh, blest
In poverty beloved to be!
Less lowly is my choice confessed,
I love the rich in loving Thee!
My spirit bare before Thee stands,
I bring no gift, I ask no sign,
I come to Thee with empty hands,
The surer to be filled from Thine!

DORA GREENWELL.

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ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

H. F. Lyte, 1847.

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SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL

Poems selected by the Editor of "Quiet Hours."

"I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again.
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are."

BOSTON:
Roberts Brothers.
1881.

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