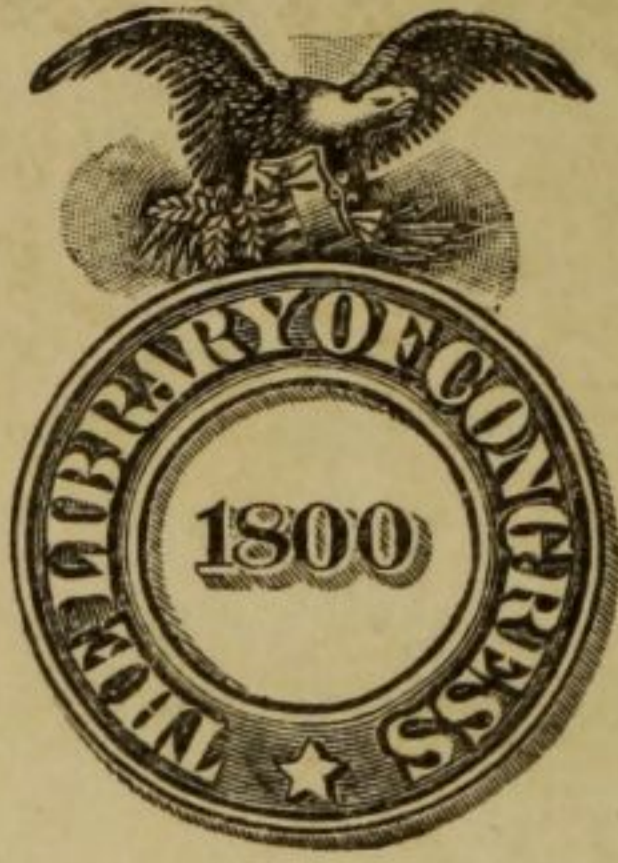


PR
3991
AIP77



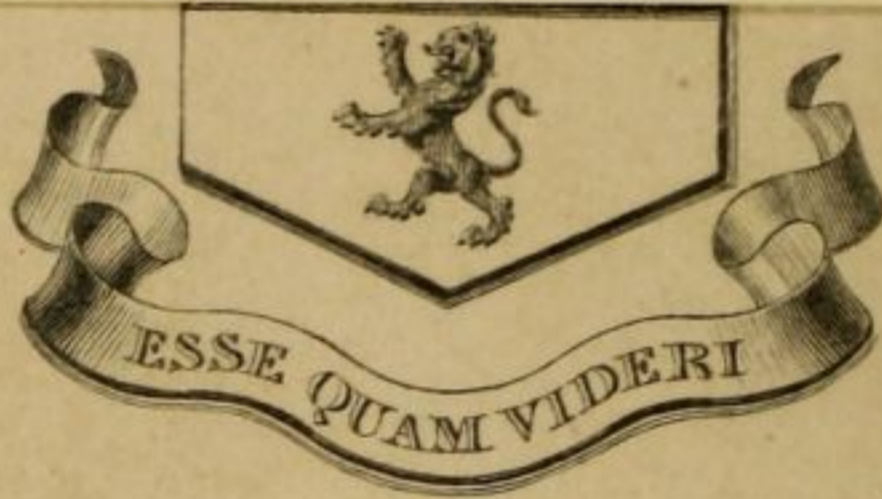
THE
PROGRAM.
OXFORD: MDCCCXLI.



Class _____

Book _____

DOBELL COLLECTION



Francis Hessey.



p. 147

THE

PROGRAM.

OXFORD:

M DCCC XLI.

PR 3991
.A1 P77

205449
'13



BROWNE, PRINTER, OXFORD.

P R O G R A M.

—◆—
WRITTEN ON LOOKING UPON THIS
BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

LONG AGO.

BRIGHT world! how beautiful, how fair! —
Say not alone are dwelling there
Pale misery, despair, and sin,
Or smiles, and a cold heart within;
Oh! tell me not that but in sound
Worth, faith, and virtue may be found,
That honor lives in empty fame,
That friendship only is 'a name;' —
Nor say the voice of gladdening tone,
The light laugh mingling with my own,
Would melt not to a softer strain
To see my sorrow or my pain;
And that the softly breathing sigh
Is not the voice of sympathy,

And the sweet blessing of the smile
False treachery's ensnaring wile.
And tell me not love's radiant beam
Is but a flashing meteor gleam,
That lures and leads the heart astray,
And then—then vanishes away.
Ah! let me think there's mingled still
Enough of good among the ill,
To cast o'er life a brightening glow,
As light illumines this world below.
Sweet chequered scenes of light and shade,
I love ye—mortal gaze was made
Too frail to rest on perfect light,
'Twould dim, not radiate, the sight.
Then—tho' the scenes of human life
Prove but a varying wayward strife
Of good and evil, joy and woe,
Of evening shade, and morning glow,
Oh! let my heart still beat content;
—With thorns the loveliest flowers are sent,
O'er clouds and raindrops sunbeams play
With clearer light and livelier ray,
And when night's shades are thickest drawn,
With laughter and song wakes the rosy dawn.
Then let me bless the gracious Power,
Who with the thorn has sent the flower,
Who with the shade has sunshine given,
To cheer the path that leads to Heaven:

Let me receive with grateful heart
 Life's blessings ere they yet depart ;
 And ah ! in pity, tell me not
 That I must cloud my earthly lot
 By darkening all that meets my view
 With black suspicion's fearful hue,
 And greeting with distrustful eye
 All that might cheer in passing by :
 Oh ! tell me not that life must be
 A shadow and a misery ;
 Oh ! let me think the hand I clasp
 In danger's hour would firmer grasp,
 In sorrow tenderer extend—
 Oh ! let me trust and love my friend.
 And let me, when I see the smile,
 Live on its sweetness for the while,
 And when the soothing sigh I hear,
 And when I see the rising tear,
 Oh ! let me think the heart sincere.
 Bereft of this, ah ! what would be
 This world and all its radiancy ?
 A mockery to the joyless eye,
 The cheerless heart, the hopeless sigh ;
 And I should be a lonely thing,
 Where glooms might hang, and woes might cling,
 And longing for the silent rest
 That's promised in the earth's cold breast.

And hush'd, my lyre, would be thy lay,
 Save that one lingering note might stay
 To echo back the heart's faint moan,
 Thus doomed to chill and break alone.
 In pity cease—and tho' 'twere few,
 Oh! let me think some hearts are true,
 And then—come want, woe, pain, and ill,
 Life's dearest joy is left me still.

LONG AFTER.

COME, gentle spirit of my youth,
 Recal the sunny past ;
 Warm as it was ere chilling truth
 Swept by with withering blast :

I ask no new delights to spring
 Upon my pathway now,
 To watch again their withering,
 With gloomed and anxious brow.

I ask a memory of the past,
 As that sweet past has been,
 And kind affections that will last
 Till I have left this scene.

I care not for the smile that beams
 With joy's unclouded ray,
 I care not for the glance that seems
 Born of the summer day.

I love to look upon their light,
 But 'tis with mingled sorrow,
 Lest I should see the coming blight
 To close upon their morrow.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

RAIN sweep on, and tempest lower,
Rend the forest, crush the flower,
Bear all lovely things away ;
Yet the heart may still be gay,
And the spirit still may dwell
In the peace it loves so well.
Not the deepest gloom of night,
Not the tempest's fearful might,
Not the cold of winter's snow
Can lay the hopeful spirit low.
There's a home where it may dwell,
Guarded by a holy spell.
Whence the spark, and what the power,
That bears us up in danger's hour,
That lulls the spirit to repose
Amidst surrounding cares and woes ?
'Tis the promised peace that's given,
'Tis the hope that's fixed on Heaven.

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD ! with thy brow of light,
Laughing through thy frolic flight,
Lead me with thy bond of smiles
A willing victim to thy wiles.
Joy in the sunshine of thy day,
And innocence thy sovereign sway ;
And sinning man who looks on thee
Should smite the breast and bow the knee.
Angels leave the realms above
To guard thee with the wings of love,
And, if thou close thy sinless eyes,
To waft thee, joying, to the skies.
Oh ! I could sadly weep that thou
Must chase that freedom from thy brow,
That all the freshness of thy smile
Must perish in a little while,
That thy expanding mind must know
There are such things as sin and woe,
That purity of heart and soul
Must yield to passions' wild controul,

And time awaken that within
That is the root of pain and sin.

It seems that I could e'en rejoice
To hear no more that gladsome voice,
To watch no more that step of glee,
Or that sweet love and life to see,
If thou couldst lay thee down, as now,
With smile and beauty on thy brow,
Without a fear, without a sigh,
Without a thought that thou must die,
And close thy gentle eyes to earth
To waken with an angel's birth.

ON A CHILD IN SICKNESS AND DEATH.

I.

I SAW her in the suffering sleep
Of sickness and distress,
And scarcely could refrain to weep ;
But God was there to bless.
Yes, there was blessing in her pain,
Peace on her brow, her suffering, gain ;
For in that sleep her spirit fled,
— And there was weeping for the dead.

II.

I saw her in the sleep of death,
And there was found no trace
Of fevered flush or labouring breath
Upon that gentle face.

Like sculptured marble there she lay,
 White, cold, and still, as if no ray
 Of life had ever crossed that cheek,
 Or the closed lips had power to speak.

III.

I could not weep at scene like this,
 Though it was sad it was so blest
 To think upon her spirit's bliss,
 And of her everlasting rest.
 Rest from the labour and the strife
 Of daily toil and weary life,
 Rest from the weakness and the pain
 That o'er the mortal body reign :—

IV.

Rest from the struggle of the heart
 While her young love was free ;
 She knew not of how sad a part
 A woman's lot may be :
 Rest from the strife of sin, that reigns
 And binds the spirit down in chains,
 E'en while it struggles to be free,
 And longs for immortality.

v.

Child ! thou hast rest from these secure,
 And this alone would be
 Enough for praise, (for thou art pure,
 Safe in eternity.)
 But thou hast more—oh ! who can say,
 When angels bore thee on the way,
 What knowledge and what rapture burst
 Upon thy wakening vision first ?

vi.

The rest of Heaven we cannot know,
 Nor picture its delight :
 When shall we break from all below
 Unto that glorious height ?
 When shall we know as we are known ?
 When shall we bow before the throne ?
 When shall we worship and adore ?
 When shall our ransomed spirit soar ?

vii.

“ Be still, and know that I am God : ”
 Listen, my soul, and meekly stand ;
 Thou yet must bear the chastening rod,
 Ere thou canst join the angel band.

The Lord hath said, * Except we be
Like children in humility,
Among the blest no place is given,
For *such* must fill the courts of Heaven.

* Matt. xviii. 2, 3. Luke xviii. 16, 17.

TO A FRIEND, AFTER SOME YEARS
OF SEPARATION.

Do you remember the first fond beam
That Hope flung over our youthful dream,
When the warm heart's beat was glad and wild
As the blithesome step of the mountain child?
Life was a beautiful sunbright glow,
And this did not look like a world for woe.
Do you remember the first fond sigh,
How gaily it came and how soon passed by,
Like the vibrating note of the tuneful string,
Where joy, for a moment, has ceased to sing?
Where are these feelings? They came, they flew,
Like shadows and lights that flash over the dew.
Oh! the morning of life is fresh and free,
And varied as dawning of light can be,
And Promise, with a bright glance beaming,
Smiles on all its wayward dreaming.
But Time bears off on his pitiless wing
All youth can love, or the minstrel sing.
They pass us by, that joyous throng!
With their smiles, and promise, and wildering song,

And Memory stays with his faded wreaths,
And an echo of sighs is the strain he breathes.

But life some fair scenes yet may own,
Though its first bloom of dawn is flown.
Tears we have shed, and yet may weep,
May rouse the soul from listless sleep,
And change its dreamings wild and bright,
To Truth's more clear and steadfast light ;
Light that purer, warmer glows,
Until it radiate at the close,
And Hope's bright halo round us throws.

THE SLEEPER.

I.

HUSH, hush ! oh ! do not call her
From that sweet world of sleep ;
Here sorrow may befall her—
Oh ! she may wake to weep.
A calm is on her now,
Her spirit with the blest ;
Look on her peaceful brow,
And do not break her rest.

II.

If sorrow ne'er has found thee,
And touched thy youthful heart,
If all is bright around thee,
Oh ! still be what thou art ;
But do not wake the sleeper,
“ Ye know not what ye do,”
That dream alone may keep her
From griefs unknown to you.

III.

Oh! there are those that sorrow,
Who never speak their woe,
And all their brightness borrow
From smiles that round them glow.
But *here* there is no seeming,
In sleep the calm is *rest*,
The smiles that come in dreaming
Come only from the blest.

WEEP not for those, who in life's early bloom
 Have laid down untroubled to rest on the tomb,
 Ere a sickening of life, or a trembling of death,
 Chilled the smile on the lip, as it yielded its breath.

Weep not for those ; they had lived not to know
 Where the surface was sunny, 'twas chilling below ;
 That the bright beam of promise that sparkled and
 glowed
 Could not warm the cold river of life as it flowed.

Weep not for those ; for the dream of their youth
 Passed with them in brightness ere wakened to truth ;
 They had trusted and loved while the spirit was free,
 They had joyed in the future that never might be.

Weep not for those ; they expired when death
 Was only to yield up the soft quiet breath,
 And to close the glad eye on its happiness here,
 To awaken in Heaven undimmed by a tear.

TO THE SEA.

RAGE on, proud billows, for I love thy roar ;
'Tis wild, 'tis mighty,—and the sound is o'er.
'Tis well for man to mark the swelling wave,
Muse o'er his life, and think upon his grave.
On nature's ample page there is not found
So true a picture of life's wildering round :
Ambition, glory, frenzy and despair,
Revenge, and hate, all, all are imaged there.
And those wild waters, as they rage and moan,
Speak to each passion in a kindred tone :
While gentle murmurings, musical and clear,
Steal like a tale of fondness on the ear,
And blend their melodies amid the strife,
As lovely things that, pitying, cling to life.
But all, the sweetest sound, the wildest roar,
Tell but their tale, and they are heard no more :
Ah ! how like life—the life we give the grave—
Thy little race, thou restless, perished wave.

A SUMMER MORNING.

NATURE—glorious in thy might,
Radiant in thy beauty's light,—
Is there a soul can look on thee,
Nor bow before Divinity?
Then lead my spirit to upraise
The prayer of faith, the hymn of praise.
—Yet, while I gaze with raptured eye,
There wakes within the unbidden sigh,
To feel that all so fair must die.
E'en now Death wings his dark-wing'd flight,
(Though hidden from our bounded sight,)
And gladness, glory, beauty, all
Beneath his withering touch must fall:
He's hovering near, he's breathing round,
Blending with every sight and sound;
A few brief hours, and morning fades;
Then darkness hangs his shroud of shades
O'er day's fair light, and it is fled,
And number'd with the past and dead;

A few brief months as surely flee,
 And then the living look on thee,
 Fair earth, enwrapp'd in mourning gloom,
 And weeping o'er thy children's doom :
 They sprang to life from thy fond breast,
 And thither turn for their long rest.

E'en now, as morning breezes play,
 They turn to sighs, and die away ;
 The billows break upon the shore
 In murmuring moan, and are no more ;
 And music sweet, with varying tone,
 Falls on the ear, and then 'tis flown,
 While echo wakes the passing strain
 In fainter notes,—to die again.

Yes : Death is blent with every sound
 And every tint that glows around :
 The kindling cheek ; the sparkling eye ;
 The pealing laugh ; the failing sigh ;
 The words most fond, the voice most dear
 Not longer lives upon the ear
 Than nature's breathings,—voice and bloom ;
 Each passing moment has its doom,
 And bears its thousands to the tomb.

Wherefore, alas! ah wherefore, Death,
 Thy withering touch, thy chilling breath?
 'Tis sin that brought that awful doom,
 That brings the misery and the fear,
 The pain, the trembling, and the tear,
 And shrouds us in the lonesome tomb.
 Then it is well to bow the knee,
 Bright nature, when we gaze on thee,
 In shame and penitence and woe,
 For that which lays thy glories low.

THE MOON.

Look on the moon that shines on high ;
It glows not with the rainbow's dye,
But its pure light and gentle ray
Knows not the touch that brings decay ;
Though shrinking from the gaze of light,
It always shines as clear and bright,
And, when we mourn its parting smile,
It brightens other scenes the while !
Its cheering radiance is found
Where darkness chills and glooms surround :
And thus Religion's holy beam
Shall prove no fleeting, transient gleam ;
Its beauties calmly, mildly glow
Unseen, perchance, till shades of woe
Are glooming round, and then its light
Comes cheeringly and purely bright,
And makes the path of sorrow smile,
Though shadows overspread the while.

TO YOUTH.

SMILE on, ye beautiful and young,
Be happy while ye may,
Laugh while there's gladness on your tongue,
And while your spirit's gay ;

And love ; while ye are fond and free
In innocence and truth,
For ne'er can your affections be
As guileless as in youth ;

And look on all as bright as ye
Of beautiful and frail,
And sing to all whose song shall be
As bless'd and brief a tale,

And ye may sing such song to me,
For I have sung the same,
And lov'd and laugh'd and thought as ye,
Till other feelings came.

And, if ye ever live to know
A shadow overspread
The brightness of your young life's glow,
And droop your gentle head,

Oh ! sit not down in listless grief ;
'Tis but the twilight gloom
Of your spring day—so bright and brief ;
A morrow yet may bloom :

And till that morrow's dawn has sprung,
There may be tranquil sleeping
Beneath the willows where ye've hung
Your tuneful harps in weeping.

And ye may take them down again,
And tune their chords anew,
And wake them to a cheerful strain
That's bless'd and hopeful too.

More full of hope and truth and love,
More blest that song shall be,
For angels to their harps above
Awake its harmony.

*But ye must tune your voice and heart
Amid this world of strife,
If ye would bear an angel's part,
Or live an angel's life.*

GLADNESS.

WHEN glad is the spirit and gay,
 (Oh! where could a shadow alight?)
There's joy in the sunbeams that play,
 And care with the zephyr takes flight;

There's music in every sound,
 And delight in each varying scene;
There's beauty and freshness around
 In each tint of the flower and green.

In our gladness we think we can trace
 The same feeling in all that we view,
A smile upon every face,
 And a glory in every hue.

And we think that no sorrow can shade,
 Nor time ever blight or destroy
The world that our spirit's array'd
 In the beautiful lustre of joy.

MEMORY OF JOY.

THE memory of joy! how blest it falls
Like sunshine on our way, and quick recalls
Past moments that were beautiful and bright,
As if to chase all sorrow with its light ;
It clings around the heart as if it sought
To blend its loveliness with every thought,
As if in fear that sorrow should intrude
And break upon its treasur'd solitude.
Oh, memory of hours too bright to stay!
Oh, memory of sweet things passed away!
Thou art a beautiful and lovely thing,
To thee I turn, to thee I fondly cling :
Fair Hope may pass away, and not a trace
Remain to tell her beauteous dwelling place,
But thou art faithful, thou canst never stray ;
Thou art mine own! bright spirit of my way.

MEMORY OF SORROW.

MILD gentle drops, that steal with soft surprise
When joy is brightest, and bedew the eyes,
Whence come ye? from the memory of woe.
And will ye check e'en now my heart's fond glow?
Mute sorrowing offspring of dark hours of gloom,
Ye ne'er have seen life deck'd with light or bloom:
Then still flow on, ye melancholy tears,
For yours the charm that suffering endears;
And there's a feeling, hallow'd, calm, and deep,
That soothes the sadness ye have waked from sleep.
I would not shroud the sorrows I have known
In dark oblivion—live, but live alone,
Sad memories with me—let others know my joy,
Share the glad feelings that have no alloy;
But for my sorrows, let them silent dwell
Deep in the heart, where there's no voice to tell.

SADNESS.

WHEN round the soul a sadness clings,
It deepens every woe,
A shadow o'er all brightness flings,
A chill o'er every glow.

Though smiles may greet us, glad and fond,
We share not in their mirth,
We see the vale of tears beyond
For every child of earth.

Though music fall upon the ear
In sweet and livening tone,
In every strain we seem to hear
A sigh to meet our own.

The birds may sing, but in their lay
There's melancholy still,
Strife where the babbling waters play,
Complaining in the rill.

Though breezes sport, their gentle sound
Is but a murmuring sigh,
Flowers may bloom, but we have found
They blossom but to die.

The sun may shine, but in its light
We hail no cheering rays,
A glare too dazzling and too bright,
We shrink beneath the blaze.

And while the moon's soft silvery stream
Is shining in our eyes,
We think her melancholy beam
Looks down to sympathise.

Yes ! o'er each changing scene we trace
A kindred cast of woe,
A feeling that we cannot chase,
And scarcely would forego.

THE BUTTERFLY.

SPORT along, light fluttering fly,
While there beams the azure sky,
Spread thy painted wings, and seek
Blushes on the rose's cheek ;
Wing thy giddy course along,
While the birds beguile with song,
While the laughing sunbeams play,
And gentle breezes guide thy way.
—For—blushing roses fade and die,
And clouds o'ercast the azure sky,
And birds will hush their tuneful note,
And gentle breezes cease to float,
And all the laughing sunbeams' light
Sleep in the gathering shades of night :
And thou as soon shalt pass away,
Bright creature of a sunny day.
Thy airy course, thy giddy flight,
Shall cease too with the glow of light.
'Tis well thy little life should be
One frolic course of gaiety.

'Tis given thee but a moment's space,
And thou hast run thy little race ;
And then, light sportive fluttering fly,
'Tis but to close thy wings and die.
No more is asked, no more is given,
Thou answerest the design of heaven.
Not thine to live, not thine to die,
Man ! like the painted butterfly ;
To thee a reasoning soul is given,
An eye that turns from earth to heaven,
A heart to feel, expand, adore,
A spirit taught by God to soar,
By faith to claim beyond the tomb
A life defying all its gloom,
Grasping awide infinity
Of bliss, unfading bliss on high.
Are these the gifts of life to thee,
The blessings of the Deity ?
Are these the powers that bid thee soar,
And join with angels to adore ?
And is thy heart too cold to glow,
Too dead to fear eternal woe ?
How oft, though born with hopes so high,
Man grasps at nought beyond the fly,
As giddy, vain, inconstant, light,
He wings through life his thoughtless flight ;
Gay, fluttering on from flower to flower,
Where Pleasure tempts in Folly's bower,

He sports and trifles through the day,
While joy and youth beguile the way,
Unmindful that life's waning eve
Shall teach the giddy heart to grieve.
Oh! then around the failing eyes,
While glooms are thickening, phantoms rise.
The spirits of departed time,
(Mispent, or blackened into crime)
And memory—ah! 'twill closer cling
When 'tis a fearful, dreaded thing,
And hope will perish, when its ray
Comes not from realms of endless day,
As death steals on enwrapt in gloom,
And hurls the spirit to its doom.
Man! pause amid thy mad career,
And think on things like these, and fear.
Thou may'st not die as falls the flower,
As drops the insect of an hour,
To lay thee down, the cold earth press,
And yield thy life to nothingness ;
Not such thy lot ; more blest, more dread,
Thy entrance to the silent dead :
The gate of death, the veil of gloom,
That closes on thy earthly doom,
Immortal man ! unfolds to thee
The regions of infinity.

PASSING THROUGH THE NEW FOREST.

AUTUMNAL SUNSET.

I.

WHAT do they say?—those forest trees ;
Their leaves are shed ;
Thousands and thousands by the breeze
Lie scattered, dead ;
And yet there is a sunny hue,
A rich bright glow,
Their summer freshness never knew,
That now they shew.

II.

And the bright sun—he soon will sink,
His glories set,
But see, while hovering on the brink,
He's glowing yet,

And never in his noontide hour,
 In summer skies,
 Beams forth such radiant glorious power,
 As when he dies.

III.

They tell me—those proud trees of earth,
 That sun of Heaven,
This is not death; another birth
 Will yet be given.
 'Tis therefore they exulting glow,
 Exulting shine ;
 They tell me, as I gaze, to know
 Such fate is mine.

IV.

But oh ! how nobler, higher far
Our hope in dying,
 To rise where light and glory are,
 And death defying.
 Then never, never look upon
 That earth and sky,
 To sigh o'er dreams—of pleasures gone,
 Or hopes that die ;
 But think of the eternal morrow
 That breaks upon the night of sorrow.

A MOURNFUL SONG.

RETURN, my love, we must not part ;
I know thou art not dead.
Thou wert sleeping calm on this faithful heart ;
The grave must not pillow thy head.

Thy smile, that made life look so fair,
Lives in its sweetness yet,
And in that last look—there was promise there,
Which my spirit will ne'er forget.

It was not death that closed thine eye,
But soft and tranquil sleeping,
And thy cheek grew pale in the last fond sigh,
Because I bent o'er thee weeping.

They took thee away, but could not break
Thy sleep's tranquillity,
But I know, I know why thou wouldst not wake ;
Thou wert dreaming, love, of me.

Bring back my love ; for we must not part ;
When she wakes she will look for me :
If I hold her not to my faithful heart,
How sad will that waking be.

Then bring her back, for I cannot go ;
I know not where she's taken ;
Oh ! bring her ; she will sorrow so
If she thinks she is forsaken.

Or, take me, take me, where she's sleeping,
And I will ask no more ;
I'll only watch beside her, weeping,
Till that long sleep is o'er.

I.

If meeting those we prize and love,
In such a world as this,
Is life's best, dearest, truest joy,
And almost seems like bliss ;
Think what perfection of delight,
What blest, unbroken joy
'Twill be to meet where all is love,
And nothing brings alloy.

II.

When we are pure from trace of sin,
Made glorious, fair and bright ;
Free spirits in eternal space,
And soaring in eternal light :
Yet turning all, with one accord,
As if one soul of love,
To worship the Almighty Lord
Of that blest world above.

THE YEAR IS GONE.

THE year is gone—and with it flown
The pleasant joys that we have known,
They passed from us, as passed the flower
That blossomed in the springtide hour.

When Spring returns with laughing light,
Will pleasures come again as bright?
Who may tell? Our path may lay
Where shadows overcast the way.

Sorrow may have turned the eyes
From all we once were wont to prize;
Anguish may have chilled the breast
To all with loveliness imprest;

And disappointment closed the heart
On all fair, fond things that depart.
Yes—it may be; *we only know*
From the same hand comes weal or woe.

TWILIGHT.

THERE'S a feeling of pensiveness steals o'er the soul,
At twilight's dim darkening hour,
When glory is mellowed to one mild tint,
And loses in shadow its power.

When the last golden hues of the sun have passed by,
And nothing we look on is bright,
And hushed is the sound of the insect and bird,
They have ended their song and their flight.

When stillness is reigning majestic around,
Even shadows are passing away,
And the sighing of breezes falls faint on the ear,
Unheard 'mid the tumult of day.

This meeting of light and of darkness is sweet,
'Tis a holy mysterious time,
And the soul is subdued by the softness of earth,
Or soaring in musings sublime.

We think of the dear ones we've lost, and lament
That sweet converse and friendship have past,
While memory rekindles the look and the smile
That is treasured as fondest and last.

Then we soar to those regions of blessing and light,
Where their purified spirits are found,
Till we mourn we have lingered so long upon earth,
Where darkness and sorrows surround.

We think on the absent—the friends that are left,
And sigh from the wish they were near ;
For affection turns truly, in twilight's dim hour,
To all that is lovely and dear.

And the heart grows more pure, tho' it feels all the
force

Of its sin and its weakness, and sighs
To think how unworthy the blessings bestowed,
How unfit for the glorified skies.

Yes! twilight, a power is wrapt in thy gloom,
That no brightness of day can impart ;
There's a sadness that's soothing, a stillness that awes,
And a silence that speaks to the heart.

ALAS! and have I lost thy smile?

It lighted on my heart,
I joyed in it a little while,
Then felt its glow depart.

It had such power to soothe and cheer,
I felt, while still with thee,
The world was not so cold and drear
As now it seems to me.

Alas! how often is it so!
Whene'er we learn to love;
'Tis vanished as the rainbow's glow
That fades in tears above.

And as the gloom looks deeper still,
When the bright tints are flown,
So now thy smile is gone, more chill,
More sad my heart has grown.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIDOW.

I.

Look on the mourner! smiling in her sleep;
The pale lip brightens and the wan cheek glows,
And hushed is memory in a spell so deep
That ail is glad within, and all repose.
She dreams of him, whose life and love alone,
Was all of blessing that her heart could own;
In wanderings oft, in perils, pain, and care,
He was her strength, her sunshine everywhere.
Be still! for at her waking none is left
To give her smile for smile—she is bereft.

II.

Weep o'er the mourner! weep while she is blest,
For all her gladness will have passed to-morrow;
Soft fall thy tears! lest you should break the rest
That brings awhile forgetfulness of sorrow.

And while you weep, bless Him, who midst the strife
 Of helpless anguish and of hopeless life,
 Sends (like the rainbow smiling through the storm)
 Calm sleep to soothe the tempest-stricken form,
 Be still ! for at her waking none is near
 To stop the gushing of affliction's tear.

III.

Pray o'er the mourner ! pray while you are weeping,
 Deep, fervent prayer breathe silently around,
 And He, who o'er the slumberer watch is keeping,
 May send that peace which yet she has not found.
 God of the widow ! none on earth can cheer ;
 Be Thou her 'strength,' her 'hope,' her 'refuge'
 here ;
 Breathe o'er the heart bereaved thy healing love,
 And her 'affections set on things above :'
 And when she wakes, her weeping eye upraise
 To meet Thy smile, and brighten in the gaze,
 To feel Thy mercy and to give Thee praise.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

My pretty one! I love thee—yes!
For thine own gentle loveliness,
And the fair promise thou dost bring
Of the sweet fragrance of the Spring.
But more I love thee, that thou art
Emblem of innocence of heart,
That first and precious boon possessed,
And Heaven-implanted in the breast.
'Tis therefore that I hold thee dear,
First offspring of the new-born year,
'Tis therefore that I love to trace
Thy simple charm and native grace.
Alas! thy little life does well
Of short-lived innocence to tell.
Yes! bring me then that flower of earth,
That first and fairest springs to birth;
I love it more than glowing rose,
Or starry bloom that myrtle throws
O'er the warm earth in odours rare;
I love it—it is *pure* and fair.

TO THE SAME.

My flowers have drooped the gentle head,
Their life is gone, their fairness fled,
And they are numbered with the dead.

They only bloom that we may see
'Tis not a world where they may be
In all their taintless purity.

They shrink beneath the cloudy sky,
And seem to look around and sigh,
Then droop imploringly to die.

And thus if innocence were found
Once more on earth's unholy ground,
He would but gaze in sadness round ;

Then breathe a prayer, with upraised eye,
Look, pitying Heaven ! ah ! let me fly,
And take me to my home on high,

SONG.

SUNSHINE of life ! away, away—
On me no more
Come smiling with your fleeting ray :
Life's dream is o'er.

That dream—it came to me so bright,
O'er all it threw
A lustrous, sparkling with its light
Of varying hue.

And sweet as light, the glowing ray
That smiling told
New pleasures every dawning day
Would still unfold.

And dear— yes ! it was very dear,
Warming the heart
With gladness that could always cheer,
And hope impart.

And fair too—fair—for I could see
 No shadow gloom
The light of life's young radiancy,—
 Bright to the tomb.

But now 'tis o'er, it could not last,
 The dream is fled,
Its promise and its joys are past,
 Its feeling dead.

Life's stream rolls on, but not again
 Through light and bloom.
'Tis murmuring in a quiet strain,
And winding through a tranquil plain,
 On—to the tomb!

THE SILENT LYRE.

TO MYSELF, ON LOOKING OVER SOME LONG-NEGLECTED
POETRY.

I.

THE silent lyre—wake not its theme
Of wild romance, of wildering dream,
Of fantasy and mirth,
Nor sweep its chords to mournful strain
Of deep lament and moanings vain,
For bright things past of earth.

II.

Time hurries by, life soon is gone,
And when the sleep of death comes on,
Wouldst thou not wake in Heaven?
But hast thou thought what themes resound,
What hallelujahs ring around,
What glorious song is given?

III.

Oh! if thou hast not learnt below
The heavenly strain, thou canst not go
To that blest world above :
Thou couldst not join the seraph's song,
It would be wearisome and long
Without a seraph's love.

IV.

Then tune thy lyre, and tune thy heart,
And learn to bear an angel's part,
While time on earth is given,
And raise thy thoughts, and raise thy voice,
Till every feeling shall rejoice
In the bright hope of Heaven!

LIGHT.

“ My soul is dark”—there is not found
One gladdening ray, one cheering sound
To break upon the sadness round.

“ Where dwelleth light?”

My wearied sight
Sees not beyond the dreariness of night.

“ Where is the Way of Light?”—My lips can say
That “ God is Light,” that “ Jesus is the Way,”
Yet o’er my soul the shades of darkness lay :

“ Sweet is light”

To the longing sight
And ‘ pleasant’ to behold the sun’s bright ray.
But oh! the soul that is benighted
Is more than longing eyes delighted,
When first the dawn of day is breaking,
When the first glow of hope is waking,

When Thou, O God! in mercy bending,
 The light of Thine own smile art sending,
 Into the depths of chilling woe
 That chain the spirit down below.

“ Why art thou cast down, oh! my soul!”
 Why yielding to the dread controul
 Of powers of darkness? rise, upraise
 The hymn of blessing, song of praise,
 Thy ‘Strength’ and ‘Hope’ thy God shall be
 In sorrow and perplexity.
 The willing spirit thus may speak,
 But, Lord, Thou know’st ‘the flesh is weak.’
 Oh! waken then in my distress
 The power to trust Thee, and to bless;
 And teach me, as I look around
 Where light and loveliness are found,
 To feel in all I witness there
 A Father’s hand, a Father’s care.
 The passing seasons, rich in treasure,
 Ministering to our pleasure,
 Bearing on their breezy wings
 Beautiful and various things;
 The glorious sun, all life caressing,
 Shedding around his glow and blessing;
 The tranquil moon, whose milder eye
 Looks love on earth, and peace on high;

The myriad stars that seem to keep
 Watch o'er the helplessness of sleep:
 Gifts of light and love to cheer
 Our pilgrimage in passing here.

And still, still merciful and kind,
 Ever along our path we find
 That other lights are circling round,
 Making more blest our pilgrim ground.

The light of *smiles*, that glow and play,
 Gladdening duties on our way,
 Scattering joys where'er we roam,
 Wakening hopes for years to come,
 Making earth a link of heaven,
 A chain of life that's never riven.

The light of *genius*, that upraises
 The glowing mind to eloquent praises,
 Joying and triumphing to be
 A spark that emanates from Thee.

Light of *reason, science, feeling*,
 Deep and lofty things revealing,

Wakening wonders strange and new
 In all that meets the searching view,
 And shewing forth the clear impress
 Of a Creator's mightiness.

These along our pathway glow,
 Brightening everything below ;
 But these alone were but the gleam
 Of the meteor's flight or the poet's dream,
 Were it not for the beams that fall
Straight from heaven to hallow all.
 Light of *Revelation*, telling
 Mysteries of thy holy dwelling,
 Raising our affections high
 Beyond the things we are passing by,
 Guiding our footsteps as we roam
 Safe to our eternal home ;
 Opening to our raptured sense,
 Things infinite and thoughts intense,
 Where the powers of mind may rest
 Securely and supremely blest,
 Where the feelings of the heart
 May cling around and bear a part,
 And the immortal soul aspire
 To wake the song and sweep the lyre,
 That seraphs raptured and adoring
 Through Heaven's wide realms in tuneful strains
 are pouring.

Welcome, welcome, home above,
Home of light, and home of love,
Former things shall pass away
Before that everlasting day ;
Earth and shadows, clouds and sea,
Time itself no longer be ;
No sun, no moon, and no more night ;
The LORD Himself the living Light ;
No temple : for we then shall be
In *presence* of the Deity.
He " all in all," and we the rays
That beam in love and shine in praise ;
He " all in all ;" no death to sever
That life in Him secure for ever ;
He " all in all," and we a part,
Almighty God, of what Thou art.

“SHUT OUT FROM HEAVEN.”

SHUT out from Heaven—it is a thought
With such deep agony o'erfraught,
That never torture's worst could be,
Such utter, utter misery.

Shut out from Heaven—that home of rest
That haven promised the oppress'd ;
That better land, that blessed shore,
Where weariness shall be no more.

Shut out from Heaven—that realm above,
 That world of harmony and love,
 Where spirits radiate at the throne,
 And live in glory's light alone.

Shut out from Heaven—where all that's pure,
 And all that's holy shall endure,
 And all our erring love shall be
 Made perfect through Eternity.

Shut out from Heaven—where all that's bright
 Shall shine in calm unclouded Light,
 And all that's beautiful shall be
 The theme of angel minstrelsy.

Shut out from Heaven—that high blest world,
 Where Glory's fulness is unfurl'd,
 And every dream of bliss shall be
 Awaken'd in reality.

Shut out from Heaven—where all we prize,
 All fairest, best, beneath the skies,
 All, all most true and fond and dear,
 Would love us there who love us here.

Shut out from Heaven—shut out from Thee,
 Thou glorious, gracious Deity,
 In whose blest presence there is known
 “Fulness of joy,” and there alone.

Shut out from Heaven—how lost that state,
 How darkly, deadly desolate.
 We dare not think upon the doom :
 Save, LORD, from that eternal *tomb*.

UNITY.

As pilgrims on our way,
A meek and lowly band,
No longer wanderers stray,
But journeying hand in hand,
Let us join together now,
And heart and voice unite,
And in this dark world bow
Before a God of light ;
For in the courts above,
Around the glorious throne,
One only soul of love,
One only song is known.

PSALM CXIX. 165.

“GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHO LOVE THY LAW ; AND
NOTHING SHALL OFFEND THEM.”

GREAT peace have they who love thy law,
And nothing shall offend :
For it is there they learn of Thee,
Their never failing friend.

'Tis there Thy wisdom and Thy power,
Thy wond'rous love they see ;
And find a “ lamp ”* that ever guides
Their footsteps safe to Thee.

And with the precept and the law
Upholding help is given,†
To follow on where'er it leads,
And lights the way to Heaven.

* Verse 105.

† Verse 116.

And truly nothing can offend,
 No sorrow can oppress,
 No bitterness of soul dismay,
 Or poverty distress.

Beyond each trial and each care,
 They see the glorious end,
 Their soul's salvation,—and the love
 Of their almighty Friend.

They know 'tis well to suffer here,
 Lest they should idly stray,*
 And linger 'mid the flowers that bloom
 Upon the "broad" high "way."

They know they only pass along
 And have no time to roam,
 For they are "pilgrims" on the road
 To their eternal home.

And if the world be false and cold,
 Unkind the dearest friend,
 Ungrateful the remember'd poor,
 Yet nothing shall *offend*.

* Verses 67, 71.

The sigh may rise, the tear may spring,
 But readier mounts the prayer
 The wounded heart breathes out in love
 For each unkind one there.

They look not now for their reward,
 But on, unwearied still,
 They love Thy law, and seek Thy grace,
 And do Thy holy will.

They know their 'treasure' is above,
 And ever turn to Thee,
 And from Thy hand receive the cup,
 Content whate'er it be.

And for each sweet that's mingled there,
 They bless Thee more and more,
 While journeying on and onward still,
 To reach the heavenly shore.

And while they look not for repose,
 *A blessed 'peace' is given,
 That through each passing cloud of earth
 Shines forth, a glimpse of Heaven.

* John xiv. 27.

Yes! they have peace who love Thy law,
And nothing can offend,
Because they seek their rest in Thee
Their never-failing friend.

FROM PSALM LXXIII. v. 23, 24, 25, 26.

UPHOLD me with Thy hand, O Lord.

My guide and counsel be,
And afterward receive my soul
To glory and to Thee.

For whom have I in Heaven but Thee ?

And there is none beside
That I desire on earth to be
My counsel and my guide.

Soon the frail flesh and heart may fail,

But Thou shalt fail me never,
For Thou my strength in death shalt be,
My portion then for ever.

FROM JOHN VI. v. 68.

To whom for guidance should we go,
To whom for life but Thee?
Thy words are life eternal: Thou
Our guide alone can'st be.

For Thou hast trod the path on Earth,
Hast won the way to Heaven;
'Twas lost—'tis found—O Lord, to Thee
The glory all be given!

YEA, THOUGH I PASS THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW
OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL ; FOR THOU ART
WITH ME.

(THE IDEA NOT MY OWN.)

THE child, alone, in trembling goes
Into the darkened room,
His timid eyes in terror close
Against the silent gloom.

But if his father go before,
And hold him by the hand,
And keep him close—he fears no more,
But boldly takes his stand.

And if he hear his father's voice,
And clasp his hand the while,
His little heart can e'en rejoice,
And he can look and smile.

So let us follow to the tomb
The steps that Jesus trod ;
He's gone before, and through the gloom
He leads us to our God.

PAIN.

(IDEA NOT MY OWN, IN FIRST VERSE.)

I.

WHEN pain comes, Lord, it seems to be
Reached out by angel hands to me,
Who come with it from Heaven ;
And as they bear it, they rejoice,
And bid me raise my feeble voice
To join with them, in blessing Thee,
For all the love Thou bearest me,
In this affliction given.

II.

Yes ! now I see Thy mercy ; now
I hear it, and I meekly bow
And bless the gracious voice.
It is the promise of thy love*

* Heb. xii. 6.

To raise my trembling hopes above,
It is the blessing of Thy grace
To fit me for Thy dwelling place ;
I feel it, and rejoice.*

* Rev. vii. 14.

SICKNESS.

AND I SAID, OH! THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE, FOR
THEN WOULD I FLEE AWAY AND BE AT REST.

(IDEA NOT MY OWN.)

Not from Thy chastening hand, O Lord,
Not from Thy service here below ;
Thy wisdom speaks, Thy love is heard,
In all that lays me thus so low ;
But—from a world of sin and strife,
A world that turns aside from Thee,
And lives a vain and weary life
Of sin and heartless mockery ;
From fearful doubts, temptations strong,
A fettered mind that cannot soar,
From a cold heart that's tried so long
To love Thee, Lord, and to adore.
From these I'd fly ; and Thou wilt come
“ In thine own time ” to set me free,
And take me to my spirit's home,
To rest for ever there with Thee.

FROM MALACHI III. 2, 3; ISAIAH XLVIII. 10.
ZECHARIAH XIII. 9.

I.

WHY should the trembling flesh complain,
And shrink from every touch of pain,
 In moanings sad and low?
Why should the spirit faint and fail,
Why should it sorrow and bewail,
 And turn aside from woe?

II.

We must bear up, we must not tire,
But pass through the refiner's fire,
 Till purified as gold;
Else how can we abide the hour,
When He appeareth in His power,
 Whom all must then behold?

III.

And who is 'the Refiner?' See
 He sits beside and watches thee,
 With love's unwearied care ;
 It is the Saviour, patient, kind,
 It is the Judge of all mankind,
 Who sits beside thee there.

IV.

And when He sees thy spirit shine
 With faith and love and grace divine,
 He'll take thee to thy rest ;
 He'll guard thee with a parent's love,
 And shield thee as the trembling dove
 Is sheltered in its nest.

V.

And then, in life or death to thee
 There's hope and there's security,
 There's glory, and there's 'gain.'
 "Blessed are they whose hearts are pure,
 And happy they who thus endure,
 And suffer, not in vain.

HUMILITY.

I.

SAVIOUR of man ! to Thee we come,
Thou call'st the wayward wanderer home
 Thou only art the Way :
Look on us, as we come to Thee,
And teach us, as we bow the knee,
 “ Lord, teach us how to pray.”

II.

And grant to all, and grant to me,
When Thou shalt teach humility,
 The first fruit of Thy grace :
Without it — our wandering eyes
Can never rest upon the skies,
 Thy holy dwelling place.

III.

Without it, we can never know
 How poor we are, how weak, how low,
 How sinful in Thy sight ;
 Without it, we can never see
 The height of Thy divinity,
 The glory of Thy light.

IV.

It leads us downward, till we feel
 The depth of want and sin, and kneel
 In trembling awe for aid ;
 It lifts us upward, till we see
 So much of light and love in Thee,
 We are no more afraid.

V.

And while in holy awe we bend,
 In holy love our thoughts ascend,
 Losing ourselves in Thee ;
 We feel as nothing, yet adore
 Thy wond'rous grace still more and more,
 Waiting for immortality.

MATTHEW II. 28, 29, 30.

Who is there found that labours not,
And mourns beneath his load,
Who is there does not wail his lot
Along his weary road ?

What is your Master, that ye mourn,
And weary of his sway ?
How have ye served, that ye are worn,
And languish on your way ?

“ Come unto me,” the Saviour cries,
“ And I will give you rest :”
Listen, ye mourning ones, and rise
Ye weary and oppressed.

Yours is the bondage of the soul,
 And tyranny your lord,
 You crouch beneath his fierce controul,
 And tremble at his word.

Yet you have served him more and more,
 And slavish bondage given ;
 For wages !—*Death* when toil is o'er,
 Death, and beyond *no Heaven*.

Then come, ye weary, 'come to Me,'
 And take my yoke on you :
 Be meek and lowly ; 'learn of Me,'
 And I will guide you too.

And though ye labour as ye go,
 Rest to your souls is given,
 For all the meek and lowly know
 A path of 'peace' to Heaven ;

And love, that makes the burden light,
 Easy the yoke to bear,
 Sees into Heaven's unclouded height
 —Rest, and the bright crown there.

CHARITY.

WHERE can we find a heart of love,
One ready for the life above?
We look *around*, with gaze intent,
And turn away in deep lament ;
Within, and saddened and dismayed
The humbled spirit, 'sore afraid,'
Bows to the very dust in shame
For all who bear Christ's sacred name.
We are not likened, Lord, to Thee ;
Where is thy gift of charity ?
Alas ! in this vain noisy life,
This world of passion and of strife,
Man at his fellow laughs in scorn,
Unmindful all alike are born,
That he himself, in sight of God,
Deserves as much the avenging rod ;
And that the spirit he must bear
When he kneels down to God in prayer

Is that which should each moment glow
 Within the heart for all below.

Why are we suffered thus to live ?

How can a holy GOD forgive ?

Why does not vengeance from on high

Strike every sinner that he die ?

Christ JESU, He whose name we bear,

He is our Intercessor there :

He, who has trod the path of woe,

He, who has borne our sins below,

He, who has bled and died to save,

He, who has triumphed o'er the grave,

He stays the avenging Arm above

And GOD, our holy GOD, is LOVE.

Then liken us, O LORD, to Thee,

And grant Thy gift of Charity

Now, while we bow the heart and knee,

Repentant, in humility.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

My boy, my boy, my blessed boy,
My child, my dearest child—
From his bright dwelling place on high
He looked on me, and smiled.

He saw the sadness on my brow,
The melancholy deep,
Sweet cherub! though he knows not how
A mother's heart can weep.

And soft he said: Ah! Mother dear,
I pray thee, sorrow not;
For life soon passes, and up here
Its troubles are forgot:

There is no memory of woe
In this bright world of love,
There seems a chilling gloom below,
But we are far above.

Then sorrow not, my Mother sweet,
But lift thy sunken heart
To this high world where we shall meet,
And never, never part.

And, Mother, 'tis not much to die,
'Tis but a moment's thrill ;
A throb, a pause—and then to fly
Up, up, and onward still,—

And weariness to feel no more
In the winged spirit's flight,
But free in wandering bliss to soar
And live in Glory's light.

Then, Mother, Mother, do not heed
The sorrow earth has given,
For soon thy spirit shall be freed,
And come to me in Heaven.

WRITTEN FOR A CLERGYMAN.

“ I WILL GO IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD, AND WILL
MAKE MENTION OF THY RIGHTEOUSNESS, EVEN OF
THINE ONLY.” PSALM LXXI. 16.

I go to my appointed place
Within ‘Thy House of Prayer,’
But, holy and almighty God,
How shall I meet Thee there ?

Vain fears disturb, and cares molest,
Thy Servant, Lord, is weak,
And as a sinner comes to Thee,
Thy promised aid to seek.

For what is man ? vain, faulty, frail,
The creature of an hour—
And only strengthened by Thy strength
Can do Thy Work of Power.

But all who Thy commission bear
 With stedfast faith depend
 Upon that promise that will stand
 Until the world shall end.*

And, while they teach what Thou hast taught,
 And their high 'Trust,' fulfil,†
 Go on their way secure in Faith
 That Thou art with them still :

Then in thy 'name' of 'Strength' I go ‡
 Unto Thy House to-day,
 To plead for all Thy people there,
 And Thy great love display.

But help me, lest I ever shun
 Thy counsels to declare,§
 And speak 'smooth things,' as if in love
 And tenderness to spare ¶.

* Matt xxviii. 20. † 1 Tim. i. 11.

‡ Col. iii. 17 ; Ps. lxxi. 16.

¶ Acts, xx. 7. ¶¶ Isaiah, xxx. 10 ; xxviii. 1.

Thou didst not spare—oh no, Thy love
 For souls was far too great,
 Looking beyond this passing scene
 To their eternal state.

Thy words were truth, and sometimes truth
 In holy love severe,
 Then give me love of souls as true
 To make my words sincere.

For should I preach the words of life,
 And not declare the whole,
 How could I bear the anguished cry
 Of the lost sinner's soul?*

How could I bear to meet the gaze
 Of terror and dismay,
 If I spoke 'peace,'† and there was none,
 And led that soul astray?

* Acts xx. 26, 27.

† Jer. vi. 14.

And could'st Thou pardon one so false,
 * Who Thy commission bore ?
 Oh ! keep my soul from sin so deep,
 And when I err, restore.

† And give me boldness to proclaim
 The terrors of Thy law,
 That scoffers may bow meekly down
 In reverence and awe.

And slumberers from their dreams arise
 To listen to the cry ;
 Be with me in Thy word of power,
 And help me, lest they die.

And to the mourner's heart that sighs
 By grief and fear oppressed,
 Oh ! let my words have grace to 'speak
 Peace' to the troubled breast.

* Ez. iii. 17, &c.

† Eph. vi. 19, 20 ; 2 Cor. v. 11.

Thy righteousness, my Saviour God,
Thy righteousness alone
With faith and contrite heart to plead
Before the mercy throne.

And if my warning voice be scorned,
My earnest teaching vain,
Thou knowest the bitterness, O Lord,
For Thou hast felt the pain.

Yet Thou, unwearied, didst pursue
Thy labours unto death,
And peace, love, promise, pardon, prayer,
Breathed to thy latest breath.

Nor did in death Thy mercy fail,
Nor do Thy labours cease,
Through all the world Thou sendest forth
* Ambassadors of peace.

* Eph. ii. 17 ; vi. 19, 20 ; 2 Cor. v. 20.

Unseen, Thou goest where they go,
 Thy Spirit to impart,
 Then let me feel Thy presence, Lord,
 Within this wayward heart.

* And if a worldly spirit rise,
 And lead me to the throng
 Of those who with Thy holy name
 Blend passion, strife, and wrong:

Oh! let Thy just rebuke with power,
 And "what is that to Thee?"
 Come to my soul in that dark hour,
 Yet still say "Follow me." †

‡ Open my eyes that I may see
 The lowly path of love,
 And meekly, as a pilgrim, walk,
 Whose dwelling is above.

* Gal. v. 26; 1 Tim. vi. 5, 20; 2 Tim. ii. 23, 24, 25.

† John xxi. 22; 1 Tim. vi. 11.

‡ Matt. xi. 29; 1 Tim. vi. 6; Heb. xi. 16; xii. 14.
 James i. 26, 27.

* Give patience that I weary not,
 Uphold me lest I fail,
 That at the last the prayer of faith
 And Word of Truth prevail.

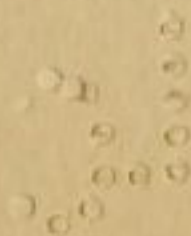
† And if I prosper on my way
 In winning souls to Thee,
 Quick let my heart give back in praise
 The grace Thou givest me.

Be with me, lest in moments vain
 I idly turn astray
 To hear what those around me think,
 Or heed what they may say.

Be with me, for the voice of praise
 Is sweet to mortal ears,
 And sometimes comes from grateful hearts
 With blessing and with tears.

* 2 Tim. ii. 24 ; 2 Thess. v. 14.

† 1 Cor. xv. 10.



And sometimes, from affection's lip,
 In accents sweet is heard,
 And it is hard to guard the heart
 From each endearing word.

* Be Thou my safeguard, that I heed
 Nor flattery, praise, nor blame,
 Let all I do be simply done
 'To Thee,' and 'in Thy name.'

† Thine is the work, and Thine the praise
 And Thine the glory too,
 Without Thee I am nothing, Lord,
 But with Thee all can do.

— But listen yet—I have one prayer
 I still would make to Thee,
 And yet I scarce can bear to say
 Or think that it might be.

* Col. iii. 23, 17.

† 1 Cor. ix. 16 ; 2 Cor. x. 17, 18 ; iv. 5 ; iii. 5 ; John xv. 5 ;
 Phil. iv. 13.

* When in Thy name and in Thy strength
‘ I’ve preached to others,’ Lord,
Let me not be a ‘ castaway,’—
Oh! ’tis a fearful word ;

And seems to sink my very soul
To depths of misery ;
But if the holy Paul could fear,
Such prayer is fit for me.

* 1 Cor. ix. 27.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 152 375 2

