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For my dearest Marion
with every good wish of her
faithful & loving E. L. H.
Easter Day 1867

HYMNS AND LYRICS.



Thomas Lohr Imp. Ed. 1844

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MON BON ANGE

Avec vous je veux aller au ciel

HYMNS AND LYRICS

FOR THE

Seasons and Saints' Days of the Church.

BY THE

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P R E F A C E.

THE present volume is the result of much anxious thought during the last three years. Many of the poems have appeared in different Collections, and serials, and Church newspapers, during that period; yet all were written from the beginning with a distinct view to the present publication. In deep humility I offer it at the feet of our dear LORD, praying him, that however poor the work, he will remember the intention in the day of his reward. A beloved sister was at first the companion of my labour. We intended to bring out the book with a complete set of Hymns for the Saints' Days (Minor as well as Major.) We thought of calling it, "The Garland of the Bride." The title now seems to me conceited. It did not seem so then, when she was with me. Dear soul! she has now gone in the prime of her

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lovely virginity, where she may offer her garland of Song, undisturbed by the rude voices of Earth, at the feet of the Bridegroom himself. Her Hymns will be known by her initials, "M. D. M." (Mary Dunlop Moultrie,) under the title of each of her poems, both in the text and in the table of Contents. It was her express wish that her name should not appear on the title-page. May she rest in peace.

A few of the poems are translations from the Greek, Latin, German, &c. In almost every instance the translation preserves exactly the metre of the original. Each translation is acknowledged as such under the title and in the Contents. Some of the Latin metres have never, to my knowledge, been clothed in English dress before, e.g., the metre of *the Rhythm of Bernard of Morlaix*, (and the *Loss of the London*.) Certain of these metres seem to me transferable, if great care be taken in making the accent harmonise with the punctuation (this especially in the case of the *Hexameter*,) and if an entire liberty be allowed in shifting the ictus from the first to the second syllable of the dactyl *ad libitum*. It would be unbecoming in me to say more.

RUGBY,
Epiphany, 1867.

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HYMNS FOR THE SEASONS.

Advent.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

HEAR us, King, who robed in light
In the Heaven of Heavens dost dwell !
Hear us, Shepherd of the sheep,
Thou who ledest Israel.

Come from heaven, Incarnate GOD,
Prophesied in shadows dim ;
Thou who sittest on thy seat
Throned between the Cherubim :

Come, Redeemer of mankind,
Offspring of the Virgin Womb ;
The dumb world awaits the WORD,
Long expected SAVIOUR, come !

B

Darkness lay about thy feet
 As the verge of heaven they trod ;
 Light breaks only round the tents
 Of the Israel of GOD.

Darkness wraps the world in night,
 But that darkness may be felt ;
 For the Manhood may be touched
 In whose robe the shadows melt :

Come, Redeemer ! SAVIOUR, come !
 Firstborn of the FATHER'S throne ;
 Coëternal SON of GOD,
 Come and gather in thine own.

Come, Redeemer, Son of Man,
 Come from Mary's virgin womb,
 Pass the seal and shed thy life
 Round the wild flowers of the tomb.

Come in sorrow, come in joy,
 Come from Heaven, arise from Hell,
 Conqueror and servant, come,
 JESUS, Man, Emmanuel !

THE SEED OF THE WOMAN.

RECEIVE the Word, O Virgin Mary,
 Which the Archangel bears to thee;
 Thou of GOD shalt be the Mother,
 Shalt of Man the Mother be;
 In thy bosom undefiled
 GOD and Man are reconciled.

Fear not, Mary, highly-favoured,
 Virgin Mother of GOD-Man;
 Thou the Firstborn of creation
 Foldest in thy bosom's span;
 Smouldering slow within its shrine
 The kindled lamp of GOD is thine.

Man thou bearest heir of sorrow:
 GOD thou bearest ever-blest:
 GOD bends down from highest heaven,
 Taking Manhood from thy breast:
 Life is born within the tomb;
 Life and death lie in thy womb.

For the LORD of Life o'ershadows
Thy pure bosom, as of old
He, the Spirit life-impregnant
Moved upon the waters cold,
And their void and lifeless spring
Teemed with life beneath his wing.

Fear not, Mary, GOD is with thee!
Blessed art thou, Holy Maid,
Blessed is thy bosom's SAVIOUR
Who shall bruise the serpent's head:
EVA through the death-wood fell:
AVE backward turns the spell.

THE CHURCH AND THE BRIDEGROOM.

BRIDEGROOM.

I AM come to my garden, my Sister, my Spouse,
 I have laid up my myrrh and my spices within,
 With honey I gather my honeycomb sweet,
 And milk and red wine my bride's favour to win :
 My myrrh I have stored in the burial cave,—
 Sweet spices and myrrh for the slumbering hour,
 The milk from the breast of virginity flows,
 And the wine from my side shall give life with its
 power.

CHURCH.

The voice of the Bridegroom I hear in my sleep,
 He knocks at the door of my heart in delight,
 Saying, "Open, my sister, my love undefiled,
 For my brow is bedewed with the dews of the night."
 I open, I gaze in the darkness without,
 My eyes for my loved one in tenderness swim ;
 Ah ! where is he gone ? He is vanished away !
 And my arms of desire languish empty of him.

BRIDEGROOM.

Come forth, my beloved ! come forth with thy Spouse !

Let us lodge in the villages, dwell in the field :

Let us leave our Moriah, and see if the vine

His tender young grapes in the nations will yield :

At our gates are all manner of fruits for thy lips

Both new and old fruits my heart's fervour to prove :

Come forth, my beloved, and see with thine eyes

What fruits thy Spouse keeps for the Bride of his love.

CHURCH.

How fair is thy loveliness ! Child of the King,

The lily blooms brown by the side of thy breast ;

Thy brow is like Carmel when kissed by the cloud,

As blushing the sunlight sinks down in the west :

Thine eyes are like Heshbon's pool, dusky and clear,

Thy breath sighs with longings voluptuous and deep,

That the lips of the sleeper when breathed on by thee

Yearn swelling with voiceful desire in their sleep.

Ye daughters of Sion, go forth and behold

King Solomon vested in bridal attire ;

His Mother hath woven a crown for his brow,

Come, daughters of Salem, come forth and admire :

His crown is of thorn, budding red with the rose,

His robe is of purple, his sceptre of reed,

With these my Beloved shall triumph with me,

With these my Beloved is Monarch indeed.

BRIDEGROOM.

Rise up, my beloved, and hasten away,

The winter is past and the rain storm is gone ;

The flowers of the garden bloom fresh round the tomb,

And the time of the singing of birds is begun :

The fig-tree puts forth her green figs ; and the time

Of summer and gladness is come with the day.

The tender young shoots of the true vine expand :

Arise, my beloved ! my Bride, come away.

THE HEAVENLY FATHERLAND.

(Rhythm of Bernard of Morlais.)

F^AST fall the sands of time, high fills the cup of
crime: watch! For the warning
Light through the gloom is shed, showing to quick
and dead the Judgment morning!

The world is waxing old, the sum of days is told, the
Judge is seated
On the white throne of doom: at last the end is
come, the work completed.

At length the day draws near, the day of woe and
fear, the term of ages,
That fearful reckoning day, when GOD to man shall
pay his meted wages.

From the sore-laden mind he shall the load unbind,
all weight relieving,
In that untroubled peace wherein the wicked cease
from their deceiving.

For the dear LORD of Love, GOD-Man, enthroned
above, descends : before him
Rise ! guilty man, arise ! the Judge is in those skies :
rise, and adore him.

Haste ! mortal man, oh haste ! conquer the carnal
taste, the ancient leaven ;
Tears taint that cup of thine ; see thy LORD makes it
wine—the wine of Heaven.

There shines the light of day never to fade away, no
moonlight blending,
Light of the heavenly morn, light of the golden dawn,
light never ending.

There thy soul seeks her Head : he her steps sure
shall lead who safe hath kept her,
When to the FATHER'S hand he gives the Fatherland
—gives back the sceptre.

That light shall never set, for there remaineth yet,
after Life's even—
Yea ! there awaits the blest yet one more Sabbath-rest
—the rest of Heaven.

There GOD'S own Israel at length in peace shall dwell ;
there from Life's fountain
Deep draughts of life shall he drain in high jubilee
on Sion's mountain :

Country of light and calm, country unvexed by harm,
refuge in danger,
Storms may not lash thy shore ; thou beamest ever-
more light to the stranger :

There when the thundercloud rolls its voice long and
loud, and death looms nearer,
Shines the fair beacon-light, piercing the shades of
night, clearer and clearer :

He who keeps Israel saith—" Stormy wind, be still ;
rest, angry billow ;
Earth must my footstool be, my path the trackless sea,
the wave my pillow :

" I slumber not nor sleep who all thy ways shall keep,
I will watch o'er thee ;
Peace to the sore distrest, peace of eternal rest, will I
restore thee,

" Peace o'er the wayward breeze, peace in the troubled
seas." To whom is given
That peace ? The pure in heart, to them shall God
impart that peace of Heaven.

Peace unalloyed is this ! peace of calm heavenly bliss,
prize of the lowly,
For none but they may win to pass the veil within, to
the All-holy.

There flowers of every scent bloom in their blandish-
ment their footsteps after,
And from those vales arise sweet sounds of Paradise—
music and laughter.

Nor time nor use may cloy those draughts of perfect
joy ever repeated,
Strife, force, and tears are fled, for Sin itself is dead,
Death is defeated.

Ah! see how Sin, alas! on earth his dwelling has,
strife without pity :—
Peace without sin and strife mellows the tranquil life
in Sion's city.

Oh, Feast with JESUS spread, at which the blest are
fed with full fruition!
Oh, sight of rest and peace! oh, freedom! oh, release
from life's condition!

Strive, oh strive, mortal man! Strive with what
strength you can: the prize is yonder,
Here 'tis but hope we see, there is reality passing all
wonder:

There stands thine own dear LORD: he is thy great
reward; in his protection
Hunger not, thirst no more; he is thy bounteous store,
he thy refection:

Labour and toil are past ; one love, one rest to last
ever, shall meet thee
In that bright citadel, where around JESUS dwell
Saints who will greet thee.

Here is the trump of doom, here is the light from
gloom which shall preserve us,
When shall the Lamb prepare his marriage-supper
there, and come and serve us :

For now the net comes in filled full of fish within, full
without breaking,
And flight in haste away before the light of day Satan
is taking ;

Serpent ordained of old to prowl about the fold, Spirit
of evil,
Prince of this world of sin : JESUS his own shall win
—win from the Devil.

How fair the lilies blow, as through those meads they
go, all sins forgiven !
Sweet flowers of every hue smile as they wander
through the vales of Heaven ;

And a new song swells high from their lips joyously
on Sion's mountain,
For they have washed them white from their sins in-
finite in JESU's fountain :

Red is that stream with blood, for it flows down the
Rood from the side riven ;
Washed in that scarlet pool robes come forth white as
wool, all is forgiven :

And they sing—" Oh, how vast is that love which
could taste Death and its terror,
For sake of sinful man who no repayment can give
for his error :

" Deep are our sins ; how deep ! Deeper his thoughts
which keep watch and ward o'er us,
That arm so strong to save far on beyond the grave
beckons before us :

" His is the woe, the pain ; mine is the joy, the gain ;
his all the spending,
His all the grief, the loss ; mine from the bloody Cross
life never-ending :

" Oh bliss ! oh life in death ! praise him my fleeting
breath with fond elation,
Him shall my lips proclaim Victor o'er death and
shame, and my Salvation."

Here we have many fears, this is the vale of tears,
the land of sorrow :
Tears are there none at all in that celestial hall, on
life's bright morrow,

Oh, for the joys in store; but one short moment
more! then life for ever:

Oh, for the joys in store, at the glad heavenly door of
the Life-giver.

What is the prize? for whom?—Heaven for the sons
of doom; Life for the winner;

Bliss for the nothing-worth; gold for the dross of
earth; GOD for the sinner.

Loud sounds the battle-cry; whence comes the victory
seek you to guess?—Hence,

Full-streamed, without alloy, flows everlasting joy
from his bright Presence.

Hope here we live upon; here we see Babylon Sion
invading.

Now grief is all our lot; then joys which wither not
—garlands unfading.

O Sion bright with gold, flowing with milk thy fold,
city of gladness,

Tongue cannot tell thy bliss, heart sinks opprest with
this, even to sadness.

I cannot strain my sight to that intense delight, nor
tell the story,

What throbs of ardent love thrill through the courts
above, how vast their glory.

My ears may strain to hear, they cannot reach the
sphere, for full before it
Beams of surpassing light fall on my dazzled sight;
mute I adore it.

For Sion's halls along echoes the voice of song: there
the Departed,
Fresh from the deadly fight, throng round the LORD
of Light, jubilant-hearted.

There is eternal rest; there after toil the blest cease
from Life's fever:
There in Heaven's banquet-hall sounds the high fes-
tival of the Receiver,

There round the LORD of might, vested in garments
white, on that bright morrow
Musters their vast array; tears have all fled away;
vanished all sorrow:

For, Sion's courts within, Death may not tread, nor
sin, nor guilt's endeavour;
Thus without fault are they; peaceful, without dis-
may; at rest for ever.

O Sion glorious, city victorious, tower of Salva-
tion,
Thee I seek, I desire; to thee I aye aspire in con-
templation.

Good works I offer none; I have no pardon won by
my own merit;
Firstborn of wrath am I; sold to iniquity, body and
spirit.

I can bring nought at all, bondsman of sin and thrall,
scarred in each feature,
In life and soul I faint, under the poison-taint of my
lost nature.

Yet day and night I cry—FATHER, thy help is nigh
when we beseech it;
I see the prize above, stretch forth thy hand of love,
aid us to reach it.

Thou to life call'st us forth out of the dust of earth;
thine own ablution,
When we were born in sin, washed our souls clean
within from all pollution.

Thine is the salve ordained for those whom guilt has
stained, who by compunction
Claim what no soul can claim, unpurged by grief and
shame—the heavenly unction.

From David's fount apace flows the pure stream of
grace ever-descending,
Through it sin's leprosy soon fades and dies away, and
has its ending.

O Grace of GOD, on high I see beyond the sky : the
clouds are riven,
As through a glass I see, dimly and mistily, the gates
of Heaven.

O Sion, bright with gold, dear home of joys untold,
in GOD'S light burning ;
I stretch my arms—my soul ; shall I e'er reach the
goal of all my yearning ?

O blessed Fatherland, I see the happy band—the
mists grow lighter—
I see the light of day round their fair garlands play
brighter and brighter.

O blessed Fatherland, say, shall I ever stand where
I can share thee ?
Say but—"The time shall come when to this happy
home Angels shall bear thee."

Is it a trance, a dream ? Oh, do these things but
seem ? Is it a vision ?
Let me but grasp it fair ! No : 'twill not melt in air,
in vain derision.

O my dust, triumph thou ! GOD is thy portion now—
thine now and ever !
O my dust, triumph thou ! GOD is thy portion now—
thine now and ever !

MIDNIGHT HYMN OF THE EASTERN
CHURCH.

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of
the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is
burning bright ;
But woe to that dull servant whom the Master shall
surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber
in his eyes.

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in sleep
sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden
crown ;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful eye, and thus
Cry—"Holy, Holy, Holy GOD, have mercy upon us."

That day, the day of fear, shall come : my soul, slack
not thy toil,
But light thy lamp and feed it well, and make it bright
with oil ;

Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry at
eventide,

“Behold, the Bridegroom comes! arise! go forth to
meet the Bride.”

Beware, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in slumber
lie,

And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and
vainly cry ;

But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and CHRIST
shall gird thee on

His own bright wedding robe of Light—the glory of
the SON.

THE DEW OF BLESSING.

BLESSED Ruler of the sky,
Who, to compensate our loss,
Gav'st thine Only SON to die
Upon the bitter Cross.

By thy love for sinful man,
By the Water and the Blood,
Sacramental streams which ran
Down from the Holy Rood,

At the Cross's base to rear
Golden harvests rich and broad,
Tender plants and full ripe ear
Meet for the Harvest LORD.

O'er the length and breadth and height,
Deep rich soil and barren sand,
Pour the dew of blessing bright
Upon the thirsty land :

Till at length thy voice shall say,—

“ Summer fades,—’tis time,—begin,

Labourers, your work : away !

Gather the harvest in !

“ Angel reapers, robed in light,

Opening wide your bosoms, come :

Lo ! the fields with harvest white,

Bear me the full sheaves home.”

A VISION OF THE DOOM.

WHO are they the Crown who win,
Freed from sorrow, cleansed from sin,
Meet before the throne to stand?
Where are they, the sons of GOD,
Ready for the blest abode
Of the heavenly Fatherland?

Roll away the clouds of Death,
Gaze beyond the shore of Time;
Raise your eyes from Earth beneath,
From the coasts of sin and crime,
To GOD's high seat:
See the Zenith blaze, and roll
Thunder-folded like a scroll
In fervent heat;
Till your fearful eyes may scan,
On the clouds of Heaven descending,
The signal of the Son of Man,
Time and Time's dominion ending.

The trumpet sounds !
Far away the echoes roar,
Moaning on from shore to shore
In the distance far away,
Far away :
As the Archangel of the Doom,
Standing on the thunder-cloud,
Calls the muster of the tomb
With his fanfare long and loud,
For the tenants of the clay,
From the clay.

Come forth ! come forth !
Quick and dead, come forth, and stand
In your ranks on either hand,
From the teeming womb of earth,
To hear your fate :
Earth's full girdle shrivel must
As ye claim your native dust,
Held till now by her in trust,
The call to wait .

The great white throne
Of the Eternal CHRIST is set ;
The books are opened, which must seal
For everlasting woe or weal
The doom of each. All heaven is met
Before the Archangel's trumpet-peal :

The six-winged Seraphim,
 The many-eyed Cherubim,
 Thrones and Dominations, Powers,
 All the shining host of Heaven,
 White-winged as the fair snow driven
 When the wintry tempest lowers :
 Far away, till lost to sight,
 Spread their squadrons infinite,
 Pouring from the blest abode
 In their armour keen and bright—
 Flashing from the Light of Light,
 Breaking up the shades of night,
 Advance the body-guard of GOD !

The Judge of all
 Is seated. In his hand he bears
 The sceptred Cross of Calvary ;
 The ruby drops of blood still fall,
 And jewel with their crimson dye
 The Universal Monarch's ball,
 Won by his human agony and tears,
 When the GOD-Man the way of sorrows trod,—
 Regalia of the Passion of our GOD.

A cry of misery,
 A voice of lamentation low and dread
 As the deep organ-note in minster high,
 When men sing requiem for the coffined dead,
 Throbs through the boundless nations of the lost,

Despairing, deep.

Countless in number as the yellow sand
 Ribbed by the embraces of the Northern sea
 When wintry waves come bounding on the coast,
 With breath suspended in calm trance they stand,
 And eyeballs fixed in sightless lethargy,
 As men who dare not doubt that hope is fled,
 Yet hear their sentence as in dream hell-spel

Of restless sleep :

They have no heart to weep,
 When the once loving CHRIST lays down his love,
 As to the left he waves them with his hand,—
 “Depart, accursed, to your chosen lot,
 The fire that is not quenched, the worm that dieth
 not.”

A breath of harmony

Touched by celestial fire,

Like the low whisper of the Æolian lyre,
 First faint, then swelling louder in sweet tone
 Mounts up around the everlasting throne

From the white-vested choir ;

A hymn of wakening praise,

Which now the Elect of CHRIST the King up-
 raise,

Who see all doubt depart with endless life begun.

Who are they who win the prize ?

Spirits of the perfect just,

Who in shock of battle stood
In the tumult and the dust,
In the forefront of the fight :
They have washed their robes in blood,
And have made them pure and white
For their heavenly Captain's eyes :
These are they the prize who win,
To GOD's joy they enter in.

Glory to the bleeding brow !
Glory to the bleeding heart !
Glory for the souls who know
What the prize, nor heed the smart ;
They have counted well the cost,
Worldly poverty and shame :
All is won, and nought is lost
If they suffer for his Name.
Peace he leaves ; his peace is given,
Not of earth he gives to them,
But he gives the peace of Heaven
In the New Jerusalem.

Bright the everlasting day
From the throne of GOD hath beamed,
With its never-fading ray,
On the ranks of the Redeemed :
Onward they haste !
In the armour of the LORD,
Shield of Faith, and Spirit's sword

Salvation's helmet, sure and true,
 Borne on high the onset through ;
 Breastplate firm of Righteousness,
 Which has stood the strain and stress
 Of the furious battle-blast.

A thousand times ten thousand bow
 In adoration to the throne ;
 The books are shut, and now they know
 Their hope, their joy, is all their own.
 A myriad voice of melody
 Swelling up to GOD on high
 Fills the vales of Paradise,
 Circling round the Eternal Feet,
 Multitudinous and sweet,
 Saint to saint in rapture calling,
 As they know their friends once more ;
 In sweet cadence rising, falling,
 Full and slumbrous as the voice
 Of many waters on the shore,
 Where tempests vex not evermore—
 For Time is gone, and now is nigh
 Eternity.

In Memoriam J. M. N.

August 10, 1866.

Christmas.

CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT HYMN,

(To be sung at the Midnight Celebration.)

VIRGIN-BORN the King of Heaven
 Comes to-night from Mary's womb;
 At his feet the darkness gathers,
 As the LORD of Life doth come,
 That lost man he may recover
 From the shadow of the tomb.

Hark! the full-voiced choir of Angels!
 Since the midnight hour began
 Myriad-tongued they hymn the union
 Which both heaven and earth shall span,—
GLORY BE TO GOD ALMIGHTY
IN THE HIGHEST, PEACE TO MAN.

Radiant beams of light are breaking
 O'er earth's dark and stormy coast,

Strains of harmony triumphant
Thunder from the heavenly host ;
As the shepherd for the sheepfold
Seeks the wanderers who are lost.

What beheld ye o'er your sheepfolds
In your vigils, shepherds, say,
Ere the star of night grows paler
And the shadows pass away,
Tell us what ye saw before you
Ere the dawning of the day ?

We beheld the SON : and round him
In due order worshipping
Heard we all the Host of Heaven
Strains of Alleluia sing,
Round the cradle in the manger,
At the Birthday of our King.

Mary Mother, Star of Ocean,
Mystic Rose, GOD'S Mirror bright,
Thou who in thy bosom's chamber
Didst contain the Infinite,
Lo ! we kneel before the Manger :
Show the SAVIOUR to our sight.

Sons of Eve, the lost, the fallen,
In this stall of Bethlehem

See the Bread from Heaven descended :
Come, draw near and worship him,
Substance sent to heal our substance,
Light veiled by the shadows dim.

JESU Master, we implore thee
In this world-wide wilderness
Come to us, for thou hast promised
Ne'er to leave us comfortless ;
Once by night thou cam'st to suffer,
Now by night come thou to bless.

As within the womb it pleased thee
Thy dread Godhead to conceal,
So beneath the earthly symbols
Come, blest Healer, now to heal,
Till thyself in Heaven's clear morrow
Face to face thou shalt reveal.

O bright Day-star, shine before us
Through the mist of earthly things ;
Sun of Righteousness, arising
Come with healing in thy wings :
CHRIST is born, Heaven's gate lies open,
Earth with gratulation rings.

THE FORECAST OF MOAB.

ON the top of Peor mountain, looking over Jeshimon,
 Stood the Prophet and the Monarch when the
 day's course had begun :

In the still clear air of morning rolled the smoke-
 wreath up to Heaven,
 Rising slowly from the altars and the altar-victims
 seven :

Bled a bullock on each altar, on each altar-stone a ram,
 To appease the offended Presence of the GOD of
 Abraham.

To that Presence looked the seer, and his spirit's eye
 could tell
 That it pleased the LORD in blessing to descend on
 Israel ;

And his soul was lost in rapture, and his clouded
 vision lay

On the wilderness below him in the distance far
away.

Rank on rank the tents of Jacob, in the misty morn-
ing air,
Like the ribbed sea-sand in number lay beneath his
vision there.

And the Spirit of GOD came on him as he gazed upon
their host,
And his soul caught fire within him in the heavenly
radiance lost—

“Balaam, son of Beor speaketh, he whose eyes are
open saith,
He hath said who heard the mandate of the LORD of
life and death,

He hath said who saw the vision of the Almighty
robed in light,
Face to face in trance beholding, through the shadows
of the night.

Goodly are thy tents, O Jacob: fair the place where
thou dost dwell
In thine earthly tabernacle, in the coasts of Israel:

As the valleys clad in verdure, gardens on the river-
board,

Trees of aloes by the waters, cedars planted by the
LORD ;

Living water flowing round them spreads abroad his
plenteous seed ;

Be his king than Agag higher ! and his kingdom vast
indeed !

GOD hath called his SON from Egypt : when he lifteth
up his horn,

Lo ! his brow hath strength for battle—strength as of
the unicorn.

He shall bruise the head of Hades, as his death-shout
sounds afar,

When his arrows pierce the darkness through the
shades of Golgotha,

For he croucheth as a lion, hideth all his strength and
power ;

Who shall stir him as he waiteth for the coming of his
hour ?

Balaam, son of Beor, speaketh, he who saw JEHOVAH
nigh,

He hath said who knows the counsel in the heart of
the Most High,

He hath said who held the vision of the Almighty in
his sight,
Open-eyed in trance beholding, through the shadows
of the night ;

I shall see him !—but long ages in their cycles shall
have fled :
I shall know him !—when he cometh to the mansions
of the dead :

See and know, not then in darkness, in a shadow faint
and dim,
As this sun in feeble glory falls on yonder Bethlehem.

I behold ! I see her rising !—see the Star of Jacob rise
O'er the Dead Sea waves beneath me, mounting in the
distant skies :

Star, enkindled from the glory of the everlasting Sun,
Gleaming with impregnate Godhead for the Nations'
day begun ;

Star, whose bosom holds within her the Eternal Light
of Light,
Resting-place of GOD Almighty, casket of the Infinite !

Lo ! the sceptre long expected waves from humble
Nazareth,

Which shall smite the lords of Moab, dwellers by the
coasts of Death.

Clad in robes of human vesture comes Messias to his
own,
Amalek shall quail before him as he mounteth on his
throne :

Edom's neck shall feel his footprints when his feet for
war are shod,
When he wields the Sword of Spirit in the panoply
of GOD.

Seir shall abase his summit, and bend down his crest
so high,
To adore the Seed of Jacob on his throne of Calvary.

Strong thy dwelling-place, O Kenite, on the rock is
built thy trust,
But the Rock shall fall upon thee, and shall lay thee
in the dust :

For the Ship shall come from Chittim, and the LORD
her Captain is,
Who shall live?—(alas, who knoweth?) when JE-
HOVAH doeth this ?

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

(Elegiac metre.)

IT is the Christmas morn : and cheerily up from the dingle

Christmas chimes ring out, calling the village to
GOD.

Rise, O man, from thy slumber : 'tis time ! when
straw in a manger

Serves for the couch of thy GOD, wailing in weak-
ness for thee.

Come, draw nigh and adore him, whom Angels worship
in heaven

On the eternal throne, girded with glory about.

Come, draw nigh and adore him, the lowly Babe of
the Virgin,

Man of the woman's seed ; Sacrifice given for
Man.

Cold the December wind ! more cold the chill hearts
of his chosen

When he came to his own, and they receivéd him
not.

But the dear LORD of love brings joy and light to the
darkness,

As round his feet the dull shades lighten and vanish
away ;

Come then, LORD, to thine own ! we hail thee, Son of
the Virgin,

Come on this Christmas morn, Man to the children
of men.

Come in thy love, as thou camest of old, and say,—“ I
am with you,

I, your Master and LORD, come to the voice of mine
own.”

CHRISTMAS CAROL. I.

Introd. **B**E we merry in this feast,
Agnus Dei natus est.

On Christmas night Heaven's harps were strung,
And round about the clouds they've sung,—
"The Lamb is gone mankind among,
Salvator mundi natus est."

Chorus. Join us, then, and sing your best,
Salvator mundi natus est.

"Good Shepherds, though our words be new,
The tale we tell is really true,
The Lamb of GOD is gone to you :
Salvator mundi natus est."

Chorus. Join us, then, &c.

The shepherds wake, and through the night,
Beneath the pale moon's silvery light,
They count their sleepy sheep all right :
Salvator mundi natus est.

Chorus. Join us, then, &c.

Said they,—“ Angelic voices seem
To float upon the moonlit beam,
But yet it must have been a dream :
Salvator mundi natus est.”

Chorus. Join us, then, &c.

Then filled with song the midnight sky :—
“ All glory be to GOD on high,
Good will to man continually.”
Salvator mundi natus est.

Chorus. “ Ah ! now we know,” the shepherds cry,
“ Salvator mundi natus est.”

CHRISTMAS CAROL. II.

AS by night good shepherds keep,
 Ere the breaking of the morn,
 Watch about their silly sheep,
 Lo! the Lamb of GOD is born.

Chorus. On this merry Christmas morn,
 Lo! the Lamb of GOD is born.

Angels harping merrily
 Sang,—“ Good shepherds, do not fear !”
 All along the starry sky
 Rang their voices sweet and clear.

Chorus. On this merry, &c.

But the brightest of the ring
 Leant across the cloud behind,
 And said he,—“ Good news I bring
 Unto you and all mankind.”

Chorus. On this merry, &c.

“ Rise up quickly, one and all,
 Go to Bethlehem’s abode :

There mid cattle in a stall
You will find the Lamb of GOD."

Chorus. On this merry, &c.

As he spoke his wing he swept
All along the silver cloud,
And the choir of Angels kept
Time and tune in chorus loud.

Chorus. On this merry, &c.

"GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH,
PEACE ON EARTH,—GOOD WILL TO YOU,"
Said the shepherds,—“Let us try
And find out if this be true.”

Chorus. On this merry, &c.

CHRISTMAS CAROL. III.

(From the German of Uhland.)

By M. D. M.

HOLY night! calmly bright!
Watch we where in slumber light
Smileth the softness of motherly joy,
Mary clasping the Heavenly Boy;
Purely, serenely blest,
Loving ones, quietly rest.

Blissful night! peacefully bright!
Shepherds first shall see the sight
While their flocks they are watching around;
Angels' harpings over them sound,
Loud Alleluias they ring,
JESUS the SAVIOUR is King.

Peaceful night! serenely bright!
Ere the rays of morning light,
Beam on the Maiden the Infant's soft eyes,
Bringing us hope from the merciful skies,
Blessings the fond Mother thrill,
Happiness peaceful and still.

CHRISTMAS CAROL. IV.

(From the Dutch.)

AWAY with grief and mourning,
 The Day-Star is at hand !
 We see the first beams dawning
 Upon the Fatherland :
 Rejoice ! for CHRIST his throne forsakes
 And of a child the nature takes
 So gentle, sweet and loving,
 The pure in heart he joyful makes,
 All fears of doubt reproving.

Nor Satan's craft may move us
 Nor turn our steps aside,
 The goal shines bright before us
 If JESUS be our guide :
 Sorrow and shame shall be their lot
 Who, called by him, prepare them not
 With cheerful hearts to greet him,
 Whate'er their LORD in store hath got
 Resolved with joy to meet him.

Ah ! little reck the careless
Who follow after sin,
How brave the words and fearless
Which JESUS speaks within :
Shun not the Cross, the Wounds, the pain,
Beloved of CHRIST, your loss is gain,
For you his side is riven :
On you he sheds his balm amain
From that bright gate of Heaven.

All praise to GOD the Giver
To this world's latest day,
For ever and for ever,
Till time hath passed away :
What need we care for weal or woe,
If our good Master loves us so
That he, all glory leaving,
Came down to shed his Blood below,
To life his Own receiving.

CHRISTMAS CAROL. V.

SONG OF THE BLESSED MOTHER TO HER SON LYING
IN THE MANGER.

(From the Latin.)

SLEEP, my Babe, O sleep ! the mother
Thus sings to the Only SON :
Sleep, sweet boy, O sleep ! the father
Whispers to the little one ;
Ten thousand praises sing thy lullaby,
Thousand thousand thousand-fold.

I have fenced thy bed from danger,
Sleep, my little baby-boy !
With soft hay I lay thy manger ;
Sleep, my child, my life, my joy !
Ten thousand praises, &c.

Sleep, sweet flower, my arms spread o'er thee !
Sleep, my nectar honey-sweet ;
Sleep, thy mother lays before thee
Milk and honey at thy feet :
Ten thousand praises, &c.

Sleep, my child, bright heir of heaven,
 Sleep, dear tenant of the stall ;
 Fruit of life, in mercy given
 To my chaste womb virginal :
 Ten thousand praises, &c.

What thou wilt my hands shall give thee,
 Sleep, my little darling, sleep !
 Sleep, my child, I will not leave thee,
 Watch about thy head I keep :
 Ten thousand praises, &c.

Sleep, my soul,—my heart's own treasure—
 Heart and soul o'er thee rejoice,
 WORD abundant, without measure
 Present in the still small voice.
 Ten thousand praises, &c.

Sleep, my darling son, thy mother
 Sings her soothing melody :
 Sleep, my little child ; another
 Shall thy father sing to thee :
 Ten thousand praises, &c.

I will strew red roses o'er thee,
 Violets shall deck thy hay ;
 Hyacinths I cast before thee,
 Lilies in thy stall I lay :
 Ten thousand praises, &c.

Wilt thou hear soft music? Meetly
Shepherds to thy cot I bring:
None than they can pipe more sweetly,
None than they more sweetly sing:
Ten thousand praises, &c.

Epiphany.

THE SHADOW OF THE STAR.

SABÆAN odours load the air ;
 See myrrh as though for burial brought ;
 The flash of royal gold is there
 But where is he for whom 'tis sought ?
 Behold him on the spotless Virgin's knee
 The Priest,—the Man, the Monarch, lo ! 'tis he.

Mother of GOD ! the eastern star
 Shines brightly on the humble shed
 Where wise Chaldeans, led from far,
 Bend low before the Infant head ;
 The priestly arms spread forth to bless e'en now ;
 Steadfast to win the crown, by death, the brow.

Mother of sorrows ! mark the word,
 And ponder it within thy heart—
 Through thine own soul shall pierce the sword
 Ere GOD full knowledge shall impart ;—

Then shalt thou see with re-awakened eye
The signs, worked out, of the Epiphany.

Upon the great Good Friday morn
Thy Son in royal guise shall stand
With purple robe, and crown of thorn,
And sceptred reed in his right hand :
When these things come to pass, look up ! behold
The first great sign worked out—the gift of gold.

When Priestly arms on Calvary's crest
In intercession wide are spread,
And to that Blessing from their rest
Hades sends forth the sainted dead,
The second gift behold—see heavenward rise
Atoning incense of the Sacrifice.

The soul has fled ; the vexed limbs sleep,
O'er both the Godhead spreads its span :
Bring myrrh and spices ; vigil keep
Over the Archetypal Man :
With eyes of awful love and bated breath,
Lady ! behold the myrrh—the type of death.

In mystic number, vested white,
The Presbyters arōund the throne
Cast down their crowns of golden light
Their Maker and their LORD to own ;
“ For he is worthy of all praise,” they sing,
“ Of heaven and earth Creator, LORD and King.”

Unchangeable the Priesthood's vow,
Which this Man, pure from human stain
Yet man in all things, offers now,
Himself for sin the Victim slain.
At last the threefold gifts in one concur,
Here blend the gold, the frankincense, the myrrh.

CANA.

IN silent thought
 He sate beside the Mother; and around
 The revellers were merry, thinking nought
 Of him : and high the sound
 Of mirth, and happiness, and festal glee
 Rose from the village hall of humble Galilee.

She gazed on him ;
 And knew that underneath that fragile frame
 The GOD who sits between the Cherubim
 Girded about with flame,
 Restrained his swelling Godhead, in the hem
 Of that weak fleshly garb assumed at Bethlehem.

She watched his eye ;
 And saw it kindle, when the wine ran low ;
 As oftentimes at her breast in infancy,
 In still and steady glow,
 Her GOD had gazed on her from that calm face,
 And eye to eye her soul refreshed its stores of
 grace.

“ ’Tis not yet come,
Woman, mine hour : when I must tread alone
The winepress of my vintage. Though my home
I leave to seek mine Own,
The woman’s seed, ere ripened, must abide
The Resurrection Sun of GOD’S warm Easter-tide.

“ Fill full the cup ! ”—
And the thin water blushes into wine,
To find its meaner substance brimming up
Round the Creative Vine ;
And the low whisper steals around the board—
“ Our Guest is GOD ! ’Tis our Creator ! ’tis the
LORD.”

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

HOLY GHOST, in power descending from the Throne
of GOD on high,
Brood upon the lifeless waters heaving idly, fitfully ;

Move upon the breast of Chaos, teeming with new life
within
From thine overshadowing Godhead ; and thy work
of love begin.

HOLY SPIRIT, see ; those waters yet once more with
death are rife,
But the Ark of GOD floats calmly, freighted with the
LORD of LIFE ;

Leave it, spread thy dove-like pinions, move across
the waters dark,
Bear the Olive-branch of mercy back again into the
Ark.

HOLY SPIRIT, long expected in a world of sin and
death,

Overshadow and impregnate the blest Maid of Nazareth ;

That the substance of the Manhood may from her be knit in one
With the substance of the Godhead in the Person of the SON.

HOLY SPIRIT, when the faithful at the Font await thee, come
On the bright Baptismal water, as thou camest on the Womb ;

That within the sleeping Infant may be wrought the Second Birth,
Bind the image of the Heavenly with the image of the earth.

On the Womb and on the Water, lo, the self-same work of love !
CHRIST is born through thee within us : earth is joined to heaven above.

HOLY SPIRIT, on the Altar when the elements are spread,
Yet again thy Godhead's fulness on their earthly substance shed ;

That by thee, for all the faithful, in the quickened Eucharist,

The frail flesh may feed its weakness from the Body
of the CHRIST.

Flesh of flesh with the Redeemer, in that union mys-
tical,

Thus the Church is his own Body: CHRIST by her
dwells in us all.

COMFORT YE.

BY M. D. M.

YE whose hearts with grief and sin are dreary,
Waud'ring footsore on this barren sod,
Hear the voice which speaketh to the weary,
"Comfort ye my people, saith your GOD.

I your Shepherd, vigilant and tender,
Feed my flock, and gather with my arm
All who labour with their hearts to render
Love and trust—I keep them safe from harm.

Weep no more, Jerusalem's sad daughters,
Weary, heavy-laden, come to me ;
All that thirst, oh, come unto the waters,
Comfort ye my people, comfort ye.

Though the Evil one with vile temptations
Striveth through your minds your souls to win,
If ye spurn his base insinuations,
I will keep your spirits safe within.

Fear not, though the mists of sense assail you,
I will bring you to the perfect Day,
My great mercy richly shall avail you,
Send my messenger to smooth the way.

Through the cruel doubts which oft distress you
Bring your feeble gifts of thanks and praise ;
Freely then the light of faith shall bless you,
Mountains low'ring, lowly valleys raise.

Crooked paths shall straight become before you,
While o'er rugged ways ye smoothly go ;
Now ye know not how my arm is o'er you,
But hereafter ye shall surely know.

To pure snow your sins of scarlet turning,
Crimson-dyed, they white as wool shall be ;
My refining fire in you is burning,
If I wash you, ye have part in me."

CHRIST! dear CHRIST! as heaven than earth is
higher,
Is thy mercy greater than our sin ;
Walk with us unharm'd amid the fire,
Carry thy weak lambs thy fold within.

THE MYSTICAL EPIPHANY.

ISAIAH LX.

ARISE, shine! for thy light is come,
And the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee :
Earth is wrapped in a veil of gloom,
GOD himself shall arise upon thee ;

Gentiles come to thine orient light,
Kings shall haste to thy dawn of rising ;
Lift thine eyes to behold the sight,
Unveiled here as they come together.

Sons shall come from the land afar,
Side by side shall be nursed thy daughters :
Thou shalt see and thine heart shall fear,
Thus thy soul is enlarged within thee.

Seas shall lay at thy feet their store,
Gentile wealth shall be laid before thee,
Camels stand at thy palace door,
Midian tribute in hand with Ephah.

Sheba comes with her gift of gold,
Frankincense in her regal casket ;
Heaven and earth shall their wealth unfold,
GOD be shown in thine earthly presence.

Kedar's flocks shall be gathered here,
Shepherds come from the dark Nebaioth ;
Altar gifts shall be free from fear
In this home of my brightest glory.

Who are these like the clouds? and these
Like the dove at his open window?
Subject isles of the distant seas
Wait in silence upon my bidding.

Tarshish first with her ships shall stand,
Bring my sons from afar to greet me ;
Gold and silver are in their hand
Offerings meet for their LORD and Master.

Sons of strangers shall build thy wall,
Kings shall minister in their station :
In my wrath did my vengeance fall,
Now my favour hath mercy on thee.

Open now is my palace gate,
Day nor night shall it close for ever :
Early enter and enter late
Gentile kings to those courts of welcome.

Thrones and Nations shall worship thee ;
They, who worship thee not, shall perish ;
Wasted utterly shall they be
Pass away and be clean forgotten.

Here is Lebanon's beauteous grace,
Fir tree, pine, and box together ;
To make ready my holy place
Where the Name of my glory dwelleth.

Sons of them that afflicted thee
Bow themselves in low submission ;
At thy feet they shall bend the knee,
Bend their knee in their deep obeisance :

Praise shall rise in ascending tone—
Lo ! we come to our GOD'S own city !
Sion's courts of the Holy one
Open wide for our welcome advent.

Thine was loathing and fiercest hate ;
No man came to thy courts within thee ;
I will visit the desolate,
Make her first in the generations :

Gentile milk shall be surely thine,
Gentile queens be thy nursing mothers ;
Thou shalt see in thy regal line
GOD thy SAVIOUR and thy Redeemer.

Gold shall come for the sounding brass,
Silver bright will I bring from iron :
Brazen might to the wood shall pass,
Iron pass to the stone beneath thee.

Sounds of strife shall be heard no more,
Hushed and still is thy voice of mourning :
Name of " PRAISE " shall exalt thy shore,
All thy walls shall be named " SALVATION . "

Sun no more is thy light by day,
Moon no more gives her brightness o'er thee :
GOD himself is thy light for aye,
Burning light of eternal glory.

Sun no more shall go down in night,
Moon no more shall withdraw her shining :
GOD is thine everlasting light
When the days of thy toil are ended.

All thy sons shall before me stand,
They shall dwell in thy land for ever ;
Branch engrafted by my right hand
That my Name may be hallowed by it.

Thousands come from the loins of one,
Mighty nations are teeming in thee ;
I the LORD have the marvel done,
I the end in my time will hasten.

Lent and Holy Week.

LENTEN HYMN.

DEAR suffering LORD, my Life, my All,
My soul is sick with love for thee ;
Break thou the fetters which enthrall
The heart which to thy breast would flee.

Oh, light the flame of love within,
Burn out the dross of our dull clay :
That my pure soul absolved from sin
In thine embrace may melt away.

For thy dear sake let life appear
Of small account, of little worth :
For thy dear sake, with Heaven more near,
Take thou the shortlived joys of earth.

When morning calls me from my rest
To meet the first beams of the sun,

When evening lingers in the West
With silence of the night begun,

In toil, in rest, in work, in sleep,
When day begins and ends again,
My faltering footsteps, JESU, keep
With thy protecting love. Amen.

“JESUS CHRIST THE LAMB OF GOD.”

(From the German.)

JESUS CHRIST, the Lamb of GOD,
 Is for our offences given,
 He the way of sorrows trod
 To show us the way to heaven :
 He who for his bondage grieveth
 Freedom through that Cross receiveth.

GOD is love : and thus would show
 How he loved us and would gain us,
 That he sent his SON below
 To bind up the wounds which pain us :
 Healing for our lost condition
 Flows from him, the soul's physician.

We are reconciled to GOD
 Through his SON, who dying freed us ;
 Through the vale of tears he trod
 To our FATHER's home to lead us ;
 Health to all his members giving,
 Evermore in JESUS living.

Be we with CHRIST JESUS one,
Of the Godhead's fulness tasting ;
Dare we to approach the Throne
Of the FATHER everlasting ;
Know ourselves through him forgiven,
Sons of GOD and heirs of Heaven.

But the taint of guilt and sin
Souls on earth for ever staineth,
And the wound of Death within
Ranking in our heart remaineth :
Thou, O GOD, must give us blessing
Of the Spirit's might possessing.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

AWAKE, my soul! why sleepest thou?
Arise! the end draws nearer!
Upon the hills I hear his feet:
The dawn of Day grows clearer.

Awake thee then! awake from sleep!
The Angel's trump is sounding:
I hear the rush of Angels' wings
The LORD of Life surrounding;

And quick and dead before his tread
Rise up in restless motion:
From earth's dull womb they leave the tomb,
They leave the depths of ocean.

Awake thee then, and pray thy LORD
In that dread hour to spare thee,
That his own host to heaven's bright coast
In guardian arms may bear thee.

LAZARUS.

“**T**HERE are twelve hours in the day. If any man
walk in the daytime

Such an one stumbleth not, for he seeth the daylight
around him :

If a man walk in the night, he stumbleth on in his
blindness,

There is no light in him, and this is the cause that he
stumbleth.

Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I must go to awake
him.”

“**L**ORD, if he sleep it is well : for hard is the path of
the wayworn ;

Stones and thorns lie around it, and wearily children
of Adam

Turn from the labours of life with its care, with its
toil, with its sorrow,

When the bright Angel of God takes post for the
night by their pillow.”

“Lazarus sleepeth in death, and we must go and
 behold him,
 I for your sakes am glad that I was not there when
 he slumbered.
 Now will I stablish your faith.”

’Twas thus in mystical warning
 Spake the CHRIST with his own as they gazed on the
 stream of the Jordan.
 They understood him not as he stood on the verge of
 his Passion,
 Waiting till death should weave the crown of thorns
 for his garland,
 Crown which shall bud with the blossoms of life in
 the valley of Hades,
 E’en in the realms of Death, when Death himself is
 defeated.

They understood him not. Full well the soul of the
 SAVIOUR
 Saw before him the shades of Gethsemané; saw the
 full chalice
 Which he must drink alone, ere they could know that
 in JESUS
 Death is the gate of Life, the passage to joys im-
 mortal.

“Lazarus sleepeth. I go to awake him.” Child of
 the Virgin,

Speak to us thus! Ah, speak to us thus, when we
too shall slumber
After the fever of life in the grave of peaceful awaiting.

“I am the Resurrection, and I am the Life for be-
lievers ;
Whoso believeth in me, although he were dead, yet he
liveth.
Death hath no more dominion o’er him that liveth in
JESUS.”

Thus as the years roll on, the voice of the priest in
the churchyard
Sweetly greets the departed who come to rest in its
bosom,
Bosom pregnant with life—Seed land for the LORD of
the harvest,
When he shall send his Angels to bear the sheaves to
his garner.

“I am the Resurrection, and I am the Life for be-
lievers :”
Spake the sweet voice of the CHRIST, as he stood by
the grave of the loved one.
He slept calm and still, and his soul was gone to the
mansion
Where the departed await the trumpet call to the
Judgment.
Silent and undisturbed he roamed through the ivory
moonlight,

Bathing in light the dim meadows of Asphodel; far
 in the distance
 Saw he the shadowy forms of the patriarch fathers of
 Hades,
 Wearily waiting the summons of him who cometh in
 triumph,
 Breaking the brazen gates and their bars of iron
 asunder.

Hark! 'tis the voice of the Master! He calleth thee!
 Soul of the sleeper,
 Thee alone doth he call—Come forth! Come forth! he
 commands thee:
 “Lazarus, come thou forth!”

He feels the graveclothes around him,
 Swathing yet once more the form of his earthly cor-
 ruption,
 As his obedient spirit re-enters the clay of the body.

“Lazarus, come thou forth! thou must sup with me
 ere my Passion:
 Life and Death must sit down together at Bethany.
 Think not
 Thy life's work complete, nor that death again can
 unfold thee
 Ere thou hast stood in the darkness beneath the Cross
 of thy SAVIOUR,

Guiding the souls of the recognised dead when the
grave shall return them
Here to receive the blessing which quick and dead
must inherit,
Under the outspread arms, the bleeding hands of
Atonement."

PALM SUNDAY.

COME, faithful people, come away !
 Your homage to your monarch pay ;
 It is the Feast of Palms to-day :
Hosanna in the highest !

When CHRIST, the LORD of all, drew nigh
 On Sunday morn to Bethany,
 He called his loved ones standing by.
Hosanna in the highest !

“ In yonder village near,” said he,
 “ An ass and foal tied ye shall see,
 Loose them and bring them unto me.”
Hosanna in the highest !

“ If any man dispute your word
 Say,—‘ They are needed by the LORD,’
 And he permission will accord.”
Hosanna in the highest !

The two upon their errand sped,
And found the ass as he had said,
And on her back their clothes they spread.

Hosanna in the highest !

They set him on his throne so rude ;
Before him went the multitude,
And in the way their garments strewed.

Hosanna in the highest !

They thronged before, behind, around,
They cast their garments on the ground,
And still rose up the joyful sound,

Hosanna in the highest !

“ Blessed is he that comes,” they sing,
“ With welcome title of our King,
Before thy feet our Palms we fling.”

Hosanna in the highest !

Thus, SAVIOUR, to thy Passion go,
Arrayed in royalty of woe
Assumed for sinners here below.

Hosanna in the highest !

Go, SAVIOUR, thus to triumph borne,
Thy crown shall be the wreath of thorn,
Thy royal robe the robe of scorn.

Hosanna in the highest !

The reed thy sceptre first must be,
Thy throne the Cross of Calvary,
Ere thou shalt reign from off the tree.

Hosanna in the highest !

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

BEHOLD! I stand at the door and knock,
 Hear my voice: thy heart unlock,
 It is I who speak to thee,
 I would come in and sup with thee, and thou with me.

SOUL.

Who is this that stands alone
 In the shadow of the night?
 The rain falls fast, the night winds moan,
 My joy has fled with evening light,
 The world's day waxes old, the stars are dim:
 Who says he comes to sup with me, and I with him?

VOICE.

Sorrow-burdened child of sin,
 Open quickly, it is I;
 See my feet and take me in,
 They are bleeding wearily,
 Pierced through and bleeding are they: haste and see;
 I would come in and sup with thee, and thou with me.

SOUL.

Yes ; the road is old and rough,
Narrow, strewn with many a thorn ;
I have tried it oft enough,
My feet too are pierced and torn ;
I am as thou art. How sayest thou to me
That thou wilt come and sup with me, and I with thee ?

VOICE.

Heavy laden, dim of sight,
Child of Adam, loose the door,
Even through the shades of night
See my hands how they implore :
For they are pierced and bleeding all for thee.
Thus would I come and sup with thee, and thou with
me.

SOUL.

Wounded hands and aching brow,
Since the hour when Adam fell,
Are the lot of man below :
Each man feels it, ah, how well !
Thou art but one of us who claim'st to be
Both Guest and Giver, and to come and sup with me.

VOICE.

Yes ; as thou art, so am I,
Son of man, dost thou repine ?

Doth thy brow ache? Come, draw nigh,
 Raise thine eyes and look at mine.
 Was ever sorrow like my sorrow? See
 With what a festal wreath I come to sup with thee.

SOUL.

Fathomless eyes of awful Love
 Beaming from the thorn-crowned brow,
 Tell me who that garland wove—
 Strange wayfarer, who art thou?
 I dread yet know thee not. Ah, show to me
 Whence comes the banquet which my lips shall share
 with thee.

VOICE.

The shadows break, and morning-tide
 Reddens the East with dawn at hand;
 I lift the veil—behold my SIDE!
 Do I yet unadmitted stand?
 Be not afraid. 'Tis I who speak to thee,
 I will come in and sup with thee, and thou with me.

Behold! I stand at the door and knock,
 Hear my voice, thy heart unlock,
 It is I who speak to thee,
 I will come in and sup with thee, and thou with me.

GETHSEMANE.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE WILL.

ALONE in the darkness
He kneels with his sorrow,
And faint through the stillness
The voice of the watchman
Tells out from the city
The dead hour of midnight.

With murmuring cadence
The babble of Cedron
Falls heavily slumbrous :
And whispers remembrance
Of Sion's lost fountain,
The four streams of Eden.

Gethsemane's olives
Spread wide and umbrageous
Their shade to unfold him :
That darkness so heavy

Is pregnant with glory
And peace to the nations.

He kneels in his sorrow—
The Son of the Virgin,
And darkness o'ershadows
The soul of his Manhood :
The burden of ages
Is laid on his spirit.

Ah ! perfect obedience !
The sinless is stricken
Sin-laden with sorrow :
And Man for his brethren
Presents to the FATHER
The perfect contrition.

The earth has been moistened
Through ages of iron,
With sweat of the toil-worn :
The sweat of the GOD-Man
With blood sin-atonung
Is mixed in his anguish.

The tears which washed vainly
The closed gates of Eden
Fall fast in the chalice :
In sorrow and sighing
The sons of the fallen
Have wept in that fulness.

“My soul,” saith the SAVIOUR,
“Draws nearer and nearer
To Death in its sorrow :
My FATHER, I pray thee,
If thus it be lawful
Let this cup pass from me.”

Man fears : yet GOD-Man pleads,—
“Thy will be accomplished,
Not mine, O my FATHER.”
The lost world re-echoes
“*Not mine,*” and the FATHER
Accepts the Atonement.

Good Friday.

THE REPROACHES.

(Versified from the Latin.)

O MY people, O mine own,
 What have I thy SAVIOUR done ?
 Wherein have I wearied thee ?
 Answer truly, faithfully.

From the strange Egyptian land
 Brought I thee with mighty hand :
 For thy SAVIOUR'S welcome now
 Cross and grave prearest thou ?

*Holy, Holy, Holy God,
 Holy, Mighty, whom we laud,
 Holy and Immortal King,
 Hear in mercy as we sing.*

Forty years through desert led,
 Forty years with Manna fed,

For thy SAVIOUR'S welcome now
 Cross and grave preparest thou.
Holy God, &c.

Vine for grapes I planted thee,
 Bitter is thy taste to me,
 Gall to my parched lips thou art,
 Thou hast pierced thy SAVIOUR'S heart.
Holy God, &c.

Egypt's firstborn smitten fell
 When I rescued Israel ;
 When his sympathy I seek
 I am smitten on the cheek.

*O my people, O mine own,
 What have I thy Saviour done ?
 Wherein have I wearied thee ?
 Answer truly, faithfully.*

Out of Egypt led I thee,
 Pharaoh drowned I in the sea :
 Thou hast given thy SAVIOUR o'er
 Unto men that hate him sore.
O my people, &c.

Egypt's sea in twain I clave,
 For thy pathway through the wave ;

Depths before thy feet I dried :
Thou hast cleft my riven side.
O my people, &c.

In the cloudy veil of flame
Leader to thy hosts I came ;
Thou hast led my weary feet
Unto Pilate's judgment-seat.
O my people, &c.

In the desert round thy tread
Manna for thy lips I spread,
Angels' food I gave to thee,
Thou the scourge, the stripe, to me.
O my people, &c.

At the rock-spring well of strife
Gave I thee the stream of life :
Thou hast given to my distress
Vinegar and bitterness.
O my people, &c.

For thy sake the Canaanite
In my anger did I smite :
Thou in this my hour of need
My head smitest with the reed.
O my people, &c.

Sceptre of high sovereignty
In my love I gave to thee :
Thou hast crowned me in thy scorn
With the diadem of thorn.
O my people, &c.

I have raised thee in mine hour
To the highest goal of power ;
Thou hast lifted me on high
To the Cross of Calvary.
O my people, &c.

THE GREAT ATONEMENT.

I.

Type.

ALL alone the High Priest enters to the place within
 the veil,
 Offering up the Great Atonement for the sins of Israel :

All alone the blood he sprinkles on the fearful Mercy-
 seat,
 Where the golden wings cherubic o'er the Ark of
 Glory meet :

All alone he stands ; and lightnings blaze before him
 keen and bright
 From the centre-point of Godhead in the dread
 Shechinah light ;

All alone the blood he offers, all alone with GOD
 within,
 All alone for all the people makes the sacrifice for sin.

Antitype.

Roll away the mist of ages ! see the Great High Priest
 alone
 Offer up the Great Atonement for the offences of his
 own ;

All alone his arms he spreadeth on the Altar of the
 Rood,
 All alone he sprinkleth on it the atoning stream of
 Blood.

All alone with GOD his FATHER, but in darkness ; for
 the light
 Of Shechinah lives within him in his Godhead in-
 finite :

He hath passed within the confines of the veil, that
 all alone
 The GOD-Man, both Priest and Victim, for the people
 may atone.

II.

Type.

Once a year the High Priest enters for an hour with
 GOD to dwell,
 Where the Presence burns resplendent in the shrine of
 Israel ;

Day by day the prayers to Heaven with the incense
clouds arise ;

Morn and night the blood is offered from the daily
sacrifice ;

For the blood is shed in fulness on the Great Atonement
day,

That the sacrifice for ever¹ may have power to cleanse
away.

Antitype.

CHRIST doth offer and is offered in Atonement once
to die ;

Full, and perfect, and sufficient, is the Act of Calvary ;

Once for all the Immolation of the Lamb is made in pain,
Once for all to last for ever till the LORD shall come
again :

Day by day from earthly shrines the bloodless sacrifice
must plead,

Through the Great Atonement offered once for all by
blood in deed :

Once for all in grief, in sorrow, finished by the Lamb,
complete,

For the sacrifice for ever on the heavenly Mercy-seat.

¹ Θυσία ἐς τὸ διηνεκές.

III.

Type.

Past the Altar of sweet Incense, in the Holy Place,
 the Priest
 Bears the blood of the atonement from the sacrificial
 feast ;

He must bear the blood before him through the veil's
 enshrouding pall,
 To the high seat of the Presence in the HOLIEST OF
 ALL :

He is lost to sight. The gazers see him not where he
 is gone
 To present the gifts with incense at the foot-pace of
 the Throne.

Antitype.

In the Holy City, offered for the sins of men, the Lamb
 Hallows yet once more the Mountain of the tupal
 Abraham :

There the SON again the Altar of Moriah mounteth,
 whence
 Myrrh and spices breathe their odour from the hill of
 frankincense.

He is offered, yet he liveth : his obedient offering o'er,
 In the Holy of GOD's Holies he abides for evermore ;

Our High Priest hath entered boldly through the veil,
 for man to plead,
 That the body of his Manhood for our sins may
 intercede.

Our eyes see him not. The Heaven of heavens re-
 ceives him, till the hour
 When he cometh to his people in the fulness of his
 power ;

But our prayers upon the Incense morn and night go
 up to him,
 Where he pleads before the FATHER throned between
 the Cherubim :

With the blood the Incense mingles : prayer and in-
 tercession rise
 By the blood of JESUS hallowed from the atoning
 Sacrifice.

We remain without : he offers : 'tis enough : in him
 • we give
 Sacrifice of Death atoning, that in his Life we may live.

IV.

Type.

From the inner shrine advancing, with the glory round
 his brow,

From the kindling of the Presence, comes the Atoning
High Priest now :

Souls and bodies bend in silence, as his hands are
spread to bless
All the adoring host before him, as the sea-sand
numberless :

For the Sacrifice is finished : the atoning act is past,
Man is cleansed, and GOD with blessing meets his
Israel at last.

Antitype.

From the inmost shrine of Heaven, where the bright
Shechinah plays
Round the outskirts of the Godhead with its un-
created blaze,

Lo ! our Great High Priest advancing, when the sum
of days is full,
Through the veil of clouded vision which enfolds our
senses dull.

See his sign ! The Hands extended, not now in
atoning death
They are spread to bless the nations bowing low in
awe beneath.

That great Day is come ! The doomed earth kindles
warmer to our tread,

Budding forth the cherished seedlings of the long-entrusted dead ;

And the Choir of Heaven responsive thunders round about the Throne—

“ Amen : Blessing, Glory, Wisdom, Honour, to the Incarnate SON !

Worthy is the Lamb slain for us ; worthy power and might to have,

For he died mankind to ransom : and he lives mankind to save.

Worthy is the Lamb, the Victim on the atoning altar slain :

He hath died that Death may perish, he hath served that he may reign.”

BENEATH THE CROSS.

A SIGH of agony
On the death-laden breath of earth sweeps
past :
At his own victory
Hell stands aghast.

Cold are the lips which cried
“ My GOD, my GOD ! hast thou forsaken me ? ”
And shades of horror hide
The Calvary.

With faint and feeble light
The pale beams shimmer from the glory-ray,
And through the mid-day night
His form display :

Upon the arms outspread
With Godhead slumbering in their thin blue veins,
The thorn-encircled head
Rests from its pains :

The earth, his feet beneath,
Trembles and shudders like a frightened hound :
Convulsive throes of death
Upheave the ground :

In horror and amaze
The grave yawns open ; and the sainted dead
With calm and sleepy gaze
Resume their tread.

The veil is rent in twain :
The whole earth quakes : the thief upon the tree
Cries,—“ LORD, when thou shalt reign,
Remember me.”

IN PASSIONE DOMINI.

O SALVATOR, JESU care,
 Te obtestor, recordare
 Passionis tam amaræ—
 Clavorum et lanceæ :
 Per agonem et dolorem,
 Per sanguineum sudorem,
 Per flagella, per livorem,
 Salva me, fons gratiæ.

Per coronam, spinis vinctam ;
 Vestem per, ludo succinctam ;
 Spongiam per, felle tinctam,
 Libera me, Domine :
 Rex a ligno tuos rege,
 Tui sumus novâ lege ;
 Tuo sceptro tuos tege—
 Tege tu arundine :

Per victoriosam mortem,
 In te uno fac me fortem ;

Passionis tu consortem

Me, Redemptor, adhibe :

Ut sepultus, JESU bone,

Tecum unà in agone,

Fruar tecum visione

Perpetis lætitiæ.

Crucifixus, coronatus,

Latus sacrum lanceatus,

Ademptor nostri reatûs,

Parce mihi, Domine :

Agnus Dei, qui fudisti

Sanguinem in cruce tristi,

Salva quos tu redemisti

Illo tuo sanguine.

Nihil fero : tu es satis !

Solus, JESU, salvas gratis,

Dicens,—“ Vos qui laboratis

Atque oneramini,

Ad me liberi venite ;

Ego dabo donum vitæ

Atque pacis infinitæ

In amore Domini.”

Sancte Deus, sancte fortis,

In angustis vitæ portis,

In tremendâ horâ mortis,

Miserere, Domine :

Qui tulisti tuam crucem,
Cui vestigia dant lucem,
Præsta te per umbras ducem,
Fons misericordiæ.

Easter Even.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

HOW still is the garden
 As night settles on it,
 And sweetly exhaling
 Their scents in the night-dews
 The flowers give in silence
 Their tribute to JESUS.

The voice of the night-wind,
 Scarce heard in the distance,
 Comes softly advancing
 From leaflet to leaflet,
 To whisper, in trembling,
 One prayer o'er its JESUS.

Expiring with sundown
 The sounds of the city
 Have sunk down in silence,
 And men sit and ponder

H

In hushed expectation
The slumber of JESUS.

Unmoved the dark stone lies
The sepulchre closing,
The seal is unbroken :
In fear and amazement
The sentinels witness
The Vigils of JESUS.

Through cleft and through fissure
A light and a motion
Steals out from the cavern ;
While sweet airs of incense
Unearthly, ambrosial,
Breathe forth from the brightness.

And hark ! in the stillness
Sways backward and forward
In musical cadence,
A sigh and a murmur,—
A waft of light pinions,
Of wings fanning JESUS.

Ah ! sound is that slumber,
Its stillness unbroken,
For stern was the labour—
The Cross and the Passion ;

And strong was the Chalice
Of Gall for the weary.

The bloom on the features
Is soft and unfaded,
The limbs lie unstiffened,
For GOD is the sleeper,
That flesh is untainted
And sees not corruption.

The Moon is descending,
The Dawn-chill creeps upward ;
He stirs in his slumber !—
My SAVIOUR, Redeemer !
My dear LORD and Master !
My GOD and my JESUS !

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

“Pelle timorem :

Tutus, quos optas, portus accedet Averni :

Unus erit tantum amissum quem gurgite quæret.

Unum pro multis dabitur caput.”

VIRGIL. *Æn.* v. 812.

WHEREFORE groan the gates Eternal? Where-
fore quake the gates of Hell?

Who hath power to stir those portals brazen-bound,
invincible?

See, they tremble, as the earthquake shudders inward
from afar,

And the waves of light and motion shimmer through
the prison bar :

And we hear advancing footsteps, nearer still and
still more near :

Crash the bars! the gates fly open! the august UN-
KNOWN is here!

Lift your heads, ye everlasting gates of Hades ! Open wide,
For the King of Glory cometh in the triumph of his pride :

Who is then the King of Glory ? 'Tis the LORD of strength and power,
The First-Born of all creation, Ruler of the battle-hour.

Lift your heads, ye everlasting gates of Hades ! Open wide,
For the King of Glory cometh in the triumph of his pride.

Who is then the King of Glory ? LORD of Hosts, we greet thee well !
King of Glory, enter welcome to the fortalice of Hell.

Who is this that comes from Edom, with his robes from Bozrah dyed ?
Say, is this the King of Glory with the pale thief by his side ?

Wherefore are thy garments ruddy ? Why is thine apparel red,
Like the robes of them who labour in the winevat's under-tread ?

It is I who speak in justice, the Almighty, strong to
save
From the prison-house of Hades, from the dungeon of
the grave :

I have trodden out the wine-press—trodden it in
grief, alone ;
And of all the ransomed people who would aid me
there was none :

And amazement came upon me in their silence, and
mine arm
Brought mine own salvation to me when my fury
waxed warm :

I will tread them in mine anger, make them drunken
in my wrath :
I will bring their strength and glory in confusion to
the earth :

For the day of vengeance cometh, and the Day-
Spring's light hath beamed
On the fulness of the nations and the year of the
Redeemed.

Hell beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming : all
the dead
Stir themselves in restless wonder, thronging up be-
fore thy tread :

Far along the plains of Hades rises up the spirit
host
To the farthest, dimmest distance of the iron-girded
coast :

All along the sunless valleys move their myriads ;
prince and peer,
Chief and peasant, all the units of the old world's
sum are here :

They are here,—of the departed the unending muster-
roll,
Thick as thoughts which throno the death-scene of the
conscience-stricken soul :

They are here, the Lords of Hades ; in their disobe-
dience dark
Who unbending saw the waters lap the keel-beam of
the Ark ;

They are here : and forth advancing say,—“ Art thou,
too, weak as we ?
Are the virgin gates of Hades opened then at last
for thee ?

Art thou too become as we are ? Is thy pomp and
glory come
With the noise of all thy viols to the portals of the
tomb ?

Do the serpent's twines enfold thee, as they sweep
their sevenfold coil
Round and round the adamantine walls of Hell to
clasp their spoil?"

Lift your heads, ye gates eternal! quake, ye iron doors
of Hell!
For your GOD, disguised in Manhood hath surprised
your citadel:

He hath conquered Death by dying: in the Serpent's
girth he stands,
And the Serpent faints before him, and his loosened
coil expands;

For his head is bruised and wounded by the seed of
Mary's womb,
And deceived is the Deceiver—Tempter tempted to
his doom.

Lift your heads, ye gates eternal! loose your hinges
iron-shod,
For our JESUS leads his faithful to the Paradise of
GOD:

There in peace shall they await him: calm the cycles
roll away,
Till the trump of the Archangel shall announce the
Judgment day:

Far and faint is heard the footfall on earth's tumult-trodden floor,

Dull, as round her vast cathedral London's thousand voices roar;

Roar without in deafening clangour, but within sound far and soft,

Rolling on from aisle and transept to the vaulted dome aloft.

But the voice of adoration swells in full and fuller tone,

As earth's aye departing children join their number one by one:

One by one they join the chorus, waiting patient till once more

CHRIST shall say,—“Fling wide the portals of the everlasting door.”

For the number is accomplished of the elect, the Kingdom come,

And the quick and dead are mustered for the opening of the Doom.

THE PRISON HOUSE.

IT is complete !
The sun may now unveil his shrouded face,
For standing round the Eternal FATHER's feet
Adam's recovered race
Renews the Image of the Godhead lost,
And takes its place once more beside the Heavenly host.

The moonlit plain
Of Hades casts deep shadows round the tread
Of the Incarnate GOD, who breaks the chain,
And calls the expectant dead ;
When through the listless spirit-land afar
The vales of Hell ring clangour from the bursting bar.

The Hour is come !
The dungeon gates are open ; and the breath
Of Paradise steals slowly through the gloom
Which wraps the plains of Death ;
And through the opening door and eddying mist
The Patriarch Fathers throng the preaching of the
CHRIST.

The still small voice
Tells of Divine Obedience wrought by Man,
When the all-perfect Will worked out its choice
First since the world began :
And the rebellious waters of the Flood
Were pregnant with warm life from the Atoning Blood.

Nor they alone
Who follow their dear LORD on his rough way,—
Who track the steps of JESUS, every one,
To holy Calvary—
Not they alone are saved : the Cross is given
Not less to Earth's embrace than to the airs of Heaven.

He hath gone down
Into earth's lowest parts, that he may fill
With his incarnate Godhead all his own
From Heaven to lowest Hell,
And gather in his subjects to his word,—
Himself the WORD of GOD, from GOD's own Breath
the LORD.

WEEP ON, SAD EYES.

(From the German.)

WEEP on, sad eyes ! the Friend of Man,
 The pure, the meek, the holy,
 Is rejected, set at nought,
 Dies the death of folly :

Weep on, sad eyes ! the Friend of Man
 Our grief and sorrow shareth ;
 Ah ! for our iniquities
 Our own woes he beareth.

Weep on, sad eyes ! the Friend of Man
 In tears and desolation
 Yields his life : ah, who will give
 Help and consolation ?

Weep on, sad eyes ! the Friend of Man
 Now treads the vale of weeping ;
 Death awhile must hold his own,
 That bright Spirit keeping.

O weep no more : think'st thou the LORD
Is held by Death's endeavour ?
Nay, he will from brief repose
Rise, to reign for ever.

Easter.

THE DEFEAT OF DEATH.

HE comes ! he comes ! the tomb
Quickens her pregnant womb
And Light and Life spring forth in mystic birth ;
The garden flowers exhale
Scents on the morning gale,
Heaven gives her angel guard, her incense earth :
The Grave is swallowed up and Death must die ;
Where is thy sting, O Death ? where, Grave, thy
victory ?

Fling wide, deep Hell, thy door
The LORD of Hosts before,
He bears the blossom of the budding wood ;
The lily sprouts to thee
Her graft upon the tree,
The Cross is quickened from the living Blood ;
Our Aaron bears his staff no longer dry,
He smites thy sting, O Death ; stays, Grave, thy
victory.

He comes ! he comes in might
Triumphant o'er the night ;
In dread dismay exclaim the powers of Hell,
" We claimed him with the dead,
With him our sway hath fled,
The firstfruit of the sleepers breaks our spell ;
We hold the dead : he raiseth all." For he
Hath drawn thy sting, O Death ; robbed, Grave, thy
victory.

Lift up your heads, ye gates !
The King of Glory waits,
He waits but for the rainbow round his throne :
One half the ring is set
On earth, the rest is met
In plighted faith, where Earth and Heaven are one :
The Bride may lift the veil, her LORD to see :
Where is thy sting, O Death ? where, Grave, thy
victory ?

He comes ! he comes ! Once more
Roll back the golden door :
The trumpet sounds. Once more the LORD is come.
In second Advent-tide
He comes to claim the Bride
And bear the faithful to their heavenly home :
There GOD shall wipe the tear from every eye ;
Where is thy sting, O Death ? O Grave, thy victory ?

INTROIT FOR EASTER DAY.

EASTER Day is here, and we
To our JESUS bow the knee;
Easter Day with joy is come
To the tenants of the tomb.

“JESUS lives”—he lives for aye,
Death’s dark shadows melt away;
Hell hath tried the LORD to hold:
Hell defeated we behold.

Death and Hell and shades of night
Cannot hold the LORD of Light:
Our great Captain triumphs well,
He hath burst the bars of Hell.

Death and Hell are desolate,
Shattered is the brazen gate;
Broken are the bonds of Death,
For our JESUS triumpheth.

Organ note, in thunder roll ;
GOD, descend upon our soul ;
White-robed choir, your chorus swell
Round the Vanquisher of Hell.

Come, ye saints, with one accord
Join the triumph of the LORD ;
Bruiséd is the serpent's head,
JESUS lives, and Death is dead.

Death is dead, for JESUS lives,
Gift of life to all he gives ;
JESUS died that death might die,
JESUS wins the victory.

“LOVE IS STRONGER THAN DEATH.”

AT the tomb where CHRIST hath been,
Weeping waits the Magdalene ;
With the two disciples she
Wonders where the LORD can be.

Look they in : they see the bed
Where the LORD hath laid his head ;
Where he slept so calm, so still,
Underneath his holy hill :

Stooping down they see no more
Than the clothes which wrapped him o'er,
Clothes which bound his feet, his brow,
Death's white vestments, useless now.

They depart : but love and faith
Stronger are than sight, than death ;
At the tomb where CHRIST hath been
Watching waits the Magdalene.

He was here : then she will wait,
Watching early, watching late ;
Where her JESUS last was seen
There will wait the Magdalene.

Look once more, O Mary ! see,
Is it still the same to thee ?
Clear the tears from off your sight :—
Where was darkness, now is light !

Angel guards are sitting now
Clothed in raiment white as snow :
Shines their glory through the shade
Where the form of CHRIST was laid.

" He is risen ! do not fear :
Your dear LORD abides not here,
See the place (wipe tears away)
Where the sleeping JESUS lay."

Turns she round : she sees him stand
In the garden close at hand :
" Mary !"—'tis his accent now :
" Master !" It is thou, 'tis thou !

THE LORD IS RISEN.

(Sapphic metre.)

BRIGHT beams the Moon of Easter o'er the Nations!
 Earth from her slumber rises, and in triumph
 Welcomes the dawning Day-Star of the morning :
 The LORD is risen !

Fresh bloom the flowers around the grave of JESUS,
 Pressed to intenser scent, as forth advancing
 Those beloved footsteps come, and from the death-shade
 The LORD is risen.

Fear and amazement fill the vaults of Hades,
 GOD-Man hath burst the brazen bars asunder,
 And through the open gates the cry swells louder,
 The LORD is risen.

Risen with glory beaming round his forehead
 Damp with the dews of death and desolation,
 Crowned with the thorny garland of his Passion,
 The LORD is risen.

King of the purple robe he comes in triumph
With the reed-sceptre never to be broken ;
Bearing the smoking flax of his Atonement,
The LORD is risen.

Crowned with the deathless diadem of glory,
Which the fierce sons of Adam wove to crown him
On the earth-shaken morn of coronation ;
The LORD is risen.

Awestruck the sun hath hid his face at noonday,
As the LORD spread his Arms to bless the Nations ;
Weary those arms have rested from their labours :
The LORD is risen.

Calvary's shades have fled : the earthquake slumbers
In the deep silent lull of Easter Even,
And from the dewy night the dawn grows brighter :
The LORD is risen.

Hark ! his returning footsteps ! Alleluia !
Light from the tomb is beaming ! Alleluia !
Adam wins back the garden ! Alleluia !
The LORD is risen.

Earth's myriad voices thunder " Alleluia !"
Heaven's choir responsive echoes " Alleluia !"
Death is defeated ! GOD reigns, " Alleluia !"
The LORD is risen !

AGNUS DEI.

TO BE SUNG AT THE EASTER CELEBRATION.

(From the Latin.)

O LAMB of GOD, that takest away the sins of
the world,
Sacrifice and Victim thou,
Purge away our sins : and now
Have mercy, have mercy,
Have mercy upon us.

O Lamb of GOD, that takest away the sins of
the world,
Thou who by thy Blood didst deign
Of our guilt to wash the stain,
Have mercy, have mercy,
Have mercy upon us.

O Lamb of GOD, that takest away the sins of
the world,

By thy Passion who didst win
Victory o'er Death and sin,
From thy throne high heaven within
Grant us, grant us,
Grant us thy peace.

JESUS LIVES.

BY M. D. M.

“**J**ESUS lives !” O heavenly word
 Which from earthly lips we borrow ;
 JESUS lives ! with joy ’tis heard
 By the hearts which sink in sorrow.

“*Jesus lives !*” at Death’s dark door
 Light and life and peace he giveth ;
 We, though clouds of sorrow lower,
 Know that our Redeemer liveth.

“*Jesus lives !*” though wild our prayers
 By the bed of friends departing :
 “*Jesus lives !*” our grief he bears,
 Wipes the drops of sorrow starting.

“*Jesus lives !*” though anguish-tost
 O’er our loved ones’ graves we’re weeping,
 “*Jesus lives !*” they are not lost
 While in him so calmly sleeping.

"Jesus lives!" O joyful light,
O'er the bed of shadows dawning!
CHRIST dispels the shades of night
With the Resurrection morning.

"Jesus lives!" true hearts rejoice,
With the holy Saints departed:
Sing with them in heart and voice
Unto GOD the human-hearted.

"Jesus lives!" O SAVIOUR blest,
By the life which thou hast given,
Grant us with thy saints to rest
Praising thee for aye in heaven.

HYMN FOR BEDTIME.

ROUND about my bed abide,
JESU LORD, at eventide;
Watch, dear JESU, watch :
Round about my pillow keep
Watch and vigil while I sleep ;
Watch, dear JESU, watch,
JESU, watch.

Ward away the hosts of Hell,
Thou who keepest Israel ;
Watch, dear JESU, watch :
When thou watchest over me,
Let my spirit watch with thee ;
Watch, dear JESU, watch,
JESU, watch.

Let thy holy Angel spread
Dewy wings about my bed :
Watch, dear JESU, watch :

Let him shed from his pure breast
Dreams of Heaven's eternal rest :

Watch, dear JESU, watch,
JESU, watch.

Underneath thy Cross' sign
I myself to thee resign :

Watch, dear JESU, watch :
Hence let Satan flee away !
Only, JESU, with me stay :
Watch, dear JESU, watch,
JESU, watch.

Friends and kinsmen everywhere,
All commend I to thy care ;

Watch, dear JESU, watch :
Let them sleep secure from harm
Underneath thy sheltering arm :
Watch, dear JESU, watch,
JESU, watch.

O'er the sleepers, who have gone
To their rest thy breast upon,
Watch, dear JESU, watch !
Sleep they well, till time shall cease :
May their spirits rest in peace.

Watch, dear JESU, watch,
JESU, watch.

Till, the night of trouble o'er,
On the everlasting shore
We all awake, to sleep no more,
Watch, dear JESU, we implore :
 Watch, dear JESU, watch,
 JESU, watch.

“REX SEMPITERNE CÆLITUM.”

(From the Latin.)

ETERNAL King of Heaven, whose word
 Called forth Creation from its rest,
 Before the ages thou art LORD
 In the Eternal FATHER'S Breast :

Thou, when Earth's dawning sun began
 To chase the Chaos shades away,
 In thine own Image madest man,
 And didst inspire the senseless clay :

But Satan's craft and Satan's wile
 Could mar that work so very good,
 And Eden's wood must Man beguile
 That GOD may reign from off the wood :

O born of Mary's Virgin womb,
 First fruits of Death's dark womb to be,
 'Thou bidd'st us waken from the tomb
 And rise to light and life with thee.

Eternal Shepherd of the sheep,
The stone lies heavy on the well ;
The clear Baptismal spring lies deep :
Come thou and feed thine Israel !

Redeemer of the sons of men,
Thou hangest dying on the Rood,
That thou may'st pay the price again
Of our salvation in thy Blood :

O JESU, SAVIOUR, lead us in
With thee in safety to abide :
And call us from the grave of sin,
To rise with thee, this Easter-tide.

All Glory be to GOD on high,
To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST, most nigh
To us from GOD through CHRIST alone.

Amen.

Ascension.

THE HEAVENLY INTERCESSION.

By M. D. M.

JOY too high for sinful mortal !
 Lift, eternal gates, your portal !
CHRISt the King of joys immortal
 Heavenward now doth rise !
 Yon bright cloud, to earth descending,
 Swathes him unto heaven ascending ;
 Earth and Heaven in one are blending,
 Shine, O radiant skies !

We to him our sins confessing,
 Shall receive his kind caressing,
 Piercéd Hands upraised in Blessing !
 Through those glorious Wounds
 He both Sin and Death defeating,
 Satan in his malice meeting,
 Conquers, and in Heaven's bright greeting
 Holy concord sounds !

Yet, though Heaven doth now receive him,
 We, who here in faith conceive him,
 On our earth shall still perceive him
 Righteousness and Peace ;
 In the poor and needy find him ;
 Though Earth's trammels cannot bind him,
 Satan here shall get behind him,
 Doubts and fears shall cease.

Gates ! receive the King of Glory !
 Tell, blue Heav'ns, the wondrous story,
 'Neath the Sun's clear beams, before he
 Leaves the golden East !
 We the Sacrifice are bringing,
 Saints departed with us singing,
 Angels and Archangels winging
 Round the Holy Feast !

May those glorious Wounds avail us,
 When the Heavenly Hosts bewail us,
 Satan and his doubts assail us,
 Sifting us as wheat.

CHRIST is mediating for us,
 While the cruel storms rush o'er us,
 Soon his mind shall bring before us
 Holy thoughts and sweet.

He in us the cry will waken,
 From his dying lips 'tis taken,
 "FATHER, why hast thou forsaken !"
 He will chase the gloom !

Comfortless he will not leave us :
Thou, O CHRIST, canst not deceive us !
In thy Heaven of Heavens receive us,
Take us to our Home.

THE VICTORY.

ABOVE Heaven's highest zone
He mounts the starry throne,
The Mount of Olives renders back the SON ;
Both Heaven and Earth may sing
The triumph of the King
Who bears the sceptre which on earth he won :
Our JESUS reascends his throne on high,
He tramples Hell, and captive leads Captivity.

Weep not, ye faithful few,
Though from your longing view
The clouds of Heaven may part him for a day ;
He goes but to prepare
A place for you, where care,
And tears, and grief, and doubt are fled away :
The everlasting rest of Heaven is yours
After your tarrying-time—a few short passing hours.

There in that blissful land
He sits at GOD'S right hand,

No more the toil-worn Child of Nazareth.
The fight is fought and won !
The well-beloved SON
By death has bruised the hoary head of Death :
Earth was the footstool upon which he trod
To mount for us the Mediatorial Throne of GOD.

Ye saw him here below
Compass'd with grief and woe,
The manger-cradled Babe of Bethlehem ;
Foxes had holes for rest,
Birds of the air their nest,
No pillow served the weary Head of him :
He bore the watch, the vigil, he the strife,
That He might win for us the unfading Crown of Life.

But, in the conflict sore
Of Calvary, he tore
The sceptre from the grasp of Death and Hell :
He broke their iron chains,
And now in heaven he reigns
Monarch of all the souls he loved so well ;
He died, that all his own no more should die—
These are his gifts who captive led Captivity.

COME ALL YE FAITHFUL.

(Alcaic metre.)

COME all ye faithful, sing in high jubilee !
 JESUS triumphant mounts to the FATHER's throne :
 Beyond the golden clouds of morning
 Gleams the bright throne of the Heavenly Session.

There in his office Mediatorial
 He pleads for sinners—Man for the sons of men :
 Offers his Manhood to the FATHER,
 Pierced with the roseate wounds of Passion.

He hath asunder broken the bars of Hell !
 He leads behind him captive Captivity !
 Man reigns in glory, that the Godhead
 May find a resting on Earth's low footstool.

These are the gifts which CHRIST giveth,—gifts of love
 Won from Earth's casket—the Bosom Virginal :
 GOD was the FATHER, GOD the Bridegroom,
 GOD born in Bethlehem Son of Mary.

LITANY OF THE ASCENSION.

RISEN LORD, enthroned on high,
 Now the toils of earth are o'er,
 Hear thy Church's daily cry
 Rising heavenward evermore—
 LORD, to save us make good speed ;
 JESU, help us in our need.

Now the battle-strife is done
 Which the Victor fought so well,
 For the crown of life is won
 From the vanquished king of Hell—
 LORD, to save us make good speed ;
 JESU, help us in our need.

Breaker of the bonds of Death,
 Captor of Captivity,
 Mediate with him who saith,
 All things doth he give to thee—
 LORD, to save us make good speed ;
 JESU, help us in our need.

Virgin-born, to thee we kneel,
 Gifts for man who didst receive
Sinless human flesh to heal
 The death-tainted sons of Eve—
LORD, to save us make good speed ;
JESU, help us in our need.

Second Adam, from whose Side,
 In the tranquil sleep of death,
Issued forth the heavenly Bride,
 Mother to the sons of Seth—
LORD, to save us make good speed ;
JESU, help us in our need.

Bruiser of the serpent's head,
 Thou the Serpent on the Tree,
Healer of the souls half dead,
 All who fainting look to thee—
LORD, to save us make good speed ;
JESU, help us in our need.

Judah's Lion, from whose might
 Honey-sweet distils the power
Which ensnares the beast of night
 Seeking whom he may devour—
LORD, to save us make good speed ;
JESU, help us in our need.

Lamb of GOD, who tak'st away
 Of our sin the guilty stain,

Ransom thou for man to pay
On the altar as if slain—
LORD, to save us make good speed ;
JESU, help us in our need.

When in worship low we bend,
Master, leave us not alone ;
Bid the HOLY GHOST descend
From the FATHER'S central throne—
LORD, to save us make good speed ;
JESU, help us in our need.

Fill the shrine whence loud and long
Swells the pleading Litany,
Matin chant and Evensong,
To the feet of GOD on high—
LORD, to save us make good speed ;
JESU, help us in our need.

THE SACRIFICE FOR EVER.

JESUS is here with us,
 JESUS is here !
Earth fades in mist away,
 Heaven's gate is near ;
Doubt not, sad heart, nor fear,
For thy dear **L**ORD is here,
 JESUS is here !

Hark, 'tis the Bridegroom's voice !
 " Come, sore distrest ;
I will give peace to you
 And endless rest ;
Come, sad eye, dry thy tear,
For thy dear **L**ORD is here,
 JESUS is here !"

Firstfruits of Bethlehem,
 Thee we adore !
GOD in the House of Bread
 Tarries once more :

On bended knees draw near,
 For our own LORD is here,
 JESUS is here !

JESUS is here with us,
 JESUS is here !
 GOD from the fount of life—
 Man from the bier ;
 Life shall from death appear,
 For the GOD-Man is here,
 JESUS is here !

Heartlessly, faithlessly,
 Earth's voices jeer,—
 " Your LORD is up risen :
 He is not here :"
 Faithful heart, see, thy dear
 Master beside thee here,
 JESUS is here !

JESUS is here with us—
 Is here to bless :
 Empty the tomb may lie
 And tenantless :
 But, in his Garden, ne'er
 Doubt that the Spouse is here,
 JESUS is here !

Sacrifice lifted up,
 Draw us to thee,

Who at thy footstep fall
 On bended knee :
 Plead in thy FATHER'S ear,—
 "FATHER, thy SON is here,"
 JESUS is here !

JESUS here pleads for Man
 Pardon to win,
 Pure flesh in earthly veils
 Offered for sin ;
 Sinful man's sins to bear,
 The Lamb of GOD is here,
 JESUS is here !

Through a glass mistily
 Strain we our eye ;
 Earthly veils hide him, till
 Heaven's dawn is nigh,
 And face to face more clear
 We know that there, as here,
 JESUS is here.

Here JESUS pleads for us
 From Altar-throne :
 Priest, Victim, Sacrifice,
 All plead in One ;
 Pure flesh He offers, where
 The FATHER smiles ; for here,
 JESUS is here.

JESUS is here with us,
 JESUS is here!
High GOD to sinful Man
 Stoops from his sphere,
That our dull ears may hear
His voice say, "I am here!"
 JESUS is here!

Sweet voice of Bethany,
 Whisper to us;
Leave not thy people lone
 Nor comfortless;
So when life's storm blows drear
We know that thou art here,
 JESUS is here.

Whitsun Day.

THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

SILENCE reigned at eventide
 On the day when JESUS died ;
 Shaken Earth in Sabbath rest
 Folded him within her breast :
 Silent on the Easter morn
 Rose to life the Virgin-born.

Silent through the Forty Days
 Bowed the Church with humble gaze ;
 While the LORD in order told
 To the shepherds of his Fold
 How he willed that they should keep
 Watch and ward around the sheep.

Hark ! a rushing mighty sound
 Of the restless winds unbound !
 In the Heaven of Heavens above
 Spreads his wings the holy Dove :

At their waft the kindling choir
Wakes to song with tongues of fire.

Now the HOLY GHOST doth brood
O'er the surface of the flood,
And the quickened streams are rife
With the progeny of Life ;
On the Font descendeth he,
LORD of Life abundantly.

On the water's face doth move
To and fro the Heavenly Dove,
From the depths of death and sin,
Olive branch of peace to win :
Resting place he findeth none
But the ark of GOD alone.

LORD of Life to Mary's womb
Fraught with Godhead did he come :
LORD of Life at Whitsuntide
Comes he down upon the Bride,
Bearing through the scented air
Presence of the Bridegroom there.

On the altar dimly shown,
Flesh of flesh and bone of bone,
She will win him from above
In the Sacrament of Love,
That her children may be fed
From their Life-blood's fountain-head.

Range the choir the Bride around
On the holy chancel ground ;
She is dress'd in bright array
For this festal Whitsun Day ;
Ten long nights she watched in vain ;
Now he comes to her again.

Lily for her Virgin-hand,
At her feet the aloe wand,
Frankincense before her fling
For the daughter of the King,
And at length the crown of thorn
Roses for her brow has borne.

The Spirit and the Bride say—Come !
Fruit of blessed Mary's womb,
Come to hallow ! come to bless !
Comfort of the comfortless :
As to her thou cam'st below,
Come, LORD JESU, even so.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

(From the Latin.)

COME thou, O come !
 Sweetest, kindest
 Giver of peaceful rest
 Unto the weary soul :
 In all anxiety,
 With power from Heaven on high
 Console.

Come thou, O come !
 Help in the hour of need,
 Strength of the broken reed,
 Guide of each lonely one ;
 Orphans' and widows' stay
 Who tread on life's hard way
 Alone.

Come thou, O come !
 Glorious, and shadow-free
 Star of the stormy sea,

Light of the tempest-tost :
Harbour, our souls to save
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

Come thou, O come !
Joy on life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, Blessed Spirit, come !
Lead thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with thee
Our home.

Trinity Sunday.

THE TRIUNE GODHEAD.

By M. D. M.

I.

THE Almighty FATHER, GOD the LORD, who Heav'n
and Earth doth make,
By Earth and Heav'n in fear ador'd, both Heav'n and
Earth will shake.

With fan in hand shall GOD the SON purge each im-
pure desire,
He the Eternal sinless One, he the refiner's fire.

The HOLY GHOST in that dread hour with awe shall
fill the mind,
He comes with deep mysterious power, a rushing
mighty wind.

II.

Yet he, by whose Almighty Will weak man receives
his life,

L

Over his Image watches still and guards the soul in
strife.

CHRIST, who the tempest can command, and blissful
rest inspire,
Shall grant us still unharm'd to stand amid afflictions'
fire.

And he who GOD the SPIRIT knows perceives that
GOD is Love,
Over his heart the wings shall close of the celestial
Dove.

III.

Yea, LORD, thou reign'st in Heav'n above, trium-
phant o'er the grave,
With judgment com'st the world to prove, and yet—
thou com'st to save.

O FATHER, WORD, and SPIRIT, One, Omnipotent
"I AM!"

The Wrath and Love will soon be known of the great
Paschal Lamb.

'O not by us unheeded be thy Spirit's gentler tone,
The Earthquake, Fire, and Wind are Three, the still
small Voice is One.

THE WORK OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.

I.

ONCE, ere Time and Change began,
 Said the **THREE**—"Let us make Man :"
GOD the **FATHER** gave the word,
GOD the **SON** his mission heard :

Life-impregnant, full of grace,
 O'er the silent waters' face,
 Moved the **SPIRIT** ; and the sea
 Brought forth life abundantly.

II.

When full time his course had run
 In the water stood the **SON** :
 Came the **SPIRIT** from above
 From the **FATHER** as a Dove.

Fell a voice from out the Throne,
 "This is my beloved **SON** :"
 Thus in One appeared the **THREE**,
 Undivided Trinity.

III.

Yet once more the **THREE** were shown
 To the well beloved Saint John,
 As he lay in trance awhile
 Spirit-bound in Patmos' Isle :

Heaven's bright door flew back, and he
 Saw the blessed Trinity,
 Saw the rainbow round **GOD's** throne
 Gleaming like the emerald stone ;

Bathed in glory saw he where
 Stood the heavenly altar there :
 Saw where, then and ever lies
GOD the Lamb, the Sacrifice—

And before the pleading Lamb
 Burnt the seven lamps of flame :
 Brighter than the burnished gold
 Blazed the Spirit sevenfold.

IV.

Still the eye of Faith may see
GOD the Holy Trinity,
 See the work he works for us
 In his love so bounteous :

GOD the **SPIRIT** comes to save
 In the bright Baptismal wave,

As on Chaos' wave afar,
As on blest Bethabara :

GOD the FATHER sends him down
On the mission of the SON,
In whose body purged from stain
All the elect are born again :

Born again their life is fed
From the Body which hath bled
That our mortal bodies may
Feed on GOD, and live for aye.

GOD the SPIRIT comes with power
In the Eucharistic hour ;
GOD the FATHER sends him thus
To present his CHRIST to us.

Heaven and earth are joined in one !
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the HOLY GHOST unite
In their mercy infinite.

HYMNS FOR THE SAINTS' DAYS.

HYMN FOR FESTIVAL OF AN APOSTLE.

I SAW the Saints in raiment bright,
With rays of glory round their head :
And GOD's Archangel robed in light,
Spoke softly in my ear and said,
Lo, these have triumphed : these are they
Who in the painful trial day
Through suffering won the crown of Life,
The palm of victory in the strife.

Past are the terrors of the night,
Cleansed are their robes in JESU's blood,
For they have purged and washed them white
In that red fountain of the Rood :
Their sound is gone to every land,
Their words to Earth's remotest strand,
The cup they drank, the winepress trod,
And they are made the friends of GOD.

These are the Saints in whom the LORD
Delights, with whom he loves to dwell ;
And he hath given for their reward

Glory undimmed, ineffable :

The Saints have won their throne by faith,
Have passed the gloomy shades of Death ;
Bright shines the Holy Church from them,
As from the Sun the Moon's fair beam.

I saw the Archangel of the Doom

Descending on the thunder cloud,

And as the summons pierced the tomb

His voice through Heaven rang clear and
loud :—

Lo ! these have triumphed : these are they
Who in the dreadful Judgment Day
With GOD's elect have part and lot,
And wear the crown which fadeth not.

HYMN FOR FESTIVAL OF A MARTYR-
BISHOP.

THE LORD thus said unto my LORD—

At my right hand I set thy seat
Until I make thy foes to be
The footstool underneath thy feet :
The LORD hath sworn and will not lie,
Thou art a Priest continually :
From mine own hands thine order take,
The order of Melchizedek.

I gave five talents to thy care,
And thou hast brought me talents ten ;
Well hast thou pressed the charge I gave
To profit, in the souls of men :
Well done, my servant good and true !
Thou hast been faithful in things few :
O'er many things I make thee Lord,
Then enter thou to thy reward.

Not empty-handed went he in,
He bore the list of all his fold :

This is the gift his LORD loves best,
This is the Martyr-Bishop's gold :
My servant David have I found
To stand upon my pasture ground,
With holy oil I bless his brow
To keep his feet from craft of foe.

The LORD hath given his Angels charge
To bear his servant in their hand,
And they have borne him in their arms
Into the peaceful heavenly land :
The LORD hath loved and welcomed him,
With glorious robes he clothes each limb,
And crowned with life he bids him rise
Through yon bright gates of Paradise.

Let then your loins be well girt up,
Your vigil keep with lamp alight ;
And be ye like to men who wait
The coming of their LORD by night :
Be ready therefore ! Watch and pray !
Who may not tell the hour or day
In which the Judge of all shall come
To set the Throne and call the Doom.

HYMN FOR FESTIVAL OF VIRGIN MARTYRS.

(Imitated from the Latin.)

HEAVENLY garland rosy-red,
 Sweetly blushing, lightly spread
 The great Bridegroom's path beside,
 As he comes to meet the Bride ;
 Virgin-bevy pure annealed
 As the lilies of the field.

Hark ! he calls you ;—Come, mine own !
 Whose pure souls have overthrown
 All the craft and all the might
 Of the impure fiend of night,
 Tune your lips, from shame released,
 For the Lamb's high Marriage-feast.

Mary Mother waits you there
 When all joyous, free from care,
 Virgin lips the song shall sing
 At the Bridal of the King,
 How the seed we sow in strife
 Blossoms on the Tree of Life.

Maidens joyous, sorrow-free,
Forget not us who wearily
Still on life's surf-beaten shore
Labour, toiling at the oar!
Plead for us in JESU'S ear
In the hour of wreck and fear.

That beneath Death's stormy sky
He may say,—Fear not, 'tis I!
I will guide you with my hand
To the far off heavenly strand;
Whence faint sounds of melody
Float across the wintry sea.

Virgin escort, robed in white,
Purer than the sun's pure light,
When life's stormy night is o'er,—
Beacons on the eternal shore,—
Shed your brightness on the way,
Guide us to the perfect day.

HYMN FOR FESTIVAL OF MARTYRS.

ARRAYED in robes of virgin white
 The Martyr-hosts of JESUS stand
 Pure and unspotted in his sight,
 With palms of triumph in their hand.
 Eternal light shall round them dwell,
 For they have passed the gates of Hell.

Golden the Crown about their brow,
 For they their Master's Cross have borne,
 And he hath paid the price below
 With his own bleeding crown of thorn :
 Eternal light shall round them dwell,
 For they have passed the gates of Hell.

Come and behold the wondrous sight,
 Ye daughters of Jerusalem,
 The Crown wherewith the LORD of Light
 At his espousals crowneth them :
 Eternal light shall round them dwell,
 For they have passed the gates of Hell.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !
Heaven's golden portals enter through :
Come to your last, your heavenly home,
The marriage feast is spread for you :
Eternal light shall round them dwell,
For they have passed the gates of Hell.

The LORD of Life, the LORD of Love,
The Lamb upon the Altar-throne,
Shall come and serve the blest above,
Give light and life unto his own :
Eternal light shall round them dwell,
For they have passed the gates of Hell.

The Vale of Tears is left behind,
The gloomy Valley of Despair ;
The well belov'd of JESUS find
All joy, all bliss, all pleasure there :
Nor eye hath seen, nor tongue may tell
What glorious light round those shall dwell
Who safe have passed the gates of Hell.

HYMN FOR FESTIVAL OF CONFESSORS.

WHAT care the Saints of GOD, if they
 Mid pain and wounds are called away
 To their reward?

What matters one short day of tears,
 Which ushers in the countless years
 With their dear LORD?

For all the Saints of GOD afar,
 In Death's dark night behold the STAR
 Rise o'er the wave :
 And lo, she guides them on and on
 Until they find the Incarnate SON
 Beyond the grave.

To all the Saints of GOD saith he,
 "Take up your Cross and follow me,
 I lead mine own ;
 I go your mansion to prepare,
 And ye in bliss shall meet me there
 Before the Throne."

What care the Saints of GOD, if strife
 Lie rather in the round of life,
 Long weary guard !
 If day by day their wayworn feet
 Through winter cold and summer heat
 Keep watch and ward.

Around the Saints of GOD may swell
 The storm of tongues, and men may tell
 Their lies of spite :
 They hear them not ; for o'er their soul
 The thunder-songs of Sion roll
 Floods of delight.

The lot of GOD'S elect below
 Was ever thus and must be so,
 While Earth shall last :
 Trials must lie about our feet
 Till in the courts of GOD we meet—
 All troubles past.

There the good LORD in that bright day
 For his own Saints shall wipe away
 Tears from all eyes :
 There shall be no more sorrow there,
 No tears, no weeping, no more care
 Beyond the skies.

In trembling here we strive to find
The path to bliss, nor look behind
 In doubt and fear :
While sometimes faint and sometimes loud
The murmur of the tempest-cloud
 Falls on our ear.

But all the Saints of JESUS know
That when the storms of trouble blow
 They see in faith
Their JESUS walking on the wave,
And he is ever strong to save
 Their souls from death.

CIRCUMCISION.

New Year's Day.

LORD of the opening year,
 In cold and frost the hours begin to run :
 'Tis ever thus down here
 With GOD's true work begun.

The road of life is rough,
 And tender feet first tread the path of GOD :
 Those feet grow hard enough
 With toil's hard sandals shod.

Ere breaking of the day
 The dawn-chill deepens on the shivering heart :
 Night thickens, ere away
 Her sunstruck shades depart.

The Ascension clouds have met
 And wrapt the hill-side of the Agony :
 The path to Olivet
 Lies through Gethsemané.

In blood and pain for Man
The Circumcision knife the Man displayed,
And beams of Godhead ran
Along the Atoning blade.

Let it then be so now :
The womb of time is pregnant, and in pain
Labours with teeming throe,
And labours not in vain.

Ripe is the old law's womb ;
The infant CHRIST fulfils its righteousness,
And from its bosom come
New hopes our life to bless.

Beneath the frozen sod
Fresh life is swelling the decaying seed :
The Harvest-time of GOD
Shall crown the year indeed.

S. PRISCA, + 270.

Jan. 18.

BY M. D. M.

AT the heathen judgment-seat,
Holy Prisca, maiden sweet,
Stands, her dying LORD to greet.

Like sweet Agnes, who the vow
Made and kept with steadfast brow,
Twelve short years she numbers now.

See her calm and fearless stand,
Dangers keen on either hand,
Gladly hailing CHRIST'S command.

Of CHRIST'S Body member pure,
Union with him to ensure,
Will she torturing pangs endure.

Beams her face with heavenly light
While her foes, in vengeful spite,
Loose on her the beast of night.

Say they that in reverence meet,
He, the Saint of GOD to greet,
Crouched caressing at her feet :

Till, their fury well-nigh spent,
Her to prison back they sent,
There new torments to invent.

When the saintly soul had fled
From the dungeon dark and dread
Whence they bore her severed head,

Sate the kingly bird of air
Watching by her body there,
Guarding it with tender care.

Symbol of the Evangelist
Whom her JESUS loveth best,
Sate he there upon her breast.

Love was hers 'mid hate and pain,
Life was CHRIST, and death was gain,
With her LORD she now doth reign.

S. FABIAN, + 250.

Jan. 20.

SAIN'T upon whose favoured head,
As on Holy Pentecost,
Deigned Almighty GOD to shed
Vision of the HOLY GHOST,

Not to thee in fearful wise,
Rushing wind and tongue of flame,
But in meek and tender guise
Bearing thoughts of peace he came :

Opened wide the Heaven once more
To the Throne of GOD above,
And from out the open door
Fell on Fabian's brow the Dove :

As of old that Dove came down,
And the voice on Jordan fell—
"This is my beloved SON,
Whom the FATHER loves so well."

Even so he came again,
Harbinger of peace and home,
Peace of GOD which Saints must gain
Through the pains of Martyrdom :

Ne'er before, nor e'er since then,
Since the Apostles passed away,
Such a sign was seen by men
On a Consecration day :

Now unseen by mortal eye
On the Bishop's hallowed head
Comes the SPIRIT from on high,
When the anointing hands are laid :

Then the Martyr's eye could mark
Death before him very near :
GOD from Death's embrace so dark
Bade the sign of love appear.

THE MARTYRDOM OF S. AGNES, + 305.

Jan. 21.

BY M. D. M.

AGNES! Virgin Saint and Virgin Martyr!
Like the Virgin Mother, chaste and pure,
Life nor death from JESU'S side can part her,
Her the world's vain joys will not allure.

Like the Virgin Mother fond and loving,
They whose feet the paths of peace have trod,
Agnes' parents, stricken yet approving,
See their child a sacrifice to GOD.

For the heathen prefect, wild with passion,
To himself the holy maid would wed—
She, rejecting all the world's vain fashion,
Clings to him whose grace is o'er her shed.

Saith the prefect—"If thou wilt not wed me
Shame and infamy shall end thy strife,

Vengeance for my love shall now bestead me ;
Hear me, maiden, I will have thy life."

To the scaffold then the maid he bringeth,
Hands and feet with thongs all closely tied :
Holy hymns of praise and joy she singeth
To the SAVIOUR who for her hath died.

Yet though they bind her,
We will not deplore her.
Earth is behind her !
Heav'n is before her !

Though their insanity
Think to beguile her,
They in their vanity
Cannot defile her.

Though in the pride of sense
Sinners would lure her,
Shines her sweet innocence
Purer and purer.

Sin in its hatefulness
Powerless to hurt her,
GOD in his faithfulness,
Will not desert her !

What though they lengthen her
Tortures yet sorer,

He, the Great Strengtheners,
Spreads his wings o'er her.

Yea, 'mid the pangs of death,
CHRIST her heart stilleth,
While through her lovely faith,
Victory thrilleth !

GOD in his purity,
Hath not deceived her,
Now in security
CHRIST hath received her.

Ere the midnight heavens recount their story,
One who with her in childhood played,
Sister Martyr, follows her to Glory,
Near Saint Agnes her remains are laid.

There the sorrowing parents, weeping o'er them,
Kneel beside the grave with lifted hands,
Till one night, when suddenly before them,
'Mid their vigils, holy Agnes stands.

Round her brow a crown of glory gloweth,
In her hand she clasps a seal'd book ;
At her side the Paschal Lamb she showeth,
Spotless Lamb, whose sufferings she partook.

"See," she saith, " how GOD hath glorified me ;
Through the Lamb who died I rest in peace :

She, your daughter, is in joy beside me,
Let your tears, through GOD's dear mercy, cease."

Mourners! with your hearts in anguish breaking,
Hide your sorrows in your SAVIOUR's breast;
Tell him freely all your grief's sad aching,
He will show you how your lov'd ones rest:

Though the young, in whom your souls delighted,
Pass away thus early to the tomb,
Radiant hopes and gifts seem lost and blighted,
Fear not! in a fadeless Light they bloom.

S. AGNES, + 305.

*Jan. 21.**(Versified from the ancient Latin Responsories.)*

I.

R. **L**ET us keep the festal day
 When bright Agnes passed away,
 Passed away from world of sin,
 Heaven's unfading crown to win ;
 Passed away from mortal strife,
 For she loved the LORD of Life.

W. Twice six summers o'er her head
 Came, and smiled, and vanishéd,
 Infant she in form, in face,
 Ripe in wisdom and in grace :
 With CHRIST's love her soul was rife,
 For she loved the LORD of Life.

II.

R. His surpassing love doth deck
 With diamond light mine arms, my neck ;

In mine ears for love of me
Pearls of great price placeth he,
And with many a sparkling gem
Hath he set my diadem.

V. He hath set a sign to show
Whose I am upon my brow,
That no lover I should own
But himself, himself alone :
And with many a sparkling gem
Hath he set my diadem.

III.

R. When the Bridegroom's voice shall call
I must seek his Bridal hall—
Virgin-born without desire,
Child of an unwedded Sire,
His the notes I hear : they say
“Come, beloved, come away !”
Whom I love, yet still am chaste :
Pure I am, by him embraced :
I receive him, yet remain
Virgin without touch or stain.

V. With the Ring of his delight
He my troth to him doth plight ;
My dear LORD adorns his own
With his amaranthine crown :

Whom I love, yet still am chaste ;
 Pure I am, by him embraced :
 I receive him, yet remain
 Virgin without touch or stain.

IV.

B. Bride of CHRIST, the crown take thou
 Which thy LORD drops on thy brow ;
 Thy heart bled for him ; now prove
 What the depth of his vast love :
 Rise ! his Angels bear thee : rise
 To the gates of Paradise.

V. Come, Beloved ! come, mine own !
 I will set thee on my throne :
 In thy virginal attire
 The King thy beauty doth desire :
 Rise ! his Angels bear thee : rise
 To the gates of Paradise.
 Glory to the FATHER, SON,
 And Blest SPIRIT, Three in One.
 Rise ! his Angels bear thee : rise
 To the gates of Paradise.

[It is suggested that one or more of the above Responsories might be used as an Anthem after the Third Collect, or as an Introit to the Communion Office ; and that the other Responsories for the Seasons, &c., might be rendered for the same purpose.]

S. AGATHA, + 251.

Feb. 5.

By M. D. M.

THOUSAND virgin souls have bent them
'Neath the Tempter's wrath accurst,
But of all the torments sent them
Thine, O Agatha, were worst :
From the Devil's fury shield her,
Who the fiery path hast trod,
To his malice do not yield her,
O thou human-hearted GOD.

Agatha, the spotless maiden,
Dwelling in fair Sicily,
Lived, by grief and care unladen
'Mid her mountains glad and free ;
Blest by GOD with earthly beauty,
Fairer still her virtue shone,
In the paths of love and duty
Walked the virgin calmly on.

Quintianus, hardened sinner,
Loved her face and form so fair,
For the higher grace within her
Ah, how little did he care!
He the whole vast world had given,
Might he win the maiden's love;
But her treasure was in Heaven,
And her heart with CHRIST above:

She in terror then perceiving
How her beauty he admir'd,
Had withdrawn. Catania leaving
To Palermo she retired:
But her tempter still pursued her,
All his love to hatred turned,
And with cruel fury wooed her
With the rage that in him burned:

Led her back, for torture storing,
To her home, while on the way
She with bitter tears down-pouring,
Ceaselessly to CHRIST did pray:
And with fervent love she told him,
Who to aid her ne'er was slack:
O might she in heaven behold him,
She would die upon the rack.

To her home the heathen brought her,
Her the holy and the good:

When with cruel pain he wrought her,
Firm and dauntless still she stood :
Cries of anguish did she smother
When the fiercest torture pressed,
Mildly speaking of his mother—
Her who nursed him at her breast.

When they questioned her before him,
Privately 'mid sin and shame,
Fearlessly her eye rolled o'er him,
As she spoke the holy Name :
“If,” she said, “the tempter bind him,
Who in freedom would be free,
Seek he CHRIST and he shall find him ;
This is truest liberty.”

Human aid they now denied her,
Though her flesh full sore they rent ;
Fear and deadly horror tried her,
Lest to sin she should consent.
For a whole long month they kept her
While their tempting she defied,
Ah, but JESUS hath not left her,
He will come and claim his Bride.

Long and lingering was the sorrow
Which her suffering frame did wring,
Sadly looked she for the morrow
Which a peaceful death may bring :

When they bore her back to prison
Slow her mortal breathing sped,
Yes, but CHRIST the LORD has risen,
JESUS liveth who was dead.

Calmly yield thee now to slumber
Where the holy Dove doth brood ;
Where no earthly toils encumber,
Where no hellish foes intrude ;
With the heavenly life before thee
Sink, dear Agatha, to sleep ;
While thy Bridegroom bending o'er thee
Whispers thee no more to weep.

S. MATTHIAS, + 64.

Feb. 24.

BISHOP of the souls of men,
When the foeman's step is nigh,
When the wolf lays wait by night
For the lambs continually,
Watch, O LORD, about us keep,
Guard us, Shepherd of the sheep.

When the hireling flees away,
Caring only for his gold,
And the gate unguarded stands
At the entrance to the fold,
Stand, O LORD, thy flock before,
Thou the Guardian, thou the door.

LORD, whose guiding finger ruled
In the casting of the lot
That thy Church may fill the loss
Of the lost Iscariot,

In all trouble ever thus
Stand, dear JESU, nigh to us.

Be his mansion desolate,
In his place another dwell
Witness of thy risen life,
Speaking, whence the traitor fell,
Judas fails, Matthias choose,
This one take thou,—that refuse.

When the Saints their order take
In the New Jerusalem,
And Matthias stands elect,
Give us part and lot with him,
Where in thine own dwelling-place
We may witness face to face.

S. POLYCARP, + 147.

BY M. D. M.

“When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be
burned.”

I SAW a cloud at even, fiery red,
And golden in the sun's departing ray;
It seem'd as to the land that's far away
A ship were speeding with her sails outspread.
O'er Heaven's blue sea her course still onward sped,
And while the gorgeous hue mine eyes did stay,
I thought of Polycarp, whose closing day
Show'd him, great martyr, as 'mid tortures dread,
He stood unharm'd. He seem'd a setting sun,
Who after his long race sweet rest must find.
The subtle fire doth harmless round him run,
And, like a sail inflated by the wind,
Screens him whose victory is almost won:
He turns to Heav'n, nor casts one look behind.

S. BENEDICT, + 543.

March 21.

(From the Latin.)

JESUS CHRIST, with GOD the FATHER consubstantial, Only SON,

HOLY GHOST, with CHRIST the SAVIOUR and the FATHER ever one,

Visit now our souls and bodies with thy heavenly benison.

Kindle thou our spirits' fervour with thy bright fire from above,

In our hearts the clear flame cherish of thine everlasting love,

That of Benedict thy servant faithful followers we may prove.

Gifted with thy grace, O JESU,—gift of heaven and not of earth,

All the world's vain pomp and glory reckoned he as nothing worth,

If at least he might win JESUS, Fount of plenty, to
our dearth.

FATHER, when the intercessions rise before thee day
and night,
Of thy servants crowned with glory, who of faith have
fought the fight,
Let the dew of thy refreshing on our toil-worn brows
alight.

Therefore CHRIST, with GOD the FATHER consub-
stantial, Only SON,
HOLY GHOST, with CHRIST the SAVIOUR and the
FATHER ever One,
Visit our faint souls, we pray thee, with thy heavenly
benison.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

March 25.

ALONE, in the morning hour, she kneels,
With folded hands and downcast eye;
And her LORD beholds the maiden there
As she kneels alone with her purity.

A lily grows by her window-sill,
But her brow than the lily is fairer far,
And the beam of her eye is soft and clear,
Like the night-wave touched by the ocean-star.

The tresses of sunny hair fell down
Arching with gold her queenly brow,
And her bosom heaves with yearnings strange
She cannot tell,—she knows not—how.

But she knows she has given to GOD her all—
Her virgin soul and her body chaste,
From earthly joys she has turned aside
The bridal cup of GOD to taste.

To him she yearns, for him she longs,—
“O come, mine own dear LORD, to me;
For thee mine arms are open wide,
My heart goes forth, my GOD, to thee.”

A tremulous light and a waft of wings
Filling and flooding with scented air
The room where she kneels! and the Maiden fears,
For she knows an Immortal is standing there.

He stands, in his garments of light, more fair
Than eye can see or than tongue can tell,
In the glory of his eternal youth,—
The bright Archangel Gabriel.

The Light has come to the darkened world,
The Life descends to the shades of Death,
The Angel speaks once more with Man,
And Eden returns in Nazareth.

“Hail, highly favoured, our dear LORD
Is with thee, Blessed Maid!” saith he,
“Daughter, and Mother, and Spouse of GOD,
The HOLY GHOST must wed with thee.

Daughter of GOD the FATHER thou!
Mother of GOD the Incarnate SON;
Spouse of the HOLY GHOST whose seed
Kindles the embryo-life begun.

Fear not, dread Bride of GOD! Behold,
Heaven and Earth are met in thee:
Before thy blessed bosom's fruit
Angels and men shall bow the knee.

Giver of Life, o'ershadowing thee
With power, the HOLY GHOST shall come:
And GOD shall mate with human flesh
That GOD may lie within thy womb."

Her longing arms of love the Maid
Folds on her breast with bashful face:
And lo! those arms so fair, so pure,
Enfold her GOD in their embrace.

The Bride may hail the Bridegroom now,—
"Behold the handmaid of the LORD:
And be it unto me," she said,
"My GOD, according' to thy word."

S. GEORGE, PATRON SAINT OF ENGLAND,
+ 303.

April 23.

SONG.

SAINTE George is the pride of England's throne,
From east to west he holds his own ;
And none may dare in their pride to say,
That Saint George's Cross has seen its day :
Saint George for merry England.

When battle clouds at evening frown,
And the sun of peace in shade goes down,
The meteor flag shall its radiance cast
Lit up by the light of the gorgeous Past :
Saint George for merry England.

When armies muster front to front,
That cross must face the battle-brunt ;
For the heart of the Briton beats more warm
When he sees that beacon amid the storm :
Saint George for merry England.

Through England's fleet the watchword ran,
"SHE CLAIMS HIS DUTY OF EVERY MAN,"
And forth the standard of battle flew,
And what it signalled each man knew :
Saint George for merry England.

He knew that England's mandate says,—
When life and duty point two ways
The whole world shortly witness can
There's but one choice for the Englishman.
Saint George for merry England.

Beneath that Cross he stood at bay
On the Belgian plain, through the livelong day,
That Europe's lords might the mettle try
Of Saint George's blood-red infantry.
Saint George for merry England.

The sun sank low on the pride of France
As our Captain said, "Brave Flag, advance!"
And she quailed as she saw the last rays shine
On the triumph step of that thin red line :
Saint George for merry England.

Saint George's Cross bars the gates of Day
Where the snow ne'er melts on the Himaleh :
That bannered Cross shall wave o'er them
While Japhet dwells in the tents of Shem.
Saint George for merry England.

Blazed high the Cross of the sea-girt isle,
When the death-reek rolled o'er the waves of Nile ;
By sea, by land, it peerless is,
For no cheer comes home to the heart like this—

Saint George for merry England.

No plain of Europe lies so far
But has hailed that Cross in the van of war :
But the fairest motto that flag can claim—
“ I fight for honour and not for fame.”

Saint George for merry England.

Old England loves her GOD too well
For Glory's gold her soul to sell,
And when she arms her for the fight
She arms, FOR GOD AND FOR HER RIGHT.

Saint George for merry England.

Unfurl, brave flag ! as thou hast unfurled
Through a thousand years of the changing world,
And be thy Cross as pure from stain
When the thousand years come round again.

Saint George for merry England.

S. MARK, + 68.

April 25.

O GOD of armies, strong to save,
Whose glory led thine Israel
In safety through the Red Sea wave
When Egypt's chains of bondage fell,

Slow moved the cloud behind their host
With beams of GOD-impregnate light,
But frowning on the Egyptian coast
With shadows of the mid-day night.

Dark hangs the antitypal cloud,
And red the wave must flow once more;
The Cross of CHRIST is in that shroud,
The Blood of JESUS bathes the shore.

Lift up thy staff, O LORD, on high,
And bid the Egyptian depths divide;
The Staff which grew on Calvary
Shall rule o'er Death's rebellious tide.

Inspire the lion voice of Mark,
And bid him dip his page therein ;
To show the cloud no longer dark
Whose Gospel-light dispels our sin.

S. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY, ARCH-
BISHOP, + 604.

May 26.

GREAT Augustine, Father-Bishop, on this festal
morn of May

We thy sons record the birthday when thy spirit passed
away,—

Passed away to live with JESUS where no death nor
sin alloy,

In the everlasting birthday of the Paradise of joy.

There the May-flower blooms for ever thornless in the
leafy glade,

Where the Saints of JESUS rest them in the cool and
scented shade,

As they count the swelling number of the elect who
enter in

To their number ever filling ere the reign of CHRIST
begin.

Holy Father, read the record which thou bearest in
thine hand
Of thy mitred sons in order who before thine altar
stand,

Summon up the vision to us of the Canterbury line
With its hundred names recorded in the life-list under
thine.

See the calm pale brow of ANSELM beaming through
the mist of years,
As his voice comes clearer to us, and its faithful wit-
ness bears,

For he tells of GOD'S great anger in the justice of
his wrath,
When to fallen Man the sentence "THOU SHALT
SURELY DIE" went forth.

Yet how GOD so loved the nations lying whelmed in
sin beneath,
That he sent his SON, the SAVIOUR, to redeem their
souls from death,

That his Justice with his Mercy might be reconciled
above
Underneath the atoning shelter of his everlasting
love.

Hard behind him brave and bloodstained, with his
 sword-cleft mitre-band,
 Lo! where Becket the undaunted, Martyr-primate,
 takes his stand :

Kings may frown, the State may threaten, what cares
 he? The Church of GOD
 O'er such foes shall tread in triumph, as in days gone
 by she trod :

What are Crowns and what are Statesmen? Weather-
 vanes upon the hill!
 Playthings for the shifting breezes of the fickle Na-
 tion's will!

As the wind blows, so they shift them : here to-day,
 to-morrow gone :
 Statesmen, commonwealths, republics, empires, king-
 doms, every one.

But though storms blow fiercely round her, firm the
 Church of GOD shall stand,
 As the empires perish round her, built upon earth's
 shifting sand :

Heaven and earth shall reel and totter in the fiery
 Judgment Day,
 Ere one word of him who built her can be vain or
 pass away.

Who is this that stands uncertain at the gate, with
downcast eye,
Doubtful of his right to enter to the goodly company ?

What hath he to show his Master ? Church surren-
dered, trust denied,
Crozier bowed to sweep the scaffold for the tyrant's
harlot-bride ;

Love of earthly life and honour urging his remorseful
heart
To the loss of Heaven ! Can such one with CHRIST'S
faithful have his part ?

Fire hath passed upon his raiment : round his heart
the red flames roll :
LORD, accept the body's anguish for the saving of his
soul :

Look, O LORD, upon the work : forgive the workman ;
and forbear
To let loose thy righteous vengeance on the heresies of
fear :

Look on England's Church, unfettered by his arm,
from land to land
Pressing on in mighty increase with the Scripture in
her hand :

Sun ne'er sets upon her mission, moving on from shore
to shore,

From the rocks of Staten Island to the frozen La-
brador,

Where the islets of the sunset guard the widowed
diadem

On the dusky brow of Emma, set with faith's un-
fading gem :

Where the Southern Cross in glory kindles from the
Eastern Star,

On the Old faith smouldering feebly in the shrines of
Malabar :

Where beneath the Table-mountain the great Bishop
gives the word

To the hosts who muster fiercely for the battle of the
LORD,

And in loud and louder uproar those far sounds of
conflict swell,

As our vanguard comes to action with the regiments
of Hell.

Thick and turbid rolled the river round the council-
halls of state,

As red Lambeth drew the next name from the ballot-
urn of fate :

Crown laid low upon the scaffold by the Puritanic
sword!

Mitre dashed with blood and murder from the faithful
brows of LAUD!

Creed and Crown swept off together; sect with sect in
fierce array

Jostling like the Arctic pack-ice in the sun-struck
floes of May:

Liberty sown free and broadcast,—liberty to hunt to
death

Weaker sects, and trample vainly all who shun their
Shibboleth,

Till our Samson roused from slumber shook his giant
members bound,

And the withy-bands of Satan burst and fell upon the
ground.

Blest Augustine, in the assembly of the Firstborn
discords cease,

Bishop there strives not with Bishop in the eternal
diocese:

Sect no longer shakes the Altar when the sum of days
is told,

And the wolf lays wait no longer for the firstlings of
the fold,

For the LORD himself our footsteps with his pastoral
staff shall keep,
Bishop he and great Soul-Shepherd of his well-beloved
sheep :

He shall call ; and all heart burnings at his voice shall
die away
In the united Easter-triumph of the Resurrection-Day.

S. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY, ARCH-
BISHOP, + 604.

May 26.

By M. D. M.

AN island lies amid the main
Begirt around with plashing waves,
Whose rush and roar break royally,
And speak the freedom of the free,
Where Britain's sons and daughters be;
Each billow thus the wild shore laves,
Then sinks again.

Alas! that like yon rolling wave
The faith of CHRIST upon the strand
Once planted, should discarded be,
Retreating like the ebbing sea,
Although like it so pure and free,
Striving from sin the guilty land
By faith to lave.

But hope arises ! lo ! a sail
On the horizon gleams afar ;
The radiant sky shines blue and clear,
The ship each moment draws more near
To faithful hearts a token dear,
Who as Epiphany's bright star
Her advent hail.

Augustine steps upon the shore ;
His work of love must now begin ;
From far S. Andrew's shrine of fame
By Holy Church sent forth he came
To kindle up her beacon flame,
And save the souls from death and sin
Who CHRIST implore.

Augustine, the Beloved of GOD,
Walks in his vesture pure and white,
Bearing his crosier in his hand
And follow'd by a saintly band
Of priests, upon the pleasant land
Gladdening where'er in human sight
Their steps have trod.

They walk the stately oaks among,
The forest's voice their march hath hailed ;
And where the wind at evening grieves
Or whispers through the dark green leaves,
They sing, " We'll bear our Master's sheaves

As when, ere heathen vice prevailed
Glad hymns have rung.”

And Bertha, noble Christian queen,
Hath called the pilgrims to her board,
She tells her husband these are they
Who come to smooth the SAVIOUR’S way,
And Ethelbert will not gainsay—
He too in them beholds his LORD
In suffering seen.

Hail, hail the glorious victory !
For CHRIST hath vanquish’d sin and death ;
The wave of his baptismal tide
Doth o’er the isle triumphant ride,
For he prepares his heavenly Bride
To fight and suffer for the faith
And in him die !

And years roll on, and Britain’s Isle
Hath flourished, and when hope was dim
Martyrs their blood for CHRIST have shed,
And kings have bowed the dying head,
For him who holds the signal red
Of the bright Cross, on which through him
In death they smile.

Augustine sheds the breath of prayer,
By GOD’S great Spirit o’er the land—

Now rises Canterbury's fane
Upon fair England's eastern plain
Where he that holy see has ta'en,
First of the Apostolic band
Who still are there.

And others join his standard now,
GOD on his zeal rich increase sheds ;
GOD's harvest work must ne'er decay :
Though workmen faint and pass away,
Time harms it not : and thus for aye
The Holy Church her mantle spreads
Like Salmon's snow.

Bear high thy banner yet, fair Isle !
Let CHRIST's dear Name thy glory be,
And where upon thy fertile sod
His brave ambassadors have trod,
Remember the "Belov'd of GOD,"
Augustine, who restor'd to thee
Thy SAVIOUR's smile.

VENERABLE BEDE, + 735.

May 27.

BY M. D. M.

WHERE amid the peaceful vales,
Sunny hills and grassy dales,
Nature's fairest handwork veils
Britain's verdant isle :
Where the northern suns arise,
Brightly in our England's skies,
Grandly there delights the eyes
Durham's stately pile.

Wood and water here are seen ;
O'er the banks of smiling green
Doth the great cathedral lean
Stately, huge, and vast ;
Where the river's gentle tide
Tells us, if in CHRIST we bide,
How the stream of Life shall glide
Round our souls at last.

There a pure and holy saint,
Oft with woes and dangers faint,
By his learning strove to paint
 God's most holy life,
Strove the souls of men to win
From the snares of death and sin
Unto him who fights within
 'Mid temptation's strife.

He with heavenly love inspired,
With celestial ardour fired,
Spent his life in zeal untired
 Working bravely on ;
Nor could death that zeal abate ;
He, while lying at Heaven's gate,
Did the loving words translate
 Of the lov'd Saint John.

Fails his breath and close his eyes ;
'Mid that work of love he dies,
Looking on the steadfast skies,
 Strong, though faint and weak ;
Sleeps he now divinely blest,
Near him Cuthbert lies at rest,
For whose bones his friends distress'd
 Long a home did seek.

Often have we heard it said
When they laid his weary head

Resting in that earthly bed
 From his burdens freed,
Seeking words his tomb to note,
They no title fit could quote,
Till at night an Angel wrote
 “ VENERABLE BEDE.”

For in sleep Heaven's body-guard
Round the Saints keep watch and ward,
As they watched around the LORD
 When he slept so calm :
Holy Angels, ever thus
Keep your watch and ward o'er us :
When our eyes in death shall close
 Shield us safe from harm.

VENERABLE BEDE, + 735.

May 27.

BRAVE heart of Jarrow's widowed shrine,
A thousand years are on thee prest;
Dark rolls the wave of sullen Tyne,
And thou for ever art at rest.

Yet being dead thou speakest still
Of faith and hope and lowly trust,
And Angel-whispered accents fill
The dreamland of thine hallowed dust.

The shrine of Durham's castled mound
In Cuthbert's name forgets not thee,
His great cathedral shades the ground
Of thy sepulchral Galilee.

Sleep on in peace. The years are long:
Heed not. Thy lips meanwhile may learn
To sing the Lamb's own bridal song
Ere he to call thee shall return.

S. ALBAN, PROTO-MARTYR OF ENGLAND,
+ 303.

June 17.

PROCESSIONAL.

STAND forth! stand forth, brave banner!
The shield, the sword, and the battle:
 For the LORD hath girded his loins for fight,
 And the hosts of the faithful in armour bright,
The shield, the sword, and the battle,
 Advance in serried and firm array
 Full armed for the terrible battle day,
The shield, the sword, and the battle.

The battle is of confused noise,
The shield, the sword, and the battle,
 The shout of the captains, which mingleth
 With the neighing of that pale horse of death,
The shield, the sword, and the battle,
 The banner unfurled from the Calvary Rood,
 The garment of JESUS rolled in blood,
The shield, the sword, and the battle.

A hush falls over the plains of Death,
The shield, the sword, and the battle :
The hush of a host ere the shock of war,
The lull ere the thunder bursts afar,
The shield, the sword, and the battle :
But a sound goes up to the listening sky
Of souls which breathe but of victory,
The shield, the sword, and the battle :

Advance ! advance, brave legions !
The shield, the sword, and the battle :
The vigil is o'er, the sentry past,
The fight for the faith is come at last,
The shield, the sword, and the battle.
Cast off the weight which encumbereth you,
And bear like a whirlwind, the battle through,
The shield, the sword, and the battle.

Your LORD who smote on the plains of death
The shield, the sword, and the battle,
Your Captain who fought the fight so well
And tore the prize from the grasp of Hell,
The shield, the sword, and the battle,
He cometh ! he cometh ! behold his face !
In the van of his army he takes his place,
The shield, the sword, and the battle.
We fight for our own inheritance,
Stand forth, brave banner ! Advance ! Advance !
The shield, the sword, and the battle.

THE MARTYRDOM OF S. BLANDINA, + 178.

ALONE! yet not alone. The sounds
Of Earth fall faintly on the ear :
A glory as of Heaven surrounds
With its irradiant atmosphere
The Martyr's soul ; and doubt and fear
And toil and trouble pass away
With the departing Orb of day.

The last red sunbeams tint the snow,
Which cools the distant virgin brow
Of the White Mountain of the West ;
And silent, in unquiet rest,
Awhile life's myriad voices cease,
And the vast city sleeps in peace.

Alone! Yes : Echo sounds—" Alone."
The murmur of the sullen Rhone
Returns the sound, as on he hies
From caverns of eternal ice,
Than Lyons' icy heart more cold
Where round her walls his waves are rolled :

Yet not alone the Martyr lies ;
Before her soul-enraptured eyes
 The figure of her LORD appears.
As when along the Painful Way
 He bade the women dry their tears
Nor sorrow on his Passion day.
 He seems to stand beyond the morrow
With all its woe, its fear, its shame,
 Its superhuman grief, its sorrow,
And point the way by which he came.
 He stands before the Golden Gate
With smile of welcome on his face,
 And saith,—“ Blandina, it is late !
The evening shades come on apace :
The Lamb's own feast is spread for thee,
Delay not, love, to come to me :
Thou hast a bitter cup to taste :
The LORD of Cana's marriage-feast
Will press into that cup of thine
The grapes of GOD's untasted wine :
For I have trodden out alone
The wine-press, and to all mine own
Who seek through death their faith to prove
I give the chalice of my love.”

On Lyons' city beams the sun ;
The night is past, the shades are gone :
The mighty city is astir,
And round the Amphitheatre

The fickle sons of Gallia press,
And sounds of mirth and joyousness
Rise on the tranquil morning air,
Where thoughtless youths and maidens fair
Haste to be early on the scene,
To view well-placed the trial there
Of this frail tortured Nazarene.

Be brave, Blandina! many an one
Who watches thee is fallow land
Which GOD may cast his seed upon
From the great Sower's bounteous hand.
Ears rich for harvest oft spring forth
We know not whence, we see not how,
The soil seems barren, dry the earth;
Man, trust thy Maker: labour thou.

'Tis well nigh over. Draw the veil
Upon that scene of agony:
Behold CHRIST's Martyr calm and pale,
With scourge-torn limbs and fading eye,
From the heated iron chair where sense
Fails in the torment so intense
That clouds of human steam arise,
As from a fat burnt-sacrifice,
And stifle feeling: from the wide
And wooden Cross where, like her LORD,
The Martyr hung, and close beside
The ravening panthers paced the sward,

Nor touched the feast by GOD denied,
Till verged the sun towards eventide.

The hour is come : the cup is full !
From his dark barrier-den the bull
Steps forward, fierce, with eyeballs red ;
In far Iberian forests bred,
With frontal hard as British oak,
He ne'er was known to miss his stroke.
With muffled roar he stands at bay
Then charges down upon his prey.

There was a child, a little boy,
His father's pride, his mother's joy,
Hard by Blandina. She had known
His gentle nature, like her own,
Ere GOD had called the child to come
And win the prize of Martyrdom.
She saw his timid start of fear
As that terrific beast drew near,
"Fear not,"—said she, "though Bashan's pride
Enclose us in on every side :
JESUS is near."

She saw his look
Of faith ; nor lost it, as they took
Their flight together through the skies
Into the ever-verdant fields
Where GOD's eternal summer yields
The peerless fruits of Paradise.

NATIVITY OF S. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

June 24.

HERALD of CHRIST, the day is come,
Day by prophetic lips foretold,
When from the shadow of the Tomb
The page of life shall be unrolled :
The daylight dawns : the bright beams glow :
First witness of that light art thou.

Greatest among the sons of clay,
Less than the least in Heaven's domain,
Last of the old world, called away
Ere GOD in MAN restores his reign :
Thou seest the dawn climb up the skies,
Yet may'st not see the Sun arise.

Those beams shall tint the humblest cot,
Shall flood the plains of earth with light,
Thou may'st not feel them : 'tis thy lot
To stand upon the skirts of night :
Didst thou not long to see that morn ?
Rejoice : thou seest the daylight dawn.

Through the bright gates of orient pearl
 Elias drives his fiery car,
 On thee his mantle may unfurl
 With spirit and with power from far :
 Jordan for thee may part once more,
 But Earth lies on the farther shore.

'Tis thine in desert paths to stand
 And cry,—“ The LORD's highway prepare !
 Heaven's promised kingdom is at hand,
 Make straight the rugged pathways there :
 Lay low the hills his steps before,
 Who comes with fan to purge his floor.

“ Upon the hills I hear his feet :
 He comes to burn the chaff with fire,
 And he will gather in his wheat
 Upon the Day of wrath and ire :
 The axe is laid unto the root,
 Woe to the tree that bears no fruit !”

Stern accents of the law of fear,
 Last threatening accents from above,
 Sole birthday in the Church's year
 Which veils in Death the law of Love ;
 Our GOD to light for all who die
 Brings Life and Immortality.

NATIVITY OF S. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

*June 24.**(From the Latin.)*

HAIL, O thou of women born
Highest station claiming,
By the Holy Angel called
“John” on day of naming;
Hallowed from thy mother’s womb,
Herald-beacon lighted
To give light to them that sit
In death’s shades benighted.

Hail, who in the wilderness
From the world retreating
Didst the camel’s hair put on,
Desert honey eating;
Free from carnal taint of sin,
Water was thy potion,
Thus the world thou putttest off,
Putting on devotion.

Hail, thou shepherd sent before
To prepare the pasture,
With thy finger thou didst point
To the Lamb thy Master :
At the Jordan thou didst cry
With the voice of warning,
Telling that the night is past
Ere Heaven's nearer morning.

Hail alone of human kind
To whose charge 'twas given
To baptize the holy head
Of the LORD of Heaven :
Who didst hear the FATHER'S voice
That blest rite attending,
Who didst see the HOLY GHOST
As a dove descending.

Hail, bright rosebud blushing red
With thy Passion's flower,
Lily sweet of chastity
For life's sunset hour ;
May thy voice yet cry aloud
With its warning sentence,
When Heaven's kingdom is at hand
Calling to repentance.

S. PETER, + 65.

*June 29.**(From the Greek Anthology.)*

THOU who didst from Heaven receive
Grace of faith thy LORD to own,
When he took the Twelve apart
And began to ask each one :

“ Whom do men say that I am ? ”

“ Master, thou of GOD most High
Art the everlasting SON, ”
Faith-inspired didst thou reply.

Thence a blessing Heaven-sent
Didst thou win for thy reward—
Power to loose and to retain
In the kingdom of the LORD.

Called by GOD and not of man,
When the darkened eye grew bright,
And the scales of error fell
From thy soul's awakening sight,

Thou didst see the CHRIST of GOD
Chase the shades of night apart ;
May thy prayer with him avail
To cast light upon our heart.

Rightly art thou called the ROCK,
On whose faith the LORD did found
Holy Church : chief Shepherd thou
Of her chosen pasture ground :

Holder of the Keys of Life,
Whom the LORD appointed hath,
To unbar to all who come
With the watchword of the Faith.

Thou who on the Cross of Death
With thy LORD hast borne thy part,
May thy prayer with him avail
To cast light upon our heart.

Herald of the Cross, whose ken
First beheld of love the fire
Which should warm the souls of men
With the heavenly fond desire,

In the fierce temptation's strife
Servant of thy LORD thou art :
May thy prayer with him avail
To cast light upon our heart.

VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

July 2.

MARY, Maiden undefiled,
Mother of the eternal Child,
Fold thine arms about thy breast
Round the form of GOD confest;
BLESSED is thy name indeed—
BLESSED is thy bosom's seed.

On the waves of sin and death
Shine, fair Star of Nazareth,
Rising up and beaming bright
Through the shadows of the night,
From the mists which hover still
Round the skirts of Peor hill.

Now we see thee fitfully,
We behold thy radiance nigh,
See thy silver glory dwell
On our sceptred Israel;
Moab's cohorts see it near—
Satan's hosts behold and fear.

Mother of the Incarnate GOD
Ere his feet our dull earth trod,
He can tell how deep must be
The true love we bear to thee ;
He can tell, and he alone—
He the SAVIOUR, he the SON.

Mother of the LORD of Love,
Bride of the o'ershadowing Dove,
In thy sweet virginity
Dwells thy King awhile with thee,
Of all shrines he loveth best
That pure casket of thy breast.

GOD the FATHER, shed from whom
GOD the SPIRIT filled the womb ;
GOD the SON, adored unborn
On this Visitation morn,
Whence is this that Man's abode
Holds the Mother of his GOD ?

S. MARGARET, + 278.

July 20.

BY M. D. M.

WHERE the heavenly voice we list
Faith perceives through earthly mist
Soldiers of the martyr'd CHRIST
Banners bright unfurl :
On the Dragon treads a maid
Of his fury not afraid,
For her LORD's dear Cross doth aid
Satan down to hurl.

In thine holy freedom free,
Through the Death on Calvary,
Thou hast won the victory—
Light's transcendent Pearl :
Through that Death of bitter woe
Thou hast quench'd the infernal foe,
See ! bright clouds of heavenly glow
Round thy footsteps whirl.

When the Resurrection's Light
Breaks upon Death's darksome night,
Clouds with heavenly radiance bright
 Round about thee curl.
When roll back the doors of Heaven,
Life to thee and thine is given,
Rise, ye Martyrs who have striven
 Through the gates of Pearl!

S. MARY MAGDALENE.

*July 22.**(From the Latin.)*

WEEP not, Mary, tears of sadness,
Nor another seek to find ;
He is here,—thy joy, thy gladness,
Gardener of the troubled mind ;
Herbs he brings to make thee whole,
From the Garden of the Soul.

Whence thy grief and whence thy sorrow ?
From the house of Death and Fear,
Seekest then some pledge to borrow ?
JESUS, whom thou lov'st, is here !
Dost thou weep thy lonely lot ?
Lo, thy LORD !—thou know'st him not.

Whence thy gloom and lamentation ?
In true joys thou hast thy part ;
For the Light of all creation
Sheds his bright beams on thine heart :

Seek not far, he lies within,—
Remedy of grief and sin.

Yet, full sure, I do not wonder
If thy LORD thou didst not know,
When thine heart he cleft asunder,
There the seed of Life to sow :
“Mary,” saith he (unveiled now,)
And “Rabboni” answerest thou.

Thou his head anointedst, ere he
Left this scene of toil and care,
And didst wipe his feet so weary
With thy long and flowing hair :
Thus GOD’S unction didst thou win,
He shall cleanse thee from thy sin.

CHRIST, who heard’st the weeping sinner,
Praise and honour be to thee ;
Thou didst claim her, thou didst win her,
Feasting with the Pharisee ;
For poor sinners thou must call
To thine own high Banquet-hall.

S. MARY MAGDALENE, + 68.

July 22.

By M. D. M.

O THAT Love, which worketh our salvation,
Through the tempter's wiles a curse should prove :
O that man in this should find temptation,
This, GOD's highest blessing, fervent Love.

Yet for contrite hearts to him returning,
In his holy word sure hope is found—
Let them read, its depth of comfort learning,
Where sin reigneth, Grace doth more abound.

Though the Eye Divine in splendour gloweth,
To behold iniquity too pure,
Still, for sin his Mercy overfloweth,
And that Mercy is its only cure.

O'er a sinner now his Eye is beaming—
At his feet she kneels—with tender care,
Washes them with contrite tears downstream,
Wipes them with her flowing locks of hair.

Much she lov'd ; that love, a headstrong wildness
In unruliness her spirit sway'd :
Much she loves ; and now her SAVIOUR'S mildness
That same love a heavenly grace hath made.

She from out the costly alabaster
Precious ointment on his head hath pour'd,
Brings the best she hath unto her Master,
For his burial she anoints the LORD.

When his frame upon the Cross doth languish,
Where his precious Blood for her is shed,
Stands she watching there his patient anguish,
In her breast receives the SAVIOUR dead.

And on EASTER morning, rising early,
To the sepulchre she first doth speed—
First of those who love their LORD so dearly,
She hath met him—he is risen indeed !

Ye who thus have forfeited his blessing,
If with penitence your hearts are sore
Fear not, unto him your griefs confessing,
He will not condemn you—sin no more !

Fear not, though to him your thoughts revealing,
Who doth penetrate the heart within,
He to whom in penance ye are kneeling
Knows temptation, though he could not sin.

Much ye lov'd—and though in headstrong wildness
Still unlawful thoughts within you burn,
Much ye love; your JESU'S pitying mildness
This your love upon himself shall turn.

If your gratitude ye fain would tender,
Unto him your richest offerings spare;
Freely this world's vanities surrender,
Wearing gold or plaiting of your hair.

On his bitter Cross your grief bestowing
Thus anoint him for the grave's deep rest:
Watch ye where for you his Blood is flowing,
In death's sleep receive him in your breast.

If ye truly seek him, rising early,
He will meet you, answering all your need,
Ye shall sing of him ye love so dearly,
Alleluia! he is risen indeed!

JESU, who for us in Heaven art pleading,
By the holy Love which is thy Name,
Oh, vouchsafe, for sinners interceding
Through that Love thy penitents to claim.

S. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY.

July 26.

MOTHER, from whose bosom's veil
Fell the Star of Israel,
Whence was kindled pure and bright
Judah's everlasting light,
Shining through the shadows dim
From the stall of Bethlehem:

Mother, of the royal line
Count the life-tale down to thine,
Kings and queens of royal shoot
Sprung from Jesse's parent root;
Count no more: the swelling list
Ends in the eternal CHRIST.

Mother, of thy line the last
Wedded to the Earthly Past,
Yet another spouse must come
Unto David's royal home,

GOD, GOD-sent to thine abode,
Fills thy daughter's breast with GOD.

HOLY SPIRIT, royal guest,
Fills thy daughter's virgin breast ;
HOLY SPIRIT, Sponsal Dove,
Lights the clear flame of his love ;
Mother, pure maternity
Shineth to all time in thee.

S. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY.

July 26.

BY M. D. M.

A HOLY scene shall fill our minds to-day,
And waken every chord of sacred feeling;
A mother guides her child in wisdom's way,
Bends o'er the little one beside her kneeling.

O Anne, fond mother of a blessed child,
Watch o'er her youth with love discreet and wary,
So holy is she, pure and undefiled,
Thy trusting little one, the Virgin Mary!

Ah! could thy sight unveil her after years,
With prophet's mind into the future gazing,
The sight would dim thine eyes with joyful tears
Thrilled to the heart with wonder so amazing.

Blest among women shall thy daughter be!
Yea, highly favoured above every other:

The little one enthroned upon thy knee
(Believe and fear not!) she is GOD'S OWN MOTHER.

The clear grave eyes that now look up to thine
In the calm faith that sheds its radiance o'er her,
Thus shall they gaze upon the form divine
Of GOD'S bright Angel as he stands before her.

The still and peaceful face that looks on thee
With childlike gaze of love and trust endearing
Shall watch a slumbering Infant on her knee—
An awful charge! her GOD, Man's nature wearing.

Rejoice, fond mother! For, though not, like her,
Hast thou inherited the highest blessing,
GOD doth on thee a lesser boon confer,
So pure, so highly-blest a child possessing.

Ask we what virtue hath the highest worth
In his great sight—the only just and holy?
See, he hath sought the humble of the earth,
The pure in heart, the simple and the lowly.

LAMMAS DAY.

Aug. 1.

A LEGEND OF S. PETER.

BY M. D. M.

ALL of you shall soon forsake me,
One already hath betray'd,
So the LORD address'd his loved ones—
Only one an answer made.

Simon Peter, self-reliant,
Yet the strongest in the faith,
Answer'd: "Master, I go with thee
Both to prison and to death."

Soon, too soon, he rues that answer—
Now,—by GOD'S great mercy blest,
Clings he closer to the SAVIOUR,
Thrice denied, yet thrice confess'd.

And for him who knoweth all things,
Knows he loves him, will he keep
Until death that last injunction
CHRIST'S command to "feed his sheep."

Toils he on with patient labour
Through the work and wail of years,
But though still in CHRIST rejoicing,
Sheds he still repentant tears ;

Still whene'er the bird of morning
Ere the day break, sounds his call,
Wakes Saint Peter at the summons,
Rises—kneels to weep his fall.

So, though holiest aspirations
On life's work our hearts may fix,
Still the tears of true repentance
With the noblest aims must mix.

Now at length, his mission ended,
In a prison he must lie,
Where the foes he braved have thrown him,
Captive, and condemned to die.

But the bold and active servant,
Eager yet to work for all,
Cannot rest in patient waiting
'Neath that dreary dungeon-wall.

Stealthily he leaves his prison
In the silence of the night,
Though no Angel *now* attends him,
Sent from Heav'n to aid his flight.

Yet the massive gates of iron
Yield unto his trembling hands.
What is this! can sight deceive him?
CHRIST his LORD before him stands!

Joy and wonder overwhelming,
Heart and head before him bow—
Scarce his lips can form the question—
“Master, whither goest thou?”

Falls the hope that first had thrill'd him,
CHRIST with him might *there* abide.
“Peter, unto Rome I'm wending;
There—I must be crucified!”

Then, as erst, when at Emmaus,
In the breaking of the bread,
He, before the two disciples,
Spake the word, and vanishéd:

So e'en now he spake to Simon,
Spake, and “vanish'd at the word,”
Leaving him transfix'd in wonder
At the tidings he had heard.

“What!” he saith—“though he redeemed us
By the death of shame and pain,
Though he conquered Death’s dominion,
Must he suffer all again?”

No!—’twas ‘*once for all*’ he suffer’d,
By his Death to make us free—
But his followers still may bear him ;
He must die again in *me*.

I, who lately left my prison,
Feared to suffer for his Name,
Have I thus *again* denied him?
Coward spirit, blush for shame!

Have I then in deed belied him,
Spurned the holy truth’s defence?
Oh, my weak and sinful nature!
Satan! Tempter! get thee hence!

Now, O LORD, would I confess thee
With no self-confiding breath—
LORD, *I love thee*: take me with thee
Both to prison and to death!”

Humbled, yet in hope exultant,
Stricken, yet of fear bereft,
Turns he back a willing captive,
To the dungeon he had left.

With the iron chain they bind him,
Bear him prisoner to Rome—
Ah! they little reck they lead him
Unto his eternal Home.

One more victim stands beside him,
Fellow-witness to the faith,
Who, for love of his dear SAVIOUR,
Will endure the pains of death.

Saints of GOD he persecuted
Till he heard his Master's call;
Then, with lowly zeal he laboured
More abundantly than all.

Now before the Cross Saint Peter
Stands, and answers bold and free—
Speaks the thought that seethes within him—
“Is this privilege for me?”

No! myself I will not liken
To the LORD whom once I spurned;
Of his Death I am not worthy—
Downward let my head be turned.”

Thus he suffers—yet who knoweth
What Divine support is nigh?
Who shall say what golden visions
Float before that closing eye?

Who shall guess what inward rapture
Stays that short and gasping breath,
While the pallid brow is moisten'd
With the chilly dews of death?

Who shall doubt, the warfare over,
On his Master's breast he lies—
Face to face doth there confess him
'Mid the joys of Paradise!

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Aug. 6.

THE REVELATION OF THE GLORY.

BRIGHT upon the vested Altar, partners of the
early morn,
Flame the tapers in the stillness of the August day
new-born,

Twin in number, twin in nature, earthly matter shin-
ing bright
With the flame which, uncommingled, sheds the ra-
diance of its light;

Uncontained, yet close united—undivided each, yet
whole
As the human flesh is wedded with the reasonable soul :

While behind, distinct, mysterious, casting shadow
from above,
Spreads the Cross its arms of Mercy and of all-
embracing Love.

Light of Light, from Heaven descending to thine
earthly Altar-throne

Lo! we call thee, we receive thee : Master, come unto
thine own!

For the womb of Mary bore thee, as the bush on
Horeb's brow

Filled with Godhead blazed for Moses, unconsumed,
in mystic glow ;

And the Blessed Mother kindled from the SPIRIT'S
teeming breath,

When GOD took into his Person human elements of
death ;

As on Tabor shone the Godhead through its fleshly
veil to-day,

And the darkness comprehends thee, and the shadows
flee away.

On the Mount, the mists dispersing, cleared the vision
for a space,

And weak man beheld the Godhead, unforbidden, face
to face ;

Saw the lowly Manhood kindle with a Glory not its
own,

As the Godhead Uncreated, from its Human Vesture
shone

Saw him there, but not in terror, as in olden time he
came

In the blackness and the tempest and the mountain
wrapt in flame;

Saw the covenanted meeting of the Old World and
the New,

Every word confirmed and witnessed in the mouth of
three and two;

Saw the two of all the Old World, of the New World
saw the three,

Law and Prophets, chief Apostle, and the sons of
Zebedee.

Sounds the voice through all the ages—Man has sinned,
and Man must die;

GOD hath spoken in his Justice—can the GOD of
Justice lie?

Love takes up the challenge, pleading—GOD is Love,
and GOD hath won

Pardon through the Blood atoning of the Well-belovéd
SON :

GOD is Judge, and GOD the Ransom: Heaven and
Earth in one rejoice:

Hushed the earthquake; past the tempest; present is
the still small Voice.

Bright upon the vested Altar burns the taper's steady
light,

For the Day-star hath arisen through the shadows of
the night;

And it shows in type and figure what the eye of
faith may see

By the light of Tabor Mountain in an awful mystery :

In that cloud we fear to enter : it is full of light
within,

For the Lamb there kindles brightly the burnt-sacrifice
for sin :

And we tremble as we worship ; for, behold ! in lowly
guise,

Under form of earthly Substance, lies the bloodless
Sacrifice ;

And the soul flies back in memory to the manger in
the stall,

Where in form of earthly Substance lay the GOD and
LORD of all :

GOD and Man he willed for our sakes in One Person
to combine ;

GOD and Man he comes for our sakes under form of
Bread and Wine,

That his pure and sinless Manhood, raised from death,
no more to die,
May appeal from Earth to Heaven at the throne of
GOD on high :

Therefore on the vested Altar burns the taper's steady
flame
Setting forth the Two-fold Natures wherewith CHRIST
the SAVIOUR came,

Setting forth the Heavenly Presence which the faithful
soul intent
Must discern beneath the Substance of the fearful
Sacrament ;

That the fainting may gain vigour, and the sickly be
made whole,
If the hem of that bright garment do but touch upon
the soul.

HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

Aug. 7.

BY M. D. M.

NAME of JESUS softly stealing
O'er a world of strife and shame,
Thou canst bring us heavenly healing,
O thou all-restoring Name.

They who with the fiend have striven
Know thy power of comfort well :
JESU'S presence—this is Heaven,
JESU'S absence—this is Hell.

Name of JESUS ! sin assailing
At thy holy sound shall flee :
Name of JESUS ! sinners wailing
Find their only rest in thee.

Name of JESUS ! oh, how often
Hath the weary child of sin
Felt thee all his anguish soften,
Shedding Heaven's own peace within.

Those in deadly sickness pining,
Those by pain and fear opprest,
Feel their earthly strength declining,
Yearn to find in thee their rest.

Name of JESUS breathing mildly,
Calm the sorrow-burden'd heart,
Still the pulse that beats too wildly,
Bid all restless fears depart.

Name of JESUS! make us holy,
Name of JESUS! make us pure;
Teach us to be meek and lowly,
Teach us humbly to endure.

Name of JESUS! heaven of gladness,
Cause our doubts and fears to cease;
Soothe away this aching sadness,
Name of JESUS! give us peace.

S. LAURENCE, + 258.

Aug. 10.

WHO is this who shines so bright
In GOD's everlasting light,
With the flame-encompassed brow?
Holy Laurence, it is thou.

Who are these, thy feet around,
Poor and needy, halt and bound?
'Tis the treasure thou dost hoard,
Holy deacon, for thy LORD.

Wherefore hastest thou to-day,
Holy deacon, on thy way?
Thou must haste to serve thy Priest
In his heavenly Eucharist.

What is this crossed iron brand
Which thou bearest in thy hand?—
Staff whereby thy feet have trod
On the pathway to thy GOD.

He hath gone before thy feet
Through the fiery furnace heat ;
That bright form thine eyes may scan :
'Tis thy LORD—the SON of MAN !

Fire shall try for us, for thee,
Each man's work whate'er it be :
Fear not thou : in CHRIST be bold,
Whose whole life is purest gold.

S. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO, + 430.

Aug. 28.

WHAT though the shades of night
Gather in darkness round thy closing eye :
Thy **LORD** will give thee light
No more to die.

The voice of Monica
Calls thee from Paradise,—“ Augustine, come :
Lo ! at the gates of Day
Thy destined home.”

What though the tempest roar
In fury round thy Church’s tottering wall !
From the eternal shore
Her voice doth call.

The Master architect
Will shield against the advancing Gates of Hell
The Church of his Elect
He loves so well.

He died to lay that stone
Elect and precious, bathed in his life-blood,
That it may stand alone
Against the flood.

In waves the quicksands swim :
Fear not the Syrtes' shift, the tempest shock :
Thy faith is built on him
Who is the Rock.

BEHEADING OF S. JOHN BAPTIST, + 32.

Aug. 29.

WHO keeps his birthday feast to-night
With festal cup and flowing wine?
The night is his who will requite,
The birthday, ruthless King, is thine.

The Baptist lies in bonds beneath,
He hears the laugh, the oath quick-sworn :
He sees beyond the Vale of Death
The feast of GOD the Virgin-born.

The choir of virgins glory-crowned
About the Lamb with anthems pass ;
He hears no more the dance around
The daughter of Herodias.

His head on high is lifted up
Amid the feast before its lord :
Fear not, brave Baptist ! thou shalt sup
Yet higher still at JESU'S board.

IN NATIVITATE B.M.V.

Sept. 8.

SEQUENTIA.

AVE, cœli dos, Maria!
 Ave porta, ave via
 Ante natum Dominum!
 Eva Evæ tu prioris
 Das piaculum amoris,
 Alterum das Adamum.

Ave, ave, lux serena!
 Gratiâ Maria plena,
 Tu in mulieribus
 Benedicta! Benedictus
 Fructus ventris est, amictus
 Flos varietatibus!

Dei castæ Genetrici
 Rursus porta Paradisi
 Patet in vestigia:

Pura in impuris nata
Crederis intemerata
 Sponsa, Mater, Filia.

Sponsam Deus obumbrabit,
Mater Deum generabit
 Ipsa Dei Filia :
Deus complet parituram,
Sumit Natus hinc naturam
 Ex tuâ substantiâ.

Lilium in valle Leti,
Flosculus in Oliveti
 Umbris, grata nasceris ;
Te columba moribundas
Arcam versus fert per undas,
 Cui spem pacis regeris.

Rosa læta tu Saronis,
Myrrha vesti Salomonis,
 Arca clausa fœderis :
Tu cœlorum fenestella,
Domus auri, maris stella,
 Mater admirabilis !

Expers Domina peccati,
Dei Mater incarnati
 Sine labe geniti :

Tua Deus est propago
 Per quam redditur imago
 Deitatis homini.

Sancta Mater semper-virgo,
 Tuæ castitatis ergo
 Castæ Dei Virgines
 Matrem Dei imitatae
 Cum lucernis stant paratae,
 In Adventum vigiles.

Sol in vestem flammat dona,
 Bis sex stellis stat corona,
 Subter pedes jacet Luna,
 Cœlestis militia
 Horæ testis genitalis,
 Partus tibi quantus qualis,
 Velat vultum suis alis
 Ad hæc natalitia.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. I.

Sept. 29. (Michaelmas Day.)

THERE is silence in Heaven a little space,
While Michael and Satan face to face
With arms of celestial proof have striven
In furious fight for the gates of Heaven ;
And a voice swells up from ten thousand tongues,—
“ Salvation and peace to our GOD belongs,
For the Arch-Accuser is swept away
Who accused the brethren night and day.”

Thousands of Angels every one
Veil their faces before the Throne ;
With gesture of awe and reverence low
A thousand times ten thousand bow :
And the thunder of triumph rolls along
The echoing vault from the Lamb's New Song,
And the sound swells up to the Throne on high
As of many waters in symphony.

An Angel stood the throne before,
 A censer of gold in his hand he bore,
 And incense was given to offer alone
 With prayers of the Saints before the Throne :
 With swinging censer the coal he fanned,
 And the smoke rose high from the Angel's hand,
 And the cloud of sweet incense floated by
 Before the face of the LORD on high.

In sight of the Angels I sing unto thee,
 In thine holy temple I bend the knee,
 Thy Name shall my lips, O LORD, confess,
 And praise thy mercies numberless :
 From the Eastern Gates of the rising Sun
 To the goal where he rests when his course is run
 The OFFERING pleads to the throne of Grace
 With holy incense in every place.

The Archangel Michael must speed away
 From the regions of everlasting Day,
 With Angel escort in joy to bring
 The souls of the Saints to the Heavenly King :
 And the souls of the Saints are clothed in white,
 And they rest not pleading, day and night,
 Till the Great Day dawn on that peaceful shore,
 And Night on the Daylight falls no more.

Send forth thy SPIRIT, O LORD at length,
 The Spirit of Wisdom and Ghostly Strength,

The Spirit of Counsel and Holy Fear,
The Spirit of Knowledge ever near,
With the Spirit of Understanding bless,
Our footsteps in all true Godliness,
Till the Day-Star rise on our troubled shore,
And Night on our Daylight falls no more.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. II.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

THE Angel of Death is silent and fair
 With his sleepy smile and his dewy hair :
 On the eyelids which close in dark distress
 He drops the light dew of forgetfulness ;
 And the sigh of the Soul as she passes away
 Is her first breath of freedom, when forth she tries
 To soar from her prison of chrysalis clay
 And taste the fresh breezes of Paradise.

The Angel of Death stands by with a smile
 As the limbs are wracked for a little while,
 For he knows that his mission is set, to bear
 The souls of the faithful from sorrow and care :
 And there are no pains, no weeping eyes,
 Where JESUS the teardrop of agony dries
 In the flowery gardens of Paradise.

The chamber of Death is hushed and still
 When the Soul from her earthly home hath fled,

And we bow to a Presence which seems to fill
The house where we dwell for a time with the dead ;
And beside the form which lies so cold
When the fire of life is quenched and gone,
We know that the sum of days is told
And that Heaven with us keeps watch alone.

A footfall on the silent stair
Sounds harsh and heavy and heartless, where
In that sheet-figured and darkened room
A *Presence* is throned within the gloom ;
And the souls of the thoughtless are brimming o'er
With feelings of awe never wakened before,
And the lips of the jester are silent to jest,
With that tranquil form lying there in its rest.
Ere the body is given to earth in trust
To keep till the Resurrection morn,
And ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
With teardrops moistened we return,
Draw near with dread and bated breath,
For the Vigil is kept by the Angel of Death.

The Angel of Death hath wings which ride
Over the chill of the death-mist pale :
The thrust of those pinions shall sweep aside
The fears of the dim and shadowy Vale ;
For the Angel of Death appeared to sight
In the tomb of JESUS, clothed in white ;

With long white robe and lightning brow
 The Angel was seen upon earth below :
 On his mission of love he left the Throne,
 And he came and he rolled away the stone,
 And his calm voice said,—“ Behold the spot
 Where JESUS lay : draw nigh : fear not !”

“ Draw nigh,” saith the Angel of Death, each day,
 As the souls of the faithful are borne away
 From life and life’s evershifting scene,
 To enter the grave where their LORD hath been.
 “ Fear not,” saith he, “ to enter alone,
 For my hands have rolled away the stone :
 Since the LORD came forth in his love to save
 No stone lies heavy upon the grave ;
 Behold ! where JESUS hath lain before
 The grave was once dark, but ’tis dark no more.”

A train of light through the midnight air
 Seen in the open sky afar
 Follows the track of the Angel, where
 He sheds from his wing the shooting star ;
 And men look up from the coasts of Earth,
 For they know that the summons of GOD goes forth,
 And with every spark from the Angel’s wing
 A soul has passed to her reckoning.

The Angel of Death loves not to come
 When daylight shines and all is bright :

He draws the curtains of the tomb
Best ere the hour of still midnight :
“ Sleep on,” saith he, “ and take your rest ;
The early sleepers slumber best :
About the hour of first cock-crow
The great Archangel’s trump will blow ;
And the ears of the sleepers at dawn will hear
Their LORD’S own footsteps drawing near ;
Upon the mountains shall hear his feet,
And turn in their grave-clothes his coming to greet :
And the voice of the wakened dead shall say,—
‘ Lo ! daylight is breaking, the shades among,
’Tis the renewal of the day
Whose light we lost at Evensong.’”

They are gone to the ‘country where men count not
By days, and by years, and by changing age,
Where God’s beloved have their lot
In his everlasting heritage ;
And the night of awaiting is nothing to them
Who are waked by the touch of the Seraphim,
To see the sun rise in the brightening skies
On the walls of the golden Jerusalem.

S. FAITH, + 290.

Oct. 6.

BY M. D. M.

OF face and form divinely fair
Of voice so silver-sweet,
With Faith what virgin can compare
In loveliness complete ?

She is so young and innocent,
A child she seems untried :
Is she, by care and sorrow bent,
Already purified ?

Shame on the sin-polluted soul
Who owning beauty's grace,
To use of sin so base and foul
That image would deface.

But no ! his malice may not hurt
The maiden pure and mild,
For the dear CHRIST will not desert
His little trusting child.

They to the goddess whom she spurns
Would have her bow the knee ;
Her steadfast eye on CHRIST she turns
With dauntless constancy.

With cruel rods in vengeful ire
Her tender flesh they tore ;
Then on the brass red-hot with fire
They laid her faint and sore :

And as she still in trustful prayer
To JESUS grows more like,
From off her shoulders white and bare
Her virgin head they strike.

Yet heathen hearts once hard as stone
Receive her parting breath,
They seek the Cross and follow on
To prison and to death.

In peaceful slumber still and deep,
Sweet Faith, securely rest,
Safe folded in thy last long sleep
On thy dear SAVIOUR'S breast.

S. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, + 1066.

Oct. 13.

O ROYAL heart! O saintly brow!
 O crown of England's sceptred line!
 Faint is the light, whose pale beams glow,
 Confessor, round thine hallowed shrine.

On sister vane and palace-hall
 The sunbeams, fed with glory, smile:
 With sad and sombre ray they fall
 On the fair Queen of Thorney Isle.

Yet, SAVIOUR, still the voice of praise
 Soars daily from her minster choir:
 Breathe on her dust, and say—"Arise,
 Beneath my love's enkindling fire!"

The memory of a thousand years
 Is in thy sight as yesterday:
 The Present with the Past appears
 Undimmed, unharmed, by Time's decay.

Then, SAVIOUR, touch the mouldering stone,
Renew thy Church's wasted form ;
And pour thy sunshine on thine own
With life, with light, with Presence, warm.

S. LUKE, + 63.

Oct. 18.

O JESU, O Redeemer,
Physician of the soul,
Receive, receive thy people,
And cleanse and make them whole.

For health, for strength, for healing,
The stream is never dry,
Whose fountain-head flows ceaseless
From holy Calvary.

O Lamb of GOD, O JESU
Upon the altar slain,
The Blood of thine Atonement
Shall purge our guilty stain :

Not now in type and figure
Of bull or heifer seen
The Blood of the Redeemer
Shall sprinkle the unclean.

The guests await the summons
Their robes are white and fair,
Washed in the Blood of JESUS
From sin and from despair;

And he, the great all-healer,
His wine and oil shall pour
Upon their wounds, and bear them
From trouble evermore.

The banquet-hall is ready,
The banquet-hall of CHRIST;
He calls the loved Physician,
The blest Evangelist.

The marriage feast awaits him,
The joy of his reward;
Receive then, faithful servant,
The wages of thy LORD.

S. CRISPIN, + 288.

Oct. 25.

BY M. D. M.

CHRIST, the Author of Salvation
Dwelling on this dreary earth,
Filled a poor and humble station
On his Mother's lowly hearth.

Though in wisdom all discerning,
Bowed he to her mild commands,
Work'd, his living hardly earning
With the labour of his hands.

Peter, strong in self-devotion,
James and John, the brothers twain,
Fishermen upon the ocean,
Labour'd hard their bread to gain.

Paul, his handiwork pursuing,
Spread CHRIST'S Name throughout the world,
Deeply still his errors ruing,
He the Church's tent unfurl'd.

Say, shall we, in pride of station,
We, poor grovelling worms of earth,
Scorn the humble reputation
Of the men of lowly birth?

CHRIST'S example shall arraign us,
Point us to yon humble shed :
Crispin there with Crispianus
Labours for his daily bread.

Holy Crispin ! thy twin-brother
GOD for thy support hath given,
Ye shall comfort one another
On the thorny way to Heaven.

E'en your daily occupation
Is an offering unto GOD,
He shall bless your lowly station,
Who his poor for nought have shod.

Now he sheds a blessing o'er you
Higher than ye yet have known,
Like the Saints who went before you,
Ye his Name in death shall own.

They whose lives to GOD were given,
Life nor death from him can tear :
Now they point the way to Heaven
As their SAVIOUR'S Cross they share.

SS. SIMON AND JUDE.

Oct. 28.

THREE happy he, who 'mid the strife
 And turmoil of this anxious life,
 Where in the thronged highway of sin
 The soul grows callous with the din,
 Can bear the still small voice to say
 "The Master needs thee! come away!"

His cup is ready. Fear not thou
 To own thy sacramental vow:
 Thy faith is plighted, make it good,
 E'en though the Baptism be blood:
 Earn as brave soldier, thy reward
 Beneath the banner of thy LORD.

His Cup is ready. Drink it up!
 The draught of life is in that Cup:
 'Tis bitter, but 'twill strengthen thee
 When faints the heart and flags the knee,

And through the shadows of the fight
Looms the pale horse of Death and Night.

His Cup is ready. Face thy lot,
Though open combat cheer thee not;
Thy LORD hath work for all who come,
For some the fight, the watch for some:
Nor hath their draught less bitter been
Whose toil is dark, whose work unseen.

His Cup is ready:—now no more
The Cup of Sorrow. Lo! the door
The open door of Heaven is this.
Ah, deathless life! ah, endless bliss!
I raise mine eyes, the shadows fall,
This is the Lamb's own Banquet-hall.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Nov. 1.

DIRGE FOR THE DEPARTED.

[*Ending of the Lesson.*— . . . But thanks be to GOD, which giveth us the victory, through our LORD JESUS CHRIST. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the LORD, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the LORD.]

NOT in vain, ah ! not in vain
 Is our labour in the LORD :
*Brother,*¹ we shall meet again
 In the day of thy reward :
 Still and cold thy form is now
 With the death-dew on thy brow,
 Tearful our eye :
 GOD will wipe the tear away
 From all eyes upon the day
 Of victory.

¹ Or "*Sister.*"

Decani.

Sounds the trumpet blast of Heaven,
 And the rocks are rent and riven,
 And in terror and dismay
 All the tribes and nations mourn
 In the red and lurid dawn
 Of the Resurrection Day.
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Cantoris.

This is Death. This debt we owe
 To the body of our woe
 And pay alone :
 Cold on thee his hand must lie,
 But from death of thy dear soul
 The Good LORD deliver thee
 And present thee pure and whole
 Before the throne :
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Full Choir.

Not in vain, ah! not in vain
 Did the SAVIOUR bleed for thee,
 From his brow the bloody rain
 Fell on dark Gethsemane :
Brother, now the blinding tear
 Drops in sorrow on thy bier ;
 'Tis ever thus :
 Our full hearts are brimming o'er,
 Our dear LORD thus wept before
 For Lazarus.

Decani.

Souls of sinners weep and wail,
 Saying :—“ What is the avail
 Of our wealth, and power, and pride :
 Gone is all we loved so well :
 In the searching flames of Hell
 Nought the trial may abide.”
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Cantoris.

At the breaking of the seal
 Loud the Archangel's thunder-peal
 Rings out,—“ PREPARE !”

As the echoes roll along
 The Eternal shore, they mix and merge
 In the full-flowing tide of song
 Which mingles with the solemn dirge
 Of fierce despair.
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Full Choir.

Not in vain, ah! not in vain
 Did the SAVIOUR, on his knee,
 The full cup of Passion drain
 To its lowest depths for thee:
 Sounds of anguish and of strife
 Hung about that parting life;
 Sorrow and care
 Marked the footsteps of our GOD,
 As the path of pain he trod
 Thy sins to bear.

Decani.

O ye powerful of earth,
 Answer, tell us what was worth
 Power to gain the round world whole;

If when it is gained and won
 Ye yourselves, cast out, undone,
 Cannot rescue your own soul?
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Cantoris.

Little will your riches save
 From the levelling of the Grave
 On that last stage :
 Naked, as at your first birth
 To the world ye entered in,
 Must ye hasten, earth to earth,
 Ere the cycle shall begin
 Of deathless age.
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Full Choir.

Not in vain, ah ! not in vain
 Was the SAVIOUR stript and bound,
 Robed by mocking hands profane
 On the unfeeling Pavement-Ground :

Scarlet for that martyr-breast
 Was the robe, in which confest
 The Man was seen :
 Purple for the royal dye,
 White he wore for purity
 Of spotless sheen.

Decani.

The axe is laid unto the root,
 The tree lies low. The ripened fruit
 Falls upon the garden ground ;
 When the Judge account shall take
 May the seed for CHRIST'S dear sake
 In that day be worthy found.
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Cantoris.

Day of Dread ! alas, alas !
 When that scene shall come to pass
 And I shall see
 The righteous Judge of all men come,
 Surrounded by the heavenly host,
 To give to each his meted doom,
 And for my lot with saved or lost
 To summon me.

Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Full Choir.

Not in vain, ah! not in vain
 Stood the SAVIOUR crowned with thorn,
 Mocked by Herod and his train,
 On the Crucifixion morn;
 Silent at the Judgment-seat,
 Like a lamb for slaughter meet,
 Thy JESUS stood:
 When thou standest in thy need,
 Thy Great Advocate will plead
 Through his own Blood.

Decani.

Vanity of vanities!
 This world fades away and dies,
 All is nought but vanity!
 All things here beneath the sun,
 When the course of life is run,
 In deep gloom and shadow lie.
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,

O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
Deliver us not
Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Cantoris.

Dark and dreary is the night
When life's sun withdraws his light :
Nor moon nor star
Shall lighten thee for many days
Ere is seen the kindling blaze
From Heaven afar.
Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
O LORD most Mighty,
O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
Deliver us not
Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Full Choir.

Not in vain, ah ! not in vain
In the Three Hours' Agony
Did the sun his beams restrain
And the Earth in darkness lie :
Fear not thou : within the shade
The Cross of Calvary displayed
Shall guide thee on :
The arms of Love those shades divide
Within whose veil the Crucified
Meets thee alone.

Decani.

My GOD, my GOD, O look on me,
 O'erwhelmed in depths of misery,
 O save me in that fearful hour :
 O, spare ! O, pardon, gracious LORD !
 O save thy darling from the sword,
 A ransom'd soul from Satan's power.
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Cantoris.

What shall then the wicked do
 When the Angels tremble too,
 And all shall see
 Their GOD in form and shape the same,
 As when, deserted and betrayed,
 He hung in agonizing shame
 Within the sun-deserted shade
 Of Calvary !
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Full Choir.

Not in vain, ah ! not in vain
Pass'd away the SAVIOUR'S breath,
For the veil was rent in twain
When he passed the gates of Death ;
Thou hast access now to him
In the New Jerusalem ;
He bids thee come,
Comforted, without dismay,
By the new and living way
Which threads the gloom.

Decani.

I heard a voice from Heaven which said
" Blessed are the holy dead,"
The SPIRIT answers,—" Even so ;
For they rest, their labour done,
Where nor Moon nor scorching Sun
Cast their beams upon their brow."
Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
O LORD most Mighty,
O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
Deliver us not
Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Cantoris.

Quiet is the home and still
Where thine head must lie, until
The trump shall call :

Thy thin grave-clothes may not warm
 With their folds the chilly feet,
 Wrapping round thy slumbering form
 With the gloomy winding-sheet
 Which fits us all.

Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Full Choir.

Not in vain, ah ! not in vain
 In the quiet rock-hewn Cave
 Thy dear SAVIOUR, spent with pain,
 Slept the deep sleep of the grave :
 Narrow was the couch and still,
 Where within his holy hill
 He slept so sound ;
 The linen cémentments of Death,
 Round his head and feet beneath,
 Were closely bound.

Decani.

Solitude and loneliness,
 Horrors of thick darkness press
 Round the path thou now must tread ;

In the shadow dim and drear,
None may venture without fear
 On the pathway of the Dead :
Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
O LORD most Mighty,
O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Cantoris.

LORD of mercy, loving-hearted,
Receive the soul of our departed
 Unto thy rest :
Let thine holy Angel rise,
 Bearing him, through earth's dull mist,
To the gates of Paradise,
 Where before the Eternal CHRIST
 Dwell all the Blest.
Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
O LORD most Mighty,
O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Full Choir.

Not in vain, ah ! not in vain
 Passed the SAVIOUR through the gloom :
As his steps returned again
 They shed glory through the tomb :

He is now thy Friend and Guide,
 As the shades of eventide
 Close o'er thy head ;
 Life's long day is spent, and he
 To his banquet calleth thee,—
 Thy journey sped.

Decani.

Joyfully I go to thee,
 LORD, in pity welcome me
 Who hast formed me from the clay :
 Let the SPIRIT from thy shrine
 Enter this poor soul of mine,—
 Lift her to the Gates of Day.
 Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
 O LORD most Mighty,
 O Holy and merciful SAVIOUR,
 Deliver us not
 Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Cantoris.

Precious in their Master's eye
 Is the death of them that die
 In him to live :
 Happy they who hear his word,
 Sounding sweet the darkness through :—
 " Come, ye blessed of the LORD,
 Receive the Crown prepared for you
 Which he will give."

Yet, O LORD GOD most Holy,
O LORD most mighty,
O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,
Deliver us not
Into the bitter pains of Eternal death.

Full Choir.

Not in vain, ah ! not in vain,
Did thy JESUS rise on high,
Over sin and death to reign,
Captive with Captivity :
Still and cold thy form is now
With the death-dew on thy brow,
Tearful our eye :
GOD will wipe the tear away
From all eyes, upon the day
Of victory.

In Memoriam J. K.

Easter Monday, 1866.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Nov. 1.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

THE Marriage Feast is ready,
 The Marriage of the Lamb,
 He calls the faithful children
 Of faithful Abraham :
 He calls them from their sojourn
 To come to their abode—
 The children of the Promise,
 The Israel of GOD.

He calls them from their prison
 Fast bound in iron chains,
 Whose cup is mixed with weeping,
 Where sin with Satan reigns ;
 And from the golden portals
 The sounds of triumph ring ;
 The triumph of the Incarnate,
 The Marriage of the King.

They come ! the Saints of Sion
With dance and timbrel come,
Where gleam the emerald meadows,
The meadows of our home.
Nor eye hath seen the glory,
Nor heart of man may tell
How bright the plains of Sion,
The meads of asphodel.

Nor sigh nor sorrow enter
Where JESUS leads them in,
Nor death may cross the threshold,
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin :
And shades of night and darkness
Are past and fled away
Before the irradiant brightness
Of Everlasting day.

No tear-drops stain that threshold,
No weeping eyes are there,
For GOD hath wiped all tear-drops,
And GOD hath stilled all care :
The sunlight of the Presence,
The bright Shechinah flame
Lights up the bridal banquet
Of GOD and of the Lamb.

The Rainbow of the Promise
Around the throne hath gleamed,

To welcome them for ever
 To joys of the Redeemed :
They enter to their glory
 The feast for them is spread,
The bridal feast of JESUS
 The firstfruits of the dead.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Nov. 1.

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

THEY are not dead, but sleeping :
When the sound
Of the Archangel's trump shall wake the dead,
They will arise, each from his narrow bed,
With swathing-bands unbound,
Calm and refreshed from his all-holy keeping.

They are not dead, but sleeping :
Vex not them
With tears and lamentations in your sorrow ;
Short are the hours, before the golden morrow
Shall shed its welcome beam,
The New Life's pathway in fresh glory steeping.

They are not dead, but sleeping :
Sleep on now !

Death's dreamy Angel from his dewy wings
Drops of forgetfulness in mercy flings
 Upon your weary brow,
All thoughts of care from your still eyelids sweeping.

 They are not dead, but sleeping :
 Softly rest,
Ye dear departed, in your tranquil home !
Sleep on in peace, till your own LORD shall come
 And bear you in his breast
Far from the sounds of earthly care and weeping.

S. EDMUND THE KING, + 870.

Nov. 20.

By M. D. M.

A SAINTLY monarch mounts the throne
Ere fourteen years have o'er him flown—
For CHRIST he lives, and readily,
If cause arise, for CHRIST will die.
Now on East Anglia's fertile land,
See where the noble churches stand!
Edmund protects them with his care,
For well he loves the house of prayer.
And they who seek from sin and strife
A refuge in religious life,
May rest from all intrusion free,
In the well-guarded monastery.

But in this world of shame and sin,
Not long may peace abide within;
For soon the heathen shall molest
The kingdom's transitory rest:

And Edmund's gracious reign must end.
 The Danes upon his land descend,
 He dons his armour for the fight,
 Still trusting in the SAVIOUR'S might.
 The battle lasts till eventide
 And victory leans to neither side :
 His followers speak with voices low—
 " Bloodshed at dawn again must flow."

" No!" cries Saint Edmund, " see where lie
 The fallen of our enemy !
 Lo, where their corpses strew the sod
 Who died in war against their GOD !
 O day of horror and of fear,
 Body and soul lie murder'd here !
 They fell beneath his righteous hand ;
 O GOD, who may before thee stand !
 And are they doom'd to endless pain ?
 No longer will I bear this stain—
 Rather to CHRIST for mercy cry,
 And choose for his dear Name to die."

Yes : saintly Edmund now will bear
 The SAVIOUR'S bleeding pain to share.
 He seeks the Church, where oft before
 His soul was sooth'd in anguish sore ;
 Before his dear LORD'S Altar kneels,
 And, strengthen'd by his Presence, feels -

How sweet it is through him to know
And taste with him the cup of woe—
For JESUS looks in mercy down,
And holds before his eyes the Crown,
The Martyr's Crown, which they shall win
Who bravely conquer shame and sin.

The hostile ranks surround the Church
One moment more—within they search,
They drag him from the sacred shrine
But may not shake the faith Divine
Which burns in love within the breast
Where CHRIST himself brings heavenly rest.
They bind him tightly to a tree,
With cruel words of mockery—
But while 'mid insults rude and fierce,
With cruel darts his flesh they pierce,
On CHRIST alone his soul relies :
Entranc'd in joy the martyr dies.

They tear his body from the tree
And load it with indignity,
Then cast it in the thicket's shade
Of the deep forest's darkest glade.
No friend may gaze on that dear face,
Yet here is not his resting-place.
A year has fled on stealthy wing,—
The Christians find their martyr'd king,

And bury him with tender care
Beneath a humble house of prayer,
Where private vows to Heav'n address'd,
Bring blessings from the land of rest.

Nor even here his bones may lie,
For all must prize his memory—
Now for his grave his subjects claim
The spot which still doth bear his name :
And there the resting-place we find
Which brings the holy king to mind.
For JESU's saints by GOD are given
As guiding stars to lead to heaven,
O'er death's dark stream a silver band
They show from yonder distant land,
With CHRIST they beam as beacons bright
To lead us to the Home of Light.

S. CECILIA, + 230.

Nov. 22.

SAD the sun of cold November rises o'er the Eastern
mist,

Sad the days which linger slowly ere the Birthday of
the CHRIST :

When shall swell the glad thanksgiving, " Glory be to
GOD on high,

Peace on Earth, Goodwill to all men," on the LORD'S
Nativity.

Sad the sun of Earth uprises daily through the
lagging years,

Shining feebly through the mist-wreaths on the valley-
land of tears,

Till the Sun of Day Eternal sheds its rising beams
abroad,

Brightening on to perfect splendour in the Advent of
the LORD.

Voices of the Sons of Morning sounding through the
universe,
Herald in the new Creation which annuls the Ancient
curse :

In the LORD—the Second Adam—in the double-
natured Child,
GOD's lost image shines renascent : GOD and Man
are reconciled.

Yet once more the Sons of Morning shall attune their
lips to sing
The great Midnight Alleluia round the footsteps of
the King ;

When his chariot wheels shall kindle on the night-
path, and away
Darkness shall in splendour vanish through the portals
of the day.

Robed in Glory, crowned with garlands, down once
more to Earth again
Come the Martyr Saints of JESUS in the triumph of
his train :

And the amber clouds of morning curl in gold about
their feet,
As they take their place expectant round the awful
Judgment-seat.

There is Stephen, CHRIST'S own firstfruits, standing
nearest to the throne,
He who bears in his dalmatic's red folds the ensan-
guined stone :

There is Polycarp, with legend on his mitred coro-
net—
“ Faithful be to death and I the crown of life on thee
will set.”

There the ruby drops fall lightly from the breast of
Agatha,
On the white-fleeced lamb of Agnes as she smiles with
love on her :

There the light of Sinai Mountain lingers with pale
light to shine
On the death-wheel irradescient in the hand of Ca-
tharine :

Lovely forms of Virgin beauty ! loveliest among them
all
Sweet Cecilia sets her garland for the marriage fes-
tival.

Snowdon's crest is fair and lovely when he dons his
autumn snow ;
Fairer far the snows which chasten sweet Cecilia's
virgin brow :

Sister-bride of earthly husband she hath heard the
 Bridegroom's voice
 Calling to her,—“Come, beloved, it is thine to make
 thy choice,

It is I, thy LORD, who call thee: Heaven's bright
 portal open lies,
 What are Earth's brief fleeting pleasures to the joys
 of Paradise?

See, my Bride, what I have for thee! not without a
 gift I come
 When I call mine own Cecilia upward to mine heavenly
 home.”

And he gave a garland to her, roses twined with lilies
 fair,
 And he bade her bind them closely in the tresses of
 her hair:

Roses which shall blush with glory from the Passion-
 crown of thorn,
 Lilies for the Virgin Bridal on the Resurrection
 morn.

Sweet Cecilia! pain and sorrow, anguish and heart-
 searching fears
 Ever lie, and ever must lie, round the valley-land of
 tears:

Eden's gates are closed. The garden thrives not now
on earthly soil ;

Hope and disappointment dog the footsteps of the
sons of toil :

Flowers and fruits in fitful beauty round our summer
pathways smile,

But the frost of rude November nips them in a little
while :

Happy she who wastes not moments in the autumn
air so keen,

Trying to revive her flowerets to the beauties which have
been.

There are flowers, whose blossom falls not : fruits
which never can decay,

Roses, whose sweet-scented fragrance never palls nor
fades away ;

Lilies fair, which no November storm-wind sullies ;
for they bloom

In the Garden which we enter through the gateway of
the tomb.

There are thorns upon those roses ere they blossom :
and the brow

Of CHRIST'S Martyr feels their sharpness as he wears
them here below.

But those points bud red with petals soft and sweet
beneath the ray
Of the Sun which shines for ever in the Everlasting
Day :

Where the Lamb shall feed his loved ones and shall
gently lead his own
To the living springs of water which roll crystal from
the throne,

And all care and grief are vanished, all the toil of life
is o'er,
When GOD wipes the tears of sorrow from their eyes
for evermore.

S. CATHARINE, + 307.

Nov. 25.

SLEEP, Bride of CHRIST! sleep sweetly on!
The gales of Eden fan thy brow:
Thy rest eternal hath begun,
And earth lies many a mile below.

Ah! many a mile below they lie—
Those hills of earth so green and fair;
The smiles of beauty well belie
That home of sorrow, grief, and care.

Sleep, Bride of CHRIST! from Mizraim's shore
Borne upward on the whispering wind:
Dark Sinai's peaks loom blue before,
And Egypt's coasts are left behind.

Left far behind is Egypt's sin,
The cries of Egypt reach not here,
Where Angels bear their Catharine
And JESUS dries his fair bride's tear.

He dries her tear and saith,—“ Mine own,
 On Sinai's bosom take thy rest ;
While I prepare the bridal crown
 And come and bear thee in my breast.

And then mine arms shall open wide,
 As slumber leaves thy wakening eyes,
To bear in sweet embrace my Bride
 To my bright halls of Paradise.”

S. THOMAS.

Dec. 21.

CANST thou doubt, O Thomas? See
My weary hands which bleed for thee;
Reach forth thine hand and handle me,
And doubt no more.

Canst thou doubt, O Thomas? Greet
With loving touch my piercéd feet,
Advancing thus thy faith to meet,
Death's valley o'er.

Canst thou doubt, O Thomas? Know
By my pale and thorn-crowned brow
All the depths of my great woe:
Know and believe.

Canst thou doubt? Behold my side
Red with that ensanguined tide
Which flowed when GOD in torment died
That man might live.

Canst thou doubt ? Ah, doubting heart,
Come, if thou still doubtful art,
Learn that Death can never part
 Me from mine own.

Must thy touch thy SAVIOUR prove ?
Blessed they whose faithful love
Rises high, Earth's doubts above,
 To see alone.

S. STEPHEN, + 33.

Dec. 26.

RISE, Stephen, Crown of Faith !
First Martyr herald of the glorious throng
Who tread the rough and thorny path of death,
To sing the eternal song,
The song of Moses and the Incarnate CHRIST,
One hymn of joy and praise, one deathless Eucharist.

The road was untracked then ;
Its piercing thorns unblunted by the tread
Of those unconquerable sons of men,
The Martyr Host who bled,
And bleeding marked the track where onward lies,
Across the vale of Death, the path to Paradise.

Yet art thou not alone :
Thy course is witnessed by the loving eye
Of One, himself of womankind the Son,
Who dared, himself to die ;

Who dared, himself, that vale of Death to tread,
The Resurrection Life, the firstfruits of the dead.

It is not gloomy now,
Though dense the mist of shadow round thy feet,
And red the halo round thy stricken brow ;
For lo ! thy steps to meet
And welcome thee to pleasure evermore
The Son of Mary stands upon the farther shore.

He stands ! the Son of Man
In human form and lineament of clay,
As yester-morn, when dawning light began
To chase the night away,
The adoring universe discovered him
Our GOD in fleshly garb, the Child of Bethlehem.

Before the Mercy-seat
He offers up the wounds of Calvary,
Won when GOD-MAN stood forth for man to die,
Fruits for repentance meet
Which he may bear, and through them pardon gain,
Atoning gift—the Lamb on that High Altar slain.

Arise, blest Deacon, rise !
Prepare to serve behind thy Great High Priest
Who pleads the Everlasting Sacrifice,
The Victim and the Feast,
Himself of Mary and of GOD the SON,
Himself the Priest, the Victim, and the Feast in one.

HOLY INNOCENTS.

Dec. 28.

GOD'S Innocents are fresh and fair,
With everlasting springtime young,
And they before the throne of GOD
And of the Lamb shall sing their song :
Their own new song they sing, for they
Are spotless in the Judgment day ;
Their lips with innocency smile,
For on those lips was found no guile.

I saw beneath the Altar-stone
The souls of them who martyrs died,
Who shed their blood for JESU'S sake,
And thus with pleading voice they cried,—
“Avenge, O LORD, thy servants slain,
Who gave their lives and thought it gain ;
Thy Judgment, LORD, in justice take,
Avenge thy Saints for JESU'S sake.”

A sound of harpers harping on
Their harps I heard, a mighty sound

Of many waters on the air,
 As the new song filled all around :
 No man can learn that song to sing
 But the Redeemed of CHRIST the King ;
 They learn that song to whom is given
 To know the minstrelsy of Heaven.

I heard the voice of them that cried,—
 “ How long, O LORD most true, how long
 Dost thou delay to judge our blood
 On them that live mankind among ?”
 And they are robed in white, that they
 May rest awhile, until the day
 When all the elect in order meet ;
 The number full,—the list complete.

Bought with the price of blood are they,
 The ever-clean, the undefiled ;
 Snatched from the world, ere Satan's craft
 Their tottering footsteps hath beguiled :
 Virgins for ever they remain,
 With their own GOD in joy to reign :
 In the warm home of Heavenly bliss
 They know no father's love but his.

Their brows are crowned with amaranth,
 Their food the pure milk of the Word
 They know no other voice but his,—
 The still small voice of their dear LORD.

To his kind breast he folds them in :
They feel no fear, they know no sin :
“Suffer my little babes,” saith he,
“Forbid them not to come to me.”

First-fruits to GOD and to the Lamb,
Ere summer's heat hath parched their root,
Sweet, tender nurslings of the land
Where GOD's warm rays mature the shoot :
Before the throne they faultless stand
First of the saints at GOD's right hand,
First of the Martyr host they come,
First find the pathway to their home.

HYMNS AND LYRICS.

NIGHTFALL.

WHEN gathering shades of evening lower,
And Heaven looks far, and earth looks dim,
And Satan tries me with all the power
Which GOD for my trial gives to him,
I turn from the gloom, I turn to the light
Where the sunlight lingers on skirts of night,
For I know that the Sun of Heaven is there,
And the hiding clouds are but shifting air
Which veils the eternal Throne of GOD :
When I walk through the valley of the Shadow of
Death
I will fear no evil which frowns on me,
My LORD is true ; and I know he saith,
“ My Rod and my Staff they comfort thee.”

When the stars come forth in the vault of night,
I sigh as I yearn to the Throne of GOD,

And I think there are regions infinite
Which lie between me and that blest abode ;
Then I hear his voice, and it seems to say—
“ The stars are my signs to point the way
Where thy soul to the feet of GOD must rise
Up through the height of earth’s darkened skies,
As once they guided to Bethlehem :”
When I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death
I will fear no evil which frowns on me :
My LORD is true, and I know he saith,
“ My Rod and my Staff they comfort thee.”

When the silver light of the silent Moon
Drops her dim veil o’er the sleeping fold,
I seem to stand with my thoughts alone
In the colourless gleam so still, so cold ;
Till I hear GOD’s voice which saith : “ The light
Which falls on the calm and voiceless night
Is the Moon’s fair loan ; but the light is mine,
From the hidden Sun whose bright beams shine
Around the Eternal Throne of GOD :”
When I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death
I will fear no evil which frowns on me :
My LORD is true, and I know he saith,
“ My Rod and my Staff they comfort thee.”

When the Moon goes down and the night is chill,
And the damp mist floats on the shuddering blast,

And the pale faint light on the Eastern hill
 Tells that Life's midnight hour is past,
 Once more the tones of that still voice say—
 “ The night is darkest ere dawn of day ;
 Ere dawn, the frosts lie hoar and white ;
 They melt in the Resurrection light
 Which bathes the Eternal Throne of GOD :”
 When I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death
 I will fear no evil which frowns on me ;
 My LORD is true, and I know he saith,
 “ My Rod and my Staff they comfort thee.”

When I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death
 I will fear no evil, will feel no dread,
 For my guide is the Man of Nazareth,
 My GOD is the firstfruits of the dead ;
 His Staff he hath laid across his Rod,
 That Calvary's cross might bear its GOD ;
 This is his Staff—his Rod is this
 To guide my steps to unfading bliss
 Before the Eternal Throne of GOD :
 When I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death
 I will fear no evil which frowns on me ;
 My LORD is true, and I know he saith,
 “ My Rod and my Staff they comfort thee.”

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

- A. **H**OW are the dead raised, in the day
When Death and Time have passed away?
Can GOD recal the mouldered clay?

When he has called the spirit home,
The flesh refeeds Earth's craving womb:
Then with what body can they come?

- B. Ah! ignorant and foolish, see
How life reclothes the forest tree,
Reclothes the bones which make up thee.

I plant a rose: I know her name,
Know well her breath of scented flame;
Look ten years hence. Is she the same?

- A. She is the same in form, in scent,
In feature and in lineament;
In matter she is different.

The summer sun, the winter blast,
Into new life her atoms cast :
Fresh atoms come to feed the waste.

- B. Searching the grass I saw a hound,
With nostril low upon the ground
He tracked his master till he found.

How found he him who went before ?
He saw him not, the hill-side o'er :
His nostril led him—nothing more.

- A. Whate'er we touch, where'er we tread,
We leave behind us matter dead ;
Man, as he walks, the Man doth shed.

The hound with subtle nostril knew
His master in the grass, and through
The tangle tracked with instinct true.

- B. Behold the lilies, how they grow,
Into new flowers each year they blow,
There is no toil for them, you know.

Whence is the power which blossoms forth
Such forms of beauty from the earth—
Forms aye the same in kind and worth ?

- A. The fiery force within, the LIFE,
With reproductive power is rife ;
It wins new matter in the strife :

It wins new matter, to repair
Earth's ever-pressing wear and tear
From wood and water, rock and air.

B. Then matter flows and ebbs, you mean,
Is never stable, and is seen
A moment's time, and then has been :

Has been in shape of beasts, or men,
Of rocks, or flowers, or trees ; and then
Resolves itself in space again ?

A. The sum of all things great and small
Finds in each individual
The life distinct in each and all ;

Around this life with shape and form
Matter revolves, instinct and warm,
With law prescript and uniform.

B. The matter which has fed the tree
In form of man may fashioned be,
Unchanged in atoms ever free ;

Yet man retains his shape and grace,
The form erect, the upturned face,
The mien of Nature's master race ?

A. The hazel envies not the beech,
The form abides distinct in each ;
Neither across the line may reach,

The highest hazel may not mate
 The meanest beech tree's low estate,
 Each in its own is separate.

B. A pear-tree grew in barren ground ;
 I moved the tree and dug it round,
 And gave it rich soil which I found :

In three years' time I came again ;
 It spread its fruited arms amain,
 To woo and win the summer rain.

A. It was the soil you spread about,
 The genial air, which caused its sprout,
 And made the generous buds come out.

The life within—the fiery force,
 Found ampler scope and freer course
 To raise the tree to good from worse.

B. Shall not MAN, out of earth's cold sphere
 Transplanted, from the atmosphere
 Which stunts his body's stature here,
 Bloom into life more pure, more bright,
 Beneath the everlasting light
 Which bathes Heaven's valleys of delight ?

A. In sweet springtime I lost a son,
 A darling babe—my little one,
 Ere his third summer had begun.

Say, shall I know my boy again
 When we shall meet upon the plain
 Where GOD'S elect live, free from pain ?

B. The air of Heaven is warm and mild :
 There the same life-sap of your child
 Shall run more free than had earth smiled.

There are no storms, no tempests, there
 No winter frosts, no tears, no care,
 Where JESUS and his children are.

A. Their frame is fed by life forsooth,
 Which springs at once to perfect growth
 With glory of eternal youth.

New Heaven, new Earth, new matter, feed
 The resurrection body's need
 Around the life from bondage freed.

B. He is the same, yet not the same.
 The same life force rebuilds his frame
 From matter purged by Heavenly flame :

What we might be if earth's alloy
 Mixed not its dross with all our joy,
 Such will you find your own bright boy.

DE DIE JUDICII.

SEQUENTIA.

SEDET Judex : Homo veni !
Terra tremit, et aheni

Postes hiscunt mortis pleni :

Throni Judicis ponuntur,

Libri vitæ expanduntur

Ex quibus rei damnabuntur.

Qualis terror erit horum,

Quum cohortes Angelorum

Ordinant cœlestem chorum !

Adorantes, inclinati,

Vultum alis obvelati,

Circa Thronum stant parati.

Circumcirca salutari

Stant in Agni luce clari

Omnes Sancti, Deo cari.

“ ALLELUIA ! Immortalis

Martyr ! ” clamant ; “ mundi malis

Victor ades triumphalis !

“ ALLELUIA ! Rex cœlorum !
 Salve ! salve ! dux vivorum !
 Suscitor mortuorum !

“ ALLELUIA ! Jesse Ramus !
 Ramos ipsi Palmas damus !
 Te victorem salutamus !”

Ah, horrendum ! tunc diei,
 Quid nos faciemus rei,
 Tribunali coram Dei ?

Homo reus, surge tamen !
 Nudus es, nec est velamen
 Quod obscuret hoc examen.

Quis est hic qui venit ? Mortis
 Victor reddit Adæ hortis
 Florem vivum nostræ sortis.

Homo, ecce ! Deus-Homo
 De cœlesti venit domo,
 Odor spirat ex amomo :

Myrrham vestis olet plena,
 Quam perfudit Magdalena,
 Dona morti peramæna :

Myrrham redolent capilli,
 Quam Maria fregit illi,
 Memor somni tam tranquilli ;

Quum, Agonis post laborem,
Ante triduum soporem
Terra cepit Redemptorem.

Qui, in valle tenebrarum,
Calicem hausit amarum,
Judex venit animarum :

Pauper qui fuit, relictus,
Spretus, traditus, afflictus,
Gloriâ regit amictus.

Circumcingit dolorosa
Spina caput, e quâ rosa
Germen effert speciosa :

Spina mortis, rosa vitæ,
Ambæ florent hîc unitæ,
Decus frontis redimitæ.

Qualis eras, Crucifixe,
Onus qui humanæ rixæ
Sustineres tam enixè !

Victor tu de morte tristi
Mortis jugum subiisti,
Mors calcatur Cruce Christi :

Gaude, anima fidelis !
Signum Filii in cœlis
Tibi omne fert quod velis :

Tibi crux de cœlo datur,
Crucifer de cœlo fatur—
“Crucis miles coronatur.”

Coronatur, qui per truce[m]
Viam leti tulit Crucem :
En ! præsentem videt ducem !

O spes qualis ! O corona !
Nunquam peritura bona !
Cœlum patet ! tuba, sona !

THE LOSS OF THE "LONDON,"

IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, JAN. 9, 1866.

PROUDLY she left the port; trim were her shrouds
and taut;

The breeze sang o'er her:

Above, the winter gales filled her topgallant sails;
And full before her,

Sullen as death and cold, the waste of waters rolled,
With bootless warning,

White-crested, mournful-toned, as the wind sighed
and moaned

In the chill morning:

Veiled in her sable smoke strongly her engine-stroke
Throbbled to her motion;

Like a dark citadel she ruled the heaving swell,
Breasted the ocean;

Silent and still and vast, out of our sight she passed
On her last mission.

Dear were the souls she bore, and with hearts sick and
sore

We lost the vision.

Drearily, mournfully raising their crest on high,
The wild waves drove her ;
Fierce howled the southern blast, sweeping in whirl-
wind past
Her bulwarks over :

Three suns rose, three suns set ; onward still, onward
yet !

No fears may hold her ;
Nor moon nor stars appeared ; onward her course she
steered,
Bolder and bolder :

Into the raging sea boiling around plunged she ;
Then, like a courser,
She rose and shook her mane free from the surge
again,
While hoarse and hoarser

Rolled the deep thunder-peal, till, in wild rock and
reel,
Like a man drunken,
She lurched and missed her stay, staggered, and fell
away
In the trough sunken.

Then rose a shout,—“The hull with the storm-wave
fills full,
We cannot clear her ;
Life is not worth a throw, and the bilge swells below
Nearer and nearer :

Man the pumps ! Work the crane !—all our toil is in
vain ;

All we have striven
Counts not a farthing's worth ! Vain are the thews of
earth

To cope with heaven !”

Out spake the Captain then, “ Brothers and English-
men,

GOD has decided ;

We have done what we could ; refuge beyond the flood
He has provided :

Quail not beneath the stroke ; England has hearts of
oak

Which must upbear us :

Earth's tempest lulls, and o'er GOD's everlasting shore
The dawn is near us !”

Low was his voice, and calm : no cry rose, no alarm

When he had spoken :

Loud roared the tempest's din : perfect peace reigned
within,

Silent, unbroken :

Hour passed on hour, and no cry of distress or woe

To fear could yield them :

Earth with its joys has fled ; they look up : GOD has
spread

His wings to shield them.

There hung those spirits brave over the yawning grave ;
 Death was before them :
Death, with his pain and fear, won no cry, drew no
 tear,
 Nor triumphed o'er them.

Husband and wife and child heard the tornado wild :
 'Twas but the weather,
Which ever hangs around life's and death's neutral
 ground
 They pass together :

Unflinching, crank in hand, staunch did the pumpsman
 stand,
 And felt the quarter
Slowly beneath him sink : his to work, not to think
 Of wind and water :

There the fresh-wedded bride, in life's bright morn-
 ing-tide,
 Gave, unrepining,
Back to her GOD and King her cherished wedding-ring,
 So new and shining ;

Her husband looked on her, and she seemed lovelier
 Than in that far land,
When the late bridal wreath pressed her fair brow be-
 neath
 Its myrtle garland.

There the brave Minister points to the haven, where
 The Church United
 Kindles the beacon light through the death-shades of
 night,
 For souls benighted.

LORD, on the Judgment Day, when fire the dross and
 clay
 From gold shall sever,
 Grant us to stand near him in thy Jerusalem
 At one for ever.

All knees are bended there, and the strong voice of
 prayer,
 Calm and unfearing,
 Rose through the tempest-moan up to the golden
 Throne,
 To win a hearing :

There, where no storms may beat, before the Mercy-seat
 In the still heaven,
 On the sweet incense-cloud it rose to GOD aloud
 For sins forgiven.

Clouds, drop your tears on them ! Waves, sing your
 requiem
 O'er the departed !
 GOD trusts their forms to you—the brave, the loved,
 the true,
 The gallant-hearted :

In your deep silent bed, till the sea yields her dead,
 Rocked by the billow,
 Soothed in their tranquil sleep by the melodious deep
 Be their last pillow :

Sleep they in peace awhile, beneath his loving smile,
 Who now has found them,
 Whose path is on the seas ; who rules the wayward
 breeze
 Which sighs around them.

I see that GOD-like form sleeping amid the storm,
 While the waves foaming .
 Madly their surges throw upon the weary brow
 In the dim gloaming ;

Noise and dismay around :—here peace of GOD pro-
 found,
 There fear and wailing ;
 Here, “ Peace, rude waves, be still ! I keep my Israel
 From your assailing.”

O Peace of GOD above ! O Life ! O deathless love !
 O blest endeavour !
 When our saved souls may pass across the sea of
 glass
 To live for ever !

THE BISHOP AND THE BEGGAR.

A BISHOP sate in his throne of state,
 And his heart was full and his soul elate,
 As his eye strayed out beneath the rood
 And marked the adoring multitude :
 The nave of the vast Cathedral floor
 From chancel-screen to western door,
 Far as his wandering eye could see,
 Was filled as full as full could be ;
 But fuller the Bishop's heart as he thought,—
 " These are the souls whom CHRIST has bought ;
 These are the souls to my charge given,
 That I should show them the way to Heaven :"
 And he thanked his GOD for his loving care
 In not having made him as other men are.

Grand was the service : Matins done,
 The High Celebration had now begun ;
 Solemn and sad with its tenfold cry
 The Kyrieleeson rose on high ;
 The Epistle was said, with Response of grace

The Gospel was sung from the Altar-pace,
And the Creed had sounded ; when all alone,
The Bishop rose from his Chancel throne,
And low before him the faithful bent,
As up the pulpit-steps he went.

A beggar knelt at the rich man's feet,
He was too poor to pay for a seat ;
So he knelt in the aisle, and said his prayer
As the Bishop mounted the pulpit-stair ;
And the Bishop looked with somewhat of scorn
On the poor old man in the garment torn,
As he thought to himself, " When poor men pray,
They need not kneel in their Bishop's way."
Then he opened his lips and his sermon began,
And he thought no more of the beggar-man.

Calm and measured, in accents slow,
The Bishop's oration began its flow,—
Calm and measured, with here and there
A slight hesitation, marking where
The pent-up torrent of thought within
Fretted an outlet of words to win ;
Then gathered volume, and onward rolled,
Like a crystal torrent o'er sands of gold,
Rushing on in resistless force
Yet clear and bright in its headlong course ;
Now thundering over the rough craggy lynn,
Now sleeping slumbrous the black pool within ;

Now glancing along with its silvery spray
In the dazzling light of the clear noonday,
And the eye could see, as it gazed around,
How refreshed was the seed in GOD'S harvest-ground.

That night, the Bishop laid his head
Happy and weary upon his bed ;
His soul he commended to CHRIST in trust,
And slept the untroubled sleep of the just :
But scarce had his eyelids closed, before
His soul soared forth to the open door—
To the door of Heaven it soared away
And the regions of everlasting Day,
Where up and down the Angels fly
In circles of light continually,
And round about the Throne they sing
Of GOD the FATHER and CHRIST the King,
And he heard how the voice of triumph rolled
From the harpers harping on harps of gold :
Oh, never a scene had he seen like this
In the mansions of everlasting bliss.

He gazed and he wondered, and more and more
He felt his spirit within him swell,
As his eye in rapture wandered o'er
Those emerald meadows of asphodel ;
And he longed to fly with the Angel band
To the central sphere of that glorious land,—
To the Seventh Heaven of Heavens, whence

Those clouds of billowy frankincense
From the Throne of the FATHER were rolling along
Over the valley, shady and dim,
Wafted away by the breeze which sprung
From the waving wings of the Seraphim.

As he longed with half-formed imaginings
He felt a breath of approaching wings,
And lo! as he turned to gaze behind,
An Angel passed, like an April wind,
And as he passed him he heard him say,
“Thy longing is answered: come away.”
And up they soared through the fragrant cloud,
As louder and louder, and still more loud,
The boom of a thousand harps filled high
The tremulous air with melody;
And the beams grew brighter and still more bright,
Till the Bishop's eyes could not bear the sight,
And he veiled his face and he turned away,
As he hid his eyes in his amyss grey:
But he heard the rush of the censer-throw
As it thundered backwards, to and fro,
In the hand of the Angel, the Chief of the Seven,
Who offers the Prayers of Earth in Heaven—
The Prayers of the Saints which burn so sweet
In his censer before the Mercy-seat;
And the Bishop knew that the Angel bore
A prayer in his censer, the throne before,
And he waited and listened in awe and fear,

Till a Voice from the throne fell still and clear :—
“ The Prayer of the Beggar is heard by me,
Which he prays, as he kneels with bended knee,
That his Bishop’s sermon may touch the soul
Of peer and peasant, sick and whole :
For all the multitude gathered there
Avals the humble Beggar’s prayer,
And the Bishop is blessed in his work to save
Through the prayer of the Beggar who kneels in the
nave.”

HYMN FOR THE CHURCH MILITANT.

(From the German.)

FIERCELY the tempest around the ship raveth ;
 Christian, trust thou the Omnipotent hand ;
JESUS his own in their agony saveth,
 Leading them safe to the heavenly land :
 Let not the gloom of the darkness astound thee,
 His holy arm will be watching around thee.

Foemen press on in the pride of their power,
 Gleams in thy pathway the glittering sword ;
 Christian, thy crest to their menace ne'er lower,
 Gleams in thy heart the clear light of thy **L**ORD :
 Fear, nor amazement, nor terror may move thee,
 Know that in faith thy great Captain will prove thee.

Wherefore consume not in labour and sorrow
 Health, and affection, and fugitive time ;
 He who spends all on the thought for the morrow,
GOD the life-giver hath nothing for him :
 Care not the fast fleeting moment to cherish,
 Love not the prize which is thine but to perish.

Strength of GOD worketh for ever and duly
E'en in the weak his victorious might ;
Through that all-powerful Name of Names truly
CHRIST'S soldiers gird up their loins for the fight :
Up, then, true Christian ! the foe is before thee,
GOD spreads the shield of his loving care o'er thee.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER of all, to thee we pray,
Look down from highest heaven this day ;
O raise our feeble hearts to thee,
That thy great Name may hallowed be ;
To quick and dead thy grace afford,
Hasten thy kingdom, gracious LORD ;
Thy will be done, through CHRIST ; for we
Are one with him, as he with thee,
If our faint souls from thee be fed
On his own flesh, the daily bread :
That we, forgiving all, may be
Forgiven our sins through him by thee.
Thy Church defend : if flesh rebel,
Father, close fast the gates of Hell ;
For thine the kingdom ; thee we own,—
This earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne ;
All glory thine : by sons of men
Be ever praised thy Name. Amen.

OF VICTORY.

A VOICE once whispered "VICTORY!"
 And as I turned about to see,
 A blushing maiden passed me by :
 "Can this be VICTORY?" said I.

About her sweet Virginity
 Youth and pleasure seemed to play,
 And all the summer air loomed sweet,
 And Love adoring at her feet
 Held his low breath in longing gaze intense,
 Yet feared to meet
 The unconscious eye of that proud innocence :
 Faltering I said, "Can this be VICTORY?"

A light fell on her soft brown hair,
 A light dwelt in her tender eyes,
 And on her brow of virgin snow
 I marked the golden circlet, where
 The coronal of empire lies.

* * * * *

Full twice ten years had round her thrown
 A mother's care
Ere yet again I saw that crown
 So pure, so fair;
And then once more the voice I heard—
 The voice which whispered "VICTORY:"
That voice within my soul was stirred:
 I looked. It is the same: 'tis she!
And now know I no conqueror's fame
Such VICTORY as is hers may claim;
For glory's prize they play their parts:
Sweet Queen! thy conquest is our hearts!

CHORALE FOR THE DEPARTED.

(From the German.)

BLESSED are the heirs of Heaven
 Who in JESU rest forgiven
 Till the Resurrection Day :
 After Death's entrancing slumber
 Joys ecstatic, without number,
 In immortal bliss have they :
 Theirs is true peace,
 From earth release,
 Hosanna !
 Before GOD's throne
 To his dear SON
 Follow them their works well done.

Dust with dust your rest ye keep
 In the grave of peace and quiet ;
 Ah ! might we, like you, too sleep
 In the grave of peace and quiet !
 Ye have laboured for your LORD,
 Take your wage in his reward.

JESU wills it. We live still—
 Live ourselves in pilgrim-dwelling,
 Thus our GOD himself doth will,
 Man to yoke of life compelling :
 Death, ah ! Death at last doth come,
 Calls us to our FATHER's home.

JESUS here himself did dwell,
 Lived himself in pilgrim-dwelling :
 Ah ! far more than words can tell
 See that Form its history telling !
 With the CHRIST before thy sight
 Shrink not, Christian, from the fight.

What is life for men who die
 But an hour at mid-day ending ?
 Yet there hangs Eternity
 On that mid-day hour depending,
 With eternal life or death
 Pregnant ere it vanisheth.

JESU CHRIST, we trust in thee,
 Though on earth our portion lieth :
 Life eternal ours shall be,
 When this mortal body dieth :
 Peace of Heaven thou givest us,
 SON of GOD, all-bounteous.

Whoso clings to thee in faith,
 Resting on thee for protection,

Thou wilt raise him up from death
On the day of Resurrection :
Then, dear LORD, thou givest more
Than we ask, than we implore.

Glory, honour, might be given
To the Lamb in highest Heaven ;
Riches, strength, and praise to thee,
JESU CHRIST, who reignest o'er us,
Thee the everlasting chorus
Venerates on bended knee.

For us himself he gave,
He sank into the grave ;
Ye Redeeméd !

Ah ! cease your moan :
All pain is gone,
For evermore before the Throne.

Moon nor sun shall cast their glory
Where the Lamb himself is glory
Of the never-fading light ;
SAVIOUR, we have sought thee wailing,
Now we find thee all-availing
To dispel the shades of night :
Your tears no longer shed,
The past is gone and fled,
Alleluia !

He goes before,
Death's pathway o'er !
We follow to the heavenly shore.

DEATH, OF THE HEATHEN WORLD.

(*From a Chorus in the Agamemnon of Æschylus.*)

ὄνειρόφαντοι δὲ πενθήμονες. l. 420.

SOMETIMES in the night-watch,
 Half seen in the twilight,
 Half lost in the gloaming,
 Come visions advancing,
 Advancing, retreating,
 With joy lost in darkness.

We deem that we clasp them—
 The forms of those dear ones,
 When lo! as we touch them
 They leave us and vanish,
 On wings that beat lightly
 The still paths of slumber.

They left in high triumph
 The fair land of Hellas,

And sorrowful patience
Awaits their returning,
While love holds expectant
Their homes in our bosom.

In triumph they left us—
In sorrow with weeping
Their land shall receive them :
For lo ! to our greeting
Instead of our heroes
Come urns and light ashes.

For Death drives his commerce
With scales of the combat,
To barter their bodies
For dust in the balance,
And weightens his traffic
With tears of the living.

We weep as we reckon
The deeds of their glory—
Of this one the wisdom,
How that one fell bravely
In cause which he loved not,
For pledge of his honour.

And they in their beauty
Sleep sound in their death-shrouds,

In land of the stranger :
While high rise to Heaven
The deep-muttered curses
Of us who deplore them.

HYMN FOR THE FIRST EVENSONG OF
SUNDAY.

(From the Latin.)

HOW great, of what degree,
In Heaven's courts on high
Shall those blest Sabbaths be
Which they keep joyously !
Prize for the brave is there,
Rest for the weary thrall,
When ever everywhere
God shall be all in all.

What king, what courts are these,
What palace-hall is this,
After life's toil what ease
Fills full the cup of bliss ?
Souls, those delights which share,
You only mirror can
How vast the glory there,
Passing the thoughts of man.

Truly Jerusalem,
 Vision of holy peace,
 Gives peace with joy to them—
 Joy which shall never cease ;
 Where full fruition shall
 Than the wish swifter be,
 Nor can desire forestall
 The bright reality.

When cares our path which throng
 Vanish, and sore distress,
 We shall sing Sion's song
 In peace and happiness :
 Endlessly, joyously,
 Shall the blest people, LORD,
 Give praise and thanks to thee
 For thine own great reward.

Sabbath there follows not
 Sabbath : of all the blest
 One Sabbath is the lot,
 One endless Sabbath-rest :
 Ceaseless the songs of praise
 Rising full-voiced to thee,
 Which we and angels sing
 In that high jubilee.

Ours be it, lamp in hand,
 To await eagerly

Thy call to seek the land
Of our last home with thee ;
And to Jerusalem
Wait we with hearts intent
Thy leave at length to come
From our long banishment.

LORD of the eternal land,
Praise to thy Name we sing,
From whom, and through whom, and
In whom is everything :
“ *From whom* ”—the FATHER is ;
“ *Through whom* ”—the Only SON ;
“ *In whom* ”—the SPIRIT. This
Worship we, Three in One.

CHILD'S PRAYER FOR BED-TIME.

JESU, thou art very near
Looking down upon my bed,
Night and darkness have no fear,
If my JESUS guards my head :

JESUS bids his Angels keep
Watch around me where I lie ;
I will lay me down to sleep,
Looking to him trustfully.

Holy guardian Angels stand
Close beside me through the night,
Bring me dreams of Heavenly land,
Make my darkness to be light :

And the last thing I will say,
As I fall asleep, will be ;—
“ LORD, with thee I love to stay,
I will rest in peace with thee.” Amen.

INFANT BAPTISM.

BY M. D. M.

WE sign the Cross on you in JESUS naméd,
 This is the water from his wounded side,
 In token that ye shall not be ashamed
 To own the Faith of CHRIST the Crucified ;
 And manfully beneath his banner fight,
 And vanquish sin, the world, and Satan's might.

His faithful soldiers ye for aye remaining,
 Shall glory as ye bear his bitter Cross ;
 He only knows if, worldly joys attaining,
 Ye may be purified ; or if, through loss,
 'Mid suffering and temptation sore distrest,
 Your souls must seek the shelter of his Breast.

We pray that he, your hearts from this world weaning,
 Will wash them from the stain of earthly sense ;
 Angels with golden harps are o'er you leaning
 E'en now, and smiling on your innocence :
 Perchance e'en yet your infant souls may fly
 From hence, ere sin your trembling spirits try.

But whether thus in infancy returning,
Ye find the Blessed One whose Name ye bear,
Or sink 'mid youthful fires within you burning,
Or linger to the full corn in the ear,
Still through the health of CHRIST'S baptismal sea
In life and death his children ye shall be.

Look on the suffering JESUS, pure and holy,
Not in the pride of pomp or wealth he came :
He lived on earth rejected, poor and lowly ;
And shunn'd the snares of grandeur and of fame,
Dwelt with his Mother in the humble shed,
And laboured hard to earn his daily bread.

Thus, gentle infants, unto JESUS praying,
Scorn ye the snares of worldly pride and wealth,
Look on his banner which, the Cross displaying,
Tells you through suffering comes the soul's best
health,
Leave all to him whose life for you was spent ;
Take what GOD gives and be therewith content.

Ye whom the blessed SAVIOUR loves more dearly
Than those whom pride and worldliness defile,
Faith and humility see heaven most clearly
Whence he upon your lowliness doth smile :
Except as little children we become,
In no wise can we see our Heavenly Home !

CHRISTENING ANTHEM.

CHILD of Adam, rise ! awake
 From the slumber of the night,
 For Heaven's dawn begins to break
 On thy vesture pure and white,
 Awake from sleep, dear child !
 Arise from death's dark night,
 And JESUS, meek and mild,
 Shall give thee light.

Hark ! his voice which calls thee home,
 With his sons to have thy lot—
 * “ Suffer little babes to come
 Unto me : forbid them not.”
 Awake from sleep, dear child !
 Arise from death's dark night :
 And JESUS, meek and mild,
 Shall give thee light.

Light of light, he sheds his ray
 On the bright baptismal wave,
 That the children of the day
 May see far beyond the grave :

Awake from sleep, dear child !
Arise from death's dark night :
And JESUS, meek and mild,
Shall give thee light.

'Tis not dark with JESUS near :
Child of JESUS, cease thy cry,
From the wave he stills thy fear,
Saying—" Fear not, it is I :"
Awake from sleep, dear child !
Arise from death's dark night,
And JESUS, meek and mild,
Shall give thee light.

See, his arms are open wide,
For his little one alone :
They will press thee to his side
Surpliced white as is thine own :
Awake from sleep, dear child !
Arise from death's dark night,
And JESUS, meek and mild,
Shall give thee light.

Come, then, child of CHRIST, awake,
From the slumber of the night ;
For the dawn begins to break
On thy soul, all pure and white :
Awake from sleep, dear child !
Arise from death's dark night ;
And JESUS, meek and mild,
Shall give thee light.

THE CHARGE OF ZACHARIAS.

(Imitated from the Latin.)

THAT the tongue may sing the story of the servant's
 work well done ;
 May the voice which once did herald CHRIST the well-
 beloved SON
 Rise to the Eternal FATHER from thy lips, O holy
 John.

Earthward from the Heaven of Heavens, from the
 Throne of GOD on High,
 Came the Messenger descending till he stood the Altar
 nigh,
 Whence the cloud of prayerful Incense curled up to
 the morning sky.

Stood the Priest beside the altar, and he doubted as
 he heard,
 When the Angel spread before him all the message of
 the LORD,
 How his wife should bear the Prophet who should go
 before the WORD.

Dumb in silent expectation, waited he thy promised
birth ;

Then, when Time had run its circle, came the unfet-
tered accents forth,

Telling of thy Name so holy, Heaven-appointed, not
of earth.

In thy Mother's breast abiding, compassed round with
gloominess,

Thou within the womb adoring didst the impregnate
CHRIST confess,

Either Mother sang her offspring—him the greater,
thee the less.

Glory to the Eternal FATHER : glory to the incarnate
SON :

Glory to the Holy SPIRIT ;—One in Three and Three
in One ;

Consubstantial, Co-eternal, while Eternal Ages run.

THE PRESENCE.

JACOB awaked from his sleep and said :—
 “ Surely the LORD is in this place,
 And I knew it not.” And he was afraid
 And said, as he veiled his awe-struck face :—
 “ How full of dread this place must be,
 This is the House of GOD, where he
 Hath opened my dim eyes, to see
 The Gate of Heaven.”

And up he arose in the morning air,
 And oil he poured on the slumber-stone,
 And he hallowed the place to his Maker, where
 The earthly Presence was first made known.
 For he said,—“ If GOD will keep my way
 And give me the bread of life each day,
 A tenth of my substance will I repay
 For mercies given.”

England awaked from her slumber spell
 And said, as she looked on her Altars cold,

“ Surely the LORD in this place doth dwell
 Though I knew him not in the days of old.”
And she said :—“ How full of dread this place !
It is the throne of the King of grace :
There GOD Incarnate veils his face
 Before his own.”

And up she arose in her burning love
 As her chant with sweet incense went up on high,
And both were borne to the courts above
 Where the angels sing continually ;
For she said :—“ I have found that my LORD is here,
And to give him less than my best I fear,
So with vestment and incense I now draw near
 His Altar-throne.”

ORISON FOR THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

*(From the German.)**To be repeated as often as necessary till the soul has departed.*

STRENGTHEN, LORD, the weary soul
 Here before thee lying
 Weary, speechless, full of pain,
 Longing, lingering, dying ;
 Thou alone canst quicken him :
 He lieth helpless, gazing full
 Upon the grave so sorrowful,
 O FATHER our GOD,
 O Mediator JESU CHRIST,
 HOLY GHOST, Merciful Comforter,
 Eternal GOD and LORD,
 In the last and dreadful hour
 Leave him not alone,
 Spread the mantle of thy power
 And take him to thine own.

He who gives a cup to drink
 When CHRIST's babes implore him,

In the fearful judgment day
Fearless stands before him :
We would help the weary one !
Yet when we can help no more
We thy footstool fall before,
O FATHER our GOD,
O Mediator JESU CHRIST,
HOLY GHOST, Merciful Comforter,
Eternal GOD and LORD,
Let him stand without dismay,
Fears and terror past,
In the dreadful judgment day,
Safe with thee at last.

JESUS CHRIST himself, we know,
Drank that cup of sorrow
Ere he sank into the grave
On the darksome morrow ;
By his cup and death we pray,
Hear our tearful prayer above,
For thy pity, for thy love,
O FATHER our GOD,
O Mediator JESU CHRIST,
HOLY GHOST, Merciful Comforter,
Eternal GOD and LORD.
Let him sleep from sorrow free
On thy sheltering breast,
Till he rise to life with thee
From his last long rest.

IN DILUCULO.

FLEBAT ad Sepulchrum Christi
 In amore cordis tristi
 En Maria Magdalena :
 Genas per, sensit amarum
 Illa fontem lacrymarum,
 Rigans loca noctis plena.

Inter flendum sublevabat
 Oculos, et ecce ! stabat
 Ante visum hortolanus :
 “ Ah, magister !” clamat, “ vere
 Meum Jesum sustulere :
 Labor noster nonne vanus ?”

Non respondet “ Ecce via !”
 Solum cadit vox—“ *Maria !*”
 Vox amoris ad amorem :
 Hæc “ *Rabboni*” flet serena ;
 Nunc amorem Magdalena
 Sentit morte fortiorem.

VISIONS OF HOME.

WHAT do little children see
When the hour of death draws near?
What can that bright vision be
Which robs death of half its fear?
Where for them is death's dark strife?
They pass free from life to life.

I have known a young child's eye,
Ere its light was quench'd in gloom,
To and fro move wistfully
Following something in the room;
Tracking on from spot to spot
Some dim form which we saw not.

And I said:—"My little one,
If, as I suppose, you see
Something which your eyes alone
Can distinguish, show to me:
See! I hold your little hand,
Press my own,—I understand."

Then I saw her pure brow shine
 With a clear unearthly light,
And her little hand pressed mine
 As she whispered,—“*Oh, so bright.*”
And when these few words were said
I knew I gazed upon the dead.

Sometimes in the fitful wind,
 Sometimes on the autumn sea
Voices float which say :—“ Behind,
 In half-forgotten infancy
Tones of heaven’s high choir were heard,
By earth’s echo once more stirred.”

Mountain masses, range on range,
 Skirt with blue the summer air,
And the Voice within says :—“ Strange !
 I have known this scene elsewhere.”
Where was this ?—The memory true
Shows to man the infant’s view.

I doubt not—nor may they doubt
 Who have watched the dying bed—
That as life’s pale lamp dies out
 Heaven’s clear beams once more are shed
O’er the now remembered shore
Which our young eyes saw before.

Sion’s golden citadel !
 Sion’s palace of delight !

Ah, what mortal tongue may tell,
What dim eye may bear the sight?
Only when the LORD is nigh
Speaks the tongue and sees the eye.

*East Grinstead,
S. Margaret's Day, 1865.*

BY THE WAY-SIDE; BEGGING.

BE of good comfort, rise : he calleth thee !
 When life seems drear and dull,
 And loneliness is spread around thy path,
 And thick and plentiful
 The thorns of sorrow lie : be sure he hath
 Some special work for him whereto he calleth thee.

Be of good comfort, rise : he calleth thee !
 O vexed, O weary soul,
 Call thou on JESUS as he passeth by,
 And he will make thee whole :
 For he hath borne the Cross of Calvary,
 That thou may'st bear the Cross whereto he calleth
 thee.

Be of good comfort, rise : he calleth thee !
 Though blind thine eyes may be
 As thou sitt'st pleading by the way alone,
 Yet cry—"Look thou on me,
 Have mercy on me, JESU, David's Son !"
 Then shalt thou hear that voice : "Arise ! he calleth
 thee."

Be of good comfort, rise : he calleth thee !
 Cease not thy fainting breath,
 Though many neighbours bid thee hold thy peace,
 For he of Nazareth
 Unto the heavy-laden brings release ;
 E'en now he passeth by : Arise ! he calleth thee.

Be of good comfort, rise : he calleth thee !
 Thy life, may be, is still ;
 Thy duty in the homely vulgar round ;
 Perhaps it is his will
 That there thy service may by him be crowned,
 And thou may'st learn that, though unseen, he call-
 eth thee.

Be of good comfort, rise : he calleth thee !
 When men deride thy part,
 And faithful love is mocked by worldly spite,
 Remember, weary heart,
 That thou art not the first to bleed from it :
 He bled, for thirty years unknown, who calleth thee.

Be of good comfort, rise ; he calleth thee !
 Cast all thy bonds away,
 The world's loose garments round both breast
 and limb,
 Lest aught may thee delay
 When thou art hastening blind and halt to him :
 Arise, O weary soul, arise ! He calleth thee.

THE ALTAR-VIGIL.

ERE the lamp of GOD grew paler in the dawning
of the day
Knelt a priest before the Altar in the Sanctuary to
pray ;

For his soul was sad within him, when he marked on
every side
Floods of evil, soul-destroying, rushing on in cease-
less tide ;

And the Church of GOD seemed driving helpless o'er
the barren deep,
While her captain stirred not, moved not, buried as it
seemed in sleep.

Sad the Evensong had sounded : few the souls who
loved to dwell
In the courts of Holy Sion with GOD's faithful
Israel ;

And the Mother's song fell tuneless on his ear with
sorrow dull,—

How the LORD hath filled the hungry with good
things all-plentiful ;

“Where,” thought he, “is now that right hand which
was raised in years gone by,

When the LORD of hosts was with us in the hour of
victory ?

“Then the shout of joy and triumph was no cheerless
counterfeit,

When they sang,—‘The LORD hath put down all the
mighty from their seat.’

“Where is old Nicæa's fierceness ? where the spirit of
the day

Which won all for CHRIST the SAVIOUR—for his foes
ANATHEMA ?

“Then indeed the Church was mighty, and she grasped
the Spirit's sword,

Leading on her bannered army in the battle of the
LORD :

“Then her soul sank not in silence spirit-bound be-
neath the spell

Of the statesman and the sceptic and the creedless in-
fidel :

“Better far the shock of onset and the fury of the
strife
Than this mockery of patience wearing out a soulless
life.”

Thus he mused, and thus he murmured, till the Moon's
ascending light
Led the dance of Star and Planet through the mazes
of the night,

And her beams fell cold and silvery, flickering on the
pavement damp,
Mingling with the midnight brilliance of the Sanctuary
lamp;

Till the CHRIST above the Altar showed his Hands
and bleeding Side
Bathed in that commingled radiance, clear as on that
Eastertide

When the risen Man of Sorrows showed his bleeding
form once more,
And his voice said:—“Touch me, Thomas, nor be faith-
less any more.”

“Ah!” sighed he, “my LORD and Master, if that
form of pain and love
Might but give some token to me of thy sympathy
above.”

For he longed, yet feared to wish it, that some signal
might be given
That his prayers were heard and entered in the record
rolls of Heaven.

Cold and calm the starlight glimmered; cold and dim
the lamp burned on;
Cold and silent o'er the hill-side rose the horses of the
Sun :

But nor sign nor motion followed: and the priest
must now arise
To prepare the Altar-vessels for the morning Sacri-
fice.

It is Sunday: and the faithful come with heart and
soul intent
To approach their hidden SAVIOUR in the Blessed Sa-
crament :

Slowly curls the scented incense round the holy Gospel-
word,
Loud responds the glad thanksgiving,—“ Glory be to
thee, O LORD.”

Upward swells the Creed Nicæan, CHRIST's red Altar-
throne before,
Like the voice of rushing waters breaking on the
eternal shore,—

Many-voiced, yet rolling heavenward in one mighty
unison—

The Faith's thunder-diapason mingling all earth's tones
in one :

“ I believe in GOD the FATHER, LORD of heaven, of
earth, of hell,
Maker of the vast creation, visible, invisible :

“ I believe in one LORD JESUS CHRIST, the well-
belovéd SON,
First-begotten of the ages ere the world's course had
begun :

“ GOD of GOD ; of Light the true Light : Very GOD
of Very GOD :
Of one substance with the FATHER in light's unap-
proached abode ;

“ By whom all things were created : who, the souls of
men to win,
From the Throne of bliss descended to this world of
tears and sin :

“ For us men and our salvation, when the accomplished
time was come,
By the HOLY GHOST incarnate he abhorred not Mary's
womb :

“WAS MADE MAN: (we bow before thee!) under
Pilate crucified:

Suffered for us: and was buried in the tomb at even-
tide:

“The third day, as Scriptures witness, from the dead
did he arise,
And ascended into” Mercy! what is this?
before their eyes

Lo! the marble of the reredos flushes into life: a
glow

Like the dawn on winter Snowdon kindles round the
thorn-bound brow;

Round the pale sad brow it kindles, and the half-
closed eyelids swell,

Filled brim-full of love and sorrow—love profound,
ineffable:

Slowly turn the eyes in pity on the priest and acolyte,
Turn and gaze, intent and longing, underneath the
taper light;

Turn and gaze; then up to Heaven plead for pity
from above,

Turn once more, and fondly linger, tearful in their
silent love:

Till all fear is lost, adoring in deep passion; and
apart

Each one seems to hear within him in the secret of
his heart,—

“ We have each our Cross to carry. When the way is
hard and rough,

Think not of the Cross thou bearest: look at mine!
It is enough:

“ I have fared the Way of Sorrows. Thou who griev-
est over thine,

Ask thine heart—Was ever sorrow, which fell to thee,
like to mine?

“ Faith may fail, the world grow callous, friends fly;
what is that to thee?

Look not right, nor left, nor backward,—I go for-
ward: follow me!”

IN FESTO VIRGINIS MARTYRIS.

VENI, quam Sponsalia
 Agni manent qualia
 Largietur tuæ spei ;
 Quæ non vidit oculus,
 Non concepit animus,
 Veni, vide, Sponsa Dei !

Veni, veni, Redemptoris
 Nova nupta, Flos decoris,
 Virginalè Liliùm :
 Vocat Sponsus, Sponsa veni
 In amoris sinum pleni,
 Ad Æternum Filium.

Propter Sponsi caritatem
 Tu servâsti castitatem,
 Nuptiarum provida :
 Sponsus ille virginalis,
 Sponsa virgo genialis
 Aulæ manes gaudia.

Mersa sub dolorum undis
 Sponsi vocem de profundis
 Exaudisti, accepisti

Dextram et auxilium :—

“ Salva, JESU ! mare mortis
 Fluctibus me premit ortis,”
 Clamans, statim hunc affatim
 Habes in præsidium :

Noluisti dubitare,
 Licet ille dormire

Videatur leviter :

Tu precaris, surgit ille,
 Fiunt undæ tum tranquillæ,
 Æquor ponti sternitur.

Illa mortem non timebit
 Cui gressum sustinebit
 Crux laboris, Crux doloris,

Virga Crux et baculum ;

Sustentatrix animarum
 Quæ per Vallem Lacrymarum
 Viam terunt, Crucem ferunt
 Pone Crucis Dominum.

Veni, veni, Sponsa Dei !
 En, clarescit lux diei !
 Lumen vitæ infinitæ
 Per tenébras spargitur !

Cujus Crucem sustulisti
Audi vocem JESU CHRISTI
Gratiosam, amorosam,
Veni triumphaliter.

SHEPHERD'S SUNDAY HYMN.

(From the German.)

BY M. D. M.

THE Sunday morn is here !
 'Mid dewy meads I wander lone,
 The Matin-bell's soft distant tone
 Spreads stillness far and near.

I kneel upon the ground ;
 O holy calm ! serenest rest !
 With me they kneel, divinely blest,
 The viewless Saints around.

The Heavens far and near
 Wear Hope's bright colour, festal blue :
 They seem to open to my view,
 O Day of Love and Fear !

FLATH INNIS.

A WELSH LEGEND.

(Anglo-Saxon alliterative Metre.)

SAD he sits upon the headland
Musing o'er the days departed,
And the eyes of Owen linger
Tearful on the dim horizon,
Where the far-off clouds blush warmly
In the purple hues of sunset.

As the old man paused and pondered,
Visions of the days departed
Swam in tears before his eyesight;
And his home rose up before him
With its joys and tender sorrows,
Ere the hand of GOD lay heavy
On the eyelids of the sleepers.

Forty Advent-moons have risen
Cold and heedless o'er the hillside,

Since his boy, his own loved David,
Lifted up his fevered forehead
For his father's kiss, and whispering
“*I am sleepy,*”—slept in JESUS.

She sleeps sound, his fair-haired Gwynneth,
Where beneath the golden sunlight
They have laid her down so gently
In the sweet soft bloom of girlhood ;
That the children's voices, floating
Daily o'er her from the chancel,
May bear to her dreams of JESUS
Standing on the Heavenly hill-side,
While his calm voice calls—“ Beloved,
See! the spring-time dawns ; the winter
Hath departed ; and the singing
Of the summer birds swells louder
For the Resurrection morning.”

Not alone she sleeps. The mother
May not leave her loved ones lonely :
They have ever slept beside her,
So beside them now she slumbers.
Wake them not ! They rest in JESUS :
Cares and tears press not the pillow
In the grave of the Departed.

It is lonely here to ponder
On the days no more returning,

While the evening breeze flings lightly
Round his feet the laughing ripples
Babbling breathless one to other
From the barren fields of Ocean.
It is vain to watch the sunlight
Lingering in the clouds of evening
On the distant, far horizon,
And to wonder whether haply
That far rosy range of cloudland
May be like the hills of Heaven.
Vain! for see, the tints are dying!
And before the rising storm-blast
Sweeping on with train majestic
Rolls a cloud across the waters;
While before its skirts the breakers
Rush and roar and foam in fury,
As the ear of Owen faintly
Hears the rush swell loud and louder,—
Hears the hiss of driven billows
Drawing nearer to the headland
In the veil of drifting darkness.

Nearer still it comes, and nearer
Comes the cloud: three furlongs nearer
It will sweep the shore; when sudden
Lulls the wind; the cloud breaks open,
And from that black womb a vessel
Issues forth white-sailed, majestic,
Gleaming in the mellow twilight,

As she sways with gentle motion
To the longing feet of Owen.

Solitary, unsaluting,
On the smooth and silent water
Swings her hull : her sails are shifted
And her helm is held and handled
By an arm unseen, unearthly :
But a voice of many sailors
From her deck swells up in chorus,
Calling him with words of welcome :—
“ Friend, arise ! our craft awaits thee :
Come on board, we call thee, Owen !
We are bound for our far haven
In the Isle of the Departed.”

Scarce his feet have pressed her gangway
Ere the mighty cloud wraps round her,
As she sails full-breasted onward
In the glory of her plumage
O'er the western verge of Ocean.
Seven days gleam dimly round him,
Seven nights close in with shadow,
Many voices float in sweetness,
Sounding distant yet beside him,
Murmurs of the wayward breezes
Pass on either side unheeded,
As he sleeps not—yet unwearied,
As he eats not—yet not hungered,

And the eighth day's dawn uprises
On the voyage week completed.

Then burst forth the pent-up tempest
O'er the savage waste of waters,
And the roar rose up to Heaven
Round the reeling ship, as darkness
Thickened round her, and a thousand
Voices thundered—" 'Tis the Island!
Lo, the Island!"—And the billows
Opened wide, and calm before him
Bathed in everlasting brightness
Lay the Land of the Departed.

Like the fairy hills of Dreamland
Spreads the Isle of the Departed
Underneath the tranquil daylight:
For the Sun sheds not his scorching
Nor the Moon her beams at nightfall,
Where the light nor fades nor faints, on
That blest Isle of the Departed.

Gently sloping glades of greensward
Fall away far off in distance
To the misty maze of mountains
Whence the sound of falling waters
Murmurs musically; melting
From the clouds which cap the summits
Of the hills of the Departed.

Through each valley dropping downward
Flows a rill of limpid water
O'er the sands of golden granite,
Ever to the grassy margin
Filling full, nor overflowing
On the glades where groups are lying
Drinking Heaven's own bliss foreshadowed
O'er the dales of the Departed.

There, amid the fruits and flowerets,
Owen's soul brims o'er with longing,
And the father's arms spread open—
What can stir that soul so weary?
Lo! his son, his own lost David,
Hand in hand in loving converse
With the golden-tresséd Gwynneth
Wanders through the cedarn alley.
By their side a form of beauty
Bright with love looks fondly on them.
See! she turns with smile of welcome,
And he knows his wife, his Ellen!

As once more he hastes to fold her
In his arms, a sound falls faintly
On the scented air of morning,
Swelling now distinct, sonorous,
On the fitful air, now dying
In the sound of whispering waters.
'Tis the bell, whose voice comes distant

Borne across the western Ocean
From the shores of Earth, announcing
Slow and sad his own departure
To the Land of the Departed.

DESCENDIT AD INFEROS.

CINCTUS umbris et timore
 Venit Rex ad inferos :
 Ad pedes caliginosæ
 Noctis horror ingruit ;
 Noctis ille traxit umbras
 De loco Calvariæ.

Territus Dei cruore
 Sol celârat lumina :
 Horruit per ima Tellus
 Contremiscens viscera,
 Ventris ex alvo remisit
 Mortuorum corpora.

Cingitur frontem coronâ
 Rex cœlorum nobilem,
 Stemma gemmas Passionis
 Fert cruoris guttulas
 Asperarum fulgurantes
 E spinarum fasciâ.

Purpuram—regale peplum—
 Regnaturus induit :
 Portis ferreis arundo
 Pangitur, sceptri modo ;
 Tartari confringit arces
 Et fores aheneas.

Iracundus surgit Hades
 Mille clamans vocibus :—
 “ Occupavit angiportus
 Rex inexpugnabiles !
 Ecce, privat ille prædâ
 Dæmonum satellites.”

Deficit corolla Leti
 Solis icta lumine ;
 Carcer ipse mortuorum
 Luget æris cardines ;
 Nempe victor hic suapte
 Morte Mortem diruit.

THE GATES OF GOLD.

THIRSTS my weary spirit
 For the springs of life,
 Yearns my soul for freedom
 From earth's toil and strife ;
 Soul and spirit, longing
 To cast off their load,
 Wait the revelation
 Of the sons of God.

Who can tell the glory
 Vast and manifold,
 Which shall beam resplendent
 Round the gates of gold ?
 Who can tell the radiance
 Of the realms of light,
 Fathomless, eternal,
 Endless, infinite ?

Smile the sunlit meadows,
 Bright with joys untold
 Round about the portals
 Of the gates of Gold :

There no frosts may wither,
Winter storms are still
Where GOD reigns for ever
On his holy hill.

Everlasting springtime
Warms the verdant sod,
Bright with myriad wild-flowers
Round the feet of GOD ;
Summer sun ne'er scorches,
Autumn leaves ne'er fall
Where the Saints of JESUS
Hold their festival.

Down the cedarn alleys
Past the Holy spring,
Where the bees' low murmur
Faints upon the wing,
Pass the Saints of JESUS
Whom his voice hath told
To come bravely to him
Through the gates of Gold.

There the Virgin Mother
At the gate shall stand,
With her virgin lily
Blooming in her hand :
Lilies grow all round her—
Lilies fair to see,

But of all the lilies
Fairest far is she.

Radiant, inviting,
Lovely, lily-souled,
She shall go before them
Through the gates of Gold ;
And the choirs of Virgins
Round her feet are met,
Bright as those twelve star-beams
Round her coronet.

All the air ambrosial
Breathes around her brow,
Fairer than the moonbeam,
Purer than the snow ;
Chaster than the starlight
On the wave so cold,
Shines the Star of Ocean
Through the gates of Gold.

Sunlight of the Presence
In their joy they find,
Time, and day, and darkness
Are all left behind :
Wherefore should they reckon
Of the waning hours,
Where no hours are waning
In those blissful bowers ?

But though sunshine warm them,
Warmer is the love
Kindled in the radiance
Of the courts above ;
Where no wolf in silence
Climbs into the fold
Fenced around in safety
By the gates of Gold.

There no slimy serpent
Slides beneath the grass,
Where their feet securely
Through those meadows pass :
Satan finds no entrance,
Eden knows no guile,
Where the Saints repose them,
In GOD'S loving smile.

There at last before them,
With all healing rife,
Bearing twelve-fold fruitage
Blooms the Tree of Life ;
No more curse hangs o'er them,
Lest they touch that tree,
They may eat, and eating,
Live eternally.

But no Tree of Knowledge
Blooms before the Throne,
For the Saints of JESUS
Know as they are known ;

Comes no guilt to try them,
Those pure courts within ;
Comes there no temptation
Where may come no sin.

Through the flowery garden
Flows, their footsteps near,
Life's bright stream of water
As the crystal clear ;
From no earthly fountain
Are its clear waves rolled,
For they flow untainted
Through the gates of Gold.

On the breeze of morning,
Like a distant chant
Heard in dreams half-wakeful
Sweet-toned, resonant,
Floats the sound of harpers
Harping dreamily,
As 'mid flowers of Eden
And sweet thoughts they lie.

For no cares, no sorrows
Pass the Vale of Death,
Sighs ne'er mount to Heaven
On the parting breath ;
Aching hearts their burden
Now no longer hold ;

That is dropt for ever
At the gates of Gold.

O my LORD, my Master,
When earth's sunlight fades,
And my footsteps falter
In the Vale of Shades,
Let mine ears in rapture
That sweet music hear
Floating on the night-wind
Nearer and more near.

O my LORD, my Captain,
Bid the martyr throng
Sound across the darkness
With the voice of song :
Bid the Angel squadrons
Sweep their dewy wings
O'er the eyes which mirror
Death's imaginings.

O my LORD, my SAVIOUR,
In the deep dead gloom
Which enfolds the vision
Passing through the tomb,
To my darkened eyesight
Those bright beams unfold,
Call me, lead me, guide me,
To the gates of Gold.

“THIS MAN.”

WHO art thou
 Who dost come
 With that brow
 Wearisome,
 Haggard and worn?
 Why are thy
 Hands outspread?
 Why is thy
 Side so red,
 And thy feet torn?

I have come
 Many a mile,
 And thy home
 Sought I, while
 Thou dreamedst not :
 Well may my
 Brow be worn,
 Pierced through by
 Many a thorn
 In this my lot.

Tell me now
 What thy name,
 Whence art thou,
 Man of shame ?
 Who canst thou be !—
 I will tell,
 If thou list ;
 Heed me well,—
 “ JESUS CHRIST,”
 Thus call they me.

Surely thou
 Art not he
 Who didst bow
 Heaven to thee
 When thou cam'st down,
 SON of GOD,
 Whom we sing
 Jesse's rod,
 Judah's king,
 With David's crown.

JESUS CHRIST
 Comes not so
 Sore distrest,
 Full of woe,
 All that is done :
 JESUS is
 High above,

Clad in bliss,
 Robed in love,
 Upon his throne.

Where are those
 Lips of grace,
 Where the rose
 Of thy face
 Which blooms so fair
 In the bright
 Realms of day,
 Where the light
 Shines always
 In Heaven's warm air?

It is I,
 Fear not thou !
 Come, draw nigh,
 See my brow
 Which looks so worn :
 When earth's sin
 Sheds its stain,
 Then within
 Bleeds again
 Each piercing thorn.

It is I,
 See my side !
 How I die
 Crucified

For sinning flesh :
How can ye
Have the heart
To send the
Fierce death smart
To me afresh ?

With my wounds
Must I bleed,
With my wounds
Must I plead
Till Time is o'er :
But when thy
Bliss is sealed,
Then shall my
Wounds be healed
For evermore.

IN TEMPORE PASCHALI.

SEQUENTIA.

SURGIT exultim Deus e sepulchro,
 Functus (ah, tandem!) serie laborum,
 Et regressuro procul atra noctis
 Umbra recedit.

Huic pedes circum mare triste mortis
 Sternit undarum fremitus rebelles;
 Non secus quondam Galilæus imber
 Leniit iras.

Ille et est visus per opaca noctis
 Inter affatim tenebras moveri,
 Haud revelatus nisi somniale
 Phasma procellæ,

Donec admotum propiore gressu
 Vox recognovit fidei Magistrum,
 "Cur timebatis timidi, fideque,"
 Ille, "carentes?"

Inquit, ac venti rabiem refrenat,
 Et tumescentes jubet esse campos
 Funditùs verbo Domini obsequentes
 Per freta ponti.

Namque eum fluctus et amica Nerei
 Regna submissi Dominum salutant,
 Cui fugax strata est via per quieti
 Marmoris æquor.

In mari vitæ male fluctuoso
 Sæpe jactatis minitatur Hades,
 Nos timor circum premit et supremæ
 Mortis imago.

Stella sublimis monet—"En, fideles!
 Hesperus nautas vocat! O parate
 Vela quæ cœli valeant in oris
 Condere cymbam."

Quumque in ignotum mare quod supernos
 Alluit fines dare vela tempus,
 Quum sub hiberno ratis acta cœlo
 Solvit habenas,

Nostra vox,—“O si liceat venire
 Ad pedes,” oret, “Domini per undas,”
 Ille non segnis placidâ “*Venite*”
 Voce reclamet.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

WE march, we march to victory !
 With the Cross of the LORD before us,
 With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
 And his Holy Arm spread o'er us.

We come in the might of the LORD of Light,
 In surpliced train to meet him ;
 And we put to flight the armies of night,
 That the sons of the day may greet him.
 We march, we march, &c.

The bands of the Alien flee away,
 When our chant goes up like thunder,
 And the van of the LORD in serried array
 Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.
 We march, we march, &c.

We tread to the roll of the organ swell,
 With watchword duly given ;

And we challenge the Prince of the Hosts of Hell
To fight for the gates of Heaven.
We march, we march, &c.

•
Our sword is the Spirit of GOD on high,
Our helmet is his salvation,
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword—The Incarnation.
We march, we march, &c.

We tread in the might of the LORD of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil;
For our Captain himself guards well our coasts,
To defend his Church from evil.
We march, we march, &c.

He marches in front of his banner unfurled,
Which he raised that his own might find him;
And the Holy Church throughout all the world
Falls into rank behind him.
We march, we march, &c.

And the choir of Angels with song awaits
Our march to the Golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, &c.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of CHRIST before us,

With his eye of love looking down from above,
And his Holy Arm spread o'er us.

We march, we march to victory !
With the Cross of the LORD before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his Holy Arm spread o'er us.

"THE STAR OF LIGHT."

(From the Latin of the *Matin Hymn in the Reformed Horarium*. 1560.)

THE star of light ascends the sky,
On bended knee we pray
That CHRIST, the true Light ever nigh,
May guide us on our way :

That he may keep our souls from sin,
From envy and from strife,
May shield our eyes from drinking in
The vanities of life.

Pure be our inmost hearts from wile,
Chaste care our footsteps guide,
Lest Satan's craft our souls beguile,
GOD's holy paths beside.

That when the day withdraws its light,
And night brings up her train,
Our lamps may burn undimmed and bright,
Our LORD to meet again.

“ETERNAL GLORY OF THE SKY.”

*(From the Latin of the Reformed Horarium, as sung at
Nones.)*

ETERNAL glory of the sky,
Our hope in days to come,
SON of the FATHER who didst lie
In Mary's Virgin womb ;

Reach forth thine hand and say—Arise !
Cease, timid soul, thy fear,
To GOD who all thy need supplies
With thankful heart draw near.

For thou, O CHRIST, art GOD with us
In Manhood's lowly form ;
As Man thy love shone forth, and thus
Our faith with love is warm.

BARROW EVENING HYMN.

THE sun sinks low on Severn's wave,
Fast fades the light on Barrow lea,
The shadows lengthen o'er the grave
Where sleep our loved ones, sorrow-free.

The yew-tree shades the churchyard cross,
Dark sign of sorrows which have been,
Yet tells of hope from earthly loss,
With its bright leaves of evergreen.

And as draws on the tranquil night,
And climbs the moon into her sphere,
She sheds her calm and mellow light
Across the valley far and near.

Sleep we in peace. As sleep the dead
In JESUS, after toil and strife :
The way is dark ; but he hath said—
“ I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.”

Oh, joy in gloom ! when we and they
Meet in the light of Heaven's bright dawn
Sorrow and sighing flee away
On that glad Resurrection morn.

Lighten our darkness, gracious GOD,
Dispel the shades of Night and Sin ;
For thou the grave's dark path hast trod,
To cast thy light our souls within.

Almighty SAVIOUR, ever-blest,
With FATHER and blest SPIRIT one,
Grant to our souls eternal rest,
And everlasting benison.

VESPER HYMN OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

φῶς ἱλαρόν.

JOYFUL Light, of Light enkindled
 From the Eternal FATHER's breast,
 In thine everlasting glory
 We adore thee, JESU CHRIST :
 SON of our all-holy FATHER,
 LORD of Heaven's irradiant throne,
 We salute thee, we adore thee,
 At the setting of the sun :
 Shades of night draw on in silence,
 Darkness falls upon our coast,
 Up to GOD our hymn swells sweetly,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST :
 Worthy art thou, Well-belovéd,
 SON of GOD, thou worthy art
 To be hymned by holy voices,
 Who dost light of life impart.
 Therefore doth the world adoring
 Glory give and praise to thee,
 In all times, till Time shall vanish
 In thine own eternity.

COMPLINE HYMN.

(From the Latin of the Reformed Horarium.)

CREATOR of the earth and sea,
 At set of Sun we pray to thee,
 Protect us by thy grace this night
 From Satan's malice infinite.

From dream or fancy born of sin
 Keep us, good LORD, all pure within,
 And let our spirits watch with thee,
 Nor slumber in impurity.

Almighty FATHER, by thy SON,
 Guard us in darkness every one ;
 Whom with the HOLY GHOST and thee
 We laud and praise eternally. Amen.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

ARISE, O thou that sleepest !
The SAVIOUR bids thee rise ;
To see the sun in glory
Mount up into the skies :
The dawn of day is breaking,
The light abroad is shed ;
Arise, O thou that sleepest !
Awaken from the dead,
And CHRIST shall give thee light.

The bands of sin and Satan
Shall quail and flee away
Before the dewy brightness
Of life's Baptismal ray :
The shades of night and darkness
Before those beams are fled ;
Arise, O thou that sleepest !
Awaken from the dead,
And CHRIST shall give thee light.

He arms thee now, young soldier,
 He arms thee for the fight;
 To drive before his vanguard
 The legions of the night :
 Essay thy virgin armour
 In his bright ranks to tread ;
 Arise, O thou that sleepest !
 Awaken from the dead,
 And CHRIST shall give thee light.

No more the ancient bondage
 Shall hold the sons of GOD,
 Whose feet with his firm sandals
 Of Gospel peace are shod :
 The Helmet of Salvation
 Shall cover o'er thy head :
 Arise, O thou that sleepest !
 Awaken from the dead,
 And CHRIST shall give thee light.

Gird on, gird on, brave soldier,
 The HOLY SPIRIT'S sword,
 To sunder Hell's battalions
 With GOD'S dividing Word :
 Of Righteousness the breastplate
 Before thy heart be spread :
 Arise, O thou that sleepest !
 Awaken from the dead,
 And CHRIST shall give thee light.

Be sure thou take to shield thee
The stalwart shield of Faith—
The shield to quench in JESUS
The fiery darts of Death ;
The shield which in the battle
Shall best thy soul bestead :
Arise, O thou that sleepest !
Awaken from the dead,
And CHRIST shall give thee light.

Fight well beneath his banner
'Gainst sin, the world, the Fiend ;
Be thou his faithful soldier—
Be faithful to the end :
Till when o'er Death's dark river
Thy slumbrous feet are sped,
His voice calls,—“ Thou that sleepest,
Awaken from the dead !
And CHRIST shall give thee light.”

CONFIRMATION HYMN.

COME, O Holy Comforter,
 From the Throne of GOD draw near,
 Come with love and come with power,
 In this Confirmation hour.

When the Bishop's hands are laid
 With their blessing on each head,
 From the glory of the Throne,
 HOLY GHOST of GOD, come down.

Come, O HOLY GHOST from Heaven,
 Bearing gifts of Godhead seven,
 Gifts to keep their souls for aye,
 Till the dreadful Judgment Day.

Give them *Wisdom*, gift of grace,
 To behold their Master's face,
 To behold and thus to know,
 All he doth for man below.

Give them *Understanding's* light,
 To discern the wrong from right;

In the lives of every one,
 FATHER, thus thy Will be done.

Give them *Counsel*, and impart
 Earnestness of soul and heart,
 Earnestness thy will to see,
 Earnestness to follow thee :

Give them *Ghostly strength* to fight
 In thy cause both day and night,
 Strength to make their calling sure,
 Strength to do and to endure.

Give them *Knowledge*, well to know
 What was their Baptismal vow,
 How in weal in woe they swore,
 To serve CHRIST for evermore.

Gift of thy *True Godliness*
 Give them, LORD, that they may bless
 All thy poor, for sake of him
 Who was born in Bethlehem.

Give them, LORD, thy *Holy fear*,
 To behold thy Presence near,
 And to dread if aught there be
 Which may part the soul from thee.

These thy gifts we humbly pray,
 Give thy children, LORD, to-day ;

Let them walk as seeing well—
Seeing the Invisible.

Heaven's bright gate is dimly seen ;
Earth's dull shadows lie between,
So through life and death we pass,
Seeing darkly through a glass.

When before the Judge we stand,
Set them, LORD, at thy right hand ;
Then indeed, and then alone,
Shall we know as we are known.

FIRST COMMUNION.

HOW holy is this place to me !
It is the open gate of Heaven ;
At last GOD'S feast of love I see,
When GOD himself for food is given ;
O Bread of life ! O heavenly food !
Sweet cup of GOD'S atoning blood,
My sinful flesh to leaven.

I see the Altar flame with GOD ;
My soul bows low in adoration,
I see, I know that his abode
Is mine for one short hour's duration.
O Time, run slow, that I may dwell
With GOD in bliss ineffable,
In this his habitation.

Mine eyes may scarcely dare to see,
Where holy Angels veil their faces,
Where all the Heavenly Company
Round GOD incarnate take their places.

Where Angels and Archangels stand
Unseen by me, yet close at hand,
About the Altar-paces.

I know that when the words are said—
“THIS IS MY BODY *which is given,*”
Once more the earthly house of bread
Enshrines the King of highest Heaven :
I seek my LORD through starlight dim,
This house of bread is Bethlehem
For which my feet have striven.

I touch my GOD ; I ask not how
He veils himself, before me lying ;
It is enough for me to know
That he is here all love supplying ;
My LORD is here my knees before,
I dare not reason—I adore,
No act of faith denying.

I see the linen cloth lie there,
The body of my JESUS keeping ;
Such fair white cerement won the care
Of Mary in her anguish weeping ;
But weep I not, for well I know
The Angel guard said—“Fear not thou,
He is no longer sleeping.”

He sleeps no more ; nor Death nor Hell
Have now their old dominion o'er him ;

Our JESUS fought the fight so well,
That Death and Hell must flee before him :
My LORD is on his Altar throne,
He comes ! he comes unto his own !
I welcome, I adore him.

FUNERAL HYMN.

BROTHER,¹ now thy toils are o'er,
 Fought the battle, won the crown,
 On life's rough and barren shore
 Thou hast laid thy burden down :
 Grant him,² LORD, eternal rest
 With the Spirits of the Blest.

Through Death's valley dim and dark
 JESUS guide thee in the gloom ;
 Show thee where his footprints mark
 Tracks of glory through the tomb :
 Grant him, LORD, &c.

Angels bear thee to the land
 Where the towers of Sion rise ;
 Safely lead thee by the hand
 To the fields of Paradise :
 Grant him, LORD, &c.

White-robed at the golden gate
 Of the New Jerusalem

¹ Or "sister."

² Or "her."

May the Host of Martyrs wait,
 Give thee part and lot with them :
 Grant him, LORD, &c.

- * Friends and dear ones gone before
 To the Land of endless peace
 Meet thee on that further shore,
 Where all tears and weeping cease :
 Grant him, LORD, &c.

Choirs of Angels over us
 Bear CHRIST'S weak and trembling lamb,
 Give thee peace with Lazarus
 In the breast of Abraham :
 Grant him, LORD, &c.

Rest in peace : the gates of Hell
 Touch thee not, till he shall come
 For the souls he loves so well,—
 Dear LORD of the Heavenly home :
 Grant him, LORD, &c.

- * There the LORD of Life and Love
 Wipes the tear from every eye ;
 To the courts of bliss above
 Pain and suffering come not nigh :
 Grant him, LORD, &c.

- * Sun by day nor moon by night
 Cast their beams about the Throne,

* May be omitted in singing.

For the Lamb sheds there his light
On the foreheads of his own :
Grant him, LORD, &c.

Earth to earth and dust to dust,
Clay we give to kindred clay,
In the sure and certain trust
Of the Resurrection Day :
Grant him, LORD, &c.

CHRIST the Sower sows thee here :
When the Eternal Day shall dawn
He will gather in the ear
On that Resurrection morn :
Grant him, LORD, eternal rest,
Light and Life at thy behest,
With the Spirits of the Blest.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

LO! the Church, the Bride of JESUS,
Dons her festival array ;
Sweetly bloom the flowers around her
On her Dedication day ;
Lightly breathe the airs of Heaven,
Dropping blessings on the way.

Shines the sun in morning splendour
Bright with glory manifold,
Rivalling the rays of Heaven
Beaming from the gates of Gold
Where the Blest, the Church triumphant,
Those Elysian valleys hold.

Hark! the rush of Angel pinions
Sweeping through the summer air!
As the company of Heaven
For their first descent prepare
To the walls whose Holy Service
Shall from henceforth be their care.

Round about the Holy Altar
 Bows the body-guard of GOD,
When Emmanuel incarnate
 Comes in love to his abode,
And the Bride receives the Bridegroom
 And the soul receives her food.

Smiles the FATHER, and forgiveness
 Beams from his all-loving eyes,
When is pleaded on the Altar
 That atoning Sacrifice,
And the Lamb in pure oblation
 As if slain before him lies.

Holy walls, receive the promise
 Which shall evermore be new,
Said, ere JESUS bore his Manhood
 Heaven's uplifted portals through—
"Where the two or three are gathered,
 I am in the midst of you."

Holy walls, within whose chancel
 JESUS to his own shall come,
Fountain in this thirsty desert
 Yielding life to those who roam,
Where, for some brief space, in foretaste
 Pilgrims yet may find their home.

Holy walls, beneath whose shadow
 Shall the dead in JESUS rest,

E E

When GOD's Acre folds the sleepers
In its still and swelling breast,
O'er them let your choral voices
Float with sweet dreams of the Blest.

Holy Church, when Time's great Hour-glass
Shall exhaust its ebbing sands,
Though thy stones decay and crumble
Yet thy fabric deathless stands,
Founded on the Rock of Ages,
Ever-fresh, not made with hands.

HARVEST HYMN.

HEAVENLY FATHER, GOD alone,
 Lo ! before thy mercy-seat
 We present thee of thine own,
 Laying it before thy feet :
 LORD of mercy and of grace,
 Hear from Heaven thy dwelling-place.

*Sheaves of wheat before thee lie,
 Bending low the heavy ear ;
 Bearded barley, grave ally
 With the fragile oat, is here :
 LORD of mercy, &c.

*Clusters of the clinging vine
 Tenderly the corn-sheaves span,
 With the Bread they join the Wine
 To make glad the heart of man :
 LORD of mercy, &c.

* May be omitted in singing.

*Wedded cherries, ripe and red,
Round the capitals are twined;
And the parsley hangs her head
Filling up the space behind :
LORD of mercy, &c.

*Pears from many an orchard smile
All along the window-pane ;
Rosy apples blush meanwhile
On the rich and golden grain :
LORD of mercy, &c.

Joy is here ; but joy will go
Faster than these fruits decay,
And the life of man below
Buds, and blooms, and fades away :
LORD of mercy, &c.

Summer days are past and gone,
Autumn sunshine will not last,
And bright moments, one by one,
Drop away into the past :
LORD of mercy, &c.

Thanks we give : and yet we pray
In our Harvest Festival,
Teach us all to live to-day,
For the Day which comes for all :
LORD of mercý, &c.

When the Master on that morn
With his harvesters shall come,
And shall gather in his corn,
For the last great Harvest-home :
LORD of mercy, &c.

And the Angels reap the wheat,
And bind up the ears of gold,
Yielding fruit about his feet
Fifty and a hundredfold :
Bear these sheaves, O LORD of grace,
Into Heaven thy dwelling-place.

HARVEST CAROL.

COME forth, come forth, brave reapers !
And bear your sheaves with you,
We come to thank our Master,
That Master good and true :
We toil, we plant, we water,
Our labours never cease,
But GOD alone is Master,
Who giveth the increase.

We sow in tears and labour,
We reap in joy with strength,
We tread our pathway weeping,
Good seed we bear at length ;
Our mouth is filled with laughter,
Our tongue is filled with mirth,
The Harvest is of Heaven
The labour was of earth.

The LORD of Life saith to us,
“ Come gather in your wheat !

But when you keep your Harvest
One thing do not forget :
There comes another Harvest
For which no mortal delves,
There I am Harvest-Master
The sheaves are you yourselves.

My Angels are the Reapers,
Both night and day they care
To see the seed grow ripper
Within the bending ear :
At last through Heaven's bright portal
The Guardian Angels sweep,
And say, 'The corn is ready,
Give, LORD, the word to reap.' "

And then the word is given,
" Go forth and reap the corn,
The fields so white with Harvest
Upon this Harvest morn :
Go forth, my Angel Reapers,
And in your bosoms bear
The sheaves to my full garner,
And store the Harvest there. "

O joy! O life for ever!
O life of days to come!
O day which knows no ending!
O endless Harvest-home!

A Harvest-home whose pleasure
No blight, no storms alloy !
A blest abode ! A feast of GOD !
A Paradise of joy !

FOR HOLY COMMUNION.

(From the German.)

I COME, O LORD, a humble guest,
 To this thy feast of blessing ;
 Which thou for me prepared hast,
 So bounteous, so refreshing :
 That I may quench the burning fire
 Of my soul's longing fond desire,
 The Bread of Life possessing.

Thou say'st thyself in thine own word,
 "I am the Bread of Heaven,"
 No hunger waits upon the board
 Where GOD for food is given :
 "I am the Drink ! who comes to me
 Shall never thirst,—shall never be
 From Life's high banquet driven."

Ah, lead me on, thou Shepherd true,
 In thine own pasture fold me !

I tread forlorn life's valley through,
If thou dost not behold me !
Shed down the gifts of thy great love,
Bend down, Good Shepherd, from above,
To comfort and uphold me.

My heart, O LORD, doth yearn to thee
With love and adoration ;
Thy heavenly Manna feedeth me
In this world's desolation :
Thou feedest me with thine own Blood,
Thyself, dear LORD, thou giv'st for food,
Thyself for our oblation.

As streams rejoice the wayworn heart,
All thirst and anguish slaking,
So yields my spirit's inmost smart,
The well of life partaking :
Thou healest all the pain of sin,
And springs of life rise up within,
Content and gladness making.

Do thou, dear LORD, pour into me
The strength of brave endeavour,
Lest thought of sin or lust from thee
My heart of hearts may sever :
And give me here in life true faith,
That I may serve thee after death
For ever and for ever.

My spirit's warm devotion light,
To kindle clear and clearer ;
To see thy love in thy dread might
And venture near and nearer ;
That as I love thee, even so
My hate may vanish towards my foe,
My friend be loved yet dearer !

O blest Redeemer, enter in
And make in me thy dwelling,
That I may know no love like thine—
No peace thy peace excelling :
For thou by thine own Cross didst save
Thy ransom'd children from the grave,
Hell's fiendish malice quelling.

O come then, lover of my soul,
My mortal body leaven ;
My meat, my drink, my aim, my goal,
My prize, my hope of Heaven ;
That I may reign with thee for aye,
When dawns the everlasting day
Beyond life's fading even.

RETROCESSIONAL HYMN, AFTER A HIGH
CELEBRATION.

(Versified from the Liturgy of S. James.)

NOW from might to might advancing
From thine holy Shrine we go,
Having offered up the service
Which thou bad'st us ever do,
That thy Will as done in Heaven
May be done on earth below.

Thou for all thy faithful people
Hast the mystic table spread :
Thou hast given the heavenly Manna,
Thou hast given the daily Bread :
Now vouchsafe thy loving-mercy
On our daily path to shed.

Ground us in thy fear for ever,
Root us wholly in thy love ;
With the blessed Spirit's fervour
Our enkindled spirits move ;
Lead us, guide us, till we find thee
In thy deathless feast above. Amen.

CHURCH MUSIC.

BY M. D. M.

TO GOD on high in yon bright sky,
 The FATHER of us all,
 With GOD the SON and SPIRIT One,
 In psalmody we call.
 His holy name we will proclaim
 Unto the listening world,
 And still declare his wonders are
 In power and love unfurled.
 Before us lies the sacrifice
 Of dying love displayed,
 'Tis he who dies, who sanctifies,
 Who heaven and earth hath made.
 Let every voice in him rejoice,
 Nor one be heard alone ;
 His love to tell we gladly swell
 Each pure Gregorian tone.

 Behold on high the dark blue sky
 All spangled o'er at night,
 As from afar each glittering star
 Comes forth in radiance bright.

The pearly moon arises soon,
Bright mother of the band,
In silver dressed she speaks of rest
In yonder distant land.
They come to praise in thankful lays
The GOD who placed them there,
And tell the earth that heavenly birth
Is hers through faith and prayer.
Yet not alone one gladsome tone
Is heard of that great voice
But all combine in hymn divine
And all in one rejoice.

Thus let our choir on earth aspire
To Heaven in song to rise,
Let the glad sound from earth rebound
And reach the listening skies :
With stars on high let each one vie,
The hymn of praise to sing,
And with the blest, the Saints at rest,
Our joyful voices ring.
And Angels bright in realms of light
Their golden harps shall sweep,
And ever thus shall they with us
Melodious concord keep.
No voice alone, though rich the tone,
May selfishly rejoice,
But all combine in hymn divine
One full concordant voice.

THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

AN Angel flew from the Throne of Gold,
 And he dipped his feet in the crystal Sea,
 And he passed the stream whose bright waves rolled
 From the feet of GOD continually,
 And up the chancel of Heaven he went,
 Then he folded his wings, and his head he bent.

For before him vested in glory stood
 The heavenly Altar rich and bright,
 For its frontal was red with atoning blood,
 And for tapers the Lamb was the sunless light,
 And the soul of the Angel was filled with dread
 As he veiled his face and he bowed his head.

Around about and on either side
 The choir of heaven was ranged along,
 And with ebb and flow of a ceaseless tide
 Rose high and broke the waves of song,
 And pure and radiant fell the light
 On the Four and Twenty arrayed in white.

And amid the eddying gusts of sound
Where clouds of sweet incense rose up on high,
The Angel slowly turned him round
And received a censer reverently,
Then he bowed his knee and he bent his head
And with prayers of the Saints his censer he fed.

And as the sweet incense arose again
And circled up from the offering given,
The storm of praise broke forth amain
And thundered through the vault of Heaven,—
“Salvation and praise to the Lamb alone
And to GOD who sitteth upon the throne.”

Away, away through the liquid air,
Through scenes of bliss such as none may tell,
Such as eye cannot see nor tongue declare,
With a coal from the reeking thurible,
In raiment white as the white snow driven,
The angel has sped through the gates of heaven.

The sons of the morning break into song,
The stars move on in their joyous course,
He hears their rush as they move along
To the beating pulse of the universe :
And the sails of his spreading wings he has furled,
As he sees below him the disc of the world.

A maiden sleeps—her labouring breath
Of sorrow and patient suffering tell ;

Her guardian spirit takes wing and saith,
 "Thou art come at last then, Uriel!"
And the Angel of Death smiled down from above
As he dropped his coal on her lips of love.

As she wakes she sees not the Angel near,
 But her breath is vocal with melody;
And she sings of her LORD who has conquered fear,
 That the Christian may learn to live and to die,
And of Saints who have braved the axe and the sword,
And have entered into the joy of their LORD.

With placid smile and kindling eye
 The Angel feels the odorous breath,
His bosom he opens tenderly
 And as he gathers her in he saith,—
"Fair flower, the petals which droop shall rise,
Thou wilt bear ripe fruit in Paradise."

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