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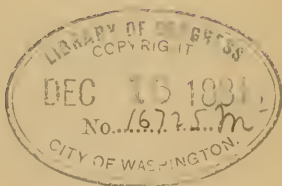




The Voice of
St. John,
AND
Other Poems.

BY

WM. WILBERFORCE NEWTON,
Author of "Essays of To-day."



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SCENE :—St. John at Ephesus, on the last Easter-day of his life, gathers the members of the church together, by the riverside, and tells his converts once more, the story of the first Easter-day.

“Little children . . . it is the last time.”

1 JOHN ii. 18.

P R E F A C E .

“ **I**N the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

“ She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind,
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

“ The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

PREFACE.

“ The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master’s appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

I.

GATHER round me, little children, for my
days are ebbing fast,
And your aged friend and father goeth to his
home at last.

Soon the oldest of Apostles, white-haired, worn,
and craving rest,
Called by God, must join his brethren, saints and
martyrs, saved and blest.

Here, beside the swift Meander, where our holy
church has stood,
Saints of Ephesus, I bid you hold the faith and
seek the good.

On this happy Easter morning, you have sung
your hymns of praise,
And my soul is filled with memories of those far-
off, wondrous days,

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

When we hurried in the morning, hope befogged
with clouds of gloom ;
Hoping much, but fearing most—the silence of
the sullen tomb.

Little children! sure, I feel it—'tis the last time
my poor breath
Shall relate the Easter story—how our Lord has
conquered death.

Gather round me, then, and listen while I live the
past once more,
And recount the golden hours of that Easter-day
of yore.

II.

Gray and cold was the dawn, and darkness hung
long on the twilight,
When Mary, the loved one forgiven, from whom
had departed the devils,
Limping and halt as she was, for the demons had
troubled her sorely,
Tapped at the lattice-door of the house of my
mother, where Mary,

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

The sister of Mary, the Virgin and wife of Clopas
were waiting.

•These were the three who had stood by the blood-
dripping cross of the Saviour,

Theirs were the hands that received the body of
Jesus, when Joseph

Ascending the terrible cross, with Nicodemus, the
ruler,

Gently lowered the sheet, and folded the arms of
the victim.

Bearing the agonized mother away from the sight
of the crosses,

Giving my arm to the sufferer, pierced with the
sword of her sorrows,

Surely fulfilling the word which Simeon spake in
the temple,

Back from this vision of death, away from the
shouts of the soldiers,

Wearied and stricken and worn, I was sleeping the
sleep of the troubled,

Guarding the home of our loved one, of Mary, the
mother of Jesus,

Hard by the narrow street, that led up to the for-
tress of Herod.

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

Little knew I of the plan of my mother, that early
by daybreak
The women should go to the tomb, to wait for the
promised deliverance.
'Twas Salome, my mother, you know, Zebedee's
wife of Gennesaret,
Who came to the master of old, and asked for a
place in the kingdom,
For those who stood nearest her heart, as she gave
up her all to the Master,
Leaving her home in the north, and her husband,
the fisherman sailor ;
'Twas Salome, my mother, I say, who prepared for
this early adventure,
First at the tomb in the garden, last upon Calva-
ry's hill-top.
Busy were they in the work of preparing the spike-
nard and ointment,
Hoping and fearing by turns and ready for joy or
for sorrow.
Thus in the dark of the morning, before the first
red of the sunrise,
Wrapping their mantles about them, their hurrying
feet sought the Garden.

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

III.

But hark! Was it thunder they heard
Rumbling in darkness so still?
Stars in the sky seemed to fall,
Soldiers affrighted, dismayed,
Fled from the tomb, and like sheep
Struck by the fiery bolts
Of an eastern simoon in the sands
Of the desert, were fleeing away,
Trembling, the sisters advanced,
Where a luminous cloud seemed to rest
In the rocky recess of the tomb.
Then came the vision of light!
Angels were guarding the place!
The stone on the pathway was rolled,
The sepulchre empty and bright,
Gave the first note of that joy
Which to Easter must always belong,
Telling them Christ was alive!
Then in the triumph of bliss,
Quick in her womanly thought,
Mary, the Magdalene, fled,
Leaving her comrades behind,

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

To feast on the fulness of faith
Changed to the richness of sight,
While the red sun in the heavens
Poured forth the splendors of day!
Never had sunrise till then
Meant such a flood of bright hopes;
Never had light till this morn
Been such a message from God:
Never had darkness and fear
Lurking within the cold tomb
Been driven away, until now.

It was then I heard hurrying feet,
And the latch of the door opened wide,
At the home of the mother of Christ,
Where Simon had come from his tears,
Humbled and saddened and wan.
'Twas the Magdalene. Ere she could speak,
In her face that was lighted with joy,
The message of triumph I read,
As she clasped her pale hands and exclaimed:

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

IV.

The Master has surely arisen !

Come, visit the spot where He lay.

The keepers have fled, and an angel has said,

“ Christ is risen, is risen to-day.”

We have been to the tomb very early,

With ointment and spikenard, for fear

Our hopes should deceive us, but, brothers, believe us,

The angels have dried every tear.

It was dark when we came to the garden,

And we felt for the latch, as the gray

Seemed to lighten, our footsteps to brighten

And herald this wonderful day.

Yet, perchance it is only a vision,

Perchance I am dreaming or mad,

But they've taken away our dear Lord where He lay,

Run quickly ! Behold, and be glad !

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

V.

Starting away like ships that feel the breeze on the
 canvas,
Simon and I in the zeal which is born in the
 moment of triumph;
Ran through the city's street, till we came to the
 gate of the Garden :
First at the tomb was I, while Peter came panting
 behind me,
Weary and worn as he was, from the tears of his
 bitter sorrow.
Alone we stood at the grave which was silent and
 robbed of its inmate ;
No vision to us was vouchsafed, and the women
 had gone to the city.
The guard from the fortress had fled, to carry the
 story to Pilate.
"Where were the angels," we asked, "and how
 should we know what the truth was?"
For the sun was climbing the heavens and mystery
 still was our portion.
'Twas then in our utter amaze, that the Magdalene
 following behind us,

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

Came to the open tomb, and taking her resolute
station,
Said she would watch o'er the grave till she saw a
new vision of angels :
Firm in her faith was she, that Jesus was surely
arisen,
And trusting her future to God, she uttered this
song, in her rapture :

VI.

I shall behold His face
And triumph in His love,
I yet shall see His love for me,
God's loving care above.

I may not see His ways,
Or know His secret plan,
Yet I can wait His kingly state
And feel His love for man.

I can not scan God's will.
I linger here in faith.
Yet I shall see His love to me.
I'll trust Him unto death.

THE VOICE OF ST JOHN.

I shall behold His face,
His loving form shall see.
It must be nigh ; I can but sigh,
Bring me, my Lord, to Thee!

VII.

It was then when we had departed, and wended
our way to the city,
Seeking the other apostles, to tell them these won-
derful rumors,
That Mary, alone in the Garden, beholding a form
drawing near her,
Said to the vineyard's watch (supposing the gar-
dener was coming),
“ If thou hast borne Him hence, oh, tell me where
thou hast laid Him,
And I will take Him away, if death is the end of
my vision.
But if He is risen indeed—” Then beholding the
face of the stranger,
To the earth, as one dead, she fell; while Jesus
said to her—“ MARY!”

VIII.

“Rabboni, my Master,” she cried,
“Thy feet, O my God, let me clasp!
Am I treading the pavement above
Where freedom is given from doubt?
Am I lifted to light that is bliss?
Has heaven come down upon earth
Since Christ over death has the power?”
Then Jesus to Mary replied;
Her face in her mantle shut in,
As though she were blinded with light:
“Touch me not yet, O my child,
Not yet to my Father in heaven
Bearing the sheaves from the field,
Bringing the first-fruits of life,
Have I in triumph gone up.
But go to my brethren and say,
Back to our Father and God
Soon I ascend; that in joy
In the kingdom that lieth beyond,
We for all ages may be
Brethren, united in life,
Never by sorrow undone!”

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

IX.

Gone in a moment was Christ, and the whispering
 breath of the west wind
Fanned the penitent's face on the spot where her
 Lord had been standing :
Leaving the Garden again, she encountered Salome
 and Mary
Just by the brook, in the way that leads up to the
 fish-pond of Herod :
Warm was their loving embrace while the Magda-
 lene sang in her gladness :

X.

Hail to the brightness which heralds His glory !
 Hail to the coming of Christ among men !
Back from the tomb He has come, and the story
 Is told us by angels again and again !

Death is uncrowned, since the Saviour of mortals
 The grave and destruction has robbed of their
 gloom :
Victory shines out from heaven's opened portals,
 Jesus has conquered the power of the tomb.

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

Christ is arisen ! O sisters, with gladness,
Bright shines this Easter morn, bringing Him
near,
Lovingly owning Him, banishing sadness,
Hope springs eternal o'er darkness and fear.

XI.

It was then in the court of the temple, the priests
and the rulers were plotting,
How they might silence the tale brought back by
the terrified soldiers :
“ They have stolen His body away ; say this to
the wondering people.”
Such was the word of the rulers, such was their
meaning of Easter.

Easter noon was it now, when a party of loving
disciples,
Women, with spices prepared, to lay at the tomb
of the prophet,
From Galilee came, and inquired the way to the
garden of Joseph.
Thus they drew near to the cavern, so fern-crowned
and buried in mosses,

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

Peering within at the place where they thought
they should see the Lord's body.
While they were earnestly gazing, amazed to find
nothing but grave-clothes,
A luminous flame seemed to shine, and lo, the
bright forms of two angels
Told them that Christ was alive, as they chanted
this song in sweet music :

XII.

Awake! Awake! Glad voices make.
Sing praise to Christ the Lord,
The living Word,
In earth and heaven
Eternally adored!
For thankful songs
From hearts and tongues
To Christ our King is given
From hearts of men
Set free again
And happy saints in heaven.

'Tis Easter morn, new faith is born,
The day of days the best.

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

Sing praise to God!
Sing out abroad,
With joy and hope possessed!
For now the Prince
Of Peace hath fought,
And triumphed o'er the grave,
With holy arm,
And strong right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

No shadows now, our spirits bow,
Our souls are raised on high,
The Son of man
In God's own plan
Has come to earth to die.
No doubts or fear
Could hold Him here
Detained by mortal breath.
For now He lives
And freely gives
Redemption over death!

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

XIII.

Frightened, and awe-struck, and still, the women
from Galilee pondered
What this strange vision should mean, ere it faded
away into sunlight.
Soon to their wondering souls there was joined the
glad spirit of Mary,
Who back from the vineyard returned when Jesus
had vanished before her.
“Come, let us seek the disciples, come, let us tell
the glad tidings.”
Cheerfully thus to the group the Magdalene spoke,
and then added :
“Out of a garden man wandered, sin entering in
by a woman :
Back to an Eden restored let woman recover the
doubting.”
Leading the way to the city, the strangers from
Galilee followed,
Close on the steps of their guide, as she knocked
at the door-post of Simon—
Simon the zealot, I mean, where, sitting within in
the darkness,

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

The scattered disciples were found engaged with
these obstinate rumors.

Gladly their story they told, but how could the
brethren believe them?

How could it ever be true as Thomas exclaimed
'mid these doubtings:

XIV.

Now is done our work of faith,
Can it be that Christ o'er death
Triumphs with His human breath?

Let them freely say
What they hope or what they fear!
Binding law both far and near
Rules supreme o'er grief and cheer,
Night is never day!

When the human body dies,
When the soul from matter flies,
When the form beloved, lies
In the silent tomb,
Who can call us back once more,
From the strange, mysterious shore,
Where the gathered souls of yore
Live beyond earth's gloom?

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

Nay, my brethren, do not grieve.
I can ne'er this tale believe.
Reason can not this receive,
 Can not understand!
In the Master's piercèd side,
Where the spear-thrust entered wide,
In those palms once crucified,
 I must thrust my hand!

XV.

Shades of the evening grew on, while forth to a
 neighboring village,
Two of our company went, to seek for the absent
 Salome,
And as in their talk by the way they communed
 with each other and wondered,
A pilgrim they passed on the road, a wayfarer
 mantled and hooded,
Who, joining their steps toward the town, thus
 spoke with a tone of emotion:

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

XVI.

“ Wherefore this saddened gaze,
And why this gloom when all around is bright?
Walks trouble a companion with you on life’s ways,
Silent and dark as night ? ”

Then Clopas quick replied,
“ Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,
And know’st thou not that Jesus Christ hath died ?
Would’st thou our grief condemn

“ When we had trusted all
Our hidden hopes to this, the Son of man,
The last of all the prophets; and the pall
Grows thick o’er every plan ?

“ And certain women brave,
Have thrilled our spirits by the news they bring
From Joseph’s garden, for they say the grave
Contains not anything—

“ And angels guard the place.
Moreover, ’tis the third day, and we know

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

He whom we trusted, told us face to face,
Our faith to sight would grow.

“And yet we see Him not,
And fears come in and rob our rising breath.
On earth there does not seem one favored spot
Untenanted by death.”

Then the wayfarer said :
“O fools and slow of heart to take in hand
All that the prophets and the seers of old
Have told you : understand

The purpose of the Lord.”
And then, with earnest look and kindling eye,
The stranger, from the visions of God’s Word,
Showed them why Christ must die !

Then on the shady road
Which skirts the entrance to Emmaus’ slope,
Reaching, by sunset’s hour, their plain abode,
Aroused with kindling hope,

They pressed their guest to stay.
“Abide with us, for it is drawing late,
And shadows fall,” they said, “across the way :
Pass not our humble gate.”

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

'Twas eve; and yet 'twas dawn!

Quick as a flash while we were breaking bread
We saw the living face we thought was dead,
And Christ was gone!

XVII.

'Twas night and the city was still. The paschal
moon had arisen,
Silvering the turrets and walls of the castles and
fortresses grim,
Light on the temple shone and the shadows were
growing tall;
In the evening watch could be heard the clatter
of horses' hoofs,
As down the pavement of stones some lordly Sen-
ator, late
To the feast of his Roman friends, in his lumbering
chariot was driven.
The cry of the owl so shrill, as he perched in the
cedars old,
Or the call of some vender of wares, lost in the
driver's noise,

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

As he hurried his mules along, broke in on the
stillness of night.

'Twas then in a secret room the eleven disciples
were found,

With others to whom the reports had been brought
from the empty grave,

While wonder and doubt like the tide ruled their
spirits by turns.

Into this upper room suddenly entered the brothers
Who from Emmaus had come, crowning their
hopes with the tidings:

“Jesus is risen indeed! Simon hath seen Him
alive!”

'Twas then, while with rapture we stood, scanning
the faces of friends,

To find that assurance of hope, hidden away in
our breasts,

Right in the midst of the group, ere we could know
what it meant,

Jesus with glory appeared: Jesus, the same and
yet changed,

Changed, yet our Jesus of old, breathing out bless-
ings on each,

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

“Peace to your spirits,” He said. . . . Why need
I tell you the rest?
’Tis the food and the drink of the soul! Soon I
shall see Him again;
Soon in His bosom recline, as once at the passover
feast
To me it was given to feel the heart-beats of Him
who has gone!

XVIII.

Thus I’ve told again the story
Of the Resurrection morn,
How, from out the clouds of darkness,
Hope for man from God was born.

Hold this faith, then, do not falter,
Bear the trials of your life,
Peace comes after struggle; after
Death, there comes eternal life.

Little children, keep from idols;
Heed my faltering words to-day.

THE VOICE OF ST. JOHN.

This is God, the only true One.

This is life, the only way.

God is true, and all things show it.

Let your lives your trueness prove :

Can you doubt on Easter morning,

God is light and God is love?

THE MIRAGE.

“IT DOTII NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE.”

“Splendor! Immensity! Rapture! Grand words, great things: a little definite happiness would be more to the purpose.”—MADAME DE GASPARIK.

IN the mood of suspense I ask, can it be true,
All this faith which we cling to and trust in
With courage and joy? Shall I tremblingly rue
In the future unknown, this strong certainty
Steadying my hopes here on earth? For I am so
small,
In the sweep of God's planets; so tired and lone,
In the rush of the torrents of souls! Amid all
That I know not, nor care for, nor trust in, shall I,
Still myself as I am, press in at the door
That moves open at death and admits me to
Splendor, immensity, rapture,—and more
Than my mind can conceive of? But shall this
Be I, this new, wonderful creature? Methinks I
had rather

THE MIRAGE.

Be less of the marvel, effulgent in rainbows of bliss,
And more of the man, who in heaven could gather
His human ones round Him and live without sin,
as He was!

For how can I love these great powers and angels,
And all the unknown ones who surge out and in
From the worlds that I never have dreamed of?
O God, is it thus? Shall I lose myself there
In the soul-dust of lives which are numberless,
depths

Which I never can enter? My Father, Oh! where
Shall I rest myself, wearied and staggered
With all this sublimity? O God, is there not by
Thy throne, in which center the lines of
Creation's far-reaching expanse, the form and the
eye

Of the human one, tinging eternity's colorless blank
With the blood drops of time, and making in space
Unsubstantial and airy with cloud-fleece, a firm
And unchanging reality, where I can place
My poor wandering feet close by His feet! Yea,
my God,

I shall see Thee through Christ! I shall cling to
that Hand

THE MIRAGE.

Which was pierced for my sins, and though awed
By the shining of infinite light, still my soul
Shall be knit to the human in Jesus! I shall stand
Where the sinning men saved stand: the roll
Of the worlds ever moving around me: the flight
Of the thronging attendants of spirits, the life of
Eternity dreaded, unknown, shall awake to my
sight,
As the feverish dreams turn to joy when the suf-
ferer wakes to the light.

WON AND WIDOWED.

[IN a village in Switzerland, a young guide on his way back from his wedding, met a party of tourists who were looking for a guide to explore a glacier. The young bridegroom left his bride at the chalêt door as they returned from the church, and went as he was in his gay, peasant wedding clothes, the bride promising to keep a light in his window until he should return.

The guide fell through a ravine, upon a glacier bed, and was lost.

The widowed wife true to her vows, having learned that in the course of fifty years, the glacier would emerge from the ravine, waited all these years, and after watching at the mouth of the ravine, at last discovered her lost husband frozen in the ice, fifty years after his wedding-day. She, an old woman, looked once again on the marble face of her youthful husband, and conducted his body to the village church, where the funeral service was held, fifty years after the wedding-day].

SAID Margaret : “ At last he is mine,
old on his glacier-bed—
My husband has come to these arms,
My Ernest has come to the light,

WON AND WIDOWED.

Out from the robber ravine
Which snatched my darling away,
While I in this death-watch of years,
The flickering taper have burned
In the chalêt window each night,
Waiting in vain for a step
Never again to be heard,
Looking in vain for a face
Never again to be seen,
Until now. Oh! the strife of these years.
He so young and so fair—
Clad in his gay Tyrolese;
Silent and cold on his bed—
I so haggard and old—
Wrecked, and thwarted, and cursed
In the throw of my chance for life,
Maddened and torn from my love,
Ere the breath of his kiss was cold,
As he touched my trembling lips
At the chancel-rail—while the priest,
Hid by the incense smoke,
Knelt at the altar step,
Have met—at the jaws of this cave;
Spanning a widowed life—
Hiding a buried love!

WON AND WIDOWED.

“ One more kiss on that marble face,
One look more at the darling boy,
He is mine; rob me not of my right :
For this moment my heart has beat on
The goal of my living—is this.
While others have hated, and loved,
Have squandered, and striven, and toiled,
Have begotten, have buried, have wed,
Noiselessly I have lived on—
With the slowness of Fate I have moved,
Towards this day, while the glacier-bed
Has slowly moved onward to me !

“ Oh ! loved soul, in what world
Are hidden the thoughts of thy love,
Those heart-throbs pent-up for thy wife
Widowed and weary for thee ?
By what stream, by what meadow of bliss
Shall our love, rudely rent by the storm,
The snowdrift has piled in our path,
Be woven to oneness again—
Be made to the pattern of yore ?

.

“ Lead on, up the rugged defile,
Towards the church on the grassy slope,

WON AND WIDOWED.

Where man and wife we came down,
When the call for a guide he heard.
Gray-haired matron, alone
Following the love of her youth,
Mourner and dead we return !
'Tis but yesterday seen in my dreams,
'Tis eternity lived by a child,
Orphaned, and stricken, and sad,
Ready to die any hour—
But waiting to see once again
The face of my lover of old,
To whom my young soul had been given !”

THE SPHYNX.

OH, Time! How strange thou art!
Thou hoary-headed king, with ages gray;
How thou dost trifle with each hopeful heart
In wanton play!

Oh, thou imperious lord;
Thy sway is boundless, and thy stern com-
mand:
Each gordian knot is cut as with a sword
From thy great hand!

The cradle and the tomb
By thee are joined in life—a year, a day;
'Tis when the flowers of earth are in their bloom
That they decay.

Speak, wintry Time:—Oh! why
Should life be chained by iron links to death;
Why should the new-born child begin to die
With his first breath?

THE SPHYNX.

The pyramids declare

The truth that life is short, and art is long ;
Where are the hands that reared them, where, oh !
where

That countless throng?

High o'er the buried dead,

Like mountain walls that echo with the strife ;
We hear the solemn, never-ending tread
Of death and life !

The Roman hero's arch,

The ruined domes and columns, so sublime,
Point, like the fabled causeway, to the march
Of giant Time !

Oh ! what a mockery this !

There was an Eden once, but at the gate
Despair stood waiting side by side with bliss ;
And still they wait !

Tell me, ye sentinels—why

Must man with his proud hopes be crushed for-
ever ?

Why from unfinished matter do ye try

The mind to sever ?

THE SPHYNX.

.
The answer comes not now :

The silent stars above—the eddying sand,
Move round some law—to which all creatures bow
And nature shows her hand—

Remorseless, ruling all,

A Sphynx upon her lasting granite throne
Yet voices speak within—and spirits call
Souls whom the spirits own.

THE ISLAND LIFE.

“He that keepeth thee will not slumber.”

QUON island in the sea of space,
We walk upon the shifting shore ;
We hear the ocean's ceaseless roar,
And see its waves our steps deface.

We hurry on—we soon are gone ;
We scan the undiscovered main—
That ocean all unknown—in vain,
While still the tide is hurrying on !

We are but in our school-days here,
With faculties all dwarfed and blunted ;
Our highest growth of reason stunted,
When midway in its proud career.

A half a century is man's,
A thousand years is Nature's time ;
Which in this strange, uneven clime
Is needed to complete their plans !

THE ISLAND LIFE.

But when immortal we shall rise,
To study from the Master's hand,
And with the angels understand
What now is hidden from our eyes—

'Twill be an ever-growing bliss
To watch the planets on their way,
With suns and systems, and to say :
“ Far back on earth I knew of this ! ”

The tablets of our memory
Will shine like plates of burnished steel ;
What now is lost, they will reveal,
And what we know not, we shall see !

Yes, we on earth can fit the mind
For higher pleasures yet to come—
When through the worlds of space we roam,
And ever-hidden wonders find.

Thus God has said, “ Let there be light ” ;
And what in earth's dark caves was made
The sooty carbon, has obeyed
His voice, and is the diamond bright.

THE ISLAND LIFE.

Light—light is breaking out, and lo!
The problem now is solved; for death,
That darkened cloud, as with one breath,
Is scattered!—and the rest, we know!

Then, courage for the field of strife!
The trumpet's call to arms we hear;
Arouse! awake! oh, never fear
The conflict and the din of life!

REASSURANCE.

“And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.”—I JOHN v. 4.

IS there a victory then
Over our doubts and our fears?
Is there a passage for men
Out of this valley of tears?
For men who are weary and worn,
Broken, desponding, and sad?
Is there Christ's smile for earth's scorn,
Making the sorrowful glad?

Is there a joy for our trust,
A hope and assurance of peace?
Is there a time when our doubts
And temptations forever shall cease?
Is there a morning of light?
A Sabbath of quiet and rest?
When the end of the journey is reached,
And the crown of rejoicing possessed?

REASSURANCE.

Yes! For at last we shall find
The Way, and the Truth, and the Life,
In our Lord, as the end of our search,
In Christ, as the goal of the strife.
Doubt, and temptation, and sin,
And the struggles we wage while we roam ;
Will be hushed, in the past, and life's din
Be forgotten when resting at home.

So there's a victory then
Over our doubts and our fears ;
Faith shall forever give way
To the knowledge which cometh with years !
A knowledge of hope changed to sight,
Of trust to fruition made plain ;
A life where the will and the power
To love as Christ loveth shall reign.

CREED AND HOPE.

LORD, when, oh when shall we begin to see
Each particle of jangled, warring truth
Forever lost and reconciled in Thee?

Is not the other life perpetual youth
With mind unfolding, always sunned upon
By Him who lighted every sense even here?
Oh! wilt Thou not shine ever on, and on,
Till in our littleness we're brought so near
Thy free life-giving self, that every shell

Shall burst its bands and cerements and fly out
Into Thy infinite sea-room where no spell

Palsied with death shall seize upon the doubt
Of him who would believe and know! Oh, free
Our wearied minds, dear Lord, at last in Thee.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LONG ago, in solemn midnight,
Shepherds watched upon the plain,
When a band of holy angels
Sang the earliest Christmas strain.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high!

Gently flowed the silent waters
In the stillness of the night,
And the glittering stars in heaven
Shone with pure and silvery light.

Chorus.

Heaven is opened, all its glory
Bursts across the eastern sky,
For the harmony of seraphs
Tells that Christ, the Lord, is nigh.

Chorus.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Now the golden gates are open,
Enter ye, who love the Lord;
For the Saviour's love hath triumphed,
As He promised in His Word.

Chorus.

Join the angels in their chorus,
Praise the Lord, who came to die;
Praises, in the highest, praises;
Glory be to God on high!

Chorus.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHO is this in Bethlehem's town,
Brings the holy angels down—
Shepherds too, and wise men bow,
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

In the temple, who is He,
Aged Simeon longs to see?
Happy saint, he pays his vow,
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot,
Veiled in flesh we know Thee now,
Son of man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Sing we then with heart and voice,
While the sons of men rejoice,
While heaven's glory crowns Thy brow,
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hail the Saviour, praise Him then,
Heaven's own richest gift to men,
Son of God—of man, 'tis Thou
We would ever praise as now.

The Voice of
St. John.

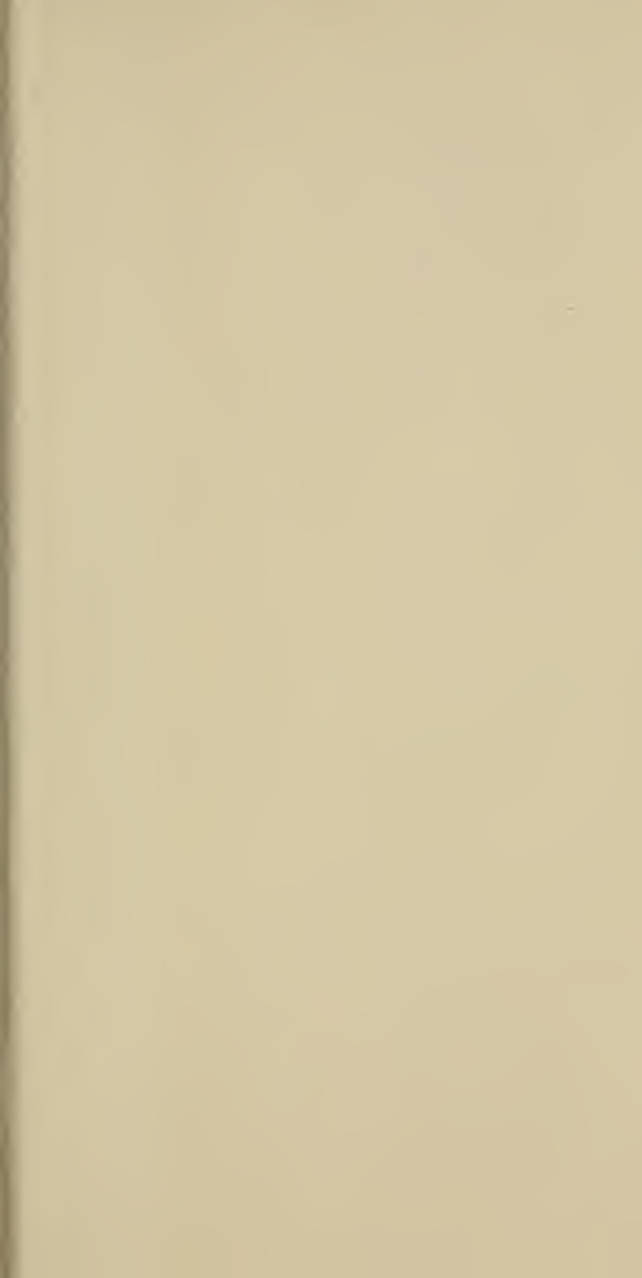
AND

Other Poems.

BY

Wm. Wilberforce Newton.

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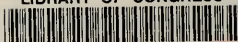


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