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ECHOE S



FROM THE

ORATORY



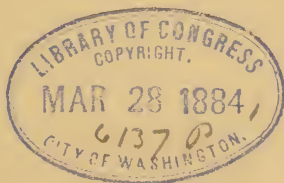
Newman

ECHOES
FROM
THE ORATORY.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS

OF THE

✓
REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.
"



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NOTE.

If any apology were needed for the presentation to the Protestant public of poems whose author belongs to another communion, it might be found in the precedent that a few at least of our most familiar hymns have had their origin in the Oratory. But it is believed that no such precedent need be pleaded. However wide may be denominational differences, however bitter at times may be the warfare waged by theologians, no one will question the value of that poetry in whose broad catholicity dogma and lesser doctrine is forgotten, as the author hymns the

praises of the Incarnate God. Who will refuse to read the "New Jerusalem" because Bernard of Cluny may have differed from the reader in his theological tenets? Is the "Dies Iræ" to remain unread by Protestants because Thomas of Celano was a Roman Catholic?

Of the author of these poems nothing need be said: An explanation of the principle upon which this selection of his poems has been made may not, however, be out of place. The compiler has endeavored to select, first, those poems which are free from all reference to the teachings peculiar to the Church of Rome; and, second, those which, in his judgment, possess the greatest literary merit. The broad catholicity of the author has rendered the first part of the compiler's task an easy one, while in selecting the poems, from a literary point of

view, he has been embarrassed by an abundance rather than by any scarcity of material. The only poem which has been abridged to any extent is the "Dream of Geron-
tius," whose length, as well as the pronounced Romish character of certain portions, rendered abridgment necessary. It is hoped no injustice has been done the author through any error of judgment on the part of the compiler in making this selection—certainly none has been intended.

*I have no sway amid the crowd, no art
In speech, no place in council or in mart.
Nor human law, nor judges throned on
high,
Smile on my face, and to my words
reply.
Let others seek earth's honors ; be it
mine
One law to cherish, and to track one
line,
Straight on towards heaven to press
with single bent,
To know and love my God, and then to
die content.*

A THANKSGIVING.

“Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”

LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign
voice
First quicken'd love divine ;
I am all Thine—Thy care and
choice,
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning
sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling
hour,
Bright dreams, and fancyings
strange ;

Blessings, when reason's awful
power
Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my
door
Unask'd, unhop'd, have come ;
And, choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest
place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,
Love-tokens in Thy stead,

Faint shadows of the spear-pierced
side

And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such Thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray,
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove
The lure of power or name ;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness
love,
And faith in this world's shame.

JEREMIAH.

“O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-
place of wayfaring men ; that I might leave my
people, and go from them !”

“Woe’s me !” the peaceful prophet
cried,

“Spare me this troubled life ;
To stem man’s wrath, to school his
pride,
To head the sacred strife !

“O place me in some silent vale,
Where groves and flowers
abound ;
Nor eyes that grudge, nor tongues
that rail,
Vex the truth-haunted ground !”

If his meek spirit err’d, opprest
That God denied repose,
What sin is ours, to whom Heav-
en’s rest
Is pledged, to heal earth’s woes ?

THE GREEK FATHERS.

LET heathen sing thy heathen
praise,
Fall'n Greece ! the thought of ho-
lier days
In my sad heart abides ;
For sons of thine in Truth's first
hour
Were tongues and weapons of His
power,
Born of the Spirit's fiery shower,
Our fathers and our guides.

All thine is Clement's varied page ·
And Dionysius, ruler sage,
In days of doubt and pain ;
And Origen with eagle eye ;
And saintly Basil's purpose high
To smite imperial heresy,
And cleanse the Altar's stain.

From thee the glorious preacher
came,
With soul of zeal and lips of flame,
A court's stern martyr-guest ;
And thine, O inexhaustive race !
Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught
grace ;
And royal-heated Athanase,
With Paul's own mantle blest.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

“Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.”

O HEART of fire! misjudged by
 wilful man,
 Thou flower of Jesse's race!
What woe was thine, when thou
 and Jonathan
 Last greeted face to face!
He doom'd to die, thou on us to
 impress
The portent of a blood-stain'd
 holiness.

Yet it was well :—for so, mid cares
 of rule
 And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one,
 to cool
 Earth-joy and kingly pride ;

With battle - scene and pageant,
prompt to blend
The pale calm spectre of a blame-
less friend.

Ah! had he lived, before Thy
throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high
Sure it had snapp'd in twain love's
slender band,
So dear in memory ;
Paul, of his comrade reft, the warn-
ing gives,—
He lives to us who dies, he is but
lost who lives.

MESSINA.

“Homo sum ; humani nil à me alienum puto.”

WHY, wedded to the Lord, still
yearns my heart
Towards these scenes of ancient
heathen fame ?
Yet legend hoar, and voice of
bard that came
Fixing my restless youth with its
sweet art,
And shades of power, and those
who bore a part
In the mad deeds that set the
world in flame,
So fret my memory here—ah ! is
it blame ?—
That from my eyes the tear is fain
to start.
Nay, from no fount impure these
drops arise ;

'Tis but that sympathy with Adam's
 race
Which in each brother's history
 reads its own.
So let the cliffs and seas of this fair
 place
Be named man's tomb and splendid
 record-stone,
High hope, pride-stain'd, the course
 without the prize.

OUR FUTURE.

“ What I do, thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter.”

DID we but see,
When life first open'd, how our
 journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing
 day,
Or view ourselves, as we one time
 shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such
 sight would break
The youthful spirit, though bold
 for Jesu's sake.

But Thou, dear Lord !
Whilst I traced out bright scenes
 which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings, and a ver-
 dant home,

Didst spare me, and withhold
Thy fearful word ;
Wiling me year by year, till I am
found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad
girdle bound.

DAY-LABORERS.

“ And He said, It is finished.”

ONE only, of God's messengers to
man,
Finish'd the work of grace, which
He began ;
E'en Moses wearied upon Nebo's
height,
Though loth to leave the fight
With the doom'd foe, and yield the
sun-bright land
To Joshua's armèd band.

And David wrought in turn a stren-
uous part,
Zeal for God's house consuming
him in heart ;
And yet he might not build, but
only bring
Gifts for the Heavenly King ;
And these another rear'd, his peace-
ful son,
Till the full work was done.

LIBERALISM.

“Jehu destroyed Baal out of Israel. Howbeit from the sins of Jeroboam Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan.”

YE can not halve the Gospel of
God's grace ;

Men of presumptuous heart ! I
know you well.

Ye are of those who plan that we
should dwell,

Each in his tranquil home and holy
place ;

Seeing the Word refines all natures
rude,

And tames the stirrings of the mul-
titude.

And ye have caught some echoes
of its lore,

As heralded amid the joyous
choirs ;

Ye mark'd it spoke of peace,
chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy—and ye heard
no more ;
But, as for zeal and quick-eyed
sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace, ye
pass'd them by.

And so ye halve the Truth ; for ye
in heart,
At best, are doubters whether it
be true,
The theme discarding, as unmeet
for you,
Statesmen or Sages. O new-com-
pass'd art
Of the ancient Foe !—but what, if
it extends
O'er our own camp, and rules amid
our friends ?

ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

PEACE-LOVING man, of humble
heart and true!

What dost thou here?

Fierce is the city's crowd; the
lordly few

Are dull of ear!

Sore pain it was to thee—till thou
didst quit

Thy patriarch-throne at length, as
though for power unfit.

So works the All-wise! our ser-
vices dividing

Not as we ask:

For the world's profit, by our gifts
deciding

Our duty-task.

See in king's courts loth Jeremias
plead;

And slow-tongued Moses rule by
eloquence of deed!

Yes! thou, bright Angel of the
East! didst rear
 The Cross divine,
Borne high upon thy liquid accents,
 where
 Men mock'd the Sign;
Till that cold city heard thy bat-
tle-cry,
And hearts were stirr'd, and deem'd
 a Pentecost was nigh.

Thou couldst a people raise, but
 couldst not rule :—
 So, gentle one,
Heaven set thee free—for, ere thy
 years were full,
 Thy work was done ;
According thee the lot thou lovedst
 best,
To muse upon the past—to serve,
 yet be at rest.

THE PILLAR OF THE
CLOUD.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the en-
circling gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far
from home—

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask
to see

The distant scene—one step enough¹
for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that
Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path,
but now

Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite
of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember
not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me,
sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
 torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel
 faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and
 lost awhile.

FAITH AGAINST SIGHT.

“As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be
also in the day of the Son of Man.”

THE world has cycles in its course,
when all
That once has been, is acted o'er
again :—
Not by some fated law, which need
appal
Our faith, or binds our deeds as
with a chain ;
But by men's separate sins, which
blended still
The same bad round fulfil.

Then fear ye not, though Gallio's
scorn ye see,
And soft-clad nobles count you
mad, true hearts !
These are the fig-tree's signs ;—
rough deeds must be,
(26)

Trials and crimes : so learn ye
well your parts.
Once more to plough the earth it
is decreed,
And scatter wide the seed.

VEXATIONS.

EACH trial has its weight ; which,
whoso bears
Knows his own woe, and need of
succoring grace ;
The martyr's hope half wipes
away the trace
Of flowing blood ; the while life's
humblest cares
Smart more, because they hold
in Holy Writ no place.

This be my comfort, in these days
of grief,
Which is not Christ's, nor forms
heroic tale.
Apart from Him, if not a sparrow
fail,
May not He pitying view, and send
relief
When foes or friends perplex, and
peevish thoughts prevail ?

Then keep good heart, nor take the
niggard course
Of Thomas, who must see ere he
would trust.
Faith will fill up God's word, not
poorly just
To the bare letter, heedless of its
force,
But walking by its light amid
earth's sun and dust.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

THERE is not on the earth a soul so
base
But may obtain a place
In covenanted grace ;
So that his feeble prayer of faith
obtains
Some loosening of his chains,
And earnest of the great release,
which rise
From gift to gift, and reach at
length the eternal prize.

All may save self ;—but minds that
heavenward tower
Aim at a wider power,
Gifts on the world to shower.
And this is not at once ;—by fast-
ings gain'd,
And trials well sustain'd,
By pureness, righteous deeds, and
toils of love,
Abidance in the Truth, and zeal for
God above.

LAUS THURSDAY.

“Lux ecce surgit aurea.”

SEE ! the golden dawn is glowing,
While the paly shades are going,
Which have led us far and long
In a labyrinth of wrong.

May it bring us peace serene ;
May it cleanse, as it is clean ;
Plain and clear our words be spoke,
And our thoughts without a cloak ;

So the day's account shall stand.
Guileless tongue and holy hand,
Steadfast eyes and unbeguiled,
“Flesh as of a little child.”

There is One who from above
Watches how the still hours move
Of our day of service done,
From the dawn to setting sun.

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three and One,
As of old, and as in Heaven,
Now and here be glory given.

PRINCE.

“Jam lucis orto sidere.”

Now that the day-star glimmers
 bright,
 We suppliantly pray
That He, the uncreated Light,
 May guide us on our way.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
 Nor thoughts that idly rove ;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
 And in our hearts be love.

And, while the hours in order flow,
 O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguer'd by the foe—
 The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honor,
 Lord,
 Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at Thy word,
 And in Thy favor end.

VESPERS—SUNDAY.

“Lucis Creator optime.”

FATHER of Lights, by whom each
day
Is kindled out of night,
Who, when the heavens were made,
didst lay
Their rudiments in light ;
Thou, who didst bind and blend in
one
The glistening morn and evening
pale,
Hear Thou our plaint, when light
is gone,
And lawlessness and strife pre-
vail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of
crime
Wreck us with life in view ;

Lest thoughts and schemes of sense
and time

Earn us a sinner's due.

So may we knock at Heaven's door,
And strive the immortal prize to
win,

Continually and evermore

Guarded without and pure within.

COMPLINE.

“ Te lucis ante terminum.”

Now that the daylight dies away,
By all Thy grace and love,
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To watch our bed above.

Let dreams depart and phantoms
fly,
The offspring of the night,
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine
eye,
Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

THE DREAM OF GERON-
TIUS.

GERONTIUS.

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me ; I know
it now.

Not by the token of this faltering
breath,

This chill at heart, this dampness
on my brow,—

(Jesu, have mercy ! Mary, pray for
me !)

'Tis this new feeling, never felt
before

(Be with me, Lord, in my extrem-
ity !)

That I am going, that I am no
more.

'Tis this strange innermost aban-
donment,

(Lover of souls ! great God ! I
look to Thee),

This emptying out of each constituent

And natural force, by which I come to be.

Pray for me, O my friends ; a visitant

Is knocking his dire summons at my door,

The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,

Has never, never come to me before ;

'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers !—'tis he !

As though my very being had given way,

As though I was no more a substance now,

And could fall back on nought to be my stay,

(Help, loving Lord ! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou),

And turn no whither, but must needs decay

And drop from out the universal
frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank
abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which
I came :
This is it that has come to pass in
me ;
Oh, horror ! this it is, my dearest,
this ;
So pray for me, my friends, who have
not strength to pray.

.
Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and
play the man ;
And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to
be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.
And while the storm of that bewil-
derment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,
Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS.

Be merciful, be gracious ; spare
him, Lord !

Be merciful, be gracious ; Lord,
deliver him !

From the sins that are past ;
From Thy frown and Thine ire ;
From the perils of dying ;
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self, at the last ;
From the nethermost fire ;
From all that is evil ;
From power of the devil ;
Thy servant deliver,
For once and forever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
Rescue him from endless loss ;
By Thy death and burial,
Save him from a final fall ;

By Thy rising from the tomb,
By Thy mounting up above,
By the Spirit's gracious love,
Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One ;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
In that manhood crucified ;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength be-
long,
And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic
host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more ; for now it comes
again,

That sense of ruin, which is worse
 than pain,
That masterful negation and col-
 lapse
Of all that makes me man; as
 though I bent
 Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down forever I was falling
 through
The solid framework of created
 things,
And needs must sink and sink
 Into the vast abyss. And, cruel-
 er still,
 A fierce and restless fright begins
 to fill
The mansion of my soul. And,
 worse and worse,
 Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a
 loathsome curse,

Tainting the hallow'd air, and
 laughs, and flaps
 Its hideous wings,
 And makes me wild with horror
 and dismay.

.

ASSISTANTS.

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his
 evil hour,
 As of old so many by Thy gracious
 power :— (Amen.)
 Enoch and Elias from the common
 doom ; (Amen.)
 Noe from the waters in a saving
 home ; (Amen.)
 Abraham from th' abounding guilt
 of Heathenesse ; (Amen.)
 Job from all his multiform and fell
 distress ; (Amen.)
 Isaac, when his father's knife was
 raised to slay ; (Amen.)
 Lot from burning Sodom on its
 judgment-day ; (Amen.)

Moses from the land of bondage and
despair ; (Amen.)

Daniel from the hungry lions in
their lair ; (Amen.)

And the Children Three amid the
furnace-flame ; (Amen.)

Chaste Susanna from the slander
and the shame ; (Amen.)

David from Goliath and the wrath
of Saul ; (Amen.)

And the two Apostles from their
prison-thrall ; (Amen.)

Thecla from her torments ; (Amen :)

—so to show Thy power,
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil
hour.

GERONTIUS.

Novissima hora est ; and I fain
would sleep.

The pain has wearied me. . . . Into
Thy hands,

O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

THE PRIEST.

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de
hoc mundo !
Go forth upon thy journey, Chris-
tian soul !
Go from this world ! Go, in the
Name of God
The Omnipotent Father, who cre-
ated thee !
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ,
our Lord,
Son of the living God, who bled for
thee !
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit,
who
Hath been pour'd out on thee !
Go, in the name
Of Angels and Archangels ; in the
name
Of Thrones and Dominations ; in
the name
Of Princedoms and of Powers ; and
in the name

Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go
forth !
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and
Prophets ;
And of Apostles and Evangelists,
Of Martyrs and Confessors ; in the
name
Of holy Monks and Hermits ; in
the name
Of holy Virgins ; and all Saints of
God,
Both men and women, go ! Go on
thy course ;
And may thy place to-day be found
in peace,
And may thy dwelling be the Holy
Mount
Of Sion :—through the Name of
Christ, our Lord.

.

ANGEL.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth
and height,

But most in man, how wonderful
Thou art !
With what a love, what soft per-
suasive might
Victorious o'er the stubborn
fleshly heart,
Thy tale complete of saints Thou
dost provide,
To fill the throne which angels lost
through pride !

He lay a grovelling babe upon the
ground,
Polluted in the blood of his first
sire,
With his whole essence shatter'd
and unsound,
And coil'd around his heart a
demon
Which was not of his nature, but
had skill
To bind and form his op'ning mind
to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set
 aright
 The balance in his soul of truth
 and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless
 fight,
 Resolved that death-environ'd
 spirit to win,
Which from its fallen state, when
 all was lost,
Had been repurchased at so dread
 a cost.

Oh, what a shifting particolor'd
 scene
 Of hope and fear, of triumph and
 dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has
 been
 The history of that dreary, life-
 long fray !
And oh, the grace to nerve him and
 to lead,
How patient, prompt, and lavish at
 his need !

O man, strange composite of heaven
and earth !

Majesty dwarf'd to baseness ! fragrant
flower

Running to poisonous seed ! and
seeming worth

Cloaking corruption ! weakness
mastering power !

Who never art so near to crime and
shame,

As when thou hast achieved some
deed of name.

. . . . Hark to those sounds !

They come of tender beings angelical,

Least and most child-like of the
sons of God.

FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,

And in the depth be praise :

In all His words most wonderful ;

Most sure in all His ways !

To us His elder race He gave
To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He will'd to be
A marvel in His birth :
Spirit and flesh his parents were ;
His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal bless'd His child, and
arm'd,
And sent him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field
Of elemental war.

To be His Viceroy in the world
Of matter, and of sense ;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
A resolute defence.

.

SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :

In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

Woe to thee, man ! for he was found
A recreant in the fight ;
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din ;
Who once had Angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man ! a savage kindred they ;
To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave, and
clomb
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to eld, from sire to son,
He lived, and toil'd, and died.

He dreed his penance age by age ;
And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb,
And be again a man.

And quicken'd by the Almighty's
breath

And chasten'd by His rod,
And taught by angel-visitings,
At length he sought his God ;

And learn'd to call upon His Name,
And in His faith create
A household and a father-land,
A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire,
In patient length of days,
Elaborated into life
A people to His praise !

.

THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :

In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

The Angels, as beseemingly
To spirit-kind was given,
At once were tried and perfected,
And took their seats in heaven.

For them no twilight or eclipse ;
No growth and no decay ;
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,
Or beatific day.

But to the younger race there rose
A hope upon its fall ;
And slowly, surely, gracefully,
The morning dawn'd on all.

And ages, opening out, divide
The precious, and the base,
And from the hard and sullen mass
Mature the heirs of grace.

.

ANGEL.

We have gain'd the stairs
Which rise towards the Presence-
chamber ; there
A band of mighty Angels keep the
way
On either side, and hymn the In-
carnate God.

ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR.

Father, whose goodness none can
know, but they
Who see Thee face to face,
By man hath come the infinite dis-
play
Of Thy victorious grace ;
But fallen man—the creature of a
day—
Skills not that love to trace.

It needs to tell the triumph Thou
 hast wrought,
An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's
 reach of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with
 awe,
 Amid the garden shade,
The great Creator in His sickness
 saw,
 Soothed by a creature's aid,
And agonized, as victim of the Law
 Which He Himself had made ;
For who can praise Him in His
 depth and height,
But he who saw Him reel amid that
 solitary fight ?

SOUL.

Hark ! for the lintels of the pres-
 ence-gate
Are vibrating and echoing back the
 strain.

FOURTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord,
As if He reckon'd ill,
In that He placed His puppet man
The frontier place to fill.

For, even in his best estate,
With amplest gifts endued,
A sorry sentinel was he,
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with those proud rebel
hosts
Who had angelic life.

And when, by blandishment of Eve,
That earth-born Adam fell,

He shriek'd in triumph, and he
cried,
"A sorry sentinel ;

"The Maker by His word is bound,
Escape or cure is none ;
He must abandon to his doom,
And slay His darling son."

ANGEL.

And now the threshold, as we trav-
erse it,
Utters aloud its glad responsive
chant.

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,

A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their
 foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love ! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and
 inspire
To suffer and to die.

ANGEL.

Thy judgment now is near, for we
are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

.

SOUL.

I go before my Judge. Ah!

ANGEL.

. . . . Praise to His Name !
The eager spirit has darted from
my hold,
And, with intemperate energy of
love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel ;
But, ere it reach them, the keen
sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory,
clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has
seized,

And scorch'd, and shrivel'd it ; and
now it lies

Passive and still before the awful
Throne.

O happy, suffering soul ! for it is
safe,

Consumed, yet quicken'd, by the
glance of God.





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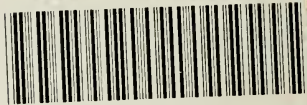
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