

CREATION
AND
OTHER
POEMS

BAINUM



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CREATION



G. W. Bairum D.D

CREATION

A SONG OF THE AGES

Songs of the Christ

AND OTHER POEMS

Rev. G. W. Bainum, D.D.



Chicago New York Toronto

Fleming H. Revell Company

MCMII

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THE SIX DAYS OF GENESIS
REGARDED
AS GREAT GEOLOGICAL PERIODS.

THESE BRIEFLY OUTLINED IN THEIR ORDER
AND
FILLED WITH DESCRIPTIONS,
GEOLOGICAL, BOTANIC,
ZOOLOGICAL AND ASTRONOMICAL,
ARE
DESIGNED TO EXHIBIT INCIDENTALLY, THE
UNITY BETWEEN THE WORLD'S COSMOG-
ONY AND A TRUE THEOLOGY.

PREFACE.

Starting to study anew the Biblical account of Creation, for exegetical and pulpit purposes alone, a poem sprang up at once into mind. Seeking a sermon, there was found a song. The opening stanzas were written immediately; the remainder was completed after an interval, made necessary by the varied duties of a pastor's life, and the need of more extended research in special directions.

An inspiration at first, the conception has been wrought out with painstaking care and thorough re-examination of authorities bearing upon scientific questions involved.

Geologists are substantially agreed in finding evidence of distinct geologic ages, forming an ascending scale from the lowest and first formative conditions up to the highest and most complete. And it is found, upon comparison, that these progressive steps in creative work correspond in a surprising way with the Six Days of the Mosaic account. It is observed, too, that the order in which these ages have progressed is precisely that which is pictured in the Days of Moses.

For example, Geology points to a period of time wherein the earth was subject to the action of original, formative, and contending elements, before the beginning of vegetable or animal life. So does the Bible. Geology affirms the appearance of vegetation on the surface of the earth,

PREFACE.

prior to the development of the living creature; and this, too, is the order of Moses.

Geological investigation shows that fishes and birds came before beasts—that air and water gave forth their kinds ere the land was burdened with cattle or beasts of prey. But this also is the statement of the oldest written records.

Finally, whatever disagreement there may be about the length of time since Man appeared on earth, it yet remains a fact that eminent geologists are agreed in assigning him to the latest age; that he came last of all the animal world as Creation's chief and crown. But, behold, it was so written, long ago, in the Book of Books!

Little room is therefore left for any other opinion than that the Ages of Geology and the Mosaic Days of Creation are one and the same; great, formative periods of time. To the development and illustration of this idea, the following lines are devoted.

The author of this brief excursion into the Land of Song ardently hopes that the few flower-thoughts which he has gathered will not wholly fail to please the eye, or to exhale a sweet perfume, even as they shall wither away. He, moreover, trusts that, by his grouping of the now commonly received Geological and Biblical facts, he has been able to throw light upon this subject, to recount in not unpleasing form some of the wonders of creative work, and to reveal anew the marvelous unity existing between the two Great Books of God: Creation and Revelation.

PREFACE.

If, then, this mere echo, caught by one enchanted ear from the many-rhythmed chorus of Creation, can but call increased attention to its mighty theme, its chief ambition will be met. Each author, however, loves his own, as no other will or can. Almost reluctant, then, we drop this leaflet small upon the world's thought-river, to drift, willing or unwilling, where the current flows.

THE AUTHOR.

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PRELUDE AND INVOCATION.

Awaken, oh, harp, and worthily sing
The Song of Creation! Great Spirit, bring
True light to my eyes, just words to my pen,
That I may declare to listening men
Thy wonderful work! Yea, let me rehearse
How from Thee out-rolled the vast universe;
How, at the Beginning, Nature had birth
When Wisdom Eternal made heaven and earth.

Elohim spake! and lo, all things to be,
Evolved from the depths of Infinity!
From nought but Himself, Creation awoke,
And rolled into time—'Twas Elohim spake!
The Infinite One, forever before
Immeasured, alone, a sea without shore,
Forth-mirrored *Himself*, effulgent, divine,
In visual forms resplendent to shine.

CREATION.

THE FIRST COSMIC DAY.

ORDER OUT OF ORIGINAL CHAOS.—CREATION OF LIGHT.

First, rayless and void, Creation embraced
World-matter, unformed in desolate waste ;
Dread oceans of gloom out-spread everywhere,
The Kingdom of Chaos throned itself there.
God's Spirit moved o'er the face of that deep,
And darkness its reign no longer could keep.
God spake once again ; and, heeding the might,
Old Erebus fled, and lo, "THERE WAS LIGHT" !

The O'er-Brooding Spirit's life-giving thrill
Made matter to move, and nothing left still.
Each atom thence sought its kin-fellow's face,
And flew with a flash to burning embrace.
Thus Light, by commotion, woke at His word,
Entrancing the world when nebulæ stirred.
Electric, new born, Light, tremulous glowed,
When oceans of waste to order outflowed.

Electrified masses gathered and rolled,
Till, out of disorder, whirling in fold,
Rose radiant worlds ; whole systems consist,
Emerging from seas of nebulous mist :

CREATION

And, moving by vast centrifugal force,
Round various centers, each takes its course ;
Their tracks interlaced, intertwined, and crossed,
Till order comes forth and confusion is lost.

Great galaxies rise in regions of space,
All nebulous, glowing. Darkness, its face
Scarce hides in the vague of distance afar,
When Light speedeth on her glittering car.
Vast, formative worlds sweep round and expire,
Revolving swift wheels on axles of fire.
Huge, head-lighted Comets flame as they fly,
Their tresses of Light afloat in the sky.

Creation, refulgent, luminous, stood :
Beholding the light, God saw it was good.
It shot through the spaces, glanced from the stars,
Be-crimsoned the mists with prismatic bars.
The vapors it pierced, uplifting their shrouds,
To hang them aloft in shadowing clouds,
The balancing orbs were thus set awhirl,
As smoke that enwreaths its flight with a curl.

The darkness, the light, God's glance, like a dart,
Divided between and set them apart.
The one He called Day ; the other, named Night ;
Whence Evening and Morning woke with delight.
Earth speeding away in circular flight,
Sweeping through spaces of infinite height,

A SONG OF THE AGES

Wheeling in splendor of measureless might,
Up-rolling the Day, un-rolling the Night.

First Day thus began: Birth-age of the world:
The earth from a Hand Omnipotent hurled,
Its path through vistas of space undefined,
And yet to the law of motion confined,
Its orbital sweep was swiftly outlined:
Measuring years through the regions on high,
Sailing an ocean of nebulous sky,
Pluming its wings through the ages to fly:

Now blazing with fires internally bright,
Up-boiling, out-bursting volcanic blight;
Then shrouding itself in cloud-shadowed night,
Though rolling through seas of cosmical light:
Still threading the depths of ether unknown,
Impelled by a power, eternal, alone,
Out-flowing in beauty and order in time,
Transferring God's thought to visions sublime.

THE SECOND DAY.

CONDITION OF THE EARTH MORE SETTLED.—PRECIPITA-
TION OF WATER.

Earth-matter at first, combining from void,
Out-rolled as a drop, a molten spheroid.
The surface, encrusting, cooling, enrolled
Original Rock, enwrapping in fold
Dread, flame-seething depths, an inner abyss,
Whose sea-waves of fire shook earth with their kiss,

CREATION

Upheaving by forceful, maddening shock,
Vast mountain-chain lines of crystalline rock.

Whence valleys, infamed, with highlands girt round,
Formed sea-basins wide, to measure and bound
The waters of time, whose plashings commenced
When hot, steam-vapors to liquid condensed :
When cloud-laden heaven, poured torrents of rain
On verdureless hills, filled lowland and plain
With dark, turbid floods, which cumbered the ground,
Both valley and mount, the planet around.

Thus earth, a round sea, swung still in its place,
As lightly it rolled, with exquisite grace,
'Mid orbit-hung worlds, in measureless space ;
Great fires in its heart, vast floods on its face.
Whence softer mists rose, through ether distilled,
Till regions above with moisture were filled.
Two oceans were hence ; one, wrapping the sphere,
The other, upheld in dense atmosphere.

Clouds glooming on high ; waves surging beneath ;
Light glowing between, as sword from its sheath.
The Second Day closed : the waters had found,
'Twixt heaven and earth, their Firmament bound :
Those, falling when cooled ; these, lifted by heat ;
In balance, divided, their order complete :
All things obeying the Infinite Will,
A world to out-roll, a drop to distill.

A SONG OF THE AGES

With triumph and song the round, surging sea,
Deposited soils for dry land to be:
By abrasion of rocks, by clearing sea-brine,
By sifting and settling earth-matter fine,
Upheld in solution by billows which furled
And unfurled their banners over the world.
Age of the Waters! Mysterious Age,
Whose record is writ in billowy rage.

THE THIRD DAY.

DIVISION OF THE WATERS.—DRY LAND APPEARS.

God's Omnific Word, to earth's liquid tide,
To order and beauty, bade it divide!
As swept by the sway of invisible wand,
Floods rolled into place, revealing the land.
The wide oceans gathered, deep seas were formed,
Great mountains stood forth where hurricanes stormed.
Wild, watery wastes, with Islands were specked,
Huge Continents smiled, with lakelets bedecked.

Their names were then given: "The Sea and the Land,"
Divided, embracing, in unison stand:
Their arms interlocked, their bosoms abreast,
As lovers they kiss, like brothers they rest.
Yet still the command, divisive, is heard;
And still, to obey, the planet is stirred;
The drift of the rivers, the sift of the sea,
Up-building new lands where ocean-beds be.

And oceans are shifting, driven amain,
Eroding their shores, engulfing the plain.

CREATION

As pendulum swung from side unto side,
The sea and the land unite and divide ;
The Bays and the Gulfs, embroidered by hills,
Deep-fluted and carved by full-flowing rills.
All fringes of lands the free waters lave,
The feet of the mountains, washed by the wave.

Great Continents keep wide Oceans in hold,
Be-sanding their depths with siftings of gold ;
Engirding, surrounding, holding them up,
The wine of the world in kingliest cup.
The waters, in turn, give life to the land,
And sweeten the breezes over it fanned ;
They, swift currents send through every earth-pore,
Roll health-giving tides on each pebbled shore.

Bright fountains break forth from crystalline veins,
Supplied evermore by recurrent rains.
Distilled from the clouds and filtered through sands,
Pure streamlets flow down the hills and highlands,
Carve out the deep vales, cut canyon and glen,
Roll oceanward, home, in triumph again.
The Roundelay Song of the water's supply,
The seas ever full, the lands never dry.

SUB-DIVISON OF THE THRD DAY.

CREATIVE DEVELOPMENT OF PLANT LIFE ON THE EARTH.

God said : "Let the earth the tender grass yield :
Let herbage spring forth to cover each field ;

A SONG OF THE AGES

Each plant, each tree, giving seed of its kind.
Unfolding its fruit with kernel and rind.”
Then, soon, from her bosom, motherly earth,
Yet warm with the fires that burned from her birth,
And fruitful of life, brought forth at a bound,
The primary plants the planet around.

Pale *Thallogens* woke from primeval soil,
Un-flowered, un-leafed, with cellular coil ;
Young Lichens and Moss crept over each height,
Till earth with vesture of verdure grew bright.
Tall *Algae*, lithe arms through sea-water sent,
Thread-like and filmy, with wavelets they bent ;
Whole forests these made in watery homes,
With rock-guarding walls, and billows for domes.

Fair *Acrogens* grew with leaflet and rod ;
Though flowerless, yet they gracefully nod
To zephyrs that float from the low, marshy shore,
Where Rushes and Reeds in masses spread o'er.
Rich lands producing the *Ferns* with their fronds,
While Club-mosses fringe the lakelets and ponds.
Nature, with smiles, bids her children rejoice,
And wake into life at Elohim's voice.

Majestic *Treeferns*, *Coniferous Trees*,
Uplifted fair stems and cones to the breeze
Which blew over Isles where *Endogens* flowered,
And Lilac and Palm in beauty were bowered ;
While ever soft light, through nebulae stealing,
New objects of sight but faintly revealing,

CREATION

Yet still was enough to give greenness to bowers
To color the leaves and garnish the flowers.

Earth's circle around had vapors immense
Which burdened the skies, ascending most dense,
From internal fires whose tropical heat
All zones over-swept in circuit complete.
Productions tremendous, lowland and high,
Developed beneath such cloud-laden sky.
The *Lepidodendron's* leaf-spotted forms
Ne'er felt the rude shock of Boreal storms.

Great *Gymnogens* lifted gigantic heads,
Whose fibers, decayed, formed Carbonic Beds.
Sigillaria Trees, marked by leaf-scars,
Like seals on soft wax, and ornate as stars,
Rose fluted, en-sculpt, soft-wooded and vast,
Their trunks in the molds of beauty new cast.
Tall *Calamites*, jointed, reed-like of stem,
Fair columns sent up as rivals to them.

Magnificent forests mightily grew,
From soils that were moist, steam-heated, and new.
These masses, at length, by earthquakes were hurled
'Neath upheaving seas, which over them swirled.
Thence through the ages, by burdens compressed,
Great ocean-floors formed to over them rest.
Age Carboniferous! Coal measures laid!
Storehouse of forces, Great Elohim made.

A SONG OF THE AGES

THE FOURTH DAY.

THE SUN, MOON AND STARS APPEAR.

Thus ended Day Third ; the Fourth was begun,
When, lo, in the midst of heaven THE SUN !
The light, long diffused, concentrated at last,
Out-poured from the orb electric and vast.
The heat which the worlds in cooling had lost,
Seemed feeding his fires, ingathered and tossed.
The Sun, at God's word, rolled King of the Day,
The Moon led the stars in martial array.

“For signs, for seasons,” appointed they stand,
O'er-ruling the sea, o'er-ruling the land.
The Moon her full tides up-rolling shall tell
To ages afar, her work is done well.
Pale, glimmering Stars, effulging soft light,
Sweet angels are saying : “Fear not the night ;
Bright morning will come, the darkness be furled,
Day-beams of beauty shall break on the world.”

Orion, resplendent, flashes with light,
Far Sirius beams effulgently bright ;
The Pleiades cluster close as they roll
In star-powdered zone o'erarching the whole.

CREATION

Arcturus out-flames, Polaris far burns,
Where, fixed and unchanged the universe turns.
Now West and now East glows Venus' love-ray,
The Eye of the Eve, the Herald of Day.

Great Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn with rings,
Sweep over the sky on glittering wings.
And Uranus, Neptune, new-named, never nigh,
Out-roll in the light of the Omniscient Eye.
All these with their hosts, like seas flashing foam,
Be-sprinkle with gems the Night's mighty dome;
Whose rim bending down from an apex on high,
Encircles the earth, a star-jeweled sky.

Of night and the months the moon is fair Queen,
Hiding her face when the Day King is seen;
Waxing and waning with wonderful grace,
Charming her lovers with changes of face;
Full-orbed and glowing, she mimics the day,
Lessens the darkness with lusterless ray,
Then hangs up her silvery crest in the sky,
To measure the month as planets go by.

She sails through the clouds, in oceans of blue,
Watches the shadows which fall with the dew,
And, driving through mists and hurricanes, too,
She seems blotted out, but still breaking through,
She follows the earth—a lover in chains—
Bathing his mountains and oceans and plains
In sweet, mellow light, that falls like a kiss,
To gladden the night with tokens of bliss.

A SONG OF THE AGES

She shines mid the stars whose glory appears,
Reburnishing heaven, while Night with her tears
Refreshes the faces of plants as they sleep,
Or shadows with clouds the slumbering deep.
She, calling to worship, the billow-tossed sea,
Responsive, pours forth its deep melody.
Its rhythm of tides and storm-hurtled roar,
Give thunders of praise on each rocky shore.

The Sun, over all dictator doth reign,
Drinking up oceans to water the plain;
Plucking the pearl from leaflet and flower,
To drop it again when evening shall lower;
Painting the rose, and o'erarching in heaven,
The rainbow's beauty whose colors are seven;
Garnishing landscapes in garments of green,
Glinting the waters with silvery sheen.

Majestic, on-rolling, the star-worlds between,
The Sun in full splendor, ever is seen,
Ruler of seasons, of days and of years;
He yet the command of Elohim hears.
His car, swinging low, cold winter draws near,
But, riding aloft, lo! Summer is here.
Shy rootlets quick feel the warmth of his breath,
Sweet flowers spring up at his glance, out of death.

Huge Warrior King, his shield flashes flame,
Burning, consuming, yet ever the same.

CREATION

He rules in his realm by God-given right,
A Conqueror bold whose arrows of light
Are shot from a bow, resistless in might
To scatter all foes. Night's armies, in fear,
Dissolve as they fly, in haste disappear,
All chased from the world when lifted his spear.

Awaked by his gleams, grand *Exogen Trees*,
Strong branches send forth to swing in the breeze
That sings over lands where Oranges sweet,
In prime luster hang, in ripeness complete.
Where blooming magnolias, white-robed and fair,
Give grace to the scene, and perfume to air.
By Sun-magic, too, green Hemlock and Pine
Ascend and adorn the mountain's incline.

Tall Nut-bearers fling to earth a full crown
Of fruitage, first green, but afterward brown.
Great Poplars in pride drink sunshine on high,
Their tulip-like blooms saluting the sky.
Sweet Maple, and Elm, all Ring-growers, kin,
Loosen their bark when the sap floweth in.
The Sun, for the forest, evermore weaves
Summer green garments of glittering leaves.

The Cherry grows round and red in his smile,
Both Apple and Peach with blushes beguile ;
Rich herbage of field, sweet kernels of grain,
Redden and ripen on hill-side and plain :

A SONG OF THE AGES

Rare fruit of the vine, absorbing his rays,
With cheeks glowing crimson, fitly displays
How ripeness and beauty mingle in one,
Touched and transfused by the light of the sun.

Anthems of gladness Nature is singing,
Hills with laughter of waterfalls ringing;
Woodlands their shadows, restfully flinging
Eastward and Westward, steadily bringing
Evening and Morning, through times yet untold,
Growing rich flora of plants manifold,
Variate flowers with petals of gold,
Waves of the ocean in sunshine enrolled.

The Fourth Day had come when, clear from afar,
Deep shadows dissolved, showed sunbeam and star;
When vapors no longer, so deep were or dense,
That heaven's best light was excluded from thence.
The Fourth Age ended when fullness of days
Had banished away earth's nebulous haze.
Thus Evening and Morning, age after age,
Turned leaves of Creation, page after page.

THE FIFTH DAY.

CREATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF ANIMAL LIFE IN WATER AND AIR.

God looked on the seas; and lo! at his word,
Life through their aqueous regions was stirred.

CREATION

“Let the floods bring forth,” said Great Elohim,
“Let life through all tides abundantly teem ;
“Let the fowls fly forth, light-winged, through the air,
“Sailing and curving in gracefulness there.”
He spake ! and the realms above and below,
Pulsated with life’s mysterious throe.

At first there were *Cells*; then *Radiate* life,
Silurian Seas with Crinoids were rife.
In beauty like buds, they grew in each zone,
Their cerements now are “Lilies-in-Stone.”
Fair *Zoophytes*, coral enflowered on stems,
Bestrewing the seas with calciferous gems.
The Isles of the Oceans, Continents wide,
Exhibit their tombs and tell how they died.

Sea-urchin’s rounded rare shells, full of spines,
Where jelly-fish float their filmiest lines.
And far in brine-depths, where winds never blew,
In radiant grace, Sea-anemones grew.
Asterias glowed in their five-pointed bars,
Reflecting beneath the glintings of stars ;
The glassy blue sea looked up to the sky,
And mirrored its forms in mimic reply.

Articulates lived, extending frail rings,
Flexed and combined into wonderful things ;
Trilobites furrowed the deep ocean beds,
Hood-guarding armor enshielding their heads.

A SONG OF THE AGES

Tri-lobed and ornate, with ringlets enwreathed,
Their beautiful forms the rocks have bequeathed.
No tribes descending bring forward their fame,
Old grave-pits alone their glories proclaim.

The Spirit's life-power, still oceanward breathed,
And *Mollusks*, with shells their life-centers sheathed.
Enspiralled and ornate, convolute, round,
All shells of the seas, their houses abound.
They stole from above their many-hued dyes,
To garnish the deeps with tints of the skies,
Enrobing in splendor, forms that were twirled,
Be-wrinkled, en-wreathed, en-scolloped and whorled.

These peopled the deep and drew from its waves,
The matter to build vast, rock-folded graves.
Herculean task! The mountains and lands
Are monuments true, of their myriad bands.
Belemnites polished, leave arrows or spears,
Like fingers of Goddess, broke off with the years;
Small, tapered and round, their remnants apart,
Be-sprinkle the rocks with points like a dart.

The Spirifers spread their shields like a fan,
While others assumed a different plan;
With beak like a bird, his foot for a fin,
Each shell was a boat, the dweller rode in.
Fair Nautili sailed the treacherous waves,
Till billows engulfing, covered their graves.

CREATION

Rare Ammonites, curled as Jupiter's horns,
Their serpentine fold the rock-page adorns.

Crustaceans, Crabs, in softness and ease,
Swam the salt depths of Devonian seas ;
Some panoplied, armed with pincers and claws,
For crushing shell-fish in scissor-like jaws.
Invertebrates all, with ringlet and coil,
Whose forms in the rocks lie folded as foil.
With reverence now, we break the great seal,
Their records in time from stones to reveal.

The *Placoids* were first of the vertebrate school,
Forth darting in shoals through ripplet and pool.
Great Ganoids glanced in the glistening ray
Of sunbeams entranced, with wavelets at play.
Selacians these, their order in time,
And rank in the scale, not second, but prime.
In full armored plates, and fins tipped with bone,
These hunted their prey through the watery zone.

Fair *Polyps* they tore from the flowering stem,
For beauty of form was nothing to them.
The feebler of kindred furnished them food,
Nautili, sailing, they hotly pursued.
Great *Salt-water Dragons*, spotted *Star-scale*,
With massive *Dinichthys*, made terrors prevail ;
Some furnished for war, with spears, swords and saws,
Teeth set for crushing, in serrated jaws.

A SONG OF THE AGES

Smooth *Cycloids* came, clad in circular scales ;
Salt billows out-rolled *Reptillian Whales*.
Great sea-monsters lived, whose sportive display
Wrought seas into foam, or tossed them in spray.
Embattled, their strength made ocean to boil,
Dashing the waves into tempest turmoil.
Huge, dragon-like beasts, the Saurians vast,
Held sway in the deep, set nature aghast.

Gigantic Birds left great tracks on the sand
Which hardened to rock 'neath Time's heavy hand.
Reptile-like monsters, could swim and could fly ;
At home on the sea, yet winged for the sky.
Strange *Lizards*, with plumes, in terrible herds,
Swept ocean and air, as fish, or as birds :
These passing, in turn, successors, more fair,
Swam lithe through the floods, or sailed in the air.

Insects gave music, touched harmony's strings,
Trilling and waltzing on tenuous wings.
They burst into life when voicings divine,
In strangeness of beauty, bade them to shine.
Their chrysalid shrouds were woven and filled
As Autumn suns browned or Winter winds chilled.
Forth-bursting again, when Spring zephyrs blew,
They floated on sunbeams, irradiant, new.

Birds of gay plumage, in bright atmosphere,
Sweet love-songs out-poured, melodious, clear.

CREATION

Light-feathered and winged for air-life above,
Their mansions were built by magic of love.
The Fifth Day's Work, through its changes had run;
The Almighty Voice proclaimed it now done.
How matchless the might of Elohim—God!
The universe swings, Time-keeping His nod.

THE SIXTH DAY.

CREATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF LIFE ON THE LAND.

Two realms were now full; both water and air,
Disported their tribes resplendently fair.
When Elohim's word of might, in command,
Caused Animal life to wake on the land.
The lowest life-forms at first had appeared,
And then, by His will, their fulness was neared;
Distinguishing well each epoch of earth,
Completing the scale of creative birth.

Amphibian monsters, three-toed and four,
Swam the salt seas and tracked the soft shore.
Half bird and half beast, the *Dinno-Saurs* ranged
Through time Mesozoic, massive unchanged.
Marsupial beasts had pouches for young,
Imperfect Mammals, with air-breathing lung.
Serpent-like creatures showed terrible teeth,
Feasting on flesh from forest and heath.

Huge Lizard-like beast, *Iguanadon* stood,
Slow munching his meal of browse in the wood;

A SONG OF THE AGES

Or, rearing on high, he gathered with ease,
Fruit-laden branches of nut-bearing trees.
Strange, multiform monsters, dragons on wings,
Land-saurians vast, were wonderful things,
The purpose of which will never be known,
Yet such is the tale from tablets of stone.

As in the deep sea, and flying in air,
Most curious creatures lived everywhere,
So now on the land, full nature out-gave,
New monsters to match air-current and wave.
Primordial forms seemed molded and cast,
Rejected, displaced, the perfect came last.
Life, tending to death, e'en such was the scene,
Beginning and ending—living between.

SUBDIVISION OF THE SIXTH DAY.

THE NEOZOIC AGES.

GREAT CHANGES OCCUR ON THE EARTH.—PREPARATION FOR MAN.

Still on its axis, earth wheels in its might,
Bathing in shadow, and basking in light.
Rounding its orbital circuit complete,
Seeking with kisses, the Day-king to greet,
But, checked by the Moon and jealous-eyed Stars,
Attracted, restrained, by Venus and Mars ;
Moved and yet balanced, right onward it speeds,
Ether its car, gravitation its steeds.

CREATION

Vast, receding waves of internal fire,
Leave spaces beneath, whence lavas expire ;
Rock surfaces crumple ; compressed by the air,
They corrugate, fold, like steps of a stair ;
And, guided by flame-currents, surging within,
Or following trends of rock-strata thin,
Highlands are depressed, sunk deep in new fold,
Till oceans are over continents rolled.

Convulsions tremendous ! Volcanoes roar !
Old life-forms are swept from each rugged shore.
Winters of death, spread by turns on each strand,
Abounding destructions cover the land !
New ages rising, types other and higher,
Reign in the earth, as the old ones retire !
Cycles of struggle ! Periods of change,
Bring in and destroy vast animate range !

Great ocean floors, laid, ledge upon ledge,
Are heaved into mountains ! Tilted on edge
Up-broken and tossed by the earthquake shock,
Confusion relays the fossilized rock.
On, on through the times, God's wonders are wrought ;
By steps progressive, Creation is brought
To bloom of perfection ; each mighty stage,
A Day, or a Time, a creative age.

Earth's Permian period, entered and past,
Upward her trend to the greatest and last !

A SONG OF THE AGES

Times Mesozoic, all over and gone,
Chief of the ages, beginning its dawn!
Creatures which burdened the land and the waves,
Have passed to repose in rock-molded graves.
Rich, purified airs, the atmosphere's balm,
Invite to best life, 'tis nature's great calm.

True *Reptiles* creep forth, imprinting the soil,
Hiding in jungle, or weeds in a coil.
Carnivora crouch, awaiting their prey,
Consuming the flesh, delighting to slay.
The Mastodon lives, whose wonderful bones
Lie buried in depths of Miocene stones.
Great Mammoths appear, whose remnants are found,
Enfolded in clasp of treacherous ground.

Hippopotami bask in river-side swales,
Rhinoceri rustle the reeds of the vales.
Elephants, herding, seek savory food
From grass-covered plains, or browse in the wood.
Trim Elk and the Deer, with graceful Gazelle,
Consorting in flocks, in peacefulness dwell.
Cattle now graze on the green esplanade,
Or, ruminant, rest, embowered in shade.

Equinal herds, without rider or reins,
Are sweeping like birds, o'er hillocks and plains.
Rodents, abiding in thicket and tree,
Are hoarding and hiding, that plenty may be.
Sweet flowers are nodding, their odors to fling
To Butterflies, prodding, on variate wing;

CREATION

The forest trees, rounding new ring upon ring,
By rings so abounding, tell how the years swing.

Rivers are running from mountain to sea,
Bowers are blooming that beauty may be.
Woodlands are ringing with bird-laughter clear,
Changing and winging the turns of the year.
Earth is still swinging through ether and space,
Evermore bringing the seasons in place;
On, she is rolling, yet speeding away,
Her minute-bells tolling, day after day.

Aglow in his strength, the sun shineth still,
The Moon, with her hosts, obeying God's will.
Earth is a house, full of plenty and skill,
Wanting a Master the mansion to fill.
All things are ready, expectant of face,
Awaiting the coming Chief in his place;
He whom Creation shall own and embrace,
And crown as her king for wisdom and grace.

Both Iron and Coal are stored in the mine,
Foretelling the need of God's Image divine.
Fair Silver and Gold, in rocks and the sands,
All ready to shine at touch of his hands.
Sea-waves full of salt, and, deep in rock-foil,
Dark caverns and streams of light-giving Oil.
The mountains and plains have treasures complete,
And stand with a smile, earth's great one to greet.

A SONG OF THE AGES

The Steed for his rider, waits with a neigh,
Swiftly to bear him, in pride, on his way.
Mother-kine, mooing to lend him their milk,
Worms even weaving him garments of silk.
Clean beasts feeding to feast him with flesh,
Fish for his taking, by hook or in mesh.
White flocks are wearing soft folds for his form,
E'en fires are burning to comfort and warm.

Fair fruits are bending lithe limbs of the tree,
Honey is stored by the skill-loving Bee.
Rootlets and tubers, all lusciously wait,
The tooth and the tongue of his hunger to sate.
Earth, her convulsions has ceased, and the rain
No longer in torrents swashes the plain;
But showers, as mists, have fallen amain,
To rear and ripen the yellow-sheaved grain.

Soft winds are sighing where hurricanes blew,
Old ages dying to welcome the new.
Seeds in the soil are springing to life,
Earth with her Edens of loveliness rife.
All things are vying and joyful to bring
Odor and beauty and plenty to fling
Full at the feet of the Master and King,
Whom ages have longed their greetings to sing.

CREATION

CREATION OF MAN.

NEAR THE CLOSE OF THE SIXTH DAY.

God spake the last word! The exquisite plan
Found climax complete in FIRST LIVING MAN!
Unfolding *Himself*, God made him most fair,
With life, all-living, in-breathing him there.
Great Prince of Creation, Chief at his birth,
Prime Monarch and Head, to rule in the earth.
Mortal! Immortal! God's Image, divine;
Resplendent in him shall Elohim shine!

Dominion, his hand shall evermore wield,
O'er fish of the sea, o'er beasts of the field.
Water and air, and those forces which lie
Entombed in the earth, or throned in the sky,
Shall serve him as giants; heeding his will,
With sinews of iron, shall grind in his mill;
Or, swifter than wind his message shall wing,
Or whirl him, encroached in state as a king.

Over the continents, over the sea,
Bearing his burdens, and stooping to be
Subject as mighty, his wish to fulfill;
Forces unmeasured shall wait on him still.
All the rich treasures of time's garnered store,
Out-poured at his feet, and yet there is more;

A SONG OF THE AGES

The universe wide pays tribute to men,
Stars in their courses are shouting Amen!

Hark, to their singing! What voices I hear!
Lo, heaven to earth is still very near!
Worlds full of splendor, out-wheeling in space,
Now hasten with swing, celestial in grace,
To touch the deep chords that vibrate through time,
Out-pealing their chorus in rhythm sublime.
My soul listens now, sweet music it hears,
Chantings of praises by swift-rolling spheres.

Symphony wondrous, my spirit o'erwhelms,
Yea, angels, created to people those realms,
Together now sing; their anthems arise
And roll with the orbits, on through the skies;
Souls of all creatures, in unison found,
With God and his works, have caught up the sound,
And down through the regions of radiant height,
Float the full strains of ecstatic delight.

Bright "Stars of the morning," echo the joy,
Pour melody forth, find happy employ,
In shining for Man, in-filling his soul
With thoughts of his God, his heart to control.
"We're Brothers," they sing: "one God gave us birth,
Though reigning in heaven or dwelling on earth.
And when into dust your bodies decline,
The Blessed shall bear you to mansions divine."

CREATION

THE SEVENTH DAY.

PERIOD OF DIVINE REST, CONTEMPLATION AND REFLECTION.—THE AGE SINCE CREATION CLOSED SYMBOLIZED IN OUR EARTH-DAY OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

God's work is complete ; the skill of His Hand,
Garnished in glory the universe grand.
Its order, its beauty, its wonders arise,
All matchless, sublime, proclaiming Him wise.
Beholding it done, delighted, He saw
Nature unfolding, adorning His law.
His thought in His work ; His work showing thought,
Himself is revealed, *Himself* is out-wrought.

Light, good for the eyes ; eyes made for the light,
In-filling, imprinting, charming with sight.
The ear for music ; sweet sounds for the ear,
Water for ocean, and dew-drop and tear ;
Drink for the thirsty from streamlet and fount,
Flowing in freedom from hill-side and mount.
Air for the lungs ; lungs in-breathing the air,
Correspondencies perfect, everywhere.

Great currents of air that sweep the round globe,
Folding, enwrapping their transparent robe
Of oxygen rich, each life-cell to fill
With nectar, divine, which zephyrs distill.

A SONG OF THE AGES

Sweet rain for the earth ; earth drinking the rain,
Smiling in greenness of verdure again.
The land and the sea, the sea and the land,
Rolling together in unison grand.

The bird for its mate ; a mate for each bird,
With birdling and nest, that love may be stirred.
A man for his brother ; each brother to Man
In unison linked, in God's mighty plan.
Thought-force in the mind ; the mind by its thought,
To vigor and skill, by labor out-wrought.
The soul for its God, and God for the soul,
The whole for a part, a part for the whole.

And all things are blest which Elohim made,
The day and the night, the shine and the shade.
E'en earthquake and flood, fierce lightning and storm
Out-working His will, their missions perform.
Stern, Winter-like Ages, Seasons and Times,
Boreal Summers and Tropical Climes,
Like musical notes, may wander apart,
Yet mingle and melt in Melody's heart.

He spake ! It was done. 'Twas done as He spake ;
Splendors creative His glories partake.
Nature's Great Record is telling of Him
Whose beauties, out-shining, never grow dim.
Enchanting the story from Folios true,
Wonderful pages—The Old and the New.
God speaking in all, all speaking of God,
The crystalline sea, the sky and the sod.

CREATION

One lesson they bring; one voicing have they,
True wisdom will hear, and hearing obey.
A thousand great years, with Him as one day,
Nor multiplied ages can wholly display
The glory and grace which ever combine
In Him who is Father, Creator benign;
Nor one orb alone, through centuries rolled,
God's infinite power and will to unfold;

But numberless worlds, "as sands by the sea,"
Have ranged into order from dust-nebulæ;
Infinite, boundless, through space without end,
On through all eras of earth's mighty trend,
These have been whirling from darkness to light
Circling, evolving with ages of flight,
Unfolding new glories to angelic sight,
Robing in splendor the universe bright.

The earth looking up to the sky-world of blue,
The sky bending o'er with changes of hue.
Its fleece-folded clouds, tremendously piled
In tempest-torn mounts, stupendously wild,
Slow-floating on seas of sapphire and gold,
With islands in lakes of azure enrolled;
All cloud-worlds of mist, set fire by the sun,
Then turned into blackness when daylight is done.

Earth-changes, forever saluting the eye,
As chariot years and centuries fly.

A SONG OF THE AGES

Impelled from within, life-forces ascend,
Till ripeness prepares the germinal end.
Forth-bursting again, there is life out of death,
Decay is perfumed by the Roses' sweet breath.
Mortality finds all its withering bloom,
Transformed and renewed by repose in the tomb.

But God is unchanged! His Eternal Power,
On-rolling the planets, shaping a flower,
Is soul of all things, though shrined in repose;
Whence Nature's full volumes fitly disclose,
His Attributes grand; vast, Wisdom and Might,
Outshine in His Work, immutably bright.
Resting, He hallows a Day, and a Time,
To reverent thought, through ages sublime.

This glorious Rest, by Him was begun
When Elohim-work in wisdom was done.
Its worshipful songs the universe sings,
Triumphant the chorus, Creation out-rings.
The roar of the storms, the billow-tossed sea,
Resound the deep notes of world-melody.
Heaven's organ-cloud peal shakes ocean and land,
With thunders of praise, stupendously grand.

The sweep of soft winds, the patter of rain,
All music of motion, give the refrain.
Low-murmuring streams, sweet babble of rills,
And gurgle of fountains, sing from the hills,

CREATION

High praises of Him who set them aflow,
To echo the music of heaven below.
Nature's Great Key-board, melodious stands,
Touched evermore by Invisible Hands.

The mountains' white tops point up to the sky,
Each star beaming down impressive reply.
The Ages' great crown is this Blessed Day,
Made sacred to Rest and Devotion's survey.
Great Sabbath of God—prime promise of peace,
'Tis rolling on yet, and never shall cease;
Its prelude is here; the One Day in Seven;
Its fulness is there---The Kingdom of Heaven!

OLD TESTAMENT

MOSES AND THE EGYPTIAN.

Beside the river's brink he strayed,
Where once a royal princess-maid
Had found an ark of canes entwined,
With pitch impervious, deftly lined,
Afloat upon the waters mild,
Enclaspings in its form a child
Whose tear-lit face her heart beguiled.

"That babe was I," he softly said,
And bowed, in thought, a kingly head.
"The princess fair, on pleasure bent,
In mercy's service here was sent.
She found me here, and, kind of heart,
So skilled and graced with queenly art,
She taught me well to act my part.

"I love her still! Her winsome face,
The home of youthful charm and grace,
I cherish yet within my breast,
Though in her smile I can not rest.
A *mother*, dearer, far, is mine,
Whose fingers wove the meshes fine
Of that rude ark! *Her* love divine

MOSES AND THE EGYPTIAN

“My life outgave! and I am kin
To all these thousands, toiling in
The stress and hardness of their lot,
Whose anguished labor ceaseth not.
I hear their sighs; I see their tears,
With mingled moanings, prayers and fears,
Like rivers rolling down the years.

“I will not share the wealth their toil
Wrings from this curst, slave-trodden soil:
Nor will I bide where lordly thrones
Are haunted by my people’s groans.
I hate the power which here enslaves
Dark-shadowed as yon deep sea-waves,
Oppression’s woes hid ’neath its caves.

“E’en now I see the taskman’s lash
Leap, reddened, from the quivering gash
On cringing back of kinsmen dear,
Whose stolid look and crouching fear
Stir deep my soul! I will not wait
The movement slow of sullen fate,
But open now glad Freedom’s gate!”

Thus mused he by the river’s side,
Whose mighty current flowed beside
In steady softness! Not so he!
His blood was hot, and coursing free
Through all his veins. His prisoned soul

MOSES AND THE EGYPTIAN

Grew troubled; and, as billows roll,
Dread passion swept him toward its goal.

* * * * *

With next day's close, the prince had fled,
A felon's price upon his head.
He whom the gods of Pharaoh mocked,
Who scorned to worship, though there flocked
The mighty hosts of Egypt grand,
Had fled in haste forth from the land,
His victim hidden in the sand.

See now, O wanderer in the earth,
How vain is passion's bloody birth!
One cruel taskman's guilty life
Has passed away in useless strife:
An exile thou, in distant lands,
Thy feet are worn in heated sands,
And stains of blood are on thy hands!

Thy kindred yet shall weep and toil,
Shall hunger, thirst, and be the spoil
Of those who wrong them; till shall come
The time complete of Egypt's doom.
'Tis not in strength, or human skill,
Or vengeful blow, to do them ill:
God's ways are best. Wait thou His will.

Lo! not till He shall speak the word,
Nor till a voice divine is heard;

MOSES AND THE EGYPTIAN

Not till sore toil has taught the soul
To yield to God entire control ;
Yea, not till then shall Israel be
Prepared for manhood full and free,
In promised land of liberty !

And not till Egypt fully knows
How judgment from oppression flows ;
Nor till their gods, all humbled, lie
Subdued by Him who rules on high.
In *His* great hands, and not in thine,
Are held the rod and plummet-line,
The flashing sword of wrath divine.

It may be that, but for thy haste,
No need had been the desert waste
For years to tread. A prince in power,
Thou couldst have saved, when came God's hour,
Thy people ! Yet thy heart was right
To suffer with the wronged. Despite
The darkness, lo, there cometh light !

SOUL EXODUS.

Come out from Egypt, O, my soul,
Escape the bondage of thy sin ;
For evil stole the heart's control,
And reigned, alas, too long within.

Then leave thy sins and woes behind,
In that sad prison-house so drear ;

SOUL EXODUS

Come seek and find a Savior kind,
Who freedom gives from every fear.

Come forth to thy most happy lot,
Come view thy Canaan home afar ;
And doubt it not, in that blest spot
There shines for thee life's morning star.

Enslaved within that splendid state,
Upon the Nile's most wondrous soil,
Who recked the fate of Egypt great,
Among the slaves of bitter toil?

And thus the world, though ever grand,
Still binds the soul in bondage vain,
Till God's own hand, by His command,
Breaks every chain of sin in twain.

In answer to the plaintive strain
Of sad and tearful Israel then,
From bush of flame their Savior came,
As now again Christ comes to men.

Then, O my soul! look up on high,
To Him from whom all blessings come ;
And know that thy most feeble cry
Is heard by One who made the sun.

What though dark sea-waves roll before,
And threat'ning hosts of hell affright?
In safety o'er to that blest shore,
The pillared light will lead thee right.

SOUL EXODUS

Fear not nor falter, then, O soul!
But hasten to escape from sin;
Thy name, thy whole, with Christ enroll,
Life's march with Him in joy begin.

With manna sweet thou shalt be fed,
Thy thirst supplied from Christ the Rock;
Nor evil dread, thou shalt be led
As gentlest shepherd leads his flock.

O'er all the way, as through the sea,
And on to Jordan's dreadful wave,
Ever will He thy leader be,
Thy Jesus true will ever save.

And over on the other side,
In that bright land of promise old,
Beyond the tide so deep and wide,
The gates of gold will there unfold.

MANNA FOUND.

Exodus xvi:15.

What's this? What's this? the people cried,
Throughout the camp, as they espied
Strange pearly drops, that sparkled round,
O'erspreading all the desert ground.

Not the sap of tamarisk tree
Exuding thence by sting of bee,
Where wounded twigs drop, sparse and rare,
'A sweetness sometimes gathered there.

MANNA FOUND

'Twas not that earth had yielded up
Her honeyed stores from petaled cup:
Such desert wastes could not supply
Enough, that host to satisfy.

'Twas bread of Heaven, for men to eat,
Descending in abundance sweet,
'Twas "angels' food" that God had given,
In rich supply sent down from Heaven.

In bounty still God's blessings fall;
The earth they fill; enough for all.
He that hath much hath nothing o'er;
He that hath little needs no more.

And we who now this desert tread,
May feast upon "The Living Bread."
His Truth's our manna—its supply
Fills hungry souls, nor lets them die.

His life is manna, to impart
Life to the dead and sinful heart;
His Love is manna—oh, how sweet
With Him to join, with Him to eat.

And joy is manna, that is given
As foretaste here of bliss in Heaven.
Immortal Bread, O Christ Divine,
Feed thou my soul; be ever mine!

SINAI—THE LAW GIVEN.

Surging clouds enwrapped the summit,
Darkness claimed the height her own,
When the Lord descending, on it
Pitched his cloud-pavilioned throne.

Lo, the lightnings flash from under
Where Jehovah's feet abide,
And the awful wheels of thunder
Roll them down the mountain side.

Hark, the mighty trumpet's pealing,
Waxing loud and louder still,
Over mount and valley stealing,
Seeming all the world to fill!

Startled hosts see now assembling;
Dreadful Sinai rocks and quakes,
Human hearts within are trembling,
Earth to her deep center shakes!

Gazing upward, all the people
Saw the darkness lit with fire;
Saw the mountain's mighty steeple
Burn as with Jehovah's ire!

Like the bush, yet not consuming,
Flaming, glowed that mountain then,
And God's voice, none else presuming,
Spake these laws of life to men:

SINAI—THE LAW GIVEN

Thou shalt have no gods before me!
When thou bowest to adore me,

No graven image shalt thou make!
My name in vain thou shalt not take!

And this the Lord thy God doth say:
Remember well the Sabbath day;

Keep it holy as no other!
Honor thy father and thy mother!

This law hath stood since Noah's flood:
Thou shalt not kill! Thy brother's blood

Shall cry against thee from the ground,
And thou in awful guilt be found.

That all from vileness may be free,
Commit thou no adultery!

Thou shalt not steal! Be sure thy God
Will see thy deed and send His rod.

Thou shalt not a false witness bear!
About thy neighbor speak, with care.

Thou shalt not covet any thing
That is thy neighbor's; lest thou bring

God's righteous wrath upon thy soul,
And Sinai's flames around thee roll!

REBELLION AT SINAI.

Exodus xxxii:1-35.

The thunders of Sinai had ceased their dread roar ;
The lightning's bright pinions were gleaming no more :
No longer they flashed through the regions on high,
But rested in peace in their home in the sky.

The mount that with quaking had filled men with awe,
Had ceased its dread shaking, as it shook when the Law
Was heard from its height, in Ten Great Commands,
From a voice full of might, for all nations and lands.

That voice was so dreadful, it filled them with pain,
And Israel prayed not to hear it again.
E'en this was their urgent petition and cry :
"Should we hear it again, thy servants will die."

Thence afar from the people, enthroned on the height
Of that cloud-mantled mountain, becrested with light,
God spake unto Moses, mid glories apart,
And wrote in its fullness the Will of His Heart !

But, hark ! There's a murmur uprolled from the plain,
As if battling hosts strive the mastery to gain !
"Nay, 'tis not the shoutings of victors I hear" ;
Nor is it the cry of men fleeing in fear :

REBELLION AT SINAI

But the sound is of music, and revelry's strains,
Which rise from the dancing, afar on the plains.
Ah, see! In the midst of the camp, set on high,
An Image of Gold; and the multitudes cry:

"Behold, this is thy God, O Israel, now";
And lo! to the Idol, the people all bow!
What wonder that Moses should cry as in pain,
And Jehovah's fierce wrath should kindle amain?

What wonder the word should go forth to divide;
That the call should be made: "Who's on the Lord's side?"
Ah, let us not marvel that the blood of the slain
Should deluge the ground in the midst of that plain,

Where God's holy law had been heard from on high,
When even who touched the dread mountain should die!
"Thou shalt not bow down to an image engraven
In likeness of things in earth, or in Heaven!"

This law was now broken where first it was heard;
What wonder Jehovah to judgment was stirred?
Then the order quick fell, like bolt from the sky,
"Who standeth not with me, shall even now die!"

And the foes of the Lord, who would not repent,
Who stood by their Idol, with evil intent,
Were swept from the earth, in judgment and wrath,
As chaff that is blown from the hurricane's path.

REBELLION AT SINAI

It was needful that these three thousand should fall,
To stamp out rebellion and evil appall.
It was better that these should die, of the host,
Than, corrupted, by Idols, that all should be lost.

But the living had sinned; all, all were defiled;
Had bowed to the Idol, and were unreconciled:
And God had withdrawn from the tent on the plain,
Refusing to go with the people again.

Whence Moses returned to the mountain alone,
And sought, by his pleadings, their sins to atone.
"O spare them," he said: "In mercy now look,
Or blot me, I pray, from thy Blessed Book!"

All praise to Jehovah! that pleading prevailed
In behalf of the sinning, whom judgment assailed.
Yea, for Moses' dear sake, God's pity shone there,
And their pardon was sealed in answer to prayer

As he on the mountains, so Christ on the tree,
Atoned for the sinful, by soul-agony.
As Moses prayed there, so Christ at the Throne,
Ever urges for me His merit alone.

E'en now my blest Savior is pleading for me,
That my soul from its evil may ever be free.
O, then, may I ne'er from His precepts depart,
Nor ever an idol set up in my heart.

BALAAM.

Numbers xxii:15-41.

The servants of Balak, with promise of gold,
Still urged on their suit with the prophet of old :
“Come, curse us this people ; and do not delay,
We’ll give thee great honor, come, curse them, we pray.”

And Balaam sat musing, then sagely replied :
“From words of Jehovah, I can’t turn aside ;
If Balak should give me his house full of gold,
I’ll not go beyond what the Lord shall unfold.

“But, tarry ye here this night, as before,
And then I shall know what He will say more.”
Ah, Balaam, didst thou think that God would repent ?
Or that from His word He would turn, or relent ?

Lo ! Once he had spoken ; thy duty was plain ;
To go was forbidden—why ask Him again ?
The Lord is not man, full of change, or of lust
That lures thee away from the path of the just.

And why bid the tempters tarry till morn,
And dally with pride till thy strength shall be shorn ?
For when evil is cherished, e’en for a night,
The battle is lost in the struggle for right.

BALAAM

'Twas plain that a contest raged in the breast
Of Beor's proud son, when retiring to rest.
Like many, when tempted, in times not so old,
He thought less of duty, and more of the gold.

Divided in heart, he would honor the Lord
By speaking most truly Jehovah's own word;
But, longing for riches and fame for himself,
His soul was enticed by the promise of pelf.

What wonder the Lord, in displeasure, said, "Go";
To reap his reward, disappointment and woe?
What wonder the heavens should kindle with wrath,
And the angel come forth to stand in his path?

Ah, wonder that death had not taken him then
In reward for his folly, his weakness, his sin!
But the sight of the angel humbled the priest,
The flash of the sword and the voice of the beast.

And, trembling, he stood in the presence divine,
To bow to what service His will should assign.
Yet, now, as he would, the Lord bade him go,
But warned him again as to what he must do.

It was meet that Balak should hear of his doom,
The sure judgment of God for deeds he had done;
'Twas meet that the nations around him should know
That Jacob would triumph o'er every foe.

BALAAM

Then soon from the mountains, saluting the skies,
The odorous flames from the victims arise ;
On altars new builded, high places of Baal,
Balak sacrificed round and sought to prevail.

But the soul of the prophet kindled with fire ;
And, heeding not Balak's exceeding desire,
He lifted his eyes to the tents on the plain,
Blessing Israel's host again and again.

FIRST BLESSING.

Numbers xxiii:7-17.

“From the mountains of Aram, I came at thy cry ;
‘Come, curse for me Jacob ; come, Israel defy.’
But how can I curse whom Jehovah hath blest ?
And how shall I bless where his judgment doth rest ?

“I cannot defy when an Almighty Arm
Is lifted on high to save him from harm.
From the rock's rugged height, his bliss I behold ;
From hill-tops in sight, see his splendors unfold.

“This people shall dwell from the nations apart,
For Jehovah guards well his chosen of heart.
Like sands of the sea his full numbers shall count ;
Like dust shall they be, as the myriads mount.

“Lo ! Jacob shall rule, and his glory shall be
As full as the rivers, as wide as the sea.

BALAAM

The life he now liveth is righteous and wise ;
Be my last end as his, let me die as he dies."

Said Balak, the king : "What's this thou hast done?
I called thee to curse, but, like beams of the sun,
Thy blessings are poured on the host of my foes,
Though smoke from my altars and victims arose ;

"But now come to Zophim, to Pisgah's full height ;
Thence see but a portion of Israel's might :
Perchance there a curse shall on part of them fall,
Since God is withholding a curse upon all."

They came ; and seven altars with crimson were dyed,
As the blood of slain beasts poured out its full tide.
Seven bullocks, seven rams, each yielded his life
To the slayer's swift stroke and glittering knife.

But the old prophet found Jehovah still strong
For *all* of his people, and this was the song
That thrilled from his spirit in measures sublime,
To roll down the vistas of measureless time :

THE SECOND BLESSING.

Numbers xxxiii:18-24.

"Arise now and hear, O thou Moabite king ;
Thou son of Zippor, heed the message I bring ;
For God is not man, and the word He hath spoken,
Forever shall stand, through ages unbroken.

BALAAM

“No evil in Jacob Jehovah hath seen ;
From sin and perverseness he maketh him clean.
In the midst of his camp is the shout of a King,
Whose masterful hand from Egypt doth bring

“His people to rest ; and their unicorn strength
Shall break and subdue all the nations, at length.
Enchantments and curses can never prevail ;
In vain, divination shall Jacob assail.

“As a great lion, strong ; as a young lion, swift ;
His head, o’er his prey, he will proudly uplift.
Nor will he lie down to his rest on the plain,
Till a victor, he drinks warm blood of the slain.”

“Nay, nay ; curse them not, then, nor bless them at all.”
Said the King : “But come to Mount Poer, the tall,
Where victims more choice and sacred shall bleed ;
And thence it may be that the curse shall proceed.”

Then, dark, from that mountain in great sacrifice,
The smoke-mingled flames and perfumes arise :
From new altars of stone, or mounded earth-mold,
Fresh life-blood flowed down as prayers were uprolled,

But an altar unseen, and a victim unknown,
Were shadowed in type, all sin to atone ;
And touched by the glow of this altar-flame higher,
The prophet’s soul burned with the Spirit’s own fire.

BALAM

Enchantments for him had lost their old power,
As the future unrolled to his vision that hour,
And lifting his eyes to the wilderness far
He saw the world's glory fade out as a star.

THE THIRD BLESSING.

Numbers xxiv:5-9.

“How goodly thy tents are, O Jacob, how fair ;
Thou dwellest in safety, O Israel, there.
Like valleys that shine in their beauty and pride,
As gardens spread out by the green riverside.

“As trees of lignaloes, in freshness he'll bloom,
As the cedar he'll tower o'er the nations of doom,
Like rivers of water, as tides on the strand,
His seed shall pour forth and possess all the land.

“Far higher than Agag, his King shall ascend,
O'er mountains and vale, his dominion extend.
Lo, God is the leader ; his foes he will break,
Like bones of the prey that a lion shall take.

“As a great lion, couched, he is ready to spring :
Who dareth to rouse him, more evil will bring.
He is blessed forever who hath blessing for thee,
Who curseth thee ever, most cursed shall be.”

The anger of Balak now burned as a fire ;
And, smiting his hands, he stormed out his ire ;

BALAAM

“I called thee to curse, and lo! thou hast blest;
Begone to thy home with shame on thy crest.

“I thought thee to honor with gifts of my power,
But God hath withheld thee from honor this hour.”
Yet the prophet spake on! What visions were given,
Of glory divine and the kingdom of heaven!

THE FINAL VISION.

Numbers xxiv:17-25.

“I shall see Him; not now, but in splendor afar,
I behold, out of Jacob, both Sceptre and Star!
The Sceptre is held in a Mighty One's hand,
Out-reached o'er the rivers, the sea and the land.

“The Star that comes forth from Israel's host
Brings light of salvation to them who are lost.
The towers of Moab He'll smite to their fall;
Both Edom and Seir shall come at His call.

“Great Amalek shall perish forever away,
The Kenite be wasted, 'neath Asshur's dread sway;
The ships that shall sail over seas from the West,
Shall o'er Asshur prevail, and Eber, the blest.

“These also shall perish, mid tumult's loud roar,
All swept from the earth, as reeds from the shore.
The Empires of Sin shall to ruin be hurled,
And the Sceptre and Star shine over the world.”

BALAAM

The fires on the altars burned feeble and low ;
The sunlight of even cast shadows and glow.
As days passed away, these visions retired ;
Their glory, enchanting, like sunbeams expired.

And sadly the prophet bade hasteful adieu,
As the hill-tops afar were fading to view.
No more would these visions return, or arise,
In splendor supernal, to ravish his eyes.

To him they were not ; all their glory to him
Soon faded from sight into mystery dim ;
His heart, disappointed, rebelled in its pride,
And mourned the lost honor for which he had sighed.

Rejecting all that which from God he had learned,
The word He had spoken, he wickedly spurned.
When Jacob, in triumph, swept soon o'er the plain,
Embattled with Midian, poor Balaam was slain.

The sun of his life set, dishonored, in blood,
Because he preferred not the honors of God.
But while reason and love and hope shall remain,
We'll ardently cherish this prophet's refrain ;

And down through each age will go hymning along,
These words of the seer, this sage's glad song :
"The Star that comes forth from Israel's host,
Brings light of salvation to those who are lost."

CROSSING THE RIVER.

Joshua iii:14-17.

Behold the Hebrews, waiting, stand
Upon full Jordan's rugged strand!
While over on the further side,
Beyond the river's swollen tide,
 Bright fields are seen
 Whose verdured green
Of highland slopes and valleys blest,
Invite them to their promised rest.

A land where milk and honey flow,
A land where figs and olives grow,
A land of corn and fruitful vine,
Where ripening harvests richly shine.
 Before their eyes
 In splendors rise
Life's grandest hopes, divinely given,
The shore-lands of the heights of heaven.

But, hark, the trumpets pealing sound
Re-echoes from the hills around!
The ready hosts expectant stand,
Awaiting the divine command.
 The floods they face
 Without a trace

CROSSING THE RIVER

Of doubt, or fear; for God, they know,
Can stem the mighty current's flow.

The Priests move first; Their sacred feet
But touch the waters where they meet,
And thence afar, with troubled roar,
A passage breaks from shore to shore!
 The teeming tide,
 On either side,
Stands back in awe, and rolling high,
God sweeps the place and makes it dry!

"Forward, now!" the word is given!
"Forward, by the passage riven
Through the river!" The billows wait!
Forward, through the open gate!
 As rolls the sea,
 But silently,
So moves the mighty human tide
Of Israel from side to side.

A river through the river flows,
And Jordan pauses while it goes!
Jehovah's Hand, in might upholds
The raging torrent's liquid folds,
 Whose mountains stand,
 In silence grand,
Till every heart of Israelite
Is taught to trust the Infinite!

* * * * *

DEATH OF ELI

As stood the Ark and Priests, midway,
To guide and guard through all that day,
So standeth Christ where death-floods roll,
Nor lets them whelm a trusting soul.

Himself hath trod,
By will of God,
Death's awful depths! And they were riven
That we, with Him, might cross to Heaven.

DEATH OF ELI.

Hark! the sound of dreadful battle
Rolling forth its rageful rattle
Through the air!
Everywhere
Flash of saber, clash of spear
Thrill and chill the soul with fear.

It is Philistia's heathen host
Madly rushing o'er the coast,
Like mighty surge
On ocean verge,
Met by men of Israel,
Whose hope and courage sink and swell.

How the struggling masses reel,
As awful plunge of glittering steel
Strews the ground
With dead around;
And dash of blade and crash of shield
In changeful clangor scourge the field!

DEATH OF ELI

About the Ark, the battle's core
Is running red with human gore.
 The awful wage
 In wrathful rage
Mingles wails of deep despair
With victors' shouts of triumph there.

Israel's men are beaten sore;
See how they waver—fight no more!
 They turn, they fly
 With bitter cry:
“Where is our God? Hath He forgot?
Jehovah holy, leave us not!”

But both the sons of Eli, slain,
With thousands, lie upon the plain;
 Their sighing moans
 And dying groans
Tell of Israel forsaken;
The Ark of God by Gentiles taken.

Afar, sad Shiloh anxious waits
With crowded streets and guarded gates;
 And Eli sits,
 As well befits,
In chiefest seat, uplifted high,
With trembling heart and failing eye.

But lo! there comes across yon field
A runner swift. Nor spear, nor shield,

DEATH OF ELI

Nor sword he bears ;
Behold he tears
To shreds his garment, and his head
With dust he covers. "Israel's fled,"

He cries, or gasps, with failing breath ;
"Eli's sons are cold in death ;
We're forsaken,
The Ark is taken !"
And falls exhausted on the ground,
Where thronging rush the people round.

Eli's heart with fear beats loud,
As sweep and surge the stricken crowd
In tumult high ;
The wailing cry
Of sorrow full he quickly hears,
And for the Ark of God he fears.

He, on demand, is told the whole
Sad tale of trouble for his soul :
"Israel's fled ;
His sons are dead ;
All is lost, undone, forsaken ;
The Ark of God also is taken !"

A sudden swoon, a heavy crash,
As star from heaven, or meteor flash,
He quickly falls !
The sight appalls

GATES OF GLORY

The restless throng. His soul has fled:
The broken-hearted priest is dead!

* * * * *

Why welters Israel in dust?
Is God untrue, unkind, unjust?

Why must the heathen triumph? Why
The good and bad together die?

This secret now my soul would win.
Two words will answer: Weakness—Sin!

GATES OF GLORY.

[*Founded on Psalm xxiv:7-10.*]

Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Roll back, ye gates of glory;
Let Gospel truth, its healing tide,
Pour through the nations hoary.

Let China see the holy light,
And India, westward turning,
Behold the Star of Bethlehem bright,
Its radiance ever burning.

Let Afric's sons their Savior know,
All heathen peoples bending;
Till streams of gladness ceaseless flow,
And praises be unending.

GATES OF GLORY

Let earth be filled with glory, Lord,
All tongues repeat the story;
Till men shall cry, with one accord,
"Lo! Christ is King of Glory."

Eternal King, to us come down,
Burst through the gates of glory;
In these last days thy wonders crown,
Come save these nations hoary.

Come in, come in, thou Mighty One;
Come, as in ancient story;
Proclaim thy crown and kingdom won,
Come in, O King of Glory.

WAKE, BRIDE OF MY SAVIOR.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem."—Isaiah lii:1.

Wake, Bride of my Savior,
Awake and arise!
Behold where he cometh
In kingliest guise!
His feet touch the mountains
Of darkness and night,
And glories effulgent
Break forth into sight.

New splendors around him,
Magnificent burn;

WAKE, BRIDE OF MY SAVIOR.

While o'er him earth-shadows
To haloes all turn.
Bright morning of promise
Is gilding the skies ;
Wake, Bride of my Savior,
Awake and arise !

The Age of the ages
Is coming apace,
Foretold by the sages—
The Kingdom of Grace !
Lo, now, the dread armies
Of evil, in flight,
Disperse like the cloud-mists
When morning is bright !

He calleth thee ; hearken !
“Beloved, awake ;
Thy beautiful garments
Of righteousness take.
Put on thy rich graces,
Of love and of trust ;
Beloved, awaken,
Arise from the dust.”

“Go, herald my coming ;
Go witness for me,
Seek out the sin-laden
And bid them be free.

SALVATION

Speak kind to the erring,
With sorrows oppressed,
And tell the sore-hearted
That I will give rest."

Dispense the rich bounty,
Send forth the glad word,
Proclaim to the nations,
Christ Jesus thy Lord!
Bright morning of promise
Is gilding the skies,
Wake, Bride of my Savior,
Awake and arise!

SALVATION.

A HYMN.

"Salvation belongeth unto the Lord.—Psalms iii:8.

Salvation to our God belongs;
His praises earth shall fill,
All nations shall with thankful songs,
Soon haste to do His will.

He crowns the lands with creature-good;
He fills the surging sea
With proofs of power, since nature stood,
Or time began to be.

He arched the starry dome on high,
Bestrewn with wonders bright;
Robed all the spaces of the sky
With His resplendent light.

SALVATION

He piled the mountains, reared the hills ;
Spread forth the fertile plains ;
Made rivers run from founts and rills ;
Supplied abundant rains.

He set the sun in car of fire,
Whose splendors ever burn ;
And shall His glories once expire ?
Or to Himself return ?

Shall He who fills with light the earth,
Not bring full gospel day ?
Shall He from whom all things have birth,
Resign his sceptered sway ?

No, no, my soul ; believe His word ;
Earth yet shall do His will.
Salvation that my heart hath stirred,
Shall all the nations fill.

HID IN THE HEART.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."—Psalms cxix:11.

As honey stored
In comb and cell,
So may Thy word
Within me dwell.

Truth, hid in heart,
To good inclines ;
Bids sin depart,
Uplifts, refines.

HID IN THE HEART

It fills with light
Where error reigned;
Brings day from night,
Shows Satan chained!

Time's gloom-filled days
It makes to shine
With heavenly rays
Of Light Divine.

Truth, shrined within,
Shows Christ is there;
And He with sin
Can have no share.

Thyself, Thy Word,
O Christ, I hide;
Be Thou my Lord,
In me abide.

CONTENTMENT.

Psalms xxiii.

The Lord is my Shepherd,
I'll nevermore need;
For He makes me lie down
Where His flocks gaily feed;
In the ever-green pastures
Of mercy and grace,
Where the still flowing waters
Send joy through the place.

CONTENTMENT

He restoreth my soul,
 Ever leading me still ;
And by righteous control,
 Brings my heart to His will.
Though I walk through the vale
 Where the death shadows fall,
Yet His love will not fail,
 And no fear shall appall.

A table's prepared
 And my soul richly fares,
While my foes are debarred,
 And encumbered with cares.
With the kingliest oil,
 Thou my head dost anoint,
From Thy banquet, sweet wine
 Doth Thy favor appoint.

Over-run is my cup
 Of thanksgiving and joy ;
And Thy goodness to praise,
 Shall be happy employ.
All the days of my life,
 Will I bless Thee and love,
Till Thou take me from strife,
 To Thy Mansions above.

THIRSTING FOR GOD.

A HYMN.

Psalms xlii.

As panteth the wild deer for cool water brooks,
So panteth my soul after Thee:
I pine for my Savior, my thirsty soul looks
To Him in its deep agony.

O where shall I find Him who dwelleth in light,
Or how in His presence appear?
My tears are my portion by day and by night,
I pour my complaint in His ear.

My soul is afflicted, my spirit cast down,
The tempter still mocks me in pride;
"Where now is thy God," thy best joy and thy crown,
Why doth He in darkness still hide?"

Dread seas over-roll me, their wild billows break
With tumult of noise and alarms;
Yet His love will preserve me and soon He will take
And fold me to rest in His arms.

Oh, God, I will praise Thee, and, trusting, I'll wait
Till morning's bright rays shall outshine;
Lo! now I behold through the wide-open gate,
The smile of the Father Divine.

A MORNING HYMN.

The morning breaks, the light appears,
As it hath done through all the years.
Since Nature first attuned her ways
To hymns of gladness and of praise.

Thus would my soul, with early song,
Glad Nature's melodies prolong;
I praise Thee, Father, for the night,
And for the sweet returning light.

I praise Thee for Thy loving care,
For Thy blessed Word of truth so fair;
I praise Thee for creation bright,
And for Thy Spirit's guiding light.

Throughout this day, Spirit divine,
Let Thy full beams upon me shine;
Be Thou my Sun, be Thou my Day,
And lead me in the perfect way.

Thus when the day of life is past,
When shadows fall around at last,
Then take me home to Thine own rest,
Where I shall be forever blest.

EVENING LIGHT.

A HYMN.

Zechariah xiv:7.

“At evening time it shall be light,”
As western suns in splendor bright,
Reflect the sheen of flowing rills
That leap and sparkle down the hills.

E'en thus life's eve shall glow and burn
With glory full, when in its turn,
Our faith shall find each earthly night
Transformed to beauteous morning bright.

And death is naught! As setting sun
To other eyes, is day begun;
So to each soul whose life is right,
Its evening hour shall glow with light.

And eventide, with sun aglow,
Foretokens heaven to earth below;
As mountain heights shine with the ray
Of western beams at close of day.

This life shall close, but from that hour,
No night shall be; for by His power,
Fair morning breaks, eternal, bright;
“At evening time it shall be light.”

TWO WAYS.

Psalms i:1-6.

How blessed the man who walks not in ways
Of ungodly men, nor their counsel obeys.
Who standeth not where the sinful do meet,
Nor scoffingly sits, the scorner's proud seat,
The law of the Lord is made his delight,
His thoughts are most true by day and by night.

Yea, he like a tree by full rivers shall stand,
Where waters of bliss flow sweet through the land,
His root shall go down to the fountains below,
And drink there of streams which for him overflow.
His fruit shall abound, his leaf shall not fade,
A joy and a blessing his life shall be made.

Not so are the wicked, in God's Judgment Day,
The chaff in the wind shall be driven away!
No sinner shall stand when He shall appear,
But trembling shall fall, o'erwhelmed with dread fear.
The way of the righteous shall live in his sight,
While footsteps unholy descend into night.

EXPERIENCE.

Psalms lxxvi:9-15.

In life He keeps our spirits still ;
He guards our doubtful feet ;
For thou, O God, hast proved us well,
As silver tried complete.

PRAISE

Into the net our souls he brought,
Affliction girded there;
The world its evil proudly wrought,
But lo, He heard our prayer!

He brought us forth to wealthy place;
Our souls in safety set;
Within thy house, O God of grace,
We bring our offerings yet.

The vows I'll pay in trouble made,
By offerings full and free,
At morning light and evening shade,
My soul shall worship thee!

PRAISE.

Psalms lxxvi:1-8.

In praise be joyful all ye lands,
Sing forth and bless His name;
Say unto God, How great thou art
How glorious thy fame!

To thee shall all thy foes submit,
To thee full tribute bring;
Lo! all the earth shall serve thee yet,
Thy praises full shall sing.

Oh, come, behold the works of God,
How terrible in might,
The sea uprolled its roaring flood
To aid his people's flight.

SECURITY

By power he rules the nations well ;
Let not His foes be proud.
Oh, bless our God, ye people all
Pour forth your praise aloud.

SECURITY.

Psalms xciii.

The Lord is King! He reigns on high,
Enrobed supreme in majesty.
He girds himself with mighty strength,
And builds the world for ages' length.

His throne of old shall stand secure
While He Himself shall still endure.
The floods His praise shall joyful sing,
Their lifted voice loud tribute bring.

He's Lord on high; and mightier He,
Than all the waves of roaring sea;
In holy peace He keeps me still,
Within His house to do His will.

Forever, Lord, permit me dwell
In that blest home, where saints shall tell
Of thy vast power, and vaster love
That lifts from earth to Heaven above.

JUSTICE.

Psalms xciv.

Show now thyself, O God of Power,
And shame the evils of the hour.
Lift up thyself! Great Judge Divine,
And let the sword of justice shine.

How long, O Lord; alas! how long
The wicked triumph and are strong!
They plague and slay thy people, Lord,
And boast against thy holy word.

They think thine eyes are dim with years,
But lo! thou seest all our tears!
Ye brutish hear! haste to be wise,
Before our God in judgment rise.

He sees our woe; He hears our cry;
Hath He not made both ear and eye?
Though justice long through ages slept,
The heathen found His word was kept.

And shall the sins of latter days
Be less obnoxious to His ways?
The knowing God, shall He not know?
Oh, fly from sin ere judgment flow.

That man is blest whom thy reproof
Shall from all evil keep aloof!
From adverse days, he shall have rest
And through thy law be richly blessed.

HEART SEARCHING.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart."—Psalms cxxxix:23.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Nor let me from thy ways depart.
In paths of truth guide thou my feet,
To walk the ways of justice meet.

Yea, open let my spirit lie
Beneath thine ever searching eye;
I would not hide from thee my sin,
But spotless be and pure within.

Give pardon's blessed, fullest peace,
And bid my soul from sin to cease.
My heart-deeps, like a crystal brook,
Would image back thy loving look.

Thy judgments stay! My startled soul,
Sees Mercy's River to me roll.
His love appears before mine eyes
Whose heavenly glories fill the skies.

'Tis he alone whose merits will
Avail for humbled sinners still.
'Tis He alone whose power will bless
And cleanse by His own righteousness.

DELIVERANCE.

Psalms lxxvi:16-20.

Oh, come and hear all ye who fear
The God of earth and Heaven ;
He hath done well, yea, let me tell
He hath my sins forgiven.

I cried to Him, Oh, save from sin,
My mouth spake forth my soul ;
Dear Master, great, all sin I hate,
Come now and make me whole.

Then lo! my cry ascending high,
Upon His bosom prest ;
He from my heart bade sin depart,
He gave me peace and rest.

To Him high praise my soul shall raise,
My spirit gladly sings ;
Ye angels bright in realms of light,
Proclaim Him King of Kings.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

THE LOGOS—CHRIST.

"In the beginning was the Word (Logos) and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."—John.

"And He was before all things, and by Him all things consist."—Paul.

He was the Word. And He was God before
The mountains rose, or seas rolled to the shore.
Before the star-strewn sky, or earth, or air ;
Before old Chaos, and before the fair
First morning broke from primal night ;
Before the depth, before the height,
Lo, He the Living Word, the Life, the Light,
Was there !

Far back in depths of vast eternity,
Ere pulse of life, or motion, stirred the sea
Of death ; ere yet creation dawned ; when naught
Of matter's highest part was made, or wrought
By touch of his divinest art ;
Before first throb of Nature's heart,
He was the One Eternal yet
Unuttered thought !

"By him all things consist." The Logos spoke,
And *Time's* first hour gave forth its primal stroke.
Existence full emerged from naught's dread sea,
Out-spoken by the Word's deep mystery

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Of power. All things were by Him made,
In heaven, in earth, or light, or shade ;
Things seen, unseen, in haste obeyed
His call to be !

“In Him was life.” “The life was light of men.”
All else was naught, was dead, unrayed, till when
God’s spirit brooded o’er the shoreless sea
Of universal night, and filled immensity
With motion. Quickly radiant light
Creation robed in splendors bright,
And in God’s Image MAN was made, upright
And free !

Again the Logos spake ! Redemption’s plan
Required a holy sacrifice. For man
Had sinned ; had robbed his heart of virtue’s bloom
And innocence ; had brought the awful doom
Of sin and death on all the race ;
Had planted thorns in every place
Of flowers. But lo, redeeming grace
Regilds the gloom

Of human skies, by Advent strange and wise :
The heavens are filled with wonder as He flies
To rescue fallen souls ! In flesh he trod,
As man, the sin-stained earth, whose every clod
He molded. He was found in frame
Of earth-born men. The Word became
“THE SON OF MAN,” that he might name
Us “SONS OF GOD !”

AND OTHER POEMS

THE MAGNIFICAT ; OR SONG OF MARY.

Luke i:46-55.

My soul magnifieth Jehovah my King,
My spirit with joy to my Savior doth sing ;
He looked on his handmaid of lowly estate,
And nations will bless me, for *He* shall be great :
For wonderful things did the Mighty to me,
And holy and blessed His name ever be.

Through all generations His mercies descend
On them who before Him in reverence bend.
His almighty arm, manifested on high,
Strikes fear to the hearts of His foes, and they fly.
He down from their seats all the mighty hath hurled,
To lift from the lowly the King of the world.

The hungry He filled with the finest of wheat,
But the rich He allowed no manna to eat.
He helpeth His servant, loves Israel yet ;
His promise of mercy He cannot forget ;
He spake to our fathers, His love hath decreed .
Salvation forever through Abraham's seed.

* * * * *

So sang the saint mother of Jesus our Lord ;
And up from my spirit in joyful accord

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

New strains of sweet melody rise unto Him
Whose grace and whose glory never grow dim.
Ye ransomed of nations, ye saved among men,
Your glad hallelujahs re-echo again.

This blessed salvation was bought by His pain,
Enshrine Him and praise Him and bid Him to reign.
Ye angels, the holy, who sang at His birth,
And ye who were with Him ascending from earth,
Your tuneful rejoicing through heaven outringing,
And crown Him forever Redeemer and King.

THE BENEDICTUS; OR, SONG OF ZACHARIAS.

Luke i:68-80.

Now blessed be Israel's Lord,
He visits His people once more;
Oh, praise Him in joyful accord,
Redemption is treasured in store:
A horn of salvation,
From David is raised,
For people and nation,
Jehovah be praised!

As prophets most holy have told,
Through ages, since time had its birth,
His glories resplendent, out-rolled,
Shall shine to the ends of the earth:
And we shall be saved
From the hate of our foes,
And the evil-behaved
Shall no longer oppose.

AND OTHER POEMS

His covenant mercies are sure ;
His word to our fathers shall stand,
As firm as the ages endure,
Upheld by an Almighty Hand.
And the oath that he sware
Unto Abraham then,
Shall his chosen declare
To the nations of men :

That, granting deliverance here,
And freedom from wrath of our foes,
In service of Him, without fear,
Our pilgrimage journey shall close :
In holiness ever,
By righteousness given,
To stray from him never,
But greet him in Heaven.

And thou, happy child, shalt be named
The Herald and Prophet of ONE,
Wide over the earth to be famed,
As Savior, Redeemer and SON !
Thou before him shalt go,
All his ways to prepare,
That salvation may flow
To a world full of care.

God's mercy appearing, so tender,
The dayspring of glory hath shined

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Wherever the humble shall render
True, reverent, homage of mind.
Light breaks from the darkness,
And death's shadows cease;
Our feet tread in brightness
The pathway of peace!

THE ANGELICUS.

Luke ii:14.

All hail unto One
Who from Heaven descended,
When glad angels sung
A song yet unended.
'Tis a beautiful tale,
Most wondrous and grand,
Of Bethlehem's vale
In Judea's land.

There a sweet angel voice,
Which thrilled through the air
Made the shepherds rejoice
By the message it bare.
"I bring you good tidings
Of gladness to-day;
Dim mystery's hidings
Have melted away!

"Unto you is now born,
In David's old home,

AND OTHER POEMS

A great Prince to adorn,
A Christ to atone.
The babe ye shall find
In lowliness there;
For the humble of mind
His favor shall share."

Then with the evangel,
In sudden surprise,
A chorus of angels
Sang praise through the skies:
"To God be the glory,
In highest of strains;
Go, tell the sweet story,
That Jesus now reigns.

Good will unto men,
And peace, He hath given."
Oh, sing it again,
Ye angels of Heaven!
Too long has the world
In warfare been held;
Be His banner unfurled,
And strife ever quelled.

Let anthems on high,
Roll the glad news around;
Salvation is nigh
And a Savior is found!

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

The Prince and the King,
Whom the old prophets saw,
Redemption doth bring,
And love is His law.

Lo! a star in the East
Guides wise men to where
The babe is at rest,
In innocence there.
Though found in a manger,
In humble estate,
They worship the stranger,
Well knowing Him great.

Their rich gifts they unfold;
Sweet incense and myrrh;
Glad their treasures of gold,
On Him to confer.
Thus the greatest of earth,
Yea, angels and men,
Rejoice at His birth,
And praise Him again!

Sing hosannas to Him,
Who came from the skies,
His work to begin
In childhood's disguise.
Hosanna! All Hail
To the babe that was born,
In Bethlehem vale,
That beautiful morn!

AND OTHER POEMS

NO ROOM IN THE INN.

“And laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.”—Luke ii:7.

“No room in the Inn!” ’Tis the wonderful story
Of Jesus, Redeemer, our Savior and King!
He came to the earth from the regions of glory,
Salvation eternal for sinners to bring.
In Bethlehem’s vale He was laid in a manger;
The lowliest place did the holiest fill;
The world knew Him not, He was only a stranger,
Inheriting evil and suffering ill.
No room for the stranger,
But only a manger;
No room, Blessed Savior, no room for Thee still!

There’s room in His heart for the sinful and weary;
He said: “Come to Me, and your soul shall have rest;
Oh, turn from the ways of ungodliness, dreary;
Come lean on My bosom, and you shall be blest.”
He prayed in the Garden, in deep sorrow sighing,
For your sins and mine did His soul overflow;
When bleeding, extended; when crucified, dying,
He prayed for the wicked who treated Him ill;
No room, but a manger,
The cross and its danger;
No room, Blessed Savior, no room for Thee still.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

The world has no room, but a tomb for the holy ;
No room for Immanuel, Savior divine !
By manger and cross to the grave, oh, how lowly,
And yet in full splendor His glory shall shine.
Lo! now, o'er His sepulchre, angels descending,
Like lightning come down, and the stone roll away ;
And Jesus, the holy, in triumph ascending,
Comes forth in His might at the dawning of day !
The tomb that enrolled Him,
No longer can hold Him ;
The tomb has no room, but for sin and decay.

Awake! all ye harps of the excellent glory ;
Awake, and resound His full praises again !
The grave has been conquered, oh, wonderful story ;
The world is redeemed, and He riseth to reign !
Fly wide, all ye gates of the city of splendor ;
Roll back on your hinges of glittering gold ;
Ye angels, and ransomed, sweet homage now render,
And haste to make room in the Heavenly fold ;
Glad room for the stranger,
Of cross and of manger ;
Blest room evermore in the city of gold.

NUNC DIMITTIS ; OR, SIMEON'S JOY.

Luke ii:25-32.

This sweet revelation had come from on high,
The Christ he should see before he should die !
Thus comforted, blessed, his soul full of praise,
He waited in joy the end of the days.

AND OTHER POEMS

Now God's Spirit whispered, and his spirit thrilled :
"Go, enter the temple, the time is fulfilled."
Long ages have waited, nor waited in vain ;
"Lo, now for his ransom the birdlings are slain !"

"Their innocent life-blood, outpouring its tide,
Now tells of the Mother and Child, purified ;
He is the Messiah, Christ Jesus the name ;
Go look on His weakness, his power proclaim !"

The soul of the prophet awoke its old power ;
His feet passed the gate of the temple that hour ;
When Joseph and Mary, in purity there
Their offerings hallowed with praises and prayer.

" 'Tis He!" said the Spirit to Simeon then ;
"This Child is the promised Redeemer of men !"
Then close to his bosom the holy man pressed
The wonderful comer, the world's greatest guest.

The white-mantled priest, from his altar-fires turned,
To gaze on the face that with joyfulness burned ;
The Levite, in passing, wondered to see
The sage's rapt look and his grand ecstasy.

All worshipers waiting in reverence stood ;
Unfinished their offerings lay still on the wood ;
Entranced by the vision, dull idlers grew still,
Expecting some token of God's holy will.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

And Mary, in beauty of sweet motherhood,
In quietness waited with Joseph, the good ;
The prophet, uplifting his radiant face,
Still holding the babe in securest embrace,

Outpoured the full rapture of spirit and soul,
As fountains forth-bursting in freest out-roll.
"Now lettest Thou, Lord, thy glad servant depart ;
Mine eyes have beheld the chief joy of my heart.

"In peace let me go to the realms of the blest ;
Messiah hath come, and my soul is at rest.
Mine eyes have now seen, and my arms here enfold
The Savior Divine, whom the sages foretold.

Salvation's prepared for the Gentiles afar,
And o'er them ariseth His scepter and star ;
Lo, Israel's Sun shall lighten each shore,
And His glory begun shall blaze evermore."

* * * * *

So sang the old saint, and thus singeth my soul ;
Let anthems of gladness unceasingly roll.
I, too, have found Jesus ; have heard His sweet voice ;
He speaks to me oft, and He bids me rejoice.

My heart shall adore Him, and He to His heart,
Enfolds me and blesses, nor will He depart.
His praises aloud through the earth I'll proclaim,
Rejoicing forever in His holy name.

AND OTHER POEMS.

In Heaven's great temple, with Simeon old,
My soul shall soon rest, and mine eyes shall behold
The King in His beauty, and not as on earth,
A babe from its manger of lowliest birth.

Yea, crowned in His Kingdom shall Jesus be then,
Nor suffer, rejected by unholy men;
There glad hallelujahs forever shall ring
Through mansions eternal where He shall be King!

HEAVENLY JOY.

Luke ii:14.

“Glory to God in the highest!” they sing;
“Peace and good will,” rolls the anthem along;
Jesus is born to be Savior and King,
Shepherds of Bethlehem hear the glad song,
Angels, adoring, re-echo the song,
Jesus is born to be Savior and King,
“Peace and good-will” rolls the anthem along;
“Glory to God in the highest!” they sing.

“Glory to God in the highest!” we hear;
Wonderful music is sounding on high;
Millions of angels to earth have come near,
Greeting each other in joy as they fly,
Praising Jehovah in choral reply.
Songs of salvation, to earth very near,
Chanted by millions from mansions on high,
“Glory to God in the highest!” we hear.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST.

Glory to God; on the earth shall be peace,
Peace unto all, for Messiah shall reign;
Praise of Jehovah shall nevermore cease,
Sound it o'er mountain, and valley and plain,
Island and ocean and forest and plain.
Praises of Jesus shall ever increase,
Peace and good-will forever shall reign;
Glory to God, on the earth shall be peace!

“Glory to God in the highest!” we sing;
Matchless in mercy, in wisdom and love;
Gladly we hail our Redeemer and King,
Joining with choruses ringing above,
Singing, rejoicing with angels above.
Honor and glory and blessing we bring;
Earth shall be full of His praises and love,
“Glory to God in the highest!” we sing.

CHRISTMAS SMILES.

Thou who once a stranger came,
Wast within a manger lain,
This dark world's glad hope to be—
Savior, Jesus, smile on me!

Cradled there that Christmas morn,
Babe in weakness Thou wast born;
But Thy glory earth shall see;
Saviour, Jesus, smile on me!

AND OTHER POEMS

Joyful angels o'er the earth,
Sang in gladness at Thy birth;
Joyful, too, my soul would be:
Savior, Jesus, smile on me!

He who saves hath come to men;
Sing it, angels, yet again,
O'er the land and on the sea:
Savior, Jesus, smile on me!

Following after Thy bright star,
Came the wise men from afar,
Offering gifts, they worship Thee,
Lowly bowed on bended knee.

Thus, Thou, blessed Christ, I will
Follow Thee and love Thee still;
With my soul I bow to Thee:
Savior, Jesus, smile on me!

Now my spirit joyful sings,
Jesus is the King of Kings!
He my Lord shall ever be;
Lo! He smiles—He smiles on me!

Hark! Hosanna! hear the joy;
Heavenly hosts their powers employ!
Through all realms His smiles they see:
Smiles for them and smiles for me!

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

THE NAZARENE BOY.

"And it came to pass that after three days they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers."—Luke ii:46-47.

In the temple behold Him,
The Nazarene boy!
Have its visions foretold him
His future employ?

Do these symbols around Him
Reveal to His eyes,
For all human transgression,
The One Sacrifice?

Do the priests by the altars,
The fires that ascend,
And the blood of slain victims,
His mission portend?

By the odors of incense,
Enwaft to the skies,
He perceives how the sweetness
Of prayer shall arise.

And, deep hid in dark cloud-folds
Of smoke, rolling high,

AND OTHER POEMS

He discerns, 'mid the shadows,
A *Cross* standing nigh.

And beneath the dull shadows,
'Mid somberest gloom,
He beholds through the darkness
A home in the tomb!

But commingled with anthems,
Ascending from earth,
He can hear a sweet chorus
Of heavenly birth.

'Tis of angels rejoicing
O'er work He will do,
All His praises out-voicing
In symphonies new.

And the "joy set before Him"
In fullness appears,
The redeemed shall adore Him,
He'll banish their fears!

Now the Cross has no terrors,
No terrors the tomb,
And He dreads not the darkness,
The shadow nor gloom.

But the work that the Father
Hath given He'll do,

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

And the souls of the sinful,
In love, He'll pursue.

* * * *

Thus in wonder He waited
With wise men of old,
While within Him strange visions
Of wisdom unfold.

And His spirit caught glimpses
Resplendently fair,
Of the God-Head within Him,
Immanuel there!

The wise doctors, astonished,
Shall wonder once more,
When His work shall be finished,
His sufferings o'er.

The great questions He asked them,
His answers, most wise,
Will be borne to their spirits
Again, in surprise.

When the universe echoes
The songs that shall ring
Through the Temple Eternal,
Where He shall be King;

When the millions of ransomed,
Their praises out-roll,

AND OTHER POEMS

That for sacrifice perfect
He offered His soul.

Then, all hail! now no longer
The Nazarene boy,
But *The Christ*, we behold Him,
Our excellent joy!

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Luke ix:28-35.

In depth of night
On mountain height
The Savior knelt in humble prayer;
And as He prayed,
He was arrayed
In Heavenly splendor, kneeling there.

Transfused, transformed!
Beauty adorned
And glorified His face benign;
As from the soul,
Throughout the whole,
Poured forth a radiance, all divine.

His face outshone
The noonday sun!
His raiment as the light became;
In matchless white,
With glory bright,
It glowed and flashed like burning flame.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

With Jesus then
Appeared two men ;
The one went up from Pisgah's spire ;
The other passed
From earth at last,
In kingly chariot, wheeled in fire.

In glory's flame,
To Christ these came ;
Moses, Elijah ! And they spake,
The Scripture saith,
Of that dread death,
Which He should die for human sake !

Tremendous theme !
Man to redeem,
Upon the Cross the Christ must die ;
His blood be shed
In guilty stead
Of lost and cursed humanity.

Lend, lend your ears,
Ye rolling spheres !
The Son Divine is come to save ;
And He, though slain,
Shall live again,
Triumphant, rising from the grave !

Great Moses old,
With prophet bold,
Proclaimed salvation's work near done,

AND OTHER POEMS

As they with Christ,
In sacred tryst,
Rejoiced to hail the Blessed One.

Thus Sinai's height,
And Calvary's might,
The Law and Gospel, meet tonight;
And now, henceforth,
O'er all the earth,
Their light shall burn in union bright.

With wonder filled,
Peter would build,
For guests so grand, three dwellings there;
That souls in quest
Of peace and rest,
Might linger long in scenes so rare.

Then, like a shroud,
There came a cloud,
Resplendent 'round the Holy One.
A Voice profound,
Rolled to the ground,
"Hear ye my well beloved Son!"

From mount to shore
It sounded o'er;
Christ hath the crown and kingdom won;
"Him shall ye hear,"
Him ye shall fear,
"He is the well-pleased Father's Son."

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Ah, it were well
To ever dwell
Where glory pours in streams like this ;
Where o'er the soul
Should ceaseless roll
Such waves of Heaven's transcendent bliss.

But then, where He
Would have us be,
There we should labor, suffer, wait !
'Twas by the Cross,
Through pain and loss,
The Master passed to glory's gate.

With morning's light,
He left the height,
Where Heavenly splendors flashed and burned ;
To save a child
From anguish wild,
He from the mountain's bliss returned.

And yet below
Is human woe ;
Here sufferers cry and demons rave ;
The mountain's glow
Of Heaven we'll know,
When we, like Him, have lived to save.

Go, lead the blind,
Who grope to find

AND OTHER POEMS

The narrow way from earth to Heaven.

Go, seek the lost,
And spare no cost ;

Much is required where much is given.

Go, bring the poor
To mercy's door ;

Go, toil and build for truth divine ;

Make joy to flow
Where'er you go,

And then, transfigured, you shall shine.

In beauty fair
Your soul shall wear

The robes of Saints and Angels grand ;

Celestial grace
Shall crown your face

When you with Him in bliss shall stand.

When light and love
Shall, from above,

Transfuse and fill and make you blest ;

Earth's toils and tears,
Its ills and fears,

Shall end in everlasting rest.

EASTER.

We welcome glad Easter

When Jesus arose,

Triumphant o'er death,

Defying His foes !

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

When the conquering Christ
From slumber awoke,
Arising victorious
As morning out-broke!

There, fallen in fear,
Are the soldiers on guard;
Sharp saber and spear
Can never retard
The coming of Angels,
Descending in might,
Outshining in splendor
The stars of the night!

Strong helmets and shields
Are flashing in vain;
Eternity's veil
Is rending in twain!
Lo! broke is the seal
Of the Roman's proud sway;
The stone is out-rolled
By the Angels away.

And Jesus comes forth,
All Godlike in power,
As riseth the sun,
As bloometh a flower.
Now praise Him, ye blessed,
Hosannas out-ring,
And crown Him forever
Redeemer and King!

AND OTHER POEMS

Three Crosses are yonder—
 Blood-marked and bare!
One tomb is despoiled
 Of its occupant there!
The way up to Heaven
 Is made easy and plain;
Salvation is purchased
 By Calvary's stain.

The night of the ages,
 Enwrapping its fold,
Has turned into morning's
 Full brightness out-rolled.
Despair flies away!
 Hope, lifting her voice,
Is singing in gladness,
 "Believe and rejoice!"

Then welcome glad Easter!
 Since Jesus arose
The tomb has no terrors,
 But for His foes.
'Tis only a resting,
 A moment of night,
That breaks into morning
 Eternally bright.

It is but a scene
 Of serenest repose;
For, Angels descending,
 Our tombs shall uncloze,

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

And over us bending,
Shall bid us arise
To mansions supernal,
With Him in the skies.

THE WITHERED HAND.

Mark iii:1-5.

“Stand forth,” said Jesus. This command
In wrath the Jewish doctors heard;
Forth stepped the man with withered hand,
And waited for the healing word.

“’Tis well to heal on Sabbath days,”
In answer said the Savior’s voice;
He came to smooth life’s troubled ways,
To say to suffering souls, “Rejoice!”

Said Jesus then, “Stretch forth thine hand;”
That voice divine in faith he heard.
He stretched it forth at this command,
And lo! ’twas healed by that same word.

New life within ran swiftly through,
It leaped and thrilled in every part;
’Tis thus for all our Lord will do,
For all who come with faith of heart.

O Christ, our spirit hands are weak,
• Like his who stood before Thee then;
And here, alas! we vainly seek
For strength to lift them up again.

AND OTHER POEMS

But speak the word this very hour,
And life through all our souls shall go;
In healing streams Thy saving power
Shall flow to us, and ever flow.

Our hearts are withered, cold and dead,
Our lives like barren, fruitless tree;
O Christ, the Lord, hast Thou not said
That all shall live who come to Thee?

We come! we come! we heed Thy word,
We bring our withered souls to Thee;
Thy voice within our faith has stirred,
And now from sin we shall be free.

Rejoice, rejoice, that healing word
Through all the land today is heard;
And all who come by faith shall say,
"I'm healed and saved in Christ today."

A HUNDREDFOLD.

Parable of the Sower.—Matt. xiii:3-8.

Lo, the sower is sowing the seed,
Sowing to reap in the time of need;
Sowing the soil with the precious grain,
Sowing in hope, nor sowing in vain.

Some of the seeds by the wayside fell,
Fowls devoured them, loving them well.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Some on the rocks, in the shallowest earth,
Sprang the soonest, too early of birth.

Too weak to stand till the day was done,
These failed beneath the heat of the sun ;
Too frail of root for the scorching ray,
They drooped and pined and withered away.

Some of the seeds in thickets of thorns
Fell, where nothing of beauty adorns.
The thorns grew up and strangled the grain,
The sowing here was sowing in vain.

But others fell where the plow had broke
The deep, rich ground by its sturdy stroke.
In harvest time the glad reapers came,
And bound the sheaves with joyful acclaim.

"Some sixty, thirty, a hundredfold,"
The reapers' refrain in gladness rolled.
They heaped the bundles of golden grain,
And shook the air with the highest strain.

"A hundredfold!" is the happy cry ;
"A hundredfold!" the echoes reply.
A hundredfold is the yield of grain ;
Did the sower sow his field in vain ?

Ah, no, my soul ; for each tiny seed,
Each kind, true word, and each loving deed,

AND OTHER POEMS

That we shall sow in the hearts of men,
May the richest harvests yield again.

And if some seeds by the wayside fall,
Where the birds of ill devour it all;
If some 'mid thorns and the rocks shall rest,
And give no fruit to the reaper's quest;

Yet others shall, in the better soil,
Abundance bring to the sower's toil,
And shouts of joy through Heaven shall ring,
When angel reapers together sing.

"Some sixty, thirty, a hundredfold,"
The heavens resound the anthem old;
Sowers and reapers join the refrain,
Chanting the highest, happiest strain.

"A hundredfold," is the choral cry,
"A hundredfold" in the garner high;
A hundredfold of the heavenly grain,
A hundredfold is never in vain.

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

John ii:1-11.

There was joy in the city
Of Cana that night;
With beaming of faces
And gleaming of light;

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

For the voice of a bridegroom
Spake soft to the bride,
As she stood, the sweet image
Of truth by his side.

There was laughter, with music,
To soften each sigh,
As a smile on the lip lights,
A tear in the eye ;
For grave elders and matrons,
The young and the fair,
With the Master himself, and
Disciples were there.

There was bustle of serving,
And hustle of throngs,
As with feasting and jesting
And jubilant songs,
The supply of sweet wine, deemed
Enough for the night,
Was exhausted ere yet rose
The feast to its height.

Then the mother of Jesus
Spake low to her Son ;
To the servants she said, "Let
His bidding be done."
Though his "time is not come," yet
A mother's heart wins,
And His life-work of love at
A marriage begins.

AND OTHER POEMS

For He looks on the water
That flushes the brim,
And it colors with shame 'neath
The glances of Him
Whom the universe owneth—
The Master Divine—
Till it blushes obeisance
And turns into wine.

* * * * *

It was meet this beginning
Of wonders should be,
Where a remnant of Eden
Still grows its life-tree;
Where the home of affection
Supplies to the taste
The one Paradise fruit of
This wilderness waste.

And this beautiful story
The faithful shall find
More resplendent in glory,
When Jesus shall bind
All the pure to Himself; when
The Church, at His side,
Shall rejoice with her Savior—
The Bridegroom and Bride.

Then the wine of salvation
He'll richly outpour
To the saved of each nation,
'Mid joys evermore.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

And our souls shall forever
Proclaim Him divine,
When this life's bitter waters
Have turned into wine.

“WE WOULD SEE JESUS.”

John xii:21.

Jesus, I Thy face would see,
Looking on me graciously—
As the sunshine on the flowers,
Grassy plain and leafy bowers;
As the flashing water's sheen,
'Neath the noontide's glowing beam;
Smiling all my fears away,
Shining darkness into day.

Jesus, I Thy face would see,
Hear Thy voice of melody
Sweetly saying, “Come to me”;
“Come, and I will make you free!”
At Thy feet behold me lie,
Till Thou hearest all my cry;
Till my sins are all forgiven,
Till my name is writ in Heaven.

Jesus, lo! Thy face I see,
Looking on me tenderly,
Whispering words of love to me;
“Sinful soul, I died for thee;

AND OTHER POEMS

Now believe, forsake thy sin,
I will make thee pure within;
Walk with me, and light divine
Round thy steps shall ever shine."

Jesus, I Thy face would see,
Glorious in Thy majesty;
When the world shall pass away,
When shall come the judgment day;
Then Thy face shall on me shine,
Bringing hope and joy divine;
Then Thy smile shall rest on me,
Wondrous, gracious, lovingly.

THE NAMELESS WOMAN.

Luke vii:36-50.

Humbly she entered by the open door,
For all might go where He had walked before.
Ointment precious in her hands she bare,
To honor the guest who was dining there.

She broke the seal of the costly box;
She wiped His feet with her silken locks.
The seal of her heart was broken, too,
And tear-drops fell as the crystal dew.

She kissed His feet, by her hair enswathed
As with sweet perfume she tenderly bathed,
For well may love its best homage pay
To Him who washes all guilt away.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

But Simon sat, with questioning heart ;
And so in her bliss could share no part.
No kiss from him did the Master greet,
No oil or water for head or feet.

The nameless woman had served Him best,
And won the prize from the kingly guest ;
So down through the ages this picture sweet
Is pointing us still to the Savior's feet.

Let us, like her, in deep penitence bend,
Where blessing and grace forever descend ;
There sorrowing souls, by anguish riven,
Still hear the glad words: "Thy sins are forgiven."

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

*"Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people
all the words of this life."—Acts v:20.*

"Go, stand within God's temple fair,
And speak for Him who set thee free ;
Lo, hungry souls are waiting there
To hear the Words of Life from thee."

Thus spake the voice, sweet angel voice,
When from the prison all were freed ;
And we who now in Christ rejoice,
Should speak and work for those who need.

Dear Jesus, Savior, Prince of Men,
Redeemer, King—from Thy great throne
Give courage to Thy saints, as then,
To stand for Thee, e'en though alone.

AND OTHER POEMS

May we within Thy temple walls,
Speak truth for Thee, as Peter did ;
Nor ever fail, whate'er befalls,
Though powers of earth and hell forbid.

Thy Spirit's voice, O God, we hear,
"Go, speak to men these words of life."
Let not our souls despond or fear,
Nor yield to doubt, nor sin, nor strife.

Stand with us, Lord, as Thou didst there ;
Give special wisdom from above ;
While we Thy living truth declare,
Thy matchless mercy, boundless love.

"Lo, I am with you," didst Thou say ?
We will on this sweet word depend ;
Yea, "I am with you, and always
In life, in death, till time shall end."

AT MIDNIGHT.

*"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them."—
Acts xvi:25.*

All hushed and still the city lay,
While shades of night in silence reigned
O'er Philippi. The close of day
Had brought two strangers, scourged and chained,
As if for crime ; and they were thrust
Into the inner prison, where,

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

With purest faith's unflinching trust,
They spent the hours in fervent prayer.

At midnight deep their tones were heard
Ascending solemnly to God.
They prayed not for themselves, but stirred
The cold and dead imprisoned air
With pleadings for the men who trod
Those busy streets. And then from prayer
Victorious, to most sweet employ,
Their souls broke forth in songs of joy.

They sang so loud the prisoners heard,
And wondered as they pondered o'er,
And listened to each sacred word.
When lo, the prison walls are jarred
By earthquake shock, and every door
Stands open wide! The gates, unbarred,
Invite escape! But no, the spell
Divine is on them, and 'tis well.

For now salvation's waters flow,
And thirsty souls are taught to drink;
A household's saved! The wicked know
That God is nearer than they think.
A church is founded! Christ is throned
Where crime had hid, and choirs above
Caught up the strains the jail had owned,
And filled the heavens with songs of love.

Thus may each midnight of my way
Be but the pledge of brighter day;

AND OTHER POEMS

Each hour of trial, conflict, care,
But send my soul to God in prayer.

May each sad scene of life, most sore,
Reveal His loving power the more ;
For sorrow's cup to sweetness turns,
When holy prayer, like incense, burns.

There is no night so dark, so drear,
But that His smile will light and cheer ;
His blessed presence, love complete,
Shall tune the tongue to praises sweet.

Then sinners, too, shall gladly hear,
And know that Christ, the Lord, is near ;
Their darkest nights, in His employ,
Shall bring the day of peace and joy.

ONE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Matthew xiii:46.

Far richer than silver, or gold, ever fair,
More precious than rubies, or diamonds so rare,
The gift of God's mercy, sent free from above,
The Pearl of Salvation, sweet gift of His love.

With pain it was purchased, in deep agony,
And blood flowing over dread Calvary's tree ;
O, wonderful blessing, sent free from above,
The Pearl of Salvation, sweet gift of His love.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Ascending to glory from Olivet then,
He led sin a captive, and gave unto men
His wonderful blessing, sent free from above,
The Pearl of Salvation, sweet gift of His love.

My soul, O remember this mercy so free,
The richest of blessings, full pardon for thee!
O, wonderful blessing, sent down from above,
The Pearl of Salvation, sweet gift of His love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHILD-ANGEL'S CALL.

(An authentic incident related by Mr. Moody.)

“Oh, come, father dear,
Right this way to me!
'Tis beautiful here,
Come over and see!”

So said the glad voice
Across the dark stream;
It made him rejoice
In slumber's sweet dream.

But three days before
Had been carried away
The loved form that they bore
To its cold house of clay.

AND OTHER POEMS

The angel of death
Had paused as he passed,
To take her sweet breath,
The only and last.

His anguish of soul
Could find no relief ;
No friend could condole,
Or lighten his grief.

But falling at last
In sorrow's sad sleep,
Through deserts he passed
To a dread river deep.

Then saw looking o'er
In regions most fair,
'Mid throngs on that shore,
His loved daughter there.

He heard her sweet voice,
As, waving her hand,
She bade him rejoice
And come to that land.

"Oh, come, father, come,
Right this way!" said she ;
"In this blessed home
I am happy, you see !

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

“Here sweet balmy airs
 Flow down from above,
And here are no cares
 For the children of love.

“Here beautiful flowers
 Hang fresh on the stems,
'Mid radiant bowers
 All glowing with gems.

“The grass is so green,
 The waters so bright ;
No land was e'er seen
 So full of delight.

“And here nothing fades
 In this glad home of ours ;
No night, with its shades,
 No withering flowers.

“The young grow not old,
 The old never die ;
No heat and no cold,
 No sin and no sigh.

“No tear ever falls
 From the eye of a saint ;
No sickness appalls,
 No sorrow's complaint.

AND OTHER POEMS

“Then come, father, come,
Right over to me,
To this blessed home,
With angels to be !”

But no bridge over-spanned
The dark waters there ;
No boat was at hand,
And only despair.

Then down from above,
In sudden surprise,
Came a voice full of love,
Which spake in this wise :

“Lo ! I am the way,
The truth and the life !
So haste thee today
From sin and from strife.

“Nor fear the dark river,
Whose dread torrents roll,
For I will deliver
The sin-burdened soul.

“Its full murky tide
Will hush its deep roar,
And a pathway provide
From shore unto shore.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

“With songs of delight
Sweet angels now say :
‘Come out from the night,
Come into the day!’ ”

He woke from his dream,
And knew it was well ;
That with Christ to redeem,
With Him he should dwell.

And ever and o’er,
By night and by day,
He waits on life’s shore
To hear that voice say :

“Now come, father, come,
Right over to me,
To this happy home,
The Savior to see!”

FRIENDSHIP.

(Rev. L. R. R.)

Like rivers that flow through the earth to the ocean,
Whose waters, commingling, press on in commotion ;
So the years of our lives, sprung fresh from a fountain
That’s sparkling and pure as the brooks of a mountain,
Now move with a wider and steadier sweep
That will bring us, ere long, to Eternity’s deep.

And like vines that entangle the river’s green sides,
Our affection unchanged and fadeless abides.

AND OTHER POEMS

Thus, with banks clad in verdure, Life's river rolls on;
May its waters not darken, but brighter become,
As bathed in the light that flows down from the throne
And illumines their pathway to guide the just home.

Through these years twenty-five, what deep lines have
 been traced—

What memories written, and what evils effaced!
We are glad to grow gray, since our country is free
From Slavery's foul curse, and the bondsman can be
A man, yea, a free man, in despite of hell's frown,
And fair Liberty, now, is our Nation's bright crown!

To have life in prime manhood through such mighty
 years,

Has been fruitful of gladness, as well as of tears.
To speak truth for the poor, to plead love for the slave;
To encourage faint hearts, to stand strong with the
 brave,

Who stood for Jehovah, and for Right, as 'twas given,
Has been blessed on earth, will be blessed in Heaven.

And in years to come, what full lines will be traced—
What histories written, to be never effaced!
Yet rejoice to see Time, with his years speed away,
If one soul you can snatch from the tempter's foul sway;
If one life you can lift, in despite the world's frown,
Into pureness and virtue—this shall be your best crown.

So then, silver-wedded, wed not silver, though fair;
Let your future be golden, in excellence rare!

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Then the sun of your days shall sink slow to the west,
With Truth for your treasure, and with Christ for your
rest;

And upward, long glancing, shall your glad eyes behold
Heaven's beautiful city, whose streets are of gold.

THE OLD BANNERS.

Bring out the old banners today!
Their dimmed luster of stripes and stars,
Their glory of tatters and scars,
Touched with the redness of Mars,
Too long have been folded away!
Bring out,
Fling out,
With drum-beat and shout,
The gory old banners today!

Once more let the spring breezes play
In their folds! Let odors of flowers,
Commingle with perfume of bowers,
Uniting with tributes of ours,
Enshrine the old Banners away!
Bring out,
Fling out,
With rallying shout
The battle-scarred Banners today!

"All hail the old Banners," we say!
They floated where shot and where shell,

AND OTHER POEMS

'Mid thunder of battle's dread hell,
Spread terror and death as they fell,
Half hidden in smoke of the fray,
But here,
Without fear,
With music and cheer,
In peace they are floating today!

Thus, over us, ever more wave,
Symbol of peace, order and right,
Blending blue and red in the white!
Glorious flag! Freemen's delight!
Shield thou still the true and the brave!
Thy stars,
And thy bars,
Bearing Liberty's scars,
O'er a slave, shall never more wave!

THANKSGIVING.

Hail! happy Thanksgiving;
How cheering the sound
Of thy frosty steps, bringing
Glad Autumn's full bound;
When loved ones all crowd
'Neath the home roof again,
And the aged grow young,
Though the children are men.

Ripe orchard fruits gathered,
Rich harvests in store;

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Pale want shall be driven
Afar from each door.
The people with peace
And prosperity crowned,
Contentment and virtue,
With knowledge, abound.

Then praise the great Giver,
Kind Author of good,
Whose angel of mercy,
Our goddess, hath stood;
And the horn of abundance
Hath lavishly poured,
Till our barns are aburst
With the plentiful hoard.

Now the home-fire, ablaze,
Lights the old-fashioned floor,
And our hearts shall give praise
When north winds shall roar.
Thrice happy the people
Whose dwelling is here,
Where plenty still crowns
The close of the year.

ICE! ICE!

Hear the rattle of the raining,
Rattling and complaining,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Over and over, all around,
How the blizzard smites the ground!

Raindrops falling,

Loudly calling:

"We are freezing, freezing, flying,
Dropping, rattling, hear us crying:

Ice, ice, ice;

Flooded, massed in strange device,

Clasping all things in a vise;

Beaded drops of pearly ice,

Flashing diamonds, rounded dice,

Don't you think we're very nice?"

Yes; the clatter, clatter, clatter,

Tells us what's the matter;

Northward now the wind is shifting,

Sheets of water, softly sifting,

Turn to crystal!

And the whistle

Of the chilling blast defying

All our shrugging, all our sighing,

Sends us ice!

Ice, ice, ice!

Folded, molded, dewy ice,

Wreathed and strewn with art's device,

Pendant, pointed and precise;

Chiseled, charming, flowery ice,

Yes, we think you very nice.

Bespangled, drooped, festooned and wrapped;

Tree and mansion cased and capped;

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Everywhere and all around,
Ice is queen and gayly crowned.

Look, ye people;
Tower and steeple,

Maple and elm and evergreen,
All are shrouded, robed in sheen;
Silvered o'er in sparkling grace,
Everything in every place,

Lavished with pearls,
Winsome as girls.

Slippery, pure, maidenly ice,
Tripping the feet, and in a trice
Whizzing the head; yet you entice.

Oh, ice, ice, ice!
Ever so nice,

Lovely, glossy, beautiful ice.
Oh! ice, ice, ice, wonderful ice,
Draped in artistic device,
Filling the sight, full of delight,
Shimmering day, glimmering night,

Flashing and bright,
Brilliant as light,
Fairy queen thou,
Bejeweled thy brow.

As a maiden, you listen;
Blushing, you glisten;
Cold, crystal, glittering ice,

Hear my advice.
This you have done,
Hearts you have won,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Though you have none,
 Only of ice;
Won them all, all in a trice.
 We know you are fine;
 Your beauties divine
 Entangle, entwine;
Slipping, we bow at your shrine.
 Crown us with pearls,
 As flowers do girls;
Crown us not once, but twice, thrice,
Lovely, charming, beautiful ice!

DECORATION DAY HYMN.

Tune, Star Spangled Banner.

The flowerets we strew on the tombs here today
Will lose, soon and ever, their beautiful blooming;
Fresh odors of sweetness will perish away
With the melting of dews and the season's consuming;
 High praises we bring,
 Glad hosannas that ring,
Shall die on the air like the songs that we sing;
But the names of these men, who for freedom dared die,
Will shine o'er the earth like the stars in the sky.

All hail to the heroes, who rushed to the fight
When foul treason was rife and Rebellion was glooming,
When our flag was defied over Sumpter's proud height,
And the Nation's heart woke at the cannon's dread
 booming;

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Then with bosoms aflame,
At the drum beat they came,
The defenders of right and their country's great name;
So the names of these men, who for Union dared die,
Will shine o'er the earth like the stars in the sky.

Kind nature will spread her rich carpet of green
All over the ground, where the heroes lie sleeping;
And wherever these moundings for soldiers are seen,
Patriot millions will come with the tribute of weeping;
Heaven's tear drops of rain
Will fall o'er the slain
To hallow the spot where these martyrs are lain;
And the glory of men, who for country dared die,
Will shine o'er the earth like the stars in the sky.

All praise to Jehovah that Freedom now reigns
From the lake to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean;
That peace spreads her wings over mountains and plains,
And rebellion has ceased her dreadful commotion;
Praise God that no slave
Wears chains o'er the grave
Of one hero who died his dear country to save;
And the glory of men, who for Freedom dared die,
Will shine o'er the earth like the stars in the sky.

A tear and a sigh for the brave Southern boy,
Though mistaken and wrong, he was yet our own
brother,
The strength of his home and his mother's proud joy;

AND OTHER POEMS.

She loved him and prayed as she prayed for no other,
Then "with malice toward none,"
Thank God we are one,
And the battles for Union and Freedom are done,
But the names of these men, who for Freedom dared die,
Shall shine o'er the earth like the stars in the sky.

LOVE.

O wonderful love of the Father and Son!
Creation's vast splendor hath only begun
To tell of its grandeur. The universe wide,
Shows a drop in the ocean of Love's mighty tide.

MEMORIES.

I stood where my feet had first borne me,
Returned with the passing of years;
And thoughts of time that had worn me
Came rushing with torrents of tears.

I thought how I played by the spring side,
Around, 'neath the brow of that hill,
As thoughtless and gay as the spring-tide
That murmurs and gurgles there still.

The rustling, ripe corn-leaves were 'round me,
Their waving brown tassles o'er-head;
But where were the hands that had crowned me,
The hands that my childhood had led?

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

They were gone, like the ancient log dwelling,
All swept from the hill-side and sod ;
But there was the spring-brook, still telling
How faithful and changeless is God.

I sought in the furrows some token
Of those who had domiciled there ;
When, lo ! in the mellow soil, broken,
Small pieces of old table-ware !

Ah ! these were my grandmother's treasures,
I remember the blue and the red ;
These bright colored cup-bits were measures
Whence the lips of my infancy fed !

Are these all the relics here left me ?
These the lone signs of the dead ?
Alas ! how the time has bereft me—
The time to eternity fled !

I looked on the landscape around me,
And saw, through the dimness of tears,
How nature had fettered and bound me,
And measured my pittance of years.

I gazed long and sad, and was turning
To haste on my journey away,
When lo ! in the heavens, still burning,
Rolled the Sun, in his chariot of day !

AND OTHER POEMS.

The same as he did in my childhood ;
The same as in times long ago,
When these hills were all covered with wildwood,
The same through the centuries slow.

Ah, then, is there that which remaineth,
That changes earth-night into day?
Is there that in the soul which retaineth
Its measure of power alway?

Shall He who hath clothed in such splendor
Of glory unfading the sun ;
Shall he into night-gloom surrender
His faithful, when life-work is done?

Then the few aged trees by the fountain,
Slow waved their green branches o'erhead
And the armies of maize on the mountain,
All whispering, soothingly said :

“We pass like your fathers before you ;
We change from the green into sere,
So time, with ripe treasures, shall store you—
Rich harvests of corn in the ear.

And firm as this mountain remaineth,
As runneth yon brook to the sea,
So sure the Omnipotent reigneth,
And the future hath blessing for thee!

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Look onward, look upward, where wellet
The Fountain of Infinite joy!
In Mansions unfailing, there dwelleth
The Friend of the fatherless boy."

IN MEMORIAM OF PROF. F. G. BAKER.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS PROFESSOR OF MUSIC
IN WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILL.

That musical voice is silent at last,
To the stillness of death, its melody passed;
No more its deep bass will go rolling along,
Rich waves of music, on a sea of song.

On Commencement day, the grand College Hall
He loved so well, will not echo at all,
To the swelling notes which flowed from his soul,
As streams from their founts will ripple and roll.

The home where he builded and planned so well,
No more will resound to the footsteps that fell,
Where the owner had reared fair fruits and flowers,
And trees that he loved had massed into bowers.

By labor and skill the wildness had flown,
The cold, bleak prairie to beauty had grown;
His hand always ready, his heart ever true,
All service of love he was willing to do.

Shrubs that he planted his culture will miss,
Flowers that lent him their fragrance and bliss;

AND OTHER POEMS.

The house he garnished with diligent care,
Will have evermore its one vacant chair!

But sounds of the songs that filled the glad ear,
So thrilling our souls we ever shall hear;
The impress of truth his life drew along,
Gave might to his music, and soul to his song.

Leading us ever our lives to improve,
Fitting the soul for the kingdom of love;
His work is not lost! His memory sweet,
Will live, like music, in beauty complete.

To one heart alone that voice is most dear,
Its cadence of love she ever will hear;
To her soul, at least, it never can die,
Till lost in the rhythm of anthems on high.

BIRDIE'S GRAVE.

Beside the door-yard's latticed fence
Lies birdie in its grave.
There soft hands scooped the mellow place,
Where flowers were wont to wave.

Bright buds and blooms and moss and leaves,
Be-decked the pretty bier,
Placed sadly where green myrtle twines,
The withered asters near.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Among their roots was laid its form,
So tiny, tender, neat;
By far too nice for common mold,
For earth and death, too sweet.

And though the blazing maple leaves
Fall thick to deck the spot,
We strew the choicest autumn blooms
Around the little lot.

For in our hearts, a softer place
Its music made for it;
And little birdie's fluttering wing
Shall oft through memory flit.

And when again the buds shall burst,
And other songsters sing,
We'll hear, in thought, sweet trills and tunes,
Of birdie, twittering.

Thus may our lives some sweetness leave
Impressed upon the air,
That, o'er our graves, the pulsing winds
Shall strains of music bear.

When we, as ripened leaves shall fall,
And frost shall come for dew,
May some loved hands, about our tombs,
Love-tokens gently strew.

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

As over our shoulders
 We look back to-night,
To measure the footsteps
 Of Time in his flight;
To glance at the past,
 Full of gladness and tears,
And to bind in one sheaf
 These twenty-five years—
A vision of beauty
 Breaks full into view,
In fact, old as Eden,
 But in form it is new.

'Tis of faces most eager,
 Awaiting the pair,
Who enter and stand,
 'Mid the elegance there,
While the words of grave import
 Are solemnly said:
"This woman you take;" and,
 "This man you now wed;"
And the happy "I do"
 Blends with cheerful "I will,"
As sweet as the music
 That lingers there still.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Now greetings most tender,
And jolly good cheer,
Are mingled with smilings,
Just hiding a tear.
And the old hearts grow warmer,
And talk the past o'er,
While the young, full of longing,
Are looking before,
But the two, happy-hearted,
Unburdened by care,
Show their hearts in their faces,
Irradiant, fair.

What promise she reads
In the face of her boy—
A man and a hero!
And maiden, so coy,
With a mirrorlike blush,
Is reflecting, not dim,
Bright visions of bliss
In the future for him!
Thus the dreams of a lifetime,
Enchantingly sweet,
Enwrapped them in mantle
Of pleasure complete.

And the promise of true love
Is not a mere dream,
That fades with the morning—
'Tis morning's own beam,

AND OTHER POEMS

Outflashing its glories
From youth's loving eyes,
Never changing, nor dying,
Till over all skies
Arising in splendor,
It fills the whole soul
With a gladness as full
As the rivers that roll.

And young love is a river—
A ripplet, a rill ;
While old love is an ocean,
In peacefulness, still ;
On its bosom, unbroke
By the currents of Time,
There is resting, in quiet,
Majestic, sublime ;
And its thankful heart-praises
Pour forth like the sea,
Made rhythmic with tides
Of its own melody.

And since the glad hour,
What deep lines have been traced !
What full memories written,
To be never effaced !
Each tender word spoken,
And each loving look,
Behold, they are printed
In Memory's book.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

All the sorrows e'er suffered,
The trials o'erpassed,
E'en the shadows which over
Your lives have been cast,
Have lifted and broken
Like clouds after rain,
That the sunshine of pleasure
Should follow the pain.

Through the years yet to come,
What lines will be traced!
What histories written,
To be never effaced!
Yet rejoice to see Time
With his years speed away;
If your souls ripen, too,
As the temples turn gray;
If some light you can lift
O'er a neighbor's dark way,
Or some soul you can win
From the tempter's foul sway—
Then at close of each day,
And at life's setting sun,
You shall read in the sky
The record, "Well done."

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Golden wedded! happy pair!
Life has twined his garlands fair
Around your brows.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Not wreaths of changeful wealth or fame,
But honest worth has crowned your name
With Love's encircling, golden chain,
As now, near close of life, again
 You plight your vows.

Fifty years of wedded bliss!
Mortals seldom reach to this
 Most glad estate.
Fifty times the grass has greened,
Fifty Harvest-moons have beamed,
Yet short, alas, the time has seemed,
Since together first you dreamed,
 With hearts elate.

And now with heads quite silvered o'er,
Your feet together press the shore
 Of Time's dread sea;
Its waters dark will Christ divide,
And safely through the misty tide
The Master true, will surely guide,
Till, standing on the further side,
 You shall be free;

Forever free from care and pain;
Nor should you wish to try again
 Your earthly race;
But onward, upward, be your way,
To still another Wedding Day,
When God Himself shall come and say:

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

“Lo, here I wipe all tears away
From Sorrow’s face!”

Where souls redeemed, in high estate,
Shall enter through “the Golden Gate,”
No more to roam;
Where angels spread their full repast,
And Jesus, too, shall join the feast,
Where every saint is welcome guest,
May you, with all you love the best,
There gather home.

MUSIC OVER THE WAY.

As softened by distance
The melody floats,
Like fragrance of flowers,
Exquisitely fair,
The player’s abandon
Of ravishing notes
Flings rhythmical circles
Around in the air.

I know not the fingers
That think as they fly;
I know not the heart-beats
That linger behind;
But I know that the music,
As if from on high,
Falls restfully, peacefully,
Over the mind.

AND OTHER POEMS.

It tells of a far away
Lullaby song
That soothed me to slumber
 In days long ago;
It tells how the time
 Has been tripping along,
With footsteps as light
 As the fast falling snow.

It carries me back
 To my earliest joy,
Re-wakens the echoes
 Of yearning desire
That woke in the heart
 Of the wondering boy,
To burn in his bosom
 As burneth a fire.

It steals gently down
 To the ache of the heart,
Uplifting its burden
 Of trouble and care;
Whence, bidding the demon
 Of Evil depart,
Fair Hope takes the throne
 From the Giant Despair.

It brings to my spirit
 A wonderful calm,
Out-winging this lesson

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Of gladness to-night,
For the sore-troubled soul
There is found a sure balm ;
'Tis the music of *loving*
And *living* the right !

INAUGURATION HYMN.

Bless thou, O God, the nation's head,
In Wisdom's way may he be led ;
That o'er our land, in every place,
Fair Peace may reign with smiling face.

In him may Order find a friend,
And Crime before him subject bend ;
May virtues flourish while he rules,
And Freedom build her fanes and schools.

May his advisers be discreet,
And guide his course to justice meet ;
A bright example may he shine,
A blessing from thy hand benign.

Anoint him, Lord, with holy oil,
A prince among the sons of toil,
While anthems roll from sea to sea,
The glad hosannas of the free.

God of the nations ! save his life
From passion's hate and party strife ;
Let not the land again in grief
Lose, as before, a chosen chief.

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE ECHO BOY.

A lad in his play,
One mellow Spring day,
Heard a boy answer him, over the way,
Muttering back everything he would say.
He ran to his mother,
“What does it mean
When there is no other
Boy to be seen?”

“When I said ‘Ho! ho!’
Then he said, ‘Ho! ho!’
If I called, ‘Oh yes;’ or shouted, ‘Oh, no!’
Every time, sure, he answered just so.
‘Who are you?’ said I,
‘And what is your name?’
Then quick in reply,
He’d ask me the same.

“I said, ‘I’d like to know
Who’s mocking me so?’
Ma, wasn’t it queer, that all I could hear
Was—‘like to know-oh-oh-mocking me so?’
So said I, ‘Come over,
Quickly—I dare you!’
And he mumbled: ‘Com’ over,
I’ll lick you—I dare you!’

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

“I went with a bound
And chased all around;
But though so very plain had been the sound,
The boy that made it could no where be found.
Now, mother, in honor,
Was it not mean
To sneak in a corner,
Afraid to be seen?”

‘Coming back,’ I said,
‘I’ll punch your mean head!’
But just as before, he mocked me once more,
Very plainly he said, ‘Punch your mean head!’”
Then spoke the mother
Her heart fully stirred,
“’Twas only your brother,
Called Echo, you heard!

“Had you said: ‘I love you,’
And ‘God is above you,
Your voice is so kind, and very sweet,’
Then Echo had said ‘love you, above you,
Very kind, very neat,
Your voice is so sweet.’
This is always the way
That Echo will play.”

Thus clearly we see
It must ever be.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Kind words bring kind ones, but if love they lack
Unkind and mean, they are sure to come back.

The story's complete,
Its teaching is true;
Be loving and sweet,
It will Echo to you.

HARVEST HYMN.

Oh! praise the Lord, ye sons of men,
And ne'er forget His love again;
But every day throughout the year
His kindness own with grateful fear.

The bounteous stores of ripened grain,
That graced the hillside, vale and plain,
Are sweet expressions of His care
Who gave to us these fields so fair.

The gathered dew, the rain that fell,
The sparkling spring, the deep, pure well,
The orchard fruit, the blooming flower,
Alike proclaim his love and power.

Then praise the Lord! His mercies sure
From age to age shall still endure.
From west to east, from south to north,
Go sound His mighty praises forth.

Ye verdant hills, and glowing plains,
Proclaim afar how goodness reigns;

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Ye oceans deep, and rivers clear,
Take up the chorus song ye hear.

Your anthems roll from shore to shore,
For plenty answers toil once more.
O, God, by Thee the world is fed,
To Thee we look for Living Bread.

WAITING.

Birds from the Southlands are summering here,
Building their nests with hearts full of cheer;
Exiled away from the lands of the sun,
Waiting the time when their work shall be done.

Waiting for love-lighted toil to complete
Missions of mutual joyfulness sweet;
Waiting for ripeness that summer-time brings;
Waiting for growth of the little ones' wings.

Waiting to fly with the fledglings away
Southward, to hide from the stern winter day,
Coming so soon where the full summer sun
Shineth now bright; but their work will be done.

And we are waiting on this summer shore,
Where wintry storms will be soon sweeping o'er;
Waiting for growth of our little ones' wings;
Waiting for ripeness that suffering brings.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Waiting the will of the Master divine ;
Waiting while summer suns over us shine ;
Waiting to sip from each nectar-filled cup,
Or sorrow's full draught, as God filleth up.

Waiting, like birds of brief sojourn and song,
Till the light wing of Time shall sweep us along ;
Waiting to leave here, behind us, some note
Which over the earth sweet music shall float.

Waiting our autumn of withering leaves ;
Waiting the angels who garner the sheaves ;
Waiting till bidden, when homeward we'll fly,
To dwell in the summer eternal, on high.

WHY THE HOUSE GREW.

A young wife toiled by her cooking stove,
Feeding the fire and baking the bread ;
Her true heart glowed with a tender love
For him whose steps to the West had led.
'Twas in a small cot,
On a grassy plot,
Where the prairie land,
Like an ocean grand,
Billowed away to the east and west,
And sweeping winds seemed never to rest.

In hopeful joy her spirit was strong,
Her heart full of trust and courage bold ;

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

She did not doubt, as time went along,
Plenty would come to their little fold.
But the smoke drew down
From the chimney-crown,
And her eyes were red
As she paused and said:
“What *is* to be done, my husband dear,
This chimney will ever be smoking, I fear?”

“I will not have it,” the hero said;
“A flue I will build so tall and rare,
The eyes of my love shall not be red,
Nor her face be robbed of its beauty fair;
I’ll rear it so high
It will failure defy;
The obedient smoke
Shall never more choke
The throat or the eyes of my daisy wife,
Whose love to me is sweeter than life.”

He carted the bricks and topped it higher,
Piling it up as a slender spire!
The breezes, unused to a thing so high,
Thought it a banter, their temper to try;
And they soon swept o’er
With a rush and a roar,
And that chimney tall
Had a terrible fall;
For the cottage roof was slanting and low,
And the stack had nothing to stay it, you know.

AND OTHER POEMS.

“I’ll build it again, high as before;
But I’ll raise the roof and the house as well;”
Said the husband brave, “I’ll not give o’er,
On this prairie yet we’ll happily dwell.”
So, up went the flue;
But with it rose, too,
A new room on top
To serve as a prop:
And the cosy wife, with a girlish grace,
Put the nicest things in the newest place.

Yet well they knew how the zephyrs slept,
And over the daisies lazily crept,
Only to waken and dash as before,
Like waves broke loose on the ocean shore.
So their dwelling tall
They braced with a wall
On this side and that,
Like the brim of a hat:
Four rooms to the east and four to the west,
With enough to the south for stranger and guest.

They broadened it out and garnished it o’er,
And covered with rugs the pine-wooded floor.
The windows were girt with flowering vines,
Weft and woven in graceful designs.
The smoke nevermore
Sought the cottage door,
But heavenward curled
To tell all the world

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

How happiness dwelt 'neath that roof-tree shade,
And true-lover's toils are evermore paid.

* * * * *

The prairie now is covered with trees ;
Shrubs and flowers and waving pines
Encompass the house, as it sits at ease,
A monument dear of the early times.

'Twas thus that it grew
From one room to two ;
And, just as we've seen,
From two to sixteen !

Was the chimney the center? No; the soul and life
Of that cosy home was the worthy wife.

Love turns the cot to a mansion grand,
And clothes with beauty the desert land ;
'Tis the Eden left to the earth below,
Where the golden streams of gladness flow.

Farewell to the cot,
Farewell to the soil ;
I shall murmur not
At release from toil.

Already I hear the deep musical roar
Of waves that break on the other shore.

MAY DAY.

Greening grasses grace the earth,
Song birds fill the air with mirth,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Joying over nature's birth.

“Oh, happy day!” the robins say;
While breezes kiss
Each dainty Miss
Who seeks the woods this bridal day.

Baby-buds are fresh and young,
Woodland beauties late have sprung
Where the wild birds oft have sung,
In notes so gay, the lover's lay;
Their voices sweet
With love complete,
Through blooming May, their bridal day.

Though again the blue-birds sing,
And cut the air with graceful wing,
Glad to hail the opening spring;
One bird of May has flown away!
The nest is left
Alone, bereft,
And sadness fills some hearts to-day!

Beauteous visions meet the eye,
Tree and blossom, earth and sky;
Yet you are lonely! tell me why?
Ah! you say, My bird of May,
Whose laugh and song
Once swept along,
Like sunshine, is not here to-day!

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

But a Mayday will arise,
Brightest, fairest in the skies,
Where spring beauty never dies.
Not far away, that bridal day,
When hearts of love
Will meet above,
To dwell in an unchanging May!

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Once more, O God, with joy to Thee,
We sing the anthems of the free;
Once more our hearts glad tribute bring
To Thee, our Father, Savior, King.

We thank Thee for this land, so bright
With gospel truth and freedom's light;
We thank Thee that from shore to shore
No war-drums beat nor cannons roar.

We praise Thee that fair peace presides
From ocean bounds to lakelet sides;
That justice reigns and right o'errules,
Where freedom builds her fanes and schools.

We praise Thee for Thy gifts of love;
For rain-showers, falling from above;
For fertile plains and mountains rare,
Stored full of riches waiting there;

AND OTHER POEMS.

For dews and winds and sunshine free,
To bathe the land from sea to sea ;
For fountains sweet, and purling rills
That leap and sparkle down the hills.

We praise Thee for the leaves and flowers,
So plenteous through this land of ours ;
Though withered now, their work remains
In luscious stores of fruits and grains.

We praise Thee for the hand that guides
The surging throes of human tides ;
Secure in Thee, our skies still shine
In token of Thy sway benign.

We bless Thee, then, with honors great ;
Thou art the world's chief magistrate,
Provider, helper, lover, friend ;
Our souls to Thee in homage bend.

O, BURY ME NOT.

O, bury me not with pomp and show,
But bear me forth to the waiting ground,
That silent home of the dead, so low,
With only a few dear friends around.

Sing a sweet song of redeeming grace,
And shed, if you will, true friendship's tear
But scan not, careless, my death-cold face,
Nor utter vain words about my bier.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Speak simply there of a Savior's love,
Of grace and mercy and pardoned sin,
Of joys that wait in the realms above,
Where only the pure shall enter in.

Then bury me not with pomp and show,
Nor bind vain wreaths of glory around ;
Man's glory, power and pride below
Fade into naught beneath the ground.

"A MILLION FOR MISSIONS."

"A million for missions," a sister church cries ;
"*Two millions* for missions," another replies !
Thus earth shall be watered, her deserts shall bloom,
And lilies of beauty shall spring o'er the tomb
Where sleeps the dead past ; and the happy refrain
Shall echo o'er valley and mountain and plain,
Till songs of salvation, from millions made free,
Shall roll as the rivers, shall surge as the sea.

Three millions for missions ! 'Tis life from the dead
To millions who cry for the Heavenly Bread.
In Isles of the oceans, in China, Japan,
On African soil, and in far Hindoostan,
At the East, in the West, wherever is found
The trail of the Serpent, the curse and the wound,
There Christ shall be known, and the might of His name
Shall lift up the nations to worthiest fame.

AND OTHER POEMS

“A million for missions!” The rallying cry
Shall roll down the ages, till ages reply:
“Till millions shall turn from their Idols away,
And nations of men shall be born in a day.”
Till Time, on his pinions, shall pause in his flight,
And wonder that darkness is turned into light.
“A million for missions!” We’ll sound it afar,
And speed, with our millions, Immanuel’s car.

OUR SITTING ROOM.

Stern winter without is sticking like sin;
But spite of it, we have summer within.
The stove is aglow with hot anthracite,
Agleam through windows of mica, so bright.

Old Dick is a-snooze; his tiger-like form,
Curled up at his ease, abundantly warm.
Canary pours forth his chattering notes,
And wonders what ails the other birds’ throats.

The Deer-head still hangs with one broken horn,
Unmended, unmated, yet not forlorn;
The ivy entwines it, that corner to fill,
From floor unto ceiling, growing there still.

The organ stands mute, its back to the wall,
Its keys all in tune, but none play them at all.
Yet over its face, twine memories sweet,
As flowers that garland and crown it complete.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

The clock on its shelf still ticks in its place,
And tells off the time with twinkle of face.
It, too, with foliate greenness is crowned,
While its "tick, tock, tick" sheds music around.

Summer-green plants round the windows all smile ;
Their foliage bright, with beauties beguile.
The rose, in glory of red, is a-bloom,
And hyacinths pale shed fragrant perfume.

Wee oxalis buds give promise of flowers ;
Artillery Ferns have blossoms in showers.
The Calla stands great, in grandeur of green ;
Though flowerless, yet in beauty a queen.

Sweet violets hang in baskets, in bloom ;
Their odors, exhaling, filling the room.
The sun, breaking out, throws glory o'er all,
The carpet and chairs, and vine-laden wall.

So blow, if you will, ye storms ; but in-door
We've summer-time still, in spite of your roar.
But thanks unto Him who maketh us dwell
Mid beauty and comfort, His goodness to tell.

SAINT ANTHONY AND THE DEVIL.

A LEGEND.

The Saint was sitting alone in his cell,
Thinking of men who in misery dwell.

AND OTHER POEMS.

Musing of sorrow and sin with a sigh,
And lifting for all his soul-burdened cry.

A rap at the door, with startling resound,
Brought the Saint to his feet with sudden rebound.
Quickly, in wonder, he opened the door,
And saw a tall stranger standing before.

“Who art thou?” said the Saint in a heat.
“I am Satan,” said he; “I came to entreat:
That, when your disciples fall into wrong,
Your curses may fall where they rightly belong.”

No maledictions should cover my head!
The guilt is to them who by evil are led.
Who yieldeth to sin, should suffer the shame,
On his head, out-pour your curses and blame.”

“Dost thou not,” said the Saint, “seek to devour
The unwary souls who fall to thy power?
Dost thou not tempt and torment us?
And from goodness, by evil, prevent us?”

“Nay, 'tis false! it is false!” cried the Devil,
“Men tempt and torment each other for evil!
Their own lusts lead them to crime and to sin;
'Tis corruption of heart that rages within!

“They seek occasion of sin more and more,
And then meanly lay the blame at my door!

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Know that since God to the earth did descend,
My kingdom and reign have been at an end.

“In battle I’m beaten, no power have I,
Since He hath ascended, in triumph, on high.
I am captive and bound, I cannot destroy
The peace of one soul, who peace would enjoy.”

So spoke the arch fiend, and waiting reply,
Fierce anger out-gleamed from his flashing eye.
The night winds swept o’er his rubicund head,
And seemed by their roar to seal what he said.

Such sense from Satan was quite a surprise;
Yet answered the Saint in words very wise:
“Though thou art the Devil, ‘the father of lies,’
Now speakest thou truth, without a disguise.

“And for this, I praise Christ Jesus, my Lord!”
But lo! as he uttered the last blessed word,
The Demon vanished quickly from sight
And the monk, looking forth, saw naught but the night.

MORAL.

The lesson is plain and easy to see:
“Give the Devil his due,” whatever it be;
But whenever he comes your soul to entice,
Call the Christ-name, and he’s gone in a trice.

AND OTHER POEMS.

MABEL.

O Mabel dear, my heart is chill
At thought of thee, so cold and still:
Yet, in that Ark of sacred white,
An Angel sleeps in human sight,
Nor casket fair, nor silvered lace,
Can match the charm of thy sweet face.

Too frail for time, too good for earth,
How slow we were to know thy worth.
Thy guileless ways and loved caress,
Thy songful heart and gentleness,
All marked the angel, kindly given,
To win and lead our souls to heaven.

Our eyes were wet, but thine were dry:
Our lips repressed the bitter cry
Of anguish deep; but thine, so calm,
It seemed as if the healing balm
Of heaven's own life, already thine,
Forbade us weep, or more repine.

Sweet Flow'rets there their fragrance lent,
While tearful neighbors came and went,
With footsteps soft, as if to prove,
By kindly acts, that human love
Is but the type and earthly sign
Of love supernal and divine.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Within that circling love we'll rest,
Secure in this: His ways are best.
Our Father's care as far exceeds
The holiest of our loving deeds
As oceans full exceed the tear
That fell upon that little bier.

BESSIE.

And thou, O Bessie, can it be
That we must say farewell to thee,
And let thee go to make thy bed
Where Mabel laid her weary head;
And must thine eyes, in sleep profound,
Be ever sealed beneath the ground?

We cannot tell! We only know
That He who makes the grasses grow,
And flowers bloom, can, from the earth,
Give unto thee a matchless birth
To better life! He, from the tomb,
Can bid thee rise to fadeless bloom!

The power which gave thee, at the first,
Can cause the grave, with new out-burst,
To yield a life, diviner far
Than that which bides 'neath Sun or star.
Can from this night of death, bring *Day*,
Whose cloudless light fades not away!

AND OTHER POEMS.

We cannot tell! We only know
That she who loved her papa so,
Who could please *him* and yield her breath,
Submissive, loyal, e'en in death,
Bespoke in this, transcendent high,
A *Life*, a *Love* which cannot die!

And Heaven is home of deathless love,
Prepared by Him who, from above,
Descended once to make it plain
That who so loves shall live again;
Despite the grave's cold, cheerless clod,
The soul that loves shall live with God!

Ah, we can tell! for we do know
That He who loves His children so—
That He who dared for men to die—
Proclaimed a home prepared on high!
He said of children: They are mine,
Above the stars their spirits shine.

And Bessie, dear, thy wish to bear
Our Mabel's verses to her there,
Showed sister-love, so charming, sweet,
It stands a monument complete
Of child-like trust in Him who trod
The earth as man—though Son of God!
Thy mate was *five*, and thou wert *seven*,
As earth-years count, but now, in heaven,

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

She is the elder! Three weeks before,
Her footsteps pressed the angel-shore
Of that good land where pain nor sin
Shall find a place to enter in.

And though together, side by side,
Two mounds are seen in church-yard wide,
Where grasses green and leafy trees,
And flow'rets sweet swing to the breeze,
'Mid scenes more fair, in angel-white,
Our darlings walk the fields of light.

THIRTY YEARS.

1852-1882.

Very well I remember
That Nineteenth of September,
In the year Fifty-Two,
Of the Hundreds-Eighteen!
No dun clouds were frowning
On our youths' happy crowning;
But the autumn leaves, browning,
Let the sunlight strike through
Their worn garments of green,
With its lances of sheen;
And the day was as charming
As ever was seen!

AND OTHER POEMS.

In our glad hearts were no fears;
And, if our eyelids held tears,
They were gems crystalline,
From the regions divine—
That Love ever strews o'er,
When the joys of the soul,
In full tides, over-roll
All the surf-beaten sands
And the toil-trodden lands
Of this life's rugged shore;
And the bliss of the holy
 Is wafted before.

Happy that first, pleasant week,
When we journeyed to seek
The place where our dwelling
Small beginning should see.
Now the memory thrills!
How we traversed the hills,
And toyed where the rills
Started fresh for the sea;
Our hearts ever swelling,
Our eager eyes telling
That we were as happy
 As happy could be.

As all new things are neatest,
So a love-home is sweetest.
And the one that we founded
When our journey was rounded

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Was made sacred by prayer.
At the first table we spread
Grace seasoned the bread.
Looking back through the years,
To that first sitting there,
I can yet see the tears
That fell from the lashes,
And sweetened our fare.

Though by sin overtaken,
We have not been forsaken.
And, if sometimes in pain,
God hath favored us ever.
Truly He whom we served,
Hath in goodness preserved
Us from death! Not in vain
Is trust in His holy name.
It is He, the Great Giver,
Who doth pardon, deliver,
Who hath kept us thus far,
And will keep us forever.

Youth and age are combining:
And our autumn sun, shining,
Is ripening, refining,
And surely entwining
Our two hearts into one,
As life's labor is done.
And yet, have we no fear?
Our once green leaf is sear;

AND OTHER POEMS.

And our reaping time's near,
With its harvests of truth;
And we'll garner in age,
 The ripe sowings of youth.

Very soon will December
Follow after September,
To which we've now come
In our season and time.

 O Thou God, ever just,
 'Tis Thy Mercy we trust!
Bring our children all home:
Through the sadness of tears,
By the teaching of years,
By thy grace, so benign;
Oh! gather us all safe
 To Thy Kingdom Divine.

THE SEVEN CHICKS.

The "chicks" were out of the shell, all right,
Be-rainbowed round with the colors bright:
To old and young 'twas a beautiful sight,
As they sat encircled—Commencement night.

Their eyes were a-sparkle, in wonder bright,
As they gazed on the past, and thought of the might
Of pecking it took to rise to the height
Of the fledgling's perch, on Commencement night.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

In charm of silence, the beauties were seven,
Imaging forth the glories of heaven.
Five of the number were banked in white,
As they sat in splendor—Commencement night.

Two, robed as the raven, had bosoms of white,
Which showed where the hearts were beating just right,
While the glow on the cheek told well of delight,
Reflected from thence, on Commencement night.

This lesson they've learned: If a "chick" would win
It must peck and peck, and peck with a vim:
Or they never will shine 'mid the splendors bright,
And be in the swim on Alumnus night.

This, too, they will learn, that, after the hatch,
The chick must "pensum" to dig and to scratch.
Or never, no, never, will come the best light
Of Graduate Day or Banqueting night.

When out in the world, with evil to fight,
'Mid toil and 'mid struggle, and fast fading light,
How sweet to come home to an evening's delight,
With the old and the young, on Banqueting night.

It is needful, then, in the life of a "chick,"
Both to know how to peck and to know how to pick;
To pick up the jewels before it's too late,
For the best of all picking is picking a mate.

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE SAND DUNES OF LAKE
MICHIGAN.

South-East of this great Inland Sea,
Where North-West winds rush restlessly,
Proud billows, from the crystal deep,
Bring crumbled sand, with swash and sweep,
And leave it strewn in mystic trace,
Upon the Beach's wave-washed face,
Escaped and curved with airy grace.

Thus Sand Dunes white, mysterious rise
To link the lake and land, by ties
Romantic. Heaps of sifted sand
By winds are pushed upon the strand,
Still creeping, climbing, sky-ward rolled,
Till sand-waves tiny, fold on fold,
Pile up the hills like mountains bold.

Here, standing guard against the tide,
Whose turbaned billows break beside;
These hills have grown, and still arise
And lift their summits toward the skies:
Great Sentinels, whose eyes have swept
The lake and land while ages slept,
And God alone their watch hath kept.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Lakeward looking, we hear them tell
How twixt the surf and soil they dwell
"To hoard the sands, which, by the surge
Are thrown, tumultuous, at their verge.
"We records keep of wavelets old,
And treasure here the grains of gold
Which through the ages hence have rolled.

"We lift our beacon watch-towers high,
To guard your shores with sleepless eye.
We rear aloft, still rolling up
The dregs which line your brimming cup.
By wavelet dredge and wind's light wing,
We take from you what rivers bring,
Thus equalizing everything.

"We watch the shadows o'er you creep,
And shine for you when sunbeams sleep.
We tell the stars to look on you,
And from your face kiss up the dew,
Which, dropped in pearls on mount and plain,
On blooming flower and growing grain,
Are crystal tears that leave no stain.

"The rising sun we hail for you,
His latest beams reflecting, too.
The splendid glow of noon's full glare,
Dull, cloud-gloomed night, with you, we share.
The seasons come, the seasons go,

AND OTHER POEMS

Like beating waves, or winds that blow,
In changeful tides of ebb and flow.

“But still we wait beside your rim
Through summers hot, through winters grim
Through ages dark, through seasons bright,
We keep our watch, by day, by night.
We love your splash in measured time,
Your soothing sob of rippled rhyme,
Your rhythmic roar of waves sublime.”

With landward look, they seem to say :
“We breast the storms, and turn away
The swirling floods from inland trend,
Fair homes and hamlets to defend.
We bid the lake its bounds to know,
Restrain its waters where they flow,
And to their further rush say: ‘No!’

“We tell the winds to chill, less sore,
The budding blooms along the shore.
We sand the soil for miles of space,
To give the fruits warm dwelling place.
An Eden bright we seek to make
Along the margin of the lake,
That men may of its joys partake.

“We see, with pride, bright fields of green,
Where sparkling streamlets flash between
Smooth, grassy slopes and glowing plains,

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Perfumed and decked with fruits and grains.
We smile on them, and, in their smile
Contented stand, and glad the while,
That we can ought of ill beguile.

“We bid men come, and from our feet,
Where winds and waters dash and beat,
Draw thence for use, the pearly sand
To build or garnish cities grand.
Ten thousand times enough for all,
Since waves can wash what steam can haul,
And storms still pile the mighty wall.”

As stand fair mountains by the sea,
Enrobed in mist and mystery ;
As float the cloud-hills, cleft and riven,
In seas of azure, far in heaven ;
So stand these towers of shining sand,
Twixt wave and wood, twixt lake and land,
Huge monuments of nature's wand.

A tale they tell of age and time,
Of storms and floods, whose work sublime,
Shall yet endure when our weak hands
Shall moulder 'neath life's drifting sands ;
When all our work and triumphs past
Lie broken like frail shells here cast,
Where mounded tombs still hold them fast.

Thus musing here in reverent thought,
I seem to see how time has wrought

AND OTHER POEMS

To build these ramparts, where before
The feet of wavelets tracked the shore.
I see when these great hills were small,
When robin's chirp and blue-bird's call,
Ne'er echoed o'er a height at all.

I see when prowling beasts of prey,
First tracked the gathered sands that lay
In primal scrolls upon the beach,
Like broken bows, bestranded each.
But now the marks to mounts are grown,
By waves out-thrown, by winds up-blown,
Each towering like a giant-throne.

I see the Indian come! Whose rest
Is in the kingdom of the West;
Whose mystic soul in sunset's glow
Sees heaven's own splendors outward flow;
Sees hunting grounds, where cold nor heat,
Nor angry storms, nor foes shall meet,
To mar his blest Elysium sweet.

Just here, perchance, the panting deer
Fled, wounded by his pointed spear,
And here, where now the Sarvis blooms,
Above young lover's mounded tombs,
Fair, sun-browned girls, with hearts aflame,
Have come to call the hunter's name,
Heart-wounded, too, by Cupid's aim.

SONGS OF THE CHRIST

Where now the wild Arbutus trails,
Within these mounts' secluded vales,
Perchance stern warriors strove and bled,
And woman's tears have wept the dead.
Here men have lived, and sages old,
Have marked how moons and seasons rolled,
Whose story strange shall ne'er be told.

I see the Indian go! For, when
There came the floods of pale-faced men,
The red-man climbed this heaven-lit height
To feast his eyes with one last sight
Of land and lake, a charming scene
Of crystal waters' flashing sheen
And woodlands waving crests of green.

He, silent, gazed; and heard once more
The rippling wavelet's rhythmic roar:
He heard the axe-man's sharp report,
And saw the White-man's log-built fort:
He lingered, sad; then passed away,
As shadows fall at close of day,
To seek his rest that west-ward lay.

* * * * *

Shine on, O hills of pure white sand!
And pour ye waves your armies grand.
Ye winds the waters swash and sweep,
To roll your drifts where mountains keep

AND OTHER POEMS.

Their faithful guard o'er land and lake,
Till earth shall with convulsions shake
And Time's old billows all shall break.

But other hills shall shine and lift,
Beyond where currents wash and drift;
Beyond the realms of restless change
True Eden's heights shall run their range
Along the shores of that full sea
Whose guarding walls shall ever be
The boundaries of eternity!

* * * * *

Lo! now the lake is white with sails:
And where were once wild woodland trails,
Great road-beds run their glittering rails.
And where the smoke of wigwam curled,
The gathered millions of the world
Build cities vast, whose dome and spire
Stand blazing in the sun-set fire!



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