The Cloud of Witness
Ex Libris
C. K. Ogden
be loud of itness

A DAILY SEQUENCE

OF

FOLLOWING THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS

BY THE

"Certain even of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring."
"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."

HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE
AMEN CORNER, E.C.
PREFATORY NOTE
BY HIS GRACE
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

These Sequences of Thoughts, resting each on some one clear 'idea' presented to us in our Sundays, seem to me full of interest and help. Brief words chosen for a day often help the day through more strongly and brightly. That is our experience of the greatest Lections of all. The 'ideas' noted in the following pages are full of suggestion, and I know no like book with so wide a range of illustrations.

It is good to hear in pithy phrases what the observing, musing poet-people, that is the 'maker-people' as the Greeks have it, are saying at this moment:— None the less good, because some of them are yet unable to 'beat their music out'—the music of a full faith. In such voices is heard what St. Paul calls 'the yearning of the Creation,' and that yearning is Creation's witness to the Son of God.

Addington, Nov. 29, 1891.
Hear ye not the voices ringing down the ages—
Echoing still the message, though their task be done—
Voices, born of heroes, monarchs, poets, sages,
Yearning still to share the wisdom they had won?

Listen!—Thronging round you, deafening with their clamour,
Fashion-tyrants mock at your vaunt of self-control.
Wake!—Delusive visions fraught with poison-glamour
Daze your eyes to blindness, while they paralyse your soul.

Yet the Cloud of Witness solemnly advances,
Widening as each clarion-voice is hushed in Death below;
Yet the Heavenly Vision gleams on raptured glances,
Prompt through changing vesture their changeless Lord to know!

E. M. L. G.
HE Epistles and Gospels for each Sunday in the year represent a sequence of thought which has been pursued in the worship of the Christian Community from almost its earliest days. The stream of teaching embodied in them is part of that fundamental inheritance of Christians which is common to all the Churches, and which writers of every Communion, even outside the Christian pale, have developed and illustrated.

It is the object of this little book to detach and emphasize some cardinal point of Christian teaching (not always the thought most plainly obvious) thus associated with each Sunday and Holy-day; and to present it in its different aspects for daily meditation throughout the week, illuminated and enforced by cognate testimony drawn from the minds of those who, from age to age, have seemed to catch most truly the Heavenly Vision,—to hear most clearly the Divine Voices,—to apprehend in fullest measure the realities of God's Purpose amongst men.

In the things of the Soul, there is ever the danger of losing in breadth of sympathy and perception, while gaining in intensity of feeling and devotion. The deepest religious feeling too often foregoes its birthright and strips itself of support, by failing to realize that "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," and is destined for its nutrition and instruction. By ignoring the sidelights through which God shines upon the groping world, we impoverish and weaken the Revelation which He offers
Preface

us. We stunt our apprehension of His habitual and universal Presence among men. We contract our perception of the volume of Divine Influence to the limits of the single stream upon which circumstance has launched our individual lives. "The life of man is the knowledge of God. But this knowledge lives and moves. It is not a dead thing embalmed once for all in phrases."

A selection from general literature undertaken with the objects embodied in this little book, brings us to realize that the sum of Christian thought is far wider than any sect or creed; and if any should be disposed to cavil at finding the sayings of heathen philosophers and secular poets side by side with those of Christian Saints, let them remember that St. Paul did not disown the Altar raised to the Unknown God, and that a Greater than St Paul commanded His followers to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.

The Great Minds of each Age in succession, doubtless, are the channels of the Special Message which the needs of their Age require; though portions of their message often prove to be of such final and perfect insight that they have only to be re-uttered in order to secure the acknowledgment of each succeeding generation. The heathen Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, and the unknown Saint, St. Thomas à Kempis, stand out in this respect as World Teachers. Each spoke to the soul on certain points more convincingly than any that has followed them, and each has been widely quoted in the following pages. To the compiler, nevertheless, it appears as if there were no epoch since the days of the Apostles and the Fathers when the Divine Message of literature was so wide

1 Westcott.
in its range, so intense in its effort, so deep in its insight, as in the present century—at least amongst English and American writers. If the proportion of modern—even of living Authors—quoted in this little book seems large, it is because the work of compilation itself disclosed that the treasures of human thought—for our age at least—lay most richly scattered amongst modern writers.

I trust sincerely the living will approve this necessarily imperfect attempt to gather here some of the treasures of their spiritual teaching—a teaching the more valuable, from being so often obviously spontaneous, and, if I may say so, accidental. My obligations to Lord Tennyson, Lord Lytton1, Mr. Myers, Mr. George Mac Donald, Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Hamilton King, and to all the other living writers whose names are given in the following list of Authors, cannot be too amply acknowledged. Alas! that there are so many of their brother Poets whom no formal acknowledgments can reach. Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning have passed from us into that Greater Life of which their lofty and prophetic souls seemed to attain, so near a vision while on earth. Lowell—one of the most suggestive teachers for the nineteenth century—has joined them while these sheets were in the press. Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman, Lord Houghton, Father Faber, Emerson, Carlyle, Mazzini, Miss F. R. Haver-gal, Miss Adelaide Procter, had gone before. Yet still

We feel the orient of their spirit glow—
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration.

This little book has owed some of the noblest testimonies to Christian thought to writers of other

1 Lord Lytton died November 24, 1891.
Preface

Communions than my own. I should be glad if it could repay the debt by being found useful in its turn beyond the limits of the Church of England. Even to such as do not share our own lifelong associations with the progress of the Church's year, a Golden Treasury of great thoughts and aspirations culled from ancient and modern, from religious and secular writers, may be helpful.

For, when we penetrate through the vesture of doctrine and dogma to the Living Spirit within, have not "all spiritual influences, however antagonistic they may appear, more in common with each other than they have with the temper of the world"?¹

Christ's faith makes but one Body of all souls,
And Love's that Body's soul:
What Soul soe'er in any language can
Speak Heaven like her's is my Soul's countryman².

EDITH NYTTTELTON GELL.

Langley Lodge, Oxford.
All Saints' Day, MDCCXCCL.

¹ Jowett.
² Crashaw.
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PART I.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE MASTER

"ARE YE ABLE TO DRINK OF THE CUP THAT I SHALL DRINK OF?"
THE SEASON OF

"THY KINGDOM COME"

Nov. 30th

Dec. 21st
THE FIRST WEEK IN ADVENT

"Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

A Prayer for the Week
Thy Kingdom come, O LORD;
Thy reign, O CHRIST, begin!
God with us.

O! as some venturer, from his stars receiving
Promise and presage of sublime emprise,
Wears evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes,—
So even I, and with a heart more burning,
So, even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Groan for the hour, O Christ, of Thy returning,
Faint for the flaming of Thine Advent feet.

F. Myers.

T may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight,
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of Me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street—
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of My feet.
Therefore I tell you, Watch!
By the light of the evening star
When the moon is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

B. M.

HE MASTER is come, and calleth for thee.

John xi. 28.

First Week in Advent.]
Advent Sunday.

God with us.

ARK! what a sound, and too divine for hearing,
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air!
Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing?
Is it the music of His people's prayer?
Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
Shout to the saints and to the deaf are dumb!
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices,
Glad in His coming, Who hath sworn, "I come!"

F. Myers.

HOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all resplendent,
In Thy glory all transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells,
Coming! O my glorious Priest.
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

F. R. HaverGAL.

H, quickly come, great King of all,
Reign all around us and within!
Let sin no more our hearts enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin!
Oh, quickly come, for Thou alone
Can'st make Thy scatter'd people one!

TUTTIEETT.

URELY the time is short,
Endless the task and art.
To brighten for the ethereal court
A soil'd earth-drudging heart;
But He, the dread Proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in Love, as to thy foes in Power.

Keele.
HY care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore, be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with His feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

Milton.

E lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All Heaven bursts her starry floors,
And straws her light below,
And deepens on and up! The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of Eternity!
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom and His bride!

Tennyson.

FAITHFUL soul, prepare thy heart for this Bride-
groom, that HE may vouchsafe to come unto thee, and to dwell within thee.

Thomas à Kempis.

H! that Thy steps among the stars would quicken!
Oh! that Thine ears would hear when we are dumb!
Many the hearts from which the hope shall sicken,
Many shall faint before Thy kingdom come!

F. Myers.
Tuesday.]

**God with us.**

———

H quickly come, dread Judge of all;
   For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
Oh quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

**TUTTIETT.**

E believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

HE night is well nigh spent: the world fulfils
   Her season—on the everlasting hills
Bright burns the day-star! Yet a little more
And all that lets will be for ever o'er! . . .
Wake while ye may—or sleep for evermore!
The great Judge stands already at the door.
What? will ye slumber till the day of doom
Dispels your darkness? Must the dull, cold tomb,
More quick to hear, more keen to feel, than you,
Yield up its dead, to prove the warning true?

**BURGON.**

REAT God! what do I see and hear,
   The end of things created,
The Judge of all men doth appear,
   On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
   The dead which they contained before:—
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

Great Judge! to Thee our prayers we pour,
   In deep abasement bending;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
   Thy wondrous love extending!
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
   And thus prepare to meet Thee!

*Trans. from Luther.*
**God with us.**

Wednesday.

---

HO did leave His Father’s throne
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had He life, or had He none?
If He had not lived for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly
And two deaths had been thy fee.

**Herbert.**

HE life of man is the knowledge of God. But
this knowledge lives and moves. It is not a dead
thing embalmed once for all in phrases.

**Westcott.**

HEN haste Thee, Lord! Come down,
Take Thy great power and reign!
But frame Thee first a perfect crown
Of spirits freed from stain—
Souls mortal once, now match’d for evermore
With the immortal gems that form’d Thy wreath
before.

**Keble.**

OT heralded by fire and storm,
In shadowy outline dimly seen,
Comes through the gloom a glorious form,
The once-despised Nazarene.

“Fear not, Beloved, thou art Mine,
For I have given My life for thee,
By name I call thee, rise and shine,
Be praise and glory unto Me!
Thy life is hid in God with Me,
I stoop to dwell within thy breast.”

“My joy for ever Thou shalt be,
And in my love for Thee I rest!”

**F. R. Havergal.**

*First Week in Advent.*
**Thursday.**

**God with us.**

---

ARTH breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven with its new day
Of endless life, when He who trod,
Very Man and very God,
This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
Shall come again, no more to be
Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, All in All,
King of kings and Lord of lords:
As His servant John received the words,
"I died, and live for evermore."

BROWNING.

DVENT through the cold dark air
Blows a shrill blast of warning, and the Night
Is wellnigh spent. Do thou and I beware
Lest the Judge come, and we, in Love's despite,
Be found with cruel hands rais'd up to smite
Our fellow servant!

BURGON.

GOD. O kinsman, loved, but not enough!
O MAN, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathway rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath;
By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where sinless, Thou dost shine
To draw us sinners in;
Come! lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thy earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign!

JEAN INGELOW
God with us.

NTO you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the Glory of our blessed Heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet
Even in an earthly home,
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come.

AM come a Light into the world. John xii. 46.

HEART! weak follower of the weak,
That thou should'st travel land and sea
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee!

Lord Houghton.

VEN so, come, Lord Jesus! Rev. xxii. 20.

THOU that in our bosom's shrine
Dost dwell, unknown, because divine!
I thought to speak, I thought to say,
"The light is here," "Behold the way."
"The voice was thus," and "Thus the word,"
And "Thus I saw," and "That I heard"—
But from the lips that half essayed,
The imperfect utterance fell unmade.
Unseen, secure in that high shrine,
Acknowledged, present and divine,
I will not ask some upper air,
Some future day to place Thee there...
Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
Unknown or known, remain divine...
Be Thou but there! In soul and heart
I will not ask to feel Thou art.

Clough.

First Week in Advent.] 10
THE SECOND WEEK IN ADVENT

"This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven."—ACTS 1. 11.

A Prayer for the Week

Be present, O Merciful God, and protect us . . . so that we who are fatigued by the changes and chances of this fleeting world, may repose upon Thy eternal changelessness.
In change unchanged.

LORD, my heart is sick,
   Sick of this everlasting Change;
And life runs tediously quick
Through its unresting race and varied range!
Change finds no likeness to itself in Thee,
And makes no echo in Thy mute eternity.

Faber.

LL things must change
To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is, can pause or stay,
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Longfellow.

If that I once past changing were
Fast in Thy Paradise where no flower can wither!

Herbert.

LAME not life! it is scarce begun;
   Blame not mankind! thyself art one;
And Change is holy, oh, blame it never!
Thy soul shall live by its changing ever;
Not the bubbling change of a stagnant pool,
But the change of a river, flowing and full;
Where all that is noble and good will grow
Mightier still as the full tides flow,
Till it joins the hidden, the boundless sea
Rolling through depths of Eternity.

MacDonald.

UT wherefore bring Change
To the spirit,
God meant should mate His with an infinite range,
And inherit
His power to put Life in the darkness and cold?

Browning.
Sunday.

In change, unchanged.

---

LL things are ever God's: the Shows of things
Are of man's fantasy and warped with sin;—
God, and the things of God, immutable.  Allingham

O-DAY'S brief passion limits their range;
It seethes with the morrow for us;—and more
They are perfect—how else? They shall never change;
We are faulty—why not? We have time in store.
The Artificer's hand is not arrested
With us; we are rough-hewn, no-wise polished.
They stand for our copy, and, once invested
With all they can teach, we shall see them abolished.

Browning.

LL things are passing!
God never changeth.

Santa Teresa.

OTHING, resting in its own completeness,
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness
 Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own.
Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper Life above.
Human Love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect Love.

Adelaide Procter.

OOL! all that is at all
Lasts ever, past recall!
Earth changes, but thy Soul and God stand sure;
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay
endure.

Browning.
ORD, though we change, Thou art the same—
The same sweet God of love and light.
HERBERT.

HEY drift away—Ah, God! they drift for ever!
I watch the stream sweep onward to the sea
Like some old battered buoy upon a roaring river,
Round whom the tide-waifs hang—then drift to sea.
I watch them drift—the old familiar faces
Who fished and rode with me by stream and wold,
Till ghosts, not men, fill old beloved places,
And, ah! the land is rank with churchyard mould.
I watch them drift—the youthful aspirations
Shores, landmarks, beacons, drift alike!...
Yet overhead the boundless arch of heaven
Still fades to night, still blazes into day...
Ah God! my God! Thou wilt not drift away.
KINGSLEY.

ARTH, we Christians praise thee thus,
Even for the Change that comes
With a grief from thee to us. E. B. BROWNING.

IFE'S sorrows still fluctuate; God's love does not,
And His love is unchanged, when it changes
our lot.
LYTTON.

AN'S yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow,
Nought may endure but mutability.
SHELLEY.

I.L. which is real now remaineth
And faileth never;
The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth
The soul for ever.
WHITTIER.

Second Week in Advent.]
HE One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity—
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!

Shelley.

OT saint nor sage could fix immutably
The fluent image of the unstable Best,
Still changing in their very hands that wrought;
To-day's eternal Truth to-morrow proved
Frail as frost-landscapes on a window-pane—
Meanwhile Thou smiledst, inaccessible,
At Thought's own substance made a cage for
Thought,
And Truth locked fast with her own master-key.

Lowell.

HOUGH to the vilest things beneath the moon,
For poor ease sake I give away my heart,
And, for the moment's sympathy, let part
My sight and sense of truth, Thy precious boon,—
My painful earnings, lost, all lost, as soon
Almost as gained! and though aside I start,
Belie Thee daily, hourly,— still Thou art,
Art surely, as in heaven the sun at noon!
How much soe'er I sin, whate'er I do
Of evil, still the sky above is blue,
The stars look down in beauty as before.

Clough.

H, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and
power,
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

Whittier.
In change unchanged.

WIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is toss'd about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.
No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
But Thou, O Lord! Thou changest not;
The same Thou art alway!
Out of that weak unquiet drift,
That comes but to depart,
To that pure Heaven my spirit lift
Where Thou unchanging art!
Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know:
On this I'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come or go!

J. CAMPBELL SHAIRP.

AVING loved His own that were in the world,
He loved them unto the end. John XIII. 1.

AY never, ye loved once!
God is too near above,—the Grave, beneath:
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,
For such a word. The eternities avenge
Affections light of range;
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—Loved once.

E. B. BROWNING.

T fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step, when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall. CLough.
HE course of God is one. It likes not us
To think of Him as being acquaint with Change;
It were beneath Him!                              J. Ingelow.

E reigns above! He reigns alone!
Systems burn out and leave His throne;
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him changeless amid all—
Ancient of Days, Whose days go on!

E. B. Browning.

"NIMA Mundi," of Thyself existing,
Without diversity or change to fear,
Say, has this Life to which we cling, persisting,
Part or communion with Thy stedfast sphere?
Does Thy serene Eternity sublime
Embrace the slaves of Circumstance and Time?

Houghton.

HE old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Tennyson.

UT Thou art true, Incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
No Change can falsify

Wordsworth.

HOU comest not, Thou goest not,
Thou wert not, wilt not be;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

Faber.

CHANGE and decay in all around I see,
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!

Lyte.
In change unchanged.

Friday.

EAVING the final issue in His hands is sure,
Whose goodness knows no change, Whose love
Who sees, foresees, Who cannot judge amiss.

Wordsworth.

HINGS learnt on earth we shall practise in heaven.

Browning.

OT clinging to some ancient saw;
Not master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law.

Meet is it Changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease:
We all are changed by still degrees,
All—but the basis of the soul.

Tennyson.

IFE'S vapours arise
And fall, pass and change, group themselves and revolve
Round the great central Life, which is Love; these dissolve
And resume themselves—here assume beauty, there
And the phantasmagoria of infinite error [terror ;—
And endless complexity, lasts but a while!
Life's self,—the immortal, immutable smile
Of GOD on the soul—in the deep heart of Heaven
Lives changeless, unchanged: and our morning and even
Are earth's alternations, not Heaven's.

Lytton.

HANGE must proceed whether for good or ill.

Browning.

HEREFORE, if Thou canst fail,
Then can Thy Truth and I! But while rocks stand
And rivers stir, Thou canst not shrink or quail;
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt Thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruin praise Thy power. Herbert.
THE THIRD WEEK IN ADVENT

"Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come."

A Prayer for the Week

Grant us by Thy Holy Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His holy comfort.
Right judgment.

—•—

Y things which do appear
We judge amiss. The flower, which wears its way
Through stony chinks, lives on from day to day
Approved for living,—let the rest be gay
And sweet as summer! Heaven within the reed
Lists for the flute-note; in the folded seed
It sees the bud, and in the Will the Deed.

D. GREENWELL.

S this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet. There sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

SHAKESPEARE.

HERE the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear:
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

ELLETON.

OW shall we judge their present, we who have never seen
That which is past for ever, and that which might have been?
Measuring by ourselves, unwise indeed are we!
Measuring what we know by what we can hardly see.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

E not proud of well-doing; for the judgment of God is far different from the judgment of men,
and that often offendeth Him which pleaseth them.

THOS. À KEMPIS.

OD judges by a light
Which baffles mortal sight;
And the useless-seeming man the crown hath won.

In His vast world above,—
A world of broader love,—

God hath some grand employment for His son.

FABER.
Sunday.

Right judgment.

———

HEY extol
Things vulgar and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise.
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?—
His lot who dares be singularly good!

Milton.

AKE each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Shakespeare.

HERE men of judgment creep, and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay:
Their want of light and intellect supplied
By sparks Absurdity strikes out of Pride:
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
They always are decisive, clear and strong.

Cowper.

UT thou, why dost thou judge thy brother?...for we must all stand before the judgment seat of God.

Rom. xiv. 10 (R.V.).

KNOW my own appointed patch in the world.

Browning.

OR whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's loud din.

Lowell.

HOU art not the more holy for being praised,
nor the more worthless for being dispraised.
What thou art, that thou art; neither by words canst thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight of God.

Thos. a Kempis.
Right judgment.

---

HE night

Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!
I follow, follow,—sure to meet the sun,
And confident that what the future yields
Will be the Right,—unless myself be wrong.

LONGFELLOW.

HADOWS there are who dwell
Among us, yet apart,
Deaf to the claim of God
Or kindly human heart;
Voices of earth and heaven
Call, but they turn away,
And Love, through such black night
Can see no hope of day.
And yet—our eyes are dim
And thine are keener far;
Then gaze till thou canst see
The glimmer of some star!

The black stream flows along,
Whose waters we despise,—
Show us reflected there
Some fragment of the skies!
'Neath tangled thorns and briers
(The task is fit for thee)
Seek for the hidden flowers
We are too blind to see!
Then will I thy great gift
A crown and blessing call;
Angels look thus on men,
And God sees, good in all.

A. PROCTOR.

UCHI as everyone is inwardly, so he judgeth outwardly.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

Third Week in Advent.] 22
Right judgment.

ELIVER not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.
Make Knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald. Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds!
Watch what main-currents draw the years;
Cut Prejudice against the grain;
But (gentle words are always gain)
Regard the weakness of thy peers!

TENNYSON.

GOOD and Great,
In Whom, in this bedarkened state,
I fain am struggling to believe,
Let me not ever cease to grieve,
Nor lose the consciousness of ill
Within me;—and refusing still
To recognise in things around
What cannot truly there be found,
Let me not feel, nor be it true
That, while each daily task I do,
I still am giving day by day
My precious things within away
(Those Thou didst give to keep as Thine)
And casting,—do whate'er I may,—
My heavenly pearls to earthly swine!

CLough.

EEING ye thrust the word of God from you, and
judge yourselves unworthy of eternal life, lo,
we turn to the Gentiles.

ACTS XIII. 46 (R V.)
Right judgment.

HOU hast done well, perhaps,
To lift the bright disguise
And lay the bitter truth
Before our shrinking eyes.
When evil crawls below
What seems so bright and fair,
Thine eyes are keen and true
To find the serpent there:
And yet—I turn away—
Thy task is not divine,—
The evil angels look
On earth with eyes like thine.
Thou hast done well, perhaps,
To show how closely wound
Dark threads of Sin and Self
With our best deeds are found;—
How great and noble hearts
Striving for lofty aims
Have still some earthly chord
A meaner spirit claims;—
And yet—although thy task
Is well and fairly done,—
Methinks for such as thou
There is a holier one.

A. Procter.

HALLOW one like me
Judge hearts like yours?

E that well and rightly considereth his own
Works will find little cause to judge hardly of
Another.

Thos. à Kempis.

HERE is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgments given.

Faber.
Right judgment.

IME was when I believed that wrong
In others to detect,
Was part of genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.
Now better taught by Thee, O Lord!
This truth dawns on my mind—
The best effect of heavenly light
Is earth’s false eyes to blind.

HE world is full of Judgment-Days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. "EMERSON."

HAT from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weigh’d in custom’s falsest scale;—
Opinion an omnipotence whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale,
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much light! "BYRON."

E’S loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes. "SHAKESPEARE."

HE best men, doing their best,
Know peradventure least of what they do:
Men usefulllest in the world are simply used;
The nail that holds the wood must pierce it first,
And he alone who wields the hammer sees
The work advanced by the earliest blow. "E. B. BROWNING."

UDGE not; that ye be not judged.
HEY do but grope in learning's pedant round,
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground;—
As if such shapes and moods, which come and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show,
To sway or judge, and skill to sane or wound!
Son of immortal seed! high-destined Man!
Know thy dread gift—a creature, yet a cause:
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

Newman.

ET such men rest
Content with what they judged the best;
Let the unjust usurp at will;
The filthy shall be filthy still:
Miser, there waits the gold for thee!
Hater, indulge thine enmity!

Browning.

AIR Judgment,
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts.

Shakespeare.

ND shall we then be restless in the search
For other proofs and witnesses of God,
Before our hearts have rested on the One
He gave us in our very flesh to know?
Impatient for the noon-day, shall we miss
The sunrise we shall never see again?

H. Hamilton King.

F we would judge ourselves we should not be judged.

1 Cor. xi. 31.
"Rejoice greatly! . . . Behold, thy King cometh unto thee!"

A Prayer for the Week

Lord! ev'n as Thou all-present art,
Oh! may we still with heedful heart
Thy presence know and find!
Then come what will of weal or woe,
Joy's bosom-spring shall steady flow;
For though 'tis Heaven Thyself to see,
Where but Thy Shadow falls, grief cannot be!
The Way of Joy.

M I wrong to be always so happy? This world is full of grief;
Yet there is laughter of sunshine, to see the crisp green in the leaf.
Daylight is ringing with song-birds, and brooklets are crooning by night,
And why should I make a shadow where God makes all so bright?
Earth may be wicked and weary, yet cannot I help being glad;
There is sunshine without and within me, and how should I mope or be sad?
God would not flood me with blessings, meaning me only to pine
Amid all the bounties and beauties He pours upon me and mine;
Therefore will I be grateful, and therefore will I rejoice;
My heart is singing within me! sing on, O heart and voice!

WALTER SMITH.

VERY joy is gain,
And gain is gain however small. BROWNING.

ND if in thy life on earth,
In the chamber or by the hearth,
'Mid the crowded city's tide,
Or high on the lone hill-side;
Thou canst cause a thought of peace,
Or an aching thought to cease,
Or a gleam of Joy to burst
On a soul in sadness nurst;
Spare not thy hand, my child:
Though the gladdened should never know
The well-spring amid the wild,
Whence the waters of blessing flow.

MAC DONALD.

Fourth Week in Advent.] 28
The Way of Joy.

ARTHLY joy
Is but a bubble.  

O soon made happy? Hadst thou learned
What God accounteth happiness,
Thou would'st not find it hard to guess
What hell may be His punishment
For those who doubt if God invent
Better than they.

Browning.

N every gladness, LORD, THOU art
The deeper Joy behind.

MAC DONALD.

THANK THEE too, that THOU hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth
Some love is found.

I thank THEE more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For THOU, Who knowest, LORD, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
But all with wings,—
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

A. PROCTOR.
The Way of Joy.

AKE joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her!
Then will She come and often sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God. J. Ingelow.

HO is the angel that cometh?
Joy?
Look at his glittering rainbow wings—
No alloy
Lies in the radiant gifts he brings;
Tender and sweet,
He is come to-day,
Tender and sweet,
With chains of love on his tender feet.
' Blesed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord.' A. Procter.

UT case,—I never have myself enjoyed,
Known by experience what enjoyment means,—
How shall I—share enjoyment?—no, indeed!
Supply it to my fellows?—ignorant
As so I should be of the thing they crave,
How it affects them, works for good or ill?...
Just as I cannot, till myself convinced
Impart conviction, so, to deal forth Joy
Adroitly, needs must I know Joy myself.
Browning.

DIVINITY hath surely touched my heart;
I have possessed more Joy than earth can lend.
Bridges.

Fourth Week in Advent.] 30
HEN first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsafed e'en in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in sin,
I felt a sugared strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm and over-run my heart
And take it in.
Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, e'en able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway;
But still Thy sweet original Joy
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs when they grew bold, control
And get the day.
If Thy first glance so powerful be
A mirth but opened and sealed up again,
What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love!
When Thou shalt look us out of pain
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light
In heaven above!

OD tastes an infinite Joy
In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss;—
From Whom all Being emanates, all power
Proceeds:—in Whom is life for evermore,
Yet Whom Existence in its lowest forms
Includes. Where dwells enjoyment there is He;
With still a flying point of bliss remote,
A happiness in store afar, a sphere
Of distant glory still in view.
The Way of Joy.

N heaven above
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

Wordsworth.

OR hath thy knowledge of adversity
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,
But rather cleared thine inner eyes to see
How many simple ways there are to bless.

Lowell.

ENOUNCE joy for my fellows' sake? That's joy
Beyond joy: but renounced for mine, not theirs!

Why, the physician called to help the sick,
Cries 'Let me, first of all, discard my health!'
No, Son! the richness hearted in such joy
Is in the knowing what are gifts we give,
Not in a vain endeavour not to know!
Therefore, desire Joy, and thank God for it.

Browning.

LOOKED for Evil, stern of face and pale;
Came Good, too fair to tell.
I leant on God when other joys did fail;
He gave me these as well.

S. Williams.

HE men who met him rounded on their heels
And wonder'd after him, because his face
Shone like the countenance of a priest of old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven; so glad was he.

Tennyson.

ONE here is happy but in part:
Full bliss is bliss divine;
There dwells some wish in every heart,
And doubtless one in thine.

Cowper.

AKER and High Priest
I ask Thee not my joys to multiply,—
Only to make me worthier of the least E. B. Browning.

Fourth Week in Advent.] 32
The Way of Joy.


Y Master, they have wronged Thee and Thy love!
They only told me I should find the path
A Via Dolorosa all the way! . . .
Narrow indeed it is! . . . Oh, why
Should they misrepresent Thy words, and make
' Narrow' synonymous with 'very hard'?
For Thou, divinest Wisdom, Thou hast said
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all
Thy paths are peace; and that the path of him
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness
Is as the light that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day. And Thou hast given
An olden promise, rarely quoted now,
Because it is too bright for our weak faith:
'If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend
Days in prosperity, and they shall spend
Their years in pleasure.'

F. R. Havergal.

OR he, and he only, with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

Wordsworth.

IS mine—to boast no joy
Unsobered by such sorrows of my kind
As sully with their shade my life that shines.

Browning.

HOU hast proved that purest Joy is Duty.

H. Coleridge.

IS joy enough, my All in All
At Thy dear feet to lie:
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly!

Cowper.
The Way of Joy.

—*—

LORD! our separate lives destroy!
Merge in Thy gold our soul's alloy,
Pain is our own, and Thou art Joy.

Houghton.

H! for the joy Thy presence gives!
What peace shall reign when Thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm, delightful house of prayer.

Cowper.

UT oh! the folly of distracted men
Who griefs in earnest, joys in jest pursue,
Preferring like brute beasts, a loathsome den
Before a Court, e'en that above, so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Than miseries are here!

Herbert.

IFE's inadequate to Joy.

Browning.

HAT pleasures could I want, whose King I served
Where joys my fellows were?

Herbert.

ECAUSE the Few with signal virtue crowned,
The heights and pinnacles of human mind,
Sadder and wearier than the rest are found,—
Wish not thy soul less high or less refined!
True that the dear delights which every day
Cheer and distract the pilgrim are not theirs;
True, that, though free from Passion's lawless sway,
A loftier being brings severer cares.
Yet have they hidden pleasures, even mirth
By those undreamt of who have only trod
Life's valley smooth; and if the rolling earth
To their nice ear have many a painful tone,
They know, Man does not live by Joy alone,
But by the presence and the power of God.

Houghton.

Fourth Week in Advent.]
SAINTS COMMENORATED IN ADVENT

Nov. 30th
"The Discipline of Duty"

Dec. 21st
"Loyalty in Weakness"

* St. Andrew's Day occasionally falls in the week preceding Advent.
The Discipline of Duty.

—•—

UT two ways are offered to our will—
Toil with rare triumph, Ease with safe disgrace:—
Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance!
The man's whole life preludes the single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
Or with the unmotived herd that only sleep and feed.

Lowell.

EAR after year, we slide from day to day
Like a sleek stream, from bay to sinuous bay
Wearing the course it evermore hath held.
The crumbling banks, that have so long compell'd
The stream to wind, to haste, to strive, or stay,
Drop down at last, and quite choke up the way
That once they foil'd. The river that rebelled
Becomes a marsh, prolific of ill weeds.

Such is the life of him who streams along
A lazy course, unweeting of his deeds;
Till duty, hope, love, custom, prayers and creeds
Crumble away, and yield to helpless wrong,
That from the mere disuse of right proceeds.

H. Coleridge.

H righteous doom, that they who make
Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
Miss that whereto they tend;
While they who bid stern Duty lead,
Content to follow,—they
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasure by the way.

Trench.
HO can come near to God with a heart not on fire?
Souls must tire upon earth who in heaven would rest.
Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast thou found
Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on thy way?
All the hard would be easy, the tangle unwound,
Wouldst thou only desire as well as obey! FABER.

HE desire of our soul is to Thy name and to the remembrance of Thee. Isaiah xxvi. 8.

S there, on earth, a spirit frail,
Who fears to take their word,
Scarce daring, through the twilight pale,
To think he sees the Lord?
With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for His sake!
Read and confess the Hand Divine
That drew thy likeness here so true in every line!

For all thy rankling doubts so sore
Love thou thy Saviour still!
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do His will!
Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;—
Soon will He shew thee all His wounds and say
“Long have I known thy name—know thou My Face alway!” Keble.

H how powerful is the pure love of Jesus, which is mixed with no self-interest, nor self-love!
Thos. a Kempis.
AND

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"GOD TO MEN IS DRAWING NEAR"

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Dec. 24th and 25th

Dec. 26th-28th

Dec. 29th-31st

39
“This I did for thee.—What hast thou done for Me?”

SAINTS COMMENORATED IN CHRISTMAS-TIDE

Dec. 26th

“Faithful unto Death”

Dec. 27th

“The Sanctuary of Home”

Dec. 28th

“The Ministry of Children”
Perfect God and Perfect Man.

ET not the hearts, whose sorrow cannot call
This Christmas merry, slight the festival;
Let us be merry that may merry be,
But let us not forget that many mourn;
The smiling Baby came to give us glee
But for the weepers was the Saviour born.

H. Coleridge.

BLESSED day, which giv'st the eternal lie
To self, and sense, and all the brute within;
Oh! come to us amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel come! to all who toil
In senate, shop, or study! and to those
Ill warnsed and sorely tempted—
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day!
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine;
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day!

Kingsley.

AS it a fancy bred of vagrant guess,
Or well-remember'd fact—that He was born
When half the world was wintry and forlorn,
In Nature's utmost season of distress?
And did the simple earth indeed confess
Its destitution and its craving need,
Wearing the white and penitential weed,
Meet symbol of judicial barrenness?
So be it: for in truth 'tis ever so,
That when the winter of the soul is bare,
The seed of heaven at first begins to grow,
Peeping abroad in desert of despair.

H. Coleridge.
Christmas Day.

Perfect God and Perfect Man.

LEST day which aye reminds us, year by year,
What 'tis to be a man: to curb and spurn
The tyrant in us; that ignobler self
Which owns no good save ease, no ill save pain,
No purpose, save its share in that wild war
In which through countless ages living things
Compete in internecine greed!
While ever out of the eternal heavens
Looks patient down the great, magnanimous God,
Who, Maker of all worlds, did sacrifice—
All to Himself? Nay, but Himself to one;
Who taught mankind on that first Christmas Day
What 'twas to be a man: to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live!

KINGSLEY.

HOU cam'st from Heaven to Earth, that we
Might go from Earth to Heaven with Thee;
And though Thou found'st no welcome here,
Thou didst provide us mansions there. H. VAUGHAN.

HAT is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and
the son of man that Thou visitest him?
Ps. viii. 4.

MANUEL! God with us in His meekness,
Immanuel! God with us in His might,
To bind our wounds, to gift with strength our weakness,
To bring us, angels, to the home of light!
Shiloh is come: His feet our earth have trod;
Now thanks and glory to the Child our God!

MORGAN.
Faithful unto Death.

HO follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train!  

ANY loved Truth and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dusk of books to find her,
Content at last for guerdon of their toil
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these our brothers fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her!
Their higher instinct knew,
They love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do!
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful,—with danger's sweetness round her:
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed.

F high feelings live, the Man a Martyr dies.

LESSED are those who die for God
And earn the Martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater Conqueror in His sight.

A. Procter.
The Sanctuary of Home.

WEET is the smile of Home; the mutual look
Where hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure.  

He many make the household
But only One the Home.  

NEAR ones, dear ones, you in whose right hands
Our own rests calm; whose faithful hearts all day
Wide open wait till back from distant lands
Thought, the tired traveller, wends his homeward way!
Helpmates and hearthmates, gladdeners of gone years,
Tender companions of our serious days,
Who colour with your kisses, smiles, and tears
Life's worn web woven over wonted ways,
Oh shut the world out from the heart you cheer!
Tho' small the circle of your smiles may be,
The world is distant, and your smiles are near,
This makes you more than all the world to me!  

ET them learn first to shew piety at home, and
to requite their parents; for that is good and acceptable before God.  

OME is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss!  

Thomson.
[The Holy Innocents.

The Ministry of Children.

HILDREN are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace.

IKE lamp beside sepulchral urn,
Much teaching that it ne'er did learn,
Revealing by felicity,
Foretelling by simplicity,
And preaching by its sudden cries,
Alone with God the baby lies. H. Coleridge.

HE childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day. Milton.

RAIN up a child in the way he should go, and
when he is old he will not depart from it.

HE most childish sin which man can do
Is yet a sin which Jesus never did,
When Jesus was a child, and yet a sin
For which, in lowly pain, He lived and died;
And for the bravest sin that e'er was praised
The King Eternal wore the crown of thorns.

RE thou wert born into this breathing world
God wrote some characters upon thy heart.
Oh, let them not like beads of dew impearl'd
On morning blades before the noon depart!
But morning drops before the noon exhale,
And yet those drops appear again at even,
So childish innocence on earth must fail
Yet may return to usher thee to heav'n.

H. Coleridge.

Christmas-tide.] 46
"It were better that we were not at all, than that we should live still in wickedness."

A Prayer for the Week

We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us. But THOU, O LORD, have mercy upon us!—Forgive us all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please THEE in newness of life!
Retrospect.

[December 29.

HINK first what you are! Call to mind what you were!  
I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,  
Gave health and genius, and an ample scope.  
Return you Me guilt, lethargy, despair?  
S. T. Coleridge.

AMISHT hopes press fast behind me, weakly wailing,  
Faint before me fleets the good I have not done!  
Lytton.

O action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere  
A record written by fingers ghostly,  
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly  
In the greater weakness or greater strength  
Of the acts which follow it,—till at length  
The wrongs of ages are redressed  
And the justice of God made manifest.  
Longfellow.

IN may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,  
Nor seen nor loathed until held from us a small space.  
Trench.

HAD a noble purpose and the strength  
To compass it; but I have stopp’d half-way,  
And wrongly given the first-fruits of my toil  
To objects little worthy of the gift.  
Why linger round them still? Why check my fault?  
In vain endeavours to derive a beauty  
From ugliness? Why seek to make the most  
Of what no power can change, nor strive instead  
With mighty effort to redeem the past  
And, gathering up the treasures thus cast down  
To hold a stedfast course till I arrive  
At their fit destination and my own?  
Browning.

The Dying Year.] 48
December 30.]

Retrospect.

NEVER glanced behind to know
If I had kept my primal light from wane,
And thus insensibly am—what I am. BROWNING.

IN, not till it is left, will duly sinful seem;
A man must waken first, ere he can tell his dream.
TRENCH.

OMFORT me not!—for if aught be worse than failure from over-stress
Of a life's prime purpose, it is to sit down content with a little success.
LYTTON.

ET us look back on life:—was any change,
Any now blest experience, but at first
A pang, remorse-like, shot to the inmost seats
Of moral being?
CLOUGH.

OO true it is, my time of power was spent
In idly watering weeds of casual growth,—
That wasted energy to desperate sloth
Declined, and fond self-seeking discontent,—
Too true it is that, knowing now my state,
I weakly mourn the sin I ought to hate,
Nor love the law I yet would fain obey;
But true it is, above all law and fate
Is Faith, abiding the appointed day.
H. COLERIDGE.

N doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone.
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more
And may esteem it less.
TRENCH.
HE year departs! a blessing on its head!
We mourn not for it, for it is not dead:
Dead? What is that? A word to joy unknown,
Which love abhors, and faith will never own.
The passing breezes gone as soon as felt,
The flakes of snow that in the soft air melt,
The smile that sinks into a maiden’s eye,
They come, they go, they change, they do not die.
So the Old Year—that fond and formal name—
Is with us yet,—another and the same.
And are the thoughts that ever more are fleeing,
The moments that make up our being’s being,
The silent workings of unconscious love
Or the dull hate which clings and will not move,
Are these less vital than the wave or wind
Or snow that melts and leaves no trace behind?
H. Coleridge.

O forget is not to be restored;
To lose with time the sense of what we did
Cancels not what we did; what’s done remains!
Clough.

OW, it is gone. Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How.
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!
S. T. Coleridge.

LAS! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o’er again;
The Unwritten only still belongs to thee,
Take heed and ponder well what that shall be!
Longfellow.
**Watch Night.**

ARK how there still has run, enwoven from above,
Thro' thy life's darkest woof, the golden thread of love.

TRENCH.

HAVE always had one lode-star; now,
As I look back, I see that I have wasted
Or progressed as I looked towards that star—
A need, a trust, a yearning after God.

BROWNING.

AVE I laid by from summer hours
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?
Hath my past year a growth to harden,
As well as fewer sins to pardon?
Is God in all things more and more
A king within me than before?

FABER.

HAT hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse—better—last for first and first for last;
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past!

E. ARNOLD.

HE Past is something, but the Present more;
Will It not, too, be past? Nor fail withal
To recognise the Future in your hopes;
Unite them in your manhood, each and all,
Nor mutilate the perfectness of life!—
You can remember; you can also hope.

CLough.
AND

“THY LIGHT IS COME”

JAN. 1st

JAN. 6th

JAN. 25th

FEB. 2nd

* When there are less than four Sundays after the Epiphany, one or both of these festivals will fall within the following Season.
HOU would’st like wretched man be made,
   In everything but sin,
That we as like Thee might become
   As we unlike have been.  Stennett.

E is not ashamed to call them brethren.
   Heb. ii. 11.

IVE me an heart that beats
In all its pulses with the common heart
Of human kind, which the same things make glad,
The same make sorry! Give me grace enough
Even in their first beginnings to detect
The endeavours which the proud heart still is making
To cut itself from off the common root,
To set itself upon a private base,
To have wherein to glory of its own,
Beside the common glory of the kind!
Each such attempt in all its hateful pride
And meanness, give me to detect and loathe,—
A man, and claiming fellowship with men!
   Trench.

* * * *

E is bound to me,
For human love makes aliens near of kin.
   J. Ingelow.

UCH was the life Thou livedst; self-abjuring,
   Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
A life without self-pleasing.
   Faber.
THE NEW YEAR

"Forward out of darkness, forward into light!"

A Prayer for the Week

O Lord, Thou knowest what is best for us, give what Thou wilt, and how much Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt! Deal with me as Thou thinkest good, and as best pleaseth Thee, and is most for Thine honour! Set me where Thou wilt, and deal with me in all things just as Thou wilt!

Confirm and strengthen me in all goodness, and grant that the rest of my life hereafter may be pure and holy, so that at the last I may come to Thine eternal joy!
Onward and Upward.

HOU canst not choose but serve,—man’s lot is servitude,—
But thou hast thus much choice, a bad lord or a good.

NCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good or evil side!
Some great cause, God’s new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever ’twixt that darkness and that light.

RE your minds set upon righteousness?
Ps. lviii. 1. (P-B.)

ERELY thyself, O man, thou canst not long abide,
But must for less or greater presently decide.

OD! fight we not within a cursed world
Whose very air teems thick with leagued fiends?
Each Word we speak has infinite effects—
Each Soul we pass must go to heaven or hell—
And this our one chance through eternity
To drop and die, like dead leaves in the brake!
Be earnest, earnest, earnest!
Do what thou dost as if the stake were Heaven,
And that thy last deed ere the Judgment-day!
When all’s done, nothing’s done. There’s rest above—
Below let work be death, if work be love!

KINGSLEY.
January 2.]

Onward and Upward.

—+——-

UR only greatness is that we aspire.
J. INGELOW.

O with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth!—
Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed;—but for the Duty to do!
CLOUGH.

BLESSING such as this our hearts might reap,
The freshness of the garden they might share,
Through the long day an heavenly freshness keep,
If knowing how the day and the day’s glare
Must beat upon them, we would largely steep
And water them betimes with dews of Prayer.
TRENCH.

F ever year we would root out one vice we should sooner become perfect men.
THOS. À KEMPIS.

LAS, long-suffering and most patient God,
Thou needst be surelier God to bear with us
Than even to have made us! Thou aspire, aspire
From henceforth for me! Thou who hast Thyself
Endured this flesh-hood, knowing how as a soaked
And sucking vesture it can drag us down
And choke us in the melancholy Deep,
Sustain me, that with THEE I walk these waves
Resisting!—Breathe me upward, Thou in me
Aspiring. Who art the Way, the Truth, the Life—
That no Truth henceforth seem indifferent,
No Way to Truth laborious, and no Life,
Not even this life I live, intolerable!
E. B. BROWNING.
Onward and Upward.

OY for the promise of our loftier homes!
Joy for the promise of another birth!
For oft oppressive unto pain becomes
The riddle of the earth.  BURBIDGE.

AN must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good, to what now proves best;
How could man have progression otherwise?  BROWNING.

THEREFORE go and join head, heart and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in CHRIST.
S. T. COLE RIDGE.

HE distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attained, another yet succeeds
Far fairer than before.  KIRKE WHITE.

OU need the lower life to stand upon
In order to reach up unto that higher;
And none can stand a-tip-toe in the place
He cannot stand in with two stable feet.
E. B. BROWNING.

MAN'S best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh Desire.  HOUGHTON.

O where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt,
thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the Holy Cross.
THOS. A KEMPIS.

The New Year.]  58
Onward and Upward.

HOU who canst think as well as feel,
Mount from the earth! Aspire! Aspire!

HOU might'st have been one of us,
Cleaving the storm and fire;
Aspiring through faith to the glorious,
Higher and ever higher;
Till the world of storms look tremulous
Far down, like a smitten lyre! Mac Donald.

An was made to grow, not stop;
That help he needeth once and needs no more,—
Having grown but an inch by,—is withdrawn.
For he hath new needs,—and new helps to these.
This imports solely, man should mount on each
New height in view; the help whereby he mounts—
The ladder-rung his foot has left,—may fall,
Since all things suffer change, save God the Truth.
Man apprehends Him newly at each stage
Whereat earth's ladder drops,—its service done;
And nothing shall prove twice what once was proved.

HEN be it so!
For in better things we yet may grow,
Onward and upward still our way,
With the joy of progress from day to day;
Nearer and nearer every year
To the visions and hopes most true and dear!
Children still of a Father's love,
Children still of a home above!
Thus we look back
Without a sigh, o'er the lengthening track.

F. R. Havergal.
Onward and Upward.

AN knows partly but conceives beside,
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving,—this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use,—
Finds Progress,—man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beasts'. God is,—They are,—
MAN partly is, and wholly hopes to be! BROWNING.

EARN the mystery of Progression duly,
Do not call each glorious change Decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they pass'd away!
Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness!
In that want their beauty lies; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

A. PROCTER.

EYE, and O soul, is your thirst yet sated?
Or what more do ye claim for your own?
Must this world, at the best, be so lightly rated,
For the sake of a better, unknown? LYTON.

NDS accomplished turn to means.

INTS haunt me ever of a more beyond;
I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
Of a completion over-soon assumed,—
Of adding up too soon.— CLough.

O oft the doing of God's will
Our foolish wills undoeth!
And yet what idle dream breaks ill
Which morning-light subdueth?
And who would murmur and misdoubt
When God's great Sunrise finds him out?

E. B. BROWNING.

The New Year.}
THE EPIPHANY

"Ye are all sons of God through faith in Christ Jesus."

The Readings for the week-days intervening between the Epiphany and the following Sunday are to be taken from the Sixth Week of the Season, "The Supreme Fatherhood," pp. 103-110.
Feast of the Epiphany.

The Universal Fellowship.

**OD, being so great, great gifts most willingly imparts;**
But we continue poor that have such narrow hearts.

**TRENCH.**

E sees the gleams
Of better thoughts across the murkiest gloom,
The seeds of good amid the howling wastes,
And perfects them at last; and in the depths
Of His divine forbearance, suffereth long,
And passeth by transgression. That vast throng,
The multitude of peoples, nations, tongues,
Shall stand before His Throne, and every act
Of human kindness He will own as His,
And crown, as service rendered unto Him.

**PLUMPTRE.**

E that once were far off are made nigh in the
blood of CHRIST.

**EPHES. II. 13. (R. V.)**

MALL, Great, are merely terms we bandy here:
Since to the Spirit's absoluteness, all
Are like!

**BROWNING.**

ORD visit Thou our souls
And teach us by Thy grace,
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace!

LL who speak truth to me commissioned are;
All who love God are in my Church embraced.
Not that I have no sense of preference—
None deeper!—but I rather love to draw,
Even here, on earth, on toward the future law
And Heaven's fine etiquette, where "Who?" and
"Whence?"
May not be asked; and at the Wedding Feast,
North shall sit down with South, and West with East!

**BURBIDGE.**
WEEK OF THE

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPiphANY

"Better is it that thou hadst not vowed than thou shouldest vow and not pay."

A Prayer for the Week

Here we offer and present unto THEE, O LORD, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and lively sacrifice unto THEE. And although we be unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer unto THEE any sacrifice, yet we beseech THEE to accept this our bounden duty and service.
The Consecrated Life.

HAT offering, what transcendent monument
Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
—Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul!
That builds, as Thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole!

Wordsworth,

RING thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep!
Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,
Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
For as Heaven's true only light
Quickens all those forms so bright,
So where Bounty never faints
There the Lord is with His saints. 

Keble.

HO shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the Holy Altar been?

Newman.

NOW that His might is yours, Whose breathing
seal'd your vows!

Keble.

EACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee!
All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.
A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine!
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine. 

Herbert.
Sunday.]

The Consecrated Life.

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HY life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is His right.                         Herbert.

HOU that in life's crowded city art arrived, thou
know'st not how
By what path or on what errand—list and learn
thine errand now!
From the palace to the city on the business of thy
King
Thou wert sent at early morning to return at
evening.
Dreamer, waken!—loiterer, hasten!—what thy task
is, understand!
Thou art here to purchase substance, and the price
is in thy hand.
Has the tumult of the market all thy sense and
reason drowned?
Do its glistening wares attract thee? or its shouts
and cries confound?
Oh! beware lest thy Lord's business be neglected
while thy gaze
Is on every show and pageant which the giddy
square displays!                        Rückert.

H let our adoration for all that He hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice
and life are one!
And let our consecration be real, and deep, and true,
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows
renew!

"In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be!
O Son of God, Who lovest us, we will be Thine
alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth be
Thine own!"                          F. R. Havergal.

65
Monday.

The Consecrated Life.

WAS not good enough for man
And so was given to God!

C. Kingsley.

Y God must have my best, e'en all I had.

Herbert.

All we have we offer,
All we hope to be:
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Thring.

HILE life is good to give, I give.

E. Arnold.

EEP in the warm vale the village is sleeping,
Sleeping the firs on the bleak rock above;
Nought wakes, save grateful hearts, silently creeping,
Up to the Lord in the might of their love.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I bring Thee,
Odour and light, and the magic of gold;
Feet which must follow Thee, lips which must sing Thee,
Limbs which must ache for Thee ere they grow old.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I tender,
Life of mine own life, the fruit of my love;
Take him, yet leave him me, till I shall render
Count of the precious charge, kneeling above!

C. Kingsley.

HEY give their best—O tenfold shame
On us their fallen progeny,
Who sacrifice the blind and lame,
Who will not wake or fast with Thee!

Kebler

1st after Epiphany.
Tuesday.

The Consecrated Life.

N the dark church she knelt alone,
Her tears were falling fast:
"Help, Lord," she cried, "the shades of death
Upon my soul are cast!
Have I not shunned the path of sin,
And chosen the better part?"—
What voice came through the sacred air?—
"My child, give Me thy Heart!"

"Have I not laid before Thy shrine
My wealth, O Lord!" she cried;
"Have I kept aught of gems or gold,
To minister to pride?
Have I not bade youth’s joys retire
And vain delights depart?"—
But sad and tender was the voice,—
"My child, give Me thy Heart!"

"Have I not, Lord, gone day by day
Where Thy poor children dwell;
And carried help, and gold, and food?
O Lord, Thou knowest it well!
From many a house, from many a soul,
My hand bids care depart."—
More sad, more tender, was the voice,—
"My child, give Me thy Heart!"

"Have I not worn my strength away,
With fast and penance sore?
Have I not watched and wept?" she cried;
"Did Thy dear saints do more?
Have I not gained Thy grace, O Lord,
And won in Heaven my part?"—
It echoed louder in her soul,—
"My child, give Me thy Heart!" A. Procter.

I TH bowed heads and open hearts, may we offer ourselves. We can do no more, and we dare do no less. 

Westcott.
HE man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death.

AKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, All for Thee! F. R. Havergal.

Y life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee. Addison.
**The Consecrated Life.**

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ROM henceforth thou shalt learn that there is love
To long for, pureness to desire, a mount
Of consecration it were good to scale.  

J. Ingelow.

AM poor, oblation I have none,
None for a Saviour, but Himself alone;
Whate'er I render Thee, from Thee it came;
And if I give my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart and soul and spirit—all are Thine.
Oh vain attempt to expunge the mighty score!
The more I pay, I owe Thee still the more!

Mdme. Guion.

EITHER will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord
my God of that which doth cost me nothing.

2 Sam. xxiv. 24.

HEN God is to be served, the cost we weigh
In anxious balance, grudging the expense:
The world may use profuse magnificence;
A thousand lamps from gilded roof may sway
Where its poor votaries turn night to day,
And who will blame? But if two tapers shine
Apart before some solitary shrine,
"Why was this waste?" indignantly men say.
Oh, hearts unlike to his, who would not bring
To God, releasing him from dismal fears,
What cost him nothing for an offering!
Unlike to hers commended while she shed
Of that true nard which grows in spiky ears,
A rich libation on her Saviour's head!

Trench.

REELY ye have received, freely give.

Matt. x. 8.
The Consecrated Life.

Friday.

All amounts to this! — the sovereign proof
That we devote ourselves to God, is seen
In living just as though no God there were!

Browning.

Ye son, forsake thyself, and thou shalt find Me!
Lord, how often shall I resign myself, and
wherein shall I forsake myself? — Always, yea, every
hour; as well in small things as in great.

Thos. a Kempis.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying "Christian, love Me more."

C. F. Alexander.

Here are few who care to analyse
The mingled motives, in their complex force,
Of some apparently quite simple course.
One disentangled skein might well surprise.
Perhaps a "single heart" is never known,
Save in the yielded life that lives for God alone,—
And that is therefore doubted as a dream
By those who know not the tremendous power
Of all-constraining love!

F. R. Havergal.

'LL bind myself to that which, once being right,
Will not be less right when I shrink from it.

Kingsley.

Hus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine tranquillity!

Wordsworth.

Hey shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in
that day when I make up My jewels.

1st after Epiphany.] 70
WEEK OF THE
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt"

A Prayer for the Week

Teach me, O LORD, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end. Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart. Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments, for therein do I delight.

Thy Will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
Obedience.

HO best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd. Milton.

TRONG in subjection, by obedience brave!
H. Coleridge.

ONE
Could trace God's Will so plain as you, while yours
Remained implied in it; but now you fail,
And we, who prate about that Will, are fools!
In short, God's service is established here
As He determines fit, and not your way—
And this you cannot brook! Browning.

O but your duty, and do not trouble yourself
whether it is in the cold, or by a good fire.
Marcus Aurelius.

O see the Law by Christ fulfilled
And hear His pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child
And duty into choice.
Cowper.

LEARNT
The fullest measure of obedience,—learnt
The wide, deep love, embracing all mankind,
Passing through all the phases of their woe,
That I before their God might plead for all.
Plumptre.

O man doth safely rule, but he that is glad to be ruled. No man doth safely rule, but he that hath learned gladly to obey.
Thos. à Kempis.

ON of heaven and earth
Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself—
That is, to thy obedience! Therein stand!
Milton.

2nd after Epiphany.] 72
Obedience.

AN we want obedience then
To Him, or possibly His love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust? Milton.

ITH quivering heart and trembling will
The word hath passed thy lips,
Within the shadow, cold and still,
Of some fair joy's eclipse—
"Thy Will be done!" Thy God hath heard,
And He will crown that faith-framed word.
F. R. Havergal.

H let Thy sacred Will
All Thy delight in me fulfil!
Let not me think an action mine own way,
But as Thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill!
Herbert.

T is far safer to obey than to govern. Thos. A Kempis.

BEDIENCE is nobler than freedom! What's free?
The vex'd straw on the wind, the froth'd spume
on the sea!
The great ocean itself, as it rolls and it swells,
In the bonds of a boundless obedience dwells.
Lytton.

HE whole course of things goes to teach us faith.
We need only obey. There is guidance for
each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear
the right word.
Emerson.

HE Will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
Shakespeare.

ESUS calls us! By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all! Alexander.
Obedience.

ENCEFORTH I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in His presence, ever to observe
His Providence, and on Him sole depend. Milton.

ELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall’d for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because Right is right, to follow Right
Were wisdom—in the scorn of consequence!
Tennyson.

RESUME not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channel as He wills shall gather
Imperfect tributes!—for that sole obedience
Valued perchance. He seeks not that His altars
Blaze,—careless how, so that they do but blaze.
Browning.

BEDIENCE is our universal Duty and Destiny;
wherein whoso will not bend must break.
Carlyle.

WOULD not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child
And guided where I go.
In a service which Thy Will appoints
There are no bonds for me!
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty!
A. L. Waring.
Tuesday.

Obedience.

BEDIENCE is the Courtesy due to Kings.

Tennyson.

If God had sent with thunder, and a voice
Leaping from heaven, ye must have heard; but so
Ye had been robbed of choice, and like the beasts
Yoked to obedience.—God makes no men slaves.

J. Ingelow.

HO hath bewitched you, that ye should not
obey the truth?

Gal. iii. 1.

UCH delight hath God in men
Obedient to His Will, that He vouchsafes
Among them to set up His tabernacle—
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.

Milton.

HE Perfect Way is hard to flesh,
   It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God
   How swiftly would'st thou move!
Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
   Love Him as He loves thee;
Time and obedience are enough,
   And thou a saint shalt be.

Faber.

HERE was their duty,—They were men,
Schooled the soul's inward gospel to obey,
Though leading to the lion's den.
They felt the habit-hallowed World give way
Beneath their lives, and on went they—
Unhappy who was last.

Lowell.

ENEW my will from day to day,
   Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
   Thy will 'be done!

C. Elliot.
His servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness.

"ESUS! Thou didst the fishers call,  
Who straightway at Thy voice left all  
To teach the world of Thee;  
May I with ready will obey  
Thine inward call, and keep the way  
Of Thy simplicity!"

Faber.

APPY, if full of days—but happier far  
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,  
Sick of the service of a world that feeds  
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,—  
We can escape from Custom's idiot sway,  
To serve the Sovereign we were born to obey.

Cowper.

HAT Conscience dictates to be done  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me more than Hell to shun,  
That—more than Heaven pursue!

Pope.

HE sea, which seems to stop the traveller,  
Is by a ship the speedier passage made;  
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,  
Are ruled by him, and taught to serve his trade.

Herbert.

E who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;  
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains:  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule,—  
Subject himself to anarchy within.

Milton.

IFFE may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,  
And labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee!

Wesley.

E have purified your souls in your obedience to the truth.
Thursday.]

**Obedience.**

— —

**UT not the less do thou aspire**
Light's earlier messages to preach!
Keep back no syllable of fire,—
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech!
Yet God deems not thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim,
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that, is finding Him.

L. LOWELL,

**DELIGHT to do Thy will, O my God.**

**ESUS! confirm my heart's desire**
To work, and speak, and think for THEE;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me!  

C. WESLEY.

**EEP harm to disobey,**
Seeing Obedience is the bond of rule!

Tennyson.

**OR knowledge is a steep which few may climb,**
While Duty is a path which all may tread.
And if the soul of Life and Thought be this.—
How best to speed the mighty scheme, which still
Fares onward day by day—the Life of the World,
Which is the sum of petty lives,—how then shall
Of that great multitude of faithful souls, [each
Who walk not on the heights, fulfil himself,
But by the duteous Life which looks not forth
Beyond its narrow sphere, and finds its work,
And works it out?—content, this done, to fall
And perish, if Fate will,—so the great scheme
Goes forward!  

L. MORRIS.

**OUR obedience is come abroad unto all men.**
Obedience.

OW have I found obedience that is joy,
Not pain, not conflict of the heart and mind,
But harmony of human souls with God. H. H. K.

O prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
Milton.

O me
There seems something nobler than genius, to be
In that dull patient labour no genius relieves,
That absence of all joy which yet never grieves:
The Humility of it! the grandeur withal!
The Sublimity of it! and yet, should you call
The man's own very slow apprehension to this,
He would ask, with a stare,—what sublimity is!
His work is the duty to which he was born. Lytton.

E that endeavoureth to withdraw himself from
obedience, withdraweth himself from grace.

OD'S will on earth is always joy,
Always tranquillity. Faber.

HY prayer shall be fulfilled; but how?
His thoughts are not as thine,
While thou wouldst only weep and bow,
He saith, "Arise and shine!"
Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
But His of boundless joy and light.
Thy Father reigns supreme above:
The glory of His name
Is Grace and Wisdom, Truth and Love,
His Will must be the same.
And thou hast asked all joys in one
In whispering forth, "Thy Will be done." F.R.H.
WEEK OF THE

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us"

A Prayer for the Week

Grant that we may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the Devil, the World, and the Flesh.

Strengthen such as do stand; comfort and help the weak-hearted; raise up them that fall; and finally beat down Satan under our feet.
The Triumph of Righteousness.

E strong, be good, be pure!
The Right only shall endure.

HAT seems a fiend, perchance may prove a saint.

EFFAT thou know'st not, canst not know;
Only thy aims so lofty go,
They need as long to root and grow
As any mountain swathed in snow.

HEREFORE to whom turn I but THEE, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker THOU of houses not made with hands!
What?—have fear of change from THEE who art ever the same?—
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?

There shall never be one lost Good! What was, shall live as before;
The Evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with for evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs,—in the heaven a perfect round!

[Saturday]
3rd after Epiphany.] 80
The Triumph of Righteousness.

E know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
Even to the death.  

Wordsworth.

N accident is not a misfortune, but bearing it well turns it to advantage.  Marcus Aurelius.

Yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood—
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete!
Behold, we know not anything!
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

Tennyson.

ROM seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still
In infinite progression.

Thomson.

E are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial Rest;
Stronger than woe is will, that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.  

E. Arnold.
The Triumph of Righteousness.


HRICE blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.
Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.
For Right is right, since God is God;
And Right the day must win!
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FABER.

LL things work together for good to them that love God.

Rom. viii. 28.

IVE through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved spirit brighten strong in faith.

Wordsworth.

AKED belief in God the Omnipotent—
Omniscient—Omnipresent—sears too much
The sense of conscious creatures to be borne!
It were the seeing Him, no flesh shall dare!
Some think Creation’s meant to show Him forth:
I say it’s meant to hide Him all it can,
And that’s what all the blessed Evil’s for!
Its use in Time is to environ us—
Our breath,—our drop of dew,—with shield enough
Against that Sight till we can bear its stress.

Browning.

LL God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good.

KebLe.

3rd after Epiphany.] 82
TUESDAY.

The Triumph of Righteousness.

HERE lives
A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

Wordsworth.

HERE are two properties and privileges common to the soul of God and Man. The one is, not to be hindered by anything external; the other to make virtuous intention and action their supreme satisfaction, and not so much as to desire anything farther.

Marcus Aurelius.

HAT'S mere sand is demolished, while the rock
Endures;—A column of black fiery dust
Blots heaven; but the air clears, nought's erased
Of the true outline.

Browning.

E always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will.

Faber.

HAT day, the earth's feast-master's brow
Shall clear, to God the chalice raising;
"Others give best at first, but Thou
"Forever set'st our table praising,
"Keep'st the good wine till now!"

Browning.
LY envious Time, till thou run out thy race!
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace!
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain
And merely mortal dross!
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,
And last of all, thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood!
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, t' Whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time!

Milton.

UDDEN the Worst turns the Best to the brave,
The black minute's at end!—
And the Elements' rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become,—first a Peace out of Pain,
Then a Light, then thy breast,
O thou Soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

Browning.
EEM not that saints alone
Are Heaven’s true servants, and His laws fulfil,
Who rules o’er just and wicked! He from ill
Calls good . . .
Then grieve not at their high and palmy state,—
Those proud, bad men, whose unrelenting sway
Has shatter’d holiest things, and led astray
Christ’s little ones!—they are but tools of Fate,
Duped rebels, doom’d to serve a power they hate
To earn a traitor’s guerdon, yet obey! R. H. Froude.

ET there are some to whom a strength is given—
A Will, a self-constraining Energy,—
A Faith which feeds upon no earthly Hope,
Which never thinks of Victory,—but content
In its own consummation, combating
Because it ought to combat,
And conscious that to find in martyrdom
The stamp and signet of most perfect life,
Is all the science that mankind can reach,—
Rejoicing fights, and still rejoicing fails.
It may be that to Spirits high-toned as these
A revelation of the end of Time
Is also granted; that they feel a sense
Giving them firm assurance that the foe
By which they must be crushed (in Death well-won
Alone to find their freedom in his turn
Will be subdued, though not by such as They.
Evil, which is the King of Time, in Time
Cannot be overcome; but who has said
That Time shall be for ever? Who can lay
The limits of Creation? Who can know
That Realm and Monarch shall not sink together
Into the deep of blest Eternity,
And Love and Peace be all the Universe? Houghton.
The Triumph of Righteousness.

OW,—the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward,—the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.
Now,—the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward,—the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.
Now,—the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward,—the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song!    F. R. Havergal.

HEN shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for.

Wisdom v. 1, 2.

PERFECTION means perfection hid,
Reserved in part, to grace the after-time.

Browning.

ND in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men."
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep:
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With Peace on Earth, Good-will to men."

LONGFELLOW.
WEEK OF THE

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy fear"

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, my GOD, be THOU not far from me! My GOD, have regard to help me! for there have risen up against me sundry thoughts, and great fears afflicting my soul. How shall I pass through unhurt? How shall I break them to pieces?

What time I am afraid I will trust in THEE.
THOU who liv'st in fear of the To Come!

Around whose house the storm of terror breaks
All night; to whose love-sharpened ear, all day
The Invisible is calling at thy door,
To render up that which thou canst not keep,—
Be it a Life or Love! Open thy door
And carry forth thy Dead unto the marge
Of the great sea; bear it into the flood,
Braving the cold that creepeth to thy heart,
And lay thy coffin as an Ark of Hope
Upon the billows of the infinite sea!
Give God thy dead to keep! so float it back,
With sigh and prayers to waft it through the dark,
Back to the Spring of Life. Say, “It is dead!
But Thou, the Life of Life, art yet alive,
And Thou canst give the Dead its dear old life,
With new abundance perfecting the old.”

MAC DONALD.

NOW that the Wrath Divine, when most severe,
Makes Justice still the guide of His career,
And will not punish in one mingled crowd
Those without light, and thee without a cloud.

COWPER.

IHY fear the Night? why shrink from Death,
That Phantom wan?
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath
Save God and Man.
But never for this, never for this
Was thy being lent!
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,—
Like his merriment.
Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest!

WHITTIER.
SUNDAY.

Fearfulness.

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HEIRS was the sin to cumber Faith with Fear,—
To tremble—where they should have feared and
To overlook the Glory close and near, [loved;
And only reverence it in space removed.

Houghton.

HO would lose, that had the power to improve,
The occasion of transmuting Fear to Love?

Cowper.

OOR tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so?—
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.
The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes Himself where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us!
Let not faith and hope forsake us!
For through many a foe
To our home we go. Zinzendorf.

H where Thy Voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild,
All strifes be reconciled,
All pains beguiled!
Light bring no blindness,
Love no unkindness,
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing!
From the cradle to the grave,
Fearfulness.

HEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears. Grant.

"OW small is our place 'mid the kingdoms and
nations of God:
These are greater than we, every one!"
And there falls a great Fear, and a dread cometh
over that cries,
"O my hope! Is there any mistake?
Did He speak? Did I hear? Did I listen aright if
He spake?
Did I answer Him duly?"

J. Ingelow.

'EN in my brightest time a lurking fear
Possessed me: I well knew my weak resolves,
I felt the witchery which makes mind sleep
Over its treasure, as one half afraid
To make his riches definite: but now
These feelings shall not utterly be lost,
For I, having thus again been visited,
Shall doubt not many another bliss awaits,—
And, though this weak soul sink and darkness come,
Some little word shall light it up again,
And I shall see all clearer and love better,
And unknown secrets will be trusted me,
Which were not mine when wavering. Browning.

N heavenly sunlight live no shades of Fear;
The soul there—busy or at rest—hath peace;
And music floweth from the various world.

Allingham.
Tuesday.]

Fearfulness.

Conscience! into what abyss of Fears
And Horrors hast thou driven me, out of which
I find no way,—from deep to deeper plunged!

Milton.

UT ah! the Will which thus could quail
Might yield—oh, horror drear!
Thou more than love, the Fear to fail,
Kept down the other Fear! Mac Donald.

Yet sole Fear was the fear of doing an unrighteous
or unholy thing.

Socrates.

HY did I ever one brief moment's space
But parley with this filthy Belial?
...... Was it the fear
Of being behind the World,—which is the Wicked?
But what they are, or have been, matters not.
To thine own self be true, the wise man says.
Are then my fears myself? O double self!
And I untrue to both!

Cloth.

EAR nothing, blame nothing, flee nothing—so
much as thy vices and thy sins.

Thos. A Kempis.

EAR this effects—that I do not the ill:—
Love more—that I thereunto have no will.

Trench.

EAR is an instructor of great sagacity.

Emerson.

HEN the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with Fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

Milman.
O craven Fear be thine, tho’ Man’s poor tongue
Should rail against thee! Wilt thou then refuse
To bear the cross—whereon thy Master hung?
And be, like Him, insulted? Wilt thou choose
The world’s brief friendship—haply His to lose?
Dread only this:—in aught offending One,
Who doth of folly ev’n His Saints accuse!—
What He forbids, be that thy care to shun:
What He commands, dread thou in aught to leave undone!

IVE to the winds thy Fears,
Hope and be undismayed!
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

HAT is thy Fear, O soul? The fear of that dark place,
Or fear to lose the joy of thy Creator’s face?

HIO the Creator love, created Might
Dread not; within their tents no Terrors walk.
For they are Holy Things before the Lord
Aye unprofaned,—though Earth should league with Hell.

E must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers... If we shall stand still
In fear our motion will be mock’d or carp’d at,
We should take root here where we sit.

HE brave makes Danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril.

4th after Epiphany.]
Fearfulness.

HAT should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that?

Shakespeare.

HANK God, the times are pass'd
When Fear and blindly-working ignorance
Could govern man—Fear that dishels
The vessel of the soul, and quite o'erwhelms
The spiritual life.

H. Coleridge.

EMPER joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse!—so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes.

Milton.

HINGS done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear.

Shakespeare.

AN ever with his Now at strife,—
Pained with first gasps of earthly air,—
Then praying Death the last to spare,
Still fearful of the ampler life.

Lowell.

ITHER grief will not come; or if it must
Do not forecast;
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away, distrust!
My God hath promised; He is just!

Herbert.

E that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most
High shall abide under the shadow of the Al-
mighty.

Ps. xci. 1.
Fearfulness.

OPE evermore and believe, O man, for e’en as thy thought
So are the things thou see’st; e’en as thy hope and cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to provoke thee against them;
Hast thou courage? enough! see them exulting to yield.

ACK and doubt and fear can only come
Because of plenty, confidence, and love—
Without the mountain there were no abyss.

AM afraid of all my sorrows.

EAR God, and thou shalt not shrink from the terrors of men.

OT yet thou knowest how I bid
Each passing hour entwine
Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,
In one great love-design;
Nor how I lead thee through the night
By many a various way,
Still upward to unclouded light
And onward to the day.

HUITTING out Fear with all the strength of Hope.

THOUGH in the paths of Death I tread
With gloomy Horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still!
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade!

ADDISON.
WEEK OF THE

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ"

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD my GOD, Patience is very necessary for me, for I perceive that many things in this life do fall out as we would not.

Give me strength to resist, patience to endure, and constancy to persevere.
Patience.

"OUGHT can comfort me!
Even if the heavens were free to such as I,
It were not much, for death is long to wait,
And heaven is far to go!"

What, is it long
To wait and far to go? Thou shalt not go;
Behold, across the snow to thee He comes!
Thy heaven descends!—And is it long to wait?
Thou shalt not wait: "This night, this night," He saith,
"I stand at the door and knock."

What! and shall He wait?
And must He wait? O patient Hand!
Knocking and waiting—knocking in the night
When work is done!

But do thou know
That on thy lot much thought is spent in heaven;
And coveting the heart a hard man broke,
One standeth patient, watching in the night,
And waiting in the day-time?

Speak, then, O rich and strong;
Open, O happy young, ere yet the hand
Of Him that knocks, wearied at last, forbear—
The patient foot its thankless quest refrain—
The wounded heart for evermore withdraw!

J. Ingelow.

OD doth not bid thee wait
To disappoint at last;
A golden promise fair and great
In precept-mould is cast.
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon-rim,
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled,
Wait patiently for Him.

F. R. Havergal.

5th after Epiphany.] 96
Patience.

All things are best fulfilled in their due time,
And time there is for all things. —Milton.

OD's fashion is another: day by day
And year by year He tarryeth; little need
The Lord should hasten! —Myers.

O not thou hasten above the most Highest; for
thy haste is in vain to be above Him.
II Esdras iv. 34.

OD will make clear His purpose; I, at least,
Can wait in silence. —Plumptre.

COMRADE bold of toil and pain!
Thy trial how severe,
When sever'd first by prisoner's chain
From thy loved labour-sphere!
Say, did impatience first impel
Thy heaven-sent bond to break?
Or couldst thou bear its hindrance well,
Loitering for Jesu's sake?
Oh, might we know! for sore we feel
The languor of delay,
When sickness lets our fainter zeal,
Or foes block up our way.
Lord! who Thy thousand years dost wait
To work the thousandth part
Of Thy vast plan, for us create
With zeal, a patient heart! —Newman.

UR anger and impatience often prove much more
mischievous than the things about which we
are angry or impatient. —Marcus Aurelius.
ORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to watch and wait for thee!"
And oh! how often to that voice of sorrow
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered still "To-morrow!"

ORD troubles wrought of men
Patience is hard.

J. Ingelow.

DO oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.  Shakespeare.

NDEAVOUR to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

Thos. a Kempis.

AFE to the hidden house of Thine abiding
Carry the weak knees and the heart that faints,
Shield from the scorn and cover from the chiding,
Give the world joy, but patience to the saints!

F. Myers.
Tuesday.

Patience.

HAT need to look behind thee and to sigh?
When God left speaking, He went on before
To draw men after, following up and on;
And thy heart fails because thy feet are slow!
Thou think'st of Him as one that will not wait.
A Father and not wait!—He waited long
For us, and yet perchance He thinks not long
And will not count the time. There are no dates
In His fine leisure!

J. Ingelow.

NDURANCE is the crowning quality
And Patience all the passion of great hearts!

Lowell.

N your Patience possess ye your souls.


HY have we yet no great deliverance wrought,
Why have we not truth's banner yet unfurled,
High floating in the face of all the world,—
Why do we live and yet accomplish nought?
These are the stirrings of unquiet thought,
What time the years pass from us of our youth,
And we unto the altar of high truth
As yet no worthy offering have brought.
But now we bid these restless longings cease;
If Heaven has aught for us to do or say,
Our time will come; and we may well hold peace,
When He, till thrice ten years had passed away,
In stillness and in quietness upgrew,
Whose word once spoken should make all things new.

Trench.

ECAUSE thou hast kept the word of my
Patience, I also will keep thee from the hour
of temptation.

Rev. iii. 10.
Patience.

**ET us be patient!** These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.  

**THOU God of old,**
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these!
But so much Patience as a blade of grass
Grows by, contented through the heat and cold!

**E. B. Browning.**

E is not truly patient, who is willing to suffer
only so much as he thinks good, and from whence he pleases.

**Thos. á Kempis.**

RUTE strength
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale;—
The inspired soul but flings his Patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe.

**Lowell.**

ROM bearing right
Our sorest burthens, comes fresh strength to bear;
And so we rise again towards the light
And quit the sunless depths for upper air.
Meek Patience is as diver’s breath to all
Who sink in sorrow’s sea, and many a ray
Comes gleaming downward from the source of day
To guide us re-ascending from our fall.

**Turner.**

IDE thou thy time!
Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and crime,
Sit in the gate, and be the heathen’s jest,
Smiling and self-possest.
O thou to whom is pledged a victor’s sway,
Bide thou the victor’s day!

**Newman.**

5th after Epiphany.] 100
Thursday.

**Patience.**

ALK thy way greatly! So do thou endure
Thy small, thy narrow, dwarfed and cankered
That soothing Patience shall be half the cure [life,
For ills that lesser souls keep sore with strife.

C. Greene.

ROMPT to move, but firm to wait—
Knowing things rashly sought are rarely found.

Wordsworth.

O not repine, neither do thou lessen thy crown
by impatience.

Thos. a Kempis.

E does not fail
For thy impatience, but stands by thee still,
Patient, unfaltering—till thou too shalt grow
Patient,—and would'st not miss the sharpness grown
To custom, which assures Him at thy side.

H. Hamilton King.

OD doth not need
Either man's works, or his own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;—
They also serve who only stand and wait. Milton.

E doth not bid thee wait,
Like drift-wood on the wave,
For fickle chance or fixed fate
To ruin or to save.
Thine eyes shall surely see
(No distant hope or dim),
The Lord thy God arise for thee:
"Wait patiently for Him." F. R. H.
Patience.

ARD task! exclaim the undisciplined,—to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour
That long-lived servitude must last for ever!
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
Millions from glorious aims! Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never!—

What? is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress?—Twilight leads to day,
And even within the burning zones of earth,
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth;
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the Future with the eye of gods.

Wordsworth.

HOSE things that a man cannot amend in him-
self or in others, he ought to suffer patiently,
until God order things otherwise. Thos. à Kempis.

AST thou o’er the clear heaven of thy soul
Seen tempests roll?
Hast thou watched all the hopes thou wouldst have
Fade one by one? [won
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes
To bluer skies!

Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary night,
And found no light,
No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the plain,
No friend, save pain?
Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most forlorn,
Rise a new morn.

A. Procter.

5th after Epiphany.] 102
"The Father Himself loveth you."

A Prayer for the Week

Defend, O LORD, we beseech THEE, us Thy children with Thy Heavenly Grace, that we may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until we come unto Thy Everlasting Kingdom.
The Supreme Fatherhood.

AIL, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!—
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters.
Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father
Ruling them all as His household,—forgiving in turn, and chastising.

OD only knows the love of God:
   Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

HOU wert always our Father! Each sun that arose
Has done nothing through life but fresh mercies disclose;
But we feel, while the joy of our life is laid low,
THOU hast ne'er been so tender a Father as now.

HOM the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

OD'S dealings still are love—His chastenings are alone
Love now compelled to take an altered, louder tone.
SUNDAY.

The Supreme Fatherhood.

EARN that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform. Newman.

EARKEN, hearken!
God speaketh to thy soul,
Saying "O thou that movest
With feeble steps across this earth of Mine
To break beside the fount thy golden bowl
And spill its purple wine—
Look up to heaven! and see how, like a scroll,
My right hand hath thine immortality
In an eternal grasping! thou that lovest
The songful birds and grasses underfoot
And also what change mars and tombs pollute.—
I am the end of love! give love to ME!"
E. B. BROWNING.

EST love of all
Is God's; then why not have God's love befall
Myself?

HE son of God, I also am, or was,—
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are sons of God.
Milton.

OD'S child in CHRIST adopted—CHRIST my all—
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply,
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call [rather
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?
Father! in CHRIST we live, and CHRIST in Thee—
Eternal Thou; and everlasting We!
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death;
In CHRIST I live! In CHRIST I draw the breath
Of the true life!
S. T. COLERIDGE.

105
The Supreme Fatherhood.

T remains, if thou, the image of God,
Wilt reason well, that thou shalt know His
But first thou must be loyal!—Love, O man, [ways.
Thy Father—hearken when He pleads with thee!
For there is something left of Him e'en now,—
A witness for thy Father in thy soul,
Albeit thy better state thou hast foregone.

J. Ingelow.

EELING God loves us, and that all that errs
Is a strange dream which death shall dissipate.

Browning.

E have known and believed the love that God
hath to us.

1 John iv. 16.

E are filled
Who live to-day, with a more present sense
Of the great love of God, than those of old
Who, groping in the dawn of Knowledge, saw
Only dark shadows of the Unknown.

L. Morris.

SON honoureth his father and a servant his
master; if then I be a FATHER, where is mine
honour, and if I be a MASTER, where is my fear?

ALF mankind maintain a churlish strife
With Him, the Donor of Eternal life,
Because the deed by which His love confirms
The largess He bestows, prescribes the terms.

Cowper.

LAS! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove,
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

Whitmore.

6th after Epiphany.] 108
The Supreme Fatherhood.

OR the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.  

T were better to have no opinion of God at all,
than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him: for
the one is Unbelief, the other is Contumely.

S it not in my nature to adore?
And e'en for all my Reason do I not
Feel Him and thank Him, and pray to Him—now?
Can I forego the trust that He loves me?
Do I not feel a love which only One—-?  

H man! thy heart
Is stout against His wrath. But will He love?
I heard it rumoured in the heavens of old,
(And doth He love?) Thou wilt not, canst not, stand
Against the love of God.  

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

DREW them with cords of a man, with bands of love.
The Supreme Fatherhood.

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RE we not Princes? we who stand
As heirs beside the Throne;
We who can call the Promised Land
Our Heritage, our own;
And answer to no less command
Than God’s, and His alone?

O God, that we can dare to fail
And dare to say we must!
O God, that we can ever trail
Such banners in the dust,
Can let such starry honours pale
And such a blazon rust!

Shall we upon such titles bring
The taint of sin and shame?
Shall we, the children of the King
Who hold so grand a claim,
Tarnish by any meaner thing
The glory of our name? A. Procter.

HUS saith the Almighty Lord, Have I not
prayed you as a father his sons, as a mother
her daughters... that ye would be My People
and I should be your God; that ye would be My
Children and I would be your Father?

2 Esdras 1. 28, 29.

INE is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Cowper.
Y heart in chiming gladness o'er and o'er
Sings on "God's everlasting love! What would'st Thou more?"
Yes, one thing more! To know it ours indeed,
To add the conscious joy of full possession!—
O tender grace that stoops to every need!
This everlasting love hath found expression
In loving-kindness which hath gently drawn
The heart that else astray too willingly had gone...
We thirst for God, our treasure is above;
Earth has no gift our one desire to meet,
And that desire is pledge of His own love.

THE SUPREME FATHERHOOD.

F. R. HAVERGAL.


er of all, to THEE

We breathe unuttered fears
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears;
Take Thou our hand and through the wild
Lead gently on each trustful child!

JULIAN.

OTHER HE answer, the Ancient of Days?
Will HE speak in the tongue and the fashion of men?
... Nay, HE spoke with them first; it was then
They lifted their eyes to His throne;
"They shall call on ME." "THOU art our Father, our God, Thou alone!"
For I made them, I led them in deserts and desolate ways,
I have found them a Ransom Divine;
I have loved them with love everlasting,—the Children of Men,—
I swear by MYSELF, they are Mine.

J. INGELOW.
The Supreme Fatherhood.

—•—

HAT hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God? Who yet His glorious law
Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and frosts, with love and awe:
So that we need not say "Where's this command?"
Poor man! thou searchest round
To find out death, but missest life at hand.

HERE'S not a man
That lives, who hath not known his god-like hours
And feels not what an empire we inherit!

ATHER! what hast Thou grown to now?
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love!
With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
Oh make Thysel\_more space!

HAVE loved thee with an everlasting love.

Y heart was restless, weary, sad, and sore,
And longed and listened for some heaven-
sent token;
And like a child that knows not why it cried,
'Mid God's full promises it moaned, "Unsatisfied!"
Yet there it stands! O love, surpassing thought,
So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious;
Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,
Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious!
And this great love for us in boundless store;
God's everlasting love! What would we more?

F. R. Havergal.

6th after Epiphany.] 110
FESTIVALS COMMEMORATED IN

THE SEASON OF THE EPIPHANY

JAN. 25th

"The Snare of Intolerance"

FEB. 2nd

"The Force of Gentleness"

When there are less than four Sundays after the Epiphany, one or both of these Festivals will fall in the following Season.
The Snare of Intolerance.

AST thou made much of words, and forms, and tests,
And thought but little of the peace and love,—
His Gospel to the poor? Dost thou condemn
Thy brother, looking down, in pride of heart,
On each poor wanderer from the fold of Truth? . . .

Go thy way!—

Take Heaven's own armour for the heavenly strife,
Welcome all helpers in thy war with sin . . .
And learn through all the future of thy years
To form thy life in likeness of thy Lord's!

Plumptre.

HOW to wax fierce in the cause of the Lord,
To threat and to pierce with the heavenly sword!
Anger and zeal and the joy of the brave,
Who bade thee to feel Sin's slave?
The Altar's pure flame consumes as it soars;
Faith meekly may blame, for it serves and adores.
Thou warnest and smitest! Yet Christ must atone
For a soul that thou slightest—thine own! Newman.

EST things perish of their own excess,
And quality o'er-driven becomes defect.

Lowell.

O evermore!—His sentence overturns
Our feeble judgment . . .
So in the end the eternal Love will shine;
So at the last the mists and clouds will clear:
Till then from out the cloud there comes the voice
Which speaks in trumpet-tones through every land:
"O house of Israel! O thou Church of God!
O parties, sects, disputers! own ye not
Your ways unequal,—Mine all just and true?"

Plumptre.
The Force of Gentleness.

ING of Eternity! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain
But for Thy marvellous manifestation,
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain!
F. R. HaerGAL.

E shall not strive nor cry.     Matt. xii. 19.

OD gives Himself, as Mary’s Babe,
To sinners’ trembling arms,
And veils His everlasting light
In childhood’s feeble charms.
His sacred Name a common word
On earth He loves to hear;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.
The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

Faber.

HERE is a spell of unresisted power
In wonder-working weak simplicity,—
Because it is not fear’d.       H. Coleridge.

HY gentleness hath made me great.  2 Sam. xxii. 36.

HE noble love of Jesus impels a man to do great
things, and stirs him up to be always longing
for what is more perfect.        Thos. A Kempis.

OUR gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Shakespeare.

ENTLENESS is invincible.        M. Aurelius.
"LET US ALSO GO THAT WE MAY DIE WITH HIM"

THE PREPARATION

THE FORTY DAYS

Feb. 24th

MARCH 25th
WEEK OF

SEPTUAGESIMA

“Blessed is the man that endureth”

A Prayer for the Week

Ô LORD GOD, thou just Judge, strong and patient, THOU knowest what I know not; and therefore under all reproof I ought to humble myself, and endure meekly. Forgive me then of Thy mercy whenever I have not so borne myself, and when again trial comes, grant me the grace of fuller Endurance.
Endurance.

N the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife! Longfellow.

HE man who without murmuring endures
Even the little sufferings of sustained
Exertion or privation, (hourly cures
For the disease of Self, if self-ordained,)
Hath in his aspect something which allures
That sentiment our nature hath retained
Of the sublime: a sentiment that speaks
As do the cataracts to the mountain-peaks.

Lytton.

RUDGERY is the gray angel of success.
Gannett.

UT in that patience was the seed of scorn—
Scorn of the world and brotherhood of man;
Not patience such as, in the manger born,
Up to the Cross endured its earthly span.

Thou must endure!—yet loving all the while,
Above, yet never separate from, thy kind,—
Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil blind.

Houghton.

O endure and to pardon is the wisdom of life.
Koran.

ORD, Who hast suffered all for me
My peace and pardon to procure,
The lighter cross I bear for Thee,
Help me with patience to endure! Cowper.
Endurance.

ATIENT endurance
Attaineth to all things.
SANTA TERESA.

OR deem who to that bliss aspire
Must win their way through blood and fire!—
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are who little deem
Their daily strife an Angel's theme! KEBLE.

ET a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
BROWNING.

E endured as seeing HIM Who is invisible.
HEB. XI. 28.

ORTAL! thou standest on a point of time
With an Eternity on either hand!
Thou hast one duty above all sublime,—
Where thou art placed, serenely there to stand!
To stand!—undaunted by the threatening death,
Or harder circumstance of living doom,
Nor less untempted by the odorous breath
Of Hope, that rises even from the tomb.
'Tis well on deeds of good, though small, to thrive,
'Tis well some part of ill, though small, to cure;
'Tis well with onward, upward hopes to strive,—
Yet better and diviner to endure! HOUGHTON.

TAND firm like a Rock against which the
waves batter, yet it stands unmoved, till they
fall to rest at last. MARCUS AURELIUS.
Endurance.

ATHER! if we may well endure
The ill that with our lives begins,
May'st Thou, to whom all things are pure,
Endure our follies and our sins!
Brothers! if we return you good
For evil thought or malice done,
Doubt not, that in our hearts a blood
As hot as in your own may run!

Houghton.

HIS poor One thing I do—instead of repining at its lowness or its hardness—I will make it glorious by my supreme loyalty to its demand.

Gannett.

EHOld we count them happy which endure.

RT thou alone? and does thy soul complain
It lives in vain?
Not vainly does he live who can endure!
O, be thou sure
That he who hopes and suffers here, can earn
A sure return!

Hast thou found naught within thy troubled life
Save inward strife?
Hast thou found all she promised thee Deceit,
And Hope a cheat?
Endure!—and there shall dawn within thy breast
Eternal rest!

A. Procter.

ANT but a few things, and complain of nothing.

Marcus Aurelius.

E thou thyself! So strongly, grandly bear
Thee on what seems thy hard, mistaken road,
That thou shalt breathe heaven's clearest upper air
And so forget thy feet that meet the clod.

C. Greene.
Tuesday.

Endurance.

HY should I murmur at my lot forlorn?
The selfsame Fate that doom'd me to be poor,
Endues me with a spirit to endure
All, and much more than is, or has been, borne
By better men, of want and worldly scorn:
My soul has faith!

HINE was the prophet's vision! Thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates!

OTHING makes the soul so pure, so religious,
as the endeavour to create something perfect; for God is Perfection, and whoever strives for Perfection strives for something that is God-like.

MAN! hold thee on in courage of soul
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day!

F anywise from morn to morn
I can endure a weary faithfulness,
From minute unto minute calling low
On God Who once would answer;—it may be
He hath a waking for me, and some surprise
Shall from this prison set the prisoner free,
And love from fears, and from the flesh the soul.

121
Endurance.

HOU hast thine office; we have ours;
God lacks not early service here;
But what are thine eleventh hours,
He counts with us for morning cheer;
Our day, for Him, is long enough,
And when He giveth work to do
The bruised reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

Lowell.

HE right-good fighter was oftenest also ... the
right-good improver, discerner, doer and
worker in every kind; for true valour ... is the
basis of all. May such valour last for ever with us!

Carlyle.

OT light and momentary labour these,—
But discipline and self-denial long,
And purpose staunch, and perseverance—asked,
And energy that inspiration seemed.

Pollok.

F call'd, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time—
Deliverance shall arise!

Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude
That make the spirit pure!

Irons.

LL desire to rejoice with Jesus: few are will-
ing to endure anything for Him, or with

Him.

Thos. à Kempis.

Septuagesima.] 122
Thursday.

Endurance.

OD spake, and gave us the Word to keep;
Bade never fold the hands, nor sleep
'Mid a faithless world;—at watch and ward,
Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.—
By His servant Moses the watch was set:
Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet.

Browning.

E saw with faith's far-reaching eye the fount
Of life, His Father's house, his Saviour God,
And borrowed thence to help his present want... And so his eye upon the land of life
He kept. Virtue grew daily stronger,—sin
Decayed: his enemies repulsed, retired;
Till at the stature of a perfect man
In Christ arrived, and with the Spirit filled,
He gained the harbour of eternal rest.

Pollok.

ET thy heart aright and constantly endure, and
make not haste in time of trouble.

Ecclesiasticus II. 2.

HARACTER is centrality—the impossibility of
being displaced or overset.

Emerson.

YING is easy;—keep thou stedfastly
The greater part,—to live and to endure.

H. Hamilton King.

F thou art unwilling to be saved, thou refusest
to be crowned. But if thou desire to be
crowned, fight manfully, endure patiently!

Thos. à Kempis.

EEP us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for Thy promised crown!

Downton.
AN we conceive a disregard in heaven
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure?

E not uneasy, discouraged, or out of humour
because practice falls short of precept in
some particulars. If you happen to be beaten,
return to the charge!

HEREFORE gird up thyself, and come to stand
Unflinching under the unaltering Hand,
That waits to prove thee to the uttermost!
It were not hard to suffer by His hand,
If thou couldst see His face;—but in the dark!
That is the one last trial;—be it so.

CHRIST was forsaken, so must thou be too.
How couldst thou suffer, but in seeming, else?
Thou wilt not see the face nor feel the hand,
Only the cruel crushing of the feet,

When through the bitter night the LORD comes
To tread the winepress. Not by sight, but faith!
Endure, endure—be faithful to the end!

OME, labour on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,

ND so after he had patiently endured, he
obtained the promise.

ENIUS is patience.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.
WEEK OF

SEXAGESIMA

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth"

A Prayer for the Week

Let not Moses speak unto me, nor any of the Prophets, but rather do Thou speak, O Lord God, Inspirer and Enlightener of all the Prophets, lest perchance if I be only admonished externally, and not aroused within, I die and prove unprofitable,—lest the word heard and not fulfilled, known and not loved, believed and not obeyed, turn to my condemnation!

Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.
**The Voice of God.**

**Saturday.**

WORD of God incarnate!
O Wisdom from on high!
O Truth unchanged, unchanging!
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.  

**Walsham How.**

LAME not thy thought, that it cannot reach
That which the Infinite must teach!
Bless thy God that the Word came nigh
To guide thee home to thy native sky!  

**MacDonald.**

HE Heavens declare the glory of God.  

**Ps. xix. 1.**

NATURE! why do I not name thee "God"? Art
not thou "The living garment of God"? Is
it in very deed He then that ever speaks through
thee; that lives and loves in thee?  

**Carlyle.**

ND who, what God foretells (Who speaks in
Things
Yet louder than in Words) shall dare deny?  

**Young.**

FTEN through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine:
Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
MASTER, speak, and silence all.  

**F. R. Havergal.**

ET all creatures be silent in Thy sight; speak
Thou alone to me.  

**Thos. à Kempis.**

Sexagesima.] 126
OW very good is God!—that He hath taught
To every Christian that can hear and see
Both what he is and what he ought to be,
And how and why the saints of old have fought.
Whate’er of truth the antique sages sought,
And could but guess of His divine decree,
Is given to Faith affectionate and free,
Not wrung by force of self-confounding thought.
Is the book finished? May not God once more
Send forth a prophet to proclaim His laws
In holy words not framed by human lore?

H. Coleridge.

F thou desire to reap profit, read with humility,
simplicity, and faithfulness. Thos. a Kempis.

ATURE’S least worthy growths have quickest
spring,
And soonest answering service readiest meed...
And wisest thought needs deepest burying
Before its ripe effect begins to breed.
Therefore, O spiritual seedsman, cast
With unregretful hand thy rich grain forth,
Nor think thy Word’s regenerating birth
Dead, that so long lies locked in human breast.
Time, slow to foster things of lesser worth,
Broods o’er thy work, and God permits no waste.

Caldwell Roscoe.

TERNAL God! Thy Word is not all fulfilled;
Thy thought ... not all revealed. The ages
that are past have but revealed to us some frag-
ments of it.

Mazzini.
The Voice of God.

O blinder bigot, I maintain it still,—will!--
Than he who must have pleasure, come what
He laughs whatever weapon Truth may draw,
And deems her sharp artillery mere straw.
Scripture indeed is plain, but God and he
On Scripture ground are sure to disagree—
Some wiser rule must teach him how to live
Than this his Maker has seen fit to give. Cowper.

OD'S voice is of the heart,—I do not say
All voices therefore of the heart are God's;
And to discern the voice amidst the voices
Is that hard task that we are born to! Clough.

EARKEN, hearken!
God speaketh to thy soul,
Using the supreme voice which doth confound
All life with consciousness of Deity,
All senses into one! . . . It speaketh now
Through the regular breath of the calm creation,
Through the moan of the creature's desolation,
Striking, and in its stroke resembling
The memory of a solemn vow
Which pierceth the din of a festival,
To one in the midst. E. B. Browning.

OD, Who speaks to man on every side,
Sending His voices from the outer world,
Glorious in stars, and winds, and flowers, and waves,
And from the inner world of things unseen,
In hopes, and thoughts, and deep assurances,—
Not seldom ceases outward speech awhile,
That the inner, isled in calm, may clearer sound.
Mac Donald.

Sexagesima.] 128
OD is not dumb, that He should speak no more!
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai,—'tis thy soul is poor!
There towers the Mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find—but he who bends
Intent on Manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not,—neither hears its thundered lore!

OD’S holy Word, once trivial in his view,
Now by the voice of his experience, true,
Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone
Must spring that Hope he pants to make his own.

Lowell.

S far as you can, enter into the Soul of him that
speaks. Marcus Aurelius.

HEARD Thy Voice ... and was afraid.

MIDST the thrilling leaves, Thy Voice
At evening's fall drew near;
FATHER! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear?
Did not his heart within him burn
Touch'd by the solemn tone?
Not so! for, never to return,
His purity was gone. . .
Oh! in each mind, each fountain flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God, Thy Voice to know,
And not to be afraid!

F. Hemans.

OW rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear
God speak!
OPES of every sort,—whatever sect
Esteem them, sow them, rear them, and protect,
If wild in nature and not duly found,
Gethsemane! in thy dear, hallowed ground,—
That cannot bear the blaze of Scripture light,
Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight,
Nor animate the soul to Christian deeds,—
(Oh cast them from thee!) are weeds, arrant weeds.

COOPER.

HE Gospel sounds not now so loud and bold
As once it did. Some lie in sleep secure,
And many faint because their love is cold;
But never doubt that God may still be found,
Long as one bell sends forth a Gospel-sound!

H. COOLERIDGE.

S there no prophet-soul the while
To dare, sublimely meek,
Within the shroud of blackest cloud
The DEITY to seek?
'Midst atheistic systems dark,
And darker hearts' despair,
That soul has heard perchance His word,
And on the dusky air
His skirts, as passed He by, to see
Hath strained on their behalf,
Who, on the plain, with dance amain,
Adore the Golden Calf!

CLOUGH.

HOSOEVER would fully and feelingly understand the words of CHRIST, must endeavour to conform his life wholly to the life of CHRIST.

THOS. À KEMPIS.

F any man will do His Will, he shall know of the Doctrine, whether it be of GOD.

JOHN vii. 17.

SEXAGESIMA.] 130
THURSDAY.]

The Voice of God.

OD has other Words for other worlds,
But for this world the Word of God is Christ.
H. Hamilton King.

HE Word of God . . cannot be made a present of
to anybody . . but is nevertheless being offered
to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and
sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be,
choked.

OD hath now sent His living oracle
Into the world to teach His final Will.
Milton.

N holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present world no sign or token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?
Oh! think it not, sweet maid! God comes to us
With every day, with every star that rises;
In every moment dwells the Righteous
And starts upon the soul in sweet surprises.
The Word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spake it were not speaking still,
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will!
Sweet girl, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought that happy summer brings
To thy pure spirit, is a word of God.
H. Coleridge.

HAT thou understandest not when thou readest,
thou shalt know in the day of visitation.
Thos. à Kempis.
The Voice of God.

Friday.

E abide
Not on this earth; but for a little space
We pass upon it; and while so we pass,
God through the dark hath set the Light of Life,
With witness of Himself—the Word of God,
To be among us Man, with human heart,
And human language,—thus interpreting
The One Great Will incomprehensible,
Only so far as we in human life
Are able to receive it. 

H. Hamilton King.

RUTH is not local—God alike pervades
And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
And may be feared amid the busiest scenes,
Or scorned where business never intervenes.

Cowper.

If thy heart were sincere and upright, then every creature would be unto thee a living mirror, and a book of holy doctrine.

Thos. a Kempis.

AVE not all created things a voice
For those who listen farther—whispers low
To bid the children of the Light rejoice
In burning hopes they yet but dimly know?

F. R. Havergal.

ATTER exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and body it forth.

Carlyle.

HESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good, Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! THYSELF how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, WHO sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare Thy Goodness beyond thought, and Power divine.

Milton.
WEEK OF

QUINQUAGESIMA

“If I give my body to be burned, but have not Love, it profiteth me nothing.”

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, Who hast taught us that all our doings without CHARITY are nothing worth; send Thy Holy Ghost and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of Charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which, whosoever liveth is counted dead before THEE.
PERFECT Love that 'dureth long!
Dear growth that shaded by the palm,
And breathed on by the angel's song,
Blooms on in heaven's eternal calm.
How great the task to guard thee here,
Where wind is rough and frost is keen,
And all the ground with doubt and fear
Is chequered, birth and death between!

J. Ingelow.

N social hours who Christ would see
Must turn all tasks to Charity!

Keble.

NE small touch of Charity
Could lift them nearer God-like state,
Than if the crowded Orb should cry
Like those who cried Diana great.

Tennyson.

OVE is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek and thinks no wrong,
Love than Death itself more strong;
Therefore give us LOVE!

C. Wordsworth.

THOU, Who keep'st the Key of Love,
Open Thy fount, Eternal Dove,
And overflow this heart of mine,
Enlarging as it fills with Thee,
Till in one blaze of charity
[divine!
Care and remorse are lost, like motes in light
Till, as each moment wafts us higher,—
By every gush of pure desire,
And high-breath'd hope of joys above,
By every secret sigh we heave,
Whole years of folly we outlive,
In His unerring sight Who measures Life by LOVE.

Keble.

Quinquagesima.] 134
AN'S part
Is plain—to send Love forth—astray perhaps:—
No matter!—he has done his part.  BROWNING.

Y Love the soul from dust is freed;
    You, sin-born, seize the baser part,—
Love keeps for God the heaven-born heart.
    KEN.

OES not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial
    primeval brightness, even here, though but for
moments, look through?  .  .  .  Where else is the God's
    Presence manifested, not to our eyes only, but to
our hearts,—as in our fellow-man?  CARLYLE.

OVE, and Love only, is the loan for Love.
    YOUNG.
OVE delights to bring her best,
And where Love is, that offering evermore is blest.
    KEBLE.

HICH is Love,
To do God's Will, or merely suffer it?
    KINGSLEY.

ND if . . . I know all mysteries and all know-
    ledge . . . and have not Love, I am nothing.
      1 Cor. xiii. 2. (R. V.)

NJOY the present gift, nor wait to know
The unknowable.  Enough to say "I feel
Love's sure effect, and being loved, must love
The Love, its cause, behind;—I can, and do!"
    Knowledge means
Ever-renewed assurance, by defeat,
That victory is somehow still to reach—
But Love is victory—the prize itself!
    BROWNING.
UCH ever was Love's way—to rise, it stoops.

AY I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony!—
Enkindle generous ardour,—feed pure love,—
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world!

If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you.
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

OVE wilt thou be? then Love must first by
thee be given;
No purchase-money else avails beneath the heaven.

OVE seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care;
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

OVE took up the harp of Life and smote on all
the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight!

N the life of Love, we die to self, but it is the
death not of annihilation but of transmigration.

ER sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she
loved much!

EFORCE Contrition, Love!
WEEK OF

ASH WEDNESDAY

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

A Prayer for the Season

O most mighty God, and merciful Father, Who hast compassion upon all men, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made; receive and comfort us who are grieved and wearied with the burden of our sin; give us unfeigned repentance for all the errors of our life past, and stedfast faith in Thy Son Jesus; that our sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and our pardon sealed in heaven, before we go hence and are no more seen.
Thoughts on Repentance.

OR custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin.
Massinger.

F I have erred, there was no joy in error,
But pain, and insult, and unrest, and terror;
I have not, as some do, bought Penitence
With pleasure!
Shelley.

RIEVE not so much that sin
Hath found a stealthy passage to thy heart,
As now rejoice that Penitence hath tracked
Its subtle footstep there.
W. Smith.

Repentance too is man purified. It is the grand
Christian act.
Carlyle.

UR sorrow for sins is then best accounted of for
its degree, when it . . shall have equalled or ex-
ceeded the pleasure we had in commission of the sin.
J. Taylor.

UR faults are at the bottom of our pains.
Young.

HE seeds of our own punishment are sown at the
same time we commit sin.
Hesiod.

HOSE who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense.
Shelley.

MAKE me cords to hold from wrong,
And bind my will by purpose strong,
But my resolves as cords of tow,
Before the strength of passion go,
Like hempen bonds which flames o'er-run,
Or icy streams before the sun . .
Lord, Who hast ta'en us by Thy hand,
'Tis only by Thy strength we stand!
I. Williams.
Shrove Tuesday.]

The Cry of Penitence.

ECAUSE I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—
O Lord, I do repent!

Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition, Duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent!

Because I struck at others in my pain,
Like some wild beast, that, wounded turns at bay,
And rends the innocent earth he stands upon—
O Lord, I do repent!

Because I was impatient,—would not wait,
But thrust mine impious hand across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life—
O Lord, I do repent!

ODLY sorrow worketh Repentance . . a Repentance which bringeth no regret. 2 Cor. vii. 10. (R.V.)

OD knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self! With low last breath,
"I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"
"And I—and I—thysel," (lo! each one saith)
"And thou thyself to all eternity!"

D. G. Rossetti.

NOT lament for happy childish years,
For loves departed that have had their day,
But for the pain I felt, the gushing tears
I used to shed when I had gone astray.

H. Coleridge.

HAT is true repentance, but in thought—
Not even in inmost thought—to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us!

Tennyson.
The Cry of Penitence.

—••—

N trouble for my sin, I cried to God,
To the Great God Who dwelleth in the deeps;—
The deeps return not any voice or sign.
But with my soul I know Thee, O Great God;
The soul Thou givest knoweth Thee, Great God
And with my soul I sorrow for my sin.
   Full sure I am there is no joy in sin;
Sin is established subtly in the heart,
   As a disease; like a magician foul,
Ruleth the better thoughts against their will.
   Only the rays of God can cure the heart,
Purge it of evil; there's no other way,
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

Allingham.

For all acts, is not for man Repentance the most divine?

Carlyle.

ROM the ingrained fashion
   Of this earthly nature,
That mars Thy creature;
From grief—that is but passion;
   From mirth—that is but feigning;
From tears—that bring no healing;
   From wild and weak complaining—
Thine old strength revealing,—Save, oh, save!

Matt. Arnold.

RUE Repentance must reduce to act all its holy purposes ... A holy life is the only perfection of Repentance.

J. Taylor.

HAT then?—what rests?
Try what repentance can! What can it not?
Yet what can it,—when one can not repent?

Shakespeare.
The Cry of Penitence.

AST thou lost the shame,
Whose early tremor once could flush
Thy cheek, and make thine eyes to gush,
And send thy spirit sad and sore,
To kneel with face upon the floor,
Burdened with consciousness of sin?
Then hast thou cause for grief!—and most,
In seldom missing what is lost!
With the loss of Yesterday,
Thou hast lost To-day,—To-morrow,—
All thou might'st have been. O pray,
(If pray thou canst), for poignant sorrow!

Allingham.

ECAUSE I called Good evil, Evil good,
And thought, I, ignorant, knew many things,
And deemed my weight of folly, weight of wit—
O Lord, I do repent!

Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me, as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent!

S. Williams.

HOU may'st repent:
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover.

Milton.

ROSTRATE your soul in penitential prayer!
Humble your heart beneath the mighty hand
Of God, Whose gracious guidance oft shall lead
Through sin and crime the changed and melted heart,
To sweet repentance and the sense of Him.

Clough.
The Cry of Penitence.

AM sad, and fain
Would give up all to be but where I was,—
Not high, as I had been if faithful found,
But low and weak,—yet full of hope, and sure
Of goodness as of life. I would lose
All this gay mastery of mind to sit
Once more with them, trusting in truth and love,
And with one aim—not being what I am!

BROWNING.

ECAUSE I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer THEE—
O Lord, I do repent!

Because I chose the thorns, and 'plained for
flowers,
And pressed the sword-points down upon my heart,
And moaned that they did hurt me, like a child—
O Lord, I do repent!

S. WILLIAMS.

KNOW not what I am, but only know
I have had glimpses tongue may never speak:
No more I balance human joy and woe,
But think of my transgressions, and am meek.
FATHER! forgive the child who fretted so—
His proud heart yields—the tears are on his
cheek.

BUCHANAN.

In my repentance I have joy,—such joy
That I could almost sin to seek for it.

CLough.

HOU the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
WEEK OF THE

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

“Blessed is the man that endureth Temptation.”

A Prayer for the Week

Blessed for ever be Thy Name, O LORD, for that it is Thy Will that this Temptation should come upon me! I cannot escape it, but must needs flee to THEE, that THOU mayest succour me, and turn the temptation itself to my good! And now, O Beloved FATHER, what shall I say? I am caught amidst straits! Save THOU me from this hour! Yet, therefore came I unto this hour, that THOU mayest be glorified, when I shall have been utterly humbled, and by THEE delivered.
Temptation.

O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power!
Your Redeemer's conflict see—
Watch with Him one bitter hour.

Montgomery.

HE devil tempteth not unbelievers and sinners,
whom he hath already secure possession of;
but faithful and religious devout persons he in
various ways tempteth and disquieteth.

Thos. à Kempis.

HY comes Temptation, but for man to meet
And master, and make crouch beneath his feet,
And so be pedestall'd in triumph?

Browning.

N the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the
populous moral Desert of selfishness and base-
ness—to such Temptation are we all called. Un-
happy if we are not! . . . Our wilderness is the wide
world in an Atheistic Century.

Carlyle.

Y son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare
thy soul for Temptation.

Ecclesiasticus ii. 1.

HAT, if HE hath decreed that I shall first
Be 'try'd in humble state and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,—
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt,—that HE may know
What I can suffer, how obey?

Milton.

ECAUSE thou hast kept the word of my
patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of
Temptation.

Rev. iii. 10.
Temptation.

S a man, who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reached where least he thought,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,—
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.

Milton.

ATAN desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we all Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate Exempted.
No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his, Can enter;
No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet Its centre.
But noble souls through dust and heat
Rise from disaster and defeat The stronger;
And conscious still of the Divine
Within them, lie on earth supine No longer!

Longfellow.

VER when tempted, make me see
Beneath the olive’s moon-pierced shade
My God,—alone,—outstretched and bruised
And bleeding, on the earth He made!
And make me feel it was my sin
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him Who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear!

Faber.

N that He Himself hath suffered being tempted,
He is able to succour them that are tempted.

Hebrews ii. 18.

SAVIOUR Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
Temptation.

HOM hear we tell of all the joy which loving Faith can bring,
The ever-widening glories reached on her strong seraph wing?
Is it not oftenest they who long have wrestled with Temptation,
Or passed through fiery baptisms of mighty tribulation?

EMPTATIONS are often very profitable to us,
though they be troublesome and grievous; for in them a man is humbled, purified, and instructed.

OME there are,
That in a sacred want and hunger rise,
And draw the misery home and live with it,
And excellent in honour wait, and will
That somewhat good should yet be found in it,—
Else wherefore were they born?

HEN the fight begins within himself
A man's worth something!

HE HIGHEST hath you in remembrance and the
MIGHTY hath not forgotten you in Temptation.

NLY Heaven is better than to walk
With CHRIST at midnight over moonlit seas.

VERY evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor... We gain the strength of the Temptation we resist.

RIAL ever consecrates the cup
Wherefrom we pour the sacrificial wine.
TUESDAY.]

Temptation.

HE perils that we well might shun
   We saunter forth to meet;
The path into the road of sin
   We tread with careless feet.
The air that comes instinct with Death—
   We bid it round us flow;
And when our hands should bar the gate
   We parley with the foe!
The ill we deem we ne'er could do
   In thought we dramatize;
What we should loathe, we learn to scan
   With speculative eyes.
Alas! for ignorance profound
   Of our poor Nature's bent!
The wakened sympathy with wrong
   Becomes the Will's consent.   BRIGHT.

O man is so perfect and holy, but he hath sometimes Temptations; and altogether without them we cannot be.             THOS. À KEMPIS.

ET not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the Temptation.                        BACON.

ODS of the world! Ye warrior host
   Of darkness and of air!
In vain is all your impious boast,
   In vain each missile tempest-tost,
   In vain the Tempter's snare!
Though fast and far your arrows fly,
   Though mortal nerve and bone
Shrink in convulsive agony,
The Christian can your rage defy;
   Towers o'er his head Salvation's crest,
Faith, like a buckler, guards his breast,
   Undaunted, though alone!   HEBER.
Temptation.

Wednesday.

OU know not what Temptation is, nor how
'Tis like to ply men in the sickliest part.

BROWNING.

ARDHEARTEDNESS dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn,
And dark thoughts fade away in Grace
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.
I often see in my own thoughts,
When they lie nearest THEE,
That the worst men I ever knew
Were better men than me!

FABER.

DD not more trouble to a heart that is vexed.

Ecclesiasticus iv. 3.

FTEN take counsel in Temptations, and deal not
roughly with him that is tempted; but give him
comfort, as thou wouldst wish to be done to thyself.

Thos. à Kempis.

ERE are soft hands that cannot bless in vain,
By trial taught your pain;
Here loving hearts, that daily know
The heavenly consolations they on you bestow.

Keble.

F he sinn'd,
The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be.

Tennyson.

COULD not do without THEE,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But THOU, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me!
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on THEE!

F. R. H.
Thursday.]

Temptation.

ND, still, O God, in sunny hours
When too much bliss might tempt to ill,
Thy cloud before us darkly low'rs,
And veiled, Thou art within it still!
And who has ever seen, around,
The Light of all he lov'd decay,
Nor then in THEE a sunbeam found
To guide his steps, and cheer his way?

BURGON.

HEN thou thinkest thyself farthest off from Me,
oftentimes I am nearest unto thee.

THOS. à KEMPIS.

NEED Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me!

LYTE.

HOU, Who dost dwell alone—
Thou, Who dost know Thine own—
Thou, to Whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, oh save!
From the world's Temptations—
From tribulations—
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave—
Save, oh, save!

MATT. ARNOLD.

ND if I tempted am to sin
And outward things are strong,
Do THOU, O LORD, keep watch within
And shield my soul from wrong!

WILLIAMS.
HESE are the trials meet for such as you,
Nor must you hope exemption; to be mortal,
Is to be plied with trials manifold.       BROWNING.

LL is not lost, although thou do feel thyself very often afflicted or grievously tempted.
Thou art a man, and not God; thou art flesh, and not an Angel.       THOS. X KEMPIS.

EMPTATIONS sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot fleé:
Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me!          HAWEIS.

O whom, O Saviour, shall we go?
The Tempter’s power is great:
E’en in our hearts is Evil bound
And lurking stealthily around,
Still for our souls doth wait.
Thou tempted One, Whose suffering heart
In all our sorrow bore a part,
Whose life-blood only could atone;
Too weak are we to stand alone,
And nothing but Thy shield of light
Can guard us in the dreaded fight.
                                          F. R. HAVERGAL.

HOLY Lord, Who with the Children Three
Did’st walk the piercing flame,
Help! in these trial-hours, which, save to Thee,
I dare not name;
Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening heart
Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter’s dart!
                                          NEWMAN.

First Week in Lent.] 150
WEEK OF THE

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

"Blessed are they that have not seen, but yet have believed."

A Prayer for the Week

Grant us so perfectly, and without all doubt, to believe in Thy Son Jesus Christ, that our Faith in Thy sight may never be reproved; and that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in Thy mercy.
Faith.

HRONGING through the cloud-rift, whose are
They—the faces
Faint revealed, yet sure divined, the famous ones
"What?" they smile, "our names, our deeds—so
soon erases
Time upon his tablet, where Life's glory lies en-
"Was it for mere fool's-play, make-believe and
mumming,
So we battled it like men—not boy-like sulked or
Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and Each
was coming,
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag
"How of the field's fortune?—That concerned our
Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings
left and right;—
Each, as on his sole head,—failer or succeeder,—
Lay the blame or lit the praise: No care for
cowards! Fight!"
Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's
under;
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife,
and strife's success;
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud Perfection—
nothing less!

E see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
Which, though unseen, is felt,—and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.

BROWNING.

LOWELL.

Second Week in Lent.] 152
Sunday.

Faith.

E bounteous in thy Faith, for not mis-spent
Is confidence unto the Father lent;
Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain.
Work on! One day, beyond all thought of praise,
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;
Nor other than thy need, Thy recompense.

MacDonald.

OW much thy Holy Name hath been misused,
Beginner of all good, all-mighty Faith!
Some men thy blessed symbols have abused,
Making them badge or secret shibboleth,
For greed accepted, or for spite refused,
Or just endured for fear of pain or death.

H. Coleridge.

OVE us, God! love us, Man! we believe! we
Let us love—let us live! [achieve!
For the acts correspond. E. B. Browning.

Eason unstrings the harp to see
Wherein the music dwells;
Faith pours a Hallelujah song.
And heavenly rapture swells.
While Reason strives to count the drops
That lave our narrow strand,
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep
To seek a better land.

F. R. HaverGAL.

AITH is enlightened Hope: She is Light, is the
eye of affection:
Dreams of the longings interprets, and carves
their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life, and her countenance shines
like the Hebrew’s,
For she has looked upon God! the heaven on its
stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth. LONGFELLOW.
Faith.

alth alone is the master-key
To the strait gate and narrow road;
The others but skeleton pick-locks be,
And you never shall pick the locks of God.

Walter Smith.

E, who believe Life's bases rest
Beyond the probe of chemic test,
Still, like our fathers, feel Thee near.

Lowell.

ELF is earthly—Faith alone
Makes an unseen world our own;
Faith relinquished,—how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
Spurious gems our hopes entice,
While we scorn the pearl of price;
And preferring servants' pay,
Cast the children's bread away.

Cowper.

HROUGH all stations human life abounds
With mysteries:—for if Faith were left untried,
How could the might that lurks within her, then
Be shown? her glorious excellence—that ranks
Among the first of Powers and Virtues—proved?

Wordsworth.

AST all your care on God! That anchor holds!

Tennyson.

HE flesh I wear,
The earth I tread, are not more clear to me
Than my Belief,—explained to you or no.

Browning.

Y knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Baxter.

Second Week in Lent.] 154
TUESDAY.

Faith.

Faith alone can interpret Life:—and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma Of Pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma. Longfellow.

OURAGE of heart and hand, Faith first of all: Such is the prayer of the perplexed man, Mistrusting the still Voice and its true call To work; opposed it may be by the ban Of social ills. Prayer answered by desires Within the soul for more than sense receives, And by sky-pointing fingers of fair spires, From whose kind creeds the refuged mortal weaves Protecting garments for this pilgrim strife, Passing from world to world. But let us here With full breast bare to all the winds of life, And ready hand and answering eye and ear, Gain faith and courage through self-harmony; Cheerful in strong repose,—fearless to live or die! Bell Scott.

OOK full into thy spirit's self, The world of mystery scan! What! if thy way to Faith in God Should lie through Faith in Man! Bright.

OW can they live, how will they die, How bear the cross of grief, Who have not got the light of faith, The courage of belief? Faber.

THOU that rearest with celestial aim The future Seraph in my mortal frame, Thrice-holy Faith! Whatever thorns I meet, As on I totter with unpractised feet, Still let me stretch my arms and cling to Thee, Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy! S. T. Coleridge.
Faith.

Ho! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow that recasts
The Creed of the Phantasiasts:
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a Phantom crucified.
For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead;...
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying wise and sweet—
Not as a vulture but a dove
The Holy Ghost came from above.

Hough they have not seen Me with bodily eyes, yet in spirit they believe the thing that I say.

LESSED the natures shored on every side
With landmarks of hereditary thought!
Thrice happy they that wander not life-long
Beyond near succour of the household Faith,—
The guarded fold that shelters, not confines.

He just shall live by Faith.

Hink not the Faith by which the Just shall
Is a dead creed, a map correct of heaven, [live
Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift, withdrawn as soon as given;
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids Eternal Truth be Present Fact.

Aith is an attitude,—a mirror set at the right angle.

[Wednesday.]
TRONG Son of God! Immortal Love! Whom we, that have not seen Thy face, By Faith, and Faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove... We have but Faith; we cannot know, For knowledge is of things we see, And yet we trust it comes from Thee, A beam in darkness:—let it grow! Tennyson.

ELIEF or unbelief Bears upon life, determines its whole course, Begins at its beginning. Browning.

HE cry of "God wills it" must be the eternal watchword of every undertaking. Mazzini.

HE senses folding thick and dark About the stifled soul within, We guess diviner things beyond. And yearn to them with yearning fond; We strike out blindly to a mark Believed in, but not seen. E. B. Browning.

HAT'S midnight doubt before the dayspring's Faith? Browning.

HRO' silence and the trembling stars Comes Faith from tracts no feet have trod! Tennyson.

F thou could'st trust, poor soul, In Him who rules the whole, Thou would'st find peace and rest: Wisdom and sight are well, but Trust is best. A. Procter.

HE steps of Faith Fall on the seeming Void—and find The Rock beneath! Whittier.
Faith.

E who keeps his Faith, he only, cannot be dis-
crowned.

Lowell.

Eliot's fire, once in us,
Makes of all else mere stuff to show itself!
We penetrate our life with such a glow
As fire lends wood and iron.—
Enthusiasm's the best thing, I repeat!

Browning.

H bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with Faith was filled!
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build!

Longfellow.

Sent is power, belief the soul of fact.

Wordsworth.

OU call for Faith!
I show you Doubt, to prove that Faith exists.
The more of Doubt, the stronger Faith, I say,
If Faith o'ercomes Doubt.

Browning.

T is not Reason makes Faith hard, but Life.

Ingelow.

Aith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of Faith in all.

Tennyson.

HO the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect Faith to man affords?

Wordsworth.

Aith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To heaven alone both go and lead.

Herbert.

ELIEVE, and you will conquer!

Mazzini.
WEEK OF THE

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

"Ye are all the children of the Light, and the children of the day."

A Prayer for the Week

Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer, before all temples, the upright heart and pure, instruct me; for Thou knowest. What in me is dark, illumine; what is low, raise and support!

Look down, O Lord, from Thy Heavenly Throne, illuminate the darkness of our night with Thy celestial brightness, and from the Sons of Light banish the deeds of darkness!
LONGED for Light; but all the light I found was second-hand,
Reflected thought that had been tossed about, for ages past,
From surface-minds that vainly claimed alone to understand
The mystery of the Light that is like shadow on us cast.

**W. Smith.**

HE Light Everlasting
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has Vision.

**Longfellow.**

ROM darkness, here, and dreariness,
We ask not full repose,
Only be Thou at hand to bless
Our trial hour of woes!
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up Earth's dark glade,
The gate of Heaven unclose?

**Keble.**

IS darkness doth transcend our fickle light.

**Wordsworth.**

EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me!

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

**Newman.**
Light.

ONG is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to Light.

Milton.

ARTH prompts—Heaven urges! Let us seek the
Studious of that pure intercourse, begun [Light,
When first our infant brows their lustre won!
So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night! Wordsworth.

EATH—darkness, nothingness!
Life—Light and blessedness!

MacDonald.

ERE, thro’ the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many!—until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

Tennyson.

HEN God smote His hands together and struck
out thy soul as a spark
[dark,
Into the organised glory of things from deeps of the
Say, didst thou shine, didst thou burn, didst thou
honour the power in the form,
As the star does at night, or the fire-fly, or even
the little ground-worm?
“ I have sinned,” she said, “For my seed-light shed
Has wandered away from its first decrees,
The cypress praiseth the fire-fly,
The ground-leaf praiseth the worm,—
I am viler than these.” E. B. Browning.

LORD, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine! with Thee all
beauty glows!

Keble.

UT of the shadows of night
The world rolls into Light;
It is daybreak everywhere!

Longfellow.
THOUGHT I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect Light.  Tennyson.

ORD! if our fathers turned to Thee
With such adoring gaze,
Wondering, frail man Thy Light should see
Without Thy scorching blaze;—
Where is our love, and where our hearts,—
We who have seen Thy Son,—
Have tried Thy Spirit's winning arts,
And yet we are not won?
The Son of God in radiance beamed
Too bright for us to scan,
But we may face the rays that streamed
From the mild Son of Man. . .
God, by His Bow, vouchsafes to write
This truth in Heaven above;
As every lovely hue is Light,
So every grace is Love.  Keble.

H blessed Lord! How much I need
Thy Light to guide me on my way!
So many hands, that, without heed,
Still touch Thy wounds and make them bleed,
So many feet that day by day
Still wander from Thy fold astray!
Feeble at best is my endeavour!
I see but cannot reach the height
That lies for ever in the Light;
And yet for ever and for ever,
When seeming just within my grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night;—
For Thine own purpose Thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement.  Longfellow.

LIGHT, though but as of day-break,
Strong as could then be borne.  Wordsworth.
Light.

IRST-BORN of the creating Voice!
Minister of God’s Spirit, who wast sent
To wait upon Him first, what time He went
Moving about ’mid the tumultuous noise
Of each unpiloted Element
Upon the face of the void formless Deep!
Thou Garment of the Invisible! whose skirt
Falleth on all things from the lofty heaven!
Thou Comforter! be with me as Thou wert
When first I longed for words, to be
A radiant garment for my thought, like Thee.

MAC DONALD.

HATSOEVER doth make manifest is Light.

Eph. v. 13.

WILL place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after Light well us’d they shall attain,
And, to the end persisting, safe arrive.

Milton.

IS high endeavours are an inward Light
That makes the path before him always bright.

Wordsworth.

HEIR fortitude and wisdom were a flame
Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,
Derived from the same source of Light and grace,
That guides the Christian in his swifter race;
Their judge was Conscience, and her rule their law;
That rule, pursued with reverence and with awe,
Led them, however faltering, faint and slow,
From what they knew to what they wished to know.

Cowper.

HE prescience of such souls has ever hailed,
Long ere the dawn, the coming of the sun,
And may be,—by such Faith the Light itself is won.

Houghton.
**Light.**

E, Who from the Father forth was sent,
Came the true Light, light to our hearts to bring;
The Word of God,—the telling of His thought;
The Light of God,—the making visible;
The far-transcending glory brought
In human form with man to dwell;—
The dazzling gone—the power not less
To show, irradiate, and bless;
The gathering of the primal rays divine,
Informing Chaos to a pure sunshine!  
MacDonald.

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N earth Thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy Light;
Thou showest us Thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight.  
Faber.

OTH God exact day-labour, Light denied?
Milton.

Hрист shall give thee Light.  
Eph. v. 14.

HILE ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?
Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers with their sickles bright
Troop, singing, down the mountain-side.  
Lowell.

E kind to our Darkness, O Fasioner, dwelling
And feeding the lamps of the sky;  
[in Light, Look down upon this one, and let it be sweet in Thy
I pray Thee, to-night;  
[sight, Oh watch whom Thou madest to dwell on its soil,
Thou Most High!  
J. Ingelow.

*Third Week in Lent.*  164
Thursday.

Eight.

F, when the Lord of Glory was in sight,
Thou turn thy back upon that fountain clear,
To bow before the "little drop of light"
Which dim-eyed men call praise and glory here;
What dost thou but adore the sun, and scorn
Him at whose only word both sun and stars were born?

AN the high noon be regnant in the sky,
Yet half the land in light, and half in darkness lie?

DREADFUL thought! if by God's grace
To souls like mine there should be given
That perfect presence of His face,
Which we, for want of words, call Heaven—
And unresponsive even there
This heart of mine could still remain,
And its intrinsic evil bear
To realms that know not other pain!
Better down nature's scale to roll,
Far as the base, unbreathing clod,
Than rest a conscious, reasoning soul
Impervious to the Light of God!—
Hateful the powers that but divine
What we have lost beyond recall,
The intellectual plummet-line
That sounds the depth to which we fall.

HE partial Light men have
My creed persuades me, well employed, may save;
While he that scorns the noon-day beam, perverse,
Shall find the blessing unimproved, a curse.

ARTH is but dust and heaven is Light,—I have pledged you to heaven.

Houghton.
Light.

OW shall a child of God fulfil
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,
And raise on high his baptism-light,
Like Aaron's seed in vestment white
And holy-hearted Nazarite?
First let him shun the haunts of vice,
Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice;
Fearing the board of wealthy pride
Or heretic, self-trusting guide,
Where the adulterer's smiles preside.
Next as he threads the maze of men,
Aye must he lift his witness, when
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
And none at hand of higher grace,
The Cross to carry in his place.

NEWMAN.

AKE all in a word: the truth in God's breast
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed;
Though He is so bright and we so dim,
We are made in His image to witness Him;
And were no eye in us to tell—
Instructed by no inner sense,—
The Light of heaven from the dark of hell,
That Light would want its evidence.

BROWNING.

EN, whose delight is where their duty leads
Or fixes them; whose least distinguished day
Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre
Which makes the Sabbath lovely in the sight
Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.

WORDSWORTH.

EFORE the eyes of men let duly shine thy
Light,
But ever let thy life's best part be out of sight.

TRENCH.

Third Week in Lent.] 166
WEEK OF THE

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

"I will walk at liberty, for I seek Thy precepts."

_A Prayer for the Week_

_O God_, the very knowledge of Whom is Life, Whose very service is Freedom, receive our humble petitions, and though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of Thy great mercy loose us.
[Saturday.

Freedom.

GOD of mountains, stars, and boundless spaces!
O God of Freedom and of joyous hearts!
When Thy Face looketh forth from all men's faces,
There will be room enough in crowded marts:
Brood Thou around me, and the noise is o'er;
Thy universe my closet with shut door.

Mac Donald.

F ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?
Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for your own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be Earnest to make others Free!

Lowell.

HERE the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty.

2 Cor. iii. 17.

HE thrall in person may be free in soul.

Tennyson.

UR voluntary service He requires,
Not our necessitated; such with Him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find;—for how
Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?

Milton.

RUÉ Liberty is not the right to choose evil.

Mazzini.

Fourth Week in Lent.] 168
NGRATEFUL country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!...
But these had fallen for profitless regret,
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspired
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
Be lost through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear:
What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And if dissevered thence, its course is short.

Wordsworth.

FREEDOM, dwell with Knowledge! I abide
With men whom dust of faction cannot blind
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind;
With men by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer.

Lowell.

OUR Liberty will be sacred, so long as it shall
be governed by and evolved beneath an idea of
Duty, of Faith in the common perfectibility.

Mazzini.

What purpose has the King of Saints in view?
Why falls the Gospel like a gracious dew?
Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved
From servile fear, or be the more enslaved?
To loose the links that galled mankind before,
Or bind them faster on and add still more?
The freeborn Christian has no chains to prove,
Or, if a chain, the golden one of love;
Thought, word, and deed his liberty evince,
His Freedom is the Freedom of a prince.

Cowper.

IVILIZATION perfected
Is fully-developed Christianity.

E. Barrett Browning.
Freedom.

Eholding,
He buildeth up the stars in companies:
He made for them a law. To man He said,
"Freely I give thee Freedom." J. INGELOW.

ESUS came
And laid His own hand on the quivering heart
And made it very still, that He might write
Invisible words of power—"Free to serve."
Let Him write what He will upon our hearts
With His unerring pen.
The tearful eye at first may read the line—
"Bondage to grief!" but He shall wipe away
The tears, and clear the vision, till it read
In ever-brightening letters—"Free to serve!"
For whom the Son makes free, is free indeed!
Then let it be
The motto of our lives until we stand
In the great Freedom of Eternity, . . .
For ever and for ever—"Free to serve."
F. R. HAVERGAL.

FORM'D them free, and free they must remain
Till they enthrall themselves. MILTON.

HE liberty our hearts implore
Is not to live in sin;
But still to wait at Wisdom's door,
Till Mercy calls us in. COWPER.

BLESS Thy wise and wondrous love
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee! MASON.
Tuesday.]

Freedom.

RUE, the mind of man is free—
Free to speak and write at will;
But a power you cannot see
Still can plague, and waste, and kill.

_Houghton._

Fold sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face.

Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears!

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

_Tennyson._

OUR Liberty will flourish, protected by God
and man, so long as you hold it—not as the right
to use or abuse your faculties in the direction it may
please you to select—but as the right of free choice
... of the means of doing good.

_Mazzini._

GOD! make free
This barren, shackled earth, so deadly cold;
Breathe gently forth Thy Spring, till Winter flies
In rude amazement!

_David Gray._

171

G 5
Wednesday.

Freedom.

T is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will...
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

OME law there needs be, other than the law
Of our own wills; happy is he who finds
A Law wherein his spirit is left free.
Heretofore had I often need to bend
The manhood in me to a childish law,
And breaking my own will, broke God's will too...
But now no more:—I will not bend again
My spirit to a yoke that is not Christ's—
A law... which sets
The smallest tyrant in the place of God,
Yea, oftentimes the weak above the strong.

H. HAMILTON KING.

WO would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

Wordsworth.

E are in God's hand,
How strange now looks the life He makes us lead:
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!

Browning.

WOULD rather serve him than go free.

J. INGELOW.

IBERTY is duty,
Not licence.

H. COLERIDGE.

Fourth Week in Lent.] 172
Thursday.

Freedom.

AY, what is Freedom? What the right of souls,
    Which all who know are bound to keep or die,
And who knows not, is dead?... Rightly understood,
A universal licence to be good.       H. COLERIDGE.

HEY are slaves, who fear to speak
    For the fallen and the weak!
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think!
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three!       LOWELL.

H! fools to think that Freedom can consist
    In selfish singleness of myriad wills!
But madder yet to think that million wills
Each crushing other can compose one will,
Constituent of everlasting truth!
We would be free as nature, but forget
That Nature wears an universal law,
Free only, for she cannot disobey.       H. COLERIDGE.

RUE Freedom is where no restraint is known
    That Scripture, Justice, and Good Sense dis-
Where only Vice and Injury are tied, [own; And all from shore to shore is free beside.

COWPER.

AKE heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.
Free are ye rather that your Freedom spread
By patient ye winning and sweet wisdom's skill.       E. ARNOLD.
Y lines and life are free, free as the road,  
Loose as the wind.  

DO not claim life's sweetness, but I claim  
Life's Liberty, the birthright of a man.  

BATE  
These legalized oppressions!  Man—whose name  
And nature God disdained not;  Man—whose soul  
Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim  
To live and move exempt from all control,  
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!  

REE, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard Liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp.  

REEDOM has a thousand charms to show  
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.  
The mind attains beneath her happy reign  
The growth that Nature meant she should attain—  
Religion, richest favour of the skies,  
Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes;  
The soul, emancipated, unoppressed,  
Free to prove all things and hold fast the best,  
Learns much, and to a thousand listening minds  
Communicates with joy the good she finds.  

WOULD not champ the hard cold bit  
As thou—of what the world thinks fit,  
But take God's Freedom, using it.  

E. Barrett Browning.  

HAT is Freedom, but the unfettered use  
Of all the powers which God for use hath  
given?  

S. T. Coleridge.
WEEK OF THE

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

"Doubt ye not therefore, but earnestly believe."

A Prayer for the Week

O merciful God, give us a right understanding of ourselves, and of Thy threats and promises, that we may neither cast away our confidence in Thee, nor place it anywhere but in Thee. Break not the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. Deliver us from fear of the Enemy. Lift up the Light of Thy countenance upon us, and give us peace now and evermore.
Doubt.

HE Voice of God's Creation found me
Perplexed midst hope and fear,
For though His sunshine flash'd around me,
His storm at times drew near:
And I said—
Oh! that I knew where He abideth!
For doubts beset our lot,
And lo! His glorious Face He hideth
And men perceive it not!
The Voice of God's protection told me
He loveth all He made,
I seem'd to feel His arms enfold me,
And yet was half afraid;
And I said—
Oh! that I knew where I might find Him!
His eye would guide me right;
He leaveth countless tracks behind Him,
Yet passeth out of sight!
The Voice of Conscience sounded nearer,
It stirr'd my inmost breast,
But though its tones were purer, clearer,
'Twas not the voice of rest:
And I said—
Oh! that I knew if He forgiveth!
My soul is faint within,
Because in grievous fear 'tis liveth
Of wages due to sin!

E grope for the wall like the blind, and we
grope as if we had no eyes: we stumble at
noon-day as in night.

ET him who gropes painfully in darkness or un-
certain light lay this precept well to heart, "Do
the Duty which lies nearest to thee," which thou
knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will
already have become clearer.

H. Twells.

Egrope for the wall like the blind, and we
grope as if we had no eyes: we stumble at
noon-day as in night.

Isaiah lix. 10.

Carlyle.

Fifth Week in Lent.] 176
S there no corner safe from peeping Doubt?

**Lowell.**

**Doubt.**

ATHER of Lights, pure and unspeakable,
On Whom no changing shadow ever fell!
Thy light we know not, are content to see;
And shall we doubt, because we know not Thee?

**Mac Donald.**

E cannot breathe, but in the breath
Of certainty and knowledge clear;
And where we have to walk by Faith
He will not go; or will not fear
To search into the mysteries,
And bid the haunting shadows go;
And yet with all he knows and sees
True wisdom somehow does not grow.

**Walter Smith.**

OUBT—a blank twilight of the heart—which mars
All sweetest colours in its dimness same;
A soul-mist through whose rifts familiar stars
Beholding, we misname.

**J. Ingelow.**

ROM Doubt where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea;
Oh, set us free!

**Matt. Arnold.**

H! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his Doubt.

**Tennyson.**

177
Doubt.

N happy toil
Forget this whirl of Doubt! We are weak,—
we are weak.
Only when still! Put thou thine hand to the plough!
The spirit drives thee on.  
C. KINGSLEY.

AITH is my waking life:
One sleeps indeed and dreams at intervals,
We know; but waking ’s the main point with us,
And my provision ’s for Life’s waking part.  
BROWNING.

OBFT of any sort cannot be removed except by
Action.  
CARLYLE.

F I wander far and oft
From that which I believe and feel and know,
Thou wilt forgive, not with a sorrowing heart,
But with a strengthened hope of better things.  
LOWELL.

HERE is no unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath a sod—
And waits to see it push away the clod,—
He trusts in God.
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky—
“Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,”
Trusts the Most High.
Whoever sees, ’neath winter’s field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God’s power must know.
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.
There is no unbelief!
And day by day and night unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
God knoweth why.

Fifth Week in Lent.] 178
E still! sad Soul! lift thou no passionate cry,
       But spread the desert of thy being bare
To the full searching of the All-seeing eye:
Wait!—and through dark misgiving, blank despair,
God will come down in pity, and fill the dry
Dead place with light, and life, and vernal air.

J. C. Shairp.

HE sum of all is—Yes! my Doubt is great!
My faith's still greater!

Browning.

E wills, how should he doubt, then?

Browning.

HAVE a life with Christ to live,
       But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till Learning can clear answer give
       Of this or that book's date?
I have a life in Christ to live,
       I have a death in Christ to die—
And must I wait till Science give
       All doubts a full reply?

Nay, rather while the sea of Doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of Life and Death and Sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ! and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat,
In gentlest accent, heavenly sweet,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Believe Me and be blest!"

J. C. Shairp.
**Doubt.**

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WIXT gleams of joy and clouds of Doubt
Our feelings come and go,
Our best estate is toss'd about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.

**J. C. Shairp.**

HERE is the promise of His coming?
2 Peter iii. 4.

IRIS, the significance of this your doubt
Lies in the reason of it:—Ye do grudge
That these your lands should have another Lord;
Ye are not loyal, therefore ye would fain
Your King should bide afar. 'But if ye looked
For maintenance and favour when He came,
Knowing yourselves right worthy, would you care,
With cautious reasoning, deep and hard, to prove,
That He would never come?

**J. Ingelow.**

THINK it did not grow to be strong-hearted
faith in me:—
I only dared to doubt, and then made pictures of
my doubt;
This way the better reason drew that I might clearly
That way old custom dragged, and bade me cast
the reason out.

**W. Smith.**

OD of our Fathers! Thou Who wast,
Art, and shalt be, when those eye-wise who flout
Thy secret presence, shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them to doubt!

**Lowell.**

THOU of little faith, why didst thou doubt?
Spare not for Him to walk the midnight wave,
On the dim shore at morn to seek Him out,
Work 'neath His eye, and near Him make thy grave!

**Keble.**

*Fifth Week in Lent.* 180
Doubt.

— HY Doubt outspoken may perchance pass on
   To purer faith. The fault that saps the life
Is Doubt half-crushed, half-veiled; the lip-assen't
Which finds no echo in the heart of hearts;
The secret Lie which, conscious of its guilt,
Atones for falsehood by intenser zeal.  

Plumptre.

Y night an atheist half believes a God.
   Young.

OD'S possible is taught by His world's loving,
   And the children doubt of each.
   E. B. Browning.

OU say, but with no touch of scorn,
   *

You tell me, Doubt is Devil-born.

I know not;—One indeed I knew
   In many a subtle question versed,
   Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first
But ever strove to make it true;—

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
   At last he beat his music out—
   There lives more faith in honest Doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds!

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
   He would not make his judgment blind,
   He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them;—thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,
   And Power was with him in the night.
   Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

Tennyson.
Doubt.

MIDST a jostling throng
Of deeds, that each and all were wrong,
The doubting soul, from day to day,
Uneasy, paralytic lay.

E did not many mighty works there because of
their unbelief.

LIND unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

"O," thou sayest,
"My heart is all in ruins with pain, my feet
Tread a dry desert where there is no way
Nor water. I look back, and deep through Time
The old worlds come but faintly up the track,
Trod by the sons of men. The Man He sent,
The Prince of Life, methinks I could have loved,
If I had looked once in His deep man's eyes.
But long ago He died, and long ago
Is gone."

He is not dead, He cannot go!
Men's faith at first was like a mastering stream,
Like Jordan "the descender" leaping down
Pure from his snow; and warmed of tropic heat
Hiding himself in verdure;—then at last
In a Dead Sea absorbed,—as faith of Doubt.—
But yet the snow lies thick on Hermon's breast
And daily at his source the stream is born!—
Go up—go mark the whiteness of the snow!—
Thy faith is not thy Saviour, not thy God!
Though faith waste fruitless down a desert old,
The living God is new, and He is near!

J. IngeLOW.
FESTIVALS COMMEMORATED IN

THE SEASON OF LENT

Feb. 24th

"Divine Guidance"

March 25th

"Ideal Womanhood"

* * The Feasts of the Conversion of St. Paul (Jan. 25th) p. 112, and of the Presentation (Feb. 2nd), p. 113, occasionally fall within this Season. The Feast of the Annunciation occasionally falls in the following Season.
Divine Guidance.

O D loves to work in wax—not marble. Let Him find,
When he would mould thine heart, material to His mind.

EEBLE hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness.

EAD us, Heavenly Father! Lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea!

HOU shalt guide me with Thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory.

HERE'S a Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will!

E Thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And hear me when I call!
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall!

AM satisfied,—
I dare not ask; I know not what is best,—
God hath already said what shall betide.

REAL Works, the Secret and Sublime, forsooth,
Let others prize!... What are these, at best,—beside God helping, God directing everywhere?

HIS God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.
Annunciation.]

Ideal Womanhood.

OT to the rich He came and to the ruling
(Men full of meat, whom wholly He abhors)—
Not to the fools grown insolent in fooling,
Most, when the lost are dying at their doors;—
Nay, but to Her who with a sweet thanksgiving
Took in tranquillity what God might bring,
Blessed Him and waited, and within her living
Felt the arousal of a Holy Thing.  

ASTEN the redemption of Woman . . by re-
   storing her to her mission of Inspiration,
Prayer, and Pity, so divinely symbolized by
Christianity in MARY.

Mazzini.

VERY woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and
perfect,
Built by that only law, that Use be suggester of
Beauty.

Clough.

E'LL keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,
Although our woman-hands should shake and
fail.

E. B. Browning.

OR at the heart of Womanhood
The Child's great heart doth lie ;
At Childhood's heart, the germ of good,
Lies God's Simplicity.
So, sister, be thy Womanhood
A baptism on thy brow,
For something dimly understood
And which thou art not now ;
But which within thee, all the time,
Maketh thee what thou art ;
Maketh thee long and strive and climb—
The God-life at thy heart !

MacDonald.
APRIL 25th

MAY 1st

"FOLLOW ME!"

"The Feast of the Annunciation (March 25th, see p. 185) occasionally falls within this Season."
HOLY WEEK

EVE OF PALM SUNDAY
“The Self-Surrender”

PALM SUNDAY
“The Self-Abasement”

MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK
“The Isolation”

TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK
“The Shame”

WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK
“The Suffering”

THURSDAY IN HOLY WEEK
“The Silence”

GOOD FRIDAY
“It is Finished”
A Prayer for the Week

By all the sufferings of Thine early years, Thy fasting and temptation, Thy nameless wanderings, Thy lonely vigils on the Mount; by the weariness and painfulness of Thy Ministry among men,—Good LORD, deliver us!

By Thine unknown sorrows, by the mysterious burthen of the Spiritual Cross, by Thine agony and bloody sweat, Good LORD, deliver us!

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, Who wast lifted up from the earth that THOU mightest draw all men unto THEE, draw us also unto THYSELF!
E might have built a palace at a word,  
Who sometimes had not where to lay His  
Head: [bread,  
Time was, and He who nourished crowds with  
Would not one meal unto Himself afford;  
Twelve legions girded with angelic sword.  
Were at His back;—the scorned and buffeted!  
He healed another's scratch, His own side bled,  
Side, feet, and hands with cruel piercings gored!  
Oh! wonderful the wonders left undone!—  
And scarce less wonderful than those He wrought!  
Oh, self-restraint, passing all human thought,  
To have all power and be—as having none!  
Oh, self-denying Love, which felt alone  
For needs of others,—never for its own!  

TRENCH.

Here is no grief that ever wasted man,  
But finds its Hour here in Thine awful  
Week!  

KEBLE.

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me.  

UR pains are portioned to our powers—His Hand  
may hurt, but cannot harm:—  
But, if the Cross be on us laid, and our soul's Crown  
of Thorns be made,  
Then, sure, 'twere best to bear the Cross, nor  
lightly fling the thorns behind;  
Lest we grow happy,—by the loss of what was  
noblest in the mind!  
Here—in the ruins of my years—Master, I thank  
Thee through my tears—  
Thou suffered'st here, and didst not fail—Thy  
bleeding feet these paths have trod—  
But Thou wast strong, and I am frail; and I am  
man, and Thou art God!  
How I have striven, Thou know'st! Forgive how  
I have failed, Who saw'st me strive!  

LYTTON.
Palm Sunday.

The Self-Abasement.

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S a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, He attends the will
Of His great Father.                         Milton.

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O, as Thou wert the seed and not the flower,
Having no form or comeliness,—in chief
Sharing Thy thought with Thine acquaintance, Grief:
Thou wert despised, rejected in Thine hour
Of loneliness and God-triumphant power.
Oh, not Three Days alone, glad slumber brief,
That from Thy travail brought Thee sweet relief
Lay'st Thou outworn beneath Thy stony bower;
But three and thirty years, a living seed,
Thy body lay as in a grave indeed.         Mac Donald.

+-

H, my dear Lord! what couldst Thou spy
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made Thee thus resolve to die,
For those that kill Thee every day?       Vaughan.

+-

HE Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.

+-

HROUGH the Shadow of an Agony
Cometh Redemption.         H. H. K.

+-

ORTAL! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, Who did once from Heaven to Hell descend
Thee to befriend!
So shalt thou dare forego at His dear call
Thy Best,—thine All.        Kerle.

+-

HRIST'S whole life was a Cross and a Martyrdom:
and dost thou seek rest and joy for thyself? Thomas à Kempis.
The Isolation.

HE wine of Love can be obtained of none,
Save Him Who trod the wine-press all alone.

Y God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?

ESERTED! Who hath dreamt that when the Cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden Face no love was mani-
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted—
What tears have washed them from the soul,—that we should be deserted?
Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather,
And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and Father.
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless—"My God, I am For-
It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,
That, of the Lost, no son should use those words of desolation.

E. B. Browning.

O the still wrestlings of the lonely heart,
He doth impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh
Save God and one good angel!

OW is it that ye do not understand?

E.L.L. may we mourn our dull, cold heart and eye,
That up the mount of glorious Sacrifice Sees such a little way! Yet kneel we nigh:
Turn not away: let prayer in gloom arise!

Matt. xvi. 11.

Keble.

Holy Week.] 192
Tuesday.

The Shame.

ITH all His sufferings full in view
   And woes to us unknown,
   Forth to the task His spirit flew;
   'Twas love that urged Him on. —Cowper.

LL that Christ asked of mankind wherewith to
save them was a cross whereon to die. —Lammenais.

ND is there who the blessed Cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonoured brow?
If Angels tremble,—'tis at such a sight! —Young.

E is despised and rejected. —Isa. liii. 3.

HEY besought Him that He would depart out of
their coasts. —Matt. viii. 34.

HEN like a long-forgotten strain
   Comes sweeping o'er the heart forlorn,
   What sunshine hours had taught in vain—
   Of Jesus suffering Shame and scorn,
As in all lowly hearts He suffers still,
While we triumphant ride and have the world at will. —Keble.

HUN not suffering, shame, or loss,
   Learn of Him to bear the Cross. —Montgomery.

OVEST thou praise?  The Cross is Shame.
   Or ease?  The Cross is bitter grief:—
More pangs than tongue or heart can frame
   Were suffered there without relief. —Keble.

ROM pain to pain, from woe to woe,
   With loving hearts and footsteps slow,
   To Calvary with Christ we go . . .
Was ever grief like His?  Was ever sin like ours? —Faber.
The Suffering.

O pain of man can expiate a sin.

H. Coleridge.

OVELY was the death

Of Him Whose life was Love! Holy with power

He on the thought-benighted Sceptic beamed

Manifest Godhead, melting into day.

What floating mists of dark idolatry

Broke, and mis-shaped the omnipresent Sire,—

And first by Fear uncharmed the drowsèd Soul,

Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel

Dim recollections! and then soared to Hope,

Strong to believe whate’er of mystic good

The Eternal dooms for His immortal Sons!

From Hope and firmer Faith to perfect Love

Attracted and absorbed,—and centred there

God only to behold, and know, and feel,—

Till by exclusive consciousness of God

All self-annihilated it shall make

God its identity: God All in All,

We and our Father one!

S. T. Coleridge.

CHRIST was once offered to bear the sins of many.

O good

Or glory of this life but comes by pain!

How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,

If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice,

Were swept away and all were satiate-smooth!

H. H. K.

O the cross he nails thine enemies,

The Law that is against thee, and the sins

Of all mankind, with Him there crucified—

Never to hurt them more, who rightly trust

In this His satisfaction.

Milton.

OR the sake of Jesus we have undertaken this

Cross; for the sake of Jesus let us persevere in

this Cross!

Thos. à Kempis.
Thursday.

The Silence.

ITH taunts and scoffs they mock what seems
Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
Thou art unmoved and stedfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wrong'd, how quickly I complain!

POLLOCK.

EASE to complain when thou considerest My
Passion. Keep Silence in an evil time, and
inwardly turn thyself to Me.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

EVEN times He spake, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:—
Jesus, our LORD, is crucified!

FABER.

KEPT silence, yea, even from good words; but it
was pain and grief to me.

PSALM XXXIX. 3.

HE voice of sin arraigns the Sinless One
Before its own corrupted judgment-seat;
The Priests and Scribes with vehemence repeat
Their lying charge—the while He stands alone,
Silent amidst the clamour—He Whose voice
Of power but late suffic'd to ope the grave!
"Others He saved—Himself He cannot save!"
Oh mystic Silence! How divine Thy choice!
Thou wilt not add one tittle to the guilt
Of these Thy murderers, uttering the words
Which cannot pass away. Thy love records
That e'en for men like these Thy blood is spilt!—
So to all Time! If Priests of Self and Pride,
And Scribes—the worldly-wise—possess the shrine
Within thy soul—then Pilate's doom is thine!—
The awful Silence of the Crucified!

E. M. L. G.
It is Finished.

UNEXEMPLARY love!
Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!

Y anguish that made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints, that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,—
However darkly days go on.
Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown—
No mortal grief deserves that crown!
O Supreme Love! Chief Misery!
The sharp regalia are for Thee,
Whose days eternally go on! E. B. Browning.

OVE is strong as death! Cant. viii. 6.

HEN He bowed down His Head in the death-hour
Solemnized Love His triumph! The Sacrifice then
was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the
temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their
sepulchres rising. [each other
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of
Th' answer but dreamed of before to Creation's
enigma—Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love
is Atonement! Longfellow.

H heart I made, a Heart beats here!
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in MYSELF!
Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of Mine,
But love I gave thee, with MYSELF to love,
And thou must love ME, WHO have died for thee!
Browning.

Holy Week.]
EASTER WEEK

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A Prayer for the Week.

O Merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the Resurrection and the Life, we meekly beseech Thee to raise us from the Death of Sin unto the Life of Righteousness, that we may be found acceptable in Thy sight.
The Supreme Victory.

HE world of Matter with its various forms,
All dies into new Life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll!
No single Atom,—once in Being,—lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High...
Can it be?
Matter immortal! and shall Spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall Man alone, for whom all things revive,
No resurrection know? Shall Man alone,—
Imperial Man!—be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?...
Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle, and that no more!
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end! Young.

O should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed:
Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy.

HAT is left for us, save, in growth
Of soul, to rise...
From the gift looking to the Giver,
And from the cistern to the river,
And from the finite to Infinity,
And from man's dust to God's Divinity?

BROWNING.
Easter Day.

The Supreme Victory.

ISE, heart! Thy Lord is risen! Sing His praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise;
That, as His Death calcined thee to dust,
His Life may make thee gold, and much more just!

HERBERT.

CHRIST is risen! We are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face!
So that we, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be;
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee!

C. WORDSWORTH.

OMMIT thyself to God, to Whom nothing doth perish nor die.

THOS. À KEMPIS.

DEATH, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?

F. HEMANS.

OAST not thy victory, Death!
It is but as the clouds o'er the sunbeam's power,
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower
That slumber, the snow beneath!
It is but as a tyrant's reign,
O'er the voice and the lip which he bids be still,
But the fiery thought and the lofty will
Are not for him to chain!

SAY unto thee, Arise!
The Supreme Victory.

HOU know'st He died not for Himself, nor for Himself arose:
Millions of souls were in His Heart, and thee for one He chose.
Upon the palms of His pierc'd Hands engraven was thy name,
He for thy cleansing had prepar'd His water and His
Sure thou with Him art risen: and now with Him thou must go forth,
And He will lend thy sick soul health, thy strivings
might and worth.

AN falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he must—who learns from death alone
The dreadful secret—that he lives for ever! Young.

IS Life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh! Life, not Death, for which we pant;
More Life, and fuller, that I want!

Tennyson.

E would indeed be somewise as Thou art,
Not spring, and bud, and flower, and fade, and
Not fix our intellects on some scant part Of Nature,—but enjoy or feel it all:
We would assert the privilege of a soul,
In that it knows, to understand the Whole.
If such things are within us—God is good—
And flight is destined for the callow wing,—
And the high appetite implies the food,—
And souls must reach the level whence they spring!
O Life of very Life! set free our Powers,
Hasten the travail of the yearning hours.

Houghton.

AUGIIT we know, dies.—Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?

Shelley.
OW once more, Eden's door, opened stands to mortal eyes,—
For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise. Neale.

AN, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man—be judged and die;
And dying rise,—and rising, with Him raise
His brethren ransomed with His own dear Life.
Milton.

"FOLLOW Nature!"—Follow Nature still,
But look it be thine own.—Is Conscience, then,
No part of Nature? Is she not supreme?—
Thou regicide! O raise her from the dead!
Then, follow Nature:—and resemble God! Young.

HAT are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of One from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation;
were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force (even as the rest have all been) brought to bear on us with its Material Force.
Carlyle.

HEN’ER a noble deed is wrought,
When’er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.
Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low! Longfellow.
The Supreme Victory.

Wednesday.

UR little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires!
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

---

HERE lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare: and humblest earthly weal demands
For dignity not placed beyond her reach
Zealous co-operation of all means,
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.

By gross utilities enslaved, we need
More of ennobling impulse from the Past,
If to the Future aught of good must come,
Sounder—and therefore holier—than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme.

ROVE to mankind that the earthly duties to be
fulfilled here below are an essential portion
of their Immortal Life, and all the calculations of
the Present will vanish before the grandeur of the
Future!

HAT thing thou lovest most, thou mak'st its
nature thine—
Earthy, if that be earth,—if that be God, divine!

ORSAKE all, and thou shalt find all! Thou
hast yet many things to part with, which un-
less thou wholly resign unto Me, thou shalt not attaint to that which thou desirest.

IAS! why will ye not from sin arise,
And be Christ's Beautiful?

Easter Week.] 202
Thursday.]

The Supreme Victory.

IS the Spring of souls to-day;
CHRIST hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen! Neale.

HERE is a power upon me which withholds
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be Life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre! Byron.

RISE! for the day is passing
And you lie dreaming on!
The others have buckled their armour
And forth to the fight are gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-Day!

A. Procter.

F the Soul is really immortal, what care should be taken of her not only in respect of the portion of time which is called Life, but of Eternity! Plato.

HE heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight:
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.
Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain! Longfellow.
The Supreme Victory.

RISE, sad heart: if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's Resurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the Hand
Which, as It riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise! arise!  Herbert.

HOU canst not
All die—there is what must survive.  Byron.

AVE we not all, amid earth's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life,
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was!—And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret.
But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late:
No star is ever lost we once have seen,—
We always may be what we might have been!
Since Good, though only thought, has life and breath,
God's life,—can always be redeemed from death;
And Evil, in its nature, is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away;
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer Life—and this the dream.

A. Procter.

ET this be thy whole endeavour, this thy prayer,
this thy desire: that thou mayest be stripped
of all selfishness, and with entire simplicity follow
Jesus only; mayest die to thyself, and live eternally
to ME.

Thos. à Kempis.

HY shouldst thou yet
Lie grovelling?  More is won than ere was lost:
Inherit!

J. Ingelow.

Easter Week.]
WEEKS AFTER EASTER

WEEK OF THE

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"I am come that they might have Life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

A Prayer for the Week

O ALMIGHTY GOD, Whom truly to know is everlasting Life, grant us perfectly to know Thy SON JESUS CHRIST to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life, that, following in the steps of Thy holy Apostles, we may stedfastly walk in the Way that leadeth to Eternal Life.
The Risen Life:

Y Life is in my hand, and lo!
I grasp and bend it as a bow,
And shoot forth from its trembling string
An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window towards the east,
That of the Lord's deliverance!

Longfellow.

IME wasted is existence—us'd is Life.

Young.

PENING the map of God's extensive plan
We find a little isle—this Life of man:—
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around, and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,—
Some, shining pebbles, and some, weeds and shells..
A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize:—
Truth, Wisdom, Grace, and Peace like that above,
Sealed with His signet Whom they serve and love.
Scorned by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted are soon snatched away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

Cowper.

AS he too missed Life's end and learnt the cause?

Browning.

HE true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects he pursues.

Marcus Aurelius.

HIGHER Life gives deeper death.

MacDonald.

OHAMMED'S truth lay in a holy Book—
Christ's in a sacred Life.

Houghton.
NEEDS must blend the quality of Man
To quality of God, and so assist
Mere human sight to understand my Life.

IFE alone can impart Life.  Emerson.

S duty a mere sport, or an employ?
Life an entrusted talent, or a toy?
Cowper.

HAT shall a man be profited if he shall gain
the whole world and forfeit his Life? (R. V.)

UST Life be ever just escaped, which should
Have been enjoyed?—nay, might have been
and would,—
Each purpose ordered right!

Browning.

EEK not death in the error of your Life.
Wisdom 1. 12.

IFE is full of limits! Heed not
One more or less—the forward track
May often give you what you need not,
While wisdom waits on turning back.
Houghton.

VERY man's Life lies all within the Present,
which is but a point of Time. Marcus Aurelius.

. . . . . HAT is it you wish?
That I should lay aside my heart's pursuit,
Abandon the sole ends for which I live,
Reject God's great Commission, and so die?

Browning
The Risen Life:

---

H Life! Life-breath!
Life-blood!—Ere sleep, come travail,—Life ere
Death!

IFE without a plan,
As useless as the moment it began,
Serves merely as a soil for discontent
To thrive in; an incumbrance ere half-spent.

BROWNING.

IFE is a business; not good cheer.

COWPER.

NE launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea;
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down;
He meant much good,—none came! Strange destiny!
His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town,
Yet Good he had not meant, became his crown;
For once at work,—when, even as nature, free
From thought of good he was, or of renown,—
God took the work for good and let good be.

J. INGELOW.

IFE is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind;
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth;—the Future giveth
More than Present takes away;
And the soul forever liveth
Nearer God from day to day.

LOWELL.

IFE loves no lookers-on at his great game.

CLOUGH.

OR each and all, of Life
In every phase of action, love, and joy,—
There is fulfilment only Otherwhere.

H. HAMILTON KING.
Tuesday.]  

Life's Responsibility.

S Life wanes, all its cares and strife and toil  
Seem strangely valueless!  
Browning.

EASURE thy Life by loss instead of gain,  
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth!  
For Love's strength standeth in Love's sacrifice;  
And whoso suffers most, has most to give.  
H. Hamilton King.

LAY no tricks upon thy soul, O man!  
Let fact be fact, and Life the thing it can!  
Clough.

HOSOEVER will save his Life shall lose it,  
and whosoever will lose his Life for My sake, shall find it.

HEY live too far above, that I should look  
So far below to find them; let me think  
That rather they are visiting my grave,  
Called Life here—undeveloped yet to Life.  
E. B. Browning.

HOU dost well in rejecting mere comforts that spring  
From the mere mortal life held in common by man and by brute,—  
In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit . . .  
Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the spirit be thine!  
By the spirit when age shall o'ercome thee, thou still shalt enjoy  
More indeed than at first, when, unconscious, the life of a boy.  
Crush that life, and behold its wine running!  
Each deed thou hast done  
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world!  
Browning.
**The Risen Life:**

OR love Thy life, nor hate! but what thou liv'st
Live well!—how long or short permit to Heav'n.

**Milton.**

**ACH hour has its lesson, and each Life:**
And if we miss one life we shall not find
Its lesson in another—rather, go
So much the less complete for evermore,
Still missing something that we cannot name,
Still with our senses so far unattuned
To what the Present brings to harmonise
With our soul's Past. **H. H. King.**

IS Life is of less value than clay, forasmuch as he knew not his Maker, and Him that inspired into him an active soul, and breathed in a living spirit. **Wisdom xv. 10, 11.**

LIKE are Life and death,
When Life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.
Were a star quenched on high
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men. **Longfellow.**

KNOW no beauty, bliss, or worth,
In that which we call Life on earth,
That we should mourn its loss or dearth:
That we should sorrow for its sake,—
If God will the imperfect take
Unto Himself, and perfect make. **Houghton.**

*First Week after Easter.* 210
ELL me not, in mournful numbers,
“Life is but an empty dream,”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the Soul!
Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way:—
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day! Longfellow.

IFE'S best is bound, not by the utterance
Of any word, nor may in sound be spent
To win back echoes out of hollow chance.—
What thou hast felt is thine: if much, rejoice!
Lyttton.

ROGRESS is
The law of Life:—man is not Man as yet.
Browning.

O measure Life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way:
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, (though wise in show)
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.
Milton.

LASPHEME not thou thy sacred Life, nor turn,
O'er joys that God hath for a season lent,—
(Perchance to try thy spirit and its bent,
Effeminate soul and base!)—weakly to mourn!
There lies no desert in the land of Life;
For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,
Laboured of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings rife.
Frances Kemble.
Life's Responsibility.

IVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,—
A forlorn and ship-wreck'd brother,—
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Longfellow.

IFE is Act, and not to Do is Death.

Lewis Morris.

RT builds on sand; the works of pride
And human passion change and fall:
But that which shares the Life of God
With Him surviveth all.

Whittier.

EAUTIFUL it is to understand and know that
a Thought did never yet die; that as thou,
the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created
it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to
the whole Future.

Carlyle.

HE Living do not rule this world: ah no!
It is the Dead, the Dead!

J. Ingelow.

HE soul of a High Intent, be it known,
Can die no more than any soul
Which God keeps by Him under the Throne!

E. B. Browning.

E—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

E. Arnold.

GOOD life hath but a few days; but a good
name endureth for ever. Ecclesiasticus xli. 13.
"They rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer."

_A Prayer for the Week_

O L ORD, let that become possible to me by Thy grace, which by nature seems impossible to me. _Thou_ knowest that I am able to suffer but little, and that I am quickly cast down, when a slight adversity ariseth. For Thy Name's sake let every ordeal of Trouble and Adversity become grateful and acceptable unto me; for to be troubled for Thy sake is very wholesome for my soul.
The Risen Life:

Saturday.

S it indeed a loss, or is it gain?
  His Life is Pain, and he has nought besides;
Most miserable must he be indeed
If this be wholly evil as it seems.
  But if this be the hardest ill of all
For mortal flesh and heart to bear in peace,
It is the one comes straightest from God's hand . . .
We cannot well forget the hand that holds
And pierces us, and will not let us go,
However much we strive from under it.  H H. K.

KNOW THEE, Who hast kept my path, and
made
Light for me in the darkness, tempering sorrow
So that it reached me like a solemn joy.  BROWNING.

WEET are the uses of Adversity!  SHAKESPEARE.

HE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
  Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
COWPER.

UFFERING for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory.  MILTON.

E did amiss when we did wish it gone
  And over; Sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
  And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.  J. INGelow.

RIEF may be joy misunderstood.
  E. B. BROWNING.

IS not the calm and peaceful breast
  That sees or reads the problem true;
They only know on whom't has prest
  Too hard to hope to solve it too.  CLough.

Second Week after Easter.] 214
HALL we wear our palms  
And pay no price for them?  
H. HAMILTON KING.

N the cruel fire of Sorrow  
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail!  
Let thy hand be firm and steady,  
Do not let thy spirit quail!  
But wait till the trial is over  
And take thy heart again;  
For as gold is tried by fire  
So a heart must be tried by pain.

I shall know by the gleam and glitter  
Of the golden chain you wear,  
By your heart's calm strength in loving,  
Of the fire they have had to bear.

Beat on true heart, for ever!  
Shine bright, strong golden chain;  
And bless the cleansing fire  
And the furnace of living pain!  
A. PROCTOR.

WILL do or suffer what I ought.  
HERBERT.

NLY those are crowned and sainted,  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making Nations nobler, freer!  
LONGFELLOW.

HANK God, bless God,—all ye who suffer not  
More grief than ye can weep for!  
E. B. BROWNING.

ELF-LOVE no grace in sorrow sees,  
Consults her own peculiar ease;  
'Tis all the bliss she knows:  
But nobler aims true Love employ;  
In self-denial is her joy,  
In suffering her repose!  
COWPER.
The Risen Life:

---

HO can give, or bless,
Or take a blessing, but there comes withal
Some pain?

J. Ingelow.

ORROW is of every race,
And Suffering due from every age!

Houghton.

Y Thy command where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all the way,
A never-failing friend:
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content—
Let sorrow still attend!

Cowper.

E that is afraid of pain, is afraid of something
that will always be in the world: but this is a
failure in reverence and respect.

Marcus Aurelius.

“S God less God, that thou art left undone?
Rise, worship, bless Him, in this sackcloth spun,
As in that purple!”—But I answered, Nay!
What child his filial heart in words can loose,
If he behold his tender father raise
The hand that chastens sorely?—can he choose
But sob in silence with an upward gaze?—
And my Great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and praise.

E. B. Browning.

HEN God afflicts thee, think He hews a rugged
stone,
Which must be shaped, or else aside as useless
thrown!

Trench.
Suffering.

RISE! this day shall shine for evermore,
To thee a star divine on Time's dark shore!

Till now thy Soul has been all glad and gay;
Bid it awake and look at Grief to-day!...

But now the stream has reached a dark, deep sea;
And Sorrow, dim and crowned, is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bears a sword divine:
Stretch out thy trembling hands to day for thine!...

Then with slow, reverent step, and beating heart,
From out thy joyous day thou must depart,—

And leaving all behind come forth alone,
To join the chosen band around the throne:—

Raise up thine eyes!—be strong!—nor cast away
The crown that God has given thy Soul to-day!

A. Procter.

ITH a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing.

Cowper.

HOUGHT,—true labour of any kind,—highest virtue itself,—is it not the daughter of Pain?

Carlyle.

If there had been any better thing, and more profitable to man's salvation than Suffering, surely Christ would have shewed it by word and example.

Thos. à Kempis.

RIEF should be the instructor of the wise:
Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest.

Byron.
HY sorrows were in earnest: no faint proffer
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take.  

HAT most closely we may follow HIM
By Suffering, have all hearts of men allowed.
Is Suffering then more near and dear to God
For its own sake than Joy is? God forbid!
We know not its beginning nor its end;
We suffer. Why we suffer—that is hid
With God's foreknowledge in the clouds of Heaven.

F any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me.

UT if, impatient, thou let slip thy Cross,
Thou wilt not find it in this world again,
Nor in another; here, and here alone,
Is given thee to suffer for God's sake.—
In other worlds we shall more perfectly
Serve Him and love Him, praise Him, work for Him,
Grow near and nearer Him with all delight;
But then we shall not any more be called
To suffer,—which is our appointment here.
Couldst thou not suffer then, one hour—or two?
If He should call thee from thy Cross to-day,
Saying, It is finished!—that hard Cross of thine
From which thou prayest for deliverance,—
Thinkest thou not some passion of regret
Would overcome thee? Thou wouldst say "So soon?
Let me go back, and suffer yet awhile
More patiently!—I have not yet praised God."
And He might answer to thee,—"Never more—
All pain is done with!"
Suffering.

HOW me the path! I had forgotten Thee
When I was happy and free,
Walking down here in the gladsome light of the sun;
But now I come and mourn; oh set my feet
In the road to Thy blest seat!
And for the rest, O God, Thy Will be done!

J. Ingelow.

But God it is impossible that anything, how
small soever, if only it be suffered for God's
sake, should pass without its reward.

Thos. à Kempis.

AIN, that to us mortal clings
Is but the pushing of our wings
That we have no use for yet,
And the uprooting of our feet
From the soil where they are set,
And the land we reckon sweet.

J. Ingelow.

HO is the Angel that cometh?
Pain!
Let us arise and go forth to greet him;
Not in vain
Is the summons come for us to meet him;
He will stay
And darken our sun,
He will stay
A desolate night, a weary day,
Since in that shadow our work is done.
And in that shadow our crowns are won!
Let us say still while his bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured—
"Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord!"

A. Procter.
Suffering.

EN as men
Can reach no higher than the Son of God,
The Perfect Head and Pattern of mankind.
The time is short and this sufficeth us
To live and die by; and in Him again
We see the same first starry attribute,
"Perfect through Suffering," our salvation's seal,
Set in the front of His Humanity ....
While we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly; since this alone—
The Suffering—which is this world's special grace,
May here be perfected and left behind.
H. Hamilton King.

HAT else could knit
You theirs but Sorrow?

Browning.

HERE is purpose in pain,
Otherwise it were devilish! I trust in my soul.
That the great Master-Hand which sweeps over the whole
Of this deep harp of Life,—if at moments it stretch
To shrill tension some one wailing nerve,—means to fetch
Its response, the truest, most stringent and smart,
Its pathos the purest, from out the wrung heart,
Whose faculties,—flaccid it may be, if less
Sharply strung, sharply smitten,—had fail'd to express
Just the one note the great final Harmony needs.
And what best proves there's Life in a heart?—that it bleeds!
Grant a cause to remove, grant an end to attain,
Grant both to be just,—and what mercy in pain!
Cease the sin with the sorrow! See morning begin!
Pain must burn itself out if not fuell'd by sin.
Lytton.

Second Week after Easter.] 220
WEEKS AFTER EASTER

WEEK OF THE

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"I was left alone and saw this great Vision."

A Prayer for the Week

Be THOU, O GOD, we beseech THEE, with the Lonely and the Desolate: sanctify their solitude with a closer sense of Thy Presence and Protection, and lead them by Thy Holy Spirit to satisfy the longings of their hearts by abiding in the Communion of Thy Saints.
The Risen Life:

HRICE bless'd are they, who feel their Loneliness;
To whom nor voice of friends nor pleasant scene
Brings aught on which the sadden'd heart can lean.
Yea, the rich earth, garb'd in her daintiest dress
Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high,—
Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His Presence Who alone can bless.

Newman.

AR from the world, O Lord, I flee
From strife and tumult, far
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

Cowper.

HERE your treasure is, there shall your heart
be also.

Matt. vi. 21.

Y all means use sometimes to be alone!—
Salute thyself! See what thy soul doth wear!

Herbert.

E is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which He has left,
On this earth of Him bereft.
We have still His work to do;
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

Stanley.

Third Week after Easter.] 222
Loneliness.

—•—

Y Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing Thee?...
"'Tis good for you that I should go,
You lingering yet awhile below!"—
'Tis Thine own gracious promise, Lord!
Thy saints have proved Thy faithful word.
When Heaven's bright boundless avenue
Far open'd on their eager view,
And homeward to Thy Father's throne.
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,
Thy shadowy car went soaring on,
They track'd Thee up th' abyss of Light.

Keble.

HE friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting, as we feel it who must stay
Lamenting day by day.
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one belovéd face.

Longfellow.

F we mourn—not because Time is fleeting,
Not because Life is short, and some die young,—
But because Parting ever follows Meeting,
And while our hearts with constant loss are wrung,
Our minds are tossed in doubt from sea to sea,—
Then may we claim community with Thee.

Houghton.

E with us all for evermore,
Far parted though on earth we be!
For oh! to yonder sunlit shore
We have no other Guide but Thee.

Be with us all in strength and grace
For daily need, for holy vow!
Let suffering hearts Thy dealings trace,
Touch tenderly the fevered brow!

A. Bond.
The Risen Life:

OR the glory and the passion of this midnight
I praise Thy name, I give Thee thanks, O Christ!
Thou that hast neither failed me nor forsaken
Through these hard hours with victory overpriced;
Now that I too of Thy passion have partaken,
For the world's sake—called,—elected,—sacrificed!
Thou wast alone through Thy redemption vigil,
Thy friends had fled;
The Angel at the Garden from Thee parted,
And Solitude instead
More than the scourge, or cross, O Tender-hearted!
Under the Crown of Thorns bowed down Thy Head.
But I, amid the torture, and the taunting
I have had Thee!
Thy hand was holding my hand fast and faster,
Thy voice was close to me:
And glorious eyes said "Follow Me, thy Master,
Smile as I smile thy faithfulness to see!"

H. Hamilton King.

EAR thou not; for I am with thee.

H, say not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read! This earth He trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh.
And when thou liest by slumber bound,
Outworned in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with Saints around,
He stands above thee through the night!

Newton.

ATCH with me, Jesus; in my loneliness,
Though others say me Nay, yet say Thou, Yes;
Though others pass me by, stop Thou to bless.

C. Rossetti.

Third Week after Easter.] 224
**Tuesday.**

**Loneliness.**

IHY should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone,—so Heaven has willed,—we die?
Not e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh!
Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,—
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow
Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from the heart.

H! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone!
Communion sweet! Communion large and high,—
Our Reason,—Guardian Angel,—and our God—
Then nearest these, when others most remote.

AY it not be hoped, that placed . . .
In like removal, tranquil though severe,
We are not so removed for utter loss;
But for some favour, suited to our need?
What more than that the severing should confer
Fresh power to commune with the Invisible World,
And hear the mighty Stream of Tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous Voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude; whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

AN dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said.

J. INGELC.W.
Solitude sometimes is best society.

Milton.

N twilight and in fearfulness,
We feel our path along
From heart to heart,—yet none the less
Our way is often wrong;—
And then new dangers must be faced,
New doubts must be dispelled—
For not one step can be retraced
That once the Past has held.

We live together years and years,
And leave unsounded still
Each other’s springs of hopes and fears,
Each other’s depths of will:—
We live together day by day,
And some chance look or tone
Lights up with instantaneous ray
An inner world unknown!

Nor marvel that the Wise and Good
Should oft apart remain:
Nor dare, when once misunderstood,
To sympathise again . . .
Come, Death! and match thy quiet gloom
With Being’s darkling strife,
Come, set beside the lonely Tomb,
The Solitude of Life!

Houghton.

He quiet and exalted thoughts
Of Loneliness!

Wordsworth.

F chosen souls could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No Greatness ever had been dreamed or done!

Lowell.
HE nurse of full-grown souls is Solitude.

ETTER a child of care and toil
   To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad redundant soil
   To pine neglected and forgot!  Houghton.

OLITUDE permits the mind to feel.

LONE I walk the peopled city
   Where each seems happy with his own!
Ah! friends, I ask not for your pity—
   I walk alone! . . .

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
   And that is—Death! . . .

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee;
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving,
   I shall be free!

ELDOM can the heart be lonely,
   If it seek a lonelier still,—
Self-forgetting, seeking only
   Emptier cups with love to fill.

HEN from our better selves we have too long
   Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,
Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,—
   How gracious, how benign, is Solitude! Wordsworth.

ET not in Solitude!—if Christ anear me
   Waketh Him workers for the great employ!
Oh, not in Solitude!—if souls that hear me
   Catch from my joyance the surprise of joy! Myers.
__Loneliness._

— OLY in voice and heart,  
To high ends, set apart!  
All unmated! all unmated!  
Just because so consecrated!  
Vaunting to come before  
Our own age evermore!  
In a loneness, in a loneness,  
And the nobler for that oneness!  
But if alone we be,—  
Where is our empery?  
And if none can reach our stature,—  
Who can mete our lofty nature?

E B. BROWNING.

HOUGH all is fair, and I am Lord of all,  
Without My Children I am desolate.  BUCHANAN.

OOM is none more pitiable than his,  
Who has created an heart-solitude,  
Raised a partition-wall to separate  
Between himself and any of his kind!  TRENCH.

WAS taught to feel perhaps too much  
The self-sufficing power of Solitude . . .  
He, who by wilful disesteem of life  
And proud insensibility to hope,  
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn  
That her mild nature can be terrible—  
That neither she nor Silence lack the power  
To avenge their own insulted majesty!

WORDSWORTH.

ND as material life is planned  
That even the loneliest one must stand  
Dependent on his brother’s hand;—  
So links more subtle and more fine  
Bind every other soul to thine  
In one great brotherhood divine.  A. PROCTER.

_Third Week after Easter._ [228]
"Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord shall fight for thee."

A Prayer for the Week

ALMIGHTY GOD, Who shewest to them that be in error the light of Thy Truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness; grant that in all our sufferings here upon earth for the testimony of Thy Truth, we may stedfastly look up to heaven, and by faith behold the glory that shall be revealed.
Truth.

IS like at no one time
Of the world's story has not Truth,—the prime
Of Truth, the very Truth—which, loosed, had hurled
The world's course right,—been really in the world.

Browning.

HEN royal Truth, released from mortal throes,
Burst His brief slumber, and triumphant rose,
Ill had the Holiest sued
A patron multitude,
Or courted Tetrarch's eye, or claim'd to rule
By the world's winning grace, or proofs from learned school.

But robing Him in viewless air, He told
His secret to a few of meanest mould:
They in their turn imparted
The gift to men pure-hearted,
While the brute Many heard His mysteries high,
As some strange fearful tongue, and crouch'd,—they knew not why.

Still is the might of Truth,—as it hath been,—
Lodg'd in the few,—obey'd, and yet unseen:
Rear'd on lone heights, and rare,
His saints their watch-flame bear,
And the mad World sees the wide-circling blaze,
Vain searching whence it streams, and how to quench its rays.

Newman.

RUTH—whose eye guilt only can make dim.

Wordsworth.

RUTH remains true, the fault's in the Prover.

Browning.

REAT Truths are portions of the Soul of Man,
Great Souls are portions of Eternity.

Lowell.
WANT,—am made for,—and must have a God,
Ere I can be aught, do aught;—no mere Name
Want, but the True Thing, with what proves Its
truth,—
To wit, a relation from that Thing to me
Touching from head to foot:—which Touch I feel,
And with it take the rest, this Life of ours!

NOWLEDGE and Truth, and holy mystery,
Wherein Truth mainly lies for those who see
Beyond the earthly and the fugitive.—
Who in the grandeur of the soul believe,
And only in the Infinite are free.

EAD is clear and hand is strong,
But our heart no haven knows:—
SUN of Truth! the night is long—
Let Thy radiance interpose!

OUNT it crime to let a Truth slip! BROWNING.

WO aspects bears Truth needful for salvation:
Who knows not that?—Yet would this delicate
age
Look only at the Gospel’s brighter page.—
Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ,
So shall the fearful words of Commination
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

INCERTITY, a deep, great, genuine Sincerity, is
the first characteristic of all men in any way
heroic.

RUTH’S supreme revelations
Come in sorrow to Men, and in war come to
Nations.

BROWNING.

LOWELL.

HOUPTON.

WORMSORTH.

CARLYLE.

LYTTON.
Truth.

E was a bitter Mocker, that old Man
Who bade us "Know ourselves"—yet not unwise!
For though the Science of our Life and Being
Be unattained and unattainable
By these weak organs . . . though we all must patient stand
Like statues on appointed pedestals,
Yet we may choose (since choice is given) to shun Servile contentment or ignoble fear,
In the expression of our attitude;
And with far-straining eyes, and hands upcast,
And feet half-raised, declare our painful state,
Yearning for wings to reach the fields of Truth,
Mourning for wisdom, panting to be free!

Houghton.

S for the Truth, it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore.

1 Esdras IV. 38.

HAVE been proud of knowledge, when the flame Of Truth, high Truth, but flickered in my soul.
Only at times in lonely midnight hours . . .
Have I beheld clear Truth apart from Form,
And known myself a living lonely Thought Isled in the hyaline of Truth alway . . .
Make me content to be a primrose-flower Among Thy nations, that the fair Truth hid In the sweet primrose, enter into me And I rejoice,—an individual soul Reflecting Thee,—as truly then divine, As if I towered the Angel of the Sun!

Mac Donald.

O halls of heavenly Truth, admission wouldst thou win?
Oft Knowledge stands without, while Love may enter in.

Trench.

Fourth Week after Easter.] 232
Tuesday.

Truth.

WILL find
Where Truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre! Shakespeare.

ET us then be what we are, and speak what we
think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to Truth! Longfellow.

UY the Truth and sell it not. Prov. xxiii. 23.

E cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace;
Men of presumptuous heart! I know you well!
Ye are of those who plan that we should dwell
Each in his tranquil home and holy place;—
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.
And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs:
Ye mark'd it spoke of peace, chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy,—and ye heard no more;
But as for zeal and quick-eyed Sanctity,
And the dread depths of Grace, ye passed them by!
And so ye halve the Truth! for ye in heart,
At best, are doubters whether it be true,
The theme discarding as unmeet for you—
Statesmen or Sages!—O new-compass'd art
Of the ancient Foe!—but what if it extends
O'er our own camps, and rules amid our friends?
Newman.

OT a truth has to Art or to Science been given
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled
and striven;
And many have striven and many have failed,
And many died,—slain by the Truth they assail'd.
Lytton.

LL truth is precious, if not all divine. Cowper.
Truth.

ARE to be true! Nothing can need a lie!
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby!

HE words
That make a man feel strong in speaking Truth.

OR number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.

RUTH is large! our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be:—
Shame, to stand in His creation
And doubt Truth's sufficiency!—
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling!
O brave poets! keep back nothing!
Nor mix falsehood with the whole:—
Look up Godward; speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul;
Hold in high poetic duty
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty!

E. B. Browning.

RUTH is certain, soon or late, to appear
In front of us, whatever we may do
To avoid the meeting. Better when we hear
Her steps approaching for the interview,
Prepare at once, and meet her face to face!

Lytton.

HE way to speak and write what shall not go
out of fashion is, to speak and write sincerely.

Emerson.

OD'S gift was that man should conceive of Truth
And yearn to gain it.

Browning.
Thursday.

Truth.

ES! this life is the war of the False and the True!
Yet this life is a Truth;—though so complex to
That its latent veracity few of us find.  

RUTH will come to light.

HEN I would search the truths that in me
burn,
And mould them into rule and argument,
A hundred reasoners cried,—"Hast thou to learn
Those dreams are scatter’d now, those fires are
spent?" ... 
Perplex’d, I hoped my heart was pure of guile,
But judged me weak in wit, to disagree;
But now I see that men are mad awhile,
And joy the Age to come will think of me:—
'Tis the old history—Truth without a home
Despised and slain, then rising from the tomb!

HEY must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.

RUTH is truth,
And justifies itself by undreamed ways.

ERVANT of God, well done, well hast thou
fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of Truth,—in word mightier than they in arms—
And for the testimony of Truth hast borne
Universal reproach,—far worse to bear
Than violence!
**Truth.**

RUTH is within ourselves! It takes no rise From outward things, whate'er you may believe.  
**Browning.**

OUL severed from the Truth is sin;  
The dark and dizzy gulf is Doubt;  
Truth never moves—unmoved therein,  
Our road is straight and firm throughout.  
**Allingham.**

If you will be true to the best of yourself, living up to your nature, standing boldly by the Truth of your word and satisfied therewith, then you will be a happy man.  
**Marcus Aurelius.**

HOSO in one thing hath been true  
Can be as true in all.  
**Lowell.**

BOVE all things Truth beareth away the victory  
**1 Esdras iii. 12.**

O thine own self be true!  
And it must follow as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
**Shakespeare.**

LATTERY, even to kings, he held a shame,  
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.  
**Pope.**

LIE which is half a Truth is ever the blackest of lies!  
A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with  
But a lie which is part a Truth is a harder matter to fight!  
**Tennyson.**

RUTH is our only armour in all passages of life and death.  
**Emerson.**
WEEKS AFTER EASTER

WEEK OF THE

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

“Surely my Work is with my God.”

A Prayer for the Week

Let me be diligent in Thy service, O LORD, day by day. Let all labour be my delight which is for THEE, and all rest weary me which is not in THEE; and may every undertaking be begun, continued, and ended in THEE, to the Glory of Thy Holy Name!
Work.

AN hath his daily Work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;—
While other animals inactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

Milton.

HIS chance of noble deeds will come and go
Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire!

Tennyson.

O not drudge like a galley-slave, nor do business
in such a laborious manner as if you had a
mind to be pitied or wondered at.

M. Aurelius.

ORK—the healing of divinest balm
To whomsoever hath the courage to begin,
Not yielding to the bitterness of grief.

H. H. K.

TATELY is Service accepted, but lovelier Service
rendered.

Clough.

N the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.

ET leave to work
In this world!—'tis the best you get at all!
For God in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says Sweat [crowned
For foreheads,—men say Crowns—and so we are
Ay, gashed—by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring.—Get Work! get
ORK! Get Work!
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get!

E. B. Browning.

ORK is Heaven's best! J. Ingelow.

Fifth Week after Easter.] 238
ARK, hark! a voice amid the quiet intense!
It is thy Duty waiting thee without—
Rise from thy knees in hope, the half of doubt—
A hand doth pull thee—It is Providence!
Open thy door straightway and get thee hence;
Go forth into the tumult and the shout!
Work! love! with workers, lovers all about!
Of noise alone is born the inward sense
Of silence; and from Action springs alone
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.
Mac Donald.

ONTAMINATION taints the idler first.
Clough.

Is labour kept him true to life and fact,
Casting out worldly judgments, false desires,
And vain distinctions.
Mac Donald.

HE honest, earnest Man must stand and work—
The Woman also.
E. B. Browning.

LL service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly He trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God’s puppets, best and worst,
Are we;—there is no last nor first.
Say not “a small event!” Why “small”?
Costs it more pain that this ye call
A “great event” should come to pass
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!
Browning.

UR duty down here is to do, not to know;—
Live as though life were earnest, and life will be so!
Lytton.
HOEVER fears God, fears to sit at ease.
E. B. BROWNING.

NLY Work that is for God alone
Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight,
A guerdon unaffected by the sight
Of great success, nor by its loss o'erthrown.—
All else is vanity beneath the sun,
There may be joy in Doing, but it palls when done.
F. R. HAVERTAL.

VERY man's task is his life-preserver. The
conviction that his Work is dear to God and
cannot be spared, defends him.
EMERSON.

NOWING ourselves, our world, our task so great,
Our time so brief,—'tis clear if we refuse
The means so limited, the tools so rude,
To execute our purpose, life will fleet,
And we shall fade, and leave our task undone.—
We will be wise in time! What though our Work
Be fashioned in despite of their ill-service,
Be crippled every way? 'Twere little praise
Did full resources wait on our good will
At every turn!
BROWNING.

HAT is begun
At daybreak, must at dark be done!
To-morrow will be another day,—
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart, and try the frame,
And stamp with honour or with shame
These vessels made of clay.
LONGFELLOW.

EATH closes all; but something ere the end,
Some Work of noble note may yet be done!

Fifth Week after Easter.] 240
AITH’S meanest deed more favour bears,  
Where hearts and wills are weigh’d,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour and fade. Newman.

HO care  
Only to quit a calling, will not make  
The calling what it might be;—Who despise  
Their work, Fate laughs at, and doth let the work  
Dull and degrade them. J. Ingelow.

AN must toil for good or he shall toil for ill.  
Houghton.

E may do  
Our Father’s business in these temples murk,  
Thus swift and stedfast, thus intent and strong;  
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue  
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our Work  
The better for the sweetness of our song.  
E. B. Browning.

IMPLE lives, complete and without flaw...  
Who said not to their Lord as if afraid,  
"Here is Thy talent in a napkin laid,"  
But laboured in their sphere, as those who live  
In the delight that Work alone can give.  
Longfellow.

UR acts and words are but the pregnant seeds  
Of future Being, when the flowers and weeds,  
Local and temporal, in the vast whole  

OT stirring words, nor gallant deeds alone,  
Plain patient Work fulfilled that length of life;  
Duty, not glory—Service, not a throne.  
Inspired his effort, set for him the strife.  
Clough.
Work.

E shall marvel why we grudged
Our labour here, and idly judged
Of heaven!

Sure, no earnest Work
Of any honest creature,—howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted,—fails so much,
It is not gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out God’s end!  

OD asks not what, but whence thy Work is—
from the fruit
He turns His eye away, to prove the inmost root.

O works shall find acceptance in that day
When all disguises shall be rent away,
That square not truly with the scripture plan,
Nor spring from love to God, or love to Man.

FFECT? Influence? Utility? Let a man do his
Work; the fruit of it is the care of Another
than he.

OT on the vulgar mass
Called “work,” must sentence pass—
Things done that took the eye and had the price;
O’er which, from level stand, the low world laid its
hand,—
Found straightway to its mind,—could value in a trice.
But all, the world’s coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,—
So passed in making up the main account:—
All instincts immature, all purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
man’s amount.

Fifth Week after Easter.] 242
ASCENSION-TIDE

"Work Consummated."

A Prayer for the Season

Grant that we may also in heart and mind thither ascend and with Him continually dwell!
"Lift up your Hearts."

LEST are they
Who in this fleshly world—the Elect of Heaven—
Their strong eye darting through the deeds of men—
Adore with stedfast unpresuming gaze
Him, Nature's Essence, Mind and Energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend,
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their Father's throne
Lead gradual!

S. T. Coleridge.

OT to man on earth is given
The ripe fulfilment of desire;—
Desire of Heaven itself is Heaven,
Unless the passion faint and tire!
So upward still, from hope to hope,
From faith to faith, the soul ascends:
And who has scaled the ethereal cope
Where that sublime succession ends?

Houghton.

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.

Milton.

HE thing we long for,—That we are
For one transcendent moment!
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment!
Longing is God's fresh heavenward Will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing!

Lowell.
THURSDAY.

Work Consummated.

HEN we come to die we shall not find
The day has been too long for any of us
To have fulfilled the perfect law of Christ.
Who is there that can say "My part is done
In this; now I am ready for a law
More wide, more perfect for the rest of life?"
Is any living that has not come short?
Has any died that was not short at last?

Whensoe'er it comes—
That summons that we look for—it will seem
Soon, yea, too soon!—Let us take heed in time
That God may now be glorified in us!

H. Hamilton King.

O works the All-Wise! our services dividing
Not as we ask:
For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding
Our duty-task.
See in kings' courts loth Jeremias plead;
And slow-tongued Moses rule by eloquence of deed.

Newman.

ET every action tend to some point and be perfect
in its kind.

Marcus Aurelius.

E die; which means to say, the whole's removed,
Dismounted wheel by wheel, this complex
gin—
To be set up anew elsewhere,— begin
A task indeed, but with a clearer clime
Than the murk lodgment of our building-time.

Browning.

H work thy works in God!—He can rejoice in
nought
Save only in Himself and what His Self has
wrought.

Trench.
Work Consummated.

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Friday.

O feel is but to dream; until we Do,
There's nought that is, and all we see but
seems.

OVE and believe! for Works will follow spontaneously
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good
is an offspring.
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian Works are no
more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate
spring-tide.
Works do follow us all unto God;—there stand and
bear witness
Not what they seemed—but what they were only.

LONGFELLOW.

LL common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

LONGFELLOW.

LENDING their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds.
As noble boys at play.

HOUGHTON.

OR doubt that golden cords
Of good Works, mingling with the Visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds.

Wordsworth.
WEEKS AFTER EASTER

WEEK OF THE

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY

"I will pray with the spirit and I will pray with the understanding also."

A Prayer for the Week

LORD, teach us to pray!

Hearken unto the voice of my calling, my KING and my GOD, for unto THEE will I make my prayer! My voice shalt THOU hear betimes, O LORD! early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto THEE and will look up!

O LORD, I beseech THEE, let now Thine ear be attentive to the prayer of Thy servants who desire to fear Thy Name!
Prayer.

HERE may be Worship without Words.

LONGFELLOW.

HE Prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

RAYER against His absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to His great bidding I submit.

MILTON.

N reverence will we speak of those that woo
The ear Divine with clear and ready Prayer;
And while their voices cleave the Sabbath air,
Know their bright thoughts are winging heavenward too.
Yet many a one—the latchet of whose shoe
These might not loose,—will often only dare
Lay some poor words between him and despair—
"Father, forgive! we know not what we do!"
For, as CHRIST pray'd, so echoes our weak heart,
Yearning the ways of God to vindicate,
But worn and wilder'd by the shows of fate,
Of Good oppressed and Beautiful defiled,—
Dim alien force, that draws or holds apart
From its dear home that wandering spirit-child.

HOUGHTON.

UBLIMITY always is simple.

LONGFELLOW.
HY loiterest within Simon's walls,
   Hard by the barren sea,
Thou Saint! when many a sinner calls
   To preach and set him free?
Can this be he, who erst confess'd
   For Christ affection keen,
Now truant in untimely rest—
   The mood of an Essene?
Yet he who at the sixth hour sought
   The lone house-top to pray,
There gained a sight beyond his thought—
   The dawn of Gentile day.
Then reckon not, when perils lour,
   The time of Prayer misspent;
Nor meanest chance, nor place, nor hour
   Without its heavenward bent.              \[Newman.\]

HO goes to bed and doth not pray,
   Maketh two nights of every day.              \[Herbert.\]

EN ought always to pray and not to faint.
   \[Luke xviii. 1.\]

\[Trench.\]

F this thing be careful—here give heed,
   Since this and not thy pleasure is the end
Of all thy Prayer—this question often ask—
   Does it more holy self-denial breed?
And leaves it thee more fearful to offend,
   With loins succinct, readier for every task?

\[Trench.\]

HEN fainting soul, arise and sing!
   Mount! but be sober on the wing;
Mount up, for Heaven is won by Prayer,
   Be sober, for thou art not there!           \[Keble.\]
Prayer.

F what an easy, quick access,
My blessèd Lord, art Thou? How suddenly
May our requests Thine ear invade!
To show that state dislikes not easiness
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made;
Thou canst no more not hear than Thou canst die.

HERBERT.

HAT'S in Prayer, but this two-fold force—
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down?

Shakespeare.

PEAK to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with
Spirit can meet:
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands
and feet.

Tennyson.

HIS is that which most of all hindereth Heavenly
consolation, that thou art too slow in turning
thyself to Prayer.

THOS. À KEMPIS.

HOU art coming to a King!
Large petitions with thee bring!
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.

Newton.

ASILY may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy from heaven descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-bless'd, or to incline His Will,—
Hard to belief may seem: yet this will Prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev’n to the seat of God!

Milton.
VEN as Elias mounting to the sky
Did cast his mantle to the earth behind,
So, when the heart presents the Prayer on high,
Exclude the World from traffic with the Mind.

SOUTHWELL.

PRAYER is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER in an hour of pain,
Begun in an undertone,
Then lowered, as it would fain
Be heard by the heart alone! —
A throb, when the soul is entered
By a light that is lit above,
Where the God of Nature has centered
The Beauty of Love! —
The world is wide,—these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are All.

HOUGHTON.

O thou into thy closet: shut thy door—
And pray to Him in secret: He will hear.
But think not thou, by one wild bound, to clear
The numberless ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the Father's likeness near;
And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear
That, step by step, their mounting flights passed o'er.
Be thou content if on thy weary need
There falls a sense of showers and of the Spring;
A hope that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed:
For highest aspiration will not lead
Unto the calm beyond all questioning.

MAG DONALD.
Prayer.

Wednesday.

If we with earnest effort could succeed
To make our life one long connected Prayer,
As lives of some perhaps have been and are;—
If,—never leaving Thee,—we had no need
Our wandering spirits back again to lead
Into Thy presence, but continued there,
Like angels standing on the highest stair
Of the sapphire throne,—this were to pray indeed!
But if distractions manifold prevail,
And if in this we must confess we fail,
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for Prayer and Praise—
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze!

Trench.

RUE devotion does not depend upon Feeling.

HRICE blest, whose lives are faithful Prayers,
Whose lives in higher love endure!
What souls possess themselves so pure?—
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

Tennyson.

EING in an agony He prayed more earnestly.
Luke xxii. 44.

"HEY who have steeped their souls in Prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear—
They who have learnt to pray aright
From pain’s dark well draw up delight."
Your words are fair,
But oh! the truth lies deeper still!—
I know not—when absorbed in Prayer—
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill;
They who God’s face can understand
Feel not the motions of His hand.

Houghton.

Week after Ascension.] 252
Thursday.]

Prayer.

**—**

E not afraid to pray!—to pray is right—
Pray (if thou canst) with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay!
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light!
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite!
Whate’er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be:
But if for any wish thou dar’st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

H. Coleridge.

MAN’S reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s heaven for? 

Browning.

S we hold of Christ, even so we have Him.

Luther.

O, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at the minster-gate,
Kneeling in Prayer, and not ashamed to pray,—
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the Eternal Ages watch and wait.

Longfellow.

RAYER was not meant for luxury
Or selfish pastime sweet:
It is the prostrate Creature’s place
At his Creator’s feet!

Faber.
Prayer.

RAYERS, which God in pity
Refused to grant or hear!
A. Procter.

AR better we should cross His lightning's path,
Than be according to our idols heard,
And God should take us at our own vain word!

Thou Who hast deign'd the Christian's heart to call
Thy Church and Shrine; whene'er our rebel will
Would in that chosen home of Thine instal
Belial or Mammon, grant us not the ill
We blindly ask! in very love refuse
Whate'er Thou know'st our weakness would abuse!

Or rather, help us, Lord, to choose the good,
To pray for nought, to seek to none, but Thee,
Nor by "our daily bread" mean common food,
Nor say, "From this world's evil, set us free":
Teach us to love, with Christ, our sole true bliss,
Else, though in Christ's own words, we surely pray amiss!

RAY! though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,—
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears!
An answer,—not that you long for,
But diviner,—will come some day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive and wait and pray!

A. Procter.

EAR not, for thy Prayer is heard!
"Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace."

A Prayer for the Week

Creator Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind!
Come pour Thy joys on human kind!
From sin and sorrow set us free
And make Thy temples worthy Thee—
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow!
S for thee,
That life thou hast is hidden from thine eyes,
And when it yearns, thou—knowing not for what—
Wouldst fain appease it with one grand, deep joy,
One draught of passionate Peace:—But wilt thou
The other name of joy, the better name [know
Of Peace? It is thy FATHER's name!—Thy Life
Yearns to its Source! The spirit thirsts for God,
Even the living God!

J. Ingelow.

H! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?

Tennyson.

AIN entered through a ghastly breach—
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
But, for the bower's of Eden lost,
Mercy has placed within our reach
A portion of God's Peace.

Wordsworth.

LORD of Peace, Who art LORD of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and
[redress,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with
And give us Peace which is no counterfeit.

E. B. Browning.

HOU shalt hide them privily by Thine own
Presence from the provoking of all men; thou
shalt keep them secretly in Thy tabernacle from the
strife of tongues.

Ps. xxxi. 23 (P.B.).

H.Hamilton King.

Whitsuntide.] 256
Whit Sunday.

The Spirit of Peace.

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EACE, Peace!
Wrought by the Spirit of might,
In thy deepest sorrow and sorest strife,
In the changes and chances of mortal life,—
It is thine beloved!—Christ's own bequest,
Which vainly the Tempter shall strive to wrest;
It is now thy right! F. R. Havergal.

HAT peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
Return, O Holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast. Cowper.

EACE is what all desire; but all do not care for
the things that pertain unto true Peace.
Thos. à Kempis.

N controversial foul impureness
The Peace that is thy light to thee
Quench not! In faith and inner sureness
Possess thy soul and let it be! Clough.

EACE, perfect Peace! by thronging duties press'd?—
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest! Bickersteth.

OD for His service needeth not proud work of
human skill;
They please Him best who labour most to do in
Peace His Will [given
So let us strive to live! and to our spirits will be
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us
up to heaven. Wordsworth.
Whitsuntide.

[Whit Monday.

The Spirit of Peace.

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EACE is God's direct assurance
To the souls that win release
From this world of hard endurance—
Peace—He tells us—only Peace!

HOUGHTON.

DEAR and blessèd Peace!

Why dost thou shroud thy vestal Purity
In penury and dungeons? Wherefore lurkest
With danger, death and solitude?—yet shunn'st
The palace I have built thee? Sacred Peace!
Oh visit me but once, but pitying shed
One drop of balm upon my withered soul!—
Vain man! that palace is the virtuous heart,
And Peace defileth not her snowy robes
In such a shed as thine!

SHELLEY.

EACE in believing, through the power of the
Holy Ghost.

ROM. xv. 13.

HEY may assault, they may distress;
But cannot quench Thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord my Peace!

COWPER.

BENT before Thy gracious throne,
And asked for Peace on suppliant knee;
And Peace was given,—nor Peace alone,
But Faith sublimed to Ecstasy!

WORDSWORTH.

RANT Peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven!

P. PUSEY.

HE Blessed shall hear no vain words, but only
the word—Peace.

KORAN.

T is enough! earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect Peace.

BICKERSTETH.

Whitsuntide.] 253
Whit Tuesday.]

The Spirit of Peace.

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EART, heart, awake! The love that loveth all
Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's cave:—
God in thee,—can His children's folly gall?
Love may be hurt, but shall not love be brave?
Thy holy silence sinks in dews of balm;
Thou art my solitude, my mountain-calm!

Mac Donald.

SHAME to man! Devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds,—men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace: and—God proclaiming peace,—
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if,—which might induce us to accord,—
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait!

Milton.

LESSED are the Peacemakers!

Matt. v. 9.

ENCE jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine, by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of Nature and of Grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make Peace their aim!

Cowper.

TILL in thy right hand carry gentle Peace
To silence envious tongues.

Shakespeare.

EACE hath her victories
No less renowned than war!

Milton.
The Spirit of Peace.

ERE half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and forts.
The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every Nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!
Down the dark Future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the Voice of Christ say "Peace."
Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War’s great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise!

If we pray, till Thou awake!
One word, one breath of Thee
Soft silence in the heart will make,
Calm Peace upon the sea.

Strange that all
The terrors, pains and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind,—should e’er have borne a part,
(And that a needful part,) in making up
The calm Existence which is mine,—when I
Am worthy of myself!

NLY the waters which in perfect stillness lie
Give back an undistorted image of the sky!

O, when our life is clouded o'er
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still!"

Whitsuntide.] 269
The Spirit of Peace.

EACE let us seek,—to steadfast things attune
Calm expectations!  

Wordsworth.

I ELD to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast and all thou art!
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And Peace shall be for ever thine!

Madame Guion.

EACE?—a brutal lethargy is peaceable! the
noisome grave is peaceable! We hope for a
living Peace, not a dead one.

Carlyle.

DO not ask, O Lord, that Thou should'st shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of Peace that I may tread
Without a fear!
Joy is like restless day! but Peace divine,
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord—till perfect Day shall shine
Through Peace to Light!

A. Procter.

LESSED are the single-hearted: for they shall enjoy much Peace.

Thos. à Kempis.

H dream no more of quiet life;
Care finds the careless out—More wise to vow
Thine heart entire to Faith's pure strife;
So Peace will come, thou know'st not when or how.

Keble.

IS Will is our Peace.

Dante.

RANT us Thy Peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife!
Then, when Thy Voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord! to Thine eternal Peace!

Ellerton.
The Spirit of Peace.

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GREAT good God! my pray'r is to neglect
The shows of fantasy, and turn myself
To Thy unfenced, unmeasured warmth and light!
Then were all shows of things a part of truth:
Then were my Soul, if busy or at rest,
Residing in the house of perfect Peace.

Allingham.

E A C E—
The central feeling of all happiness.
Wordsworth.

E ask for Peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask Thy Peace!
Not what the World calls rest,—
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm Life should fleet away
And tranquil night should fade in smiling day;—
It is not for such Peace that we would pray!

We ask Thy Peace, O Lord!
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long, struggling life:
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls our wasted might,—
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light!

It is Thine own, O Lord!
Who toil while others sleep,
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap,—
They lean on Thee entranced
In calm and perfect rest:—
Give us that Peace, O Lord, Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best!

A. Procter.
HOLY WEEK, EASTER, ASCENSION, AND WHITSUNTIDE

SAINTS COMMEMORATED IN THE SEASON

APRIL 25th

“Spiritual Manhood”

MAY 1st

“Spiritual Dullness”

* * The Feast of St. Barnabas (p. 479) occasionally falls in this Season.
PEN thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in Manhood, — let in happiness!
Amid the boundless theatre of thought—
From nothing up to God, — which makes a Man!

HERE'S no one to whom 's not given
Some little lineament of Heaven,
Some partial symbol, at the least, in sign,
Of what should be, if it is not, within,
Reminding of the death of sin
And life of the Divine . . .
Glory to God! that I am born
Into a world whose palace-gates
So many royal ones adorn —
Heaven's possible novitiates! . . .
Princely ye are, each one, to me,
Each of secret, kingly blood,
Though not inheritors as yet
Of all your own right royal things . . .
Yet are ye Angels in disguise;
Angels who have not found your wings.

HE men we see in each other do not give us the
image and likeness of Man . . . We have never yet seen a Man! We do not know the majestic manners that belong to him. There are no Divine Persons with us, and the multitude do not hasten to be Divine.

OE to the man that wastes his wealth of mind,
And leaves no legacy to human-kind.

ET free the soul alike in all!

F. never are, but are for ever only becoming,
that which it is possible to be.
St. Philip and St. James.

Spiritual Dullness.

Y search is for the living gold—
Him I desire who dwells recluse,
And not His image worn and old,
Day-servant of our sordid use.
Happier to chase a flying goal
Than to sit counting laurelled gains,
To guess the Soul within the Soul
Than to be lord of what remains!
Hide still, best Good in subtle wise
Beyond my nature’s utmost scope!
Be ever absent from mine eyes
To be twice present in my hope!

LOWELL.

HEN shall we know, if we follow on to know, the

LORD.

OD often would enrich, but finds not where to

place
His treasure,—nor in hand nor heart a vacant space.

TRENCH.

F your parts were somewhat slow, and your
understanding heavy, your way had been to
have taken the more pains with yourself, and not to
have lain fallow and remained content with your
own dulness

MARCUS AURELIUS.

HAT is hell—but an eternal thirst,
And burning for the bounty once rejected!
And what is heaven—but God on earth rehearsed,
In the calm centre of the Lord perfected!

H. COLERIDGE.

O little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him,—but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

MILTON.

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PART II.
THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE DISCIPLE

"BE YE THEREFORE PERFECT"
SAINTS’ DAYS IN TRINITY

JUNE 11th

JUNE 24th

JUNE 29th

JULY 25th

AUGUST 24th

SEPT. 21st

SEPT. 29th

OCT. 18th

OCT. 28th

NOV. 1st

* * St. Andrew’s Day (Nov. 30th, p. 36) occasionally falls within this Season, and St. Barnabas’ Day (June 11th, p. 479) in the preceding Season.
WEEK OF

TRINITY SUNDAY

"We may be partakers of His holiness."

A Prayer for the Week

ALMIGHTY GOD, the fountain of Holiness, WHO by Thy Word and Thy Spirit dost conduct all Thy servants in the ways of peace and sanctity; grant unto me so truly to repent of my sins, so carefully to reform my errors, so diligently to watch over all my actions, that I may never willingly transgress Thy holy laws; but that it may be the work of my life to obey THEE; the joy of my soul to please THEE; the satisfaction of all my hopes, and the perfection of my desires, to be with THEE in Thy Kingdom of Grace and Glory.
Holiness.

UDGE not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,—
Created as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure,—Conformity divine!  

SOUL in commerce with her God, is Heaven,
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart:
A Deity believ’d is joy begun;
A Deity ador’d is joy advanced;
A Deity belov’d is joy matur’d.

It is of no avail to assert your own purity, even
were true purity possible in isolation. Whenever you see corruption by your side, and do not strive against it, you betray your duty.  

OVE interceding kneels in fear,
Lest to the Pure th’ unholy draw too near.

O Impure thing is allowed to approach the Pure.

O man can serve two masters.

HY ever make man’s Good distinct from God’s?
Or, finding they are one, why dare mistrust?

THOU of purer eyes than to behold
Uncleanness! Lift my soul, removing all
Strange thoughts, imaginings fantastical,
Iniquitous allurements manifold!
Make it a spiritual ark, abode
Severely sacred, perfumed, sanctified,
Wherein the Prince of Purities may abide—
The Holy and Eternal Spirit of God!  

Trinity Week.] 270
SUNDAY.

Holiness.

oly! Holy! Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,

[see; Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,


OD is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
one substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands.

Pliny.

OW wonderful! how beautiful!
The sight of Thee must be—

Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful Purity!

Faber.

ll things participate in the Divine Nature. The
capacity of perfectibility is indefinite in Man.

Dante.

RAW, if thou canst, the mystic line,

Severing rightly His from thine,—

Which is human, which Divine. Emerson.

 oligness becometh Thine House, O Lord, for
ever!

Ps. xciii. 5.

hoose your Fate yourselves! Virtue is the
peculiar prize of none. Each, as he honours
or dishonours her, will enjoy her favour. Blame
rests with the chooser; God is blameless. Plato.

He gross adhesive loathsomeness of sin

Give me to see!—Yet oh! far more, far more—
That beautiful Purity which the saints adore
In a consummate Paradise within
The veil!—O Lord, upon my soul bestow
An earnest of that Purity here below!

D. Gray.
Holiness.

IS only noble to be good. **Tennyson.**

EN may pursue the Beautiful, while they
Love not the Good, the life of all the Fair;
Keen-eyed for beauty, they will find it where
The darkness of their eyes hath power to slay
The vision of the good in Beauty’s ray... So Thou didst mould Thy thoughts in Life, not Art,
Teaching with human voice, and eye, and hand,
That none the beauty from the truth might part:
Their oneness in Thy flesh we joyous hail—
The Holy of Holies’ cloud-illumined veil.

**MacDonald.**

HERE is but one Temple in the world, and that
Temple is the Body of Man. Bending before
men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the
Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hands
on a human body.

**Novalis.**

E cannot reach our Saviour’s purity,
Yet are we bid “Be holy e’en as He!”
In both let’s do our best! **Herbert.**

E believe that every man ought to be a Temple
of the Living God. The life of a Soul is
sacred in every stage of its existence. **Mazzini.**

RE we not holy? Do not start!
It is God’s sacred will
To call us Temples set apart
His Holy Ghost may fill. **A. Procter.**

OW wonderful is man!
Though sullied, and dishonour’d, still divine,
Dim miniature of greatness absolute! **Young.**
Tuesday.]

Holiness.

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NLY the Good discerns the good.

E. B. Browning.

O see the Face of God, this makes the joy of Heaven!
The purer then the eye, the more joy will be given.

Trench.

PURE heart penetrateth Heaven and Hell.

Thos. à Kempis.

OUR Learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout;
Frozen at heart.

Young.

Y strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure.

Tennyson.

ILLUMINATE our minds, that we may see
In all around us holy signs of Thee.

Bourne.

AKE Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year,
That in my bosom lies.
As these white robes are soil’d and dark
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper’s earthly spark
To yonder argent round,—
So shows my Soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee,
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be!
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
Thro’ all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride,—a glittering star
In raiment white and clean!

Tennyson.

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Holiness.

... OODNESS thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. Milton.

EAR a lily in thine hand,
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand. Longfellow.

OME natures catch no plagues.
E. B. Browning.

NNOCENCE is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind
A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven.
Wordsworth.

ROM a pure heart proceedeth the fruit of a good life.
Thos. a Kempis.

UREST souls sometimes have direst fears.
Mac Donald.

HE earth is our workshop. We may not curse it, we are bound to sanctify it. Mazzini.

WOULD rather take my part
With God's Dead, who afford to walk in white,
Yet spread His glory,—than keep quiet here,
And gather up my feet from even a step
For fear to soil my gown in so much dust.
E. B. Browning.

IHE way to mend the bad world is to create the right world.
Emerson.

O that which is good, and no evil shall touch you.
Tobit xii. 7.
Thursday.

Holiness.

---

O be good
Is more than holy words or definite acts.

Mac Donald

H, white young souls, strain upward, upward
Even to the heavenly source of Purity! [still,

L. Morris.

HO are These in dazzling brightness
Clothed in God’s own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess;
Still untouch’d by Time’s rude hand—
Whence came all this glorious band?
These are they who have contended
For their Saviour’s honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain’d,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained!

Frances Cox.

Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes that ne’er fail to make her feel their hate:
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.

Young.

UST as I am!—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come!

C. Elliott.

OW indestructibly the Good grows and propagates itself even among the weedy entanglements of Evil! . . mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps!

Carlyle.

HAVE lived my life! and that which I have done,
May He within Himself make pure!

Tennyson.
O smiles of fortune ever blest the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys.

OILT was a thing impossible in her!
For she had lived
In this bad world as in a place of tombs,
And touched not the pollutions of the dead.

S. T. Coleridge.

HE soul, in its highest sense, is a vast capacity for God.

Drummond.

OW paint to the sensual eye what passes in the Holy of Holies of man's soul? In what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar-off of the unspeakable?

Carlyle.

IRTUE alone is Happiness below.

Pope.

S the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God!

S. Ingelow.

VERY man's soul is a portion of the Deity and derived from thence. Take care that the Divinity within you has a creditable charge to preside over!

Marcus Aurelius.

KING sang once
Long years ago—"My soul is athirst for God,
Yea, for the living God;"—thy thirst and his Are one . . . —Life is not enough,
Nor love, nor learning.—Death is not enough
Even to them, happy, who forecast new life;
But give us now, and satisfy us now,—
Give us now, now!—to live in the life of God;
Give us now, now!—to be at one with Him!

J. Ingelow

Trinity Week.]
WEEK OF THE

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"By love serve one another."

A Prayer for the Week

O God, forasmuch as earthly Love is but the image of Thine own eternal Charity, be gracious unto those who have blessed me with their Love! Do Thou reward them with the abundant riches of Thy grace, that the Love which is begun on earth may be perfected in the glory of Thine own Revelation, from Whom all true Love comes, and in Whom it shall be consummated.
Love.

+++

"HANK God!" the Theologian said,
"The reign of violence is dead,
Or dying surely from the world;
While Love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled.
And most of all thank God for this!
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds;
And no one suffers loss or bleeds
For thoughts that men call heresies."

Longfellow.

Y Love subsists
All lasting grandeur—by pervading Love!

Wordsworth.

HEN a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune.

Emerson.

LL through life there are way-side inns, where man may refresh his soul with Love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.

Longfellow.

EE how these Christians love one another!

Browning.

OO much love there can never be.

OD gives us Love. Something to love
He lends us; but when Love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrrove
 Falls off, and Love is left alone.

Tennyson.

O! there is no more mortal and immortal!
Nought is on earth or in the heavens but Love!

Myers.

First after Trinity.]

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Love.

OVE is the root of creation,—God's essence!
Worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children! He made them for this purpose only:
Only to love and be loved again! He breathed forth His spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
Quench, oh quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being!
Love is Life, but hatred is Death!  Longfellow.

HAT wonder man should fail to stay
A nursling wafted from above,
The growth celestial come astray—
That tender growth whose name is Love!
 J. Inglelow.

CORN no man's Love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty king.
 Herbert.

AMILIAR acts are beautiful through Love.
Shelley.

NE shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven.

E Love less or more
In the heart of a man, he keeps it shut
Or opes it wide as he pleases:—but
Love's sum remains what it was before.
Browning.

BLESSEDNESS all bliss above
When thy pure fires prevail!
Love only teaches what is Love;
All other lessons fail.
We learn its name, but not its powers—
Experience only makes it ours.  Cowper.
Love.

Y God, Thou art all Love!
    Not one poor minute 'scapes Thy breast
But brings a favour from above—
    And in this Love—I rest.  

H e r b e r t.

O let us say, not—"Since we know, we love;"
    But rather, "Since we love, we know enough."

B r o w n i n g.

O V E makes all things equal; I have heard
    By mine own heart this joyous truth averred:
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
    In love and worship blends itself with God.

S h e l l e y.

E that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
    Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness.

T e n n y s o n.

T is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine Love.

E m e r s o n.

O V E is to us in these late days
    What faith in those old times might be;
He that hath Love lacks not of faith,
    And hath besides Love's liberty.

F a b e r.

E A R N that to love is the one way to know
Or God or Man!

J. I n c e l o w.

O D loves from whole to parts: but human Soul
    Must rise from individual to the whole.

P o p e.

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TUESDAY.

Love.

ANY man hath virtues manifold,
Who had been naught if Love had never been.

Wordsworth.

OVE the King's image there would stamp again,
Effaced in part, and soiled with rust and stain:
How far above all price Love's costly wine,
Which can the meanest goblet make divine!

Trench.

'E form not our affections. It is they
That do form us; and form us in despite
Of our poor protests.

Lytton.

RUE Love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like Understanding, that grows bright
Gazing on many truths.

Shelley.

OVE covereth all sins. Prov. x. 12.

IME'S waters will not ebb, nor stay,
Power cannot change them, but Love may—
What cannot be, Love counts it done.
Deep in the heart, her searching view
Can read where Faith is fix'd and true,
Through shades of setting life can see Heaven's
work begun.

Keble.

IFE, I repeat, is energy of Love
Divine or human! Wordsworth.

HOU art the victor, Love!
Thou art the fearless, the crown'd, the free;
The strength of the battle is given to thee
The spirit from above! F. Hemans.
HE MASTER stood upon the mount and taught;  
He saw a fire in His Disciples' eyes:  
"The Old Law," they cried, "is wholly come to nought,  
Behold the New World rise!"

"Was it," the Lord then said, "with scorn ye saw  
The Old Law observed by Scribes and Pharisees?  
I say unto you, see ye keep that Law  
More faithfully than these!

"Too hasty heads for ordering worlds, alas!  
Think not that I to annul the Law have willed;  
No jot, no tittle from the Law shall pass  
Till all have been fulfilled."

So Christ said eighteen hundred years ago:  
And what then shall be said to those to-day,  
Who cry aloud to lay the old world low,  
To clear the new world's way?

"Religious fervours! ardour misapplied!—  
Hence, hence," they cry, "ye do but keep man blind!
But keep him self-immersed, pre-occupied,  
And lame the active mind!"

Ah, from the old world let some one answer give:  
"Scorn ye this world, their tears, their inward cares?  
I say unto you, see that your Souls live  
A deeper Life than theirs!" ...  

"Children of men! not that your Age excel  
In pride of life the ages of your sires,—  
But that ye think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,  

OVE is not love,  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove. Shakespeare.

First after Trinity.] 282
O we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner viliness that we dread?
Shall he for whose applause I strove,—
I had such reverence for his blame,—
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?
I wrong the grave with fears untrue—
Shall Love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death—
The dead shall look me through and through.
Be near us when we climb or fall!
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all. 

AN Love,—if Love,—be occupant in part,
Hold, as it were, some chambers in the heart?—
Tenant at will of so much of the Soul,
Not lord and mighty master of the whole?

ATE, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change. To these
All things are subject, but eternal Love.

OVE is a virtue for heroes: as white as the snow on high hills,
And immortal,—as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfils.

E is not wholly lost, who yet keeps Love for aught;
Large fire from smallest spark has oftentimes been brought.

END with—Love is all, and Death is naught!
Love.

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TRONGER than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit!
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is!
Greater than anger
Is Love, and subdueth!
The dawn is not distant
Nor is the night starless—
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us!
CHRIST is eternal!  

LONGFELLOW.

OR all love greatens and glorifies,
Till God's aglow to the loving eyes,
In what was mere earth before!  

BROWNING

OVE is the star by which our course we steer,
Love for our Kind, its image glassed below;
And when the breeze of Hope begins to blow
The radiance spreads of that dilated sphere
O'er Life's dark waters, nearer and more near.
A silver path that star appears to throw
Toward us, and with light that plain to sow
Which shakes beneath the shock of our career.
Thus is the brightness of our heavenly home
Itself a beacon unto those that stray:
The beacon thus becomes the glittering way
To all whom Hope impels her seas to roam!
What then is Hope?—a Faith that dare to move!
And what is Faith?—the happy rest of Love!

AUBREY DE VERE.

WO of these triple lights shall ever grow pale—
They burn without, but Love, within the veil.

TRENCH.
"Flee the shadow of this World."

A Prayer for the Week

I pray not that Thou shouldst take me out of the World, but that Thou shouldst keep me from the evil.
Worldliness.

ONEST wills at first—
After the faint resistance of an hour,
Yield themselves up half-willing prisoners,
Soon to be won by golden-guileful tongues,
To do blithe service in the cause of Sin.

Houghton.

IS the gradual furnace of the World,—
In whose hot air our spirits are upcurl'd,
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel,—
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring,—
Which leaves the fierce necessity to feel,
But takes away the power.

M. Arnold.

FART-BURIED in the rubbish of the World—
The World!—that gulf of Souls, immortal Souls!

Young.

MBROIDERED lies,—Nothing between two dishes!
These are the pleasures here!

Herbert.

IVE us—amid earth's weary moil
And wealth, for which men cark and care,
'Mid fortune's pride and need's wild toil,
And broken hearts in purple rare,—

Give us Thy Grace to rise above
The glare of this World's smelting fires!
Let God's great love put out the love
Of gold and gain and low desires!

Still sweetly rings the Gospel strain
Of golden store that knows not rust:
The love of Christ is more than gain,
And heavenly crowns than yellow dust.

C F. Alexander.
Sunday.

Worldliness.

HEY made their own traditions God.

Tennyson.

HE World goes riding it fair and grand,
While the Truth is bought and sold!
World-voices east! world-voices west!
They call thee, Heart, from thine early rest,
"Come hither, come hither, and be our guest!"
Heart, wilt thou go?
—"No, no!"
Good hearts are calmer so. E. B. Browning.

HE rest too busy or too gay to wait
On the sad theme—their Everlasting State,
Sport for a day, and perish in a night!—
The foam upon the waters not so light! Cowper.

HIS finite life thou hast preferred,
In disbelief of God's own Word,
To Heaven and to Infinity:—
Here the probation was for thee
To show thy soul the Earthly mixed
With Heavenly, it must choose betwixt.—
The Earthly Joys lay palpable,—
A taint in each,—distinct as well;
The Heavenly flitted, faint and rare,
Above them,—but as truly were
Taintless, so in their nature best.
Thy choice was Earth! Thou didst attest
'Twas fitter spirit should subserve
The flesh, than flesh refine to nerve
Beneath the spirit's play!
Thou art shut
Out of the heaven of spirit! Glut
Thy sense upon the World! 'tis thine
For ever!—take it! Browning.
Worldliness.

WORLD
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute!

Wordsworth

HAT is man's faith in fame,
But respect for the World's good opinion?
Whence is Faith weak in act,
But from fear of the World's false opinion?

Lytton.

ARK-BROW'D sophist! come not anear!
All the place is holy ground!
Hollow smile and frozen sneer,
Come not here! . . .
In your eye there is death
There is frost in your breath! . .
In the middle leaps a fountain . .
And it sings a song of undying Love;
And yet though its voice be so clear and full,
You never would hear it; your ears are so dull,
So keep where you are; you are foul with sin;
It would shrink to the earth if you came in!

Tennyson.

HIS people's heart is waxed gross and their ears
are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed.

Matt. xiii. 15.

URS the shame to understand
That the World prefers the lie!—
That, with medicine in her hand,
She will sink and choose to die!
Ours the agonizing sense
Of the Heaven this Earth might be,
If, from their blank indifference,
Men woke one hour and felt as we!

Houghton.
O thy worst Self, sacrifice thyself!
For with thy worst self hast thou crowned thy god...
Thy god is far diffused in noble groves,
And princely halls, and farms, and flowing lawns,
And heaps of living gold that daily grow,
And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries—
In such a shape dost thou behold thy god!

— Tennyson.

HOU mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. — Shakespeare.

Hye who deem one moment unamused, a misery!
How will ye weather an eternal night
Where such expedients fail?

ALL down and worship the golden image!
— Dan. iii. 5.

HE World's esteem is but a bribe;—
To buy their peace you sell your own;—
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known!
The joy that vain amusements give—
Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!—
The honey of a crowded hive
Defended by a thousand stings!
'Tis thus the World rewards the fools
That live upon her treacherous smiles;
She leads them blindfold by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles! — Cowper.

HEY bade me worship—aye—but in their way!
A God, whom I might patronize, or more or less!
Their God demanded homage night and day—
His name—Success! — E. M. L. G.

289
Worldliness.

IGHT ends and means make wisdom;—
Worldly-wise
Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.  

HE World is thronging round to gaze
On the dread vision of the latter days,
Constrained to own Thee, but in heart
Prepar'd to take Barabbas' part:

"Hosanna" now!—to-morrow "Crucify!"
The changeful burden still of their rude, lawless cry.

REALY pitying whom the World calls happy.

HEN fear ye not, though Gallio's scorn ye see,
And soft-clad nobles count you mad, true hearts!
These are the fig-tree's signs—rough deeds must be,
Trials, and crimes!—So learn ye well your parts!
Once more to plough the earth it is decreed,
And scatter wide the seed.

IS chief fault was an unconscious awe
Of the little World, falsely call'd great, and the law
Of its lawless dictators;—an awe not indeed [deed
Of that great World which justly on each human
Sits umpire, adjudging man's worth o'er man's grave—
That grand court of Public Opinion whence springs
Man's loyal allegiance to lofty control, [soul...
Which confines not his life but concentrates his
" Ah! what will the world say?" . . . THE WORLD!

The question that, as it is utter'd, implies
All that's fine or that's feeble in thought and intent:
The distinction depends on the World that is meant.

Second after Trinity.]  290
THURSDAY.]

Worldliness.

E that doth love, and love amiss,
This World's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice:
The World an ancient murderer is!
Thousands of souls it hath, and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.
He that hath made a sorry wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferred
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord.

HERBERT.

OD, Who feeds our hearts
For His own service,—knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the World.

WORDSWORTH.

OR let a man once show the World that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels:
Let him fearlessly face it,—'twill leave him alone:
But 'twill fawn at his feet,—if he flings it a bone!

LYTTON.

WORLD whose soil is rank with all unkindness.

WORDSWORTH.

OU have too much respect upon the World;
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

SHAKESPEARE.

THOU who choosest for thy share
The World, and what the World calls fair,
Take all that it can give or lend!—
But know that death is at the end!

LONGFELLOW.

O know the World, not love her, is thy point:
She gives but little, nor that little long.
Who venerate themselves the World despise.

291
Worldliness.

HINK not rashly, that because
Modern life is smooth and fine,
'Tis not subject to the laws
Of the Master's high design!—
That we less require endurance
Than in days of coarser plan,—
That we less demand assurance
Of the Godhead hid in Man!

Trust me! Truth is still at war,
Just as in the hard old time,
With a thousand things that are—
Births of woe and food for crime:
Still to vindicate the right
Is a rough and thankless game;—
Still the leader in the fight
Is the hindmost in the fame. Houghton.

S there no stoning save with flint and rock?
Tennyson.

Y heart is full of inarticulate pain
And beats laborious. Cold ungenial looks
Invade my sanctuary. Men of gain,—
Wise in success, well-read in feeble books,—
No nigher come, I pray! Your air is drear;
'Tis winter and low skies when ye appear!
Mac Donald.

HE World is too much with us:—late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:—
We have given our hearts away,—a sordid boon!
Wordsworth.

OR the Many, clinging to their lot
Of worldly case and sloth, 'tis written "Touch Me
not." Newman.

Second after Trinity.] 292
"Before Honour is Humility."

A Prayer for the Week

Shall I speak unto my Lord, who am but dust and ashes? If I esteem myself to be anything more, behold, Thou standest against me, and my iniquities bear true witness and I cannot contradict it. But if I abase myself, Thy Grace will be favourable to me, and Thy light near unto my heart; and all self-esteem ... shall be swallowed up in the valley of my nothingness, and perish for ever! Turn Thou us unto Thee, that we may be thankful, humble and devout; for Thou art our Salvation, our Courage, and our Strength.
Humility.

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Is life while here, as well as birth,
Was but a check to pomp and mirth;
And all man's greatness you may see
Condemn'd by His Humility. 

VAUGHAN.

ILT see thyself to God-like stature grown?
Feed full thy soul on strong Humility!
Then shalt thou on thy sordid lot look down—
Make thou thy life!—not let thy life make thee!

CLARA GREENE.

REAT souls are always loyally submissive,—
reverent to what is over them; only small, mean
souls are otherwise.

CARLYLE.

E are high at first
In our demand, nor will abate a jot
Of toil's strict value; but time passes o'er,
And humbler spirits accept what we refuse.

BROWNING.

OAST not of what thou would'st have done;
but do
What then thou would'st; thou see'st it in thy hand.

MILTON.

E who would build the Churches of the Lord,
See that ye make the western portals low!
Let no one enter who disdains to bow!
High truths, profanely gazed at, unadored,
Will be abused at first,—at last abhorred;
And many a learned, many a lofty brow,
Hath rested, pillowed on a humbler vow
Than keen logicians notice or record:—
O stainless peace of blest Humility!

AUBREY DE VERE.

BECAME of all men the most humble and
most abject, that thou mightest overcome thy
pride with my Humility.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

Third after Trinity.] 294
Humility.

HAVE been honoured and obey'd,
   I have met scorn and slight;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade,
   More than her laughing light.
For what is rule, but a sad weight
   Of duty, and a snare?
What meanness,—but with happier fate
   The Saviour's Cross to share?  Newman.

F humble, next of thy Humility beware!
   And, lest thou should'st grow proud of such a grace, have care!

THING is more scandalous than a man that is proud of his Humility. Marcus Aurelius.

WAS not born
Informed and fearless from the first, but shrank
From aught which marked me out apart from men:
I would have lived their life and died their death,
Lost in their ranks, eluding destiny. Browning.

ELL-DOING bringeth pride;—this constant thought
Humility,—that thy best done is nought. Bridges.

E that esteemeth himself viler than all men, and judgeth himself most unworthy, is fittest to receive the greater blessings. Thos. a Kempis.

ET the Will kneel within thy haughty heart,
   For benefits and meek submission tame
The fiercest and the mightiest. Shelley.
Humility.

T would be hard with thee if heaven were shut
To such as have not learning! Nay, nay, nay,
He condescends to them of low estate:
To such as are despised He cometh down,
Stands at the door, and knocks. J. Ingeelow.

ROM lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Shakespeare.

N obedience and humility,
Waiting on God’s hand, not forestalling it,—
Seek not to snatch presumptuously the palm
By self-election; poison not thy wine
With bitter herbs if He has made it sweet;
Nor rob God's treasuries because the key
Is easy to be turned by mortal hands.
The gifts of Birth, Death, Genius, Suffering,
Are all for His hand only to bestow,—
Receive thy portion and be satisfied!
Who crowns himself a king is not the more
Royal; nor he who mars himself with stripes,
The more partaker of the Cross of Christ.
H. Hamilton King.

OW know I, if Thou should’st me raise,
That I should then raise Thee?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree.
Herbert.

UMBLE love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven.
Young.

EE, I am low; yea, very low; but Thou
Art high, and Thou canst lift me up to Thee.
Mac Donald.

Third after Trinity.]
Humility.

HOU camest forth, to bring the Poor,
(Whose hearts were nearer faith and verity),
Spiritual childhood, Thy philosophy;—
So taught'st the A B C of heavenly lore;
Because Thou sat'st not, lonely evermore,
With mighty thoughts informing language high:
But walking in Thy poem continually,
Didst utter Acts,—of all true Forms the core;
Instead of parchment, writing on the Soul
High thoughts and aspirations, being so
Thine Own Ideal; ... Thou didst reach Thy goal
Triumphant, but with little of acclaim,
Even from Thine own, escaping not their blame.
MAC DONALD.

O cure thee of thy pride, that deepest-seated ill,
God humbled His own self—wilt thou thy pride keep still?

OR things far off we toil, while many a good
Not sought, because too near, is never gained.
WORDSWORTH.

OULD'ST thou possess this peace? be still, be
Peace with the pure abides; [low!
Yea, all the humble, all the gentle, know
The shelter where she hides:
Rooted in patience, her fair buds to flowers shall grow.

IDE me, O FATHER, till the hour of death,
In lowly, silent, hamlet ministry:
The rough and hard and homely task for me,
Not angel-flights 'mid flattery's poison-breath!
He deigned forget His own Eternal Being. . .
He loved and served and toiled, the end foreseeing—
Say, were such lot too low for such as I? MORGAN.
Humility.

ESUS! Who deemdst it not unmeet
To wash Thine own disciples’ feet,
Though Thou wert Lord of All;
Teach me thereby this wisdom meek,
That they who self-abasement seek
Alone shall fear no fall.

_F_ in lowliest tasks on earth
Faith doth show her genuine birth.

I. WILLIAMS.

F rightly trained and bred,
_
Humanity is humble, finds no spot
Which her heaven-guided feet refuse to tread...

Love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor!
Search for their worth,—some gentle heart wrong-
Meek, patient, kind, and were its trials fewer,
Belike less happy. Stand no more aloof!

WORDS WORTH.

IS better for us to remain where we are
In the lowly valley of duty and care,
Than lonely to stray to the heights above,
Where there’s nothing to do, and nothing to love.

H. COLERIDGE.

Y soul! rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteemed or great;
To take the impression of a Will divine.—
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine!

MME GUION.

F that in sight of God is great
Which counts itself for small,
We by that law Humility
The chiefest Grace must call;
Which being such, not knows itself
To be a Grace at all.

TRENCH.
Thursday.

Humility.

AN'S lawful pride includes Humility;
Stoops to the lowest—is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! Brothers all!
Proprietors eternal of Thy love!

HEN a philanthropist said pompously,
"With your great gifts you ought
To work for the great world, not spend yourself.
On common labours like a common man"—
He answered him, "The world is in God's hands!
This part HE gives to me; for which my past,
Built up on loves inherited, hath made
Me fittest. Neither will HE let me think
Primeval, godlike work too low to need,
For its perfection, manhood's noblest powers
And deepest knowledge, far beyond my gifts ...
And if I leave the thing that lieth next,
To go and do the thing that is afar,
I take the very strength out of my deed,
Seeking the needy not for pure need's sake."

Mac Donald.

N me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great.

Tennyson.

HE greater thou art, the more humble thyself,—
and thou shalt find favour before the Lord.
Many are in high place and of renown, but mysteries
are revealed unto the meek.

Ecclus. iii. 18, 19.

HOU hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heaven, majestic, free!
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Wordsworth.
Humility.

OR THOU, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring THEE where they come,
And going, take THEE to their home. Cowper.

EITHER shalt thou be troubled overmuch
Because thy offering—littleness itself,—
Is lessened by admixture sad and strange
Of mere man’s motives—Praise with Fear, and Love
With looking after that same love’s reward.
Dust thou art!
Dust shalt be to the end! Thy father took
The Dust and kindly called the handful—gold,
Nor cared to count what sparkled here and there,
Sagely unanalytic. Browning.

FEEBLE voice may give an earnest sound,
And grateful hearts are measured not by power.
Houghton.

IS overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little!
Shakespeare.

ISDAIN thee?—not the worm beneath my feet!
The Fathomless has care for meaner things
Than thou canst dream, and has made pride for those
Who would be what they may not, or would seem
That which they are not. Shelley.

OD many a spiritual house has reared, but never one
Where Lowliness was not laid first, the corner-stone.
Trench.

Third after Trinity.] 300
WEEK OF THE

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Out of weakness were made strong."

A Prayer for the Week

O GOD, Who hast prepared for them that love THEE such good things as pass man's understanding, increase and multiply upon us Thy mercy; that, THOU being our Ruler and Guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal.
Compensations.

E wish that men by men despised,
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think . .
What recompense is kept in store, or left
For all that seems neglected or bereft ;—
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the Hand of Heaven!

Wordsworth.

HE Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to Heaven,—to Hell did Dives go;
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

Southwell.

HE limitation of the natural Life is the necessary
condition of the full enjoyment of the Spiritual
Life.

Drummond.

HE ruby long outlasts the scented rose—
But then the ruby no such fragrance knows.

Trench.

VERY sweet with soure is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easie things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store:
Why then should I accouempt of little Paine
That endlesse Pleasure shall unto me gaine.

Spenser.

OWBEIT all is not lost:
The warm noon ends in frost, . .
Yet through the silence shall
Pierce the Death-Angel's call,
And "Come up hither," recover all.
Heart, wilt thou go?—"I go!
Broken hearts triumph so!"

E. B. Browning.

Fourth after Trinity.] 302
Compensations.

HOU hast done well to kneel and say
"Since He who gave can take away,
And bid me suffer, I obey!"
And also well to tell thy heart
That good lies in the bitterest part,
And thou wilt profit by her smart ...
Nor with thy share of work be vexed;
Though incomplete and ev'n perplexed,
It fits exactly to the next.
What seems so dark to thy dim sight
May be a shadow, seen aright,
Making some brightness doubly bright.
The flash that struck thy tree—no more
To shelter thee—lets Heaven's blue floor
Shine where it never shone before!

A. Procter.

ET the Power appears to-morrow
That to-day seems wholly lost,
And the reproductive sorrow
Is a treasure worth the cost. Houghton.

ACK they came like a wind . . .
Or like a restrained word of God,
Fulfilling itself by what seems to hinder.
E. B. Browning.

HO would dare the choice, neither or both to know,
The finest quiver of joy or the agony-thrill of woe?
Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss;
For the heart that is dull to that, can never be strung to this!

F. R. HaverGAL.

EASURE your mind's height by the shade it casts!

Browning.
Compensations.

oble souls transfer their nobleness
To that whereon they gaze, and through the veils
Of custom or of weakness reach the heart
That beats, as theirs, with lofty thoughts and true.

Plumptre.

HE fixed Arithmic of the universe,—
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure unto deeds, words, thoughts;—
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
Making all Futures fruits of all the Past.

E. Arnold.

HEARD a man proclaim,—all men were wholly
base;
One such a one I knew there stood before my face!

Trench.

E cannot render benefits to those from whom
we receive them, or only seldom. But the
benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for
line, deed for deed, to somebody. Beware of too
much good staying in your hand!

Emerson.

LL manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.

Pope.

S one lamp lights another, nor grows less,—
So Nobleness enkindleth Nobleness.

Lowell.

HOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with
exactness grinds He all.

Von Logau.
Compensations.

T is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small or great,
But the soul's light shining round about,
And the Faith that overcometh Doubt,
And the Love that stronger is than Hate.

Longfellow.

HE easy path in the lowland hath little of grand
or new,
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm cloud is nearer
the stars of light.

F. R. Havergal.

OOR is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above,
We offer what we cannot keep—
What we have ceased to love!

Newman.

N the nature of the Soul is the Compensation for
the inequalities of condition.

Emerson.

ASSING soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth—
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard:
God Himself is thy reward!

Clark.

EEP within my heart of hearts there hid
Ever the confidence—amends for all,—
That Heaven repairs what wrong earth's journey did,
When love from life-long exile comes to call . . .
I chose the darkling half, and wait the rest
In that new world where light and darkness fuse.

Browning.
Compensations.

— ⋆ —

HERE are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best!— O vain and selfish sigh!
Out of the bosom of His love, He spares—
The Father spares the Son,— for thee to die:
For thee He died, for thee He lives again;
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.
Thou art as much His care, as if beside
Nor man nor angel lived in Heav'n or earth:
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide,
To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth;
They shine and shine with unexhausted store—
Thou art Thy Saviour's darling— seek no more!

Keble.

O man is called to a life of self-denial for its own sake. It is in order to a Compensation which is always real and always proportionate.

Drummond.

EVER ought was excellent assayed
Which was not hard t'atchive and bring to end.

Spenser.

ERE decay produces richer life. Browning.

HAT then? Shall we sit idly down and say
"The night hath come; it is no longer day"?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labour by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare . . .
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Longfellow.

II, who am I, that God hath saved
Me from the doom I did desire,
And crossed the lot myself had craved
To set me higher?

Ingelow.

Fourth after Trinity.] 306
Compensations.

ET us own, the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure,
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified, and pure!

Coventry Patmore.

E cannot part with our friends; we cannot let
our Angels go.—We do not see that they
only go out, that Archangels may come in!

Emerson.

HATEVER 'S lost, it first was won;
We will not struggle nor impugn—
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear—
I praise Thee while my days go on!

E. B. Browning.

HE world shall burn and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall
And after all their tribulations long[dwell,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth!

Milton.

GREATER light puts out the lesser light—
So be it ever!—such is God's high law.—
The self-same Sun that calls the flowers from earth
Withers them soon, to give the fruit free birth;—
The nobler Spirit to whom much is given
Must take still more, though in that more there lie
The risk of losing All:—To gaze at Heaven,
We blind our earthly eyes:—To live we die!

Houghton.
Compensations.

S there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think or bravely die?
Pope.

HE good I have ne'er repaid thee
In heaven I pray be recorded,
And all thy love rewarded
By God, thy Master that made thee!
Bridges.

OTHING will injure me,. for a bad man is
not permitted to injure a better than himself.
Socrates.

REAT is the peril or toil, if the glory or gain be
great!
Never an earthly gift without responsible weight!
Never a treasure without a following shade of care!
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare!
F. R. Havergal.

HERE is in man a Higher than Love of Happi-
ness; he can do without Happiness, and instead
thereof find Blessedness.
Carlyle.

AST thou beneath another's stern control
Bent thy sad soul,
And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears?
Yet calm thy fears!
For thou canst gain, even from the bitterest part,
A stronger heart.

Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain
Its iron chain?
Has thy soul bent beneath its heavy bond?—
Look thou beyond!
If life is bitter, there forever shine
Hopes more divine!
A. Procter.
WEEK OF THE

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"He faileth not."

A Prayer for the Week

O Righteous Father, and ever to be praised, the hour is come that thy servant is to be proved, that he should be for a little while held cheap and humbled, and in the sight of men should fail, that he may rise again with Thee in the morning dawn of the new Light, and be glorified in Heaven. Thou knowest what is expedient for my spiritual pilgrimage.—Do with me according to Thy desired good pleasure!
Success in Failure. [Saturday.

T chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas eve,
I went sighing past the church across the moor-
land dreary,
“Oh! never Sin and Want and Woe this earth will
And the bells but mock the wailing round, they
sing so cheery!
How long, O Lord! how long before Thou come
again?
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland
The orphans moan and widows weep, and poor men
toil in vain,
Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christ-
mas bells be cheery.”
Then rose a joyous clamour from the wild-fowl on
the mere,
Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells
And a voice within cried—“Listen! Christmas
Carols even here!
Though thou be dumb, yet o’er their work the
stars and snows are singing.
Blind! I live! I love! I reign!—and all the nations
through
With the thunder of My judgments even now are
Do thou fulfil thy work, but as yon wild-fowl do,—
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing,—yet hear
through it angels singing!”

C. Kingsley.

REALLY begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not Failure, but low aim, is crime! . .
We are not poorer that we wept and yearned;
Though earth swing wide from God’s intent,
And though no man nor nation
Will move with full consent
In heavenly gravitation,—
Yet by one Sun is every orbit bent! Lowell.

Fifth after Trinity.] 310
MAN may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper.

— Tennyson.

"HE live-long night we've toiled in vain,
    But at Thy gracious word
I will let down the net again:
    Do Thou Thy will, O Lord."—

So spake the weary fisher, spent
With bootless darkling toil,
Yet on his Master's bidding bent—
    For love, and not for spoil....
For wildest storms our ocean sweep:—
    No anchor but the Cross
Might hold:—and oft the thankless deep
    Turns all our toil to loss.
Full many a dreary, anxious hour
    We watch our nets alone,
In drenching spray and driving shower,
    And hear the night-bird's moan:
At morn we look, and nought is there:
    Sad dawn of cheerless day!
Who then from pining and despair
    The sickening heart may stay?
There is a stay, and we are strong!
    Our Master is at hand
To cheer our solitary song
    And guide us to the strand!...
Or, if for our unworthiness,
    Toil, prayer and watching fail,
In disappointment Thou canst bless,
    So love at heart prevail!

— Keble.

WILL never fear or avoid a possible Good, rather
    than a certain Evil.

— Plato.
Success in Failure.

---

T may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, stedfast heart:
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.
Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail, has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

A. Procter.

ROM Death comes Light, from Pain Beatitude;
Chide not at loss,—for out of loss comes gain;
Chide not at Grief, for 'tis the soul's best food.

Buchanan.

HE whole Cross is more easily carried than the half. It is the man who tries to make the best of both worlds who makes nothing of either.

Drummond.

N man there's failure, only since he left
The lower and unconscious forms of life.

Browning.

AY not—the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,—
And as things have been they remain!
If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;—
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.
For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent,—floodling in,—the Main.
And not by eastern windows, only,
When daylight comes, comes in the Light;
In front, the sun climbs slow,—how slowly!
But westward,—look! the land is bright.

Clough.
Success in Failure.

—–—

OT from arrogant pride,
Nor over-boldness, fail they who have striven
To tell what they have heard,—yet find no voice
For such high message... God-like 'tis
To fail upon the icy ledge, and fall—
Where other footsteps dare not! L. Morris.

N distant shores
Their labours end: or They return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel-floors!
Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute, when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies?—
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice un-daunted,
When she would tell how Brave and Good and
For their high guerdon, not in vain, have panted!

Wordsworth.

EATH, numbing his lower nature, releases him
for the scarce disturbed communion of a Higher
Life.

Drummond.

HY life that has been dropped aside
Into Time's stream, may stir the tide
In rippled circles spreading wide.
The cry wrung from thy Spirit's pain
May echo on some far-off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.
Fail—yet rejoice! because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success. A. Procter.

E loseth nothing that loseth not God.

313
Success in Failure.

ORE
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than Victory advantage those who win.
**Calderon.**

KNOW
How far high failure overleaps the bounds
Of low successes.
**L. Morris.**

HE swift is not the safe, and the sweet is not the strong;
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is not the long;
The much is not the most, and the wide is not the deep,
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb is only neap.
**F. R. Havergal.**

E cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides!
The Spirit bloweth and is still,—
In mystery our soul abides!
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done!
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.
**Matt. Arnold.**

Y own hope is, a Sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched:
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what begins best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.
**Browning.**
Thursday.]

Success in Failure.

T may be that in some great need
Thy Life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty Deed:
Thy heart should throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great Instrument:
That even the discord in thy Soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

A. Procter.

If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more! Put God in your debt: every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withheld, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer!

Emerson.

HELD it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Tennyson.

OW,—the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife!
Afterward,—the triumph given,
And the Victor's crown of Life!
Now,—the Training strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now!
Afterward,—the Service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou."

F. R. Havergal.

HOU hast not failed! where holy love and truth Contend with Evil, failure cannot be!
Their sorest scars claim reverence, not ruth,—
Their worst repulse is still a victory!
Thou well-belovèd who didst bend the knee
In pure self-sacrifice to meet God's frown,
Kneeling, wert circled with the Martyr's Crown.

J. Thompson.
**Success in Failure.**

E scatter seeds with careless hand,  
And dream we ne'er shall see them more:  
But for a thousand years  
Their fruit appears  
In weeds that mar the land, or healthful store.  

Keble.

LI. we have willed or hoped or dreamed of Good,  
shall exist,—  
Not its semblance, but itself!—No Beauty, nor  
Good, nor Power,  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for  
the melodist,  
When Eternity affirms the conception of an hour!  
The High that proved too high,—the Heroic for  
earth too hard,—  
The Passion that left the ground to lose itself in  
the sky,—  
Are Music sent up to God by the lover and the  
bard;  
Enough that he heard it once;—we shall hear it  
by and by.  

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evi-  
dence  
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered  
or agonized?  
Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing  
might issue thence?  
Why rushed the discords in, but that Harmony  
should be prized?  

Sorrow is hard to bear, and Doubt is slow to clear!  
Each sufferer says his say, his end of the weal  
and woe;  
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the  
ear;  
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we Musi-  
cians know!  

Browning.

*Fifth after Trinity.*
WEEK OF THE

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Give an account of thy stewardship!"

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD GOD Almighty, leave me not, I beseech THEE, destitute of Thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace to use them alway to Thy honour and glory!
Individual Responsibility.

EARn that each duty makes its claim
Upon one Soul,—not each on all;—
How, if God speak thy brother’s name,
Dare thou make answer to the call?
The greater peril in the strife,
The less this evil should be done;
For, as in battle, so in life,
Danger and honour still are one.
Arouse him, then!—This is thy part!
Show him the claim! point out the need!
And nerve his arm, and cheer his heart;
Then stand aside, and say “God speed!”
Smooth thou his path ere it is trod;
Burnish the arms that he must wield;
And pray with all thy strength, that God
May crown him Victor in the field!
And then, I think, thy soul shall feel
A nobler thrill of true content,
Than if presumptuous eager zeal
Had seized a crown for others meant.

A. Procter.

AS not the Soul an end which nothing else can
fulfil!

Plato.

HALL the soul live on other men’s report,
Herself a pleasing fable of herself?

Lowell.

ACH of us brings with him an element, more or less
important, of the life of Humanity to come.

Mazzini.

HE great mortal combat between human life
And each human soul must be single! The strife
None can share,—though by all, its results may be
known:
When the soul arms for battle, she goes forth alone.

Lytton.

Sixth after Trinity.] 318
KNOW that some would here rebuke me,
"It is enough to live and move in God [saying:
With all Humanity, not seeking self
In any such exclusive special bond,
Which is not common to the whole of Life."
And others would take from us even that,—
Who deny God at all outside of us,—
Saying, "There is no Evil and no Good,
Nor anything at all, except ourselves
And self-created modes of our own brain,—
For all the living universe of God."
The old false teachers, who at first seemed hard
To Nature,—bidding, "Crucify the flesh
To save the Soul,"—were merciful to these!
For these would crucify the Soul itself,
And stifle back upon itself the cry,
And deepest craving of the human heart.

H. H. King.

ND they say, "How doth God know, and is there Knowledge in the Most High?"

Ps. lxxxiii. 11.

OMETHING I must do individual,
To vindicate my nature, to give proof
I also am a Man.

Clough.

AY not thou, I will hide myself from the Lord;
shall any remember me from above? I shall not be remembered among so many people! for what is my Soul among such an infinite number of creatures?

Ecclus. xvi. 17.

OR each one of us is provided that objective assurance of our right of approach to God which is the solid basis of Religion.

Westcott.
Individual Responsibility.

OD bends from out the deep and says—
"I gave thee the great gift of Life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not My earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of My seed to sow—
Bringest thou Me My hundred-fold?"
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

LOWELL.

IGHER life
Gives deeper death! Fair gifts make fouler faults!

MAC DONALD.

UR Responsibility as Christians corresponds with
the grandeur of the Truth which is placed within
our reach.

WESTCOTT.

O stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd! No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere! Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all Life not be purer and stronger thereby!
The spirits of just men made perfect on high—
The army of martyrs who stand by the Throne
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their
own—

[Spirit
Hush! the sevenfold Heavens to the voice of the
Echo: "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!"

LYTTON.

Sixth after Trinity.]
Tuesday.

Individual Responsibility.

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LL society

Howe'er unequal, monstrous, crazed and cursed,
Is but the expression of men's single lives,—
The loud sum of the Silent Units! E. B. Browning.

KNOW that God is good, though Evil dwells
Among us, and doth all things holiest share,—
That there is joy in Heaven, while yet our knells
Sound for the souls which He has summoned there,
That painful love unsatisfied hath spells,
Earned by its smart, to soothe its fellow's care:
But yet,—this Atom cannot in the whole
Forget Itself—It aches a separate Soul!

J. Ingelow.

THING can alter the Responsibility which is
laid upon each Soul.

Westcott.

OME sounds sighed ever for a harmony
With other deeper, fainter tones, that still
Drew nearer from the unknown depths, wherein
The Individual goeth out to God.

Mac Donald.

ACH age must worship its own thought of God,
More or less earthy,—clarifying still,
With subsidence continuous of the dregs.

Lowell.

IS in the advance of individual minds
That the slow crowd should ground their ex-
pectation, eventually to follow.

Browning.

RE not great men the models of Nations?

Lytton.

NDIVIDUALS die!—but the amount of Truth they
have taught, and the sum of Good they have
done, dies not with them.

Mazzini.
Individual Responsibility.

Wednesday.

ET me enjoy my own conviction,
Nor watch my neighbour's faith with fretfulness,
Still spying there some dereliction
Of truth, perversity, forgetfulness! Browning.

T is great folly not to part with your own faults,
which is possible, but to try instead to escape
from other people's faults, which is impossible.
Marcus Aurelius.

PHIS that I am!—
How leave my inch-allotment, pass at will
Into my fellow's liberty of range? Browning.

ET every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.
Rom. xiv. 5.

ARE I trust my heart's voice against the Voice
of the Whole?
Yet should the roar of the Crowd ever drown the
ture voice of the Soul? W. Smith.

HE character of a Generation is moulded by Per-
sonal Character.
Westcott.

F thou turn
Thy thoughts upon thyself, for the great sake
Of purity and conscious whiteness' self,—
Thou wilt but half succeed. The other half
Is to forget the first, and all thyself,
Quenching thy moonlight in the blaze of day;—
Turning thy Being full unto thy God;—
Doing the Right with sweet unconsciousness;—
Having God in thee,—a completer Soul,
Be sure than thou alone!—thou not the less
Complete in choice and individual life,
Since that which sayeth I, doth call Him, Sire.
Mac Donald.

Sixth after Trinity.] 322
Thursday.

**Individual Responsibility.**

AN I bless thee, my belovèd—can I bless thee?
What blessing word can I
From mine own tears keep dry?

What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress
My good reverts to ill; [thee?
My calmnesses would move thee,
My softnesses would prick thee,
My bindings up would break thee,
My crownings curse and kill—
Alas! I can but love thee!

May God bless thee, my belovèd!—may God bless thee!

Can I love thee, my belovèd, can I love thee?
And is this like love, to stand
With no help in my hand?

When strong as death I fain would watch above
My love-kiss can deny [thee—
No tear that falls beneath it:
Mine oath of love can swear thee
From no ill that comes near thee:
And thou diest while I breathe it,
And I—I can but die!

May God love thee, my belovèd!—may God love thee.

E. B. BROWNING.

ACH single Life is seen in the Incarnation to be,
in the Divine Plan, an element in the Body of
CHRIST. WESTCOTT.

AN who Man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished Will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears,—being himself alone!

SHELLEY.

O aid the Will too much, is to pervert
Its nature, and instead of helping, hurt.

LYTTON.
Individual Responsibility.

HE world but a frivolous phantasm seems,
And mankind in the mass but as motes in sunbeams;
But when Fate, from the midst of this frivolous nature,
Selects for her purpose some frail human creature,
And the Angel of Sorrow, outstretching a wan
Forefinger to mark him, strikes down from the man
The false life that hid him,—the man’s Self appears
A solemn Reality.—Him the dread spheres
Of heaven and hell with their forces dispute;—
And dare we be indifferent? Hence, and be mute,
Light scoffer, vain trifler! Through all thou
discernest,
A Greater than thou is at work,—and in earnest!
And he who dares trifle with man, trifles too
With man’s awful Maker!

Lytton.

WHAT is it then to me
If others are inquisitive to see?
Why should I quit my place to go and ask
If other men are working at their task?
Leave my own buried roots, to go
And see that brother plants shall grow;
And turn away from Thee, O Thou most Holy Light,
To look if other orbs their orbits keep aright
Around their proper sun,
Deserting Thee, and being undone?

Clough.

UCH view
Is but man’s wonderful and wide mistake.
Man lumps his kind i’ the mass; God singles thence,
Unit by unit. Thou and God exist—
So think!—for certain: think the mass—mankind—
Disparts,—disperses,—leaves thyself alone!
Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to thee—
Thee and no other!—stand or fall by them!
That is the part for thee.

Browning.
WEEK OF THE

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"He that followeth after Mercy findeth Life."

A Prayer for the Week

O God of Patience and Consolation, be merciful unto our infirmities, and make us ever ready to consider the necessities of those around us; and when we are tempted by selfishness or pride, bestow Thy Grace, that we may with gentleness make allowance for the frailty of others.
Compassion.

UCH mercy He by His most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew
Ensamped it by His most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie, miserable crew!
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren.

OW shalt thou hope for Mercy, rendering none?

OW pity is the touch of God in human hearts,
And from that way He ever trod, he ne'er departs:
"We will go seek and save the lost (if they will hear)
They who are worst, but need the most—and all are dear."

ND soon all vision waxeth dull;
Men whisper "He is dying!"
We cry no more "Be pitiful!"
We have no strength for crying:
No strength! no need! Then, Soul of mine,
Look up and triumph rather!—
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine
The Son adjures the Father—
Be pitiful, O God!

OUCHED by the love of Christ... Compassion will gain for us again its true meaning. We shall minister to the weak and the erring, not in condescending pity, but as enabled to share evils which are indeed our own.

ITY and need make all flesh kin.

EACH me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see!
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me!

Seventh after Trinity.] 326
Sunday.

**Compassion.**

HE Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in Him all His Father shone
Substantially express'd, and in His Face
Divine Compassion visibly appear'd. **Milton.**

HEN my death-time comes,
May that all-pitying look be with me still,
Those tones of Mercy lock my soul to rest! **Plumptre.**

OVE divine! all love excelling,
Joy of heaven! to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown!
JESU, THOU art all Compassion,
Pure, unbounded love THOU art;
Visit us with Thy salvation!
Enter every waiting heart! **C. Wesley.**

EAR the fane
Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood;
Serve not the Unknown God in vain;
But pay that broken shrine again
Love for hate and tears for blood! **Shelley.**

"HERE is no God," the Foolish saith,
But none "There is no Sorrow,"
And Nature oft the cry of Faith
In bitter need will borrow;
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised,
And lips say "God be pitiful!"
Which ne'er said "God be praised!"

**Be pitiful, O God!**
**E. B. Browning.**

IS Mercy endureth for ever!
Compassion.

N Mercy and Justice both,
Through heav’n and earth,—so shall My glory excel;
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine!

Milton.

E mercy! carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts!

Wordsworth.

If the Most High shall not multiply His Mercies,
the World would not continue with them that inherit therein.

2 Esdras vii. 67.

E fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with Mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head!

Cowper.

E pray together at the kirk
For mercy,—mercy solely:
Hands weary with the evil work—
We lift them to the Holy.

Bépitiful, O God!
E. B. Browning.

HEN all Thy mercies. O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I’m lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

Addison.

N Thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh! ’tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness!

A. L. Waring.

Seventh after Trinity.} 328
Compassion.

HE quality of Mercy is not strained;—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath! It is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes!
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest! It becomes
The thronèd Monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;
But Mercy is above this sceptrèd sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself!—
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When Mercy seasons Justice. Therefore Jew!
Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of Justice, none of us
Should see Salvation:—We do pray for Mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of Mercy.

Shakespeare.

E hold a creed
Of deeper Pity, who know what chains of ill
Bind round our petty lives.

L. Morris.

AN I be calm, beholding everywhere
Disease and anguish, busy early and late?
Can I be silent, nor compassionate
The evils that both Soul and Body bear?

Buchanan.

ITY makes the World
Soft to the Weak and noble to the Strong.

E. Arnold.

HINK, then, and some day you will feel also—
no morbid passion of Pity...but the steady
fire of perpetual Kindness.

Ruskin.
Compassion.

**Wednesday.**

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

**Newman.**

HERETO serves Mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?

**Shakespeare.**

ENTLY deal with Souls untaught.  **St. Aidan.**

HAVE a message,—I have more to say!
Shall Sorrow win His pity, and not Sin—
That burden ten times heavier to be borne?
What think you? Shall the virtuous have His care
Alone! O ye good Women! it is hard to leave
The paths of virtue and return again!—
What if this sinner wept and none of you
Comforted her?  And what if she did strive
To mend, and none of you believed her strife,
Nor looked upon her?  Mark, I do not say,
Though it was hard, you therefore were to blame.

But I beseech Your patience!—Once in old Jerusalem
A woman kneeled at consecrated feet,
Kissed them and washed them with her tears.  What
I think that yet our Lord is pitiful.  **J. Ingelow.**

ANY a one by being thought better than he
was, has become better.  **Jowett.**

**Christ** rises!  Mercy every way
Is infinite,—and who can say?  **Browning.**

**Ruskin** you are deliberately kind to every crea-
ture, you will often be cruel to many.
Thursday.

Compassion.

OW can I teach your children Gentleness?
   And Mercy for the weak? and Reverence
For Life, which in its weakness or excess
   Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,—
Or Death, which—seeming darkness—is no less
   The self-same light, although averted hence,—
When by your laws, your actions and your speech,
   You contradict the very things I teach?
   Longfellow.

S for brute animals, and things undignified with
   Reason, use them generously and nobly, as
Beings that have Reason should treat those that
   have none.   Marcus Aurelius.

AST thou cattle? Have an eye to them!
   Ecclus. vii. 22.

THEISM destroys Magnanimity... for take an
   example of a dog, and mark what a generosity
and courage he will put on when he finds himself
   maintained by a man; who to him is instead of a
God... So man, when he resteth and assureth
   himself upon Divine Providence and favour, gather-
eth a force and faith which human nature in itself
   could not attain.   Bacon.

E prayeth well, who loveth well
   Both man and bird and beast!
He prayeth best who loveth best
   All things both great and small!
For the dear God Who loveth us,
   He made and loveth all.   S. T. Coleridge.

E shall have Judgment without Mercy that hath
   shewed no Mercy; and Mercy rejoiceth against
Compassion.

—■—

E, Whom no praise can reach, is aye
Men’s least attempts approving:
Whom Justice makes All-merciful,
Omniscience makes All-loving.
Yes, they have caught the way of God,
To whom Self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others’ faults a shade.
A bright horizon out at sea
Obscures the distant ships:—
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful
In Charity’s Eclipse.

F a man shall say... “That wherewith thou
mightest have been profited by me is Corban,
that is to say, Given to God,” ye... make void the
Word of God by your tradition.

Mark vii. 11. (R. V.)

WEET is the gratitude from others got
For gifts bestowed; and sweet it is to vent
In cheap Compassion for another’s lot
The easy impulse of Benevolence;—
And thou these sweets wouldst taste at my expense!

Lytton.

INFINITE Pity, yet also infinite rigour of Law!—
it is so Nature is made. But a man who does
not know rigour, cannot pity either. His very
Pity will be cowardly, egoistic,—Sentimentality or
little better.

Carltyle.

O plain is it that, all the more
God’s dispensation’s merciful,—
More pettishly we try and cull
Briers, thistles from our private plot,
To mar God’s ground where thorns are not.

Browning.

Seventh after Trinity.]

[Friday. 332
WEEK OF THE

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

A Prayer for the Week

Grant that we may perceive and know what things we ought to do, and also may have Grace and Power faithfully to fulfil the same!
Deeds not Words.

GREAT man (who was crowned one day)
Imagined a great Deed:
He shaped it out of cloud and clay,
He touched it finely, till the seed
Possessed the flower; from heart and brain
He fed it with large thoughts humane
To help a People's need.
He brought it out into the sun—
They blessed it to his face;
“O great pure Deed, that hast undone
So many bad and base!
O generous Deed! heroic Deed!
Come forth! be perfected! succeed!
Deliver by God's grace!”

Then Sovereigns, Statesmen, north and south,
Rose up in wrath and fear,
And cried, protesting by one mouth,
“What monster have we here?
A great Deed at this hour of day?
A great, just Deed—and not for pay?
Absurd!—or insincere!”...

And He stood sad before the sun,
(The Peoples felt their fate!)
“The world is many—I am one;
My great Deed was too great.
God's fruit of justice ripens slow:
Men's souls are narrow,—let them grow!
My brothers! we must wait.”

E. B. BROWNING.

T is not enough not to do; you are bound to Act.
Mazzini.

E are our own Fates. Our own Deeds are our
doomsmen. Man's life was made not for men's
Creeds, but men's Actions!

Lytton.
Deeds not Words.

HAT then? doth Charity fail? is faith of no avail?
Is Hope blown out like a light by a gust of wind in the night?
The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain perplex man's heart
Are nought but the rustle of leaves, [and brain,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life—
And they subside again! And I remember still
The words, and from Whom they came,
"Not he that repeateth the Name,
But he that doeth the Will." . . .
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone
To the centuries that shall be!
From all vain pomps and shows, from the pride that
And the false conceits of men; [overflows,
From all the narrow rules and subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search, bewildered with the cry:
"Lo here! lo there, the Church!" poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary road it came
Unto the simple thought by the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
"Not he that repeateth the Name,
But he that doeth the Will." Longfellow.

OD created us not to contemplate but to act. He
created us in His own image, and He is
Thought and Action, or rather in Him there is no
Thought without simultaneous Action. Mazzini.

AY thou thy say and I will do my Deed.
Tennyson.
Deeds not Words.

OT words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for His own:
Nor will a Soul by grace restored
Return the Saviour words alone.
With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates bordered round,—
The need of Holiness expressed,
And called for Fruit as well as Sound.

Cowper.

E bowed himself
With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease,
That graced the lowliest act in doing of it.

Tennyson.

CTION is the Word of God: Thought alone is
but His shadow. They who disjoin Thought
and Action seek to divide Duty, and deny the
Eternal Unity.

Mazzini.

IS hidden meaning lies in our endeavours.

Fletcher.

REAMS of baseless good
Oft come and go, in crowds or solitude,
And leave no trace.

Shelley.

HO reasons wisely, is not therefore wise;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

Pope.

ERE, at least, were men
Who meant and did the noblest thing they knew.
Can our Religion cope with deeds like this?

Lowell.

Sailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was—a blameless life.

Cowper.

Eighth after Trinity.] 336
Deeds not Words.

ORDS pass as wind, but where great Deeds were done,
A power abides, transfused from sire to son.

Lowell.
IS a kind of good deed to say well,—
And yet words are no deeds.

Shakespeare.
ALTH of our Fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life!

Faber.
PEND no more time in stating the qualifications
of a Man of Virtue, but endeavour to get them!

Marcus Aurelius.
MAN that would have foiled at their own play
A dozen "Would-bes" of the modern day!

Cowper.
HOU art the Judge. We are bruised thus.
But, the Judgment over, join sides with us!
Thine too is the cause. And not more Thine
Than ours, is the work of these dogs and swine,
Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed,
Who maintain Thee in word, and defy Thee in deed.

Browning.
OOD were the days of yore, when men were tried
By ring of shields, as now by ring of words.

Lowell.
ASY indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of Faith and Love!
But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sovereign Grace,
Unless that Grace has made him free.

Cowper.
Deeds not Words.

NLY add
Deeds, to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance;—add love:
... Then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far!

HALL not that Western Goth of whom we spoke...
Find out, some day, that nothing pays but God,
Served whether on the smoke-shut battle-field,
In work obscure done honestly,—or vote
For truth unpopular,—or faith maintained
To ruinous convictions,—or good deeds
Wrought for good’s sake, mindless of heaven or hell?

ETWEEN our acts and our intentions ever
There is a bridge without a parapet:
Beneath it flows life’s unreturning river:
So narrow is the way, that one, to let
The other pass, must disappear: and never
Have these quick travellers escaped as yet
That dangerous encounter. What betides
When there they meet, man’s destiny decides.

S soon as the Man is at one with God... he
will see Prayer in all Action.

EN of action these!—
Who, seeing just as little as you please,
Yet turn that little to account;—engage
With—do not gaze at—carry on a stage—
The work o’ the world, not merely make report
The work existed ere their day! In short,
When at some future no-time a brave band
Sees,—using what it sees,—then shake my hand
In heaven, my brother!

Eighth after Trinity.]
Deeds not Words.

O not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede!

—Shakespeare.

E was anxious to appear, but scarce
Solicitous to be.

—Browning.

HE man may teach by Doing, and not otherwise.
If he can communicate himself, he can teach,—
but not by words. He teaches, who gives, and he
learns who receives.

—Emerson.

ND much he knows and much he thinks,
But he is more than all he knows;
For still aspiring, still he drinks
Fresh inspiration as he goes;—
More careful that the Man should grow,
Than that the Mind should understand:
He loves all creatures here below:
And touches all with tender hand.

—Smith.

HE unexpressive man—whose life expressed so
much.

—Lowell.

HOM do you count the worst man upon earth?
Be sure, he knows in his conscience more
Of what Right is, than arrives at birth
In the best man’s acts, which we bow before:
This last knows better—true!—but my fact is
’Tis one thing to know, and another to practise!
And thence I conclude that the real God-function
Is to furnish a motive and injunction
For practising what we know already.

—Browning.

ONVICTION, were it never so excellent, is
worthless till it convert itself into Conduct.

—Carlyle.
Deeds not Words.

HOU that art born into this favoured age,
So fertile in all enterprise of thought,
Bound in fresh mental conflicts to engage
The liberties for which your fathers fought—
Be not thy spirit contemplation-fraught,
Musing and mourning! Thou must act and move,
Must teach thy children more than thou wast taught,
Brighten intelligence, disseminate love,
And, through the world around, make way to worlds above.

HE end of man is an Action and not a Thought,
though it were of the noblest.

EEDS unfinished will weigh on the doer.

OR His sake those tears and prayers are offered,
Which you bear as flowers to His throne;
Better still would be the food and shelter,
Given for Him, and given to His own.
Praise with loving Deeds is dear and holy,
Words of praise will never serve instead;
Lo! you offer music, hymn and incense,
When He has not where to lay His head...

Jesus then and Mary still are with us—
Night will find the Child and Mother near,
Waiting for the shelter we deny them,
While we tell them that we hold them dear!

ROVES,—despite a lurking doubt,—
Mere Sympathy sufficient, Trouble spared?

F to do were as easy as to know what were good
to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages Princes' palaces!

Eighth after Trinity.]
WEEK OF THE

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom."

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, grant me Heavenly Wisdom, that I may learn above all things to seek and to find THEE,—above all things to crave THEE and to love THEE, and to think of all things as at the disposal of Thy wisdom! Grant me to know that which is worth knowing,—to love that which is worth loving,—to praise that which pleases THEE most,—to esteem that highly which to THEE is precious,—to abhor that which in Thy sight is filthy and unclean!
Wisdom.

OMMISSION from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of Knowledge—with bounds:—Beyond, abstain
To ask ! nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' Invisible King,
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven!
Enough is left beside to search and know. Milton.

HEIR pride of Wisdom knew not it behoved
Man's Mind to worship—but man's Heart still
more. Houghton.

HEY know, and therefore rule:—I, too, will
know! Browning.

IFE Eternal is not to live. This is Life Eternal—
to know. Drummond.

HUS deeply drinking in the soul of things
We shall be wise perforce; and, while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
Shall move unswerving,—even as if impelled
By strict necessity,—along the path
Of Order and of Good. Wordsworth.

EN who might
Do greatly in a Universe that breaks
And burns, must ever know before they do.
Courage and Patience are but Sacrifice;
And Sacrifice is offered for and to
Something conceived of.
An ignorance of means may minister
To greatness, but an ignorance of aims
Makes it impossible to be great at all!

E. B. Browning.
Sunday.

Wisdom.

—+-

URE He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after,—gave us not
That capability and god-like Reason
To fust in us unused.  Shakespeare.

N Christian hearts,—oh for a pagan zeal!
A needful but opprobrious prayer!  As much
Our ardour less, as greater is our light!  Young.

HAT there should one man die ignorant who
had capacity for Knowledge,—this I call a
tragedy!  Carlyle.

ISDOM is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.  Wordsworth.

HE great lesson which Christians have to learn . .
is to know the World as it is.  Such knowledge
is a power to fulfil the Will of God.

OU are not guilty, because you are ignorant;
but you are guilty when you resign yourselves
to ignorance.

Mazzini.

THOU! to Whom the wearisome disease
Of Past and Present is an alien thing,—
Thou pure Existence! Whose severe decrees
Forbid a living man his Soul to bring
Into a timeless Eden of sweet ease—
Clear-eyed, clear-hearted—lay Thy loving wing
In Death upon me!—if that way alone
Thy great Creation-thought Thou wilt to me make
known.

Houghton.

HE knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom,
neither at any time the counsel of sinners
prudence.

Ecclus. xix. 22.
NOWLEDGE! — not intuition—but the slow
Uncertain fruit of an enhancing toil,
Strengthened by love.  

E not diffident
Of Wisdom! She deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her—when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent.

E multiply distinctions:—then
Deem that our puny boundaries are things
That we perceive, and not that we have made.

LAD Wisdom is not gotten, but is given:
Not dug out of the earth, but dropped from Heaven;
Heavenly, not earthly, is the brightness of it.

F any of you lack Wisdom, let him ask of God, . .
and it shall be given him.

OD only is wise . . the Wisdom of men is little
or nothing.

AN I teach thee, my belovèd,—can I teach thee?
If I said, "Go left!—or right!"
The counsel would be light,
The wisdom, poor of all that could enrich thee;
My Right would show like Left,
My raising would depress thee,
My choice of light would blind thee—
Of way,—would leave behind thee,
Of end,—would leave bereft—
Alas! I can but bless thee!
May God teach thee, my belovèd!—may God teach thee.

E. B. Browning.
ISDOM and Goodness are twin-born! One
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart. [heart
Cowper.

ELIGION'S all or nothing; it's no mere smile
O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, Sir—
No quality o' the finelier-tempered clay,
Like its whiteness or its lightness; rather, stuff
O' thè very stuff, life of life, and self of self. . . .
The acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.
Browning.

NOWLEDGE itself is a weak instrument to stir
the Soul compared with Religion. Jowett.

E have not known Thee as we ought,
Nor learn'd Thy Wisdom, Grace and Power; . . .
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing Thee! Pollock.

OT to know at large of things remote
. From use, obscure and subtle,—but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,—
Is the prime Wisdom!
Milton.

ΘΙ σεαυτόν?—and is this the prime
And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time!—
Say, canst thou make thyself?—Learn first that trade:
Haply thou may'st know what thyself had made!
What hast thou, Man, that thou canst call thine own?—
What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?—
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm—life, death, soul, clod—
Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God! S. T. C.
Wisdom.

NOWLEDGE, for us, is difficult to gain,—
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep
As Virtue's self;—like Virtue is beset
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to decay.

Wordsworth.

AD the case
Of him who knows not wherefore he was made!
But he that knows the limits of his race,
Not runs, but flies, with prosperous winds to aid;
Or if he limps,—he knows his path was trod
By saints of old, who knew their way to God.

H. Coleridge.

VIRTUE, not rolling suns, the mind matures—
That life is long which answers Life's great end...
The Man of Wisdom is the Man of Years.

Young.

E not wise in your own conceits. Rom. xii. 16.

NOWLEDGE is a barren tree and bare,
Bereft of God.

L. Morris.

HE Lord giveth Wisdom... When Wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul; discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.

Prov. ii. 6, 10, 11.

HAT comes, receive;—be not too wise for God!

Clough.

HAT can ye give us for a Faith so lost?
For love of Duty, and delight in Prayer?
How are we wiser—that our minds are tost
By winds of knowledge on a sea of care?
How are we better—that we hardly fear
To break the Laws our Fathers held most dear?

Houghton.

Ninth after Trinity.] 346
Thursday.]

Wisdom.

Would you be still more learned than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known!
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedge'd lies open in life's common field,
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.

He wisest truly is, in these times, the greatest.

N themselves
They cannot lean... their Wisdom is
To look into the eyes of others, thence
To be instructed what they must avoid.

E that getteth Wisdom loveth his own soul.

Ow much the more thou knowest, and how much the better thou understandest, so much the more grievously shalt thou therefore be judged, unless thy life be also more holy.

Is aspirations
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,
And they have only taught him—what we know—
That Knowledge is not Happiness,—and Science,
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.

Eize Wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise!
That is seize Wisdom, ere she seizes thee—
For what... is hell?
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the Truth,
When Truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe,
And calls Eternity to do her right!
Wisdom.

OULDST thou know
How differ earthly Wisdom and divine?
Just as the waning and the waxing moon,—
More empty worldly Wisdom ev'ry day;
And ev'ry day more fair her rival shines.

HO loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail!
But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.
Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she—cut from Love and Faith—
But some wild Pallas from the brain
Of Demons!—fiery hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power! Let her know her place!
She is the second,—not the first!
A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain;—and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With Wisdom, like the younger child:
For she is earthly of the Mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the Soul;—
O friend! who camest to the goal
So early, leaving me behind,
I would the great World grew like thee!—
Who grewest not alone in Power
And Knowledge, but by year and hour
In Reverence and Charity!

TENNYSON.
WEEK OF THE

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"The members should have the same care one for another."

A Prayer for the Week

O Eternal Lord, Who art made unto us Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption: give me a fellow-feeling for the calamities of others, a readiness to bear their burdens, aptness to forbear, wisdom to advise, counsel to direct, and a spirit of meekness and modesty trembling at my own infirmities, fearful in my brother’s dangers, and joyful in his restoration to security!
Sympathy.

—•—

ROther, we are surely bound
On the same journey—and our eyes alike
Turn up and onward: wherefore, now thou risest,—
Lean on mine arm, and let us for a space
Pursue the path together! Ah, 'tis much
In this so weary pilgrimage, to meet
A royal face like thine: to touch the hand
Of such a soul-fellow; to feel the want,
The upward-crying hunger, the desire,
The common hope and pathos!

Buchanan.

T is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the dis-
eased habit, in the hardened conscience that men
become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely
in proportion as they are incapable of Sympathy.

Ruskin.

HO means to help must still support the load.

Browning.

N-SEEING Sympathy is hers, which chasteneth
No less than loveth, scorning to be bound
With fear of blame, and yet which ever hasteneth
To pour the balm of kind looks on the wound—
If they be wounds which such sweet teaching makes,
Giving itself a pang for others' sakes.

Lowell.

OVE those people heartily that it is your fortune
to be engaged with.

Marcus Aurelius.

UT as we meet and touch each day
The many travellers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry!
The contact of the soil and seed;
Each giving to the other's need—
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each as well as blest!

S. Coolidge.
Sunday.]

Sympathy.

N vain for Thee I left the Father’s realm of light;
In vain the toilful day succeeds the wrestling night;
In vain to doubting hearts the signs and wonders
Because Thou knewest not—If thou hadst known!
Not for Myself I weep,—My strife is almost o’er,
My foes’ worst malice now, but hastens rest the more;
For Thee I agonize, who might’st have been Mine own—
Because Thou knewest not—If thou hadst known!
I weep thy wasted powers, enthralled by Satan’s voice,
Thy great hopes unfulfilled,—thy blind, perverted
My Death brings others Life,—Thou perishest alone,
Because thou wouldest not!—If thou hadst known!

E. M. L. G.

OW was He,
The Blessed One, made perfect? Why, by grief—
The fellowship of voluntary grief—
He read the tear-stained book of poor men’s souls,
As I must learn to read it.

Kingsley.

HELD it more humane, more heav’nly,—first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.

Milton.

E can only elevate ourselves towards God
through the Souls of our fellow-men!

Mazzini.

E that works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids,—
My Benefactor, not my Brother-Man.

S. T. Coleridge.

EARTS philanthropic, at times, have the trick of
the old hearts of stone.

Walter Smith.
Sympathy.

HERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;—
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy Sympathy!
Thou Who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine Ear divine,
And every Cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord! of Thine. JANE CREWDON.

HOUGH sepulchred in absence, Sympathy
Leads a suspended life and cannot die. LYTTON.

E is tenderest, not who has sinned, as is sometimes vainly thought,—but who has known best the power of sin, by overcoming it. WESTCOTT.

F one heart in perfect Sympathy
Beat with another, answering love for love,—
Weak mortals, all entranc’d, on earth would lie,
Nor listen for those purer strains above...
Thou know’st our bitterness!—our joys are Thine!
No stranger Thou to all our wanderings wild!
Nor could we bear to think how every line
Of us,—Thy darken’d likeness and defil’d,—
Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing eye,
But that Thou call’st us Brethren! Sweet repose
Is in that word;—the Lord who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.
KEBLE.

EN are born to be serviceable to one another;
therefore either reform the World, or bear
with it! MARCUS AURELIUS.

Tenth after Trinity.] 352
Sympathy.

WHILE ago I passed
Where every step seemed thornier and harder than
the last;
Where bitterest disappointment and inly aching
Carved day by day a weary Cross, renewed with
every morrow—
The heaviest end of that strange Cross I knew was
laid on Thee;
So I could still press on, secure of Thy deep
Sympathy.  F. R. HAVERGAL.

HERE are hearts
So perilously fashion’d, that for them
God’s touch alone hath gentleness enough
To waken,—and not break,—their thrilling strings!
F. HEMANS.

NE spring wind unbinds the mountain snow
And comforts violets in their hermitage.
BROWNING.

OW feeble hath been all my Soul’s essay
To aid one single man on all God’s earth.
BUCHANAN

ND if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the labourer’s side;
With words of Sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great Army of the Poor,
O’er desert sand, o’er dangerous moor!
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward!
LONGFELLOW.

HE truest joys which we have experienced, have
come when we have had grace to enter most
entirely into a sorrow not our own.  WESTCOTT.
Sympathy.

OULDST thou the Life of Souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn:—
Love is Life's only sign.
The spring of the regenerate heart—
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embrac'd, as God ador'd.  

HE never found fault with you, never implied
Your Wrong by her Right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer.
None knelt at her feet, confessed lovers in thrall,—
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all!

"OR this true nobleness I seek in vain
In woman, and in man I find it not;
I almost weary of my earthly lot,
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain."
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again;—
Look inward through the depths of thine own soul!
How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
Be Noble! and the Nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,—
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own!
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never-more be sad and lone!

ET us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere!—but strive
In offices of love how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe!

Tenth after Trinity.]
**Thursday.]**

**Sympathy.**

AN is dear to Man! the poorest Poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings;—have been kind to such
As needed kindness.                                    \[Wordsworth.\]

WOULD have you be... like a fire well kindled,
which catches at everything you throw in, and
turns it into flame and brightness.              \[M. Aurelius.\]

OME souls there are
    Who, when they smite it, bring
Forth from the hardest rock its hidden spring.
\[Lytton.\]

E calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
    More than his fickleness or poverty?
In love I should; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither;—therefore gently move!

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
    Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still:—
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's Wants and Will,
And meet them there!—All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindesses.           \[Herbert.\]

IND thy reward in the thing
    Which thou hast been blest to do,
Let the joy of others cause joy to spring
Up in thy bosom too!—
And if the love of a grateful heart
    As a rich reward be given,
Lift thou the love of a grateful heart
To the God of Love in Heaven!             \[Mac Donald.\]
Sympathy.

ASK THEE for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.
Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on Whom I wait.

A. L. WARING.

YSTICAL, more than magical, is that communing of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward! Here properly Soul first speaks with Soul.

CARLYLE.

IS but brother's speech we need,
Speech where an accent's change gives each
The other's soul!

BROWNING.

O distance breaks the tie of blood,
Brothers are brothers evermore,
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood
That magic may o'erpower:
Oft ere the common source be known,
The kindred drops will claim their own,
And throbbing pulses silently
Move heart towards heart by Sympathy.

So is it with true Christian hearts;
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
An everlasting bond imparts
Of holiest brotherhood.

Oh! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive,—do good and love,—
By soft endearments in kind strife
Lightening the load of daily life!

KEBLE.

Tenth after Trinity.] 356
"God resisteth the Proud."

A Prayer for the Week

O Lord, Father and God of my Life, give me not a proud look, but turn away from Thy servants a haughty mind.
Spiritual Pride.

EN who proudly clung
To their first fault—and withered in their Pride!
BROWNING.

MEAN estate is not always to be condemned;
nor the rich that is foolish to be had in ad-
miration.
Ecclus. xxii. 23.

RIDE brandishes the favours he confers.
YOUNG.

N the verge of never-ending woe
Man doubting stands, yet plum’d with Pride the
Folding his arms in self-admir’d repose,
while, Cased in self confidence!
I. WILLIAMS.

ET not the refinement of Society make us forget,
that it is not the refined only who are received
into the Kingdom of God.
JOWETT.

SEEMING sole to awake,—thy sun-bathed head
Piercing the solemn cloud
Round thy still dreaming brother-world outspread..
Be not too proud!
Oh! when most self-exalted, most alone!
Chief Dreamer, own thy dream!
Thy brother-world stirs at thy feet unknown;
Who hath a Monarch’s hath no Brother’s part.
MATT. ARNOLD.

STEEM not thyself better than others, lest per-
haps in the sight of God, Who knoweth what
is in Man, thou be accounted worse than they.
THOS. A KEMPIS.

O thy day’s work, dare
Refuse no help thereto, since help refused
Is hindrance sought and found.
BROWNING.

Eleventh after Trinity.] 358
SUNDAY.]

Spiritual Pride.

OME lead a life unblameable and just—
Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust!
They never sin!—or if (as all offend)
Some trivial slips their daily walk attend,
The poor are near at hand,—the charge is small,—
A slight gratuity atones for all!    Cowper.

E to our cost our bounds transgress
In Thy eternal plan;
Pride grasps the powers by Thee display’d,
Yet ne’er the rebel effort made,
But fell beneath the sudden shade

ELF-blinded are you by your Pride!
Tennyson.

E assured
That least of all can aught—that ever owned
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to—sink, howe’er depressed,
So low as to be scorned, without a sin.
Wordsworth.

T may be that the suppliant’s life
Has lain on many an evil way
Of foul delight and brutal strife,
And lawless deeds that shun the day;
But how can any gauge of yours
The depth of that temptation try!
—What man resists—what man endures—
Is open to one only eye.    Houghton.

OW little thou canst tell
How much in thee is ill or well!
Nor for thy neighbour, nor for thee,
Be sure! was life designed to be
A draught of dull Complacency!    Clough.
UDGE not! the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field—
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!
The fall thou darest to despise,—
May-be the Angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.
And judge none lost! but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain!
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days. A. Procter.

HE pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That seeks with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion! Cowper.

HEY repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit
shall say within themselves, "This was he, whom we had sometimes in derision, and a proverb of reproach; we fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour: how is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot among the saints? Wisdom v. 3-5.
Tuesday.

Spiritual Pride.

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HEY do not well
Who, walking up a trodden path, all smooth
With footsteps of their fellows, and made straight
From town to town, will scorn at them that wonn
Under the covert of God’s eldest trees—
They do not well who mock at such and cry,
“We peaceably, without or fault or fear,
Proceed and miss not of our end; but these
Are slow and fearful; with uncertain pace,
And ever reasoning of the way, they oft,
After all reasoning, choose the worser course.”

J. Ingelow.

F there be any good in thee, believe that there is
much more in others,—that so thou mayest pre-
serve humility within thee.

Thos. à Kempis.

OOK straight at all things from the soul!
But boast not much to understand;
Make each new action sound and whole,
Then leave it in its place unscanned!
Be true! devoid of aim or care;
Nor posture, nor antagonize!
Know well that clouds of this our air
But seem to wrap the mighty skies!

Allingham.

EAVIER responsibility attaches to those who
have larger knowledge.

Westcott.

HE lawless wish, the unaverted eye,
Are as a taint upon the breeze,
To lure foul spirits:—haughty brows and high
Are signals to invite Them nigh,
Whose onset ever Saints await on bended knees.

Keble.

EST being lifted up with Pride he fall into the
temptation of the Devil.

1 Tim. iii. 6.
HALL I take on me to change His tasks,
   And dare,—dispatched to a river-head
For a simple draught of the element,—
Neglect the thing for which He sent
And return with another thing instead?—
Saying, "Because the water found
Welling up from underground
Is mingled with the taints of earth . . .
Therefore I turned from the oozings muddy,
And bring Thee a chalice I found instead . . .
What matters the water? A hope I have nursed,
The waterless cup will quench my thirst!"
—Better have knelt at the poorest stream
That trickles in pain from the straightest rift!
For the less or more is all God's gift,
Who blocks up, or breaks wide the granite seam;
And here, is there water or not to drink?

BROWNING.

EVER be ashamed of assistance! Like a Soldier
   at the storming of a town, your business is to
maintain your post and execute your orders. Now
suppose you happen to be lame at an assault and
cannot mount the breach upon your own feet, will
you not suffer your Comrade to help you?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

FACE begins just where ambition ends.
   What makes man wretched? Happiness denied?
No! 'tis happiness disdained.
She comes too meanly dressed to win our smile;
And calls herself Content, a homely name!
Our flame is transport, and content our scorn,
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead.

YOUNG.

Eleventh after Trinity.]  362
Thursday.

Spiritual Pride.

ACH in the throng
Mock at the rest as they crowd along,
Where Pride over all like a god on high
Sits enshrined in his self-complacency!

Mac Donald.

E, rather than be less,
Car'd not to be at all!

Milton.

HE atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought—
Is not for you!—the righteous need it not!

Cowper.

IS own opinion was his law.

Shakespeare.

NDEED, by loving myself amiss, I lost myself;
and by seeking THEE alone, I have found both
myself and THEE.

Thos. a Kempis.

IME was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.
But now I cast that finer sense
And surer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was Pride!
So when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to HIM, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

Newman.

PATIENCE and human Pride have destroyed
or misled more souls than deliberate wickedness.

Mazzini.
Spiritual Pride.

MAN, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Majesty dwarf’d to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloking corruption! weakness mastering power!
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name.

NEWMAN.

LOOKED for signs and wonders
That o’er men should give me sway:—
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

LOWELL.

AN should be humble:—you are very proud
And God dethron’d has doleful plagues for
such.

BROWNING.

HAT hath Pride profited us? or what good hath
our vaunting brought us?

WISDOM V. 8.

HILD of My throes, where’er I set thee stand
No self-sought danger earns My angel’s hand.

MORGAN.

HEN the Soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the Soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
When the Arch-fiend, Pride,
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore,—
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence,
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—

Save, oh! save.

MATT. ARNOLD.

Eleventh after Trinity.]
WEEK OF THE

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"A faithful Friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him."

Prayers for the Week

O THOU All Merciful! Be these my Friends
Beneath Thy wing for ever! Visit them
With daily blessings, nightly dreams of bliss!
Be Memory still their comforter! be Hope
Their constant guide! and wise and good men's love
Their stay on earth! Be THOU their rest in heaven!

THOU! Whom each humble Christian worships now,
In the poor hamlet and the open field;
Once an Idea—now Comforter and Friend,
Hope of the Human Heart! Descend! Descend!
Consecration of Friendship.

HROWNED above all heights he condescends
To call the few that trust in Him, His Friends.

Cowper.

H! never is "Loved once"
Thy word, Thou Victim CHRIST, misprizèd
Thy cross and curse may rend, [Friend!
But having loved, Thou lovest to the end!
This is man’s saying—man’s; too weak to move
One spherèd star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
By his No More! and Once! E. B. Browning.

ORSAKE not an old Friend, for the new is not
comparable to him. Ecclus. ix. 12.

OVE Him and keep Him for thy Friend, Who,
when all go away, will not forsake thee, nor
suffer thee to perish in the end. Thos. À Kempis.

And they that woo His visits sweet
And will not let Him go,
Oft while His broken bread they eat,
His soul-felt presence know;
His gather’d Friends He loves to meet
And fill with joy their faith,
When they with melting heart repeat
The memory of His death. Grinfield.

HE wise man will want to be ever with him who
is better than himself. Plato.

OME have Friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee!
Twells.

Twelfth after Trinity.] 366
Sunday.]

Consecration of Friendship.

—+—

HE Friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
   Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch’d, unfledged comrade.

Shakespeare.

HEN first the Friendship-flower is planted
   Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought is wanted
   To guard its beauty fresh and whole;—
But when the full-empassioned age
   Has well revealed the magic bloom,
A wise and holy tutelage
   Alone avoids the open tomb.

It is not Absence you should dread—
   For absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
   Shall wave most wonderful and fair:
With sympathies of joy and sorrow
   Fed, as with morn and even dews,
Ideal colouring it may borrow
   Richer than ever earthly hues.

But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
   Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
The common-peopled atmosphere
   Of daily thoughts and words and looks;
It trembles at the brushing wings
   Of many a curious fashion-fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
   To taint it as they wanton by.

Houghton.

Owing and loved and delicate and lowly,
   Rich in all blessing that thy God can send,
Take yet a gift!—the simple and the holy
Gift of the faith and honour of a Friend.

Myers.

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Consecration of Friendship.

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LL love assimilates the soul to what it loves.

Browning.

N companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,—
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

Shakespeare.

FRIENDS, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,
But chosen with a nice, discerning taste,—
Well born, well disciplined, who, placed apart
From vulgar minds, have Honour much at heart,
And—though the world may think the ingredients
The Love of Virtue and the Fear of God! [odd,—

Cowper.

AN we forget one Friend? can we forget one face,
Which cheered us toward our end, which nerved
Oh! sad to toil and yet forego [us for our race?—
One presence which has made us know
To God-like souls how deep our debt!
We would not,—if we could,—forget!

Kingsley.

O fading, frail memorial give
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done!—
That so, before the Judgment-Seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremember'd ye may meet,
For endless ages to embrace!

Keble.

OR lack I Friends long-tried and near and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,
Warm, soft, and golden.—For such gifts to me
What shall I render, O my God, to Thee?

Whittier.

Twelfth after Trinity.]
TUESDAY.]

Consecration of Friendship.

OULS that carry on a blest exchange
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,
And, with a fearless confidence, make known
The sorrows Sympathy esteems its own—
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness, and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And one in heart, in interest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine. — Cowper.

HOSO feareth the Lord shall direct his Friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour be also. — Ecclus. vi. 17.

LL love renders wise in its degree. — Browning.

ND thus at times, as Christians talk
Of Jesus and His Word,
He joins two friends amid their walk
And makes, unseen, a third.
And oh! how sweet their converse flows,
Their holy theme how clear,
How warm with love each bosom glows
If Jesus be but near! — Grinfield.

E took sweet counsel together and walked in the house of God as Friends.

Psalm li. 15 (P.B.)

HERE is a spot where spirits blend,
And Friend holds fellowship with Friend;—
Though parted here, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

HEY were strangers to the world, but near and familiar Friends to God. — Thos. à Kempis.
Consecration of Friendship.

AM bound by the old promise.
What can break that golden chain?
Not even the words that you have spoken
Or the sharpness of my pain:
Do you think because you fail me
And draw back your hand to-day,
That from out the heart I gave you
My strong love can fade away?
It will live! No eyes may see it;
In my soul it will lie deep,
Hidden from all; but I shall feel it
Often stirring in its sleep.
So remember that the Friendship
Which you now think poor and vain,
Will endure in hope and patience,
Till you ask for it again. A. Procter.

O supply the ripe wants of my Friend,
I'll break a custom! Shakespeare.

OW say ye "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, Friends, and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have
So long,—"We loved them once!" [shone
E. B. Browning.

RIENDSHIP maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts.

BE Winter of Sorrow best shows
The truth of a Friend, such as you.
Cowper.

HOM Summer made Friends of—let Winter estrange?

Browning.

Twelfth after Trinity.] 370
THURSDAY.

Consecration of Friendship.

HALL your Friend (not slave) be shent
For speaking home? Browning.

LOVE that gives and takes—that seeth faults
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle-points,
But loving-kindly ever looks them down
With the o’ercoming faith of meek forgiveness!

Y Friends have come to me unsought; the great
God gave them me. Emerson.

F a foe have kenn’d,
Or worse than foe, an alienated Friend,
A rib of dry-rot in thy ship’s stout side,
Think it God’s message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it—thine the gains—
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

S. T. Coleridge.

MAN that hath Friends must show himself friendly.

Prov. xvi. 24.

OW will sad memory point where, here and there,
Friend after Friend, by falsehood or by fate,
From him or from each other parted were,
And love sometimes becomes the nurse of hate!...
Rather, he thinks he held not duly dear
Love, the best gift that Man on Man bestows,
While round his downward path, recluse and drear,
He feels the chill indifferent shadows close.

"Why did I not," his spirit murmurs deep,
"At every cost of momentary pride,
Preserve the love for which in vain I weep;
Why had I wish or hope or sense beside?
O cruel issue of some selfish thought!
O long, long echo of some angry tone!
O fruitless lesson, mercilessly taught,
Alone to linger—and to die alone!" Houghton.
Consecration of Friendship.

OU have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity. Shakespeare.

H yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing through his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me!—
That dies not—but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,—
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.
Tennyson.

Without Me Friendship hath no strength, no continuance. Neither is that love pure, which is not knit by Me.
Thos. A Kemp.

OR hope to find
A Friend but what has found a Friend in thee!—
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes Friends such miracles below.
But since Friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor ev'ry Friend unrotten at the core;
First on thy Friend, delib'rate with thyself!
Pause—ponder—sift! not eager in the choice
Nor jealous of the chosen;—fixing, fix!
Judge before Friendship, then confide till death!—
Well, for thy Friend, but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A Friend is worth all hazards we can run!
Poor is the friendless master of a world!
A world in purchase for a Friend is gain! Young.

REA TER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his Friend. John xv. 13.

Twelfth after Trinity.] 372
WEEK OF THE

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

“What is seen hath not been made out of things that do appear.”

A Prayer for the Week

THOU Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out THEE
And read THEE everywhere!
E live by Admiration, Hope, and Love!
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In Dignity of Being we ascend.                    Wordsworth.

E barter life for pottage! sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown!
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown.
Our faded crown,— despis'd and flung aside,—
Shall on some brother's brow immortal bloom;
No partial hand the blessing may misguide,
No flattering fancy change our Monarch's doom:
His righteous doom,— that meek true-hearted Love
The everlasting birthright should receive,—
The softest dews drop on her from above,—
The richest green her mountain-garland weave!
Keble.

E may see what he maketh. Our dreams are the sequel of our waking knowledge. Emerson.

E see far in holy ground,
If duly purged our mental view. Keble.

He gifted man is he who sees the essential point.
Intelect altogether expresses itself in this power of discerning, and how much of morality
is in the kind of Insight we get of anything!
Carlyle.

He enduring half they chose— [king,—
Whose choice decides a man Life's slave or
The invisible things of God before the seen and
Therefore their memory inspiration blows [known:
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone!
Lowell.

Pen Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things.
Psalm cxix. 18.
ARTh's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God:
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes.—
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more from the first similitude!

E. B. Browning.

T is with Man's Soul as it was with Nature:
the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the
eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds.
Divine moment! when over the tempest-tost Soul, as
once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken:
Let there be Light!

Cantor.

LL that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical—one mighty Alphabet
For infant minds! and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
The Substance from the Shadow!

S. T. Coleridge.

F your eye is on the Eternal, your intellect will
grow, and your opinions and actions will have
a beauty which no learning or combined advantages
of other men can rival.

Emerson.

HAT now if Spirit and God are the Thought
which is written out plain.
On the great page of the world, and your method of
seeking is vain?

W. Smith.

WO worlds are ours,— 'tis only sin
Forbids us to desire
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

KELBY.
POOR, wayfaring man of grief
   Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
   That I could never answer, nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither He went or whence He came,—
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love,—I know not why.
Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
   He entered:—not a word He spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
   I gave Him all; He blessed it, brake,
And ate; but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel’s portion then!
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste . . .
'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
    A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
    To bid Him welcome to my roof:
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my Guest,
Laid Him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden’s garden while I dreamed.

Montgomery.

E grope after the *Spiritual* by describing it as invisible. The true meaning of *Spiritual* is *Real*.

Emerson.

ONE can see Him but His friends,—
And they were once His foes!

Cowper.

HE mystery of a *Person*, indeed, is ever divine,
to him that has a sense for the God-like.

Carlyle.
TRIPT, wounded, beaten nigh to Death,
I found Him by the high-way side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; He was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart...
In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's death at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured Him 'midst shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked—if I for Him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill;
But the free spirit cried: "I will!"
Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake; and my poor name He named;
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not! thou didst them unto ME!"

MONTGOMERY.

ET it be your method to contemplate Spirits apart
from the shell they are shut up in.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

HE degree of vision that dwells in a man is a
correct measure of the Man.

CARLYLE.

EEK JESUS in all things, and in all shalt thou
find JESUS!

THOS. À KEMPIS.
Spiritual Insight.

TOUCH divine
And the scaled eyeball owns the mystic rod;
Visibly through His garden walketh God.

BROWNING.

OLINESS confers a certain Insight. Such persons are nearer to the Secret of God than others... they hear notices, they see visions, where others are vacant.

EMERSON.

WERE glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the strong-winged Hierarchy
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine!
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
Could I forget myself in God,—
Could I but find my nature's clew
Simply as birds and blossoms do,
And but for one rapt moment know
'Tis Heaven must come,—not we must go,—
Should win my place as near the throne
As the pearl-angel of its zone;
And God would listen 'mid the throng
For my one breath of perfect song.

LOWELL.

ITHERTO,
At present, (and a weary while to come,)
The office of ourselves... has been
For the worst of us,—to say, they so have seen;
For the better—what it was they saw; the best
Impart the gift of seeing to the rest.

BROWNING.

CANNOT soar into the heights you show,
Nor dive among the deeps that you reveal,
But it is much that High Things are—to know,
That Deep Things are—to feel.

J. INGELOW.

Thirteenth after Trinity.] 378
Thursday.]

Spiritual Insight.

HEN one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an Angel shook his wings! Cowper.

HAT the World teaches profits to the World;—
What the Soul teaches profits to the Soul,
Which then first stands erect with God-ward face,
When she lets fall her pack of withered facts—
The gleanings of the outward eye and ear—
And looks and listens with her finer sense:
Nor Truth nor Knowledge cometh from without!
Lowell.

AY—is it true that if a soul up-springing
Once, (for I know not, nor it matters, when,)
Plainly hath heard the Seraphs at their singing,
Clearly hath looked upon the Light of men,—
Say ye, that afterward tho' fast and faster
Downward she travel, daily she decline,—
Marred with defeat, and broken with disaster,
Filled with the earth, forgetting the divine,—
Yet shall the fiend not utterly undo her,
Cannot constrain her living in the grave,—
God at the last shall know her as He knew her,
Come as He came, and as He sought shall save?
Myers.

Y soul shall not be taken in their snare,
To change her inward surety for their doubt,
Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof,
While she can only feel herself through Thee,
I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not,—hoodwinked with dreams
Of signs and wonders,—while, unnoticed. Thou
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the common-place of Miracle! Lowell.

379
S[ Friday.

Spiritual Insight.

S not the Vision HE? tho' HE be not that which HE seems?
[dreams?]
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live by Earth,—these solid stars,—this weight of body and limb,—
[HIM?]
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Dark is the world to thee? Thyself art the reason why;
For is HE not all but thou? thou hast power to feel
"I am I!"
Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making HIM broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see,
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not HE?

OUGHT to be careful that I do not lose the eye of my Soul.

E still and strong
O Man, my Brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong!
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death!

E. B. BROWNING.

ACH day the world is born anew

For him who takes it rightly . . .
Rightly? that's simply!—'tis to see
Some Substance casts these shadows
Which we call Life and History . . .
Simply? That's nobly!—'tis to know
That God may still be met with,—
Nor groweth old, nor doth bestow
These senses fine, this brain aglow,
To grovel and forget with!

LOWELL.
WEEK OF THE

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Offer unto God thanksgiving."

A Prayer for the Week

We beseech Thee to make us truly sensible of Thy mercy, and give us hearts always ready to express our thankfulness, not only by words, but also by our lives, in being more obedient to Thy holy commandments.
Thanksgiving.

RAISE to the HOLIEST in the height
And in the depth be praise!
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

NEWMAN.

HE fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.
HERBERT.

Y prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart.
COWPER.

O not let your head run upon that which is none
of your own, but pick out some of the best of
your circumstances, and consider how eagerly
you would wish for them, were they not in your
possession.
MARCUS AURELIUS.

"HAVE sinned," she said,
"And not merited
The gift He gives, by the grace He sees!
The mine-cave praiseth the jewel! the hill-side
praiseth the star!
I am viler than these!"
Then I cried aloud in my passion—"Unthankful
and impotent creature,
To throw up thy scorn unto God through the rents
in thy beggarly nature!
If He, the all-giving and loving, is served so un-
duly,—what then
Hast thou done to the weak and the false and the
changing—thy fellows of men?"
E. B. BROWNING.

E thankful for the least gift, so shalt thou be meet
to receive greater.
THOS. À KEMPIS.
One of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at His feet giving Him thanks.

**Gospel for the Day.**

**—**

ILT thou be last in bliss and benison,  
That wast the first in lamentable wail?  
   **H. Coleridge.**

LADNESS seems a duty! The faith be mine  
That He, Who guides and governs all, approves,  
When Gratitude, though disciplined to look  
Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown  
Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand.  
   **Wordsworth.**

OD'S Voice, not Nature's! Night and noon  
He sits upon the great white throne  
And listens for the Creature's praise.  
What babble we of Days and days?  
The Dayspring He, Whose days go on?  
   **E. B. Browning.**

F whom what could He less expect  
Than glory and benediction, that is, Thanks?—  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
From them, who could return Him nothing else.  
   **Milton.**

SOUL redeemed demands a life of praise.  
   **Cowper.**

**HOLD**

With you, the setting forth such praise to be  
The natural end and service of a man;—  
And hold such praise is best attained, when man  
Attains the general welfare of mankind.  
   **Browning.**

THOUSAND blessings, **Lord**, to us Thou dost impart,  
We ask one blessing more, **O Lord,—a thankful heart!**  
   **Trench.**
Thanksgiving.

AN is the World's high-priest! He doth present
The Sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow!
He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee fain,
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

Herbert.

ET thy day be to thy night
A teller of good tidings! Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up—that, when they wake,
Shake off the dew and soar!

J. Ingelow.

If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

OR think,—though men were none,—
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise!
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night.

Milton.

OW thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices!
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day!

Rinckart (trans. by C. Winkworth).

Fourteenth after Trinity.]
And Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me.

Whittier.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him Whose holy work was “doing good”;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father’s temple,
Each loving life a psalm of Gratitude!

OME murmur,—when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,—
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God’s good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

Trench.

HEN ye glorify the Lord, exalt Him as much as ye can; for even yet will He far exceed; and when ye exalt Him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for ye can never go far enough.

Ecclus. xlili. 30.

HAT shall I give Thee for all these thousands of benefits? I would I could serve Thee all the days of my life!

Thos. à Kempis.

EA, let my whole life be
One anthem unto Thee!
And let the praise of lip and life
Outring all sin and strife!

F. R. Havergal.

ET praise devote thy work, and skill employ
Thy whole mind, and thy heart be lost in joy!...
Man doeth nothing well, be it great or small,
Save to praise God,—but that hath saved all.

Bridges.

‘EN eternity is too short to extol Thee. Herbert.
Thanksgiving.

HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!...
Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy...
Through all Eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise!
For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

HEN thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,
What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?

LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be!
How shall we show our love to Thee,—
Giver of all?...
For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all!  C. Wordsworth.

E, Whose power mere Nullity obeys,
Who found thee Nothing, formed thee for His praise.
To praise Him is to serve Him, and fulfil,
Doing and suffering, His unquestioned Will.

PRAISE Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on:
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasures lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on!  E. B. B.
THURSDAY.]

Thanksgiving.

HEREFORE I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canst Thou be
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of Thee.
Not thankful when it pleaseth me;
As if Thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise!

O thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a Thanksgiving to the Power
That made him!

E to whom
A common meal can be no Eucharist,
Who thanks for food and strength, not for the love
That made cold water for its blessedness,
And wine for gladness' sake,—has yet to learn
The heart-delight of inmost thankfulness
For innermost reception.

PUSILLANIMOUS Heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge! What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee. God!"

MADE answer, "Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only Love,
That only Love were cause enough for Praise."

TENNYSON.

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Thanksgiving.

Y God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The Earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light!
So many glorious things are here
Noble and right!

A. Procter.

ERClES which do everywhere us meet,
Whose very commonness should win more
Do for that cause less wonder raise, [praise,
And those with slighter thankfulness we greet.

Trench.

E thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food!
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And,—what Thou most desirest,—
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above!
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all His love!

Claudius.

WOULD not fain be one
Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast,
Upon the fulness of the heart, at last
Says no grace after meat.—My wine has run
Indeed out of my cup, and there is none
To gather up the bread of my repast
Scattered and trampled:—yet I find some good
In earth's green herbs and streams that bubble up
Clear from the darkling ground,—content until
I sit with angels before better food. E. B. Browning.

Fourteenth after Trinity.] 388
"Rest in the Lord."

_A Prayer for the Week_

Grant to me, above all things that can be desired, to rest in Thee, and in Thee to have my heart at peace! Thou art the true Peace of the heart, Thou its only rest; out of Thee all things are hard and restless. In this very Peace, that is, in Thee, the one Chiepest Eternal Good, I will sleep and rest!
Rest in Weariness.

—•—

F souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold!—
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly!—
For they can never be at rest
Till they regain their ancient nest.

HERBERT.

ROM our ill-ordered hearts we oft are fain to roam,
As men go forth, who find unquietness at home.

TRENCH.

SLEEPLESS Soul! in the world’s waste astray,
Whither?—And will thy wanderings ever end?...
The vapours drift, the mists within the brain
Float on obscuringly and have no will—
Only the bare Peaks and the Stones remain;
These only—and a God sublimely still!

BUCHANAN.

HERE’S a fancy some lean to and others hate—
That, when this life is ended, begins
New work for the Soul in another state,
Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins:
Where the strong and the weak,—this world’s congeries,—
Repeat in large what they practised in small,
Through Life after Life in unlimited series:—
Only the scale’s to be changed,—that is all!
Yet I hardly know!—When a soul has seen!
By the means of Evil that Good is best, [serene—
And through earth and its noise, what is heaven’s
When our faith in the same has stood the test—
Why,—the child grown man, you burn the rod,—
The uses of labour are surely done!—
There remaineth a Rest for the people of God:
And I have had troubles enough for one.

BROWNING.

Fifteenth after Trinity.]

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Rest in Weariness.

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IVINE monition Nature yields,
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;—
That every day should leave some part
Free for a Sabbath of the Heart;
So shall the Seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve with hallowed rest.

Wordsworth.

REST, weary Soul!
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made!
Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done,
Claim the free gift and make the joy thine own!
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest,
Rest, sweetly Rest!

Rest, weary Heart!
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain;—
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be Blessedness and Light at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest!
Rest! sweetly Rest!

Rest, Spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of Life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest.
Rest, sweetly rest!

HAT is more at Rest than the single eye? and
what is more free than he that desireth
nothing upon earth?

Thos. à Kempis.
Rest in Weariness.

— — —

UT to be still! oh, but to cease awhile
The panting breath and hurrying steps of life;
The sights, the sounds, the struggle and the strife
Of hourly being; the sharp, biting file
Of action, fretting on the tightened chain
Of rough existence;— all that is not pain,—
But utter Weariness!—Oh, to be free—
But for a while—from conscious entity!
To shut the banging doors and windows wide
Of restless sense; and let the soul abide
Darkly and stilly for a little space,
Gathering its strength up to pursue the race!
O Heavens! to rest a moment! but to rest
From this quick, gasping life—were to be blest!

F. Kemble.

HE first sure symptom of a mind in health
   Is Rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports . . .
A change of evils is thy good supreme;
Nor but in motion canst thou find thy Rest.

Young.

RT thou patiently toiling, waiting the Master's Will,—
For a Rest that never seems nearer, a hush that is far off still?
Does it seem that the noisy city never will let thee hear
The sound of His gentle footsteps, drawing, it may be, near?
Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noonday glare and heat
Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions high and sweet?
What though a lull in life may never be made for thee?
Soon shall a better thing be thine,—the Lull of Eternity!

F. R. Havergal.
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RT thou already weary of the way?
Thou who hast yet but half the way gone o'er?
Get up, and lift thy burden! Lo! before
Thy feet the road goes stretching far away.
If thou already faint, who hast but come
Through half thy pilgrimage with fellows gay,—
Love, Youth and Hope, under the rosy bloom
And temperate airs of early-breaking day,—
Look yonder, how the heavens stoop and gloom!
There cease the trees to shade, the flowers to spring,
And the angels leave thee. What wilt thou become
Through yon drear stretch of dismal wandering,
Lonely and dark?—I shall take courage, friend,
For comes not every step more near the end?

E. B. Browning.

EARTH, so full of dreary noises!
O Men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd, sleep!

Ay, Men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling Man,
Confirmed in such a Rest to keep;
But Angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep."

E. B. Browning.

HE Father portioneth as He will,
To all His belovèd children,—and shall we not be still?
Is not His will the wisest? is not His choice the best?
And in perfect acquiescence, is there not perfect Rest?

F. R. Havergal.
Rest in Weariness.

H! if thy fate, with anguish fraught
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—
To struggle with imperious Thought,—
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labour, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labour there shall come forth Rest!

Longfellow.

URELY my heart cannot truly rest, nor be entirely contented, unless it rest in Thee, and rise above all gifts and all creatures whatsoever.

Thos. à Kempis.

HEN the Rest of Faith is ended, and the Rest in Hope is past,
The Rest of Love remaineth—Sabbath of Life at last.
No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the day,—
But golden stillness of glory, never to pass away!

Time, with its pressure of moments, mocking us as they fell
With relentless beat of a footstep, hour by hour the knell [away,
Of a hope or an aspiration, then shall have passed
Leaving a grand calm Leisure,—leisure of endless day!

F. R. Havergal.

LL tortured states
Suppose a straitened place. Jehovah Lord,
Make room for Rest around me! out of sight
Now float me, o! the vexing land abhorred,
Till in deep calms of space my Soul may right
Her nature, shoot large sail on lengthening cord,
And rush exultant on the Infinite!

E. B. Browning.
Rest in Weariness.

—++—

HEY are at Rest!
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint.  

Newman.

HE world's unkindness grows with life,
And troubles never cease;
'Twere lawful then to wish to die
Simply to be at peace!

Faber.

HEY rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy,
holy is the Lord of Hosts!

Rev. iv. 8.

AY and Labour, Night and Rest,
Come together in our mind,
And we image forth the Blest
To eternal calm resigned:
Yet it may be that the Abyss
Of the Lost is only this,
That for them all things to come
Are inanimate and dumb,
And Immortal Life they steep
In dishonourable sleep:
While no power of pause is given
To the Inheritors of Heaven:
And the holiest still are those
Who are farthest from repose,
And yet, onward, onward, press
To a loftier Godliness:
Still becoming,—more than being,
Apprehending,—more than seeing,
Feeling, as from orb to orb
In their awful course they run,
How their souls new light absorb
From the Self-Existing One.

Houghton.

Absence of occupation is not Rest.

Cowper.
REST in WEARINESS.

BLESSÈD voice of Jesus, which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction, of pardon, grace and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending, of love which cannot cease!

"COME unto Me
And I will give you Rest." "Once more the voice Is in my ear. It seems to echo now
The mournful hope that Death should give me Rest;
And yet I know this is no dream-like sound
Of sad Death making answer. This the Voice Of Life and not of Death!" .. He spake
Of giving Rest, and on the bitter Cross
He gave the promised Rest! O Christ, the King!
We also wander on the desert-hills,
Though haunted by Thy call, returning sweet
At morn and eve; we will not come to Thee
Till Thou hast nailed us to some bitter Cross,
And made us look on Thine; and driven at last
To call on Thee with trembling and with tears—
Thou lookest down in love, upbraiding not,
And promising the kingdom!

IHOU hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are disquieted until they can find rest in Thee.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

OR can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy maze of Life we meet
ONE Who can guide our aching, wayward feet
To find HIMSELF, our Way, our Life, our Peace!
In HIM the long unrest is soothed and stilled;
Our hearts are filled!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

HEN He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?

JOE XXXIV. 29.

Fifteenth after Trinity.] 396
"He must increase, but I must decrease."

A Prayer for the Week

O Lord Jesus, Who for our sake wast content to lead a life of perfect Self-Sacrifice on earth; grant me as well in small things as in great, constantly to die to self and live for others, that so I may be one with Thee, both now and hereafter.
**Self-Sacrifice.**

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**EARN** that if to thee the meaning
Of all other eyes be shown,
Fewer eyes can ever front thee
That are skilled to read thine own;
And that if thy love's deep current
Many another's far outflows,
Then thy heart must take for ever
Less than it bestows!

**J. Ingelow.**

HEN you have done a kindness, and your
neighbour is the better for it, why need you
be so foolish as to look any farther, and gape for
reputation and requital?

**Marcus Aurelius.**

READ on me!—scorn me!—I joy in the darkness,
So thou mayest wander for aye in the light:—
Take friends from me,—fortune,—my nearest and
dearest—
I welcome each pang—so thy path be but bright!

O, I forget my ruin, and rejoice
In thy success, as thou! Let our God's praise
Go bravely through the world at last!—What care
Through me or thee?

**Browning.**

ET us go forth, and resolutely dare,
With sweat of brow to toil our little day!
And if a tear fall on the task of care,
In memory of those spring hours past away,
Brush it not by!

Our hearts to God! to brother-men
Aid, Labour, Blessing, Prayer!—and then
To these—a sigh!

**Houghton.**

_Sixteenth after Trinity._}
HAT good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving Sacrifice?
E. Arnold.

AITH demands Action, not tears;—it demands
of us the power of Sacrifice—sole origin of our
Salvation;—it seeks Christians capable of saying,
We will die for this,—above all, Christians capable of
saying, We will live for this.
Lamennais.

VERMORE
For Sacrifice they die,—through Sacrifice
They live, and are for others,—and no grief
That smites the humblest, but reverberates
Thro' all the close-set files of time!
L. Morris.

HILE the years of Childhood glided slow
There was all to receive and nothing to give:
Is it not better for others to live?
And happier far than merriest games
Is the joy of our new and nobler aims:
Then, fair fresh flowers—now, lasting gems;
Then, wreaths for a day—but now diadems.
F. R. Havergal.

ETHSEMANE
Denied our Lord all human sympathy!
And deepest grief
Is that we bear alone for other's sake,
Smiling the while lest loving hearts should break
For our relief!
O hearts that faint
Beneath your burdens great, but make no plaint,
Lift up your eyes!
Somewhere beyond, the Life you give is found,—
Somewhere, we know, by God's own hand is
crowned
Love's Sacrifice!
Maria Drake.
**Self-Sacrifice.**

H! let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly-wise,
The spirit of Self-Sacrifice;—
The confidence of Reason give;—
And in the light of Truth, Thy bondman let me live!

*Wordsworth.*

APPY is he,
Of whom (himself among the dead
And silent) this word shall be said:
—That he might have had the World with him,
But chose to side with suffering Men,
And had the World against him!

*E. B. Browning.*

ND trust, as if already plain,
How just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another fuller gain.
*One* only knows. Yet if the fret
Of thy weak heart, in deep regret
Needs a more tender comfort yet;
Then thou may'st take thy loneliest fears,
The bitterest drops of all thy tears,
The dreariest hours of all thy years;
And through the anguish there outspread,
May ask that God's great Love would shed
Blessings on one beloved head!

*A. Procter.*

OW can Love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost?

*E. Arnold.*

UTY'S whole lesson thou hast learnt at last,
Which in Self-Sacrifice begins and ends.
By the rejection of thyself thou hast
Regained the Infinite, Whose Life transcends
All personality!

*Lytton.*

_Sixteenth after Trinity._ 400
TUESDAY.

**Self-Sacrifice.**

I. I. may save Self:—but minds that heavenward
Aim at a wider power,—
Gifts on the world to shower:—
And this is—not at once—by fastings gain’d
And trials well sustain’d,
By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
Abidance in the Truth, and zeal for God above.

Newman.

TOUCH thy temples pale,
I breathe my soul on thee!
And could my prayers prevail,
All my joy should be
Dead!—and I would live to weep,
So thou might’st win one hour of quiet sleep!

Shelley.

'G feed their flame e’en from my heart’s best blood,
Withering unseen that they might flourish still.

Browning.

HE hermit sage and ancient anchorite, [friends—
Who went to wilds, and made the wolves their
Even they perchance had fought a better fight,
And served more righteously their Being’s ends,
Had they remained
In the world’s pale, and kept, with perilous might,
Their Faith unstained:—
Had they abandoned even the commune high
Which oft in solitude they held with God—
The lonely prayer, the speechless ecstasy,
In which the angel-paths of Heaven they trod,—
And sacrificed
Upon that altar which saw Jesus die,
What best they prized!

Houghton.

E grudge not our Life, if it give larger Life unto
them that do live.

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Self-Sacrifice.

Ould we but crush that ever-craving lust
For bliss, which kills all bliss, and lose our Life,—
Our barren unit-life,—to find again
A thousand Lives in those for whom we die—
So, were we men and women! and should hold
Our rightful rank in God's great Universe,
Wherein, in heaven and earth, by will or nature
Nought lives for Self!—
All, all,—from crown to footstool,—
The Lamb, before the world's foundations slain—
The Angels, ministers to God's elect—
The sun, who only shines to light a world—
The clouds, whose glory is to die in showers—
The fleeting streams, who in their ocean-graves
Flee the decay of stagnant self-content—
The oak, ennobled by the shipwright's axe—
The soil which yields its marrow to the flower—
The flower, which feeds a thousand velvet worms,
Born only to be prey for every bird—
All spend themselves for others!—And shall Man,
Earth's rosy blossom—image of his God—
Whose twofold being is the mystic knot
Which couples Earth and Heaven—doubly bound
As being both worm and Angel, to that service
By which both worms and Angels hold their life—
Shall he, whose every breath is debt on debt,
Refuse, without some hope of further wage
Which he calls Heaven, to be what God has made
No! let him show himself the creature's Lord [him?]
By freewill gift of that Self-Sacrifice
Which they, perforce, by Nature's law must suffer.

Kingsley.

T is only with Renunciation that Life, properly
speaking, can be said to begin.  

Carlyle.

Ould I could die for them, so they might live!

Byron.
Thursday.

Self-Sacrifice.

EST not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities!
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalize;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of Self-Sacrifice!

Wordsworth.

HAT are we set on earth for ?— Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from Work assoil!...
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle,—not to reign ! and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.

E. B. Browning.

AM young, happy, and free!
I can devote myself; I have a life
To give.

Browning.

ACRIFICE and Self-devotion hallow earth and
fill the skies,
And the meanest Life is sacred—whence the highest
may arise.

Houghton.

IVE on, brave lives, chained to the narrow round
Of Duty !—Live ! expend yourselves ! and make
The orb of Being wheel onward steadfastly
Upon its path ! The Lord of Life alone
Knows to what goal of Good :—work on ! live on !

L. Morris.
Self-Sacrifice.

Friday.

OME, my belovèd! we will haste and go
To those pale faces of our fellow-men!
Our loving hearts, burning with summer fire,
Will cast a glow upon their pallidness;
Our hands will help them, far as servants may;
Hands are Apostles still to saviour-hearts.
So we may share their blessedness with them!

E gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty.

RANT us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee
Gladly, freely, of Thine own!
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone!
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
’Tis to give than to receive.

AKE that share, which I reckoned mine, but
which thou so wantest! take it with a blessing!
would to Heaven I had enough for thee!

O give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done,—and to lay down,
Far more magnanimous than to assume.

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed
In whatso we share with another’s need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the Gift without the Giver is bare:
Who gives Himself, with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering Neighbour, and Me.

Sixteenth after Trinity.]
SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Even Christ pleased not himself."

A Prayer for the Week

Oh, wean this Self from me! that I
No more, but CHRIST, in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one hidden lust survive!
In all things, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but THEE!
ERE what one sows must another reap,
And children suffer for their father's sins
While they live here; but in that other world
Shall each man reap his own inheritance,—
Such heritage as he has left behind
For those who follow here,—who are the worse
Or better for his sojourning with them.

But if it be the worse, if the foregone
Sin of thy parents or some other one's
(For our lives here are mostly in the power
Of other lives, and each of us is bound
To be his brother's keeper) have made earth
Alien to thee, and poisoned at the fount
The natural springs of joy... what is that to thee,
Who livest not for one time, but for all?

God keeps account of that; only take care
Those same pathetic haunting eyes of thine,
For which some soul doth suffer punishment,
Do meet thee not again in wife or child,
Or sick man at thy gates, or starving man
That wrought thy goodly raiment, or the brute
And ignorant fury of the brotherless,
Whose firebrand lights the roofs of palaces!

H. H. K.

HE time has been, it seem'd a precept plain
Of the true faith Christ's tokens to display,
And in life's commerce still the thought retain
That Men have Souls, and wait a Judgment-Day...
'Tis alter'd now!—for Adam's eldest born
Has train'd our practice in a selfish rule,—
Each stands alone, Christ's bonds asunder torn:
Each has his private thought, selects his school,
Conceals his creed, and lives in closest tie
Of fellowship with those who count it blasphemy.

NEWMAN.

LWAY there is a black spot in our sunshine, it
is... the Shadow of ourselves.

CARLYLE.
T is not easy with a mind like ours, ..
To bid the pleadings of Self-love be still,
Resign our own, and seek our Maker's Will. ..
Self-love dismissed—'tis then we live indeed;
In her embrace, death, only death, is found;
Come, then! one noble effort, and succeed!
Cast off the chain of Self with which thy Soul
is bound!

ISERY is only removed by removing Selfish-
ness.

NLY when thou shalt yield thy will to His,
Renouncing Self's vain dreams, and take thy
Among the lowest, shall thy power return [place
To speak His word, to bow men's hearts to Him.

Plumptre.

NOW thou, that the love of Thyself doth thee
more hurt than anything in the world. Ac-
cording to the love and affection which thou bearest
towards anything, so doth it more or less cleave to
thee.

Thos. à Kempis.

AM ruined who believed
That though my soul had floated from its sphere
Of wild dominion into the dim orb
Of Self—that it was strong and free as ever!
It has conformed itself to that dim orb,
Reflecting all its shades and shapes,—and now
Must stay,—where it alone can be adored!

Browning.

HERE is but one step between the Egotist and
the Slave.

Mazzini.

E that is selfish and cuts off his own Soul from
the Universal Soul of all rational Beings, is a
kind of voluntary outlaw.

Marcus Aurelius.
The Canker of Self.

—–

UR life is turned
Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice,—a tool
Or implement,—a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end;
Used or abused as selfishness may prompt.

Say, what can follow for a rational soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good
And strength in evil?  

Wordsworth.

OW vainly seek
The Selfish for that happiness denied
To aught but Virtue! Blind and hardened they...
Who covet power they know not how to use,
And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give!—
Madly they frustrate still their own designs.

Shelley.

Y very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air;
I use my love of others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.
Alas! no speed in life can snatch us wholly
Out of Self's hateful sight!

Faber.

ISCOURAGEMENT is disenchanted Egotism.
Mazzini.

UNCHANGED within, to see all changed without,
Is a blank lot, and hard to bear, no doubt.
Yet why at others' wanings should'st thou fret?
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,
Hadst thou withheld thy love, or hid thy light,
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight.  

S. T. C.

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Hey that most impute a crime
Are prouest to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range; or low desire
Not to feel lowest, makes them level all;
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain
To leave an equal baseness!

AST thou turned to lifeless Dogma all the living
Truth, feeding the hungry with the straw and chaff—mocking the thirsty with the tainted stream?

N Hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments.

E are ourselves
Our Heaven and Hell,—the joy,—the penalty,—
The yearning,—the fruition! Earth is hell
Or heaven, and yet not only earth; but still
After the swift soul leaves the gates of death,
The pain grows deeper and less mixed,—the joy
Purer and less alloyed. and we are damned
Or blest,—as we have lived!

HO may the horror but in dream abide,
   Breathless to knock, and by the portal wait
Where Saints have passed behind their glorious Guide,
   Then feel, not hear, the sad drear word, Too late?
Woe, in that hour, to souls that seek the gate
Alone!—but deeper anguish, direr gloom,
   If to thy bosom clinging, child or mate,
Pupil or friend, the heaven-prepared room,
Tardy through thee, should miss,—and share the hopeless doom!
OST thou gloss over as a venial sin
The trespass of the rich, his selfish state,
His pomp, and pride, and luxury,—pressing hard,
As did the Pharisees of old, on sins
That others yield to? Art thou swift to bind
Thy burdens on the poor, still making sad
The hearts which God will gladden? —Plumptre.

ELF starts nothing, but what tends apace
Home to the goal where it began the race.
Such as our motive is, our aim must be—
If this be servile, that can ne'er be free:
If Self employ us,—whatsoe'er is wrought,
We glorify that Self, not Him we ought. —Cowper.

E are wrong always when we think too much
Of what we think or are:—albeit our thoughts
Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice,
We're no less selfish! —E. B. Browning.

AM weary of tears that scarce are dry,
Ere their founts are filled as the cloud goes by!
Weary of feelings where each in the throng
Mocks at the rest as they crowd along!...
Where Selfishness crawls, the snake-demon of ill,
The least suspected where busiest still. —MacDonald.

OR will that day dawn at a human nod,
When, bursting through the network super-
posed
By selfish occupation—plot and plan,
Lust, avarice, envy—liberated man,
All difference with his fellow-mortal closed,
Shall be left standing face to face with God. —Matt. Arnold.
THURSDAY.

The Canker of Self.

HERE we disavow
Being keeper to our Brother, we're his Cain.

E. B. BROWNING.

MORE subtle Selfishness—that now
Locks every function up in blank reserve,—
Now dupes me. . . .
Inversion strange,—that unto one who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,—
The ampest share of heavenly favour gives!

WORDS WORTH.

ND the winds and the waters in pastoral measures
Go winding around us, with roll upon roll,
Till the soul lies within in a circle of pleasures
Which hideth the Soul . . .
And we shout so aloud, we exult, we rejoice!
That we lose the low moan of our brothers around:
And we shout so a deep down creation's profound,
We are deaf to God's voice!

E. B. BROWNING.

LL selfish Souls, whate'er they feign,
Have still a slavish lot;
They boast of Liberty—in vain,—
Of Love—and feel it not!
He whose bosom glows with Thee—
He, and he alone, is free.

COWPER.

E, each pore alert with consciousness,
Hide our best selves as we had stolen them!

LOWELL.

OT by looking within, but by living without,
This centre of Self, shall a man grow wise.
Let us, leaving ourselves, then, go boldly about,
And take part in the business of earth and skies.

LYTTON.
The Canker of Self.

LOY built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt.
COWPER.

SEE a Spirit by thy side, purple-winged and
Looking like a heavenly guide. [eagle-eyed,
Though he seem so bright and fair, ere thou trust
his proffered care,
Pause a little and beware!
If he bid thee dwell apart, tending some ideal smart
In a sick and coward heart,
In self-worship wrapped alone, dreaming thy poor
griefs are grown
More than other men have known;
Dwelling in some cloudy sphere, though God's work
is waiting here,
And God deigneth to be near...
If a simple, humble heart seem to thee a meaner part,
Than thy noblest aim and art...
Though his words seem true and wise, Soul, I say
to thee, Arise!
He is a Demon in disguise!
A. PROCTOR.

ITH the theory of Happiness, as the primary
aim of Existence, we shall only produce
Egotists.
MAZZINI.

HAT love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love.
E. ARNOLD.

S Selfishness
For time, a sin?—spun out to eternity
Celestial prudence? Shame! Oh, thrust me forth,
Forth, LORD, from Self, until I toil and die
No more for heaven and bliss,—but duty, LORD,
Duty to THEE,—although my meed should be
The hell which I deserve!
KINGSLEY.

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WEEK OF THE

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"O Love the Lord, all ye His Saints!"

A Prayer for the Week

O LORD, guide me here with Thy counsel, and after that receive me into glory! For whom have I in heaven but THEE? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of THEE. O LORD, make me ever more and more thus to long after THEE!
HOU shalt see amid the dark profound,
Whom thy Soul loveth—and would fain ap-
proach
One moment.—But thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask; that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee,—but it will pierce thee too!

Newman.

THOU pale Form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed!
I have denied THEE calmly;—do I not
Pant when I read of Thy consummate deeds?
And burn to see Thy calm pure truths outflash
The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy?
Do I not shake to hear aught question THEE?
If I am erring, save me! madden me!
Take from me powers and pleasures! let me die
Ages,—so I see THEE! I am knit round
As with a chain by sin and lust and pride;
Yet though my wandering dreams have seen all
shapes
Of strange delight, oft have I stood by THEE—
Have I been keeping lonely watch with THEE—
In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
Or leaning on Thy bosom. proudly less,
Or dying with THEE on the lonely cross,
Or witnessing Thy bursting from the tomb.

Browning.

EAVE me, O Love which reachest but to dust!
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things!
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust!
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Then, farewell, World! thy uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, maintain Thy love in me!

Sir P. Sidney.

OVE desires to be on high, and will not be kept
back by anything low and mean.

Thos. à Kempis.
HY have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
Lord of my Soul! that they might all be Thine!
If Thou approve—the zeal Thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail! Can such a fire decline?
Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire,—
Its object heavenly;—it must ever blaze!
Eternal Love a God must needs inspire,
When once He wins the heart, and fits it for His praise!

OD who registers the cup
Of mere cold water, for His sake
To a disciple rendered up,—
Disdains not His own thirst to slake
At the poorest love was ever offered;
And because my heart I proffered,
With true love trembling at the brim,
He suffers me to follow Him
For ever!

S there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free
When it hath found repose in Thee. Terstegen.

ITH all thy Hart, with all thy Soull and Mind,
Thou must Him love, and His beheasts embrace...
And give thyselfe unto Him—full and free,
That full and freely gave Himselfe to thee!

AKE my heart! for I cannot give it Thee:
Keep it! for I cannot keep it for Thee.

St. Augustine.
The Great Commandment.

S this thy final choice?
Love is the best? 'Tis somewhat late!
And all thou dost enumerate
Of power and beauty in the world,
The mightiness of Love, was curled
Inextricably round about:
Love lay within it and without
To clasp thee,—but in vain! Thy soul
Still shrunk from Him who made the whole,—
Still set, deliberate, aside
His love!

BROWNING.

OVE is born of God, and cannot rest but in God,
above all created things. 'He that loveth . . . giveth
all for all, and hath all in all.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

S it incredible?—or can it seem
A dream to any except those that dream,
That man should love his MAKER, and that fire
Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire?

COWPER.

Y GOD! I love THEE;—not because
I hope for Heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love THEE not
Are lost eternally.
Not from the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me—
O ever-loving LORD!

MY GOD!
Draw me still nearer, closer unto THEE,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with Thyself be filled!

F. HEMANS.

HE love of CHRIST is the conducting medium to
the love of all mankind.

JOWETT.
**The Great Commandment.**

ARK, my Soul! It is the LORD!
'Tis thy SAVIOUR, hear His word!
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, Lov'st thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee and adore:
Oh! for grace to love Thee more! Cowper.

"HOU makest me long," I said;—"therefore wilt give!
My longing is Thy promise, O my God!
If having sinned, I thus have lost the claim,
Why doth the longing yet remain with me?"

I thought I heard an answer—"Question on!
Keep on thy need. It is the bond that holds
Thy Being yet to Mine." Mac Donald.

HAT is it that I hunger for but God?
My God, my God! let me for once look on Thee,
As though none else existed—We alone!
And as Creation crumbles, my Soul's spark
Expands till I can say,—Even from myself
I need Thee, and I feel Thee, and I love Thee!
I do not plead my rapture in Thy works
For love of Thee, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die; but there is that in me
Which turns to Thee, which loves or which should love.

OLD Thou me up, as Thou
Holdest the Universe above me now!
Yet nearer! Come Thou nearer than to them;
Blindly they follow Thy behest, but I
Yearn for Thee strongly through my fleshly frame.

C. C. Fraser Tytler.
The Great Commandment.

OVE, which on earth, amid all the shows of it,
Has ever been seen the sole good of Life in it—
The love ever growing there, (spite of the strife in it)
Shall arise, made perfect, from Death's repose of it!
And I shall behold THEE, face to face,
O God! and in Thy light retrace
How, in all I loved here, still wast Thou!
Whom pressing to then—as I fain would now—
I shall find as able to satiate
The love, Thy gift, as my spirit's wonder
Thou art able to quicken and sublimate
With this sky of Thine, that I now walk under,
And glory in THEE for,—as I gaze
Thus, thus! Oh, let men keep their ways
Of seeking THEE in a narrow shrine—
Be this my way! And this is mine!

Browning.

That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him:—his own love bestowed
Shall do it! Love thy Father!—and no more
His doings shall be strange!

J. Ingelow.

ESU, of THEE shall be my song;
To THEE, my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And THOU, Blest Saviour, THOU art mine!
JESU, my Lord, I THEE adore—
Oh! make me love THEE more and more!

Collins.

AM an Emptiness for THEE to fill—
My Soul, a cavern for Thy sea...
I have done naught for THEE, am but a Want;
But THOU, Who art rich in giving, canst give claims,
And this same need of THEE, which THOU hast given,
Is a strong claim on THEE to give THYSELF.

Mac Donald.
Thursday.

The Great Commandment.

OVEST thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren:
One is the sun in heaven! and one, only one, is Love also!
Bears not each human figure the god-like stamp on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown,—and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Longfellow.

INCE that loving Lord Commanded us to love them for His sake,
   Even for His sake, and for His sacred word,
Which in His last bequest He to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake;
Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to Him by Whom we all doe live. Spenser.

IVE Me to drink! above the clouds I dwell
   Sending their rain, yet by thy water-brink
Aweary and athirst I ask for drink
Now, as in days of flesh, Immanuel.
Give Me to drink; without earth’s citadel
   Thirsting I hang upon the bitter tree;
Give Me to drink of thy scant water-well,
   So shall I slake My mighty thirst for thee.
Dost thou not hear My Poor about thy portal,
   My Poor ask drink which cannot stay thirst’s pain?
I am the Well of Life, the Fount Immortal,
   Which whoso drinks shall never thirst again;
And I have said,—Who Hath for Mine outpoured
One draught of earth shall lose not his reward.
Morgan.
The Great Commandment.

HEREFORE, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father!
Wish what the Holy One wishes!—and not from fear but affection.
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
Perfect was before God,—and perfect is—Love, and
Love only!

ET I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
Father of Jesus, Love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

PERFECT love casteth out fear.

UR notions of God,—of the Supreme Unattainable Fountain of Splendour, Wisdom, and Heroism,—are ever rising higher.

OVER of my God, for Him again
With love intense I burn!—
Chosen of Thee ere time began,
I choose Thee in return!

FOUNTAIN of Love unceasing, how can I forget Thee? Is it any great thing that I should serve Thee, Whom the whole creation is bound to serve?

BIDE with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live!
WEEK OF THE

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be alway acceptable in Thy sight."

A Prayer for the Week

Set a watch, O Lord! before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue! Grant me to observe truth and constancy in my words, and remove far from me a crafty tongue. Cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit!
Consecration of Mind.

AVE I aimed proudly—therefore aimed too low—
Striving for something visible in my Thought,
And not the Unseen thing hid far in Thine?
Mac Donald.

NESS Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it: FATHER, Thou must lead!
Do Thou, then, breathe these thoughts into my
By which such virtue may in me be bred, [mind
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread!
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee
And sound Thy praises everlastingly! M. Angelo.

NE wandering thought pollutes the day.
Shelley.

OUR manners will depend very much upon the
quality of what you frequently think on; for
the Soul is tinged and coloured with the complexion
of thought.
Marcus Aurelius.

HOUGHT alone is Eternal! Time thralls it in
vain. [regain
For the Thought that springs upward and yearns to
The pure source of spirit,—there is no too late.
Lytton.

RINGING into captivity every thought to the
obedience of CHRIST.
2 Cor. x. 8.

OR those thoughts I now atone,
That were of something of my own,
And were not thoughts of Him alone.
Houghton.

OLICIT not thy thoughts with matters hid!
Leave them to God above,—Him serve and fear!
Milton.
Consecration of Mind.

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LL thoughts of ill;—all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;—
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler Will;—
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent Domain! Longfellow.

E gives a perfect rule,—what can He less?
Condemns the injurious deed, the slanderous tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong;
Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,—
His conduct,—to the test, but tries his heart.
Cowper.

UARD well thy thought! our thoughts are heard
in heaven!
Young.

HOUGHT is but a prelude to the deed.
Calderon.

CUSTOM yourself to think upon nothing but
what you could freely reveal, if the question
were put to you.
Marcus Aurelius.

Y words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go!
Shakespeare.

ORD, make my heart a place where angels sing!
For surely thoughts low-breathed by Thee
Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing;
And where a home they see
Swept clean, and garnisht with adoring joy, [swell
They enter in and dwell, and teach that heart to
With Heavenly Melody, their own untired employ.
Keble.
Consecration of Mind.

HEN our thoughts are born,
Though they be good and humble, one should mind
How they are reared, or some will go astray
And shame their mother. J. Ingelow.

NNOBLING thoughts depart when men desert
The Student's bower for gold. Wordsworth.

EN'S minds will either feed upon their own
Good, or upon other's Evil. Bacon.

ITTLE thoughts do not suit little duties.
Westcott.

HERE is nothing either good or bad, but Thinking
makes it so. Shakespeare.

THINKING man is the worst enemy the Prince
of Darkness can have. Carlyle.

LL Thoughts that mould the Age, begin
Deep down within the primitive Soul;
And from the Many slowly upward win
To One who grasps the Whole.
All Thought begins in Feeling—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to Thought, stands glorified—
A moveless pyramid!
Nor is he far astray, who deems
That every hope which rises and grows broad
In the World's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great Heart of God. Lowell.

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Tuesday.]

Consecration of Mind.

ORDS—like Nature—half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

Tennyson.

HE man, who accords
To his language the licence to outrage his soul,
Is controll’d by the words he disdains to control!

Lytton.

HE insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
And all that silent language, which so oft . .
Blots from the human countenance all trace
Of beauty and of love!

Wordsworth.

ER superfluity the Poor supplies.—
But if she touch a Character,—it dies!

Cowper.

Y thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy
words thou shalt be condemned.

T what cost
Would one not gather to an aching breast
Each little word of some whom we have lost!

Houghton.

IS COURSE of Spiritual things doth greatly
further our Spiritual growth.

Thos. à Kempis.

IVE me leave
To speak my mind!—and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Shakespeare.

ET thy speech be short, comprehending much in
few words. Be as one that knoweth and yet
holdeth his tongue!

Ecclus. xxxii. 8.
Consecration of Mind.

—•—

HETHER it be to friend or foe,—talk not of other men's lives.

Ecclus. xix. 8.

MADE them lay their hands in mine and swear... To speak no slander,—no, nor listen to it!

Tennyson.

VERY idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the Day of Judgment.

Matt. xii. 36.

URELY, idle conversation is an evil, matched by none.

Cowper.

ORDS are mighty, Words are living;—

Serpents with their venomous stings, Or bright angels crowding round us,

With heaven's light upon their wings: Every Word has its own spirit, True or false, that never dies; Every Word man's lips have uttered Echoes in God's skies. A. Procter.

THAT the Words which make the Thoughts obscure,— From which they spring, (as clouds of glimmering dew From a white lake blot Heaven's blue portraiture,)— Were stript of their thin masks and various hue, And frowns, and smiles, and splendours not their Till in the nakedness of false and true, [own,— They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due! Shelley.

HE deeds we do, the words we say— Into still air they seem to fleet, We count them ever past; But they shall last! In the dread Judgment they And We shall meet!

Keble.

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ACRED Interpreter of human thought,
   How few respect, or use thee, as they ought!
But all shall give account of every wrong.
Who dare dishonour, or defile, the Tongue.

CONSECRATION OF MIND.

THINK there is hardly a name she has not a story about,
Of all that we knew long ago—a story suggesting a doubt.

EFRAIN your tongue from backbiting; for there is no word so secret that shall go for nought,
and the mouth that believeth, slayeth the soul.

RUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control,
   That o'er thee swell and throng!
They will condense within thy soul
   And change to purpose strong.
For he who lets his feelings run
   In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
   And faints at every woe.

O make our Word or Act sublime, we must make it real. It is our system that counts, not the single word or unsupported action. Use what language you will, you can never say anything but what you are.

E cannot but speak the things which we have heard and seen.

HOSO hath felt the spirit of the Highest,
   Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny;—
Yea, with one voice, O World, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side!—for on this am I!

THURSDAY.]
Consecration of Mind.

OW sure it is
That if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 'tis God's,—not ours.

E. B. BROWNING.

LL his glowing language issued forth
With God's deep stamp upon its current worth.

Cowper.

HY holy Paul, with soul of flame,
Rose on Mars Hill, a soldier lone:
Shall I thus speak th' Atoning Name,
Though with a heart of stone?
"Not so," He said: "hush thee! and seek
With thoughts in prayer and watchful eyes,
My seasons sent for thee to speak,—
And use them as they rise!"

Newman.

ISCRETION of speech is more than eloquence;
and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words. Bacon.

HE ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

E. R. Sill.

BSERVE the opportunity, and beware of evil;
and be not ashamed, when it concerneth thy soul. Refrain not to speak when there is occasion to do good.

Ecclus. IV. 20–23.

HAT we best conceive, we fail to speak.
Wait, Soul, until thine ashen garments fall,
And then resume thy broken strains, and seek
Fit peroration without let or thrall!

E. B. Browning.
WEEK OF THE

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY

"Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

A Prayer for the Week

O Almighty GOD, Who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of Thy SON, CHRIST our LORD; grant us so to be joined together in Unity of Spirit that we may be made an Holy Temple unto THEE !
The Destined Unity.

—•—

LOVE all who love truth,—if poor or rich
In what they have won of truth possessively.
Your visible Churches cheat their inward type.

E. B. BROWNING.

O one can impose impediments of Rank or
Fortune or Religious Opinion between those
who are one in Christ.

JOWETT.

NE ALMIGHTY IS!—FROM WHOM
All things proceed, and up to HIM return,
If not deprav’d from good ;—created all
Such to perfection :—one first Matter all
Indued with various forms,—various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of Life,—
But more refin’d, more spirituous, and pure,
As nearer to HIM plac’d, or nearer tending,—
Till body up to Spirit work, in bounds
Proportion’d to each kind.

MILTON.

NLY in looking heavenward, not in looking earth-
ward, does what we can call Union, Mutual
Love, Society begin to be possible.

CARLYLE.

T every moment of our lives we should be trying
to find out, not in what we differ with other
people, but in what we agree with them.

RUSKIN.

E wish, I know, we could as one unite,
And have a Church as ample as the sky,
Whence every Church might draw its whole of light,
And not divide—but only multiply.
Good is your purpose! but, ye English youth,
Mistake ye not the Symbol for the Truth?

H. COLERIDGE.

Twentieth after Trinity.]
BElieve
In one Priest, and one Temple, with its floors
Of shining jasper gloom’d at morn and eve
By countless knees of earnest auditors;
And crystal walls too lucid to perceive,—
That none may take the measure of the place
And say, “So far the porphyry, then, the flint:—
To this mark Mercy goes, and there ends Grace.”
E. B. Browning.

Here is no communion possible among men who believe only in hearsay. Only in a world of sincere men is Unity possible—and there, in the long run, it is as good as certain. Carlyle.

Hatsoever spark
Of pure and true in any human heart
Flickered and lived,—it burned itself towards Him
In an electric current, through all bonds
Of intervening race and creed and time,—
And flamed up to a heat of living faith
And love, and love’s communion, and the joy
And inspiration of self-sacrifice!
And drew together in a central coil
Magnetic, all the noblest of all hearts,
And made them one with Him, in a live flame—
That is the purifying and the warmth
Of all the earth.

H. H. King.

Is the sublime of Man—
Our noon-tide majesty—to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternizes Man,—this constitutes
Our charities and bearings:—But ’tis God
Diffused through all, that doth make all One Whole.
S. T. Coleridge.

431
The Destined Unity.

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EN’S road
Is one, Men’s times of travel many:—Thwart
No enterprising soul’s precocious start
Before the general march! If, slow or fast,
All straggle up to the same point at last,—
Why grudge your having gained, a month ago,
The brakes at balm-shed, asphodels in blow,
While they were land-locked? BROWNING.

VEN so the mighty sky-born Stream:—
Its living waters from above
All marr’d and broken seem,—
No union and no love.
Yet in dim caves they haply blend,
In dreams of mortals unespied;
One is their awful End!
One their unfailing Guide! KEBLE.

LL people work in some measure towards the
ends of Providence,—some with knowledge
and design, while others are not sensible of it... The grand design is carried on by different hands
and different means. MARCUS AURELIUS.

HY expect
Wisdom with love in all? Each has his gift—
Our souls are organ-pipes of diverse stop
And various pitch; each with its proper notes
Thrilling beneath the self-same breath of God.
Though poor alone, yet joined they’re harmony.
Besides, these higher spirits must not bend
To common methods; in their inner world
They move by broader laws, at whose expression
We must adore, not cavil. KINGSLEY.
The Destined Unity.

LECT from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth:—
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth!
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

HO, as he draws near to Christ, will not feel himself drawn towards his theological opponents?

Jowett.

EEDS must there be one way—our chief
Best way of Worship!—Let me strive
To find it, and when found, contrive
My fellows also take their share!
This constitutes my earthly care:
God's is above it, and distinct.
For I, a man, with men am linked
And not a brute with brutes;—no gain
That I experience, must remain
Unshared; but should my best endeavour
To share it, fail—subsisteth ever
God's care above:—and I exult
That God, by God's own ways occult,
May—doth, I will believe—bring back
All wanderers to a single track.

Browning.

RE not all true men that live, or that ever lived,
soldiers of the same army, enlisted under Heaven's captaine, to do battle against the same enemy,—the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform?

Carlyle.
EA, very vain
The greatest speed of all these souls of men!—
Unless they travel upward to the Throne
Where sittest Thou, the satisfying One,
With help for sins, and holy perfectings
For all requirements.

E. B. BROWNING.

HE destiny of organized Nature is amelioration,
and who can tell its limits?

EMERSON.

'ER the Vision came a Darkness, and They
scattered from my ken,
In my ear were other voices,—on my paths were
other men:
Till rival Creeds and Empires their war-worn flags
had furled,
And the stars which sang the Birth-Hymn, sang the
Requiem of the World!

Then I saw Them all again, for They all again had
And their wreaths were amaranthine—with the
dews of Eden wet:
And loud and louder as They came the Seraphs' welcoming chant
Rang through the clustered pillars of starry adamant—
There was not one that passed not to the blest
Right Hand!

[met,
There was not one that walked not in the Better
Alleluia! Alleluia! for the voices that on earth,
On the sunset waters mingled, or around the Christ-
mas hearth,
Together through the halls of heaven, in glad acclaim
are poured,
And each is with the other, and all are with the
Lord.

GRANT-DUFF.
The Destined Unity.

IKE a mighty army moves the Church of God! Brothers, we are treading where the Saints have We are not divided, all one body we, [trod]; One in hope and doctrine, One in Charity!

BARING-GOULD.

OLLECTIVE Man outstrips the Individual.

BROWNING.

LL spiritual influences, however antagonistic they may appear, have more in common with each other than they have with the temper of the World.

JOWETT.

E are spirits clad in veils:
Man by Man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.
Heart to heart was never known!
Mind with mind did never meet!
We are columns left alone,
Of a Temple once complete.
Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led,
Which they never drew from earth:—
We, like parted drops of rain
Swelling till they melt and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into One!

CRANCH.

HRIST’S faith makes but one Body of all Souls,
And Love’s that Body’s Soul. . .
What Soul soe’er in any language can
Speak heaven like hers, is my Soul’s countryman!

CRASHAW.
The Destined Unity.

UR fellow-travellers still
Are gathering on the journey! the bright electric
thrill [sweet,
Of quick instinctive union, more frequent and more
Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and
tender beat.
And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory
glow,
As more and more are taught of God, that mighty
love to know.

F. R. Havergal.

MAN that breaks with another loses the benefit
of the whole community. . . The goodness of
God Who founded this society is extraordinary.
He has put it in our power to grow to the limb we
left, and come again into the advantage of the main
body.

Marcus Aurelius.

RAY for all who name that Name
That He, thy Lord and theirs,
May win more glory, give more peace,
Through all-uniting prayers;
For in the bond of God's good will
Those multitudes unknown
Are brothers of the best-beloved
Whose hearts are as thine own. Bright.

O thought, word, or act of man but has sprung
withal out of all men, and works sooner or
later, recognizably or unrecognizably, on all men!

Carlyle.

NE God! one Law! one Element!
And one far-off, divine Event,
To which the whole Creation moves!

Tennyson.

Twentieth after Trinity.] 436
WEEK OF THE

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Thy God hath sent forth Strength for thee."

A Prayer for the Week

O God, the Strength of all them that put their trust in Thee, mercifully accept our prayers; and because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no good thing without Thee, grant us the help of Thy Grace this day and evermore.
Sacredness of Strength.

—-—-

AN'S wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own. 

Cowper.

E that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.

Shakespeare.

E think, and dare not do!—we think, and cannot speak!
A thought alone is less than breath,—
Only the shadow of a living death—
A thing of scorn,
A formless embryo in chaos born!—
It must be seized with resolute grasp of will,
With swiftness and with skill,
And moulded on life's anvil, ere it glow
With any fire or force;
And wrought with many a blow
And welded in the heat by toiling strength
With many another, ere it go at length
The humblest mission to fulfil:—
And then its tiny might
Is not inherent, but alone dependent
Upon the primal source
And spring of Power,—First,—Sole,—Supreme,—
Transcendent.

F. R. Havergal.

E kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
Why therefore should we do ourselves this
Or others—that we are not always strong, [wrong
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is Prayer,—
And Joy and Strength and Courage are with Thee?

Trench.
Sunday.]

Sacredness of Strength.

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H well for him whose Will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long,—
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong;
For him nor moves the loud world’s random mock,
Nor all Calamity’s hugest waves confound,—
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown’d!

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault
Recurring and suggesting still!

TENNYSON.

strength, from Truth divided and from Just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominy.

Milton.

ighthy of heart—mighty of mind—“Magnanimous”—to be this is indeed to be great in
life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to advance
in life—in Life itself—not in the trappings of it.

Ruskin.

E are more than Conquerors through Him that
loved us!

Rom. viii. 37.

oldiers of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the Strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son!

Strong in the Lord of Hosts
And in His mighty power!—
Who in the Strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than Conqueror!

Wesley.
Sacredness of Strength.

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ERVANTS of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind—
His, who unwillingly sees
One of His little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died.

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited Race,
Ye, like Angels appear,
Radiant with ardour divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart!
Weakness is not in your word!
Weariness not on your brow!
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Pain, despair, flee away!
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave!
Order, courage, return!
Eyes rekindling, and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go!
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
'Stablish, continue our march,
On! to the bound of the waste!
On! to the City of God!—Matt. Arnold.

TRONG always to satisfy even when they cannot save.

HEN thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.

Luke xxii. 32.

Twenty-first after Trinity.] 440
Tuesday.

Sacredness of Strength.

— — —

HALL I abuse this consecrated gift of Strength?

Milton.

OW didst thou start, Thou Holy Baptist, bid
To pour repentance on the Sinless Brow!
Then all thy meekness, from thy hearers hid
Beneath the Ascetic's port and Preacher's fire,
Flowed forth, and with a pang thou didst desire
He might be Chief,—not thou.

And so on us, at whiles, it falls to claim
Powers that we dread, or dare some forward part;
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the blame
Of pride, in common eyes, or purpose deep;
But with pure thoughts look up to God, and keep
Our secret in our heart.

Newman.

E that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering—he is the strong man.

Carlyle.

INE be the strength of spirit, full and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone!
Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once,—and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow.

Tennyson.

HARACTER is Fate;
Men's dispositions do their dooms dictate!

Lytton.

E sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the Strength he deigns impart.

Browning.

STRENGTHEN me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

F. R. Havergal.

441
Sacredness of Strength.

O be weak is miserable,—doing or suffering.

Milton.

ORD, what a change within us one short hour,
Spent in Thy Presence, will prevail to make;—
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel! and all around us seems to lower;
We rise! and all,—the distant and the near,—
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear!

Trench.

F we were not weak,
Should we be less in Deed than in Desire?

Shelley.

NLY when thine arm
In sense of weakness reaches forth to God,
Wilt thou be strong to suffer and to do.

Plumptre.

OD to the weak hath given
Victory o’er Life and Death.

F. Hemans.

ROM Strength to Strength go on!
Wrestle and fight and pray!
Tread all the Powers of Darkness down,
And win the well-fought day!

Wesley.

UR whole Strength lies in resigned submission to
Him, whatsoever He do to us—for this world
and for the other!

Carlyle.

HAVE no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon!
It is enough, my Lord! enough indeed;
My Strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone!

Bonar.

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Sacredness of Strength.

WERE better not to breathe or speak
Than cry for Strength, remaining weak,
And seem to find,—but still to seek.  Tennyson.

LL Power, all Virtue, is Repression.

Buchanan.

H! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,—
God helping me to say
“My trust is in the Lord!”
My Soul hath quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.  Cowper.

HE strong man will ever find work, which means
difficulty, pain, to the full measure of his
Strength.

Carlyle.

EEK
The Strength to use, which thou hast spent in getting.

Browning.

HE hidden Force that makes a Lifetime strong.

Lowell.

E strong to hope, O Heart! Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine in the dark night.
Be strong! O Heart of mine,—look towards the light!
Be strong to love, O Heart! Love knows not wrong:
Didst thou love—creatures even—life were not long;
Didst thou love God in heaven—thou wouldst be
strong!

A. Procter.

IVERSITY of Strength
Attends us, if but once we have been strong.

Wordsworth.

CAN do all things through Christ which
strengtheneth me.

Phil. iv. 13.
Sacredness of Strength.

KNOW thy Strength, and thou know'st mine—
Neither our own, but giv'n. Milton.

AINT not, and fret not for threaten'd woe,
Watchman! on Truth's grey height!
Few though the faithful, and fierce though the foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might...
Turn thee to question the Days of Old,
When weakness was aye Heaven's might. Newman.

HE weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes
strong one day, if it be a True thing. Carlyle.

E know
That we have power over ourselves to do
And suffer:—What—we know not till we try! Shelley.

EAKEST hearts can lift their thoughts to Thee.
It makes us strong to think of Thine Eternity. Faber.

SMILED to think God's greatness flowed around
our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His Rest. E. B. Browning.

E who did most, shall bear most! The strongest
shall stand the most weak!
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my
Flesh that I seek
In the Godhead!—I seek and I find it! Oh Saul! it
shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee, a Man like
to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever; a Hand
like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See
the Christ stand! Browning.

Twenty-first after Trinity.]
WEEK OF THE

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

A Prayer for the Week

Lord, I do from my soul forgive all that have sinned against me; O forgive me my sins! as I forgive them that have sinned against me.
The Debt of the Forgiven.

HEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer!
O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye!
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy!  Lyte.

HOU hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.

O suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night .
To love, and bear;—to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates .
This like thy glory . . . is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free—
This is alone Life,—Joy,—Empire,—and Victory!

RONG he sustains with temper;—looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his Injurer his Foe.  Young.

OT only can you forbear to be angry with people
for their folly and ingratitude, but you can
even cherish their interests and take care of them.

Marcus Aurelius.
The Debt of the Forgiven.

ORGIVE!
His gain is loss!—for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent Court of Justice in his breast—
Himself the Judge and Jury, and himself
The Prisoner at the bar!—ever condemn'd!—
And that drags down his life. Tennyson.

The best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury. Marcus Aurelius.

Bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well and lives.
A. Procter.

Is not enough to weep my sins,—
'Tis but one step to heaven:—
When I am kind to others,—then
I know myself Forgiven. Faber.

The little hearts that know not how to forgive! Tennyson.

A man say that evil is the debt which he owes
to his enemies—to say this is not wise, for the injuring of another can be in no case just. Plato.

Ently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave:—Do thou the same!
A wrong done to thee, think a cat's-eye spark
Thou would'st not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that!—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon, will blind thee with its glare,
Or smother'd, stifle thee with noisome air.
S. T. Coleridge.
The Debt of the Forgiven.

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E pardoning wearies not!—Ah why
Behold with evil eye
Thy brother asking grace for sin?
He doth but aid thee more to win
Of Hope in thy last end.
In heart forgive!—that pays Him all;
But grudging souls must die in thrall,—
No Saviour and no Friend!

FEDING so much Forgiveness,—God grant me at
least to forgive!

N taking revenge, a man is but even with his
enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior:—
for it is a Prince's part to pardon.

EVENGE and Wrong bring forth their kind—
The foul cubs like their parents are;
Their den is in the guilty mind,
And Conscience feeds them with despair!

ETURN my son,
To thy Redeemer!—Died He not in love?—
The sinless, the divine, the Son of God,—
Breathing Forgiveness 'midst all agonies;
And We,—dare We be ruthless?

ORGIVE and it shall be Forgiven you.

ND is the duty hard to do?
No one, dear Lord! hath done to me
Such wrong as I have done to Thee.
Why should not all men go to heaven?
They who forgive will be forgiven.
F I have sinn'd in Act, I may repent;
If I have err'd in Thought,—I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame:—
But if my Soul, big with an ill-intent,
Guilty in Will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse;—
Where in all worlds that round the sun revolve,
And shed their influence on this passive ball
Abides a Power that can my Soul absolve?
Could any sin survive, and be forgiven—
One sinful wish would make a Hell of Heaven!
H. Coleridge.

AY one be pardoned and retain the offence?
Shakespeare.

E that finds his Heaven must lose his sins.
Cowper.

FATHER, I have sinned! I have done
The thing I thought I never more should do!
My days were set before me, light all through;
But I have made them dark,—alas! too true,—
And drawn dense clouds between me and my sun.
Forgive me not! for grievous is my sin;
Yea, very deep and dark. Alas! I see
Such blackness in it, that I may not be
Forgiven of myself; how then of Thee?
Vile, vile without! black, utter black within!
If my shut eyes should dare their lids to part,
I know how they must quail beneath the blaze
Of Thy Love's greatness. No! I dare not raise
One prayer, to look aloft, lest it should gaze
On such Forgiveness as would break my heart.
Septimus Sutton

E will abundantly pardon!
The Debt of the Forgiven.

HE sat and wept beside His feet; the weight
Of Sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct and out of date;—
Only the Sin remained!—the leprous state;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.
She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul—because she loved so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of Love and Tears!

H. Coleridge.

HOU art not made like us.
We should be wrath in such a case; but Thou
Forgivest.

Browning.

Y God! my God! with passionate appeal,
Pardon I crave for these mad moods of mine!—
Can I remember, with no heart to feel,
The gift of Thy dear Son, the Man Divine?

Buchanan.

E pardoneth; for if He did not so of His Good-
ness, that they which have committed iniquities
might be eased of them,—the ten thousandth part of
men should not remain living.

2 Esdras vii. 68.

ORGIVE, O God!
The blindness of our passionate desires!—
The fainting of our hearts!—the lingering thoughts,
Which cleave to dust!—Forgive the strife! accept
The sacrifice,—though dim with mortal tears!

F. Hemans.

O err is human; to forgive, divine.

Pope.
THURSDAY.]

The Debt of the Forgiven.

HEN God on that sin had pity, and did not trample thee straight,
With His wild rains beating and drenching thy light found inadequate;—
When He only sent thee the North-wind, a little searching and chill
To quicken thy flame—didst thou kindle and flash to the heights of His Will? E. B. Browning.

HOUGH pitied among men, absolved by God,
He could not find forgiveness in himself,
Nor could endure the weight of his own shame. Wordsworth.

A true contrition and humbling of the heart ariseth hope of Forgiveness. Thos. à Kempis.

OW should God pardon sin?
How should He save the sinner with the sinless?
That would be ill!—The Lord my God is just. Buchanan.

E made Him to be sin for us Who knew no sin, that we might be made the Righteousness of God in Him.

IS crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!—Those smaller faults, half converts to the right. Young.

MAN, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.—Forgive him seventy times and seven!
For all the blessed souls in Heaven
Are both Forgivers and Forgiven. Tennyson.
The Debt of the Forgiven.

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HE Crown of Thorns,—Hands pierced upon the tree—
The meek, benign and lacerated Face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
  With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine!
My fault, nor hear it with Thy sacred ear!
Neither put forth that way Thy arm severe!
  Wash with Thy Blood my sins! thereto incline
More readily, the more my years require
Help, and Forgiveness speedy and entire!

Michael Angelo.

ESUS, Who to Thy Father prayed
  For those who all Thy Love repaid
With this dread cup of woes—
Teach me to conquer, Lord, like Thee,
By patience and benignity,
  The thwarting of my foes!

Faber.

EARS not each Human Figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?
Readeest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldest thou hate then thy Brother?
Hatest he thee?—Forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness.
Knowest thou Him?—who forgave, with the Crown of Thorns on His temples!
Earnestly prayed for His foes, for His murderers,—say dost thou know Him?
Ah! thou confessest His name, so follow likewise His example!

Longfellow.
"Take that thine is."

A Prayer for the Week

Grant me, O Lord, I beseech Thee, to believe in Thee, to fear Thee, and to love Thee with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength! Grant me to love my neighbour as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me,—to hurt nobody by word nor deed, and to do my Duty in that state of life unto which it shall please Thee to call me!
HO is the honest man? He that doth still and strongly good pursue,—
To God, his Neighbour, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their Due... 
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind... 
All being brought into a sum,
What Place or Person calls for,—he doth pay... 
Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,—
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play!
Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias from his will,
To wreath his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still. Herbert.

MONG all things in the Universe, direct your worship to the Greatest. And which is that? It is that Being which manages and governs all the rest. And as you worship the best thing in Nature, so you are to pay a proportionate regard to the best thing in Yourself, and this is akin to the Deity.

Marcus Aurelius.

RDMERS and degrees Jar not with liberty,—but well consist. Milton.

The sole origin of every Right is in a Duty fulfilled. Mazzini.

We no man aught save Love,—but that esteem a debt Which thou must ever pay, well pleased to owe it yet. Trench.

Twenty-third after Trinity.] 454
To all their Due.

IVE to Caesar what is Caesar's? Yes, but tell me if you can,
Is this superscription Caesar's—here upon our brother-man?
Is not here some Other's image—dark and sullied though it be,
In this fellow-soul that worships, struggles Godward—even as we?

T were disproportion enough, for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's.

OR in yon haggard form He begs unseen,
To Whom for Life we kneel;
One little cake He asks with lowly mien,
Who blesses every meal.

EACH what I owe to Man below,
And to Thyself in Heaven?

E always doing something serviceable to Man-kind, and let this constant generosity be your only pleasure, not forgetting in the meantime a due regard to the Deity.

PINIONS gold or brass are null.
We chuck our flattery or abuse,
Called Caesar's due, as Charon's dues,
I' the teeth of some dead sage or fool
To mend the grinning of a skull.
Be abstinent in praise and blame:
The man's still mortal, who stands first,—
And mortal only, if last and worst.
Then slowly lift so frail a fame,
Or softly drop so poor a shame.
To all their Due.

Y soul, what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy mis-spent years and see!
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee!

FABER.

OE to him that claims obedience when it is not
due; woe to him that refuses it when it is!
CARLYLE.

GAVE My Life for thee! My precious blood I
shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be, and quickened
from the dead!

I gave My Life for thee:—what hast thou given to Me?
I spent long years for thee, in weariness and woe,
That an eternity of joy thou mightest know!

I spent long years for thee:—hast thou spent one for Me?
My Father's home of light, My rainbow-circled
throne,
I left, for earthly night, for wanderings sad and lone.

I left it all for thee:—hast thou left aught for Me?
Oh let thy Life be given, thy years for Him be spent,
World-fetters all be riven, and joy with suffering
blent!

I gave Myself for thee,—give thou thyself to Me!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

NJUSTICE and disobedience to a better—whether
God or man—is evil and dishonourable.

PLATO.

FOE to God can ne'er be friend to Man!

YOUNG.

OU can only obtain the exercise of your rights
by deserving them, through your own activity,
and your own spirit of Love and Sacrifice.

MAZZINI.

ITHOUT a regard for Things Divine, you will
fail in your behaviour towards men.  M. AUR.
"ET, O God!" I said,—"O Grave!" I said,  
O mother's heart and bosom!  
With whom first and last are equal, saint and  
corpse and little child!  
We are fools to your deductions, in these figments  
of heart-closing, [defiled!]  
We are traitors to your causes, in these sympathies  
Learn more reverence, Madam! not for rank or  
wealth—that needs no learning—  
That comes quickly, quick as sin does, ay, and  
culminates to sin!  
But for Adam's seed,—man! Trust me, 'tis a clay  
above your scorning,  
With God's Image stamped upon it, and God's  
kindling breath within!  
What right can you have, God's other works to  
scorn, despise, revile them  
In the gross, as mere men—broadly—not as noble  
men, forsooth,—  
As mere Parias of the outer world? E. B. BROWNING.

VERY man has three relations to acquit himself  
in: his Body that encompasses him makes  
one; the Divine Cause that gives to all men all  
things, another; and his Neighbours a third.  
MARCUS AURELIUS.

E sees, beneath the foulest faces lurking,  
One God-built shrine of reverence and love.  
He to the Right can feel himself the truer,  
For being gently patient with the Wrong;  
He sees a brother in the evil-doer,  
And finds in Love the heart's-blood of his song.  
LOWELL.

VEN on earth, Lord, make me know  
Something of how much I owe!  
McCHEYNE.
To all their Due.

NJUSTLY thou deprav'st it with the name
Of Servitude—to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature.—God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs.—This is Servitude—
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,—
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
Yet loudly dar'st our ministering upbraid.
Reign thou in hell thy kingdom! Let me serve
In heaven God, ever bless'd, and His divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd! Milton.

"INCE Kings we cannot be ourselves," say they,
"The next best thing to being kings we find
In being, at least, able to decree
That nobody at all a King shall be!" Lytton.

So the King is of the greatest power, so he is
subject to the greatest cares, made the Servant
of his People,—or else he were without a calling at
all. He then that honoureth him not, is next an
atheist, wanting the fear of God in his heart.
Bacon.

OLOW the Christ,—the King!
Live pure! Speak true! Right wrong! Follow the
Else, wherefore born?
[King! Tennyson.

DUTY, an absolute Duty, governs man from
the cradle upwards!—growing with his growth
and accompanying him to the tomb; a Duty towards
his brothers as well as to himself; a Duty towards
his Country, towards Humanity, and above all,
towards the Church; the Church, which rightly
understood, is but the home of the Universal Family;
the great City wherein dwells Christ, at once Priest,
King, and Ruler of the World!
Lamennais.

Twenty-third after Trinity.] 458
To all their Due.

WOULD not choose
To lack a relish for the thing that God
Thinks worth. Among my own, I will be good;
A helper to all those that look to me.

This farm is God's, as much as yonder town;
These men and maidens, kine and horses, His—
And need His Laws of Truth made Rules of Fact;
Or else the earth is not redeemed from ill...

And for the crowds of men, in whom a soul
Cries through the windows of their hollow eyes
For bare humanity, and leave to grow—
Would I could help them! But all Crowds are made
Of Individuals; and their grief, and pain,
And thirst, and hunger,—all are of the One,
Not of the Many. And the power that helps,
Enter the Individual, and extends
Thence in a thousand gentle influences
To other hearts.

Mac-Donald.

E courteous. 1 Peter iii. 8.

OURTESY is not a falsehood or grimace; it need
not be such.—"Bending before men," is a recogni-
tion that there does dwell in that presence of our
Brother something Divine.

Carlyle.

OW dost thou know that poor man's Soul
Did not on thy regard depend?
The rich and proud thy moods controul;
I meant thee for the mourner's friend.

Houghton.

NOWLEDGE and power have rights,
But ignorance and weakness have rights too.

Browning.

EACH me, Lord, on earth to show
By my love how much I owe!

McCheyne.
To all their Due.

Friday.

IVEn all thou canst! High Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.

Wordsworth.

LL events turn out justly; and if you observe
nicely, you will not only perceive a connection
between causes and effects, but a sovereign distri-
bution of justice, which presides in the administra-
tion, and gives everything its Due.

Marcus Aurelius.

ACH is his own successor day by day:—
The day that's come is by the day that's past
Determined.

Lytton.

N their own hearts the earnest of the hope
Which made them great, the Good will ever find;
And though some envious shade may interlopet
Between the effect and it,—One comes behind,
Who aye the Future to the Past will bind—
Necessity!—whose sightless strength for ever
Evil with evil, good with good must wind
In bands of union, which no power may sever:
They must bring forth their kind, and be divided
never.

Shelley.

"H let me die his death!"—all Nature cries.
"Then live his life!"—All Nature falters there!

Young.

E lose what on ourselves we spend!
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all!

C. Wordsworth.

OR the empty are empty things, and for the full
are the full things.

2 Esdras vii. 25.

Twenty-third after Trinity.] 460
"He wondered that there was no Intercessor."

_A Prayer for the Week_

For all we love,— the Poor, the Sad,
The Sinful, unto THEE we call!—
Oh! let Thy mercy make us glad!—
THOU art our JESUS and our ALL!
Intercession.

RAYING for all in those appointed phrases,—
Like a vast river, from a thousand fountains,
Swoll’n with the waters of the lakes and mountains—
The Pastor bears along the Prayers and Praises
Of many souls in channel well-defined,—
Yet leaves no drop of Prayer or Praise behind!

H. Coleridge.

TRIVE that your Prayer be not more languid
than it is for the momentary relief from pain
of husband or child,—when it is uttered for the
multitude of those who have none to love them—
and is for all who are desolate and oppressed.

Ruskin.

HY for the dead, who are at rest?
Pray for the living!—in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong,—
As when good Angels war with Devils.

Longfellow.

WHO can tell how many hearts are altars to His praise,
From which the silent Prayer ascends through patient nights and days!
The sacrifice is offered still in secret and alone;
O World, ye do not know them, but He can help His own.
They are with us,—His true Soldiers,—they come in power and might,
Glorious the crown which they shall gain after the heavenly fight;
[share,
And you, perchance, who scoff, may yet their glory
As the rich spoil of their battle, and the Captives of their Prayer!

A. Procter.

Y Prayers for ever and for ever shall be yours.

Shakespeare.

Twenty-fourth after Trinity.] 462
There came a certain Ruler and worshipped Him, saying, "My daughter is even now dead; but come and lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live."

Gospel for the Day.

**Intercession.**

IGHT I address the supplicative strain
To Thy high footstool, I would pray that Thou
Wouldst pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, e'er they perish, in Thy flock!
Yea! I would bid Thee pity them, through Him,
Thy Well-Beloved, Who, upon the Cross,
Bled a dread sacrifice for human sin.

KIRKE WHITE.

HY they have never known the way before—
Why hundreds stand outside Thy mercy's door—
I know not; but I ask, dear Lord, that Thou
Wouldst lead them now.

Why in the hard and thorny way they press
Unloved, uncomforted, with none to bless,
In living death,—I know not; but spare Thou,
And lead them now!

SAVIOUR, be pitiful! their hell is here!
Dull parchèd sorrow that can shed no tear
Is theirs! They need no further loss—
They bear their Cross.

Eternal death to live away from Thee!
Eternal loss apart from Thee to be!
Eternal gain to have in Thee some part—
To know Thou art!

C. FRASER TYTLER.

Y proud Foe at my hand to take no boon will choose—
My Prayers are the one grace which he cannot refuse.

TRENCH.

HO hath aught to love, and loves aright,
Will never in the darkest strait despair;
For out of Love exhales a living light,
A light that speaks—a light whose breath is Prayer.

H. COLERIDGE.
Intercession.

HE holy hands uplifted
In suffering's longest hour
Are truly Spirit-gifted
With intercessive power.
For evermore the Angel
Of Intercession stands
In His Divine High-Priesthood
With fragrance-fillèd hands,—
To wave the golden censer
Before His Father's throne,
With Spirit-fire intenser,
And incense all His own.
And evermore the Father
Sends radiantly down
All-marvellous responses
His ministers to crown;
The incense-cloud returning
As golden blessing-showers,
We in each drop discerning
Some feeble prayer of ours,
Transmuted into wealth unpriced,
By Him Who giveth thus
The Glory all to Jesus Christ,
The Gladness all to us. F. R. Havergal.

E is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
Cowper.

RAY for those who ask no prayer,—
Who, poorest of their kind,
O'ercharged with comforts won from Sense,
In Faith no comfort find.
Bright.

OD forbid that I should sin against the Lord, in
ceasing to pray for you.

1 Sam. xii. 23.

Twenty-fourth after Trinity.] 464
Tuesday.

Intercession.

S circle beyond circle evermore
In the still water spreads and spreads, until
The whole expanse of lucid pool they fill,
And the last ripple touch the further shore—
Dilating so, nor finding pause before
It has extended o'er the largest space
Which love can hold within its wide embrace,—
Prayer issues from the bosom's central core!
First for Himself the High Priest His offering makes;—
This done, for others, for those nearest found,
The circle of the sacred Home,—and then
For the whole Church of God, and lastly takes—
His ample Intercession takes all men
Within the limits of its mighty round. Trench.

HEN, tho' our soul and limitless transgression
Grows with our growing, with our breath began,
Raise Thou the arms of endless Intercession,
Jesus! divinest when Thou most art Man!
Myers.

AY not, all useful work thou art denied!—
Behold! Christ's censer waiteth at thy side.
He in compassion lets it down to thee,
Heap on thine incense! heap it full and free!
Pray for thy friends! that every deed of love
May be received and registered above.
Pray for the sick who suffer in all lands!
God's prisoners, laid in bonds by His own hands...
Pray for Crowned Heads, with all their weight of care,
For broken hearts, and all the sorrows there;
For the whole Race which He has made His own,
For which He intercedes before the Throne.

C. M. Noel.
Intercession

Y Redeemer, and my Lord!
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon Thy Hands and Side,—
For all who have lived and errèd
Thou hast suffered, Thou hast died,
Scourged and mocked and crucified,
And in the grave hast Thou been buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,
O, my Saviour! I beseech Thee,
Even as Thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where Thou leadest!
Let me, bleeding as Thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,—
And more nearly
Dying thus, resemble Thee!

ND oh! not wholly lost the heart
Where that undying love hath part;
Not worthless all, though far and long
From home estranged, and guided wrong:
Yet may its depths by Heaven be stirr'd,
Its prayer for thee be pour'd and heard.

F. Hemans.

Ever liveth to make Intercession for us.
Heb. vii. 25.

Or Prayer is made on earth, alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal Throne,
For mourners intercedes.

Montgomery.
Intercession.

BEG of you calm souls—whose wondering pity
Looks at paths you never trod;
I beg of you who suffer—for all sorrow
Must be very near to God—
And the need is even greater than you see—
Pray for me!

I beg of you who stand before the Altar,
Whose anointed hands upraise
All the Sin and all the Sorrow of the Ages,
All the Love and all the Praise,
And the Glory which was always, and shall be—
Pray for me!

A. Procter.

O with me like good Angels to my end;
Make of your Prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my Soul to Heaven!

Shakespeare.

IGHT the Prayer within my breast
Make others blest, as I am blest;—
And might my joy in thanking Thee
Make for all hungry souls a plea;—
Then would I praise Thee and adore,
And ever thank Thee more and more,
Rejoicing, if Thou wouldst but bless
Thy creatures for my thankfulness.

H. Coleridge.

ORE things are wrought by Prayer
Than this world dreams of! Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day!
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If,—knowing God,—they lift not hands of Prayer
Both for themselves, and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the Feet of God.

Tennyson.
Intercession.

URELY, too some way
He is the better for my love! .. I'll believe
His very eye would never sparkle thus,
Had I not prayed for him this long, long while.

BROWNING.

HE lonely sufferer is still a fellow-worker with
Him; . . . a sleepless voice of Intercession,
unheard by man, but borne to God by a "surrendered
soul," may bring strength to combatants wearied
with a doubtful conflict.

WESTCOTT.

E prayed together, praying the same Prayer:—
But each that prayed, did seem to be alone,
And saw the other, in a golden air
Poised far away, beneath a vacant throne,
Beckoning the kneeler to arise and sit
Within the glory which encompassed it! ..

The depth of human Reason must become
As deep as is the holy human Heart,
Ere aught in written phrases can impart
The might and meaning of that Ecstasy,
To those low souls, who hold the Mystery
Of the Unseen Universe for dark and dumb.

But we were mortal still, and when again
We raised our bended knees, I do not say
That our descending Spirit felt no pain
To meet the dimness of an earthly day;
Yet not as those disheartened, and the more
Debased, the higher that they rose before,—
But, from the exaltation of that hour,
Out of God's choicest Treasury, bringing down
New Virtue to sustain all ill,—new Power
To braid Life's thorns into a regal Crown,
We passed into the outer world,—to prove
The strength miraculous of united Love!

HOUGHTON.

Twenty-fourth after Trinity.] 468
WEEK OF THE

LAST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"Visions and revelations of the Lord."

A Prayer for the Week

Grant, we beseech THEE, that we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the LORD, may be changed by the same Image from Glory to Glory!
Ideals.

OU have known lights and guides better than these.
Ah! let not aught amiss within, dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself! **Wordsworth.**

**Y God,**
What might I not have made of Thy fair world
Had I but loved Thy highest Creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the Highest,—
It surely was my profit—had I known:
It would have been my pleasure—had I seen!

**Tennyson.**

ONE sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue:—
For though,—ere yet the shaft is on the wing,
Or when it first forsakes the elastic string,—
It err but little from the intended line,
It falls at last far wide of his design;
So he who seeks a mansion in the sky,
Must watch his purpose with a stedfast eye.
That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
The least obliquity is fatal here.

**Cowper.**

**LIKE Philosophy, the Gospel has an Ideal Life to offer,—not to a few only, but to all.**

**Jowett.**

**TILL,** through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real!
To let the new life in,—we know
Desire must ope the portal:—
Perhaps the longing to be so,
Helps make the Soul immortal.

**Lowell.**

*Twenty-fifth after Trinity.* 470
Ideals.

HOSE fervent raptures are for ever flown,
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
Heavenward; and chide the part of me that flags
Through sinful choice!

H! fragments of a whole, ordained to be
Points in the life I waited! What are ye
But roundels of a ladder, which appeared
Awhile the very platform it was reared
To lift me on?

N that life one occasion, one moment, there was,
When all that was earnest in Him might have been
Unclosed into manhood's imperial, serene,
 Dominion of permanent power! But it found Him
Too soon; ere the weight of the light life around Him
Had been weigh'd at its worth; when his nature
was still
The delicate toy of too pliant a will. He miss'd
That occasion, too rathe in its advent.

HE common problem,—yours,—mine,—every
Is—not to fancy what were fair in Life [one's—
Provided it could be;—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means:—a very different thing!
No abstract, intellectual plan of Life
Quite irrespective of Life's plainest laws—
But one a man, who is man and nothing more,
May lead. . . Ideализe away! . .
You're welcome, nay, you're wise!

HE scatter'd fragments Love can glean
Refine the dregs, and yield us clean
To regions, where one thought serene
Breathes sweeter than whole years of sacrifice below.

Keble.
Ideals.

E needs must love the Highest, when we see it!

Tennyson.

ROM higher Judgment-Seats make no appeal to lower.

Wordsworth.

IFE upon the larger scale, the higher!—

When, graduating up in a spiral line
Of still expanding and ascending gyves,
It pushes towards the intense significance
Of all things,—hungry for the Infinite!

E. B. Browning.

AULTS in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally these again;
The Mind and Conduct mutually imprint,
And stamp their image in each other's mint.

Cowper.

HO hath despised the day of small things?

Zech. iv. 10.

OD has conceded two sights to a man—

One, of men's whole Work,—Time's completed plan,—
The other, of the Minute's work, man's first
Step to the plan's completeness! What's dispersed,
Save hope of that supreme step which, descried
Earliest, was meant still to remain untried,
Only to give you heart to take your own
Step, and there stay—leaving the rest alone?

Browning.

ET sets she not her Soul so steadily
Above, that she forgets her ties to earth,
But her whole thought would almost seem to be
How to make glad one lowly human hearth:—
For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought and word and feeling so to live,
As to make Earth next Heaven!

Lowell.

Twenty-fifth after Trinity.] 472
Ideals.

STILL

Stand in the Cloud, and, while it wraps
My face, ought not to speak perhaps!

BROWNING.

UT look! Whose shadows black the door?
Who are these two who stand aloof?

See! on my hands this freshening gore
Writes o'er again its crimson proof!

My looked for death-bed guests are met—
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
The ghost of my Ideal stands!

O glorious Youth, that once wast mine!
O high Ideal! all in vain

Ye enter at this ruined shrine,
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the God is gone.

LOWELL.

HY Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape
that same Ideal out of.

CARLYLE.

IS, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise; but to converse with Heaven—

This is not easy!
'Tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the Soul's desires;—
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights, which the Soul is competent to gain.

WORDSWORTH.

NSPIRATIONS—which, could they be things
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good Angels.

LONGFELLOW.
**Ideals.**

—•—

**HAT** is it, in truth, that you fly at?  
Lytton.

**NE**

Idea that, star-like over, lures him on  
To its exclusive purpose.  
Browning.

**DEALS** are the very soul of Life.  
Westcott.

**BROODING** Presence! that stirs motions blind  
Of wings within our embryo Being's shell,  
That wait but her completer spell  
To make us eagle-natured,—fit to dare  
Life's nobler spaces and untarnished air!  
You,—who hold dear this self-conceived Ideal,  
Whose faith and works alone can make it real,—  
Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her shrine,  
Who lifts our lives away from Thine and Mine,  
And feeds the lamp of manhood more divine  
With fragrant oils of quenchless constancy.  
Lowell.

**F** you build Castles in the Air, your labour will  
not be lost:—that is where they should be:—  
Now put foundations under them!  

NE takes  
A whole Life,—sees what course it makes  
Mainly, and not by fits and starts—  
In spite of stoppage,—which impart  
Fresh value to the general speed.  
Browning.

**HE** situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was  
never yet occupied by man. Yes, here in this  
miserable, despicable Actual, wherein thou even  
now standest,—here or nowhere is thy Ideal! Work  
it out therefrom!... The Ideal is in Thyself, the  
impediment too is in Thyself!  
Carlyle.

*Twenty-fifth after Trinity.* 474
Thursday.

Ideals.

OOK not thou down, but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp’s flash and trumpet’s peal,
The new wine’s foaming flow,
The Master’s lips a-glow,
Thou, Heaven’s consummate cup, what needst thou
with earth’s wheel?  BROWNING.

OME day, the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful, “Was it, then, my praise
And not myself was loved?  Prove now thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth!
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase
The victim of thy Genius, not its mate!”
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field!—
So bountiful is Fate!  LOWELL.

OR Mankind springs
Salvation by each hindrance interposed.
They climb; Life’s view is not at once disclosed
To creatures caught up, on the summit left,
Heaven plain above them, yet of wings bereft;—
But lower laid as at the mountain’s foot.
So range on range, the girdling forests shoot
’Twixt your plain prospect and the throngs who scale
Height after height, and pierce mists, veil by veil,
Heartened with each discovery: in their soul,
The Whole they seek by parts.  BROWNING.

HAT if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven?—and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?
Milton.

F I cannot realize my Ideal, I can at least idealize
my Real.  GANNETT.
**Ideals.**

AN you question that the Soul
Inherits an allegiance?            **Wordsworth.**

OW very hard it is to be
A Christian! Hard for you and me!
—Not the mere task of making real
That duty up to its Ideal,—
Effecting thus, complete and whole,
A purpose of the human soul—
For that is always hard to do:—
But hard, I mean, for me and you
To realize it, more or less,
With even the moderate success
Which commonly repays our strife
To carry out the aims of life.
"This aim is greater," you will say,
"And so more arduous every way."
—But the importance of their fruits
Still proves to man, in all pursuits,
Proportional encouragement.          **Browning.**

OR a moment I was snatched away
And had the evidence of things not seen;
For one rapt moment—then it all came back—
This Age that blots out Life with question-marks!

HERE are more things in Heaven and Earth
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy!            **Lowell.**

OW shall I part? and whither wander—down
Into a lower world, to this, obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure,—accustom'd to immortal fruits?

HE vision of the Ideal guards monotony of
Work from becoming monotony of Life.            **Westcott.**

Twenty-fifth after Trinity.] 476
SAINTS COMMENORATED IN

THE SEASON OF TRINITY

June 11th
"The Mission of Comfort"

June 24th
"The Secret of Influence"

June 29th
"Impulsiveness"

July 25th
"The Snare of Ambition"

* * St. Barnabas' Day occasionally falls within the preceding Season.

[Saints' Days, continue']
Saints commemorated in the Season of Trinity, continued.

AUGUST 24th
"The Revelation of Miracle"

SEPT. 21st
"Integrity"

SEPT. 29th
"The Presence of the Unseen"

OCT. 18th
"Ministry to the Sick"

OCT. 28th
"The Perversion of Criticism"

NOV. 1st
"The Communion of Saints"
St. Barnabas.]

The Mission of Comfort.

HE World's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest;
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art
Is his, who skills of Comfort best;—
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own,
And love to raise the languid eye,
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by.

IKE dew upon a wither'd flower
Is Comfort to the heart that's broken.

HEREFOR comfort one another with these words!

OULDST thou go forth to bless?—be sure of
thine own ground!
Fix well thy centre first, then draw thy circles round!

ONLY saw how I had missed
A thousand things from blindness,
How all that I had done appeared
Scarce better than unkindness.
How that to comfort those that mourn
Is a thing for Saints to try;
Yet, haply God might have done less,
Had a saint been there,—not I.

Alas! we have so little grace,
With love so little burn,
That the hardest of our works for God
Is to comfort those who mourn.

HEN therefore spiritual Comfort is given thee
from God, receive it with thankfulness; but understand that it is the gift of God, not any desert of thine.

Keble.

H. Coleridge.

Trench.

Faber.

Thos. à Kempis.
The Secret of Influence.

OU are endowed with Faculties which bear
Annexed to them, as 'twere a dispensation
To summon meaner spirits to do their will,
And gather round them at their need; inspiring
Such with a love themselves can never feel.

Browning.

WISH popularity;—but it is that which follows,
not that which is run after.

Mansfield.

E, what you would make others!  Amiel.

IKE to the sunlight,—gladdening, brightening all,
Quiet as dew, which no man heareth fall,—
So let thine influence be!

E. M. L. G.

IRST seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of His roof,—
Till thou have scann'd His features well
And known Him for the Christ by proof:
Then, potent with the spell of heaven,
Go, and thy erring brother gain!

Keble.

EN must be taught, as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

Pope.

AM become all things to all men, that I might by
all means save some.

1 Cor. ix. 22.

SPIRIT whose power may touch and bind
With unconscious influence every mind;
Whose presence brings, like some fabled wand,
The love which a monarch may not command;—
As the spring awakens from cold repose
The bloomless brier, the sweet wild rose—
Such would I be!

F. R. Havergal.
O climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first . . . We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.  

Shakespeare.

E love characters in proportion as they are
impulsive and spontaneous.  

Emerson.

"O-DAY thou girdest up thy loins thyself
And goest where thou wouldst: presently
Others shall gird thee," said the Lord, "to go
Where thou wouldst not."—He spoke to Peter thus
To signify the death which he should die
When crucified head downwards.—If He spoke
To Peter then, He speaks to us the same;
The word suits many different martyrdoms . .

For 'tis not in mere death that men die most;
And after our first girding of the loins
In youth's fine linen and fair broidery,
To run up hill and meet the rising sun,—
We are apt to sit tired, patient as a fool,
While others gird us with the violent bands
Of social figments, feints, and formalisms,—
Reversing our straight nature,—lifting up
Our base needs,—keeping down our lofty thoughts,
Head downward on the cross-sticks of the world.
Yet He can pluck us from that shameful cross.

God! set our feet low and our forehead high,
And show us how a Man was made to walk!

E. B. Browning.

EWARE of Peter's word, nor confidently say,
"I never will deny Thee, Lord!" But—"Grant,
I never may!"

Cowper.
The Snare of Ambition.

IFE! it is beautiful wholly, and could we eliminate only
This interfering, enslaving, o’ermastering Demon of Craving,—
This wicked Tempter inside us, to ruin still eager to Life were Beatitude!

HAT is Man, when at Ambition’s height?

OOL that I was! I will rehearse my fault:
I, wingless, thought myself on high to lift
Among the winged!—I set these feet that halt
To run against the swift.

OT in stature and learning alone we grow..
Though the table-land of life we tread
No widening view before us spread,
No sunlit summits to lure Ambition,
But only the path of a daily mission.

CHARGE thee, fling away Ambition!
By that sin fell the Angels:—how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

H, holy midnight of the soul,
When stars alone are high;
When winds are dead, or at their goal,
And sea-waves only sigh!
Ambition faints from out the will;
Asleep sad Longing lies;
All hope of good, all fear of ill,
All need of Action dies:—
Because God is! and claims the Life
He kindled in thy brain;
And Thou in Him, rapt far from strife,
Diest and liv’st again.

Saints’ Days after Trinity.] 482
The Revelation of Miracle.

HAT is thy thought? — There is no miracle?
There is a great one, which thou hast not read,
And never shalt escape — Thyself, O man! —
Thou art the Miracle!...
Thou art thy Father's copy of Himself! —
Thou art thy Father's Miracle!...
Man is the Miracle in nature! God
Is the One Miracle to man! Behold!
"There is a God," thou sayest. Thou sayest well;
In that thou sayest all! To Be is more
Of wonderful, than, being, to have wrought,
Or reigned, or rested!  

OD never wrought Miracle to convince Atheism,
because His ordinary Works convince it.  

Bacon.

HAT is a Miracle? — 'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind;
And while it satisfies, it censures too.
To Common Sense, great Nature's course proclaims
A Deity; when mankind falls asleep,
A miracle is sent as an alarm,
To wake the world, and prove Him o'er again
By recent argument,—but not more strong.
'Say! which imports more plenitude of power,
Or Nature's Law to fix, or to repeal?
Or make a sun, or stop his mid-career?  

Young.

ustom has a knack of persuading us that the
Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be
Miraculous.  

Carlyle.

OR martyrdoms, I reckon them amongst Miracles:
because they seem to exceed the strength of
human nature; and I may do the like of superlative
and admirable Holiness of Life.  

Bacon.
Integrity.

E sat to watch o'er Customs paid,
A man of scorned and hardening trade...
But grace within his breast had stirred;
There needed but the timely word...
He rose responsive to the call,
And left his tasks, his gains, his all...
Who yield up all for Thy dear sake,
Let them of Matthew's wealth partake!
Bright.

HE man of life upright, whose cheerful mind is free,
From weight of impious deeds and yoke of vanity;
That man needs neither towers nor armour for defence!
Campion.

WOULD have honesty and sincerity so incorporated with the constitution... that a man must be forced to find it out whether he would or no... A man of integrity, sincerity, and good-nature can never be concealed, for his character is wrought into his countenance.
Marcus Aurelius.

ETTER not be at all than not be noble!
Tennyson.

HUS in our gain become we gainful losers,
And what's enclosed, encloses the enclosers;
Now, reader, close thy book!—and then advise;
Be wisely-worldly, be not worldly-wise:
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's base dunghill!
Quarles.

ET us not stain our honour!
1 Maccabees ix. 10,

EVER, for lucre or laurels
Or custom, though such should be rife,
Adapting the smaller morals
To measure the larger life! E. B. Browning.

Saints' Days after Trinity.] 484
St. Michael and All Angels.

The Presence of the Unseen.

—•—

Tis not when man's heart is highest heaven
He hath most need of Servant-Seraphim—
Albeit that height be holy, and God be still...
Nay, but much rather when one, flat as earth,
Knows not which way to grovel, or where to flee
From the overmastering Agony of Sin. Myers.

Ow sweet it were if, without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
An Angel came to us and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air!...
Alas! we think not that we daily see
About our hearths—Angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child,—a friend,—a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

Leigh Hunt.

E shall give his Angels charge over thee.

GOOD man, and an Angel! these between
How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year.
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are Angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin;
Yet absent, but not absent from their love.—
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign: and are these, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? And thou (shame burn
Thy cheek to cinder!') rival to the brute? Young.
Ministry to the Sick.

[St. Luke.

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HO is the Angel of the forty days,
To Faith revealing things from sight removed?
Is it not Luke, Physician Heaven-beloved?
The everlasting Gospel's word his praise?
He in our firmament has lit new rays;
Oh! by his later star illumined, we
The Christ behold.

Morgan.

OUR a Physician with the honour due unto
him, for the Lord hath created him. Give place to
the Physician... let him not go from thee, for thou
hast need of him. There is a time when in their
hands there is good success. For they shall also
pray unto the Lord that He would prosper that
which they give for ease and remedy to prolong life.

Ecclus. I. 12-14.

AIN man, that hast but little priefe
In deep discovery of the mynd's disease!
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then with some cordialls seeke for to appease
The inward languour of my wounded hart,
And then my body shall have shortly ease!

Spenser.

O Physician considers his own good in what
he prescribes, but the good of the patient.

Plato.

ANST thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Shakespeare.

E not slow to visit the sick, for that shall make
thee to be beloved.

Ecclus. vii. 35.

Saints' Days after Trinity.] 486
ES! thou dost well, to arm thy tender mind
With all, that learning and stern common-sense
Living hath spoke, or dying left behind;
To blank the frowardness of pert pretence
With long experience of a mighty mind.
Yes! thou dost well to build a fence about
Thine inward faith, and mount a stalwart guard
Of answers, to oppose invading doubt.
All aids are needful, for the strife is hard;
But still be sure the truth within to cherish,—
Truths long besieged too oft of hunger perish.

H. Coleridge.

ILT thou help us to embody the Divine Spirit
of Religion in a new vehicle and vesture, that
our souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live?
What? thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only
a torch for burning?—no hammer for building?
Take our thanks, then—and—thyself away!

Carlyle.

LAS! what can they teach and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more?...
Much of the soul they talk—but all awry.

Milton.

ROM all rash censure be the mind kept free.—
He only judges right, who weighs, compares.

Wordsworth.

OOLS rush in where Angels fear to tread.

Pope.

UR power of reverence is a measure of our power
of rising.

Westcott.

IFE is too short to waste in critic peep or cynic
bark,
Quarrel or reprimand; 'twill soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and God speed the mark!

Emerson.
The Communion of Saints.

I, L. Saints!—the Unknown Good that rest
In God's still Memory folded deep:—
The bravely Dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,—
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,—
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
In dying eyes, by them made bright—
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther shore.

Lowell.

E do differ when we most agree,
For words are not the same to you and me.
And it may be our several spiritual needs
Are best supplied by seeming different creeds—
And differing, we agree in one
Inseparable Communion,
If the true Life be in our hearts—the Faith,
Which not to want is Death;
To want is penance; to desire
Is purgatorial fire;
To hope, is Paradise; and to believe,
Is all of Heaven that Earth can e'er receive!

H. Coleridge.
PART III

THE HOLY COMMUNION

"He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me and I in him."

Prayer

In confidence of Thy goodness and great mercy, O LORD, I draw near, as a sick person to the Healer, as one hungry and thirsty to the Fountain of Life,—a Creature to the CREATOR, a desolate Soul to my own tender COMFORTER! Grant me to apply myself earnestly to devotion; and prepare my Heart to obtain, if it be but some small spark, of divine fire by the humble receiving of this life-giving Sacrament. For with deep devotion and ardent love, with all affection and fervour of heart, I desire to receive THEE, O LORD!
The Holy Communion.

AKE clean thy thought and dress thy mixt desires!
Thou art Heaven's tasker; and thy God requires
The purest of thy flour, as well as of thy fires.

Quarles.

H's aspiring Soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame, ascends,—
Zeal and humility her wings,—to heaven!

Young.

N vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself. First, thou must see the visible things of thyself, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God: for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee.

Hugo.

LAS! from such a Heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

Cowper.

OOK, Father, look on His anointed Face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy Grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

Bright.

AST and pray!
That so perchance the Vision may be seen
By thee and those, and all the World be heal'd.

Tennyson.

LEANSE me, Lord, that I may kneel
At Thine altar, pure and white;
They that once Thy mercies feel,
Gaze no more on Earth's delight.

Campion.
The Eve.]

The Holy Communion.

—***—

T is my Maker!—dare I stay?
My Saviour!—dare I turn away?

KEBLE.

ERE in the dark I grope, confused, purblind;
I have not seen the glory and the peace;
But on the darken'd mirror of the mind
Strange glimmers fall, and shake me, till they cease.
Then wondering, dazzled, on Thy Name I call,
And like a child reach empty hands and moan . . .
If such as I can follow him at all
Into Thy Presence, 'tis by love alone!

Buchanan.

HE sufficiency of my merit, is to know that my
merit is not sufficient.

St. Augustine.

ET, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vowed
To solemn service high;
And shall the Spirit, for thy tasks endow'd,
Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary?
Fainting beneath the burden of the day
Because no human tone unto the altar-stone,
Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,
Where it should make Eternal Truth its mate,
May cheer the sacred solitary way?
Oh! be the whisper of Thy voice within
Enough to strengthen!

F. HEMANS.

OT a brief glance I beg, a passing word,—
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, LORD!
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

LYTE.

IFT up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory
shall come in!

Psalm xxiv. 9.

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R 5
The Holy Communion.

ERE, O my Lord! I see Thee face to face,
   Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the Eternal Grace,
   And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
   Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of Heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
   Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
This is the hour of banquet and of song,
   This is the heavenly Table spread for me;
Here, let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
   The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee!

HAVE heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear,
   but now mine eye seeth Thee. Job xlii. 5.

HAT only which we have within, can we see
   without.—If we meet no Gods, it is because we
harbour none.

ELF-LOVE here cannot crave more than it finds;
   Ambition to no higher worth aspire;
The eagerest famine of most hungry minds,
   May fill, yea, far exceed, their own desire. . .
And if to all, all this it doth not bring,
The fault is in the men, not in the thing.

OD is all to thee: if thou be hungry, He is
   bread; if thirsty, He is water; if darkness, He
is light; if naked, He is a robe of immortality.

O-DAY shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

OW to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
   O Lamb of God—I come!

C. ELLIOTT.
The Holy Communion.

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ISE odours sweet from incense uninflam'd?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven!

Young.

HAT if they fail to find who seek amiss?
To lose the centre is to lose the whole:
To such reporters be our answer this,
"I know Him through my soul. . . ."

One Christ for all, and fully Christ for each;
So haply, as at Eucharist we knelt,
Something that thrilled us more than touch or speech
Has made its presence felt!

And round us drawn a lucid atmosphere
Of self-commending truth and love and might,
And raised our faith from hearing of the ear
To sweet foretaste of sight.

Bright.

HOUGH blind men see no light, the sun doth shine.

Southwell.

HE wise who waited there, could tell
By these, what royalties in store
Lay one step past the entrance-door.
[tude;
All partial beauty was a pledge of beauty in its pleni-
But since the pledge sufficed thy mood,
Retain it! Plenitude be theirs who looked above!

Browning.

OD is never so far off as even to be near:—
He is within! Our Spirit is the home He holds most dear.
To think of Him as by our side, is almost as untrue,
As to remove His throne beyond those skies of starry blue.
So all the while I thought myself homeless, forlorn, and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth—myself God's Sanctuary!

Faber.
The Holy Communion.

OO soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The Feast, though not the Love, is past and gone;
The Bread and Wine remove; but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever!

HQ, standing near a large fire, receiveth not
some small heat therefrom! Thos. à Kempis.

HERE is a sight from man concealed,
That sight—the Face of God revealed—
Shall bless the Pure in Heart.

HESE have seen according to their sight.

E heard unspeakable words which it is not
possible for a man to utter. 2 Cor. xii. 4.

EAR God! and where you go, men shall think
they walk in hallowed cathedrals! Emerson.

HAT gift of his, from God descended:—
Ah! friend, what gift of man's does not?
Browning.

CHRIST, our God, Who with Thine own hast been,
Our spirits cleave to Thee, the Friend unseen.
Vouchsafe that all who on Thy bounty feed,
May heed Thy love, and prize Thy gifts indeed!
Each holy purpose help us to fulfil!
Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still!
Illuminate our minds, that we may see
In all around us holy signs of Thee.
And may such witness in our lives appear,
That all may know Thou hast been with us here!
O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possess'd,
Thy Life within us we may manifest!

HANKS be unto God for His unspeakable gift!
PART IV

EPOCHS IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE
HOLY BAPTISM

"What manner of child shall this be?"

A Prayer for the Day and its Anniversaries

Grant, we beseech Thee, O LORD, that this Child may hereafter not be ashamed to confess the faith of CHRIST Crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against Sin, the World, and the Devil, and to continue CHRIST'S faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end!

See also p 46.
The Consecration

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NCE in His Name Who made thee,
Once in His Name Who died for thee,
Once in His Name Who lives to aid thee,
We plunge thee in Love’s boundless sea!

Keble.

STOOD beside thee in the holy place,
And saw the Holy Sprinkling on thy brow,
And was both bond and witness to the Vow,
Which own’d thy need, confirm’d thy claims of Grace;
That sacred Sign which time shall not efface,
Declared thee His to Whom all Angels bow,—
Who bade the Herald Saint the rite allow
To the Sole Sinless of all Adam’s race.
That was indeed an awful sight to see;
And oft I fear for what my love hath done,
As voucher of thy sweet Communion
In thy sweet Saviour’s blessed Mystery.
Would I might give thee back, my little one,
But half the good that I have got from thee!

Keble.

ND was it meet, thou tender flower, on thy young life to lay
Such burden, pledging thee to vows thou never canst unsay? . .
What if thou bear the Cross within, all aching and decay?—
And ’twas I that laid it on thee?—what if thou fall away?
Such is Love’s deep misgiving, when, stronger far than Faith,
She brings her earthly darlings to the Cross for Life and Death.

Keble.

UFFER little Children, and forbid them not to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.
of Childhood.

---

YE who wait with hearts too light
By Font or cradle,—fear in time!
Oh let not all your dreams be bright
Here in Earth’s wayward clime!
From the soul dew, the blighting air,
Watch well your treasure newly won;
Heaven’s Child and yours, uncharm’d by Prayer,
May prove Perdition’s Son!

Keble.

ATHER!—to God Himself we cannot give
A holier name! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
Be duly mindful! Still more sensitive,
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom,—that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
For everlasting bloom! Benign and pure,
This Ordinance;—whether loss it would supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

Wordsworth.

YE who came that Babe to lay
Within a Saviour’s Arms to-day,
Watch well and guard with careful eye,
The Heir of Immortality!

Sir H. Baker.

THOU, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father’s shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine;
Dependant on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In Childhood, Manhood, Age and Death,
To keep us still Thine own!

Heber.
Consecration of Childhood.

OD's own Image fresh from Paradise
Hallows the helpless form of Infancy.
H. Coleridge.

HERE are who think that Childhood does not share
With age, the cup, the bitter cup of care;
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age and rank is born to ruth.
Kirke White.

CHILDREN are an Heritage of the Lord.

ACKNOWLEDGE the all-but omnipotence of early culture and nurture. Carlyle.

H! say not! dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats
And cannot reach the strain!
Was not our Lord a little Child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?
And if some tones be false or low,
What are all prayers beneath,
But cries of babes that cannot know
Half the deep thought they breathe?
In His own words we Christ adore;
But Angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak:
And yet His Words mean more than they,
And yet He owns their praise:
Why should we think He turns away
From infants' simple lays?
Keble.

HOU hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto Babes.
Matt. xi. 25.
THE ORDER OF CONFIRMATION

"Quit you like men, be strong!"

A Prayer for the Day and its Anniversaries

Defend, O LORD, we beseech THEE, us Thy Children with Thy heavenly Grace, that we may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until we come unto Thy everlasting kingdom!
Consecration of Youth.

RAW, HOLY GHOST, Thy seven-fold veil
Between us and the fires of Youth;
Breathe, HOLY GHOST, Thy freshening gale,
Our fever’d brow in Age to soothe!
And oft as Sin and Sorrow tire,
The hallow’d hour do Thou renew,
When beckon’d up the awful choir
By pastoral hands, toward THEE we drew;
When trembling at the sacred rail,
We hid our eyes and held our breath—
Felt THEE, how strong! our hearts how frail!
And long’d to own THEE to the death!

Fm nothing more than purpose in thy power—
Thy purpose, firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly:—Angels could no more.

E who would be a great Soul in the future must
be a great Soul now.

UMAN Spirit, bravely hold thy course!
Let Virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change.

OT God, but men of Him themselves deprive.

ND so, through many a channel sent,
Through Prayer and Rite and Sacrament,
And truths received, and duties done,—
Is shed the Spirit’s benison.
Who of that largess more would win
Must dread the faintest thought of sin,
And every downward step retrace
From every past neglect of Grace.

Confirmation.] 502
Consecration of Youth.

—•—

ORD, shall Thy Children come to Thee?
A boon of love divine we seek:
Brought to thine arms in infancy
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak—
Thy Children pray for grace that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.
LORD, shall we come? and come again,
Oft as we see yon Table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying Pain,
The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?
Bless, bless, O LORD, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come, and find Thee there!
LORD, shall we come? Not thus alone,
At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour,—till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,—
Come to Thy Throne of Grace, that we
In Faith, Hope, Love, confirm'd may be!

HINDS.

OME Souls have soared,—
And all may do, what has by man been done.

YOUNG.

VERY heart contains Perfection's germ.

SHELLEY.

ORCE not thy upward growth, but first of all
Deepen thy roots! Then may'st thou well sustain
The rays of sunlight that upon thee fall,
And, without withering, all thy strength retain.

SHARP.

E need Thee more than tongue can speak,
'Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight and won the crown;
We ask the help that bore them through,
We trust the Faithful and the True!

BRIGHT.
Consecration of Youth.

LAS for thousands that have knelt
Where you are bending now!
You feel what they as warmly felt
In prayer and solemn vow.
Seemed it that naught could them estrange
From Him your hearts adore:
Yet, slow or sudden, came the change—
They walked with Him no more!

Oh! let not blind self-confidence
To that appeal reply,
"Though others do Thee such offence,
Yet never, Lord, will I!"
Say, rather, "Lord, Thou knowest all;
I fain would cling to Thee;
But surest guard from foulest fall
Is deep humility."

EMPTATIONS seize when fear is laid asleep,
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

ABITS are soon assumed; but when we strive
To strip them off—'tis being flayed alive!

I TH the stern step of vanquished Will,
Walking beneath the Night of Life.

O have no arrière pensée in the service of God
And virtue is the great source of peace and happiness.

HAT shall never fail
Which my faith has in hand;
I gave my vow, my vow gave me,
Both vow and gift shall stand.

HE only path of escape known in all the Worlds
Of God is Performance.

Confirmation.] 504
"The fear of the Lord prolongeth days."

A Prayer for the Anniversary

O Lord! I offer and present unto Thee, myself and all that is mine,—my deeds and words,—my rest and my silence! Only, O Lord, do Thou take me and lead me! Move my hand and my mind and my tongue to those things which are well-pleasing in Thy sight; and turn me from all things from which Thou wouldest have me abstain.

Almighty God, Father of all Mercies, I bless Thee for my creation, preservation, and for all the blessings of this life. And, I beseech Thee, give me that due sense of all Thy Mercies, that my heart may be unfeignedly thankful, and that I show forth Thy Praise, not only with my lips, but in my life; by giving up myself to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all my days.

* * * See also pp. 47-51, 55-60.

505
Reconsecration of Life.

IS greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men Experience call.
The Spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an Angel, or a Fury frowns.  Young.

HAT use do I put my Soul to?  It is a serviceable question this, and should frequently be put.  M. Aurelius.

AKE not my spirit within me burn  [return!  
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er
Call out from the future thy visions bright,
From the world o'er the grave take thy solemn light;
And oh! with the loved, whom no more I see,
Show me my home, as it yet may be!  F. Hemans.

EPROACH not thine own Soul, but know thyself,
Nor hate another's crime, nor loathe thine own.
It is the dark idolatry of Self  [gone,
Which, when our thoughts and actions once are
Demands that man should weep and bleed and
O vacant expiation!—be at rest!  [groan;
The Past is Death's, the Future is thine own!
And love and joy can make the foulest breast
A Paradise of flowers, where peace might build her
nest.  Shelley.

LL labour for their wages: like a stream
Life hastens onward; and for good or ill
Each day adds to the store, though as a dream
It hurries by.  Oh! plant in me the Will!
Quicken! exalt! refine!—my bosom fill
With earnest diligence, whate'er I do!
Life swells the onward river,—nought is still.
Oh! may no earthly taint within it flow,
To meet that hidden sea, the everlasting Now.  I. Williams.
BETROTHAL

“Love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.”

A Prayer for the Betrothed

God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep us! O Lord, mercifully with Thy favour look upon us; pour upon us the riches of Thy grace; sanctify us, that we may please Thee both in body and soul, and live together in Holy Love unto our lives’ end!
Consecration of Love.

—-—-

HEN a Soul, by choice and conscience, doth
Throw out her full force on another Soul,
The conscience and the concentration both
Make mere Life, Love. For Life in perfect whole
And aim consummated, is Love in sooth,
As Nature’s magnet-heat rounds Pole with Pole.

E. B. BROWNING.

HE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath wean’d my heart from low desires;—
Nor death I need, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy Beauty,—antepast of joys above,—
Instructs me in the bliss that Saints approve;
For oh! how good, how beautiful must be
The God that made so good a thing as Thee!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

LOVED thee for the lovely Soul thou art:—
Thou canst not change so true a Love as this.

H. COLERIDGE.

OVE refines the thoughts, and heart enlarges.

MILTON.

EEPEST

Love is that which loseth least. . .
“Lost” is no word for such a love as mine;
Love from her Past to me a Present giveth,
And Love itself doth comfort, making pain divine.

J. INGELOW.

E who for Love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousand-fold, than one
Who never loved at all;
A grace within his soul has reigned
Which nothing else can bring—
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering!

HOUGHTON.

OWN on your knees!
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man’s Love!

SHAKESPEARE.

Betrothal.] 508
Consecration of Love.

IFE, with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear . . .
Is just our chance of the prize of learning Love,—
How Love might be, hath been indeed and is;
And that we hold henceforth to the uttermost
Such prize, despite the envy of the world;
And having gained Truth, keep Truth:—that is all!

BROWNING.

E live and love!—well knowing that there is
No backward step for those who feel the bliss
Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high:
Love hath so purified my being’s core,
Meseems I scarcely should be startled even,
To find some morn, that thou hadst gone before:
Since, with thy Love, this knowledge too was given,
Which each calm day doth strengthen more and more,
That they who love are but one step from Heaven.

LOWELL.

HOU art so good,
So calm. If thou shouldst wear a brow less light
For some wild thought, which, but for me, were kept
From out thy soul as from a sacred star!

BROWNING.

HE Soul’s armour is never well set to the heart
unless a Woman’s hand has braced it!—and it
is only when She braces it loosely, that the Honour
of Manhood fails!

RUSKIN.

ELOVED! let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work!
And both commended for the sake of each,
By all true Workers and true Lovers born.

E. B. BROWNING.

E have Eternity for Love’s communion yet.

F. HEMANS.
Consecration of Love.

O dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure! without him live no life!

Milton.

He shadow of his presence made my world
A Paradise! All familiar things he touched,
All common words he spake, became to me
Like forms and sounds of a diviner world. Shelley.

Ur Love is not a fading, earthly flower:
Its wingèd seed dropped down from Paradise,
And, nursed by day and night, by sun and shower,
Doth momently to fresher beauty rise. Lowell.

Est, and be not alone! but have thou there
The One who is thy choice of all the world;
There linger, listening, gazing with delight
Impassioned! But delight how pitiable!—
Unless this Love by a still higher Love
Be hallowed,—Love that breathes not without awe;
Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,
By heaven inspired; that frees from chains the soul,
Lifted, in union with the purest, best,
Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise
Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne!

Wordsworth.

Oo sleepless, too profound,
Are the Soul's hidden springs; there is no line
Their depth of Love to sound. F. Hemans.

AKE Love away,—and life would be defaced,—
A ghastly vision on a howling waste.

Newman.

OVE for one—from which there doth not spring
Wide Love for all, is but a worthless thing. . .
But our pure Love doth ever elevate
Into a holy bond of brotherhood
All earthly things, making them pure and good!

Lowell.

Betrothal.] 510
HOLY MATRIMONY

"They twain shall be one."

A Prayer for the Wedding Day and its Anniversaries

Receive
Thy Children's thanks, Creator! for the Love
Which Thou hast granted through all earthly woes,
To spread Heaven's Peace around them; which hath bound
Their spirits to each other and to Thee!...
We thank Thee, gracious God!
For all its treasured memories! tender cares,
Fond words, bright, bright sustaining looks, unchanged
Through tears and joy! O Father! most of all
We thank, we bless Thee, for the priceless trust,
Through Thy redeeming Son vouchsafed to those
That love in Thee, of union,—in Thy sight
And in Thy heavens, immortal!
The Consecration of

OW while I love thee, can I prove,
   The surer nature of our Love?
It is that while our choicest hours
   Are closed from vulgar ken,
We daily use our active powers,—
   Are men to brother-men.—
It is, that—with our hands in one—
We do the work that should be done.
Our hands in one—we will not shrink
   From life's severest due,—
Our hands in one—we will not blink
   The terrible and true;
What each would feel a heavy blow
Falls on us both as autumn snow.

HOUGHTON

NE Hope within two Wills! one Will beneath
Two overshadowing minds! one Life, one Death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one Immortality! 

SHELLEY.

E that getteth a Wife, beginneth a possession, a
help like unto himself, and a pillar of rest.

ECCLUS. xxxvi. 24.

E is the half part of a blessed man
   Left to be finishèd by such as she;
And she, a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

SHAKESPEARE.

OW sweet the mutual yoke of Man and Wife,
When holy fires maintain Love's heavenly life!

CRASHAW.

N whatever instance a person seeketh himself, there
he falleth from Love.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

AM not Thine, I am a part of Thee.

SHELLEY.

Holy Matrimony.] 512
NE in the Lord, as one in heart and choice!
For ye alike have chosen the better way,
And therefore will with holy glee rejoice
When Autumn grave brings back the Wedding-day.
All shall not haply be, as young conceit
Of wedded bliss the story would compose;—
But will ye find the song of Love less sweet,
Because translated into household prose?
Duties there needs must be,—and toils, and cares,
And there may be some salutary pains,
That unexpected come, and unawares,
To all that walk in wedlock's lightest chains.

E shall behold a something we have done,
Shall of the work, together we have wrought,
Beyond our aspiration and our thought,
Some not unworthy issue yet receive;
For Love is fellow-service, I believe!   Clough.

HE world hath need of all of you—
Hath need of you, and of thee, too, fair Love.
Oh Lovers, cling together! The old world
Is full of Hate. Sweeten it! draw in one
Two separate chords of Life; and from the bond
Of twin souls lost in Harmony, create
A Fair God dwelling with you—Love, the Lord!

LEWIS MORRIS.

UT the face thou show'st the world is not the
face thou show'st to me; [beheld.
And the look that I have looked in is of none but me

Clough.

HE that was ours, henceforth is only thine:—
Be good to Her!—who hath her Life in Thee.

E. ARNOLD.

ISE up, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!

The Wedding Day.]
The Consecration of

THERE is something in Marriage, like the veil
of the temple of old.
That screened the Holy of Holies with blue and
purple and gold!
Something that makes a chamber, where only the
one may come,
A sacredness too, and a silence, where joy that is
deepest is dumb.
And it is in that secret chamber, where chiefly my
days are passed
With a sense of something holy, and a shadow of
something vast,— [as He will,
Till He comes, who alone is free to come and to go
Till He comes, and the brooding silence begins to
pulse and thrill. [for thee!
O come! for my heart is weary, waiting, my Love
I will lock my bliss from the World, but my Love
shall have ever the key!  

WALTER SMITH.

ELOVED! in the noisy city here
The thought of thee can make all turmoil cease;
Around my spirit folds thy spirit clear
Its still, soft arms, and circles it with peace:
There is no room for any doubt or fear
In souls so overfilled with love’s increase.
There is no memory in the bygone year
But growth in heart’s and spirit’s perfect case:
How hath our love, half nebulous at first,
Rounded itself into a full-orbed sun!
How have our lives and wills (as haply erst
They were, ere this forgetfulness begun)
Through all their earthly distantness outburst,
And melted, like two rays of light, in one!

LOWELL.

OVE strikes one hour— Love! Those never loved,
Who dream that they loved once.

E. B. BROWNING.
**Wedded Life.**

**—•—**

**BSOLUTE** self-surrender is the condition of the highest influence.  

**Westcott.**

**WONDER**—did you ever count  
  The value of one human fate,  
Or sum the infinite amount  
Of one heart’s treasure, and the weight  
Of Life’s one venture, and the whole concentrate purpose of a Soul?  

And if you ever paused to think  
  That all this in your hands I laid  
Without a fear:—did you not shrink  
  From such a burden? half-afraid,  
Half-wishing that you could divide the risk, or cast it all aside?  

You well might fear!—if Love’s sole claim  
  Were to be happy: but true Love  
Takes joy as solace, not as aim,  
  And looks beyond, and looks above;  
And sometimes through the bitterest strife, first learns to live her highest life.  

If then your future life should need  
  A strength my Love can only gain  
Through suffering,—or my heart be freed  
  Only by sorrow from some stain,  
Then you shall give, and I will take this Crown of fire for Love’s dear sake.  

**A. Procter.**

**HE** kindest and the happiest pair  
  Will find occasion to forbear,  
And something every day they live  
To pity—and perhaps, forgive!  

**Cowper.**

**HE** happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.  

**Ruskin.**
The Consecration of Wedded Life.

HOU art my Home!  
Mine only and my blessed one! Where'er  
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,  
There is my Country, there my head shall rest  
And throb no more!  

F. Hemans.

HE Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each  
of you in the House of her Husband!  

Ruth i. 9.

OME is the place of Peace... And wherever a  
true Wife comes, this Home is always round  
her... Home is wherever she is.  

Ruskin.

VEN now, Belovèd,  
When all the world like some vast tidal wave  
Withdraws, and leaves us on a golden shore  
Alone together—when thou most art mine—  
When the winds blow for us, and the soft stars  
Are shining for us...  
Belovèd, do I know Thee?  Hath my Soul  
Spoken to thine the imperial speech of Souls,  
Perfect in meaning and in melody?...  
Belovèd, my belovèd!  Soul belovèd,  
Do I possess Thee?  Sight and scent and touch  
Are insufficient.  Open! let me in  
To the strange chambers I have never seen!  
Heart of the rose! unopen!  

Buchanan.

F in our wedded life shall know no loss.  
We shall new-date our years! what went  
before  
Will be the time of promise, shadow, dream;—  
But this, full revelation of great love;  
For rivers blent take in a broader heaven,  
And we shall blend our souls!

Home-coming.]  516
“He took him aside from the multitude.”

_A Prayer in time of Sickness_

**FATHER!** that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy **SON**;
Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down bless’d relief;
Or to the chasten’d let Thy might
Hallow this grief!
And **THOU!** that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
“Thy will be done!”
By Thy meek spirit, **THOU** of all
That e’er have mourned the chief—
**THOU, SAVIOUR!** if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief!

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* See also pages 213–220.
The Consecration

F Himself He come to thee, and stand
Beside thee, gazing down on thee with eyes
That smile and suffer; that will smite thy heart
With their own pity, to a passionate peace;
And reach to thee Himself the Holy Cup,...
Pallid and royal, saying, "Drink with Me!"—
Wilt thou refuse? Nay, not for Paradise!
The pale Brow will compel thee, the pure Hands
Will minister unto thee; thou shalt take
Of this Communion through the solemn depths
Of the dark waters of thine agony,
With Heart that praises Him, that yearns to Him
The closer for that hour. Hold fast His Hand
Though the nails pierce thine too! Take only care
Lest one drop of the sacramental wine
Be spilled, of that which ever shall unite
Thee, soul and body, to thy living Lord!

H. Hamilton King.

The good things that belong to Adversity are to be admired.

Seneca.

HY work this hour is Patience!—If the Past
Hath set its image there where naught decays,
Deny not its own work to this thy last.
Strong yearnings ever mark'd thy vanished days,
And outstretch'd longings after absent ways;
That all is past; and now thy heart incline
To seize the present good as by it strays!
To Heaven's all-gracious Will thyself resign!—
The Heavenly kingdom this; and this is Life Divine!

Williams.

EARER, my God to Thee!—Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a Cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—Nearer my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Adams.
of Suffering.

ORD, a whole long day of pain now, at last, is o'er!
Ah, how much we can sustain, I have felt once more!
Felt how frail are all our powers, and how weak our trust;
If Thou help not, these dark hours crush us to the dust.
Could I face the coming night if Thou wert not near?
Nay, without Thy love and might I must sink with fear:
Round me falls the evening gloom, sights and sounds all cease,
But within this narrow room, Night will bring no peace!

LORD, my God, do Thou Thy holy will!
I will lie still!
I will not stir lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast
In perfect rest!

UNDERNEATH are the everlasting arms!

ORD sends sometimes a stillness in our life—
The bivouac, the sleep,—
When on the silent battle-field, the strife
Is hushed in slumber deep;—
When wearied hearts exhausted, sink to rest,
Remembering nor the struggle, nor the quest.
He giveth rest, more perfect, pure and true,
While we His burthen bear;
It springeth not from parted pain, but through
The accepted blessing there;
The lesson pondered o'er with thoughtful eyes,
The faith that sees in all a meaning wise.

L. Fletcher.

Y son, suffer Me to do with thee what I please;
I know what is expedient for thee.
The Consecration

—*—

OD gives us light and love, and all good things
Richly for joy, and power, to use aright;
But then we may forget Him in His gifts—
We cannot well forget the hand that holds
And pierces us, and will not let us go,
However much we strive from under it—
The heavy pressure of a constant pain... Is it not God’s own very finger-tips,
Laid on thee in a tender steadfastness?

H. Hamilton King.

HY should I then my pains decline
Inflicted by pure Love Divine?
Let them run out their destined course
And spend upon me all their force;
Short pains can never grievous be
Which work a blest Eternity!

Ken.

OT, So long she lived, shall thy tomb report of thee,
But, So long she grieved, thus must we date thy memory!
Others by moments, months, and years,
Measure their ages;—Thou, by tears!

Crashaw.

E feel no more that aid is nigh
When our faint hearts within us die.
We suffer—and we know our doom
Must be one Suffering till the tomb.
Yet by the anguish of Thy Son
When His Last Hour came darkly on,—
By His dread Cry, the air which rent
In terror of abandonment—
And by His parting Word, which rose
Through faith victorious o’er all woes,—
We know that Thou may’st wound, may’st break
The spirit,—but wilt ne’er forsake!

F. Hemans.
of Suffering.

HE day is over, the feverish careful day;
Can I recover Strength that has ebbed away?
Can even sleep such freshness give, that I again
should wish to live?
Let me lie down! No more I seek to have
A heavenly crown: Give me a quiet grave;
Release and not reward, I ask—too hard for me
Life's daily task.

OT now my child!—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness—
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home!
Not now!—for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now!—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
Not now!—for I have loved ones, sad and weary:
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow:
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

C. P.

AY Heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well
By previous pain.

YOUNG.

ACK then once more to breast the wave of Life,
To battle on against the unceasing spray,
To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
And rise to strife again! Yet on my way,
Oh! linger still, thou light of better day,
Born in the hours of loneliness!—And you,
Ye child-like Thoughts, the holy and the true,
Ye that came bearing, (while subdued I lay),—
The faith,—the insight of Life's vernal morn,—
Back on my soul,—a clear bright sense, new-born,—
Now leave me not!

F. HEMANS.
Convalescence.

PIRITS! that round the sick man's bed
Watch'd, noting down each Prayer he made,
Were your unerring roll displayed
The pride of health t' abase...
How should we gaze in trance of fear!  
KEBLE.

EACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long Night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of Day!
Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve THEE in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than Conqueror in the strife!
Teach me to live Thy purpose to fulfil!
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine!
Each day renew, remould this stubborn will!
Closer round THEE my heart's affections twine!
Teach me to live, and find my life in THEE,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and power each
Teach me to live! with kindly words for all, [day.
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,—
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home!

LTHOUGH this present life be burdensome to
our feelings, it is now by Thy Grace made
very gainful.  
THOS. à KEMPIS.

O have suffered much is like knowing many
languages. You have learnt to understand all,
and to make yourself intelligible to all.

—HEITHER I live, I live unto the LORD, or
whether I die, I die unto the LORD.
"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Prayer

O LORD God most Holy! O Lord most mighty! O Holy and most merciful Saviour! deliver us not into the bitter pains of Eternal Death! Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer! but spare us, Lord most Holy, O God most mighty, O Holy and Merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge eternal!—suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee.
Entry into Rest.

OME to the Land of Peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,—
The shadow passes from the soul away—
   The sounds of weeping cease!
   Fear hath no dwelling there.
Come to the mingling of repose and Love,
Breathed by the silent Spirit of the dove
   Through the celestial air! . .
In thy divine abode,
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And oh! bright victory—Death by Love no place!
   Come, Spirit, to Thy God!
F. Hemans.

HEN Heaven bids come, who can say no?
   Heaven calls her—and she must away!
Heaven will not,—and she cannot stay!
Crashaw.

I'TH the patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the Land Unknown;
I trust in Thee, and know in Whom I trust;
Or life, or death is equal; neither weighs!
All weight in this—Oh let me live to Thee!
Young.

HERE are things
Known but to God and to the parting Soul,
Which feels his thrilling summons. F. Hemans.

EVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore—
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,—
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.—
Oh come quickly, sweetest Lord! and take my soul to rest!
Campion.

F I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.
John xiv. 3.

The Hour of Death.] 524
Entry into Rest.

ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling,—hoping,—lingering,—flying;
Oh the pain,—the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into Life!
Hark! they whisper;—Angels say,
"Sister Spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses,—shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits,—draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul! can this be Death?
The World recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy sting!

Pope.

UT of this vale of tears,
O Christian Soul, depart!
From wearing pains, and haunting fears,
And griefs that rend the heart!
Accept His sentence of release,
That speeds thee forth in solemn peace,...
To broadening light and deepening rest
Till Heaven shall make thee fully blest!...
O crown of joys! no more to stray,
No more to take thine own wild way,
No more the Friend of friends to leave,
No more His patient Spirit grieve;
What promise sweet or boon secure
Can match these words, I make thee pure?
So now—let Him arise, and put thy foes to flight;
For thee this day let Paradise fling wide her portals
To God Who made thee, God Who bought, [bright...
And God Whose Grace thy cleansing wrought,
That hell no part in thee should claim,
Go!—in the all-victorious Name!

Bright.
Entry into Rest.

RAY for me, O my friends!—a Visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before!
'Tis Death—O loving friends!—Your prayers!—
'tis He!

LONE? The God we trust is on that Shore,—
The Faithful One Whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes, than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife.

O me the thought of Death is terrible,
Having such hold of Life!—To thee it is not
So much as even the lifting of a latch;—
Only a step into the open air,
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls
O pure in heart!

SON of Man! in Thy last mortal hour
Shadows of earth closed round Thee fearfully!
All that on us is laid,—the Desolation and the
Abandonment,
The dark Amaze of Death;—all upon Thee too fell,
REDEEMER! Son of MAN! . . In that tempest-hour
When Love and Life mysteriously must part,
When tearful eyes are passionately bent
To drink earth's last fond meaning from our gaze,—
Then, then forsake us not! Shed on our spirits then
The faith and deep submissiveness of Thine!
THOU that didst love! THOU that didst weep and die—
THOU that didst rise a Victor glorified!
Conqueror! Thou Son of God!

NTO Thy Hands I commend my Spirit!

The Hour of Death.] 526
Entry into Rest.

KNOW this earth is not my sphere;
For I cannot so narrow me, but that
I still exceed it.  

Browning.

HOUGH the Earth dispart these Earthlies, face
from face,
Yet the Heavenlies shall surely join in Heaven,
For the spirit hath no bonds in time or space!

Lytton.

ROM the power of chill and change,
   Souls to sever and estrange;
From Love’s wane—a death in life
But to watch—a mortal strife;
From the secret fevers known
To the burning heart alone,
Thou art fled—afar, away—
Where those blights no more have sway.

F. Hemans.

EATH is the Veil which those who live call Life;
They sleep—and it is lifted!

Shelley.

EEP not, beloved Friends! nor let the air
   For me with sighs be troubled. Not from Life
Have I been taken! This is genuine Life,
And this alone—the Life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.

Chiabrera.

ARTH fades! Heaven breaks on me: I shall stand next
Before God’s throne; the moment’s close at hand
When man the first, last time, has leave to lay
His whole heart bare before his Maker; leave
To clear up the long error of a life,
And choose one happiness for evermore.  Browning.
Entry into Rest.

KNOW not! oh, I know not! what Joys await us there!
What radiance of glory! what Bliss beyond compare!
Bernard of Cluny.

All the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the heavenly bowers of peace,
Where all the storms of passion cease!
Wild Life’s dismaying struggle o’er,
The wearied Spirit weeps no more,
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;—
Where the choral seraph choir
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre,
And the spirit sinks to ease
Lull’d by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The Friends whose grave received our tear—
The Daughter loved, the Wife adored,
To our widowed arms restored;
And all the joys which Death did sever
Given to us again for ever! H. Kirke White.

HAT he is now we know not! He will be
A beautiful likeness of the God that gave
Him work to do, which he did do so well.
H. Coleridge.

IFE is the triumph of our mould’ring clay;—
Death of the Spirit Infinite, Divine! Young.

EAVEN is, dear Lord, where’er Thou art!
Ken.

The Hour of Death.) 528
Entry into Rest.

APPY day!
That breaks our chain, that calls from exile home,
And re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne?

Young.

HERE is a shore
Of better promise! and I know at last,
When the long Sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ to part no more.

H. Kirke White.

EAVEN and earth are one, even as the way and
the goal are one.

Mazzini.

E would see Jesus! for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life—
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife!
We would see Jesus! for life's hand hath rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow,—
And though our souls have many a billow breasted
Others are rising in the distance now.
We would see Jesus! other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them,—for we go to Thee.
We would see Jesus! yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
We would see Jesus! Sense is all too blinding,
And Heaven appears too dim,—too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our heart reminding
That Thou hast suffer'd—our great debt to pay.
We would see Jesus! This is all we're needing—
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus,—dying,—risen.—pleading!
Then welcome Day, and farewell mortal Night!
Entry into Rest.

UT to reach out empty arms is surely dreadful,
   And to feel the hollow empty world is awful;
   And bitter grow the silence and the distance!

Buchanan.

HERE is no Death! What seems so is transition;
   This Life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the Life Elysian
   Whose portal we call Death.
She is not dead—the child of our affection,—
   But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
   And Christ Himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's Stillness and Seclusion,
   By guardian Angels led,
Safe from Temptation, safe from Sin's pollution,
   She lives! whom we call dead. Longfellow.

HE Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.

"OD lent him and takes him" you sigh;
   Nay, there let me break with your pain:
God's generous in giving, say I—
   And the thing which He gives, I deny
   That He ever can take back again.
He gives what He gives! Be content!
   He resumes nothing given—be sure!
God lend?—Where the usurers lent
   In His temple, indignant He went,
   And scourged away all those impure.
He lends not;—but gives to the end,
   As He loves to the end! If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
   'Tis to add to it rather;—amend,—
   And finish it, up to your dream. E. B. Browning.

S is the Heavenly, such are they also that are
   Heavenly.

1 Cor. xv. 48.

The Hour of Death.] 530
Entry into Rest.

EEP not, my friends! rather rejoice with me!
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in Heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass! I see what lies beyond it!

Longfellow.

H, what were Life, if Life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy Friend, will give them all to thee!

A. Procter.

OSS is nothing else than change. Things are
changed this way, it is true, but they do not
perish.

Marcus Aurelius.

UE not my Death! rejoice at my repose!
It was no Death to me,—but to my woe;—
The bud was open'd to let out the rose,—
The chains unloosed to let the captive go.

Southwell.

OW must a Spirit late escap'd from earth—
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back astonished on the ways of men!—
He mourns the Dead, who lives as they desire.

Young.

SEE them muster in a gleaming row
With ever youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,—
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore!—and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of Expectation!

Lowell.
Entry into Rest.

EAVEN gives us friends to bless the present scene,
Resumes them to prepare us for the next.

Young.

E wakes or sleeps with the enduring Dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust! But the pure Spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,—
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through Time and Change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame!

Peace, peace! He is not dead,—he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the Dream of Life—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife!—
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable Nothings!—We decay
Like corpses in a charnel;—Fear and Grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay!

He has outsoared the Shadow of our Night;
Envy and Calumny, and Hate and Pain,
And that Unrest, which men miscall Delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again.—
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure;—and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the Spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an un lamented urn!

Shelley.

WEETER far is Death than Life to me that long
to go.

Tennyson.

LL the Souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher!

Longfellow.

The Hour of Death.} 532
Entry into Rest.

HEN some beloved Voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new,—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's subtle count... Nay, none of these!—
Speak Thou! availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

E. B. Browning.

HEN our beloved rise
To gird them for the ford, and pass
From wilderness to springing grass,
From barren waste to living green,—
We weep that they no more are seen,
And that the River flows between.

Ah, could we follow where they go,
And pierce the holy shade they find,—
One grief were ours—to stay behind!
One hope—to join the Blest Unseen!—
To plant our steps where theirs have been
And find no River flows between!

C. Fraser Tytler.

HY then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the Dead!

But why more woe? More comfort let it be!
Nothing is dead—but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead—but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead—but what encumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real Life.

Young.

BLESS Thee for the wonder of Thy mercy,
Which softeneth the Mystery and the Parting!

Buchanan.
Entry into Rest.

ROther! Thou art gone before us,
    And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
    And Sorrow is unknown;—
From the burden of the flesh
    And from care and fear released,
Where the Wicked cease from troubling,
    And the Weary are at rest!

Sin can never taint thee now,
    Nor Doubt thy Faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
    And the Holy Spirit fail;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the Good
    Whom on earth thou lovedst best,—
Where the Wicked cease from troubling,
    And the Weary are at rest!

Earth to Earth and Dust to Dust
    The solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above Thee now,
    And we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy Spirit, brother, soars away
    Among the faithful blest—
Where the Wicked cease from troubling,
    And the Weary are at rest!

And when the Lord shall summon us,
    Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
    As sure a welcome find!
May each, like Thee depart in peace,
    To be a glorious guest—
Where the Wicked cease from troubling,
    And the Weary are at rest!  

Ell done, Good and Faithful Servant! . . .
Enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord!

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