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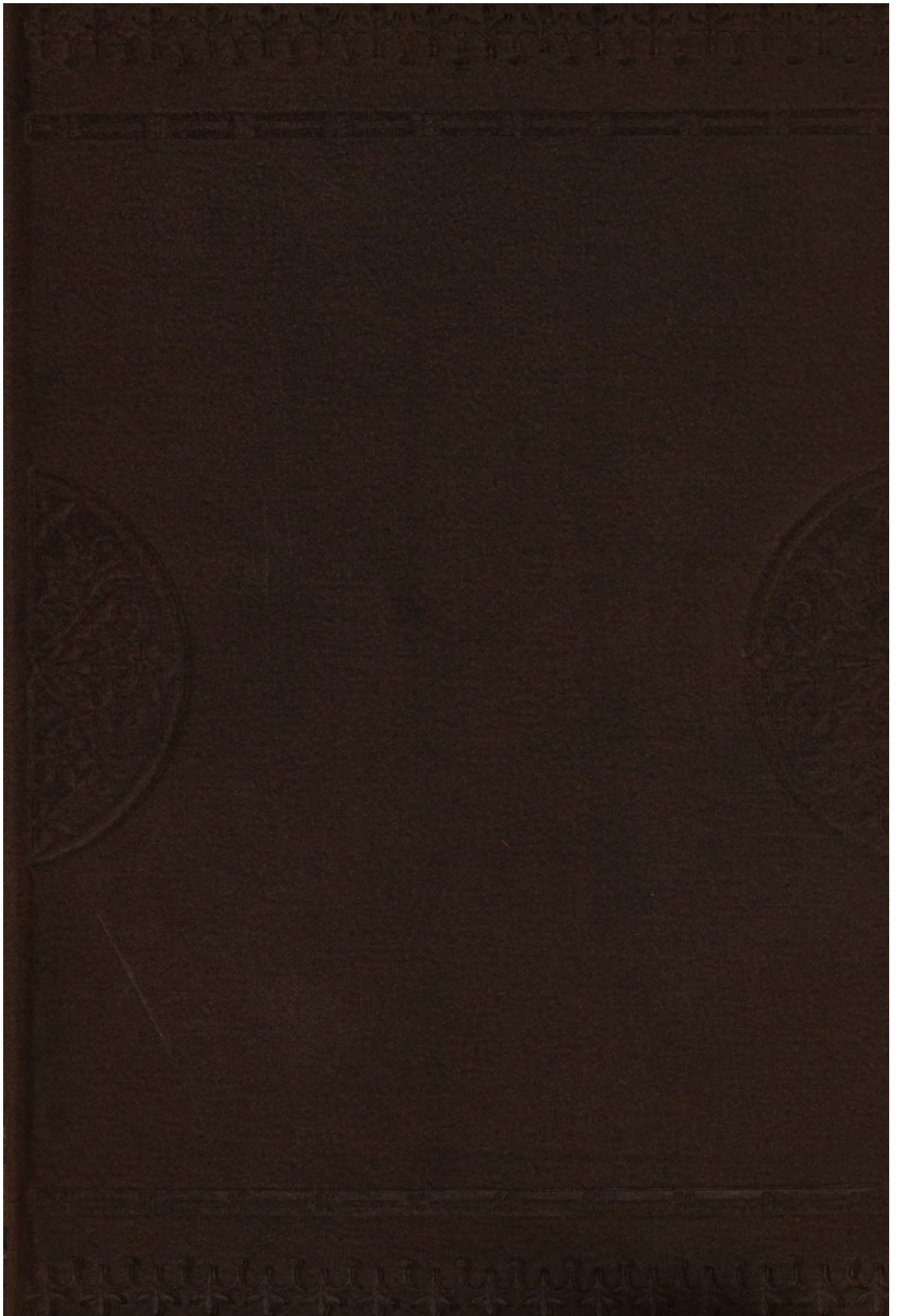
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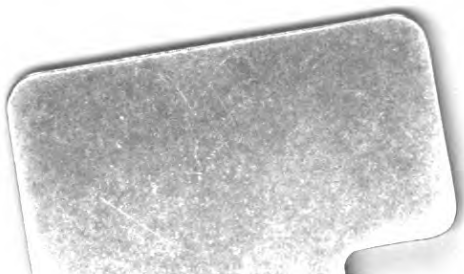


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THE PRINCE.



THE PRINCE.

A P O E M.

By G. D.



LONDON:
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1880.

280 . j . 661.

P R E F A C E .

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WHEN the Poem was nearly finished in its present form, the following extract, from an address by Dr. Kennedy, appeared in the *Daily News*.

“From the banks of the Nile, and of the Euphrates, and of the Tigris, we hear the voice which says, ‘Be not high-minded, but fear.’ The common sequence of virtue and wealth, wealth and luxury, luxury and corruption, corruption and decay, may be recited in an after-age as summing up the history of Great Britain.”

It will be seen that I have endeavoured to “recite this common sequence” in the Poem.

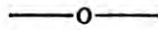
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INVOCATION.

INVOCATION.



O SUN of souls, thou Prince of Light,
Enthroned amid the hosts on high,
Whose glory's brighter than the sky,
Let Thy bright beams illumine my sight.

Let not the higher hosts around
Thy throne, enclose Thy light from me ;
But can they, when they're full of Thee ?
Can *they* cast shadows on the ground ?

As sunbeams break through opening clouds,
And light upon the rugged ground,
So softly we discern no sound ;
So let Thy light through angel crowds.

I wish to see myself in Thee :
I long to see myself in light
Which leaves no doubt which is the right ;
Cleanse Thou mine eyes, then I shall see.

I would not write by other light
Than that which comes direct from Thee ;
Though round us many " stars " may be,
Without the " Sun " it still is night.

I would not write for fleeting fame,
Nor paltry pence which men may give ;
Nor yet that my poor name may live :
The loudest praise is often blame !

The brightness of beguiling gold
Is all the light which thousands find !
To higher light they are stone blind ;
For pence pure truth is often sold.

I would not dip my pen in mire,
And make all vile another's life ;
Nor light my lamp in fiery strife—
The strife which feeds on brimstone fire !

I cannot judge of things aright ;
A film is on my fading eyes ;
A veil of mist is on the skies ;
The sun looks red when it is white !

Ye powers of darkness, now, away !
And drag with you those dismal clouds,
Which wrap ye like some hideous shrouds :
O Light of heaven, shine night and day !

In Thy pure light may I not wince,
But truly write what Thou hast done
To raise from death a widow's son,—
To raise up ENGLAND'S PEACEFUL PRINCE.

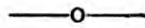
I.—PROSPERITY.

“This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth ; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein ; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous . . . and have good success.”—JOSH. i. 8.

“If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend their days in prosperity, and their years in pleasures. But if they obey not, they shall perish by the sword, and die without knowledge.”—JOB xxxvi. 11, 12.

“Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly. . . . But his delight is in the law of the Lord ; and in His law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ; his leaf also shall not wither ; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.”—PS. i. 1-3.

PROSPERITY.



OLD England, thou art dear to me !
And dear to many who've left thy land,
Whose feet are on the burning sand
Of some cruel land across the sea.

Thou art the butt of envious kings,
Who look upon this peaceful isle
With all expressions sans a smile,
Who long to sever Neptune's wings !

Within thy Palace love abides ;
Within thy borders peace is found ;
The voice of gladness from the ground
Rolls on to meet the murmuring tides.

Of all the nations in the world
Thou hast the highest sense of right !
Thy flag is never hid in night !
In constant day it is unfurled.

Thy isle is like the polar star,
Round which all nations seem to turn !
If thou shouldst cease to brightly burn,
They might drift off from right afar.

Once Athens was the "eye of Greece,"
And saw for others in the land,—
For those who could not understand ;
But she has long run out her lease.

To thee, O England, nations look
For higher light than what was found
Within the wise Athenian bound,
For thou art wise in one small Book !

This little Book, though small to sight,
Shines in the darkness like a star :
And wiser men come from afar,—
They come and find the Light of light.

The Lady charged with want of mind,
Produced a noble proof that she
Was wise in true philosophy,
When she was asked, "Where can we find

The secret of your nation's might ?"
"Take this," she said, "you'll find it there,
You may with me the secret share."
This was the Book of Truth and Light !

O sceptic, dost thou laugh at this,
And say it was a weak reply ?
Just ope thy little half-closed eye,
And thou wilt find it not amiss.

Dost thou not see yon little sun,
That's like a little silver coin ?
Canst thou effect and cause conjoin ?
Then see what that small orb has done.

Look on the fields and fruitful ground ;
See all the marvellous living forms !
Are they but bubbles from life's storms,
Which dance up from the deep profound ?

'Tis gentle light which makes them grow,
Which broods upon the seedy soil,
And day by day with ceaseless toil
Makes all the streams of life to flow.

What was the earth before the sun,
But one great mass of chaos wild?
Till God sent light, light undefiled,
Then Paradise on earth begun.

What was this busy isle of ours,
Before the light upon it fell?
A savage land—an outer hell!
But truth has brought us Eden bowers.

Methinks I see the wise ones laugh!
Methinks I see them look at me,
And fancy I must frantic be!
They think my doctrine beaten chaff.

What do these wise ones say has been
The secret of our prosperous state?
They look at us with knowing pate,
And ask us if we've ever seen

A coal pit! which, they say, maintains
The fire of this great nation's life,
Without which all our eager strife
Would be but labour for our pains.*

What fools philosophers can be!
Would they but think that coal is might,
Which may be used for wrong or right,
They might their folly sooner see.

But see how people's powers expire
Who go to fire to keep them warm,—
Who find in work no healthy charm;
Such freeze their blood before the fire!

* "We shall be allowed to live by small pedlar's business and ironmongery as long as we are found useful black servants to the Americans, and are content to dig coals and sit in the cinders; and have still coals to dig,—these once exhausted, or got cheaper elsewhere, we shall be abolished."—J. R.

This coal has cook'd destructive arms,
And made more deadly all our wars ;
Our legs are turned to Railway Cars !
The labourer rides across the farms.

Some say this is a prosperous land,
" Because it is set in the sea."
The " savage islands " should then be
Upon the roll of kingdoms grand.

Fine Venice once could justly pride
Herself in true prosperity :
She has her place still on the sea ;
But from her's gone the golden tide.

They also say that Greece was grand,
Because it had a wide sea bound :
True greatness has gone from its ground,
While waves still beat its golden sand.

For our defence, what is the sea ?
Upon this highway Cæsar came ;
The Conqueror, too, to play his game !
Then why again may this not be ?

O England, thou must never trust
In such poor guides, who lead astray,
Or short will be thy summer's day,
For thou wilt fall to fruitless dust !

Trust, then, in all that's good and true :
Lay thy foundation in the right :
Build thou thy walls with moral might :
Do this, and thou shalt never rue.

It was a faith in noble gods,
Which made the ancient Greeks to rise ;
Old Homer held before their eyes
Some nobler things than common clods.

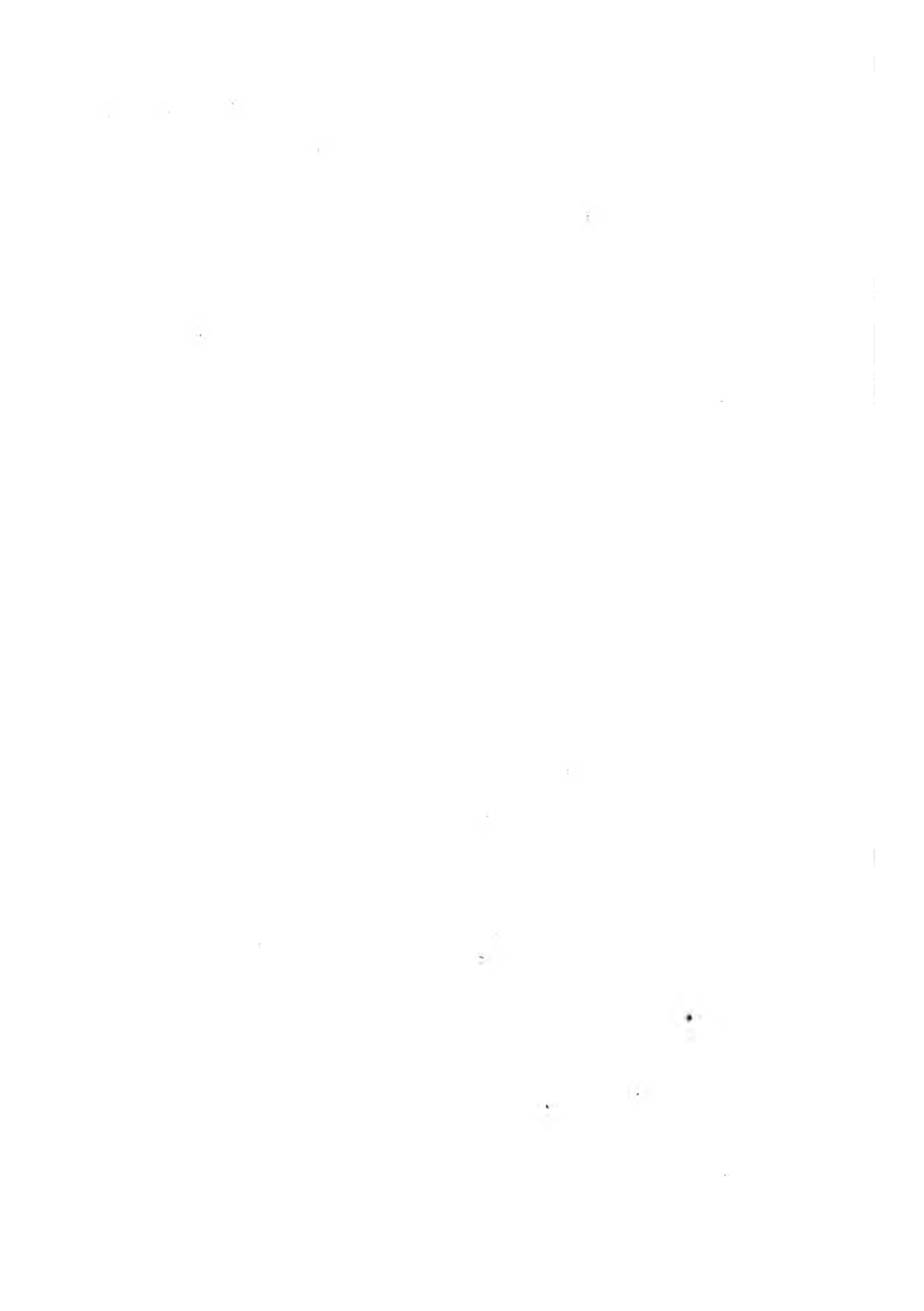
While thus believing they excelled,
For faith takes hold of something high,
The gods that rule the earth and sky,
From whom base sceptics are expelled.

It is when men begin to say—
We are the gods—there are none higher,
They fall to feed their base desire
Upon some feeble forms of clay.

In Greece her noblest heroes came
From low Laconia's sheltered vale ;
In vales we learn the heights to scale :
The humble only rise to fame.

O England, much to thee is given !
If so, then, thou hast much to keep ;
Let not the sea thee lull to sleep,
Or thou mayst from thy wealth be driven.

Thou hast done much for other lands,
To share with them thy boundless wealth ;
Keep thou thy charity and health :
Prosperity puts hearts in hands.



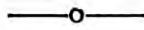
II.—PLEASURE.

“ For the seed shall be prosperous ; the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase. . . . And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.”—ZECH. viii. 5-12.

“ Lo, I am come to great estate. . . . I said in mine heart, go to now ; I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure.”—ECCLES. i. 16, ii. 1.

“ And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits ? I will say to my soul, Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease ; eat, drink, and be merry.”—LUKE xii. 17-19.

PLEASURE.



PROSPERITY leads on to sport :
Joy flows from higher life begun,
As sunshine from the noonday sun :
When fires are low, their flames are short.
True joy and pleasure spring like flowers,
Which grow not on a wintry day,
Nor beam upon the barren clay,
But come forth in the warmer hours.
'Tis when the wintry winds take wing,
And summer's zephyrs gently blow,
And summer's fruits begin to grow,
That birds their sweeter music sing.
On flowery meadows lambs will frisk :
The buoyant boys will bounding play :
Who plays not most in merry May ?
When is our life more free and brisk ?
So pleasure flows from hearts made glad ;
From happy states or noble deeds :
'Tis true the flowers are often weeds !
The sun brings forth the good and bad !
The ancient Psalms—those noble songs ;
The music and the lightsome dance,
Were not a rouse from deadly trance ;
They spoke the right redress of wrongs.
True pleasure dies with noble deeds :
A life of pleasure runs to waste ;
It takes from life its higher taste ;
It leaves the higher life to weeds.

While nations do some noble thing,
They have some reason to be glad :
The moody minds may think them mad :
The noble tune their harps and sing.

But pleasure's something bad to lead ;
'Tis bad to keep within its bound ;
Boys leap beyond their proper ground ;
The lightest horse has quickest speed.

Our life is tempted from its way ;
Some little flowers across the mead ;
Some hare, or fox, or stag at speed,
Seem quite enough to lead astray !

'Tis thus we lose the path of right ;
In sport we part with thought and care ;
We revel on quite unaware
That we shall soon be lost in night.

The sports of nations multiply
Much faster than their noble deeds ;
They grow apace like wicked weeds,
Which make the better fruits to die.*

'Twas thus the games in Greece did rise ;
Their simple sport soon rose to be
The nation's chief desire to see ;
Their sports beguiled the wisest eyes.

To single manly race on foot,
The double race was soon brought on,
Then followed wrestling thereupon,
And boxing—making black as soot !

Then followed these the chariot race ;
The horse race next was made a game—
A game which still retains some fame,
Though not without some sore disgrace.

* " Since the war the German character and habits have undergone change : Germans now spend money freely, furnish their houses

But games like these on Grecian soil
Had better end than simple sport,
Or weak desire to cut time short :
They played to make them fit for toil.

It was to make some noble forms,
And not to please a vain conceit ;
It was to make them strong and fleet,
To well withstand war's rudest storms.

Can racing be a proper sport,
Or hunting in the field or wood
Result in any lasting good ?
Is ask'd by some of good report.

Is not the racecourse oft a field
Where party passions get inflamed,
Where persons cease to be ashamed
To make concessions or to yield ?

It was not so in ancient Greece ;
Their weeks of pleasure knew less crime !
It was their sacred month of time !
The hostile then agreed for peace !

When hearts are glad they cast away
Mere knowledge forms of right and wrong :
The wise blend with the happy throng,
As stars blend with the sunny day.

Of hunting can we say the same ?
Why should we chase a stag to death ?
Or make a sport of fainting breath ?
Or pleasure take in making lame ?

For food and clothing wild men hunt :
'Tis not so much for sport or play ;
They seek like lions needful prey ;
And yet we call them wild and blunt !

luxuriously, drive the best equipages, and give sumptuous entertainments."—*Daily News* Correspondent.

We make of real life a sport :
 We do not take delight in toil ;
 We seek for play in prey and spoil :
 Our pleasures help to cut time short !*

We do not wish our life to end,
 And yet we long for future days ;
 We hurry on from play to plays !
 At death we then begin to mend !

Our life may bear too many flowers,
 Which never form in useful fruit ;
 Abundant leaves may dry the root ;
 Least fruit comes from the finest bowers !

With flowers our gardens overgrow ;
 We starve the life to feed the eye !
 For diamonds people pawn the sky !
 And live in night that they may glow !

Awhile we've had a prosperous peace ;
 We've helped the right against the wrong ;
 True honour's made the nation strong :
 But pleasure's shortening honour's lease !

Like France, which has no Sabbath peace,
 We leave our homes and sacred quiet ;
 We part with these for pleasure's riot :
 Our viler passions thus increase.

Excessive pleasures trample down
 The fruits and trees of beauteous bowers ;
 These rot in sunshine and the showers :
 In pleasure's mire there's many a crown !

* "When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower; when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body."—*Ruskin*.

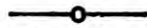
III.—PLAGUES.

"Thee speakest: say in truth, and in a moment go down to the grave." Job xx. 1.

"I desire not now this, nor that: nor power to pleasure, that amplex: neither, that sayes: I thinke heart: I can, and more esteeme: neither am I said to be: as a widow, neither shall I know the loss of children: but these two things shall come unto thee in a moment at one day: the loss of children and widowhood. . . . for the great abundance of thine enchantments."—ISAIAH XLVI. 6 & 7.

"If they will not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God. . . . The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning, and with the scorch, and with blasting and with mildew: and they shall pursue thee until they perish."—LEVIT. xxviii.

PLAGUES.



To plagues excessive pleasure leads :
Corruption feeds on foul desire ;
'Tis this which feeds infernal fire,
Which burns the chaff and wicked weeds.

When we to pleasure live we die !*
A life misused can never live ;
The wayward life will ever give
Some sign of deadness in the eye.

This wrong desire will dry the bones,
And shrivel up the strongest nerves,
Till will the body no more serves ;
But burns to death with bitter groans !

'Tis thus we waste our strength away,
And lose our power for needful toil ;
The wheels of life in waiting spoil :
Rust more than work will cause decay.

Plagues are but lower forms of life,
O'erriding those we deem the higher,
Whose feeble power and weak desire
Have rendered helpless in the strife.

E'en rats can reign where men are dead !
The worms can live and multiply !
Where birds lie dead, the insects fly :
Where man's not man the lions tread !

* " She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."—1 TIM. v.

"Subdue the earth," was God's command,
 "The lower tribes with savage groans
 Must never take my earthly thrones:
 The strife will all your strength demand."

When mind is weak, the earth prevails:
 When hearts are cold the passions burn:
 Then lower creatures take their turn:
 And tiny fish can trouble whales.

When Pharaoh ruled with cruel hand,
 And crushed the good and faithful tribes,
 And sold his sense for magic bribes,
 Plagues soon o'erspread his cursed land.

Some plagues the world can witness now! *
 Filth breeds its own tormenting lice!
 These swarm in dens of filthy vice,
 Where women wallow like the sow!

Where lies the carcase, eagles come;
 Round putrefaction flies will meet!
 E'en dirt to them is dainty meat!
 Plagues brood about the filthy slum!

In these vile dens they ever dwell:
 There day and night they pinch with pain,
 And often eat the noisome slain!
 Plagues are a mercy and a hell!

Our Prince was prancing in his sport:
 They say he cross'd some noisome mire,
 Which fuel put to fever's fire—
 A fever firing life's main fort.

* "In the island of St. Kilda, the most northern of the Hebrides, according to a statement of a gentleman who visited it in 1838, as many as eight out of every ten children die between the eighth and twelfth day of their existence. This is due to the filth in which the

Such noisome places may be found
Where putrefaction fills the air,
Which strikes the senses unaware,
And lays its victims on the ground !

“ It walks in darkness :” though unseen,
We still may find its hiding-place ;
Such fumes rise from some sore disgrace,
From where good work has seldom been.

In cities we may find foul parts,
Where healthful breezes seldom blow ;
Where dirt soon darkens whitest snow ;
Where fevers burn the hardest hearts !

The Prince passed by some noisome mire,
Unheeding aught but pleasant sport ;
He could not think his life was short,
For in his limbs was youthful fire.

This noisome place was near a town,
Where breezes, from the German Sea,
Make fragrance from the flowers flee,
And p'raps drop seeds of fever down !

They say that Londesborough's home
Had cesspools underneath its walls,
That fumes rose up and filled the halls !
A picture this of filthy Rome !

A picture too of many parts ;
Though English homes may be the best ;
Yet here and there filth lies at rest,
Till fevers wake the sluggish hearts.

inhabitants live, and the noxious effluvia which pervade their houses.”
—*Dr. Carpenter.*

The Great Plague of London was but the outcome of filth.

We cast our filth beneath our feet,
 And trample out its noisome fume,
 The poisonous vapour we consume
 At home and on the dirty street.*

As deadly as the dismal swamp
 Are washings standing in a sink,
 Or sinking into what we drink,
 Or rising into loathsome damp.

A promise reads to this effect :
 "No plague shall in thy dwelling be,
 If thou wilt love and trust in Me,
 I'm round about Mine own elect."

All good and healthy people pass
 Through plagues, as did the faithful tribes,
 As Christ untainted through the scribes ;
 How few of such are found, alas ! †

The noxious vapours cannot rest
 Where healthful breezes often blow ;
 Nor will the wicked weeds soon grow
 In land that's good and duly dress'd.

But when corruption dwells within,
 And flesh inclines to sinful rot,
 There's made for plagues a favoured spot
 Beneath the scarlet-blossomed skin.

* "There is more poison in an ill-kept drain,—in a pool of dish-washings at a cottage door,—than in the deadliest asp of the Nile."—*Ruskin*.

"The fearful pestilence which devastated the neighbourhood of Golden-square, London, in the autumn of 1854, was distinctly traceable to the contamination of the pump-water by the bursting of a sewer into the well."—*Dr. Carpenter*.

† "Having referred several times to the close connection between putrefaction and zymotic disease, Professor Tyndall called the attention of surgeons especially to the possible consequences of the

We will not judge : we may be wrong :
Our Prince passed by a fever bed ;
It may be he was that way led !
God tries the weak to make them strong.

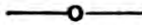
In fever's furnace he had stept ;
The anxious beat the flames about,
Till life had well-nigh quite gone out ;
This heard the nation and it wept.

contact of wounds and sores of patients with such obstinate bacterial germs, if the latter were allowed to accumulate on the walls and floors of hospitals, and so to crowd the air. *It was a happy circumstance, however, that common putrefactive organisms failed to produce any deleterious effects on animal life in its healthy state.*"—Lecture by Prof. Tyndall.

IV.—SORROW.

“ Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider ye, and call for the mourning women, that they may come ; and for cunning women, that they may come ; and let them make haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters Yet hear the word of the Lord, O ye women, and let your ear receive the word of His mouth, and teach your daughters wailing, and every one her neighbour lamentation. For death is come into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets.”—
JEREMIAH ix. 17—21.

SORROW.



PLAGUES lead to woe and lamentation,
The plague of London stopp'd the play;
The actors pleaded hard that day
To still go on and please the nation!*

The players pined for want of bread!
The people had no heart for sport,
For life to them seem'd very short;
They soon might join the passing dead!

When Egypt's firstborn sons were slain
Great lamentation filled the land:
From Israel Pharaoh's cruel hand
Was raised to clasp his burning brain.

When Herod slew sweet Bethlehem's babes,
Great mourning and a bitter cry
Went up to where their spirits fly,
From many a Rachel 'mong the graves!

When loving Lazarus lay asleep,
Or lay in death as Jesus meant,
His sisters made a great lament:
The Prince of Peace with them did weep.

And when the Prince of Peace was slain
The holy women could not sleep,
But went to death's dark door to weep!
To such sweet love Christ rose again.

* The City authorities had ordered the theatres to be closed during the Plague. The actors pleaded poverty, and presented a petition for them to be opened.

Our Prince was passing fast away ;
His nearer friends stood weeping by :
They seem'd within death's door to spy
The place where they his corpse would lay.

With grief and tears their eyes were dim,
As are the stars in watery skies :
The light of hope had left their eyes,
The future seem'd so dark and grim !

We would not tear the veil aside,
And look upon their sacred grief ;
New sorrow finds the most relief,
When it can with itself abide.

But still we may their sorrow show,
Without our breaking sorrow's seal :
We want but hearts to rightly feel,
That we may sorrow rightly know.

Ye mothers, have you noble sons ?
Has death to them been very nigh ?
Did light not seem to leave your sky,
Until they rose again like suns ?

Ye know how dark was sorrow's night !
Then think of our beloved Queen,
Though you have not her sorrow seen,
You know and feel it was not light.

Ye widows, wearing sorrow's veil,
Whose sons have been your staff and stay ;
How felt you on their dying day ?
Did faith or sorrow most prevail ?

Alone with sorrow have I seen
Ye widows 'neath the willow tree !
Your grief can thus reveal to me
The weeping of our widowed Queen.

Ye wives, whose future hopes were bright,
How felt you when your husbands died ?
Their dying all your faith defied !
Your eyes then lost their hopeful light !

Then think what grief a Princess felt
When wedded bliss had been so brief!
A princely loss brings princely grief.
A harder heart might surely melt!
Ye sisters too who've brothers lost,
Can tell to us what grief has been,
In Royal sisters, lately seen;
When ships lose anchor they are toss'd.
And ye, who've seen your fathers dead,
Can show to me no little part
Of that strange sorrow in the heart
Which gets last kisses cold as lead!
Ye brothers, though ashamed of grief,
I've seen you by a graveyard stop,
When down your marble cheeks would drop
Some tears upon a fallen chief.
Ye know how felt those brothers brave,
Who tried to carry Faith's white flag;
Their sorrow made their courage lag!
Each step seemed marching to the grave!
These mourners oft did come and go;
When life was ebbing like the tide,
They came the nearer to his side;
Their breathless quiet spoke their woe!
Methinks I see them stand around,
Like alabaster round a tomb!
They form a border to the gloom,
Like tombstones in the sacred ground!
Or like the weeping willows droop,
Whose dew falls on the buried dead,
Their tears fall on the Prince's bed,
While they around it kindly stoop.
Like snowdrops on December day,
Which know not that there's death around
In most things else upon the ground,
The Prince's babes were bright and gay.

But these at times had little fears !
The cold airs fill the flowers with dew ;
The morning sun will these subdue :
Like fragrant dew would fall their tears.
The mourners stand around to say,
By lingering looks a last farewell !
By looks their mutual sorrows tell !
In silence part they all to pray.
O! who can tell that mother's prayer,
On that December's darkest hour !
Could sorrow send a prayer with power,
Through clouds of such a dense despair !
Or who could tell the secret woe
Of her who always seems to cheer !
Could faith such heavy clouds make clear,
Or love's light wings beyond them go !
Faith's pinions beat against the clouds :
Their best endeavours seem'd to fail !
Faith's wings upon the earth would trail !
The clouds moved low in heavy crowds.
Thus stricken down, in dust they moan !
The passers-by soon heard the sound :
They sound it all the nation round,
And then they weep no more alone.

V.—SYMPATHY.

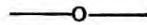
“ In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning ; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.”—MATT. ii. 18.

“ And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother.”

“ Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in the spirit and was troubled.”

“ Jesus wept.”—JOHN xi.

SYMPATHY.



ON Sorrow sympathy attends.

When true she has an angel's might,
Though seeming, like an angel, light :
Like light she visits foes and friends.

Her gentle love is healing oil ;
The bruised and the breaking heart
She robs of that tormenting smart
Which makes the life a prey and spoil.

Her feet are swift : she's nimble hands :
While sentiment with simpering sings,
She speeds as with an angel's wings,
And breaks the sufferer's searing bands.

Free from a glare, her eyes will glow,
For they are lit with loving light,
As soft, and quite as pure and bright
As that which melts the winter's snow.

How wretched must a mortal be,
Though sound in health and strong in limb,
Whose life has been so cold and grim,
From whom has parted sympathy !

A heart unmoved by others' tears
Is in a most inhuman state :
It hardens into hideous hate,
Which fills the better hearts with fears.

And whether east the east will flow
 Or whether west the west will flow
 The east will flow the west will flow
 All have to pass a bed will flow

And whether east the east will flow
 Or whether west the west will flow
 The east will flow the west will flow
 They can be with Atlantic stream.

The wider was the gulf stream warm
 The north a street across the sea
 In which with nesting nautilus
 The eelgrass grow along in swarms

The glaciers though hard and chill,
 To it soften by the sunny ray,
 And mingle in the warmer lay
 With rivers fanning down the hill.

A sunny summer has no snow:
 The genial air will not congeal:
 Two human hearts can rightly feel
 When human feelings rightly flow.

I've seen proud men quite cold and grand,
 When other hearts were all a-glow,
 Like statues of untimely snow,
 But hardly having power to stand!

Our weepings like the waters meet,
 And help each other fast to flow:
 'Tis thus our griefs the faster go:
 'Tis this which makes our sorrow sweet.

The Saviour's sorrows did increase,
 When with the sisters at the grave;
 Though He had power the dead to save!
 The stones then hardly held their peace!

The Jews, though hard as stone or steel,
With sympathetic feeling said,
“ Behold how Christ doth love the dead ! ”
This human sorrow made them feel.

When England's Prince in sorrow lay,
Some quite as jealous as the Jew
Became as genial as the few
Who round about the Prince did pray.

Their hardness melted in the stream
Of loyal love, which spread so wide :
Like stones drawn seaward by the tide,
The heavier hearts did lighter seem !

Disputers held their tongues awhile !
Like blustering winds that sharply cease,
Disputings dropt to perfect peace !
No storm of passion crossed our isle !

The sceptic could not smile a sneer !
He saw more life in death than he
Had ever seen in life to be !
True tears can make the judgment clear !

Some heathen tribes the Prince had seen
Sent words which spoke a human grief ;
They mourned as for a fallen chief,
Which showed how kind the Prince had been.

A human love will find response
In every heart that is not dry ;
E'en dogs will for their master cry !
At least I've heard it more than once.

The Prince's dogs howl'd several nights,
As if they knew their master's strife !
Can dogs scent death, as well as life ?
Or do they see untimely lights ?

Or do they hear untimely feet
Move softly, like a searching thief?
Or do they scent the path of grief,
And howl to find the path complete?

All feeling creatures sympathise,
But each will have its reason why:
A babe will with its mother cry,
Though seeing nought but tearful eyes.

We mourners in this royal woe
Can hardly tell you why we wept!
We heard sad news and then there crept
Sad feelings, that is all we know!

Some weep because the mourners weep,
And not because their friends are ill;
I've seen strong men of mighty will
From 'midst of mourners mourning creep.

'Twas thus that mourning filled the land,
And sympathetic feeling spread:
This showed the nation was not dead,
That union wore her golden band.

A nation that can cast aside
Its party feelings now and then,
Is made of true and noble men,
Who live like brothers side by side.

Our party strivings show weak love,
More than reveal our strength of mind;
When love abounds to all mankind,
We live more like the hosts above.

Our isolations lead to strife:
Our party-forming means we fight!
Our distance means we lose our sight
Of how to reconcile our life.

E'en lambs, which are as meek as May,
When placed in parties by a fence,
When meeting next will take offence,
And maybe fight for many a day !

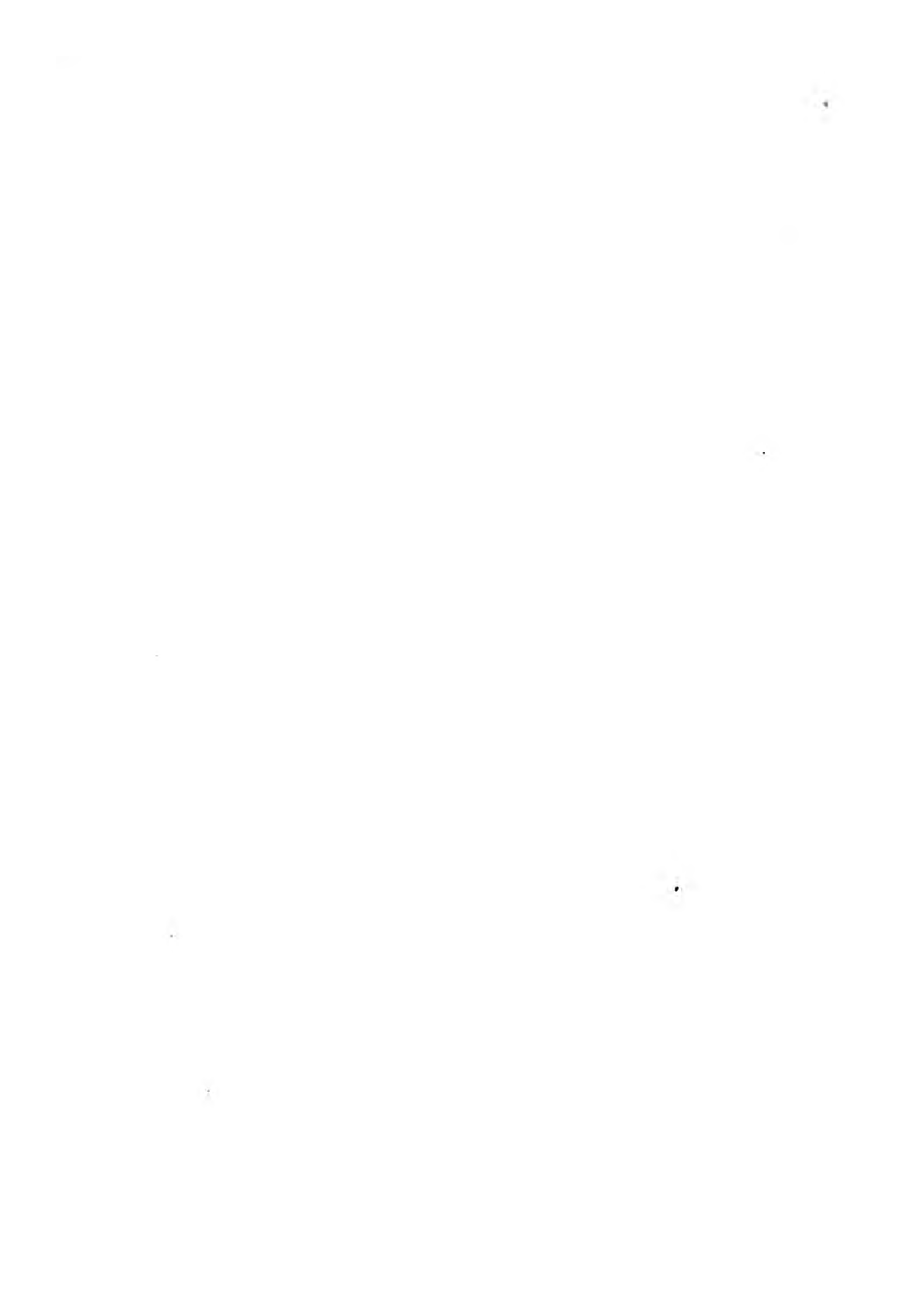
Our dogs and cats, which once were wild,
By mingling 'mongst a human love,
Are tamer than the lamb or dove !
Thus sympathy has made them mild.

It was this love which filled the land,
Which made us feel awhile as one :
By this the alien will was won :
By this the nation was made grand.

United hearts are stronger far
Than hosts which have but uniform :
Disunion fills the world with storm ;
United hearts win most in war.

'Twas thus the nation sympathised,
And strove to save a dying Prince !
United Britons would not wince :
The power of faith they rightly prized.

The nation thus was strong and brave ;
“ We wish our Prince may long endure ;
We must find out the means for cure,
Seek out physicians who can save !”



VI.—DOCTORS.

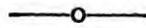
“Yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians.”—2 CHRON. xvi. 12.

“Is there no balm in Gilead ; is there no physician there ? ”—JER. viii. 22.

“For sin hath reigned unto death.”—ROM. v.

“The sorrow of the world worketh death.”—2 COR. vii. 10.

DOCTORS.



THE doctors go to war with death !
Disease is death within the frame !
A fever's death's approach in flame.
The soul of death is sinful breath.

The soul of life is breath divine,
The doctors, therefore, fight for God,—
To keep from underneath the sod
The spirit made to live and shine.*

The doctors learn from Nature's laws :
Then whence their contradictory books ?
They're pictures formed by partial looks,
With fewer facts than frightful flaws.

They live to take a larger view :
Their partial systems pass away
With every fresh enlightening ray !
Old laws revealed appear as new.

* In the address which Mr. Gladstone gave to the medical students of the University of Glasgow, Dec. 5, 1879, you will find the following:—"It can hardly be matter of doubt that the enhancement of interaction between the body and the mind both enlarges and elevates the province of the medical man ; brings him more and more into the inner sanctuary of our nature ; quickens the search for expedients by which he may even

Minister to a mind diseased,

and gives to his art more and more frequently the character of a joint process operating on the seen and the unseen parts of our compound nature."

With God is life : from Him is death ;
The doctors need to know this well,
And all divines, that death is hell !
All living breathe God's living breath.

By Him we live, and move, and be.
The laws of Nature are God's deeds—
The book of life in which one reads
The will of Him we cannot see.

When laws of life we set aside,
We enter then the law of death,
Where heavy souls have little breath,
Where baser bodies do reside.

When we add laws to those which are,
We find them plagues to pester life ;
And most of human laws bring strife !
'Gainst God we make a constant war.

A good physician finds how God
Combines the parts of human clay ;
How He inspires with living ray,
And makes a man look more than sod.

True, doctors do not always so :
They play with life, and lengthen death
They prey on persons losing breath !
When satisfied their life may go !

But this may well be said of all,
Who have to do with life and pence :
All sorts of men lack human sense !
A fortune's made by many a fall !

The doctors, oft, are gallant men ;
As noble as those warriors brave
Who fight their country's cause to save
The doctors fight in death's dark den !

They enter where foul vapours rise ;
Where sin is breathing poisonous breath,
Where flesh is festering into death,
Where demons grin through sunken eyes !

All hours will find them at their toil :
All hours at night as well as day
They're called to see life pass away,
Or take from death its precious spoil.

Though still these earnest men, we think,
Might life and health much sooner win :
The spirit patients have within
Is more than drugs which they may drink.

In spirit there is healing power :
Where healthful feelings rightly flow,
Disease may come, but soon will go :
A stagnant spirit turns blood sour.

When rivers have no proper flow,
There stagnant pools of water stand,
There breed foul things which plague the land :
So is it where the spirit's so.

The doctors, therefore, should increase
The vital power within the frame,
But not a fiery feeling flame,
Which seldom can from death release.

In spring dead leaves will fall away :
Warm sap flows through the opening veins,
And bears with it some healing grains,
Which heal the parts where works decay.

There is a healing power in all
Who bear a spirit in their flesh,
A spirit which builds up afresh
The parts which daily wear and fall.

No fever heat we mean by this,
Produced by physic or gross grog
(Physicians' refuge in a fog),
Which sends the patient on to bliss!

But that true vital force within
Which soul, and air, and food inspire,
Which is no dry consuming fire,
Confined within a shrivelled skin.

When Albert's life was ebbing fast,
The doctors thought it not in vain
To pour some blood within a vein,
To try to save his life at last.

A healthy life has constant flow
Of thought and feeling through its frame,
As well as a magnetic flame,
And blood which makes the muscles grow.

There is much need to doctor mind,
Which has its fever high and low :
All sinful thoughts and feelings grow,
And in the flesh their fruits we find.

Such help to mind the doctors give,
Though not so oft with right intent ;
'Tis for the patient's calm content,
And not for faith to longer live.

A factless faith can often save,
As fancied ghosts can some destroy :
There's many a man as well as boy
In fancied victory can be brave,*

* "A student who imagined all pills were purges, took some made of opium, hyoscyamus, crocus, and other anodynes and astringents, and it answered the effect. Thus imagination is stronger than medicine."—*Dr. Noble.*

A name can oft revive a heart,
And make it beat with fuller life,
And make it brave in dangerous strife!
Methinks the doctors know this art!

Long learned names for common things
The doctors use with college skill!
Their medicine might more patients kill,
If robbed of that which magic brings!

The patient thinks there's something good
In things which bear a noble name!
This faith inspires a living flame,
Which answers better oft than food.

The doctors thus confess they fail,
To cure by nought but common drugs,
That life needs more than fleshy dugs
To feed the life which must prevail.

The doctors, whose whole art and plan
Embrace but laws of flesh and blood,
Fall short of that Physician Good,
Who made the mind the most of man.

But life will get beyond man's might,
Beyond the doctors' power to heal;
'Tis then if we can rightly feel,
We go to Him who's life and light.

'Twas thus that dark December day,
When England's Prince we thought would die;
When doctors had no skill to try,
The nation could but weep and pray.

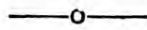
VII.—DEVOTION.

"A certain woman who had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, came to Jesus and touched His clothes, and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague."—MARK v. 26.

"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses. He sent His word and healed them."—Ps. cvii. 19, 20.

"Is any among you afflicted? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him. . . . And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he has committed sins they shall be forgiven him."—JAMES v. 13—15.

DEVOTION.



THE human heart will still cry " Help !"
When all that's human has been tried !
A faith in all there does reside.
E'en dogs will for deliverance yelp !
This human faith in something high,
Looks far beyond earth's narrow spheres :
The distant sun can dry earth's tears,
But still beyond the sun we cry !
In health, and wealth, and carnal powers,
The wings of faith fall on the ground :
They spread not in earth's narrow bound,
But widen toward the heavenly towers.
'Tis thus when all that's human dies,
We haste to seek for help on high ;
E'en sceptics then for God will cry !
In want to heaven all turn their eyes.
'Twas thus the nation learned to pray
To Him who has the keys of death,
Who opes the gates of passing breath,
And turns the darkness into day.
The Primate got the Queen's decrees
That he should write a special prayer,—
A form in which we all might share :
A nation then was on its knees !
But long before this prayer was read,
True hearts had found a form of prayer,
In which no formalist could share,
For he to living faith is dead.

Those paper prayers oft veil our eyes ;
We read them and them often say,
Till we forget to rightly pray !
The heathen pray the starry skies.

The Papist prays with beads and cross ;
We trust the means more than the gods,
And thus we sink to heavy sods :
No spirit then refines our dross.

The fervent spirit casts aside
Such formal means to reach the sky :
The buoyant spirit bounds on high,
When wings of faith and hope are wide.

O could we hear the prayers that went
From breaking hearts on heaven's air,
Methinks we would in anger tear
The poor expressions that were lent.

The hearts which have such sorrow known,
Can only tell you what to say—
In such a sorrow how to pray,
But they know now the form alone.

A widow's prayers ascend on high :
A wife waits at the throne of grace,
And brothers, sisters, find a place,
To turn to heaven a praying eye.

By none but angels was this seen :
Yet still methinks that we can read
The prayers that did from such proceed,
If we have lived where sorrow's been.

Our widowed Queen, I think, would pray,
As widowed mothers often do :
Though varied in a form or two
It might be what we here say :

“O King of kings, Thou Prince of Peace,
Wilt Thou not hear a widow's cry ?
Why has my first-born son to die ?
Wilt Thou a widow's woe increase ?

“ One precious Prince Thou hast borne hence !
My heart is hardly free from pain !
Wilt Thou, then, smite me once again ?
Wilt Thou take from me all defence ?

“ O spare a widow’s first-born son !
O spare the heir to England’s crown !
O turn to smiles this seeming frown !
O spare, or I shall be undone !”

The Princess had an equal woe,
And prayed an equal prayer on high :
Though want of hope would make her sigh,
Yet words like these to heaven would go :

“ O Father, hear my feeble prayer !
Let not my hopes so soon expire,—
The hopes which Thou didst once inspire !
O leave me not in dark despair.

“ Why wouldst Thou give me views of bliss,
And then fling wide the gates of death ?
No human creature breathing breath
Can bear a change so great as this !

“ I pray not for myself alone,
But for the babes which Thou hast given !
O sooner take us all to heaven,
Than leave us here like tombs of stone !

“ O make not England’s Palace more
A house of mourning than ’tis now !
O cool the Prince’s fevered brow !
Direct the healing, and restore !”

Such prayers, repeated now and then,
Soon made their way to wider spheres ;
The nation like a chorus hears,
And prays aloud a grand “ AMEN !”

The sceptics hardly held their peace !
But like the one in storms at sea,
Who cried, “ Have mercy, Lord, on me !”
They felt their dark career must cease !

But still they did no outward deed :
They stood like statues in the crowd !
To be consistent seeming proud !
Such kill their heart to keep their creed !

The wise ones who say God is law,
Regard as childish all our cries,
And say, when nature's done it dies ;
They think their faith without a flaw !

'Tis true when nature's done it dies ;
But who can say when nature's done ?
The earth, they say, was once a sun,
And must return into the skies.

'Tis not then vain to cry for help
To Him in whom we live and move,
While facts help faith to rightly prove
That prayer is not fanatic strife.

The prayers of faith the sick can save !
We've seen it oft, and oft been told,
Since Hezekiah prayed of old,
To whom a longer life God gave.

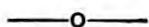
VIII.—RESIGNATION.

“ For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee ; for My strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”—2 COR. xii. 8, 9.

“ Before I was afflicted I went astray ; but now have I kept Thy word.”—Ps. cxix. 67.

“ And He went a little further, and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me : nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.”—MATT. xxvi. 39.

RESIGNATION.



PRAYER leads to holy resignation,
Which is a sweet and sure repose
Upon the heart of Him who knows
The grace we need on each occasion.

A fatalistic faith may find
A dead repose in things which are ;
But on this fixed and fatal bar,
What comfort have the heart and mind ?

The strong may say, "I will endure
The stroke of Fate with heart of steel ;"
But by this trying not to feel
True feeling hearts would soon be fewer.

In prayer we act a wiser part ;
Our faith is fortified with power,
That's stronger in the trying hour
Than all the might that lacks a heart.

We pray and find our way to Him
Who watches with a Father's eye
All creatures living 'neath the sky,
And feel we trust in nothing grim.

A Father wise and kind as He
Can never wish His children ill :
He gives and takes away at will :
It is the best whate'er it be.

When we are thus at one with God,
We are His sons and heirs to all,
And while from Him we never fall,
We never feel His chastening rod.

While He remains our God and king,
And we our highest homage pay,
We live in an unclouded day,
And sleep beneath an angel's wing.

'Tis strange that we should ever leave
This fount of bliss, and wander forth,
To east, to west, to south, to north,
Pursuing things which make us grieve.

We leave the fountain fresh and free,
And go to buy at filthy pools !
We learn to like the drink of fools :
We leave for this the Crystal sea !

We leave the sun's refreshing light,
And through the darkness grope our way :
A night to angels is our day !
Our lights are falling stars at night !

'Tis thus we leave the source of all,
And fix our faith on something lent,
Which gives to love a downward bent,
Which makes the highest creature fall.

Some trust in horses ; some in health ;
And some in power, and some in fame ;
In friends and foes—oft all the same !
And some in honour, some in wealth.

Such are the gods in which we trust,—
The idols of this civil tribe,
Which all our higher powers bribe,
And leave us prostrate in the dust !

The thrones on which these idols rest
Are but like bubbles on life's stream,
Which come and go, just like a dream,
And prove as empty when they're press'd.

We bow before earth's tiny thrones,
And close our eyes to muse awhile,
We ope them with intent to smile,
But, lo ! the smiles swell into groans !

Such gods as these uncertain are :
 'Tis well that they should come and go :
 Their staying might prove certain woe :
Earth's comforts oft the great ones mar !
'Tis well to fix our hopes on high,—
 Upon those things which never change :
 From such a standpoint 'tis not strange
To see the worlds like bubbles fly !
To be at one with Heaven's will ;
 To be resigned to what is right,
 It is to dwell in cloudless light,
And rest where all is calm and still.
Though tempest clouds a veil may form,
 And darken all the lower sky,
 Yet bright is Resignation's eye ;
As bright as stars above the storm.
E'en in the storm she sits secure,
 Enthroned on more than solid ground,
 With more than rocky walls around ;
Through every storm she can endure !
While in this "secret place" of rest,
 Where God Himself doth ever dwell
 Though o'er the world may sound death's knell,
The soul can find itself most bless'd.
When we love God our idols go :
 We can resign earth's brightest toys,
 When we have Heaven's higher joys :
All pleasures from this fountain flow.
It is when we can thus resign
 The things we once could love and prize,
 We seem so strange in worldlings' eyes,
Who when they lose must needs repine.
Resigning things which bear us down,
 Is wise in all who wish to rise ;
 While thrones are vacant in the skies,
'Tis well to rise and take a crown.

Those rule the most who can resign,
For they and Heaven are then at one ;
And Heaven to all things is the sun,
Which rules and makes the planets shine.

'Tis such a union with the high
Which makes resigning souls look bright ;
Like stars which beautify the night,
They live more in the higher sky.

'Twas thus when prayers went up to Heaven,
The Queen and Princess felt a calm,
A peace which was to them a balm :
First answer this that oft is given.

This was to them a hopeful hour !
This calm was not a weary state,
From rising early—watching late ;
It was the sign of greater power.

As sunk the dark December sun,
The Royal house with calmer mind,
While praying, could more comfort find
In saying, “ Lord, Thy will be done !”

IX.—RESTORATION.

“ Then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit ; I have found a ransom. His flesh shall be fresher than a child’s : he shall return to the days of his youth.”—JOB xxxiii. 24, 25.

“ Bless the Lord . . . who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle’s.”—Ps. ciii. 3, 5.

“ And they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy ; and He healed them (without medicine).”—MATT. iv. 24.

RESTORATION.

—o—

WHEN we are willing to resign,
Then God is willing to restore ;
Yea, He will give us then the more :
This is a law of His design.

The father of the faithful race,
Who offered up his only son,
Received from heaven the word, “ Well done,
Take back thy son with double grace.”

The patient patriarch received
Far greater wealth when he resign'd :
His riches did not make him blind ;
In greater treasures he believed.

Our Prince was at the door of death !
True resignation followed there,
Supported by her faith and prayer ;
Then came the resurrection breath.

The night was breaking into day ;
The morning breeze began to blow,
Though cold, it had a healthful glow,
It filled with life the heavy clay.

The “ fatal night ” was deadly still !
Ten years from then the Consort died !
A double darkness did abide !
Was this the hour of Fate or Will ?

The superstitious ones would say.—

“This is the day the Prince will die!”

The evil star is passing by,

Which passed ten years this very day:

“The superstitious ones!” we said,

Who was not superstitious then?

Fate held the best and strongest men.

And made the heart feel cold as lead:

A deadly silence filled the land:

All watching for the fatal hour!

The tollers went into the tower,

And held the ropes with trembling hand.

Our faith in Fate was half sublime!

We thought we heard Paul's passing bell,

Which hangs between high heaven and hell!

All distant sounds had deadly time.

“The sale for sackcloth,” many said,

“Will now be great, the Prince will die,

We must some mourning quickly buy!”

Thus hope through fate was well-nigh dead.

Some held this sackcloth in their hand,

As night holds darkness o'er the earth;

As sorrow's held just after mirth:

Then moved the darkness o'er the land.

But slowly passed the night away,

And with the night the fatal power:

New light came with the morning hour,

And with the light a brighter day.

Once more the nation freely breath'd,

And felt anew the breath of life:

No more were Faith and Fear at strife:

Victorious Faith her sword then sheath'd.

All doubts with darkness soon were gone :
With every hour came words of cheer :
“ The Prince will live, there’s now no fear !”
The world as usual then went on !

’Tis true some strife was after shown,
The gods contended for the praise ;
Each said, “ I did the Prince upraise ;”
Each on the other cast a stone.

Some to the Prince would give the praise,
“ His frame was far too strong for death :
His lungs too strong to part with breath :
He’d strength for many harder days.”

Some gave the praise to doctors’ skill :
“ He had the best physicians’ art :
They did not from the Prince depart,
They acted like a second will.”

While others gave to God alone
The praise for thus prolonging life ;
They think there is no room for strife,
All human power had weakness shown.

“ But,” said the scientific sage,
“ All laws of nature form a chain,
To break or join it faith is vain !
If one link breaks the worlds will rage !”

God breaks a link in Nature’s chain !
And holds the ends lest all should fall :
He is the strongest link of all !
He holds the worlds without a strain.

Prayer asks not for a change of law,
But seeks for power to law fulfil ;
It seeks more for a change of will,
To act without a fault or flaw.*

* “ What then, if prayer and the fulfilment of prayer are but the

Perhaps 'twere vain to ask what means
 It was which wrought the Prince's good ;
 It might be physic, or be food ;
 It might be prayer, or passing scenes.

Which drug the doctors cannot say
 It was which gave the Prince relief ;
 They tried all kinds, but perhaps the chief
 Will never know the light of day !

'Tis wisely hid lest that one thing
 Should be our god for many a day !
 The same thing tried again—same way,
 Might mischief make and ruin bring.

It may be all we tried was vain,
 The medicine and the prayers alike ;
 God with his chastening rod may strike,
 Without intending death or pain ;

And in His time He may raise up
 The one He strikes without our aid :
 His own dear Son in death He laid ;
 Who drank for us death's bitter cup.

He raised again His Son from death,
 Without the aid of mortal powers !
 From buried seeds He raises flowers ;
 And buried insects rise with breath.

A healthful breeze will some revive ;
 A few warm rays unseal the soil ;
 Then slumbering life begins to toil :
 The spring's warm rays make all alive.

two terms of a sequence—having the effect like every other sequence to complicate the processes of nature, but not to bring them under the misrule of a fitful and wayward contingency—insomuch that the doctrine of the efficacy of prayer may be no more in conflict than the doctrine of the composition of forces, with the steadfastness of nature, and the regularities of a harmonious universe.”—*Dr. Chalmers.*

These powers of life—the wind and sun,
 Lie far beyond man's will to move;
 God holds these powers that He may prove
 That life without Him soon is done.

The doctors to their patients give
 Advice to find a change of air;
 Of all things else they oft despair:
 'Tis by this better air they live.

But may not balmy breezes blow,
 And visit dens wherein is death,
 And breathe, like angels, living breath,
 Unseen like angels come and go?

But vain it is to thus contend:
 All human means for him were tried,
 Without them, perhaps, the Prince had died;
 But was not God his greatest friend?*

* "We cannot refrain from adverting to the instance of prayer for the continuance or the recovery of health. We appeal to those who are most conversant with the diagnostics or the prognostics of disease—for how short a way back, among the processes of the animal physiology, the investigations of their science can carry them. To answer such a prayer then, God does not need to intromit with the constancies of visible nature—for the primary fountain head of that influence, which either medicates or distempers the human frame, is placed in a region of profoundest mystery

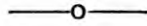
"The hand of God may have been stretched forth to heal or to destroy. Yet the eye of man, to the utmost stretch of his observation, may have seen nothing but nature walking in her established courses, and never once appearing to falter from the regularity of her march."
Dr. Chalmers.

x.—THANKSGIVING.

“ I will extol Thee, O Lord ; for Thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me. O Lord, my God, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me. O Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave ; Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.”—PSALM xxx. 1—4.

“ Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise : be thankful unto Him, and bless His name. For the Lord is good ; His mercy is everlasting ; and His truth endureth to all generations.”—PSALM c. 4, 5.

THANKSGIVING.



WITH restoration joys arise :
When winter's deathful days are done,
And spring-time brings a warmer sun,
Then music's heard beneath the skies.
Spring is the joyful time of year ;
The time to open out with praise
The work of silent winter days,
And fill the listening air with cheer !
Who makes the beauties of the spring
To rise again from winter's death ?
God through the sun breathes vital breath ;
This gives creation power to sing.
But thoughts of who does this or that
Are often lost in gladsome joy ;
We sit at banquets like a boy ;
Of makers we but seldom chat.
Joy must express itself, like light ;
It was not made for hidden fire.
Sin, shame, and sorrow may retire,
But gladness will not live in night.
Like brightness on the starry skies,
And beauty on the flowery fields,
Joy to this life a gladness yields,
And gives a lustre to the eyes.
A millstone is a joyless heart !
It sinks its wearer into woe ;
It cannot with the gladsome go ;
Oblivion is its native part.
Joy will not with itself rejoice ;
It is not like the nightingale,
Which lonely tells its nightly tale ;
It likes the universal voice.

“Come with me,” is its friendly cry ;
 “Rejoice with me, the lost is found !
 The tidings spread with every sound,
The one we took for dead is nigh.”

“Come and rejoice” through England went
 When fever faded from the brow
 Of him we think the more of now :
Each voice an echo forward sent.

This joyful call soon found response
 In every heart that was not dead,
 Or such as were but cold as lead ;
The loyal heart was moved at once.

The day was fixed for thankful song,
 For great display of gladsome glee,
 When those who wished might bow the knee,
And those who chose might join the throng.

But long before the joyful day,
 The people all a-move were found ;
 Joy made their steps much lighter sound,
Then felt the sober somewhat gay.

Like choirs assembling people mov'd ;
 Sweet voices tried a cheerful time ;
 Brass bands would beat and bells would chime,
All practised—p'rhaps a few improv'd.

Sounds rose and flowed like rivers free ;
 Sounds like the rivers rose to meet :
 They swept along the bannered street,
Then sounded like the merry sea !

The moon, though like a silent ghost,
 Will move the sea ; waves leave the shore :
 They make a deep and central roar !
While silence reigns along the coast.

Our Queen, though silent as the moon,
 Has power to move this mighty land :
 She drew with more than magic wand,
The people on the joyful noon.

They come ! they come ! they know not why !
The people feel, they hardly know,
Hearts melting will to others flow :
The joyful to the joyful hie.

Time lags behind the buoyant heart,
Just like an anchor after ships ;
The buoyant heart bounds forth in skips ;
Joy goes before to act its part.

A restless night precedes the day !
The weary hardly sleep for joy !
E'en babes awake and sit up coy,
Expecting prettier things than play !

The morning came, when many clouds
In ranks had gather'd in the sky ;
Some, chariot-like, kept passing by ;
Some lingered like the early crowds.

Which crowds, at first, look'd dark and dull,
Till dresses white and faces red
Upon the whole a lustre shed,
And cast the cold from many a skull.

The morning clouds began to shine :
Were angels there in heavenly white,
To witness one returning right ?
Earth's lustre was not half so fine.

Once more the weather greets the Queen !
" Queen's weather " is a smiling sky,—
One bright as is her own blue eye !
God's favours on His saints are seen.

The day might still have been as fine,
Say those whose God is fixed as Fate,
If no procession of the State
Had ever formed that pompous line.

Yes, quite as fine it might have proved,
Had there been no such grand array ;
But what about the choice of day ?
The faithful heart is timely moved.

The wicked wander in the dark ;
They make a foolish choice of time :
They meet more oft an adverse clime :
Storms beat about their drifting bark.

'Twas needful for the day of praise,
That brightness should be over all ;
What is a banquet in a hall,
Without the light with cheerful rays !

The warmer rays unfold the flowers :
The light gives lustre to the earth,
It warms the heart to gladsome mirth :
'Tis sunshine beautifies the bowers.

'Twas sunshine and the people's joy
Which made the day of praise so bright :
There is no lustre like delight,
It makes all guilt look like alloy.

The people form a joyful throng ;
The Queen and her recovered son
March past as if from battles won :
With more than warrior's strength made strong.

They're strong with faith and patient deed,
Their graces gain more hearts than steel ;
They make the people rightly feel,
Those conquered by them do not bleed.

A mellow music filled the land !
Sounds will not always sound the same,
The voice will change with praise and blame :
A soulless sound is never grand.

When joy fills up the vacant spheres,
Sounds flow and lose their harsher tone :
Without the air no sound is known,
Dull air will deaden joyful cheers.

Joy causes rhythm'd sounds to rise,
It is the harmonising power ;
Sweet music's harsh from spirits sour :
'Tis joy's sweet music fills the skies.

But was this joy a thankful thing,
Which filled the City and the towns?
Was it confined to earthly crowns,
Or did it with the seraphs sing?
It seem'd to linger rather low:
A carnal turn it seem'd to take:
Was soul or body most awake?
There seem'd to be less praise than show.
A bunting and a bellowing day!
A Christian nation should excel
The savage tribes who dance and yell,
Who show their joy through what is gay.
One hour for praise, to pray, to preach!
To raise the thoughts above the crowd!
To rise beyond earth's highest cloud!
Are hearts so swift true gods to reach?
'Twas too much like a beggar's praise,
Who weeps and whines for what he needs,
Who stands with all his powers and pleads,
Then nods his thanks and goes his ways!
'Tis weary work to kneel and pray;
'Tis sickening long to stand and sing,
Say those who have not grown a wing
That's wide enough to lift their clay!
The place of praise they think a tomb!
All places else are glad and gay;
All places else are full of day:
But churches all are full of gloom!
How very low must be our love,
How much confined to flesh and earth,
When it can only take to mirth,
When it can seldom reach above!
We love the noise, the crowd, the show;
The banquet and the beauteous dance;
But, O! how slowly we advance
To things which make us Godlike grow!

O England, if thou wouldst excel,
 Thy love must take a finer turn :
 In higher air lights brighter burn :
 Love lingering low grows dark as hell !

Thy love for work, and wealth, and ease,
 May keep thee from the higher things :
 A purer love with faith's wide wings
 Will bear thee where there's more to please.

The workshop for the lazy world !
 That is thy boast, but O, how blind !
 While others beautify with mind
 The clay which thou hast only hurl'd !*

Yet, still, there were some finer souls,
 And these gave praise both pure and high,
 Though, perhaps, unnoticed 'neath the sky,
 Where notice comes with bell-like tolls.

Within the woods the sweeter note
 Is silenced by the gushing gale ;
 But gales grow weary, then prevail
 The voices from the finer throat.

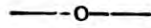
But gales of joy, like gales of wind,
 Will clear a nation's heavy sky :
 The sweeter voices then will try
 To show the world the purer mind.

So when the noise of earth shall cease,
 The sweeter voices will awake,
 And they will heavenly music make
 To Him who is the " PRINCE OF PEACE."

* " With that leaden bullet (Humbug) John Bull can bring down Sentiment when she flies her highest. And the more the pity for John Bull. One of these days some one whose eyes are sharp enough will read in the *Times* a standing advertisement—'Lost, strayed, or stolen, from the farm-yard of the subscriber, the valuable horse Pegasus. Probably has on him part of a new plough harness, as that is also missing. A valuable reward, etc. John Bull.'"—*Ruskin*.

CONCLUSION.

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O ENGLAND, thou hast prayed to Heaven—
A prayer that was no empty breath!
Thy prayer has drawn a Prince from death!
God heard and thy desire was given.

If thou didst in thy pity pray,
Then in thy pity pray thou still:
Pray thou that God Almighty's will
May guide him to his latest day.

It was reported thou wast cold
Toward thy Prince who's born to reign,—
That loyal love began to wane!
That traitors were becoming bold!

God smote thy Prince: thy love was tried!
Thy love awoke with new desire,
Which would not let the Prince retire!
Thou drew him closer to thy side.

It may be all for this was given,—
To make thy Prince and people one;
And more than this we think was done;
It made thee more at one with Heaven.

Keep thou thy faith, affections there:
Rule thou with mind more than with might:
With love and truth thy battles fight:
Prepare thyself with mighty prayer.

Thou shalt then have that mighty power,
Which breaks the foe without a hand,
Which guards thee more than sea or land;
God's angels watch the sacred tower.

The landmarks of a neighbouring race
Move not by force, or gentle guile :
Of frontiers for thy empir'd isle,
The finest is an honest face.

Thy white-faced coast still fronts the East!
To France, and farther, still shine bright!
If thou wilt give the world true light,
Thou shalt be great, though seeming least.

“ Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. . . .

“ These things do, and the God of peace shall be with you.” (Not the God of war.)—PHILIPPIANS iv. 8, 9.

