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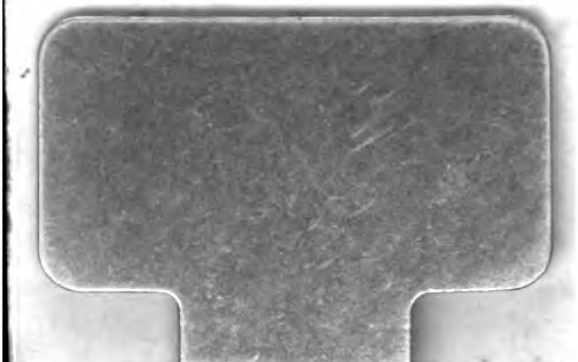
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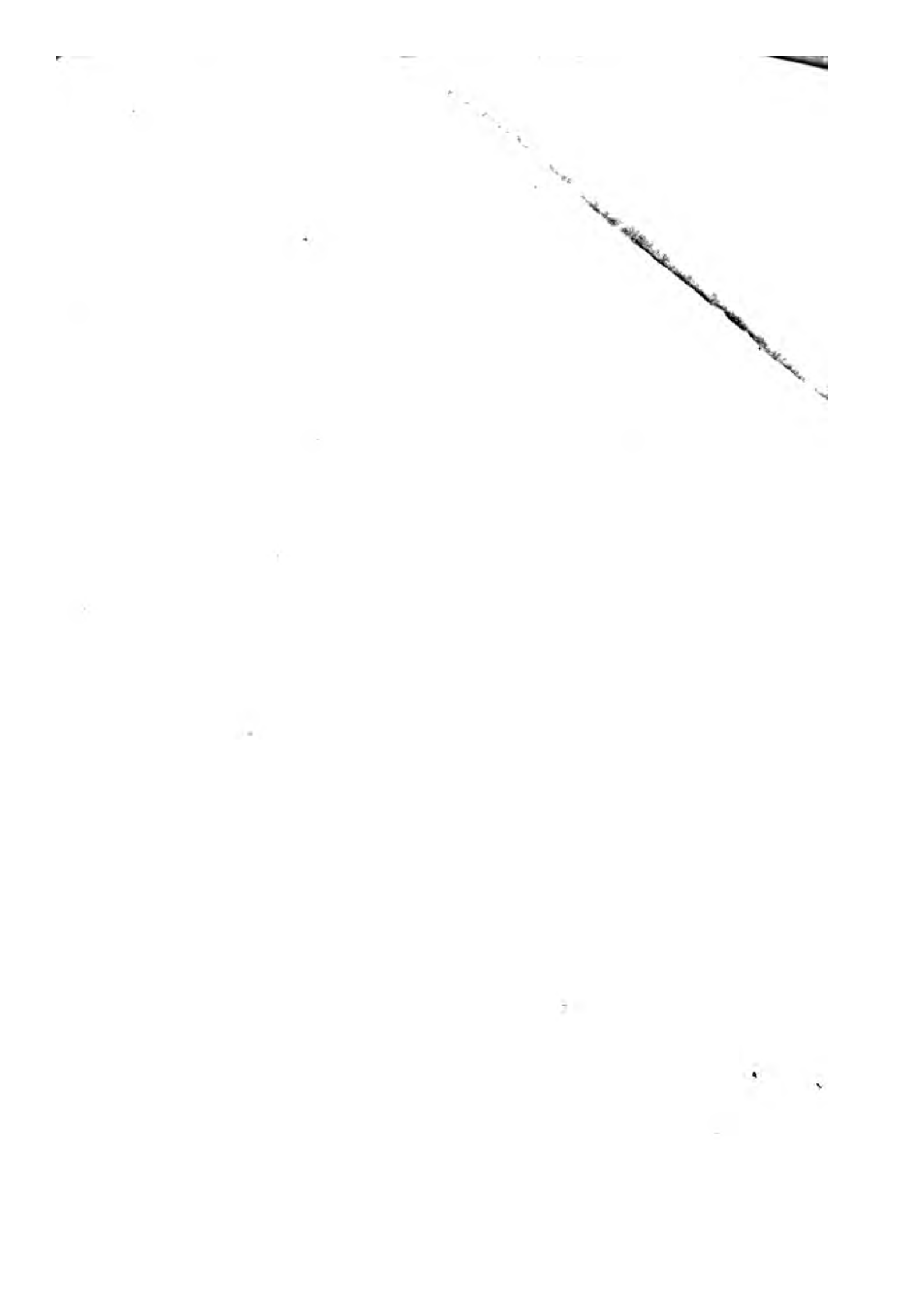


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ATHANASIUS  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

147. d.  
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**Athanasius and other Poems.**



# Athanasius

And other Poems.

BY A FELLOW OF A COLLEGE.

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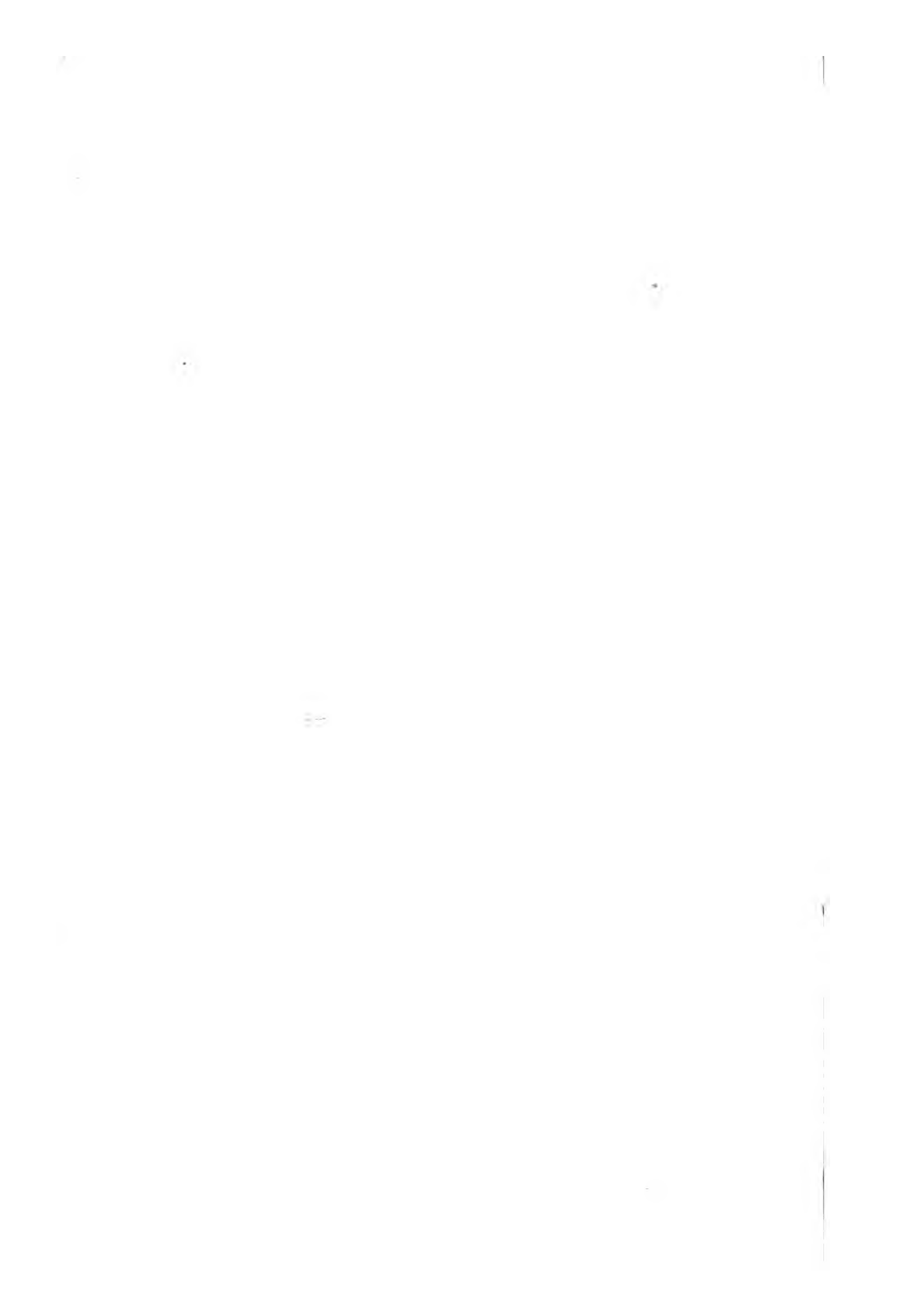
TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

ALEXANDER,

LORD BISHOP OF BRECHIN,

*This is inscribed*

WITH DUTIFUL AND GRATEFUL AFFECTION.



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# Athanasius

## AND OTHER POEMS.

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### Athanasius.<sup>1</sup>

“ Whatsoever is born of GOD overcometh the world : and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our Faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that JESUS is the SON of GOD ?”—1 S. JOHN v. 4, 5.

WE have drawn the ghostly sword,  
We have rallied for the LORD,  
'Neath the standard of the Cross the Arian we defied !  
While our Bishop, full of grace,  
Our glorious Athanase,  
In the panoply of righteousness was battling at our side.

But foes are thick'ning round,  
And friends are yielding ground—  
O CHRIST our GOD Incarnate ! the cause, the cause is  
Thine ;

<sup>1</sup> These lines, which were contributed, for the most part, to the “ Rugby Miscellany ” of 1845, are intended to express the feelings of the Alexandrian Catholics in the terrible year 356, after the third expulsion of S. Athanasius.

Erewhile Thou led'st our host,  
 And whispered fears were lost  
 In our battle song of triumph, Nicæa's hymn divine.

Where was the holy seed  
 In our time of sternest need,—  
 Not one to guard the Temple, not one of loyal heart  
 To blast with words of fire  
 The hell-born plots of Tyre,<sup>1</sup>  
 And lean on Him that taketh the lone Confessor's  
 part?

Shame on ye, shame and woe,  
 Who could see the Truth laid low,  
 True seed of ancient Meroz, hollow hearts and spirits  
 cold;  
 O crowned and white-robed band,  
 In the shadow of GOD's hand,  
 Is there none to lift the banner ye bore in days of old?

O for an hour of Paul  
 In Byzantium's palace hall,  
 Face to face the Man of Tarsus and the Heir of Con-  
 stantine;  
 For Peter's look and tone,  
 And the thunders of Saint John,  
 For Smyrna's glorious Bishop, and Clement the divine!

<sup>1</sup> See S. Ath. Hist. Tracts, Lib. Fath., p. 19, 25, &c. Robertson, Hist. Ch. i. 195. Newman's Arians, p. 162, ed. 1854. The council of Tyre was held in 335.

Year after year we prayed,  
 "Come to Thine Antioch's aid,<sup>1</sup>  
 O CHRIST! and purge from traitors Ignatius' ancient  
 home;"  
 Year after year our grief  
 Found treasure of relief  
 In thoughts of faithful Italy and steadfast-hearted Rome.

But when, for courtiers' meed,  
 The West had sold her Creed,<sup>2</sup>  
 And Rome's unyielding Prelate was dragg'd from Peter's  
 chair,  
 When against the world alone  
 Was our Saint upon his throne,  
 We prayed the Strength of Catholics to save us from  
 despair!

And His own He did not leave  
 On that solemn vigil eve,<sup>3</sup>  
 When our souls were making ready for the Offering and  
 the Feast;

<sup>1</sup> In 331, S. Eustathius of Antioch was banished, and his see fell into the possession of a line of Arian intruders.

<sup>2</sup> At the Council of Milan, in 355, called by S. Hilary a synagogue of malignants, the Bishops, with few exceptions, were terrified into heterodoxy by Constantius. Pope Liberius was carried away from Rome to Milan, and subsequently banished. His temporary lapse occurred in 357.

<sup>3</sup> Thursday night, Feb. 8, A.D. 356. "It was now night, and some of the people were keeping a vigil preparatory to a Communion on the morrow, when the General Syrianus suddenly came upon us, &c." S. Ath. Apol. for Flight, c. 94. (Hist. Tracts, Lib.



When Egypt's chief drew near  
 With torch and axe and spear,  
 And terror shook the voices of chanter and of priest.

Like the bay in summer green  
 Was the Temple-breaker seen,  
 As he gave the word in thunder, "Disperse yon craven  
 throng,—  
 From Saint Mark's encumbered seat  
 Have him forth beneath our feet,  
 This troubler of the Cæsars hath prov'd our grace too  
 long."

And many lamps were there,  
 As we knelt in midnight prayer,  
 While the adversary's roar was waxing loud and high ;  
 I marked our Pontiff's face,  
 And the pure indwelling grace  
 Gave token of the Saint in the Hero's kindling eye.

"My foes full sore have thrust—  
 In the LORD I put my trust,"—  
 He sate him down undaunted,<sup>1</sup> 'twas then we heard him  
 say—

Fath., p. 206.) Compare the Protest of the Alexandrians, (ib. p. 294.) Robertson's Hist. Ch. i. 211.

<sup>1</sup> "I sat down upon my throne, and desired the Deacon to read the Psalm, and the people to answer, *For His mercy endureth for ever*, and then all to depart home." S. Ath. Apol. for Flight, c. 34. Hist. Tracts, p. 206.

“Let the Deacon read the Psalm,  
 In responses high and calm  
 Give ye thanks unto the LORD, for His mercy lives for  
 aye!”

Like a bursting Southland flood  
 Came the foemen's onset rude,  
 We saw their steel caps glisten, we heard their trumpets  
 bray,  
 But amid the godless din  
 Our pæan chant came in,  
 “O give thanks unto the LORD, for His mercy lives for  
 aye!”

All around Theonas' church  
 The spearmen made their search,  
 But the Powers that guarded Dothan were between them  
 and their prey;  
 'Mid the baffled hunters' yell  
 Broke forth our choral swell,  
 “He hath screened us from our foes, and His mercy lives  
 for aye.”

For this be praise upsent,  
 That scatheless forth *he* went—  
 But oh! the dear, dear victims, in bloody hands of death!  
 E'en yet from arch and wall  
 The darts and arrows call,  
 That drew forth cries to JESUS in the Martyrs' dying  
 breath.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The armour, and javelins, and swords borne by those who entered... have been hung up in the Church until this time, that

But gone is Athanase,  
 A murderer<sup>1</sup> holds his place—  
 Our eyes are faint with watching for a Pastor and a Seer :  
 Rouse Thee, O LORD, at length—  
 Where is Thy zeal and strength,  
 Made perfect in their weakness whose spirits fail for  
 fear ?

The vengeance was Thine own,<sup>2</sup>  
 When fast by Cæsar's throne,  
 All flushed with cursed triumph the foul Heresiarch  
 stood ;  
 In the blasting of Thy wrath  
 Thou didst sweep him from Thy path,  
 And Arius died like Judas, in Byzantium's Field of Blood!

Art Thou not He of old,  
 Who didst guard Thy chosen fold,  
 When blazed the standards twelve over Israel's surging  
 line—  
 Or when Jabin's iron car  
 And the pomp of Heathen war  
 Were trampled down in Taanach at "one rough word"  
 of Thine ?

they might not be able to deny it." Protest of the Alexandrians,  
 Hist. Tracts, p. 295.

<sup>1</sup> George of Cappadocia. See Robertson, i. 211. S. Athanasius  
 said of him that "he had a hangman's temper, and was a great  
 proficient in killing and plundering."

<sup>2</sup> S. Ath. Hist. Tracts, p. 212. Newman's Arians, p. 154. Arius  
 died in 336.

Break forth in might and grace  
For Thy true-believing race,  
O very present Helper in Thy people's evil day!  
As the Kings by Kison's flood  
Be the godless Arian brood,  
Who against the CONSUBSTANTIAL have set them in  
array!

## Iona.

“Coming, as we do to-day, on a pilgrimage to the graves of our spiritual Fathers, we cannot but mourn the silence and solitude of their tombs. We have come, my brethren, on a pilgrimage to Iona . . . to reverence here, at the fountain of Christianity in the West, the glory of God in His Saints.” *Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Iona, by the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, August 10, 1848.*

SAINT James's Eve on Icolnkill !  
 All sweetly changed the ungenial day,  
 For tossing waves came waters still,  
 What time we reached the Martyrs' Bay ;  
 In smiling sea or placid heaven  
 No sights, no voices wild or sad,  
 But golden morn nor roseate even  
 Could make the stricken Isle look glad.

That Isle, in Holy Church's youth,  
 To CHRIST-less lands a christening well—  
 'Tis hard to face the bitter truth  
 Her solemn ruins sternly tell !

That nursery of the elect of GOD,  
 So stripped and spoiled of pride and grace,  
 We scarce could deem that hour we trod  
 On ancient Albyn's holiest place.

One little hour!—the time was short  
 For pilgrims to Columba's Isle;  
 We cross the royal burial court  
 Beside Saint Oran's roofless pile;  
 We linger not where kings lie dead,  
 But gain Saint Mary's Minster nave,  
 Through choir and transept softly tread,  
 And stand beside the Founder's grave.<sup>1</sup>

Bend low the head—give thanks with awe!  
 It rises from the gloom of years,  
 That life that could from Albyn draw  
 The tribute of her thankful tears;  
 A life that Fancy could not paint,  
 That seemed to catch its brightest ray  
 From that most loved and loving Saint  
 Who on GOD's breast at supper lay.

With cheerful heart and radiant face<sup>2</sup>  
 For GOD Columba played the man;

<sup>1</sup> The local tradition says, that he was finally buried in Iona. We know that his body had been removed in the ninth century to Ireland, for fear of the Northmen.

<sup>2</sup> Adamnan, his biographer, the eighth abbat of Iona, after describing S. Columba's untiring energy in various employments, adds—"Inter hæc omnibus carus, hilarem semper faciem ostendens, sancto Spiritûs Sancti gaudio intimis lætificabatur præcordiis." Vit. S. Col. Præf.

O what a giant work of grace  
 On that fair Whitsun Eve began !<sup>1</sup>  
 He bore to isle, and strath, and wood  
 A lamp of Pentecostal fire,  
 And won himself a Fatherhood  
 Revered from Orkney to Cantire.

Behold him on the shores of Ness,  
 Amid a furious heathen throng—  
 The fierce-eyed wizards round him press,  
 As tortured by his vesper song ;  
 In vain they rave—his chant springs high,  
 Its thunders make their proudest quail ;  
 “ My King, put on Thy Majesty,  
 Ride forth, and prosper, and prevail !”<sup>2</sup>

Changed be the scene ; he goes to meet  
 A brother Saint on banks of Clyde,  
 Whose welcome is an anthem sweet,  
 “ Most Upright ! be the just man’s Guide.”  
 Hark ! how responsive blessings flow,  
 Poured from Columba’s choral band ;  
 “ From strength to strength right onward go,  
 Till in the Presence-court ye stand !”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He landed on Iona with twelve companions, on Whitsun Eve, 563.

<sup>2</sup> Adamnan, s. 31. He was singing the 45th Psalm.

<sup>3</sup> A tradition in the Life of S. Kentigern. Columba went to meet the Bishop of Glasgow on his return from exile. Kentigern’s attendants began to sing a hymn composed of Psalm cxxxviii. 5, Isaiah xxvi. 7. Columba and his choir responded with Psalm lxxxiv. 7, and Alleluia.

That strength was his which Love must win ;  
 Though deep his skill in penance-lore,  
 And stern his voice to rampant sin,  
 For helpless ones his heart flowed o'er.  
 His care the wearied heron fed,  
 Till strengthened to recross the sea ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The child would haste to lay its head  
 In trustful fondness on his knee.<sup>2</sup>

Men said, his arms upraised in prayer  
 Brought straightway home his labouring bark ;<sup>3</sup>  
 That to his prophet-mind lay bare  
 The awful Future's secrets dark ;  
 That to his hands full oft was given  
 The might of wonderwork and sign ;  
 That bright ones oft would stoop from heaven  
 Around his Angel-course to shine.

God knoweth if they deemed amiss—  
 We know to Whom his heart was tied,—  
 Whose Altar was his lifelong bliss,  
 Till on its steps the old man died.

<sup>1</sup> Adamnan, s. 38. The bird, which had flown from Ireland, sank exhausted on the shore. A monk, by Columba's order, tended it for three days, until it could return "to our sweet country of Scotia," (Ireland.) "God bless thee, my son," said Columba, "for thy kindness to the wayfaring guest."

<sup>2</sup> Ad. s. 12. A fair-haired boy, the youngest son of the King of Scots, as soon as he saw Columba, ran up and nestled to his bosom. He lived to be King Eugene III.

<sup>3</sup> Ad. s. 48. This is represented on the arms of the See of the Isles.



Warned by the dread of coming loss,  
 The brethren crowd the torchlit aisle—  
 They prop his arm, he signs the cross,  
 With blessing mute and parting smile.<sup>1</sup>

So passed he to the Church above ;  
 And sweetly round his burial sod  
 Blossomed his lore of "Peace and Love ;"  
 There Oswald learned to reign for God—  
 There Aidan spake among his peers,  
 "O gently deal with souls untaught!"<sup>2</sup>  
 And still Northumbrian hearts it cheers  
 To think of all their Aidan wrought.

O'er Mercia streamed Iona's light,  
 All Britain gloried in her name,  
 And far and wide her lamp was bright  
 Till darkness with the Northmen came ;  
 Yet where they left a bloodstained path,  
 Uprose, renewed, her shrine and tower—

<sup>1</sup> Soon after midnight, on Sunday, June 9, 597, Columba was found in a dying state at the foot of the altar. The monks hurried in : his attendant Dermot aided him to lift his right hand, and bestow by a gesture the benediction which he could not speak. This was his last action. His last instructions for his monks, given on the Saturday afternoon, had dwelt on "peace and unfeigned charity." Ad. s. 100, 101. He was in his 76th year.

<sup>2</sup> Bede, iii. 5. It was after this speech, delivered "in the assembly of the elders," that Aidan was consecrated, and became, as Bede says, a "High Priest," doubtless by the ministry of the Bishop resident in Iona. See Bp. Russell, *Hist. Ch. in Scotl.* i. 18—35, and his edition of Bp. Keith's "Catalogue."

Ah woe!—that base fanatic wrath  
Should make full end of all her power!<sup>1</sup>

Pause yet beside the Minster gates—  
What's hallowed once to Mary's Son,  
Man's crime ne'er wholly desecrates,—  
Here, all he could was blithely done!  
And all this grave of Faith a scene  
Where babbling gazers idly stray—  
O dovelike Saint, from bowers serene  
Canst thou behold this drear decay?

So part we from Columba's strand :—  
If altars fall, examples live ;  
One lesson from his dying hand  
To pilgrim hearts may comfort give ;  
On those last words his pen could trace<sup>2</sup>  
New sunshine let his life outpour—  
"To seek the LORD who set their face,  
Shall lack no blessing of His store."

<sup>1</sup> The Northmen ravaged Iona in 794 or 797, 801, 818. The zealots of "the Congregation" fell upon it in 1561, and "made havoc altogether" of its sanctuaries; burning also the library and records, and violating even the graves of the dead. One may be surprised that they spared three of the 360 Crosses which they found standing.

<sup>2</sup> He was transcribing Psalms on the last day of his life, and having come to Ps. xxxiv. 10, "Inquirentes autem Dominum non deficient omni bono," he laid aside his work, which found in that verse an appropriate close. Ad. s. 100.

### Jeremiah in Egypt.

“The LORD saith thus ; Behold, that which I have built will I break down, and that which I have planted will I pluck up, even this whole land : and seekest thou great things for thyself ? seek them not.”—Jer. xlv. 4, 5.

WHAT do I here ? Ah, LORD my GOD !  
 Let darkest gloom enshroud the day,  
 When, sore against my will, I trod  
 The faithless exiles' southward way :  
 O ! wherefore did the Assyrian brand  
 Spare me to dwell by Sihor's wave,  
 And wrestle with the apostate band  
 That nought can soften, teach, or save ?

And is this all ? is this the last ?  
 Full oft I've said, “ My wound is sore : ”  
 But ere its grief was overpast,  
 I found that I could suffer more ;  
 And was Thy counsel this indeed,  
 In Thy weak child a sign to give,  
 How long the stricken heart may bleed,  
 How much the soul may bear, and live ?

Time was, a shrinking, gentle boy,  
Of priestly birth and honoured name,  
I felt a strange and awful joy,  
When first on me Thy SPIRIT came :  
The days in store,—I knew them not ;  
In this, in this Thy mercy shone !  
I deemed mine own a blissful lot,  
And Thou didst gently lead me on.

O ! days to thankful memory bright,  
My wintry life's unclouded spring !  
I see the mild unearthly light  
In thy calm eyes, my spotless king !  
But never in mine ear will cease  
That wail, the dirge of hope for me,  
That rose when all our joy and peace  
Sank on Megiddo's plain with thee.

They bore thee home, our hero-saint,  
The master taken from our head ;  
With deadly anguish cold and faint,  
The liegemen clasped their sovereign dead.  
They bore thee, swathed in awful sleep,  
Yet kinglike, to our monarchs' tomb :  
Then, as a torrent leaves the steep,  
Down rushed my people to their doom.

And what was I, to stem the flood ?  
My GOD, Thou know'st I strove in vain,  
Mid wretches foul with infants' blood,  
Who spurned the bliss, and grasped the bane ;

To chastening stern replied, "No hope;"  
 To mercy's kiss, "No wrath to fear;"  
 Till I, with Salem doomed to cope,  
 Longed for a home in woodlands drear.<sup>1</sup>

Thy witness I was prompt to bear,  
 When Pashur's blows were fierce and rude:  
 I shrank not, in Thine house of prayer,  
 Before the raging multitude:  
 But oh! 'twas harder far to brook  
 Mine own familiars' treason base;  
 I passed them with fraternal look,  
 They turned and cursed me to my face.<sup>2</sup>

Then I replied, I cursed the hour  
 When tears of gladness hailed my birth;  
 I longed to quench the gift of power,  
 That closed to me the hearts of earth:  
 "Peace, inward fire! no more I'll speak,"  
 (Forgive the madness!) "in His Name:"  
 Thy Word was strong, and I was weak,—  
 More fiercely blazed the mastering flame.<sup>3</sup>

The bitter mood was o'er at length,  
 One Friend, I knew, was left me still:  
 But sore I needed all Thy strength,  
 When sent to judge Thy sacred hill;  
 To cry, in Heaven's one earthly gate,  
 "This House is marked for Gentiles' prey:"

<sup>1</sup> Jer. ii. 34, 25; v. 24; ix. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Jer. xx. 2; xxvi. 9; xx. 10; xv. 10.

<sup>3</sup> Jer. xx. 9—18.

Then hear, from lips that thrilled with hate,  
That I desired the woeful day!<sup>1</sup>

That I desired to hear the cry,  
"Was ever sorrow like to mine?"  
To watch the mothers' agony  
When children begged for corn and wine:<sup>2</sup>  
To see the precious gold wax dim,  
The Temple-splendours pass away,  
See all, and know 'twas wrought by Him  
Whose justice claimed that woeful day!

Yet e'en *that* grief was not the worst;  
'Tis anguish more intense and dire  
To see the idols' rites accurst  
Pass forth unscathed from Salem's fire:  
Mid broken cisterns all around,  
To living streams no thought is given;  
And Israel on the Pharaohs' ground  
Burns incense to the Queen of heaven.<sup>3</sup>

Then was it vain, my lifelong trust  
In Thee, the hope of Priest and Seer,  
Though e'en my bones, returned to dust,  
Shall find no loving mourners here?  
The one great thing my soul hath sought  
Is well secured, for Thou art nigh;  
No priest of Thine hath lived for nought,  
If Thou but give him strength to die.

<sup>1</sup> Jer. xxvi. 9; xvii. 16.

<sup>2</sup> Lam. i. 12; ii. 12.

<sup>3</sup> Jer. ii. 13; xlv. 17.

### Christmas Eve.

“Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept.”—Isaiah xxx. 29.

LIFT up your hearts, good Christians !  
 The glorious Eve is come,  
 And Holy Church is lighting up  
 Her Bridegroom's earthly home ;  
 Though round her whirls a seething mass  
 Of unbelief and sin,  
 And all the paths be dark without,  
 Her lamps are bright within.

A wintry night, a wintry field,  
 Where all is wild and drear,  
 'Twas meetest *then* that wakeful men  
 Should first Thy Gospel hear ;  
 What matter though the holy House  
 Be fallen on evil days ?  
 Now GOD forbid, the foemen's shout  
 Should drown our songs of praise !

Then rouse thee, cheer thee, faithful soul,  
Forth to the woods, and bring  
Green symbols of unfading joy  
To praise our new-born King ;  
Rich tribute from all trees of GOD,  
The fir-tree and the pine,  
To beautify His resting place  
And round His altar shine !<sup>1</sup>

Full sudden, o'er the pastoral group,  
Heaven-gates were open flung :  
So at the sudden midnight stroke  
Be thine "Adeste" sung ;  
For thee the gates lift up their heads,  
For thee the doors give way :  
High throned in His celestial court,  
He bends to hear thee pray.

To GOD made Flesh thy forehead bow,  
Thy voice in triumph raise,  
And with good courage lustily  
To CHRIST our LORD give praise ;  
Bless Him with full, o'erflowing heart,  
Who gives thee life to hear  
Once more the blessed Christmas bells,  
The carols echoing clear !

Or deem'st thou, sin hath left thee now  
To festal cheer no right ?

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah lx. 13. (First Evening Lesson for Dec. 24.)



Yet wand'ers that their darkness mourn  
 Are bathed in JESU'S light :  
 Full many a soul His hand hath caught  
 From deeper gulfs than thine ;  
 O straining eyes, O stumbling feet !  
 On you the light may shine.

And that He longs to shine on thee  
 Thou wilt not, canst not doubt ;  
 By Him shall one self-loathing soul  
 In no wise be cast out :  
 Then let His Incarnation Feast  
 Wake gladness out of fear,  
 The name of His Nativity  
 Be music to thine ear !

Our fathers weened in simple faith,  
 That all the accursed Powers  
 In upper air could find no place  
 Throughout these blissful hours ;  
 And sure when Christians' thankful tears  
 For Christmas mercies flow,  
 Then, then the piercèd Feet are pressed  
 Right sternly on the Foe !

Or if thy love be faint and poor,  
 Behold that woeful sight,  
 Thy *self* defiled—and learn to know  
 His mercy's depth and height :

Yea, so man sinned and so GOD loved,  
That not to Saints alone,  
But e'en to castaways, to *us*,  
The FATHER gave the SON.

Thine is the Creed of ancient Saints,  
All beauteous, pure, and true ;  
Then, as thy faith is Catholic,  
So let thy love be too !  
To east and west, to south and north,  
Be thy warm blessing given ;  
Spoke in His Name o'er absent friends,  
'Tis grace and strength from heaven.

Pray GOD to send His world-wide Church  
A joyful Christmas Day,  
As brother true for brother pleads,  
For all the Faithful pray :  
For those thou lov'st as thine own flesh,  
For all that hold thee dear ;  
O when, if not on Christmas morn,  
Should CHRIST His brethren hear ?

And pray that our sweet SAVIOUR's love  
*Those* brethren may enfold,  
To whom His birthtime nothing brings  
But darkness, want, and cold ;  
Oh ! in thy gladness care for them,  
With bounteous heart and free :  
So in thy need, His word is passed,  
His heart shall care for thee.

And while thine own bright home and hearth  
With health and wealth are stored,  
O kneel for them that cannot rise  
From sick-beds for their LORD ;  
That in their hearts His love may wake  
Some " Exultemus " strain,  
Some echoes from that Home of Peace  
Where shall be no more pain.

And pray, O ! pray, for bleeding hearts  
That mourn at Christmas tide,  
Whose treasured founts of earthly love  
Some crushing stroke hath dried ;  
That they may clasp the Well of Life,  
And drink of love their fill,  
From that good LORD Who came to-night  
To bear His FATHER'S will .

And if there be, on whom thine eyes  
Were e'er unkindly bent,  
If holy Friendship's gentle bond  
One hour by thee was rent,  
Before the eyes of Perfect Love  
Pour out thy grief and shame,  
And seven times breathe, in blessing deep,  
Thine injured brother's name.

And pray for them that ask no prayer,—  
Who, poorest of their kind,  
O'ercharged with comforts won from sense,  
In faith no comfort find ;

That ere the Lamp of GOD goes out  
    May Christmas hopes return,  
And, stirred by Heaven, the dead cold hearts  
    Live, glimmer, sparkle, burn !

Once more, for them that stand apart,  
    Our Faith who blindly scorn,  
Whose darkling thought or wilful life  
    Denies the Virgin-born,  
O ! pray that sin's most abject thrall  
    In CHRIST may rise up free,  
That eyes, by error's veil opprest,  
    Our own Great Light may see.

Then claim thy part with choirs of Heaven,  
    The Guardians round thy bed,  
The Mother-Maid, the Martyrs' host,  
    And all the faithful Dead ;  
Yet make no fearless feast,<sup>1</sup> as one  
    Whose lips are undefiled ;  
But ere thou sing, first kneel for grace,  
    A guilty, sorrowing child.

“ O LORD, who bring'st to Christian homes  
    Thy birthnight every year,  
With Angel-song, and heavenly light,  
    Our sinful hearts to cheer ;

<sup>1</sup> S. Jude 12.

Grant us, that now for Thee, our Life,  
Our thanks with Angels' blend,  
When Thou shalt come to be our Judge,  
To hail Thee for our Friend!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "GOD, which makest us glad with the yearly remembrance of the Birth of Thy only SON JESUS CHRIST: Grant that as we joyfully receive Him for our Redeemer, so we may with sure confidence behold Him when He shall come to be our Judge, who liveth and reigneth," &c. *Collect for First Communion on Christmas Day, in the Liturgy of 1549.*

Prayer for the Conversion of the Jews.

“And to be the Glory of Thy people Israel.”—S. Luke ii. 32.

THOU that mak'st for ever One  
 Mary's Child and Israel's GOD,  
 Daniel's Prince and David's Son,  
 Jacob's Star and Jesse's Rod,  
 King Messias! by Thy love  
 To our father and Thy friend,  
 To Thine house in Heaven above,  
 JESU! let our prayer ascend.

Sons of Abraham, LORD, are we,  
 Heirs by faith's imperial right,  
 Numbering in our ancestry  
 Every genuine Israelite,  
 Circumcised in truth and grace  
 Through the bright mysterious wave,—  
 From Thine own most holy place,  
 Our Adonai! hear and save.

Thou didst lead the captives' host  
 Through the waters, through the wild,  
 Till the good land's garden coast  
 On Thy conqu'ring namesake smiled :  
 See their sons, that find no rest,  
 Brethren still in flesh to Thee—  
 GOD Incarnate, Ever-blest,  
 When shall their deliverance be ?

Is Thy royal Heart too cold  
 For Thy rebels' grief to feel ?  
 Is the Arm that fenced the fold  
 Grown too weak to guard and heal ?  
 Never, LORD ! Thy minstrel's tongue  
 Hymned Thee, Joseph's Shepherd true ;  
 For the elders hear the young,  
 Hear the Gentile for the Jew !

On their sires Thy glory broke  
 Through a heaven of sapphires clear ;  
 Blinded by Thy judgment stroke,  
 Roam the sons in darkness drear ;  
 Thou before Whose mercy-seat  
 Man could look on GOD and live,  
 Mercy, LORD, for tottering feet—  
 Touch their eyes, and then forgive !

Shame on men that dared oppress  
 Those whom Heaven had wounded sore ;  
 Would they seem to love Thee less,  
 If they felt for Israel more ?

Though Thy kinsmen gave Thy Flesh  
 To the Roman's scourge and nail,  
*We* have pierced Thee, LORD, afresh,  
 Let us gaze on Thee, and wail.

Deep in glades of Heathendom  
 Hopeless wilding plants were we ;  
 And Thou gav'st the outlaws room  
 In Thine own rich olive-tree ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou that didst Thy dew's outpour,  
 Crowning alien grafts with fruit,  
 Soon the native boughs restore,  
 Making glad the parent root !

When those boughs were plucked away,  
 Richest grace o'erflowed the earth ;  
 If so blest their funeral day,  
 What shall be their second birth ?  
 Since the olive-crested steep  
 Saw Thy tears for Salem flow,  
 All creation groaneth deep  
 O'er Thine Olive's matchless woe.

Trampled, crushed, but branches yet,—  
 Though from Jacob's stock uptorn !  
 Dare our boastful leaves forget  
 They by Jacob's stock are borne ?  
 Shall we not uplift the prayer,  
 "Thou that canst atone for sin,  
 Still the adopted branches spare,  
 And the outcasts—graft them in !

<sup>1</sup> See Romans xi.



“Speed the day of union sweet,  
When assembling side by side,  
All the elected tribes shall meet,  
Worshipping the Crucified ;  
Brothers feel Thy dear embrace,  
Liegemen own Thee King of kings,  
And we sinners find our place  
As a brood beneath Thy wings !”

### De Profundis.

“Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.”—2 Sam. xiv. 14.

FROM out the dark and wild abyss  
 Of sin's tumultuous sea,  
 With longings for the Land of Bliss,  
 We spread our hands to Thee,  
 Who bearest much from worthless sons,  
 And hast devised a way  
 That Thy beloved and banished ones  
 Be not expelled for aye!

Though stains of guilt our souls defile,  
 Though Angels scarce endure  
 To see the precious turned to vile,  
 The foul that have been pure,  
 Yet, LORD, Whose Washing made us white,  
 Lift up our eyes, to own  
 Within the awful deeps of light  
 A Parent on the throne.

Our FATHER, Whom in heaven above  
 Unfallen sons adore,  
 Look on us, by Thy tender love  
 Baptised in CHRIST of yore ;  
 We perish if Thou beam not forth—  
 O ! now for wasted years,  
 By all a weeping SAVIOUR'S worth,  
 Awake our penance-tears !

A long, long time Thy love doth wait,  
 Though we be hard and cold,  
 Till showers that early fall and late  
 The buds of grace unfold ;  
 For Thou must every wish impart  
 To be from sin restored—  
 The precious fruit of lips and heart,  
 'Tis Thy creation, LORD !<sup>1</sup>

If once amid the lures of sense  
 We pine for holier things,  
 'Tis all the pure, sweet influence  
 Of Thy Baptismal springs ;  
 Thy loving SPIRIT still finds room  
 In many a wayward heart,  
 Divinely loth His shrine to doom,  
 And say, "Let Us depart !"

There's pardon in the pitying Face  
 Within the open door—  
 LORD JESU, keep not back the grace  
 That none e'er needed more !

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah lvii. 19.

Our souls must tread the pathway dark  
Where endless death begins,  
If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark  
The smallest of our sins.

But Thou hast died, and Thou dost live,  
O Life, and Truth, and Way!  
A true repentance Thou canst give,  
A hearty will to pray :  
'Tis Thine to wrest or Thine to wean  
Our souls from all but Thee,—  
O make them what they have not been,  
And what they fain would be !

### The Place of Repentance.

“Why will ye die, O House of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the LORD GOD; wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.” Ezek. xviii. 31, 32.

WHEN thou hast wrought, in passion blind,  
 Foul wrong to one so true and kind,  
 That at thy first self-humbling tone  
 Around thy neck his arm is thrown,  
 The love in those fond patient eyes  
 May bid thy spirit heavenward rise,  
 And picture forth, thy breast within,  
 Death, Judgment, Love, and deadly sin.

“Wrongs done to GOD! What comes of them?  
 Can He forgive—must He condemn?”  
 ’Mid all that earthly love endears,  
 Thy minutes grow to painful years:  
 “This friend I prize like soul of mine  
 Full pardon gives; but, Friend Divine,  
 O canst Thou, wilt Thou e’er forget  
 My bankrupt soul’s o’erwhelming debt?”

He can, He will, thou burdened heart ;  
 If thou from Him couldst lightly part,  
 Misuse the grace, the food of Heaven,  
 And grieve Him seventy times by seven,  
 Yet takes He no delight at all  
 In guilty wretches' hopeless fall ;  
 Who once His SON for thee could give,  
 Implores thee now to turn and live.

Can children scorn their FATHER'S cry—  
 "O wherefore, wherefore will ye die ?  
 Sure as I live, what man soe'er  
 Comes home to Me with contrite prayer,  
 Bewails his bosom's plague and sore,  
 And wills to serve Me evermore,  
 Close to My feet his place is won ;  
 I do absolve My sorrowing son.

"With him no more will I contend,  
 For him I bring My wrath to end,  
 Lest at My door should faint and fade  
 The soul, the spirit I have made ;<sup>1</sup>  
 It shall not be ; for I have sworn,  
 Not one true prayer to slight or scorn ;  
 Not once to turn Mine ear aside  
 From that strong plea, *Thy Son hath died.*"

But say'st thou, terrors haunt thee still,  
 Thou canst but wish, thou canst not will ?  
 O kneel to CHRIST, and thou shalt gain  
 For treasons past a quickening pain :

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah lvii. 16.

No languid weariness of guilt,  
Careless of Him whose Blood was spilt,  
But grace to loathe as death and woe  
All sins that made His life outflow.

Then grant us, Kindest, Holiest, Best,  
To lean on Thy fraternal breast,  
Drink in Thy grace, abhor our guilt,  
And strongly will whate'er Thou wilt ;  
When most we hate our sins, to prove  
The vastness of Thy deepening love,  
And in the FATHER'S presence be  
Washed, pardoned, hallowed, saved, by Thee.

### Good Friday.

“ I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear : but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.”—Job xlii. 5, 6.

Too long unloved, O loving, patient LORD!  
 Our lips confessed Thy Name,  
 While of Thy Person many a gracious word  
 Around us went and came,  
 Winning but mental credence, cold and clear,  
 And oh ! how void of love !  
 Alas, 'twas but the hearing of the ear—  
 We could not lean by faith on things above.

Yet of Thy Consubstantial Majesty  
 Soundly we thought and well,  
 How fulness of the Godhead bodily  
 Within Thy Flesh doth dwell ;  
 Yet walked as if the whole Faith undefiled  
 Were but some outward rede,  
 As though Thou hadst not called a duteous child  
 The true confessor of Thy glorious Creed.



But now—our eyes have seen Thee, SAVIOUR GOD,  
And tenderest human Friend,  
Have tracked Thee from the Garden's bloody sod  
E'en to Thy darksome end,  
And o'er the loathsome past we muse and grieve,  
While our true selves we see,  
And, prostrate at Thy feet, can scarce believe  
That we could e'er have been so false to Thee.

LORD, we repent—help our impenitence !  
And in Thy cleansing Blood  
Wash out the stains of every dark offence,  
And show some sign for good,—  
Yea, show Thyself, look on us, LORD, and straight  
That look shall make us whole,  
Nor spurn us from Thy knees, and say, "Too late,"  
Thou gentlest Shepherd of the wandering soul !

Think on that sinful woman—from her kiss  
Thou didst not shrink away,  
Nor even turn Thy face aside from his  
That touched Thee to betray ;  
Then spare us, Holiest, by the priceless worth  
Of That which Thou hast given,  
Thou only Hope of all the ends of earth,  
And in Thy Passion's right, Thou only Gate of  
Heaven !

## Easter Day.

“The LORD is risen indeed.”—S. Luke xxiv. 34.

“GLORY be to GOD on high,”  
 Sang the Angels from the sky,  
 When the Holiest, stooping low,  
 Put on strength against our foe :  
 Ye that hymned the strife begun,  
 Loftier hymn the triumph won,  
 Death has crouched to Adam’s seed,  
 CHRIST the LORD is risen indeed !

Hail the Flower that ne’er shall fade,  
 Hail the Day the LORD hath made,  
 Bridal morn of earth and heaven,  
 Dawn of joy to CHRIST’S Eleven ;  
 Mary ! though the word came true,  
 Though the sword hath pierced thee through,  
 Now thy soul no more shall bleed,  
 Now thy Son is risen indeed !

Hell hath done its last and worst :  
 Vain the traitor’s kiss accurst,  
 Swords and staves and ruffian crew,  
 Priestly vestments rent in two,

Blows and spitting on that Face  
Whence the pure heavens look for grace,  
Tongues forsworn and doom decreed,—  
CHRIST the LORD is risen indeed.

Vain the hate that watched His woe,  
Feasting on each wound and throe,  
From the sacred Corpse drew Blood,  
Made Him sure, as best it could ;  
Hours of grief and waiting past,  
Comes our own dear LORD at last,  
Ne'er again to groan or bleed—  
CHRIST the LORD is risen indeed.

Round His feet their snares they laid,  
For His soul a pit they made,  
Wrought it deep and tracked Him well,  
Down their own dark gulf they fell !  
And their cords all strong and new,  
Lo ! like thread He bursts them through ;  
Hunters caught and quarry freed,—  
CHRIST the LORD is risen indeed.

So be all Thy foes undone,  
Shine Thy friends like morning sun,—  
Shine with light that streams from Thee  
In Thy Paschal victory !  
While they see Thee standing near,  
Darkest times are daylight clear,  
Sunlit by the Paschal creed,  
CHRIST the LORD is risen indeed !

Chants and chimes of Easter morn,  
Praise our GOD, the Virgin-born,  
Who, by dying, death o'erthrew,  
Rose, and won us life anew :  
Hail, sweet Day that stills all fears,  
Heals all wounds and dries all tears,  
Mightier yet than bitterest need—  
CHRIST the LORD is risen indeed !

## Hymns on the Holy Eucharist.

### I.

Based on the "Lauda Sion."

GIVE the SAVIOUR thanks and blessing,  
 Give the Shepherd love and praise ;  
 Sion, such a Guide possessing,  
 All thy powers of worship raise ;  
 Though our lauds He far exceedeth,  
 Though for words we strive in vain,  
 To the Life our souls who feedeth  
 Wake the full resounding strain !

Since our love can yield Him pleasure,  
 Shall our hymn be faint and cold ?  
 Hail, our true and perfect Treasure,  
 Bliss that never waxeth old !  
 Well fulfilled are type and token,  
 Shadows yield to glorious day ;  
 Words o'er Bread and Chalice spoken  
 GOD'S redeeming Lamb convey.

O good Shepherd, Bread unfailing,  
 Mercy, JESU! we implore;  
 Give us food and help availing,  
 Show Thy bounty's inmost store:  
 Here in life and death embrace us,  
 Here our Strength and Wisdom be,  
 And with Saints hereafter place us,  
 Where the Feast is spread by Thee.

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 II.

Based on the Sacramental "Pange lingua."

BREAK we forth in high thanksgiving  
 For the glorious Flesh and Blood,  
 Which the Victim everliving  
 Makes our life-impacting Food;  
 He that came of Virgin Mother,  
 Losing not His rights Divine,  
 Very GOD and Very Brother  
 Of the least of Adam's line.

Highest truths and purest graces  
 He would sow, the wide earth round,—  
 In the rough and thorny places,  
 In the fair and fruitful ground;  
 Ever while the awful Stranger  
 Through His world was seen to move,  
 Wonders tracked Him from the manger  
 To the parting Feast of Love!

Where the Paschal lamps are shining,  
 And the Legal board is spread,  
 Friends on either side reclining  
 See Him take the Wine and Bread ;  
 'Tis Himself to GOD He offers  
 In the gifts His hands display,  
 'Tis Himself to man He proffers  
 In the food His hands convey.

Word made Flesh, by word He willeth  
 Very Bread His Flesh to be ;  
 With His Blood our souls He filleth  
 From the Cup of mystery ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Faith is firm though sense may falter,  
 Loving hearts can take His word,  
 And to JESUS at His Altar  
 Bend the knee that owns the LORD.

O how meet and right to bless Thee,  
 Thou that gav'st Thine Only SON !  
 O let souls that here possess Thee  
 Give Thee thanks, Incarnate One !  
 Praise to Thee, all sweetly leading  
 CHRIST's redeemed from grace to grace,  
 Till, these veils no longer needing,  
 They behold His open Face !

<sup>1</sup> These four lines, and a few others in the translated Hymns, occur in a Hymnal recommended by the Bishop of Aberdeen. They had been contributed to a larger and unpublished Hymnal, from which the Aberdeen collection was derived.

## III.

From the Sacramental " Verbum supernum."

Lo! the Word from GOD proceedeth,  
Who with GOD must still abide ;  
Walking where His mission leadeth,  
Lo! He sees life's eventide.  
Ere His friend hath given Him over  
To the death by foes decreed,  
To His friends the Eternal Lover  
Gives Himself, their life to feed.

In the twofold earthly token  
We discern the Flesh and Blood ;  
Gifts that He hath poured and broken  
Both to flesh and soul are food ;  
From His birth our lot He shareth,  
At His board the Feast is He,  
In His death our doom He beareth,  
Reigns our great Reward to be.

Precious Victim, sinners saving,  
Who dost gates of Heaven unbar,  
Many a strife is round us raving,  
Nerve us, bear us through the war !  
Evermore let high thanksgiving,  
Three in One ! adore Thy love,  
And our bliss be everliving  
In the promised Home above.



## IV.

The first stanza from the "Ave verum Corpus."

HAIL to GOD's true Body  
 Of Virgin Mary sprung,  
 Truly for us offered,  
 On Cross of anguish hung!  
 Whose dear Side was truly  
 By spear enforced to bleed,—  
 In our latest conflict  
 Upon Thee let us feed.

Once for all, O JESU,  
 Thou wast a Victim made ;  
 Still in Heaven Thou pleadest,  
 In Flesh and Blood displayed ;<sup>1</sup>  
 But though round this Altar  
 Nought of Heaven appear,  
 Thy strong word and action  
 Doth make Thee present here.

In very life and essence  
 Thou dost Thy word fulfil,  
 Who, wheresoe'er Thou livest,  
 Art Mediator still ;

<sup>1</sup> Heb. ix. 24, 26 ; Rev. v. 6. Our Version scarcely seems to do full justice to *ἐμφανισθῆναι* and *πεφανέρωται*, which express our LORD's Pontifical *exhibition* of Himself within the heavenly sanctuary—the mystery shadowed forth in the ritual of the Day of Atonement, Lev. xvi. 14, 15.

*O qui peccata tollis,*  
 To Thee our greetings rise,—  
 All hail, “the pleading Presence,”<sup>1</sup>  
 All hail, the Sacrifice!

The Bread becomes Thy Body,  
 The Wine becomes Thy Blood,  
 And both, O Love Incarnate,  
 Are our life-giving Food ;  
 What Thou to GOD presentest  
 To sinners Thou dost give,  
 So, bending to adore Thee,  
 We eat, and drink, and live.

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V.

YEA, Thou wast once a Victim slain,  
 Thy Manhood in the atoning pain  
 Was offered once, and ne'er again.

But, LORD, in their immortal worth,  
 Thy Flesh and Blood are still spread forth  
 Before GOD'S throne, in heaven and earth.

For, present wheresoe'er they be,  
 By nature's rule, or mystery,  
 We have Thy Sacrifice and Thee.

<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Brechin's Charge, with Appendix, p. 76.

And present truly and indeed,  
In Sacrament our souls to feed,  
That Flesh and Blood are strong to plead.

For in them never fails nor dies  
The might of Thy dread Sacrifice  
That stands before the FATHER'S eyes.

And thus on lowliest Altar floor,  
E'en as within the eternal door,  
They show Thy Passion evermore.

O Thou, Whose love can thus combine  
The earthly with the heavenly shrine,  
Let this pure Offering keep us Thine.

### Hymn for a Baptismal Birthday.

“ Revive Thy work in the midst of years.”—Hab. ii. 2.

O LORD of Sacramental grace,  
 Once more mine eyes behold the day,  
 When in Thy Priest's benign embrace,  
 Unconscious of my bliss, I lay ;  
 When through the waters Thou hadst blest  
 Came down Thy love's election free,  
 My soul, uplifted on Thy breast,  
 Was born again for heaven and Thee.

'Twas Thine, the voice of welcome sweet,  
 'Twas Thine, the hand that crossed my brow ;  
 Behold me, kneeling at Thy feet,  
 Thy darling once, Thy suppliant now !  
 No froward choice of hateful things  
 Could *then* Thy SPIRIT'S entrance bar ;  
 But soon I left the living springs,  
 And roved in fountless wilds afar.

Woe's me! the virgin robes defiled,  
The tarnished wreath and withered palm  
Can I, Thine own regenerate child,  
My birthday greet with gladness calm?  
Yet still o'er Eden's bound are cast  
The scents of Thy Baptismal stream;  
My hope is still the bounteous past—  
Thou wilt restore,—Thou didst redeem.

Then by Thy sacred human Heart,  
That yearns and longs to save me still,  
Revive the grace Thou didst impart,  
And rouse the strong regenerate will;  
Till all my soul be filled with life,  
To press where'er Thy banners shine,  
And rest with Thee from deadly strife,  
Baptized in deeps of love divine.

### Ebening Hymn.

“Visit, we beseech Thee, O LORD, this habitation, and drive far from it all the snares of the enemy. Let Thy holy Angels dwell in it to guard us in peace, and let Thy blessing be ever upon us, through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.”—*Roman Compline.*

THOU That hast the worlds created,  
 Hear us ere the light be gone ;  
 Never yet we vainly waited  
 For Thy love to bear us on.  
 Nightly perils lie before us ;  
 Snares are laid to work our woe :  
 Let Thine Angels watching o'er us  
 To his darkness drive the foe.

Princes round Thy throne attending,  
 Michael, nearest to Thy face,  
 Deeds of love with worship blending,<sup>1</sup>  
 Guard the children of Thy grace.  
 May we from their service duteous  
 Pattern take in work and prayer,  
 Till, as Angels strong and beauteous,  
 Their adoring joy we share.

<sup>1</sup> S. Matt, xviii. 10. Collect for S. Michael and All Angels.

Veni Creator.

CREATOR SPIRIT, come and rest  
 Within the souls by Thee possessed ;  
 Be all Thy heavenly grace displayed  
 To fill the bosoms Thou hast made.

For Thou art called the Paraclete,  
 And given from GOD's supernal seat ;  
 The FOUNT whence living waters roll,  
 Fire, Love, and Unction of the soul.

With all Thy bounties' sevenfold band,  
 Come, Finger of our GOD's right hand ;  
 The FATHER'S word fulfilled we see  
 When tongues are rich in power from Thee.

Give light, on all our thoughts to gleam ;  
 Give love, through all our hearts to stream ;  
 The weakness of our flesh sustain  
 With might that cannot shrink or wane.

Turn back our foe to shame and flight,  
With peace ensured our souls delight ;  
If Thou but guide where we must go,  
Thy followers nought of harm shall know.

To us reveal the Three in One ;  
Grant us, the FATHER and the SON,  
And Thee Who dost from Both proceed  
Through life to own in heart and creed.

Give to the FATHER praises meet,  
To SON, and Holy Paraclete ;  
And pray we all to CHRIST above,  
Send down the SPIRIT in Thy love !



*Dies Ira.*

AH! that day of wrath and woe,  
When the fire that seers foreknow  
All the world shall overflow!

Ah! the shrinking, quivering fear,  
When the Judge is drawing near  
To the reckoning stern and clear!

At the unearthly trump's command,  
Heard in graves of every land,  
All before the Throne must stand.

Death and nature stricken lie,  
While His question from on high  
Waits a quickened world's reply.

Lo! the book before Him laid,  
Wherein all things are displayed  
Whence the Judgment must be made.

Wherefore at that Session dread  
Secret things are open spread,  
Vengeance spares no guilty head.

Woe! what plea shall I procure?  
Woe! what patron then ensure,  
When the just is scarce secure?

King of awful majesty,  
To Thine own a SAVIOUR free,  
Fount of kindness, save Thou me.

Bear in mind, O JESU dear,  
How I caused Thy sojourn here,  
Lose me not when doom is near.

Me Thy wearied limbs have sought,  
Me Thy Cross and Passion bought,  
Shall such pains be all for nought?

Judge, to vengeance justly stirred,  
Be the absolving grace conferred  
Ere the day my cause is heard.

Sore I groan, a culprit base;  
Sense of sin is shame of face;  
Spare me, GOD! I kneel for grace.

Thou wast Mary's pardoning Friend,  
Heard'st the robber in his end,  
And to me dost hope extend.

Worthless though these prayers of mine,  
Hear me yet, O Friend benign,  
Lest in quenchless flames I pine.

'Mid Thy sheep appoint my home,  
Never near the goats to come,  
At Thy right hand find me room.

When the accursed stand confessed,  
Whom the fiery pains arrest,  
Call me with Thine own, the blest.

At Thy feet my heart I lay,  
Crushed to dust—and humbly pray,  
Bear me through my dying day.

O! that day of weeping eyes,  
When from ashes shall arise  
Guilty man his Judge to face,—  
Spare him then, O GOD of grace!

JESU, Master, in Thy love  
Grant them endless rest above.

### The Heavenly City.

O PRINCELY tower of Sion,  
Beyond life's angry sea,  
With greetings fond and fervent  
My soul aspires to thee ;  
Yet claims thee ne'er from Justice,  
For Justice bids me die,  
And well I know, in merit  
A child of wrath am I.

O dreary life and woeful,  
O life decayed and dead,  
By sins that bring forth ruin  
All crushed and overspread !  
Yet still in hope unfailing  
Mine endless weal I trust  
To that Divine Rewarder,  
Who raised me out of dust.

For He, mine own good FATHER,  
My foulness did endure,  
And raised me up from foulness,  
And washed the foulness pure ;  
His grace alone sufficeth  
To cleanse a world defiled,  
And be for all heart-sickness  
A fragrant unction mild.

O! gushing fount of David,  
All-purifying Grace,  
For every soul up-springing,  
All evils to efface ;  
Vouchsafe me, Grace benignant,  
The palace-heights to gain,  
And share the feast and triumph  
Of Heaven's rejoicing train.

O more than golden radiance,  
O trees of endless spring !  
The lights throughout the City,  
The liegemen round the King !  
Shall I then, dearest Country,  
Thy joys and thee behold !  
For me in bright perfection  
Shall thy rewards unfold ?

A hope indeed I cherish—  
The substance shall I win ?  
O could some heavenly voices  
Say, "Thou shalt enter in ?"

Ah! holy love all-blessed,  
Whose portion GOD shall be!  
Ah, woe! the guilt and anguish,  
My LORD, of losing Thee.<sup>1</sup>

O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,  
Thou GOD of Sion's praise, •  
The Sun of Thine own City,  
The Light of heavenly days,  
Vouchsafe our hearts and voices  
To join the choirs above,  
In ceaseless Alleluias  
To Thine eternal love.

<sup>1</sup> These six stanzas are from the Latin of Bernard of Clugny. Another and larger portion of Bernard's Poem is well known to many readers through Mr. Neale's exquisite translation, beginning, "Brief life is here our portion." I have adopted Mr. Neale's metre; the original is given by Dean Trench in his *Sacred Latin Poetry*.

### The Commendation of the Dying.

Based on a form in Bishop Cosin's Devotions, and on the "Proficiscere anima Christiana," &c. of the Roman Ritual.

INTO Thy hands, O LORD,  
 This precious soul we give,  
 A jewel—'mid Thy glistening hoard  
 Of quickened stones to live ;  
 Now let Thy mild fraternal eyes  
 Our darling deign to recognise,  
 A work of Thy creative mould,  
 A sheep of Thine Apostles' fold,  
 A sinner, from the fiery flood  
 Redeemed by Thine own Flesh and Blood.

Receive, with arms outspread,  
 A prize that cost Thee dear !  
 'Tis Easter round this dying bed,  
 When our true Life draws near !  
 The thought of Thy forsaken tomb  
 With brightness cheers this awful gloom,  
 The stifling, sickening airs of death  
 Are freshened by Thine odorous breath,  
 And Hades' gates are glorified  
 At sight of Him that lives, and died.

Out of this world of tears,  
O Christian soul, depart ;  
Farewell to pain, and grief, and fears,  
And wants that rend the heart !  
Go thou where these can come no more,  
Within the Cherub-guarded door,  
Nor dread to change a world like this  
For quiet deepening into bliss,  
For Eden's dwellings calm and fair,—  
Pass forth and take thy portion there.

Out of this world of sin,  
O Christian soul, depart !  
The stainless call thee,—pass thou in,  
Full-pardoned as thou art !  
O crown of joys ! no more to stray,  
No more to take thy own wild way,  
No more thy dearest Friend to leave,  
No more His loving SPIRIT grieve,—  
What promise sweet or boon secure  
Can match those words, “ I make thee pure ?”

Now let the LORD arise,  
And put thy foes to flight !  
Let all the immortal panoplies  
Array thee in their might !  
Fenced round about by holiest things,  
From Satan screened by Angel-wings,  
To GOD Who made thee, GOD Who bought,  
And GOD Whose grace thy cleansing wrought,  
That Hell no part in thee should claim—  
Go forth, sweet soul, in JESU'S Name !



### Jesus the Christ.<sup>1</sup>

BEHOLD our CHRIST ! He came at season due ;  
 Ere GOD in wrath His latter house o'erthrew,  
 Or sceptred state from Israel withdrew.  
 Three Kingly tokens in His birth combine ;  
 His the true birthplace, His the monarchs' line,  
 And His the Mother-Maid, the LORD'S own proffered  
 sign.

Now scan His life ;—no prophet was His peer,  
 For potent voice, for teaching full and clear ;  
 The powers to Moses lent are weak and dim,  
 Matched with the virtue that went forth from Him ;  
 And ah ! what woe like His ? through life despised,  
 And with predicted death-pangs agonized ;  
 Then, still the CHRIST, He rose—His work well done ;  
 Thus, all things meet for David's LORD and Son  
 He taught, He did, He suffered, and He won !

But mark the issue : was it not foreshown,  
 That all earth's tribes should seek Messiah's Throne ?

<sup>1</sup> This and the next set of verses are attempts to express in metre the substance of some portions of PEARSON ON THE CREED.

Of CHRIST foretold, in JESUS verified !  
 They came, they knelt with Hebrews side by side,  
 Till 'mid the crowd their Cæsars craved for room,  
 And spurned the silent gods of Heathendom.

O work of GOD ! the Faith their hearts received  
 Denounced the tales their fathers had believed,  
 Tried them with precepts stern to flesh and blood,  
 And promised nought but strange unearthly good ;  
 Yea, warned them oft of dangers, losses, pain,  
 Foretold the martyr's death, and bade them call it gain.  
 O work of GOD ! its mighty life began  
 With one despised, rejected, murdered Man ;  
 To worldly eyes a criminal confessed,  
 To Jews a scandal, and to Greeks a jest ;  
 O work of GOD ! it grew by those He sent,  
 To teach the wise, and bid the proud repent,  
 Mean, poor, and rude in speech, and void of skill,  
 Or force to fright, or wit to lure the will ;  
 Strong but in simple truth ; by these it grew,—  
 We own, 'tis GOD's, and JESUS CHRIST is true.

Far in the past prelusive Christs appear,  
 The Prince,—the Pontiff,—once, at least, the Seer ;<sup>1</sup>  
 On divers heads three several unctions poured,  
 So long as only Israel knew the LORD ;  
 Who willed, when Gentiles should receive His call,  
 To crown with grace a single CHRIST for all.

CHRIST was to bring salvation :—who were they  
 That waited for the gift ? Souls cast away

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings xix. 16.

In the dark misery of a threefold need,  
 From guilt, and sin, and death, sore longing to be freed.  
 Could souls from guiltiness be e'er released,  
 Without a perfect sacrifice and Priest?  
 Who could a sinful habit's chain unbind,  
 Except a Prophet opening all GOD's mind?  
 Who to the doomed could life eternal bring,  
 Save One, of death and life alike the King?  
 Thus Prophet, King, and Priest, the CHRIST should be,  
 Triply anointed; was not JESUS He?

Behold Him for the Prophet's work prepared,  
 His mission by the Dove and Voice declared,  
 Vouched by the Seer that should the LORD forerun,  
 And by the works that proved Him GOD's own SON.  
 In that great function perfectly He wrought;  
 Himself the Word, His FATHER's words He taught;  
 By life, by signs, by death, confirmed His lore,  
 And fixed it in His Church for evermore.

Behold Him Priest, though not of Aaron's line;  
 A Priest, as Eldest-born, by right Divine,  
 His type the priest that brought forth bread and wine.  
 And thus, in grace pontifical arrayed,  
 Himself the Victim for our sins He made;  
 Then passing in behind the veils of Heaven,  
 Pleads evermore what once for sin was given;  
 Pleads with prevailing hands, that still convey  
 The blessing of a Priest that lives for aye.

Behold Him King, the promised Prince of Peace;  
 'Twas Gabriel's word, His reign should never cease;

He owned it as His Passion-hours drew nigh,  
 Then rose, and took His state enthroned on high.—  
 A King to rule, He gave a royal law,  
 And sends us grace to hold its words in awe ;  
 A King to shield us with a guardian's power  
 Against our tempters, and when troubles lower ;  
 A King to crown the liegemen of His love  
 With His rewarding royalties above.  
 But those that say, as once His people said,  
 " We will not have this Man to be our Head,"  
 Shall own Him King, Whose presence blasts the proud,  
 When Satan, sin, and death, beneath His feet are bowed.

But what was JESU'S Chrism ? In elder days,  
 His types were blest with oil of joy and praise ;  
 For ages that sweet chrism had now been lost,—  
 On Him was poured in full the HOLY GHOST,  
 Poured when from Mary first He took our flesh,  
 And at His Baptism infused afresh.  
 (So David's brows, from Samuel's horn bedewed,  
 At Hebron felt the mystic drops renewed.)  
 All mysteries of unction here combine,  
 The hallowing influx and the choice divine,  
 Pure glory's height, a life that ne'er grows old,  
 The fragrant wealth of graces manifold,  
 And,—such the SPIRIT'S stream of bounty shed,—  
 The body sprinkled from the princely Head.

In JESUS CHRIST I thus confess my creed ;  
 No JESUS He, unless a CHRIST indeed !  
 Our JESUS must be mighty to atone,  
 Must hold the Teacher's place, the Monarch's throne.

But dare we lift His banner up on high,  
While thus our practice gives our creed the lie?  
We bid the Jew repent ; he scorns us, " No !  
'Neath light and love could hate and darkness grow ?  
The devil's works that haunt your Christendom,  
Tell heaven and earth, The CHRIST is yet to come."

JESUS is CHRIST ; the Prophet let us hear,  
With faith's obedience docile and sincere :  
On the great Pontiff be our hearts reclined,  
With calm assurance and with wills resigned ;  
And the high King claims more than bended knee,—  
Homage that lives in service full and free.  
JESUS is CHRIST, and we are Christian men ;  
O let our title be a truth again,  
Its calls obeyed, its glories never dim,  
Through that Anointing that flows down from Him.

Christ the Lord.

CHRIST hath dominion ; first, as GOD most high,—  
 O'er all His works inherent sovereignty ;  
 Next, as the Man on Whom GOD'S unction flowed,  
 And delegated Lordship was bestowed,  
 A right to judge and pardon, bless or ban,  
 And change the law : thus He is LORD, as Man.

Part of this Lordship He received at birth ;  
 The rest enrobed Him when He rose from earth,  
 When, after stooping to the torrent bed,  
 High He uplifted His imperial head ;  
 When, throned at GOD'S right hand, to Him was given  
 The plenitude of power in earth and heaven.  
 Yet of this power one part shall pass away,  
 Its work fulfilled when nought resists His sway,  
 When His career of conquest is complete,  
 And rebels all are prostrate at His feet ;  
 But e'en His Saints have crowns that cannot fade,  
 And His to Daniel's vision was displayed ;  
 His Manhood's right, or by His Passion won,  
 That endless Lordship cleaves to David's Son.

This CHRIST, as GOD and Man the LORD of all,  
By special right our own good LORD we call,  
We, His redeemed ; by His victorious strife  
Snatched from His foes, and purchased with His life ;  
Safe in that household which His bounties feed,  
And His by our Baptismal act and deed.

Since CHRIST in very truth our LORD is known,  
Bend, selfish wills ! for we are not our own.  
“Your LORD commands you !” strongly this constrains,  
But sweetly this—“Your Brother lives and reigns !”  
The high and low, beneath His common sway,  
Learn in the LORD to govern and obey ;  
And oh ! when evil gathers up its powers,  
What bliss to know,—the LORD of might is ours !  
On that same royal JESUS let us call,  
Who fed the crowds, and bade the billows fall,  
And on the throne of Heaven is rich in love to all.

### The Hypostatic Union.

“One and the same CHRIST. . . . in Two Natures, without confusion, change, division, separation.”—*Council of Chalcedon.*

O WORD Incarnate, Very GOD made Man !  
 Abyss of love,<sup>1</sup> that only Faith can scan !  
 Alas, that faithless souls should ever dream  
 That no such bounty would their GOD beseem,—<sup>2</sup>  
 That He but chose a Man for His ally,  
 Linked to Himself in bonds of amity,  
 A separate JESUS, by the Word possessed,  
 Inhabited as temple, worn as vest,  
 A human Person, GOD's high instrument,  
 To whom, by grace, were heavenly titles lent.  
 Alas for Christian hopes, if this were true !  
 'Tis no salvation to have Saviours two ;  
 Except our Brother and our GOD be One,  
 The reconciling work is left undone.  
 What other hands could marry heaven to earth ?  
 What flesh could claim a world-redeeming worth ?

<sup>1</sup> “The more we meditate upon it” (the Personal Union) “the more we come to comprehend the *abyss of love* in the heart of GOD.”—*Bishop Forbes on the Nicene Creed*, p. 175.

<sup>2</sup> Nestorius.



What blood for all men's guiltiness atone?  
 That Flesh and Blood which GOD hath made His own.  
 Thus was GOD'S Body for our ransom given,  
 Our Second Man is thus the LORD from heaven;<sup>1</sup>  
 No other Person came to mend our state  
 Than GOD the Word, begotten, uncreate;—  
 Not such as fabled at an Arian shrine,  
 More than angelic, only not Divine;  
 No elder Michael with a loftier crown,—  
 But He that ne'er was not, for us came down.

For us He suffered; but in Godhead? No—  
 The Eternal Essence ne'er was touched by woe;  
 'Twas o'er His human Flesh and human Soul  
 That all those waves and storms had leave to roll,—  
 For nought He lacked, that made up Manhood's whole.—  
 Folly—to think<sup>2</sup> the SAVIOUR of mankind  
 Would not assume nor save the reas'ning mind,  
 Then deem Him further yet from man estranged,  
 With flesh from Godhead into matter changed.  
 And blind were they, by errors wildly tossed,  
 Who deemed the Manhood in the Godhead lost,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or natures twain compounded into one,<sup>4</sup>  
 Nor owned them both, all-perfect in the SON:  
 Both perfect—each could work, and each could will,  
 But this commanding, that obedient still.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 47.

<sup>2</sup> Apollinaris.

<sup>3</sup> Eutyches.

<sup>4</sup> Dioscorus and the Jacobites.

<sup>5</sup> The struggle of the Church with the Monothelites, says Dean Trench, (*Huls. Lectures*, p. 214,) was a struggle "for life and death." She asserted against them "two natural wills and operations" in CHRIST.

Nor feign we such a blending of the pair,  
 That each the other's attributes might share,  
 That very Godhead could be born and die,  
 And very Manhood span the earth and sky.  
 GOD keep us from such dreams! We hold but this—  
 A single Person calls both Natures His.

Say we that GOD, unchanged and undefiled,  
 In very truth was Blessed Mary's Child,<sup>1</sup>  
 The Word of Life could seen and handled be,  
 The LORD of glory nailed to Calv'ry's tree,  
 Where Holy Church by GOD's own Blood was bought,—  
 In His created nature this was wrought.  
 Or say we—To the Son of Man was given  
 At once to walk the earth and be in Heaven,—<sup>2</sup>  
 The CHRIST we worship, while on earth He trod  
 Man's lowly path, was infinite as GOD.  
 Thus, by the heavenly Hierarchies adored,  
 He sits a gentle guest at Levi's board;<sup>3</sup>  
 And holds each starry system in its place,  
 While babes look up soft-smiling in His face.

Thus divers actions, human and Divine,  
 In the One Person of our CHRIST combine;

<sup>1</sup> If OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST is GOD, how can our LORD'S Mother, the Holy Virgin, be *not* Mother of GOD?"—*S. Cyril, Ep. to the Monks.*

<sup>2</sup> S. Matt. i. 23; 1 S. John i. 1; 1 Cor. ii. 8; Acts xx. 28; S. John iii. 13. See S. Leo's Tome, c. 5.

<sup>3</sup> "The selfsame was adored by Angels, and sate down with publicans."—*Sermon of S. Proclus on the Theotocos.*

His Manhood gives the Flesh whereon we feed,  
 But quickening Godhead makes it meat indeed.<sup>1</sup>  
 And though the Manhood from the Union drew  
 Transcendent gifts, it still was Manhood true ;  
 True, as its work was real—only thus  
 Could He be Priest and Sacrifice for us,  
 Or we, for sympathy athirst, could own  
 A Man above upon the sapphire throne,  
 Or see, arrayed in equity complete,  
 The Son of Man on GOD's high judgment-seat.<sup>2</sup>

So, fixed and changeless as Redemption's plan,  
 Abides the miracle of GOD made Man :  
 Though Death's brief reign could Soul and Flesh dis sever,  
 Godhead from Soul or Flesh was sundered never ;  
 GOD in the odorous gravesheet was enclosed,  
 GOD with the thief in Paradise reposed.  
 So where His Manhood's present, there is He ;  
 Worship His Flesh—to Him ye bend the knee.

Thus in our land was Glory fain to dwell,  
 And bear the blissful Name, Immanuel !  
 Whate'er seducing spirits may invent  
 Of mingled Essences or Person rent,  
 This, only this, is Truth for evermore—  
 Let Heresy stand back, and joyful Faith adore.

<sup>1</sup> S. John vi. 63, according to the interpretation of S. Cyril of Alexandria, approved by General Councils, as it occurs in his 3rd Ep. to Nestorius. No *mere* man's flesh could profit us, but His only Who, as GOD, is Life.

<sup>2</sup> Ezek. i. 26 ; S. John v. 27.

### The Teaching of the Mountains.

THANKS for this world of beauty. Could there be,  
 Who viewed it with a Gnostic's hate and fear,  
 And some dark presence in its charms would see,  
 Could e'en *his* eyes be stern and joyless here,  
 Where the bright summer sheds its morning smile  
 On Derwent's lake and holy Herbert's isle ?

The perfect calm—the scents of early day—  
 The mountain slope rejoicing in the dews—  
 The purple valleys lengthening far away,—  
 Must needs unseal his heart ; he could not choose  
 But own a loveliness from Heaven outpoured,  
 And call on Earth to magnify the LORD.

O Fount of Beauty ! Thou wouldst have us feel,  
 What Thou hast felt, the grace of Thine own flowers ;  
 And wilt Thou not Thy gloriousness reveal,  
 O Fount of Strength, on earth's majestic towers,  
 Till every far-seen height and shadowy fell  
 Of Sinai's GOD<sup>1</sup> and Sion's King shall tell ?

<sup>1</sup> This was written long before I read in Miss Yonge's *Dynevor Terrace*, ch. xxxi., " She felt, what she had often heard said, that

Scorned *he* the lessons of a Northern peak,  
 That man of GOD, that soul of noblest mould,  
 To whom fair Rydal's girdling hills could speak  
 Of hills that Salem watchfully enfold,<sup>1</sup>  
 And everlasting Arms, embracing close  
 Their souls who sing, "Levavi oculos?"

Look to the hills! on Carmel's woodland side  
 A vision wild, of fierce and stormy light;—  
 Of wrathful eyes on fire with scorn and pride,  
 And one old man to battle for the right;  
 And "Baal, Baal, hear us!" fills the air,  
 From furious voices agonized in prayer.<sup>2</sup>

No voice to answer! Let the mountains teach,  
 The idol-votary's hope is worse than vain;  
 But one strong prayer the gates of Heaven can reach,  
 And He shall turn our strayed hearts back again;  
 Though drenched and chill the world-worn offering lies,  
 His burning breath shall light the sacrifice:—

to all mountain tops is given somewhat of the glory that dwelt on Sinai."

<sup>1</sup> Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, ii. 48. "I often used to think of the solemn comparison in the Psalm, 'The hills stand about Jerusalem: even so standeth the LORD round about His people.' The girdling in of the mountains round the valley of our home is as apt an image as any earthly thing can be of the encircling of the everlasting Arms, keeping off evil, and showering all good."—*Letter of Dr. Arnold to Mr. Justice Coleridge*. Again, in vol. i., p. 337, he quotes the same comparison.

<sup>2</sup> See *Proper Lessons for the Ninth Sunday after Trinity*, 1 Kings xviii., xix.

He answereth by the flame! our GOD is He!  
So shall we own Him, so restored shall live;  
A little cloud from His Baptismal sea  
All vernal freshness to our souls shall give,  
So shall we 'scape the whirlwind of His ire,  
And learn,—for us He comes not in the fire.

He sends us days of quiet earthly bliss,  
When hushed is all that could our peace annoy;  
Then shall we spend so rich a time as this  
In languid ease or dreamy listless joy,  
Nor in the stillness hear with wakeful mind  
A Voice of solemn sweetness close behind?

Forbid the thought, our own sweet mountain dell!  
Thy stillness fathers ripeness:—Be it so,  
That we may learn thy gentle doctrine well,  
And stronger, happier, seek the world below;  
And on through life no fruitless memory bear,  
That we have trod thy paths, and found thee passing  
fair.

### The Valley of the Cross.

WHEN Nature bends her to the touch of Grace,  
 She gains fresh beauty ; so they deemed of old,  
 Who fain would hallow every loveliest place  
 By solemn names that might a Heaven unfold,  
 Like that sweet vale, that Eden of repose,  
 Called *Vallis Crucis* when its Church arose.

The vision of a shrine of sacred peace  
 Entranced their minds, who reared the fair Abbaye ;  
 Where souls from worldly thrall might find release,  
 Following where Bernard's rule had marked the way,  
 And counting all life's rosy gleams but loss  
 For those calm shadows falling from the Cross.

I passed their threshold on an August morn ;  
 Alas ! the ruined pride of pillars tall,  
 Of arches that a towering vault had borne,  
 Of clustered pier and wreathed capital,  
 Yet pendant there, the sculptured fleurs-de-lis  
 Called up a throng of hopeful memories.

For on that selfsame day, long ages past,<sup>1</sup>  
 Was freed from sin's approach, and earth's control,  
 A man whose lot with proudest kings was cast,  
 A man of royal heart and virgin soul,  
 Who wore the Cross his liliated robes within,  
 And worse than leprous death abhorred one deadly sin.<sup>2</sup>

Yet homeless died Saint Louis ; so men say,  
 Forgetting, glorious Chrysostom ! thy words,  
 When doomed to lifelong exile far away,  
 "The earth and all her fulness is the LORD'S :"<sup>3</sup>  
 What man apart from home or freedom died,  
 Who clasped the knees of JESUS crucified ?

There all the Saints are one : beneath His feet  
 His chosen jewels form a lustrous ring,  
 There high and low, there priest and layman meet,  
 There Cambrian monks, and France's noblest king ;  
 Nor idly shall we link their names in song,  
 Who now join hands in that exulting throng.

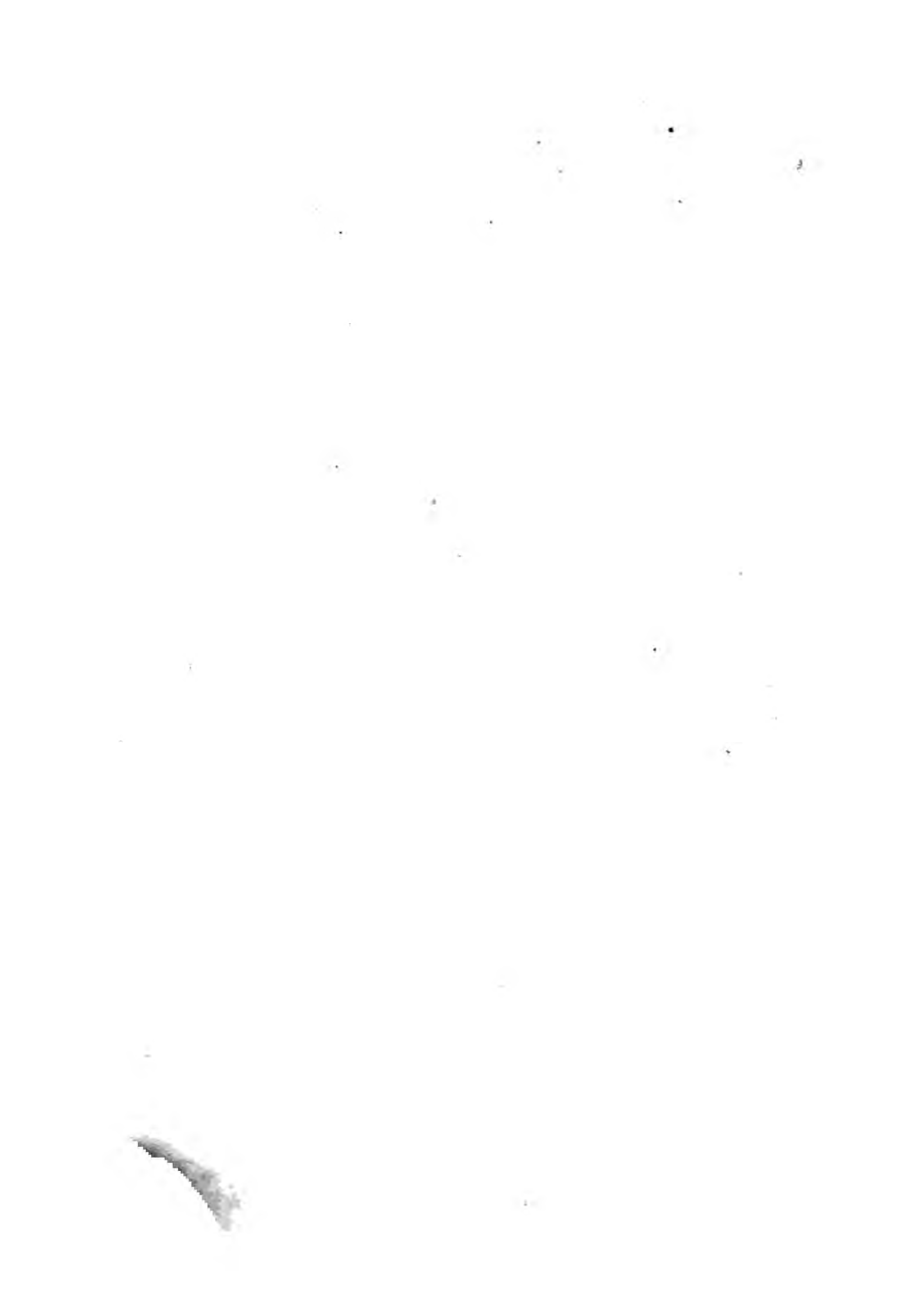
Homes fairer than Vale Crucis they have found,  
 And he a brighter than his Sainte Chapelle,  
 With her whose name shed o'er their holy ground  
 Sweet thoughts to blossom in each lonely cell,

<sup>1</sup> S. Louis died on the 25th of August, 1270. See Joinville's Memoir.

<sup>2</sup> "I entreat you," he said to Joinville, "that you would much rather prefer having your body covered with the most filthy leprosy than suffer your soul to commit a single deadly sin, which is of all things the most infamous."

<sup>3</sup> S. Chrys. Op. iii. 415. Fleury, ed. Newman, ii. 44.







Whom loving reverence names the Lily-flower,  
Whose Virgin bosom did the Word embower.

Oh, Mary Mother! we invoke thee not,  
Nor ask thy guidance to the eternal shore ;  
But ne'er be thou by Christian men forgot,  
As Parent blest, as faithful Handmaid more ;<sup>1</sup>  
For thee, the brightest in the crownèd ranks,  
We give Thy Son "high praise and hearty thanks."

Whene'er His Incarnation makes us bow,  
Whene'er we see Him on the empurpled Rood,  
Serene or woeful, near thy Son art thou,  
Thy Son Who fills all hungry souls with good,  
Whose mercy rests where dwells His holy fear,—  
Then plead we for ourselves, nor less for brethren dear.

O LORD, our LORD! O Medicine of our grief!  
Who spread'st Thine arms to bless us from the Tree,  
Grant us, like her, to find for our relief  
Salvation's wells in vale of misery,  
In strength and pureness face our gain or loss,  
And make this sinful world a Valley of the Cross.

<sup>1</sup> Comp. S. Luke i. 28, 45 ; ii. 19, 51 ; xi. 28. "Beatior Maria percipiendo fidem Christi, quam concipiendo carnem Christi." S. Aug. de sanct. Virginit. c. 3.



