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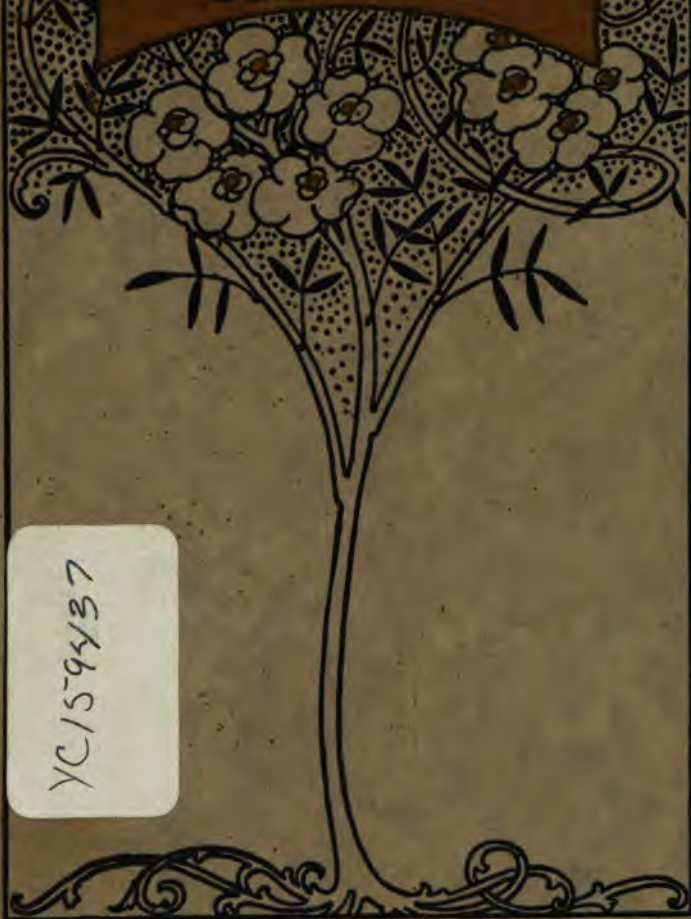
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# Sermon in the Hospital



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# UGO BASSI'S SERMON IN THE HOSPITAL

BY  
HARRIET ELEANOR  
HAMILTON KING



NEW YORK  
JAMES POTT & COMPANY

1915

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## PREFACE.

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UGO BASSI.

"FRA UGO BASSI, Servant of our Lord,  
One of the Order of Saint Barnabas,  
The Sons of Consolation,—late of Rome:  
Born in Bologna, and brought back of God  
There for His sake to die when all was done."

*The Disciples.*

"The Sermon in the Hospital" is written by an enthusiastic admirer of Ugo Bassi. This marvelous sermon was heard by her as preached in his regular course of duty, and is here put into verse.

This Ugo Bassi, the son of a Bolognese father and a mother of Greek extraction, was born in the first year of this present century. He showed great precocity in his youth. In October, 1818, he began his novitiate in the Order of St. Barnabas, taking then the name Ugo, in place of his baptismal name Giovanni, immediately after he removed to Rome. In 1833 he entered upon his public ministry. And while his sermons were marked with no very great originality of treatment or finish of style, the effect of them was immense. People who heard him threw down their garments for him to walk over. He went to Sicily, where he was enthusiastically welcomed. After his departure the cholera broke out at Palermo, and he decided immediately to return. He was welcomed back by the people with extravagant demonstrations of delight. He walked straight to the cholera hospital and there remained while the scourge lasted.



In 1848, while preaching a course of Lent Sermons at Ancona, Gavazzi passed through the town accompanied by a party of *crociati*. Bassi joined the volunteers and preached the new crusade with such marvelous effect that the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* of the next day spoke of it as "beyond all possibility of believing." On the 12th of May, at Treviso, Bassi received three wounds in a desperate sortie outside the gates of S. Tommaso; but he refused to have his wounds dressed until he had given the last consolations of the Church to Gen. Guidotte, who was carried dying out of the action. So soon as a tedious convalescence would permit he went among the soldiers at Chioggia and Fort Malghera, encouraging the well and comforting the sick and wounded, whether friends or enemies. When Pope Pius lost all nerve and fled, on February 9, 1849, the Constituent Assembly proclaimed a Republic. Bassi hastened to Rome, and in March joined Garibaldi at Rieti, and remained among his followers and admirers until his death. So high was his regard for him that he wrote to his mother, "This is the hero my soul has ever sought for." He preached to the legion repeatedly in church, and in the open air; and on one occasion with such effect that the officers and people bore him in triumph on their shoulders. Bassi was made a prisoner by the Austrians, after Garibaldi's army was disbanded, and on August 8th, 1849, a few days after, he was shot. He was buried within a few paces of the spot on which he fell at his death. An interesting account of his life and labors can be found in the *British Quarterly Review* of January, 1881, written by Evelyn Carrington.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13th, A.D. 1885.

# UGO BASSI'S

## SERMON IN THE HOSPITAL.

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Now I heard

Fra Ugo Bassi preach. For though in Rome  
He held no public ministry this year,  
On Sundays in the hospital he took  
His turn in preaching, at the service held  
Where five long chambers, lined with suffering folk,  
Converged, and in the midst an altar stood,  
By which on feast-days stood the priest, and spoke.  
And I remember how, one day in March,  
When all the air was thrilling with the spring,  
And even the sick people in their beds  
Felt, though they could not see it, he stood there  
Looking down all the lines of weary life,  
Still for a little under the sweet voice,  
And spoke this sermon to them, tenderly,  
As it was written down by one who heard :

“ I am the True Vine,” said our Lord, “ and Ye,  
My Brethren, are the Branches ;” and that Vine

Then first uplifted in its place, and hung  
With its first purple grapes, since then has grown,  
Until its green leaves gladden half the world,  
And from its countless clusters rivers flow  
For healing of the nations, and its boughs  
Innumerable stretch through all the earth,  
Ever increasing, ever each entwined  
With each, all living from the Central Heart.  
And you and I, my brethren, live and grow,  
Branches of that immortal human Stem.

Let us consider now this life of the Vine,  
Whereof we are partakers: we shall see  
Its way is not of pleasure nor of ease.  
It groweth not like the wild trailing weeds  
Whither it willeth, flowering here and there;  
Or lifting up proud blossoms to the sun,  
Kissed by the butterflies, and glad for life,  
And glorious in their beautiful array;  
Or running into lovely labyrinths  
Of many forms and many fantasies,  
Rejoicing in its own luxuriant life.

The flower of the Vine is but a little thing,  
The least part of its life;—you scarce could tell  
It ever had a flower; the fruit begins  
Almost before the flower has had its day.

And as it grows, it is not free to heaven,  
But tied to a stake ; and if its arms stretch out,  
It is but crosswise, also forced and bound ;  
And so it draws out of the hard hill-side,  
Fixed in its own place, its own food of life ;  
And quickens with it, breaking forth in bud,  
Joyous and green, and exquisite of form,  
Wreathed lightly into tendril, leaf, and bloom.  
Yea, the grace of the green vine makes all the land  
Lovely in spring-time ; and it still grows on  
Faster, in lavishness of its own life ;  
Till the fair shoots begin to wind and wave  
In the blue air, and feel how sweet it is.  
But so they leave it not ; the husbandman  
Comes early, with the pruning-hooks and shears,  
And strips it bare of all its innocent pride,  
And wandering garlands, and cuts deep and sure,  
Unsparing for its tenderness and joy.  
And in its loss and pain it wasteth not ;  
But yields itself with unabated life,  
More perfect under the despoiling hand.  
The bleeding limbs are hardened into wood ;  
The thinned-out bunches ripen into fruit  
More full and precious, to the purple prime.

And still, the more it grows, the straitlier bound  
Are all its branches ; and as rounds the fruit,

**And the heart's crimson comes to show in it,  
And it advances to its hour,—its leaves  
Begin to droop and wither in the sun ;  
But still the life-blood flows, and does not fail,  
All into fruitfulness, all into form.**

**Then comes the vintage, for the days are ripe.  
And surely now in its perfected bloom,  
It may rejoice a little in its crown,  
Though it bend low beneath the weight of it,  
Wrought out of the long striving of its heart.  
But ah ! the hands are ready to tear down  
The treasures of the grapes ; the feet are there  
To tread them in the wine-press, gathered in ;  
Until the blood-red rivers of the wine  
Run over, and the land is full of joy.  
But the vine standeth stripped and desolate,  
Having given all ; and now its own dark time  
Is come, and no man payeth back to it  
The comfort and the glory of its gift ;  
But rather, now most merciless, all pain  
And loss are piled together, as its days  
Decline, and the spring sap has ceased to flow  
Now is it cut back to the very stem ;  
Despoiled, disfigured, left a leafless stock,  
Alone through all the dark days that shall come.  
And all the winter-time the wine gives joy**

To those who else were dismal in the cold ;  
But the vine standeth out amid the frost ;  
And after all, hath only this grace left,  
That it endures in long, lone stedfastness  
The winter through :—and next year blooms again  
Not bitter for the torment undergone,  
Not barren for the fulness yielded up ;  
As fair and fruitful towards the sacrifice,  
As if no touch had ever come to it,  
But the soft airs of heaven and dews of earth ;—  
And so fulfils itself in love once more.

And now, what more shall I say ? Do I need here  
To draw the lesson of this life ; or say  
More than these few words, following up the text :—  
The Vine from every living limb bleeds wine ;  
Is it the poorer for that spirit shed ?  
The drunkard and the wanton drink thereof ;  
Are they the richer for that gift's excess ?  
Measure thy life by loss instead of gain ;  
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth  
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice ;  
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

I speak to those who suffer :—they will know,  
Better than I, the whole deep truth of it.  
I who stand here complete in all my flesh,

Strong in the morning, sleeping fast at night,  
Taking the winds of heaven as they blow,  
Without a special sense save joy in each,  
Am not so much as worthy to stoop down  
And kiss the sacred foot-prints of my Lord  
Upon the feet of any such a one  
As lieth patient here beneath His hand ;  
Whom Christ has bound on His own cross, to lie  
Beside Him, till Himself shall give release ;  
And that shall not be, many a one knows well,  
Until his place knows him no more on earth.

The Living Vine, Christ chose it for Himself :—  
God gave to man for use and sustenance  
Corn, wine, and oil, and each of these is good :  
And Christ is Bread of Life, and Light of Life.  
But yet He did not choose the summer corn,  
That shoots up straight and free in one quick growth,  
And has its day, and is done, and springs no more :  
Nor yet the olive, all whose boughs are spread  
In the soft air, and never lose a leaf,  
Flowering and fruitful in perpetual peace :  
But only this for Him and His in one,—  
The everlasting, ever-quickenning Vine,  
That gives the heat and passion of the world,  
Through its own life-blood, still renewed and shed

God said to Man and Woman, " By thy sweat,  
And by thy travail, thou shalt conquer earth : "  
Not, by thy ease or pleasure :—and no good  
Or glory of this life but comes by pain.  
How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,  
If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice  
Were swept away, and all were satiate-smooth  
If this were such a heaven of soul and sense  
As some have dreamed of ;—and we human still.  
Nay, we were fashioned not for perfect peace  
In this world, howsoever in the next :  
And what we win and hold is through some strife

Many are pains of life ;—I need not stay  
To count them ;—there is no one but hath felt  
Some of them,—though unequally they fall.  
But of all good gifts, ever hath been health  
Counted the first, and loss of it to be  
The hardest thing to bear : I do not speak  
Of such imperfect passages of pain  
As show us we are mortal, and should stir  
Our hearts to greater diligence in life ;—  
But such long weakness, and such wearing pain  
As has no end in view, that makes of life  
One weary avenue of darkened days,  
The bitter darkness growing darker still,  
Which none can share or soothe, which sunders us



From all desire, or hope, or stir of change,  
Or service of our Master in the world,  
Or fellowship with all the faces round  
Of passing pains and pleasures,—while our pain  
Passeth not, nor will pass ;—and only this  
Remains for us to look for,—more of pain,  
And doubt if we can bear it to the end.

And furthermore, from any other ill,  
Except it be remorse, can men escape  
By work, the healing of divinest balm  
To whomso hath the courage to begin,  
Not yielding to the bitterness of grief.  
Or if that tyrannously be denied,  
And the soul languishes in utter loss,  
Still hope of an immortal, better life  
Is left to every suffering innocence ;  
And love of every sweet and noble thing,  
Though farther off than the far side of death  
And faith to feed upon, and keep the heart  
Alive, through all the winter of this time.

But sickness holds the sick man in a chain  
No will can break or bend to earthly use ;  
Not only holding him in bond of space,  
Fixed in a rooted vegetable lot ;—  
But bond of time, so that the Present makes  
All his possession, and he has no part

In any other being, all his nerves  
 Gathered and fixed in one intensest strain  
 Upon the Present ; and no future bliss,  
 Nor harmony of past remembrances,  
 Can draw him from the anguish of the hour,  
 Or pay him back his loss, if loss it be.  
 Is it indeed a loss, or is it gain ?  
 His Life is Pain, and he has naught besides :  
 Most miserable must he be indeed,  
 If this be wholly evil, as it seems.

But if this be the hardest ill of all  
 For mortal flesh and heart to bear in peace,  
 It is the one comes straightest from God's hand,  
 And makes us feel him nearest to ourselves.  
 God gives us light and love, and all good things  
 Richly for joy, and power, to use aright ;  
 But then we may forget Him in His gifts :—  
 We cannot well forget the hand that holds,  
 And pierces us, and will not let us go,  
 However much we strive from under it.

If God speak to thee in the summer air,  
 The cool soft breath thou leanest forth to feel  
 Upon thy forehead ;—dost thou feel it God ?  
 Nay, but the wind : and when heart speaks to heart,  
 And face to face, when friends meet happily,  
 And all is merry, God is also there ;—

But thou perceivest but thy fellow's part :  
And when out of the dewy garden green  
Some liquid syllables of music strike  
A sudden, speechless rapture through thy frame,  
Is it God's voice that moves thee?—Nay, the bird's,—  
Who sings to God, and all the world and thee.  
But when the sharp strokes flesh and heart run  
through,  
For thee, and not another ; only known,  
In all the universe, through sense of thine ;  
Not caught by eye or ear, not felt by touch,  
Nor apprehended by the spirit's sight,  
But only by the hidden, tortured nerves,  
In all their incommunicable pain,—  
God speaks Himself to us, as mothers speak  
To their own babes, upon the tender flesh  
With fond familiar touches close and dear ;—  
Because he cannot choose a softer way  
To make us feel that He Himself is near,  
And each apart His own Beloved and known.

Sweet it is when a babe opens its eyes,  
Blue, smiling, to its mother's morning kiss.  
But thou, when waking to the morning light,  
With unrefreshed and aching limbs, mayst feel  
The heavy pressure of a constant pain  
Upon thy forehead, and the weary brows

**Throbbing beneath an unabated load.  
Is it not God's own very finger-tips  
Laid on thee in a tender steadfastness ?  
The light and careful touches which to thee  
Seem heavy, because measured to thy strength,  
With none to spare ;—and yet He does not fail  
For thy impatience, but stands by thee still,  
Patient, unfaltering,—till thou too shalt grow  
Patient,—and wouldst not miss the sharpness grown  
To custom, which assures Him at thy side,  
Hand to thy hand, and not far off in Heaven.  
And when the night comes, and the weariness  
Grows into fever, and thy anguish grows  
Fiercer, and thou beseechest Him with tears,  
“ Depart from me, O Lord, and let me rest ! ”  
He will not leave thee, He will not depart,  
Nor loose thee, nor forget thee ; but will clasp  
Thee closer in the thrilling of His arms,  
No prayer of ours shall ease before their time.  
He gives His angels charge of those who sleep :  
But He Himself watches with those who wake.**

**I know that some would here rebuke me, saying ‘  
It is enough to live and move in God  
With all Humanity, not seeking self  
In any such exclusive special bond,  
Which is not common to the whole of life.**

And others would take from us even that :  
Who deny God at all outside of us ;  
Saying, There is no evil and no good,  
Nor anything at all, except ourselves,  
And self-created modes of our own brain,  
For all the living universe of God.  
The old false teachers, who at first seemed hard  
To nature,—bidding, Crucify the flesh  
To save the soul,—were merciful to these ;  
For these would crucify the soul itself,  
And stifle back upon itself the cry,  
And deepest craving of the human heart,—  
That which drew Moses to the Mount of Fire,  
That which shock David on his couch of tears,  
That which upheld Dante to Paradise,  
That which saved Byron through the depths of sin,—  
Th' unutterable thirst of man for God,  
Th' immortal part of us, if such there be.  
For me, I do not hold so hard a creed ;  
Nor would refuse the comfort Christ implored.

I, in the midst of those who suffer so,—  
Who needs must somewhat share the daily pain  
Which each of ye, Beloved, must endure,  
Must also seek some comfort, and some strength  
Of hope to live and suffer by ;—and this  
Hath God given me, Beloved, for your sakes.

To whom I fain would pass it. Bear with me,  
While unto each I seem to speak,—all ye  
Who suffer ;—and I see around me none  
But suffers, but to whom, with reverence,  
These words of mine, these hopes of mine, are due

If suffering be indeed our Law of Life,  
If this world through our fathers' sin and ours,  
May not be perfect any more until  
The slow development of centuries  
Do bring to birth a higher race than we,  
It is so much the more a fitting school  
Of patience, for the time we must remain,—  
Of charity towards fellow-wayfarers  
Beside us bearing each his human cross,  
In secret or in sight, but each his own ;  
And furthermore of hope, the unblamed hope  
Of the new world wherein all things are new,  
Where only their own works do follow them  
Who rest from pain and labour, and by faith  
And love have won a nearer step towards God  
Hope thitherward for this life's recompense ;  
For here what one sows must another reap,  
And children suffer for their fathers' sins  
While they live here ; but in that other world  
Shall each man reap his own inheritance .  
Such heritage as he has left behind

**For those who follow here, who are the worse  
Or better for his sojourning with them.**

But if it be the worse, if the foregone  
Sin of thy parents or some other one's  
(For our lives here are mostly in the power  
Of other lives, and each of us is bound  
To be his brother's keeper), have made earth  
Alien to thee, and poisoned at the fount  
The natural springs of joy, and set within  
The wheels of life a crook, that never more  
Swiftly and smoothly they may turn, and bound  
Weights on thy ankles,—what is that to thee,  
Who livest not for one time, but for all?  
God keeps account of that; only take care  
Those same pathetic haunting eyes of thine,  
For which some soul doth suffer punishment,  
Do meet thee not again in wife or child,  
Or sick man at thy gates, or starving man  
That wrought thy goodly raiment, or the brute  
And ignorant fury of the brotherless,  
Whose firebrand lights the roofs of palaces.  
Look not on thine own loss, but look beyond,  
And take the Cross for glory and for guide.

**For one star differeth from another star  
In glory and in use; and all are staid**

**Of the illimitable House of God ;  
 And every one has its own name and place  
 Distinguished, and some special word is given  
 For each to utter in the mystic song  
 Which is not found in speech of humankind,  
 Which is not understood by human heart,  
 Even though heard by those caught up to Heaven,  
 Who heard and saw, but could not tell the things  
 Which they had heard and seen,—which neither men  
 Nor angels, nor the conscious suns of space,  
 Nor anything created, hears in whole ;  
 But that grows fuller, clearer, as we grow  
 Nearer to God, with Whom is neither part  
 Nor pause, Who gathers in one Infinite  
 All number, sound, and space, and light, and law,  
 Rejoicing utterly, eternally.**

**And when God formed in the hollow of His hand  
 This ball of Earth among His other balls,  
 And set it in His shining firmament,  
 Between the greater and the lesser lights,  
 He chose it for the Star of Suffering.**

**I think, when God looks down the ranks of Heaven,  
 And sees them, not as we see, points of fire,  
 But as the animate spirits of the spheres,  
 He doth behold the Angel of the Earth,**



Stretched like Prometheus on the promontory  
(Upon the outermost verge of rocky seas  
That sweep to shadow as they turn in Heaven,  
Swept with the earth, but trembling towards the  
moon),  
Bound to a perpetuity of pain,  
Willing and strong, and finding in his pain  
God, and his one unbroken note of praise  
In the full rush of cosmic harmony.

But we are men, not angels. We abide  
Not on this earth ; but for a little space  
We pass upon it : and while so we pass,  
God through the dark hath set the **Light of Life**,  
With witness for Himself, the **Word of God**,  
To be among us Man, with human heart,  
And human language, thus interpreting  
The One great Will incomprehensible,  
Only so far as we in human life  
Are able to receive it ; men as men,  
Can reach no higher than the **Son of God**,  
The perfect Head and Pattern of **mankind**.  
The time is short, and this sufficeth us  
To live and die by ; and in Him again  
We see the same first, starry attribute,  
"Perfect through suffering," our salvation's seal  
Set in the front of His Humanity.

For God has other Words for other worlds,  
But for this world the Word of God is Christ.  
And when we come to die we shall not find  
The day has been too long for any of us  
To have fulfilled the perfect law of Christ.  
Who is there that can say, "My part is done  
In this : now I am ready for a law  
More wide, more perfect for the rest of life ?"  
Is any living that has not come short ?  
Has any died that was not short at last ?

The ultimate symbol of Divinity  
How can we dream of ? we have got no sense  
Whereby to seize it : but in Him we touch  
The ultimate symbol of Humanity,  
Humanity that touches the Divine  
By some fine link, intangible to us,  
Upon that side of mortal consciousness  
That looks towards Death ; and we must pass the  
gates  
Of Death, linked with Him, holding by the hand  
Our Brother gone before, before we come  
To the perception how our life is joined  
To God's ; for we are now the Sons of God,  
And know we shall be like Him there, but what  
We shall be doth not yet appear ; but when  
We see Him we shall know Him as He is.

And who shall be our Angels in the worlds  
That lie before us, or what Words of God,  
Unknown, unuttered, and undreamt of yet,  
May meet us there, how should we know or guess

And shall we then be restless in the search  
For other proofs and witnesses of God,  
Before our hearts have rested on the One  
He gave us in our very flesh to know?  
Impatient for the noonday, shall we miss  
The sunrise we shall never see again?  
And all the tender colours of the dawn,—  
The vision of the crimson clouds that hang  
Above us, and the lovely Morning-Star  
That will be vanished when the sun is high?

—As children might, impatient of the school,  
Despise the letters, longing for the songs  
And stories that they catch the echoes of.  
The songs are written, but first, learn to spell!  
The books will keep,—but if we will not learn,  
We shall not read them when the right time comes,  
Or read them wrongly and confusedly.  
And each hour has its lesson, and each life;  
And if we miss one life, we shall not find  
Its lesson in another; rather, go  
So much the less complete for evermore.

Still missing something that we cannot name.  
Still with our senses so far unattuned  
To what the Present brings to harmonize  
With our soul's Past. For must we not believe  
A soul, bred up in perfect rule of growth,  
And of obedience to the Will Divine  
Through all its stages, would be born in each  
In physical and spiritual harmony  
With that world's order as conceived by God ;  
(However marred by time, and falling off,  
By disobedience, into pain and sin,  
Down to the actual order of the day) ?  
And therefore Christ, conceived and born on earth  
So perfect, through foregone obedience,  
Came, and abode, and lived harmoniously  
With all the occult powers, the holy springs  
Unfallen of the waters and the winds,  
And the miracles of life within the blood,  
That at His voice or touch, still easily  
Obeyed, through laws of sense and soul at one,  
And lived with God in such untroubled love  
And clear confiding, as a child on whom  
The Father's face has never yet but smiled ;  
And with men even, in such harmony  
Of brotherhood, that whatsoever spark  
Of pure and true in any human heart  
Flickered and lived, it burned itself towards Him

In an electric current, through all bonds  
Of intervening race and creed and time,  
And flamed up to a heat of living faith,  
And love, and love's communion, and the joy  
And inspiration of self-sacrifice ;  
And drew together in a central coil,  
Magnetic, all the noblest of all hearts,  
And made them one with Him, in a live flame  
That is the purifying and the warmth  
Of all the earth even to these latter days.

But found one kingdom not in harmony ;  
The sin and sorrow in the world, the stream  
Of evil, gathering on from age to age,  
With all its rocks and all its wrecks of life ;  
And men's hearts hardened, and the tender lips  
Of women loud in laughter, and the sobs  
Of children helpless, and the sighs of slaves,  
And priests with dead lies for the living truth,  
And kings whose rights were in their people's wrong  
And looking, the miraculous tender eyes,  
Upon these perishing and gone astray,  
Lifted the hands of help, alone, unarmed,  
Struck singly out, and dashed upon the rocks.  
And in that shock did meet His human doom  
Of suffering, and took it for a crown ;  
The loneliness, the weariness, the strife,

The base return, the Passion and the Cross,  
And the withdrawal of His Father's face.  
—So that for ever since, in minds of men,  
By some true instinct this life has survived  
In a religious immemorial light,  
Pre-eminent in one thing most of all ;  
The Man of Sorrows ;—and the Cross of Christ  
Is more to us than all His miracles.

And that most closely we may follow Him  
By suffering, have all hearts of men allowed.  
Is suffering then more near and dear to God  
For its own sake than joy is? God forbid !  
We know not its beginning nor its end ;  
Is it a sacrifice ? a test ? a school ?  
The fruit of Evil ;—yet what Evil means  
None knoweth, though he spent his life to know.  
We suffer. Why we suffer,—that is hid  
With God's foreknowledge in the clouds of Heaven  
The first book written sends that human cry  
Out of the clear Chaldean pasture-lands  
Down forty centuries ; and no answer yet  
Is found, nor will be found, while yet we live  
In limitations of Humanity.  
But yet one thought has often stayed by me  
In the night-watches, which has brought at least  
The patience for the hour, and made the pain

No more a burden which I groaned to leave,  
But something precious which I feared to lose.  
—How shall I show it, but by parables?

The sculptor, with his Psyche's wings half-hewn  
May close his eyes in weariness, and wake  
To meet the white cold clay of his ideal  
Flushed into beating life, and singing down  
The ways of Paradise. The husbandman  
May leave the golden fruitage of his groves  
Ungarnered, and upon the Tree of Life  
Will find a richer harvest waiting him.  
The soldier dying thinks upon his bride,  
And knows his arms shall never clasp her more,  
Until he first the face of his unborn child  
Behold in heaven : for each and all of life,  
In every phase of action, love, and joy,  
There is fulfilment only elsewhere.—

But if, impatient, thou let slip thy cross,  
Thou will not find it in this world again,  
Nor in another ; here, and here alone  
Is given thee to *suffer* for God's sake.  
In other worlds we shall more perfectly  
Serve Him and love Him, praise Him, work for Him  
Grow near and nearer Him with all delight ;  
But then we shall not any more be called

To suffer, which is our appointment here.  
Canst thou not suffer then one hour,—or two?  
If He should call thee from thy cross to-day,  
Saying, It is finished !—that hard cross of thine  
From which thou prayest for deliverance,  
Thinkest thou not some passion of regret  
Would overcome thee? Thou wouldst say, “Sc  
soon?

Let me go back, and suffer yet awhile  
More patiently ;—I have not yet praised God.”  
And He might answer to thee,—“ Never more.  
All pain is done with.” Whensoever it comes,  
That summons that we look for, it will seem  
Soon, yea too soon. Let us take heed in time  
That God may now be glorified in us ;  
And while we suffer, let us set our souls  
To suffer perfectly : since this alone,  
The suffering, which is this world's special grace,  
May here be perfected and left behind.

—But in obedience and humility ;—  
Waiting on God's hand, not forestalling it.  
Seek not to snatch presumptuously the palm  
By self-election ; poison not thy wine  
With bitter herbs if He has made it sweet ;  
Nor rob God's treasures because the key  
Is easy to be turned by mortal hands.



The gifts of birth, death, genius, suffering,  
Are all for His hand only to bestow.  
Receive thy portion, and be satisfied.  
Who crowns himself a king is not the more  
Royal ; nor he who mars himself with stripes  
The more partaker of the Cross of Christ.

But if Himself He come to thee, and stand  
Beside thee, gazing down on thee with eyes  
That smile, and suffer ; that will smite thy heart  
With their own pity, to a passionate peace ;  
And reach to thee Himself the Holy Cup,  
(With all its wreathen stems of passion-flowers  
And quivering sparkles of the ruby stars),  
Pallid and royal, saying " Drink with Me ;"  
Wilt thou refuse ? Nay, not for Paradise !  
The pale brow will compel thee, the pure hands  
Will minister unto thee ; thou shalt take  
Of that communion through the solemn depths  
Of the dark waters of thine agony,  
With heart that praises Him, that yearns to Him  
The closer through that hour. Hold fast His hand  
Though the nails pierce thine too ! take only care  
Lest one drop of the sacramental wine  
Be spilled, of that which ever shall unite  
Thee, soul and body to thy living Lord !

Therefore gird up thyself, and come, to stand  
Unflinching under the unfaltering hand,  
That waits to prove thee to the uttermost.  
It were not hard to suffer by His hand,  
If thou couldst see His face ;—but in the dark !  
That is the one last trial :—be it so.  
Christ was forsaken, so must thou be too :  
How couldst thou suffer but in seeming, else ?  
Thou wilt not see the face nor feel the hand,  
Only the cruel crushing of the feet,  
When through the bitter night the Lord comes down  
To tread the winepress.—Not by sight, but faith.  
Endure, endure,—be faithful to the end !

\* \* \* \* \*

L ORD, support me all day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and my work is done. Then in Thy Mercy grant me a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen.



The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep  
My weary spirit seeks repose in  
Thine ;  
Father forgive my trespasses, and keep  
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou  
my bed,  
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim  
feet,  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear  
Lord, and Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith  
can shake,  
All's well whichever side the grave for  
me  
The morning light may break.

## JUST FOR TO-DAY.

LORD! for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,  
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work  
And duly pray;  
Let me be kind in word and deed,  
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,  
Prompt to obey;  
Help me to mortify my flesh,  
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word  
Unthinking say;  
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,  
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, LORD, be grave,  
In season gay;  
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,  
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my life  
Should ebb away,  
Give me Thy Sacraments Divine,  
Dear LORD, to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
But keep me, guide me, love me, LORD,  
Just for to-day.

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