STANZAS.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

O Gop! that we should live, the dull pulse beat, When all that should be life is cold and sere— When thought, which angel-like is high and fleet, Is crushed to earth, what doth the spirit here ! And yet, and yet I would not feebly shrink From this dread cup of suffering—let me drink.

For in this darkest hour there cometh yet A soothing ministry, unseen but felt— An inward prompting—Thou wilt not forget— And tears gush forth—the eyes that would not melt, Trained in the school of grief, at thought of Thee Pour forth their pent-up fountains, fast and free.

Life Giver! who hast planted in the soul This seed-time dread of hopes too high for earth, Emotions, yearnings time may not control, In heaven alone, O! hath the harvest birth? Oh wherefore doth the heart, deluded still, Its broken urn from earth's dark fountains fill?

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THE OPAL.

Not at the gory wheel, the fiery stake— Not where the rack gives forth the lingering breath— Not there alone do martyred spirits break,

Not there alone dost thou find such, O Death! Another test; crushed by a hidden weight, There are who martyrs live to their dark fate.

For in this darkest hour thore council yet A soothing ministry, unseen but felt— An inward prompting—Thea will not forgot— And toors gash forth—the eyes that wanti not mait; frained in the school of grief, at thought of Theo four forth their port-up fountains, fast and free.

Life Giver I, who hast planted in the soul This seed-time dread of hopes too high for earth, Emotions, yearnings time may not control, In heaven alone, O'l hath the harvest birth? Mr wherefere doth the heart, deladed still, is laoken urn from carth's deck fountalas fill?

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