

ELIZABETH FRY.

"A NAME of BEAUTY," well hath said
Admiring love of one whose charms
A pure and saintly radiance shed
O'er human life—a light which warms

The soul to virtue while it feeds
Hope with a calm celestial fire,
And confidence in noble deeds.
Why hath the rapt heroic lyre

Not sung thee, Earlham's gentle maid,
Modest and sweet, who taught the poor
And many a grateful offering laid
By sorrow's couch and penury's door?—

Who bowed thy heart with all its dower
Of brilliant hopes and love replete,
Like a fresh-opening passion-flower,
Low at thy waiting Savior's feet,—

Took up a cross so few could bear,
Unmurmuring; doffed the idle weeds
Of fashion; bade thy feet prepare
To follow Christ where'er He leads,—

ELIZABETH FRY.

To honor follow, or to shame—
It matters not: thy troth is given
Without reserve, only from blame
Deliverance asking, and in Heaven

To love and be beloved, to meet
With all thy friends, in safety there,
Vast multitudes, made pure and sweet
By Jesus' love, its bliss share.

Oh great heart motherly! God saw
Thy wish, God heard thy noble plea
And sent His angels forth to draw
Thy golden net through Galilee.

After a night of toil and strife,
Fruitful in trial's needful lore,
And increase fair of thy own life,
Thy risen Savior walked the shore,

And taught thee how to drop thy line,—
Where in the world's great heaving pool
To cast thy net; *the word divine*
Thou kept, and lo! a motley school

Of fishes gathered at His call
From the deep shadows of the lake!
And what is wondrous most of all
Thy quivering cords did never break!

ELIZABETH FRY

A dozen fair apostles soon
With thee grasped oar, and Christ-ward drew
Right womanly, while the strange boon
Larger with every moment grew,

Until good men, brave, true and strong,
Seized manfully the lengthening line,
And urged the miracle along,
Searching for souls in sin's dark brine.

All Britain's coasts and stagnant pools
Thy love bade search for drowning men,
And many were the dying souls
Thus taught to love and live again.

Nor thus content, while foreign seas
And rivers rolled with sorrow's tide,
There flowed thy boundless sympathies,
O saintliest type of Jesus' Bride!

"Ho! stretch the cords from shore to shore!
Join all for sweet Humanity!
For God, for Heaven, join rich and poor!
Join, high and low, and bond and free!"

And kings the noble frenzy caught,
And queens thy sweet behest obeyed,
Statesmen by thy wise lips were taught,
And the rude throng their magic swayed.

ELIZABETH FRY

Light through the dismal dungeon poured,
With rainbow hues of mercy clothed!
Again the words of Salem's Lord
The sinful roused, the sorrowing soothed!

March on! march on! admiring France
Thrills to the music of thy voice!
Not Joan with her virgin lance
Made gallant pulses more rejoice!

The Christian patriot bids hail
Mercy's meek angel as she threads
The glittering street or gloomy vale,
Where most the call of sorrow leads!

And Freedom from her Alpine heights
Comes forth to kiss the gentle hand
Which to a purer realm invites
The least and greatest of her band.

March on! the Netherlands give ear
Gladly to thy mellifluous plea;
Harsh chains relax, the mellowing tear
Leaps from the rock at Love's decree.

On to the wakening Fatherland,
Where kings a royal welcome give,
And sister queens uphold the hand
Which bids the weak and wandering live!

ELIZABETH FRY.

Nor yet alone the poor and blind
Thou win'st to virtue's upward road,
But princes of the heart and mind
With thee walk nearer to their God.

Lifting the soul on wings of prayer
Thou bear'st it to the blossoming skies,
Or gently layest it, weeping, where
The Lamb of God for sinners dies.

Sweet gift of mother love divine!
Oh how the thirsting heart of man
Needs thee, ev'n at devotion's shrine,
To teach as only mother's can—

How the Lord Gracious stooped to bless
And break for us sin's prison doors,
To smile away life's bitterness,
And point dead Hope to mercy's shores—

Through light and darkness, praise and blame,
How like a slave for us He toiled,
Raised us to glory by His shame,
And by His death our spoiler spoiled.

Such lessons yet may woman teach
In holy word and graceful deed;
So cheer the struggling soul to reach
Redemption's gate and faith's bright meed.

ELIZABETH FRY

Forgetful only that thine arm
Was mortal, though by Heaven inspired,
Assured that love can work no harm,
And bear each cross by Love required,

Through storm and sunshine thus thy feet
Past mount and valley hastened on,
Still scattering Zion's golden wheat
O'er fertile field and wayside stone,

And founding granaries where the poor,
And the lone watchman, with his flock,
May feed upon thought's healthful store,
And find green pastures on the rock.

Nor ceased thy toils when evening fell,
Fire-winged, upon the harvest plain,
And saw the o'erflowing river swell
To meet thee with thy goodly train.

Nor did thy loving arms forget,
With all their load of gathered sheaves,
Ev'n amid Jordan's billows, yet
To grasp and clasp the falling leaves.

Though burns the fire of wasting pain
Thy soul with heavenly music flows,
And like the Lamb for sinners slain
Yields fragrant balm for others' woes.

ELIZABETH FRY.

Oh more than conqueror! thy Lord
Did well to press such vintage hard,
For sweeter wine was never stored
In heart of saint or tongue of bard.

In the pearl gate thou fain wouldst turn
To see if all were pressing on—
Still o'er a dying world to yearn
Like angel mother o'er her son—

One word of comfort more to give,
One jewel more to gather up,
Another soul for Christ to live,
A drop of balm for sorrow's cup!

Seraphic Spirit! saintliest star
Of England's bright and beauteous train!
So shineth from her throne afar
The gem that lights the morning main!

Shine on and tell us how to sail,
Unmoved by fortune's frowns or smiles,
How on time's sea to bide the gale,
And anchor by Life's golden isles.—

"The Pilot!" aye, we hear thee, mother—
"With heart and ear attend His word!
"Him love and also one another!
"Greeting to all who love the Lord!"

