

**THE LITTLE WHILE
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Little While and Other Poems by Jane Crewdson

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JANE CREWDSON

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1866

Jane S. Bishop

X. 117

THE

LITTLE WHILE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY
JANE CREWDSON.

Author of
 "AUNT JANE'S VERSE FOR CHILDREN," "THE SINGER OF EREBACH,"
 "LAKE OF THE REFORMATION," &c.

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1866.

MEC

P R E F A C E .

THIS small Volume will be welcomed by many who knew and loved the Author. For such no Preface is needed. The Hymns it contains will be accepted, by them, as pictures of her own inner world—as a running commentary on her chastened, yet happy life; they will be recognized as the simple outflowings of her thoughts, in hours of much suffering, and many consolations.

But, beyond the circle of her immediate friends, there are many for whom her sympathies were always ready; tried ones—like herself—who, it is believed, will here find refreshment, encouragement, and hope.

The Author's mind was singularly varied; she was thus qualified to meet the needs of others, and to lead them to the Source and Centre whence she derived her brightness in shadowy places, her cheerfulness in pain, and her unfailing "joy and peace in

believing." It was her delight to minister to their spirit-wants out of her rich sympathies, *when here*. Perhaps she may still be admitted, through the medium of these pages, into fellowship with many a troubled heart; and may such, like her, find

REST IN JESUS.



P O E M S .



P O E M S .

THE LITTLE WHILE.

"What is this that He saith, A little while?"—John xvi. 18.

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

"A little while," for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

"A little while," to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace, with weary step, through miry ways;
Then—to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while," midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell:
Then—read each dark enigma's bright solution;
Then—hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things
well."

"A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
 To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
 Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking,
 Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

"A little while," to keep the oil from failing;
 "A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;
 And then, the Bridegroom's coming footstep hailing,
 To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He, who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
 The future glory and the present smile;
 With the bright promise of the glad "forever,"
 Will light the shadows of the "little while."

*"Forever, with the Lord -
 Amen, so let it be.*

*Life from the dead, is in that word,
 'Tis Immortality."*

4/15/55



THE UNCHANGING LOVE.

"Herein is love."—1 John iv. 10.

ALAS! my love hath ebb'd so low,
I scarce can tell if love it be;
And yet—O wond'rous grace! I know,
That Christ loves me

I scarcely know if He be mine,
And yet I feel a secret bliss
Which tells me, by a touch divine,
That I am *His*.

I cannot comprehend such love;
I cannot search its hidden spring;
And yet it seemeth to reprove
All questioning.

It knows no turning or decline,
No cloud nor shadow, lapse, nor change.
My blessed Lord! such love as Thine
Is passing strange.