

**THE NAME OF JESUS,
AND OTHER POEMS, FOR
THE SICK AND LONELY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649654499

The Name of Jesus, and Other Poems, for the Sick and Lonely by Caroline M. Noel

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CAROLINE M. NOEL

**THE NAME OF JESUS,
AND OTHER POEMS, FOR
THE SICK AND LONELY**

THE NAME OF JESUS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

THE NAME OF JESUS,

AND OTHER POEMS,

For the Sick and Lonely.

BY

CAROLINE M. NOEL

NEW EDITION, WITH MEMORIAL NOTICE
AND APPENDIX.

Fifteenth Thousand.

LONDON:

HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY.

1878.

147 a. 607.

To S. N.

When I give thanks to God, for all
His priceless gifts to me,
Believe that then, among the chief,
I give Him thanks for thee.

For all the love that He has rained
Upon me, from thine eyes,
That shine like stars above my storms,
Calm, though they sympathize.

And if one day the hands must loose,
That now so fondly clasp,
Yet, e'en though parted, both will be
Within the same strong grasp.

One on Christ's bosom gently laid,
The other safely led
A longer road, unto the land
Where live the blessed Dead.

There meeting, who can guess the gleam
Of rapture, that will rise,
When we the light of that fair realm
See in each other's eyes?

O deep unspeakable repose
Of knowing, that for aye
All that disturbed and hindered love
Has wholly passed away!

Sin, sickness, sorrow, chills of age,
And pangs of mortal fear,
Can never reach the land where Christ
Has wiped away each tear.

For Death has no dominion there,
Where Sin has never trod,
But souls transfigured, live and love,
Within the Life of God.

Then fear we not to trust His Word,
And cherish Love's increase;
Since e'en its sharpest throes must pass
Into Eternal Peace.

Easter, 1898.

In Memoriam.

THE present Edition of these poems, as well as any that may hereafter be called for, must needs differ in one respect from any that have preceded it. In previous editions, fresh poems were added by the Author from time to time. Now, the volume is complete; and the present Edition is sent forth in loving memory of one whose earthly work is finished.

Many into whose hands this volume may fall, and those especially to whom the prayer that it might be employed in the "Ministry of Consolation" has been answered, may find it helpful, as well as interesting, to learn somewhat of the circumstances which gave its special character to this work.

A sickness prolonged for more than twenty years, with seasons of extreme suffering and weakness, so extreme at times, that the end seemed imminent; a peculiar sensitiveness of nerve and brain, which could

seldom bear the presence of earthly friends; long nights and days of throbbing sleeplessness:—such was the school in which were taught and learned those lessons of “submission,” of willing acceptance of “the yoke,” of “patient hope,” of trust and of glorying in “the Name of Jesus” and “the Cross of Jesus,” and in which were won the peculiar depth and power of sympathy which breathe throughout these pages.

These were doubtless the advanced and ripened fruits; but they were developed from a natural character of more than ordinary breadth and beauty. All who knew the Author in outwardly brighter days were conscious of rich and varied powers of mind, of a delicate refinement, of a singular playfulness of thought, and a love of all that is beautiful in nature and in art, together with an ever-deepening humility, which were among her early as well as her latest characteristics.

There are few who will not allow how natural it is, in prolonged sickness, to make its very loneliness into a home from which the sighs and sorrows of the outer world are gradually excluded; but here it will be observed, that in all the later poems the sympathies

take an even wider range, and are specially with the bereaved. Is a mother mourning for a little child called away on the voyage homeward from a distant land?—are the family joys of Christmas mellowed by an unlooked-for loss?—does the Church mourn the sudden removal of a Chief Pastor, whose ministrations the Author herself had known and prized in her father's* house?—To these and all such mourners her loving and earnest sympathies were extended; while every record of a "course fulfilled," of a "heart that throbbed with suffering," now "bathed in endless calm," was hailed with deepest thankfulness.

Amid the many lights that were graciously permitted to fall across this shadowed life, and that gave so cheering and joyous a brightness to this sick room, must be mentioned the pleasure derived from the "unusual acceptance" given to this volume. Often was her heart gladdened by the testimonies received, from varied and quite unexpected quarters, to the encouragement, consolation, or help, which its perusal had afforded; while the knowledge that some of its

* The late Hon. and Rev. Gerard T. Noel, then Canon of Winchester and Vicar of Bomsay.