

POEMS

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Poems by Jane Jewell Weller

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JANE JEWELL WELLER

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BY

JANE JEWELL WELLER.

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CHARITY.



Oh, can it be that they for whom Christ died,
Who, trusting Him, disown all trust beside,
Profess to follow Him, their only Lord,
Study His will, obey His sacred Word,
That Word which says, "Children, behold a new
Command I give, that e'en as I loved you
You should each other love, let Charity
Be the bright lamp to show your love to Me;"—
Can they who look for the same Heaven, same home,
Who, one in spirit, pray, "Lord Jesus, come!"
Can they, whose hopes, fears, prayers are all the same,
Be parted by a breath, a form, a name?
Oh, let us all with the Apostle cry,
Till in our breasts is kindled Charity,
Who is Apollos? Cephas? or who Paul?
One only Lord we own, Christ all in all.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND IN SORROW.



DEAREST Mary, may thy pathway
Ever 'midst the roses lie ;
May no earthly care or sorrow
Cause thy gentle breast a sigh.
May those eyes of beaming brightness
Ne'er be dimmed by sorrow's tear ;
May thy voice, with joyous kindness,
Hearts still charm which hold thee dear.

Ah! how fruitless, vain the wishes
Which fond friendship would suggest ;
Here we have no lasting pleasure,
This is not our place of rest.

And the prayer affection offers,
That thy path unchequered be,
Only proves our erring judgment
When we think 'tis best for thee.

Here we've no abiding city,
All is passing fast away ;
Even friendships prized most dearly,
Our hearts tell us, can decay.
But though Earth no rest affords us,
We possess a home above,
Where our Saviour God still reigneth,
Infinite, Eternal Love.

Mourn not then ; in deepest sorrow,
Though Earth's fondest ties be reft,
Though life's thickening clouds persuade thee
All is lost, thy God is left.