

THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS

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The Christian Seasons by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**THE CHRISTIAN
SEASONS**

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CHRISTIAN SEASONS.

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1854.

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DEDICATION.

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IN SINU DEL.

So this must go without thy guiding hand
And thine approving eye into the world
Which thou hast left ; and not one page of this
Is mark'd with thine own hand, as always wont,
Alas ! with me, nor thy dear voice hath told
What to retain, and what to cast aside.

Light of mine eyes, and art thou gone indeed ?
How many thousand days in our brief life,
Morn after morn, thy well or ill hath been
The well or ill to me, as if one life
Upon one stem sustain'd us both in one ;
That, sever'd from thee thus by sudden stroke,
I needs must droop awhile. Yet, O most dear !
Spirit most dear ! sure it is well with thee,
And therefore now should needs be well with me ;
And so it would be if my earthly self
Could but be buried with thee in the grave,
And so my better soul with thee bear part.

And henceforth it shall be so, if in me
This passionate resolve, fed with the dew
And rain of many tears, and with the breath
Of many prayers sustain'd, may, by God's grace,
Grow into something of enduring strength
And purpose, while the pains of like disease
As with the self-same nails hold to the Cross,
Sorrow's true home, whereby the Blessed One
Would bring us to Himself, and keep us there.

Dear partner of my every joy and care,
E'er since I knew what joy and care might be,
From earliest childhood, henceforth to the end
Such thoughts must travel, in the bosom pent,
Unshared by thy sweet converse, and the glow
Of souls by nature set in unison,
With mutual sympathies, that seem'd all one
In two, as veins that fed one twofold heart,
Doubling those joys by making them thine own,
And taking half the burden of those cares.

O part of my own soul, so long endear'd
That I remember not, from life's first dawn,
When I have loved thee not, with such a love
That ne'er knew less or more by change of time,
With such entire affection, yet withal
That on it Heaven approving seem'd to smile;
For never spot or cloud hath intervened
To dim that mirror where thine image lies,
That thou alone of all whom I have loved
Hast left no sting behind of self-reproach,
For lack of earnest love or fitful change.