

**RACHEL, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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Rachel, and Other Poems by I. S.

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OTHER POEMS**



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AND OTHER POEMS;

BY

I. S.

*"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."*

BIRMINGHAM:  
CORNISH BROTHERS, 37 NEW STREET.  
1887.

APK4227

To my Sister,

The Friend and Companion alike of bright and of dark days,

This little book

is lovingly and gratefully dedicated.

## RACHEL.

*"And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath: and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath; the same is Bethlehem."—GEN. xlviii., 7.*

A shadow falls upon the silent land,  
And the great sun hath dipped behind the hills,  
The hills of Ephrath, and from thence will sink  
Into the western sea—the dim wide sea,  
Mysterious, vast, which I have sometimes seen  
From these fair hills of Canaan; yet his light  
Still lingers on the sacred mount of God  
As with a flame of sacrifice—yon range  
Of bleak bare eastern mountains catches still



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AND OTHER POEMS.

Then Jacob flung his arms about my neck  
And kissed me, rained his tears upon my breast,  
And told me who he was, and whence he came.  
Ah me!—those seven long years! the tears, the smile  
The bitterness, the sweetness! yet thro' all  
Our trust in one another, and in God,  
Grew strong and flourished, as the desert palm  
That, parched by withering blasts, and drifting sand  
Sends down his root to ever-living springs.  
So Jacob, my betrothed, went in and out  
Among us, nor an easy task was his;  
For year by year, my father sent him forth  
Some three days' journey in the wilderness  
To seek a fairer pasture for the flocks.  
Thither would they be led, and there perchance,  
For many a week would Jacob dwell with them  
Through scorching heat by day, and frost by night—  
A faithful shepherd, guarding well his charge  
From ravening lion and from stealthy wolf,  
Or fiercer still—the spoilers of the East.

But Hope and Youth and Love make all things light,  
And happy was our meeting time again ;  
And happy was it, when at dewy eve  
We two, beneath the palm, or by the well  
Sat hand in hand, and spoke of many things.  
Then did I hear again from Jacob's lips  
More dear to me so heard, tho' known before  
And loved, the sacred legends of our race—  
From Sire to Son through many a hoary sage  
With reverence handed down : the faith of Noah  
When that great Deluge cleansed the sinful Earth  
From violence and crime, while on its breast  
It bore the seed of new and purer life—  
The mighty tower of Shinar, vainly built,  
The refuge from a vainly dreaded flood,  
The story of those mighty sons of God  
That companied with men, the giant race  
That filled the earth with violence, Enoch's walk  
With God, and earliest, sweetest tale of all