

**NOT CHANGED BUT
GLORIFIED:
AND OTHER VERSES**

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Not Changed But Glorified: And Other Verses by Canon Knowles

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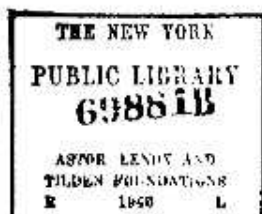
EDITED, WITH A PREFACE,

BY
CANON KNOWLES

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PREFACE.

THE soothing solace of a verse, will sometimes bring a touch of comfort, when words in other shape would altogether fail. There is a subtle power in poetry. The falling cadence and the recurring rhymes and rhythm, give us a sense of harmony and order, and this, in itself, produces a feeling of rest within our shocked and stricken hearts. It is like the ebb and flow of the waters of the summer sea, which lull us to pleasant thoughts and sweet memories. It is like the whispering winds which stir among the branches of the forest. It is like the recurring beams of sunshine which sweep across the landscape in moving bands of light. All these do lift us from our own sad sorrows, and bring us face to face with the ever-present glory which surrounds us even in our sadness.

In this little collection of Poetry an attempt is made to bring together such verses as may comfort and cheer with their sentiment, as well as lull to rest with their rhythmic numbers, those wounded hearts which have known affliction, and long to find expression for their feelings, and some surcease of sorrow from their pain.

J. H. K.

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Not Changed but Glorified.

“THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND, AND THE DEAD SHALL BE
RAISED INCORRUPTIBLE.”

NOT changed but glorified ! Oh beautiful language
For those who weep,
Mourning the loss of some dear face departed,
Fallen asleep,
Hushed into silence, never more to comfort
The hearts of men,
Gone, like the sunshine of another country,
Beyond our ken.

Oh dearest dead, we saw thy white soul shining
Behind the face,
Bright with the beauty and celestial glory
Of an immortal grace.
What wonder that we stumble, faint and weeping,
And sick with fears,
Since thou has left us—all alone with sorrow,
And blind with tears ?

Can it be possible no words shall welcome
Our coming feet ?
How will it look, that face that we have cherished
When next we meet ?
Will it be changed, so glorified and saintly,
That we shall know it not ?
Will there be nothing that will say, “I love thee,
And I have not forgot ?”