

366
At John McEvangelist.

By the Hon. & Rev. Baptist W. Hall, M. A.

If minds were moulded of the elements,
Some we might think were formed in cloudy tents
Of rattling thunders — while the lightning's stream
Baptized ^{them} at ^{their} birth, — so much they seem
Creatures of storm & fire. Still blazing on
Wherever strife is stirred & ^{honour} ~~honour~~ won,
They peal above the factions of this world
Like thunders among Alpine summits hurled.
But the beloved Seer, whose ^{even} ardent mind
In loving Christ had learned to love mankind,
Why was he named of Thunder? ^{Storms of life.} ~~Strong grief~~
N'er lashed his gentle spirit into strife,
But as a Lake around whose margin rise
Tall woods & cliffs that seem to touch the skies
Fenced from intrusive winds, serenely blue,
Takes from the skies its deepest, purest hue,
And his so still, a child ^{his} ship might guide
E'en in his Mother's sight across its tide,
* See Mark 3. 17.

Henceforth may wisdom guide the ^{course} ~~force~~ of youth,
Not Passion ~~not~~ sway thee, but the force of Truth;
Thy love, no longer fanciful but just,
Make thee nor wildly judge, nor rashly trust;
Humble not mean, though holy not austere,
Active yet calm, with conscience good & clear,
Live thou to draw men to the Heavenly road,
Then die to reign with thy incarnate God.



22

from Bro. Kael,
S. Leaning.

