

THE ASCENSION.

SURSUM CORDA.

GOD is gone up with the seraph's shout,
And the Lord with the trumpet sounding!
Heaven's choirs with a new song come out,
The path of life surrounding;
The skies uplift their veil of blue;
The King of Glory passes through.

Far o'er the brow of Olivet
And the thousand hills He goes;
Above each glittering minaret
Of earth's white roof of snows;
Up, till the star worlds present are,
And the world has dwindled to a star.

Yet from the quiet of the throne
And heaven's untroubled shore,
When shrieks the demon-voiced cyclone,
He hears the distant roar;
As once asleep on Galilee's wave,
He heard, and answered, "Master, save!"

So high! yet in earth's valleys deep
He marks the sparrow's fall;
He wipes the tears when mourners weep;
He hears the children call;
Eternity, His tranquil home!
Yet to all contrite hearts He'll come.

Rise heart and mind above the blue
Of these fair skies of May!
And traffick there where joys are new
And free, nor pass away;
Yet still at duty's call remain,
Earth-bound by charity's golden chain.

A. E. MOULE,