

[May, 1885

TRIBUTE

To the memory of Elder Daniel Crossman,  
Of New Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y.

OUR DEPARTED SHEPHERD.

AMELIA J. CALVER.

THE night damp settles on the fold;  
The shades of evening fall;  
A sorrowing flock, now wait in vain,  
Our trusted Shepherd's call.  
Far down the vale, we find him not,  
Nor on the mountain's crest;  
For the Shepherd of the "Upper Fold"  
Has called him home to rest.

Gone home to rest? Oh, can it be?  
When we have lov'd so long!  
Could not our filial constancy,  
His labors here prolong?  
Could not our earnest pleadings hold,  
Our dearly lov'd and blest?  
Though the Shepherd of the "Upper Fold",  
Oft call'd him home to rest?

Ah nay, the cruel toils of time  
Have worn his life away;  
'Twas not within the pow'r of love,  
To ask his longer stay.  
Long suffering, with relentless hold,  
Has giv'n a martyr's test;  
And the mercy of the "Upper Fold"  
Now bids him "come and rest."

No hireling Shepherd has he been  
To flee in danger's hour;  
No midnight watch, no heated noon,  
No foe, no alien power  
Has an unguarded vigil found,  
Nor a slighted Lord's behest,  
'Till a message from the "Upper Fold"  
Has giv'n him time to rest.

And who will now, with patient toil  
Bestow such loving care;  
Who'll bless the nine and ninety safe  
And seek the wanderer?  
Who will with courage strong and bold,  
A Savior's name confess,  
And, like him, in the "Upper Fold"  
Find a Savior's hand to bless?

Dear Father, we'll not mourn thee now  
As one forever gone;  
Thy love still guards thy earthly flock,  
And leads us ever on.

And, when the river we have cross'd  
Which bounds that land so blest,  
We shall meet thee, in the "Upper Fold"  
Where the weary are at rest.  
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

THE MOTHERHOOD OF GOD.

THE Rev. Heber Newton of New York City, whose lectures on the Bible, it will be remembered, caused so much attention a year ago, is not to be silenced. "The voice of God in the soul of man," sounds with a trumpet call within an organization altogether too large for the bands of the church. On Sunday last, Jan. 4th, his sermon was upon "The Motherliness of God," from the text: "As one whom his mother comforted, so will I comfort you." It will be seen that the noble minister sees the principle of the duality of sex, running through all life, beginning with Deity. It marks an advanced era in religious thought when such as he dare to give voice to their own inspirations. We learn from the *Herald* that—

"Readers of Theodore Parker," said Mr. Newton, "will recall his favorite invocation to the 'Divine Mother.' In those noble prayers which reveal the inner spirit of the man who is known to the church only as the stern iconoclast, one comes continually upon such a phrase as 'We thank Thee, O God, that we know that Thou art our Father and our Mother.' 'Very beautiful,' the heart instinctively whispers, while the head, perhaps, objects, 'but not at all sound.' The thought of God as the Divine Mother is a very ancient one, found in most early nature worships. 'Tainted thus,' you will say, 'by a genuine paganism.' What, then, about St. Augustine's cry, 'O God, Thou art the

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