

The Lesson

FROM

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

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I.—The Question.

Insulted and beaten,
 His robe blood dyed,
 Women walk sorrowing
 By his side.

A Cross next is added,
 Great is the weight,
 Destin'd to finish his
 Cruel fate.

Thus burden'd he falls, but
 None volunteer,
 So Simon's compelled the
 Cross to rear.

But whither wandering?
 And Who is he,
 That first was bearing the
 Cursed Tree?

II.—The Answer.

'Tis Christ! Follow thou him,
 If you'd become
 A child of Heaven, as
 God's true son.

You who would love him, search,
 Read, mark, and learn,
 To strengthen the work, Christ
 Has begun.

Seize the flying moments
 To help the weak;
 This is the LESSON the
 Cross will teach.

The Cross has no beauty,
 Fear passes by,
 Love only asks for the
 Reason why.

III.—The Lesson of the Cross.

Upon the Cross lifted,
 Read, learn the plan,
 Pride schem'd to defeat the
 Son of Man.

Thorns form his diadem,
 Rough wood his throne,
 That all may shun him as
 A cursed one.

No pillow under him
 To rest his head,
 Envy supplies a Cross
 For his bed.

Nails pierce his hands and feet,
His side a spear,
But the Father's sigh, his
Voice to hear.

Gloom like to darkness,
E'en 'though 'tis day,
Comes o'er the soul whilst Christ
They betray.

Loud is his bitter cry,
When left by all,
For there's naught but nails to
Save his fall.

The dying thief e'en scoffs,
Taught to mock him
By those who betray'd and
Denied him.

Gazing afar from him,
Silent and lone,
Women are weeping for
Their loved one;

Jesus of Nazareth,
Uplift above,
In vision they see their
King of love.

King of the poor, the weak,
The fall'n, opprest,
In our soul thou reign'st with
The Highest.

IV.—*The Appeal.*

Children of grief and pain,
 Watch'd o'er by love,
 Christ calls thee to look to
 God above.

Christ saw us wandering
 Far off from good,
 In love he would bring us
 To our God.

For God, for us Jesus
 Gives up this life,
 That we might live for a
 Higher life.

'Twas not for himself, but
 Us that he wept,
 Then follow Christ whilst aught
 Of life's left.

V.—*The Response.*

<p>Oh we will follow thee, Star of our soul, Through dark shades of grief, e'en To the goal.</p>	<p>O God! we would be thine, Make us thine own, And deem us now as one With thy Son.</p>
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<p>The Cross may be heavy, The day seem long, But we'll endure whilst thou Art our song.</p>	<p>Day by day we will strive To be like him, That where he is, we may Be with him.</p>
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 (6d.), published by Trübner and Co.),*

PRICE 9D. PER DOZEN, 5S. PER HUNDRED,
 of Trübner and Co., 60 Paternoster Row.

*The Music to this is published by S. Clark, 9 Amen Corner, Paternoster
 Row, 9d., per post 10d.*