

# "DAY DAWN" PRAISES,

2 PETER I. 19.

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## Hymns and Poems.

BY

G. W. F.

Author of "MIDNIGHT PRAISES."

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*Within our hearts has risen  
"The bright and Morning Star;"  
The "DAY DAWN," joy imparting  
To those who waiting are;  
Amid the gloom and darkness,  
The midnight hours do cast,  
Our hearts the DAWN have entered,  
Though midnight hours still last.*

PAGE 113.

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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
At Parting . . . . .	115
“A Woman in the City” . . . . .	80
Before Parting . . . . .	131
Behold the Lord . . . . .	73
Bethany . . . . .	59
“Bless the Lord, O my soul” . . . . .	156
“Boldness in a Day of Judgment” . . . . .	7
“Bought with a Price” . . . . .	110
Chosen . . . . .	71
Christ on the Father’s Throne . . . . .	38
“Christ our Passover,” . . . . .	79
Christ the Lord has come in Grace . . . . .	30
Conclusion . . . . .	175
“Could ye not watch with Me?” . . . . .	151
“Day Dawn” . . . . .	106
Elect of God the Father . . . . .	25
Evening . . . . .	87
“Giving Thanks unto the Father” . . . . .	63
Glory unto Christ the Lord . . . . .	149
Glory unto Him . . . . .	56
“God for us” . . . . .	101

	PAGE
"Herein is Love" . . . . .	40
How boundless the love . . . . .	50
"In Christ" . . . . .	97
"In the Midst" . . . . .	154
"Let not your heart be troubled" . . . . .	35
Let us go forth to Him . . . . .	158
Morning . . . . .	86
"My Grace is sufficient" . . . . .	104
Never-ceasing praise . . . . .	142
Nicodemus . . . . .	88
"Now unto Him that is able to keep" . . . . .	170
"O Death, where is thy sting?" . . . . .	126
"Only Believe" . . . . .	167
Remembering the Lord . . . . .	95
Rest . . . . .	47
"Shine as Lights in the World" . . . . .	65
"That in all things He might have the pre-eminence" . . . . .	42
"The Bright and Morning Star" . . . . .	117
"The Comforter" . . . . .	99
The Cross and the Throne . . . . .	9
"The Day-Star" . . . . .	171
The Empty Tomb . . . . .	121
The Father of Mercies . . . . .	68
The Father's Love . . . . .	4
The Father's Praise . . . . .	147
"The Glory of His Grace" . . . . .	1
"The Holy Jerusalem" . . . . .	138

	PAGE
The Joy set before us . . . . .	163
"The Lamb" . . . . .	132
"The Lamb of God" . . . . .	134
"The Lord Himself" is Coming . . . . .	57
The Lord in Glory . . . . .	54
The Lord's Invitation . . . . .	114
The Lord's Request . . . . .	23
"The Lord's Table" . . . . .	136
The Love of Christ . . . . .	85
The Master's Commission . . . . .	112
The Rapture . . . . .	165
"The Salvation of God" . . . . .	161
The Sent One . . . . .	119
The Servant's Response . . . . .	113
The Shepherd . . . . .	125
The Touch of Faith . . . . .	143
"The True Light" . . . . .	12
"The whole Armour of God" . . . . .	31
"This Do in Remembrance of Me" . . . . .	28
"Thou art worthy" . . . . .	20
"'Tis I, be not afraid" . . . . .	77
To Him I go . . . . .	108
Waiting for the Morning . . . . .	128
"We see Jesus" . . . . .	45
"We shall be like Him" . . . . .	52
What Grace . . . . .	116
What Love . . . . .	69
"With the Lord" . . . . .	75



## INDEX—FIRST LINES.

---

	PAGE
Another day has reached its close . . . . .	87
Another night its course has run . . . . .	86
Away from God, is all unrest . . . . .	47
Beholding the Lord on the throne . . . . .	54
Behold that streak of heavenly light . . . . .	12
Behold the "Good Shepherd" who died . . . . .	125
Behold the Lord forsaken . . . . .	73
Beneath the cover of the night . . . . .	88
Blest Lord, enthroned on high . . . . .	136
"Bought with a price," and not my own . . . . .	110
Christ the Lord has come in grace . . . . .	30
Christ the Lord has died for me . . . . .	7
Come hear the Saviour's voice . . . . .	167
"Could ye not watch with me one hour?" . . . . .	151
Deep within our hearts abiding . . . . .	28
Drawn by the cords of love . . . . .	85
Elected by the Father's love . . . . .	25
Elect of God, take now His armour bright . . . . .	31
Eternal bursts of joyful praise . . . . .	132
Father, now a suited blessing . . . . .	131
Father of mercies, we adore . . . . .	68
Forth from his chamber comes the sun . . . . .	65
From heaven descending as a bride arrayed . . . . .	138

	PAGE
Glory unto Christ the Lord . . . . .	149
Glory unto Him who died . . . . .	56
God for us in His counsels . . . . .	101
God sent His only Son to die . . . . .	40
How blest the hope that we shall be . . . . .	75
How boundless the love . . . . .	50
How rich and how boundless the love . . . . .	9
"In Christ" no condemnation . . . . .	97
In Thee, Lord, beholding . . . . .	163
In Thee, Lord, how much we possess . . . . .	170
"In the midst" upon the tree . . . . .	154
"Let not your heart be troubled" . . . . .	35
Let us go forth without the camp . . . . .	158
Lord Jesus, when we think of all that love . . . . .	95
May "the grace of our Lord Jesus" . . . . .	175
Never-ceasing praise we give . . . . .	142
Obedient to Thy word, blest Lord, I go . . . . .	113
O blessed God, and are we Thine ? . . . . .	52
O come, Thou Source of every joy . . . . .	147
"O death, where is thy sting" . . . . .	126
See the Lord of glory passing . . . . .	45
"She heard of Jesus, and she came" . . . . .	143
"She knew that Jesus sat at meat" . . . . .	80
Soon shall the "bright and morning Star" arise . . . . .	171
"The Comforter" indwelling . . . . .	99
The dawn of day is breaking . . . . .	1
The Father in His counsels deep . . . . .	71

	PAGE
The Father sent His only Son . . . . .	119
"The Lamb of God" was slain . . . . .	134
The Lord, He is now on the throne . . . . .	38
"The Lord Himself" is coming . . . . .	57
"The Lord Himself" unto the air . . . . .	165
The Master calls His servant hence away . . . . .	112
The Paschal Lamb was slain . . . . .	79
"The salvation of God" has been sent . . . . .	161
The Saviour calls, to Him I go . . . . .	108
The Son of God we bless . . . . .	156
The years are gliding swiftly past . . . . .	4
Thou art the First, Lord Jesus . . . . .	42
"Thou art worthy," Lord of glory . . . . .	20
Thou "bright and morning Star" . . . . .	117
Thy parting word, Lord Jesus . . . . .	23
To Bethany, that sweet retreat . . . . .	59
We give Thee thanks, our Father . . . . .	63
We hear Thee, Lord Jesus, invite . . . . .	114
We part from one another . . . . .	115
We're waiting for the morning . . . . .	128
What grace! that we are in the Son . . . . .	116
What love! the Father sent the Son . . . . .	69
What means that sorrow-stricken heart . . . . .	121
When sins upon the conscience press . . . . .	104
Within our hearts has risen . . . . .	106
Within the gloom of this dark day . . . . .	77



IN crowded street, and shaded bower,  
Some thoughts of my dear Lord,  
Snatched from the busy passing hour,  
My pen doth here record ;  
To please the Master's holy eye,  
And gratify His heart—  
To catch the thoughts, as past they fly,  
Doth joy to me impart :  
If tiny streams, which here do flow,  
Refresh some weary one,  
And cause the heart anew to glow,  
With love to Christ the Son ;  
Such will rejoice the Father's heart,  
And draw'to Him fresh praise,  
To which I add my feeble part,  
Though but in faltering lays.





## “ DAY DAWN ” PRAISES.

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### “ The Glory of His Grace.”

THE dawn of day is breaking,  
Behold ! it streaks the sky,  
And hearts for Him are waking,  
Who soon' shall fill each eye ;  
Soon ! soon ! in brightness beaming,  
“ The Day Star ” shall appear  
With glory round Him streaming,  
His joyful shout we 'll hear.

Our eyes are looking onward  
To see the One we love ;  
Our feet are pressing forward  
To tread those courts above ;

Our hearts do leap with pleasure,  
As nearer comes the day  
When love beyond all measure  
Shall beckon us away.

There "face to face" beholding  
The One who came to die,  
His glory all unfolding  
Before each raptured eye,  
And nothing there to hinder  
The heart's deep full employ,  
But all to call forth wonder,  
And ceaseless bursts of joy.

Amid the dazzling brightness,  
We pass through golden streets,  
To sit, all robed in whiteness,  
On "four and twenty seats;"  
The crowns which there He giveth  
We cast at His blest feet,  
To Him who ever liveth  
We give the praise that's meet.

Within the Father's dwelling,  
Each heart shall find its rest,

And every bosom swelling  
Praise Him, with whom we're blest;  
There one with Christ for ever,  
His chief—His full delight,  
Where comes a cloud—oh never!  
To intercept His light.

There on His bosom resting,  
Oh deep and full repose!  
No more a time of testing—  
No more to meet our foes;  
But there in brightest glory  
To gaze upon His face,  
And ever tell that story—  
“The riches of His grace.”



## The Father's Love.

THE years are gliding swiftly past,  
They soon shall all be ended,  
And we shall reach *His* home at last,  
Who here our souls befriended.

The Father's house, that scene of joy—  
Our dwelling-place for ever,  
The Father's praise our sweet employ,  
Where discord enters never.

The Father's love, revealed below,  
Has set our hearts in motion,  
And bounding onward now they go  
To bathe in that vast ocean.

The ocean of the Father's love,  
Which line has never sounded—  
Its depths below—its heights above—  
Its lengths, and breadths unbounded.

The Father waits to have us there  
As children Him surrounding,  
Each like the Son—with Him co-heir—  
Oh grace and love abounding !

Like Him, the well-beloved Son—  
Of glory too the Brightness,  
Who for His saints that place has won,  
And robes of glistening whiteness.

Like Him, the Father's first delight,  
Who is on high enthronèd,  
Who shone upon our soul's dark night—  
Who for our sins atonèd.

The Comforter directs the eye  
To Him, the Lord so glorious,  
And takes of things round Him on high,  
And spreads them out before us—

Reminds us of what He has done,  
When here God's heart revealing,  
And tells us things as yet to come—  
Those future things unsealing.

The Father's heart shall find its rest,  
When—counsels all completed—  
We with the Son are fully blest,  
And round the throne are seated.

As in our hearts now dawns that day,  
Which soon shall break in splendour,  
We tread with joy our homeward way,  
And praise and worship render.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—  
The God of our salvation—  
Be praise from all the ransomed host—  
Be praise from all creation.



“Boldness in a Day of Judgment.”

CHRIST the Lord has died for me,  
By the cross He set me free,  
Washed in blood, which there did flow,  
I am whiter far than snow;  
“The best robe” is now my dress—  
Christ the Lord’s my righteousness.

Once to sin a willing slave,  
I the righteous wrath did brave—  
Would not bend the stubborn knee  
To the Lord who died for me,  
But His grace has reached me now,  
Low before His throne I bow.

Once my heart was cold and dead,  
And by Satan captive led,  
But the Son revealed below  
Made my heart those depths to know  
Of the Father’s boundless love,  
Reaching from the throne above.

Sheltered thus, I nothing fear,  
Though the approaching storm I hear,

Sprinkled by that precious blood,  
Nought shall reach my soul but good,  
All things here work for the best,  
I "in Christ" am fully blest.

Covered by His mighty hand,  
Safe amid the storm I stand,  
Judgment cannot reach *Him* there—  
"As He is," so I am here—  
As He is to God on high,  
Such am I, in Him brought nigh.

When the Lord, as Judge alone,  
Sits upon "the great white throne,"  
From His presence on that day  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
I shall then be with Him there,  
And His glorious image bear.





## The Cross and the Throne.

HOW rich, and how boundless the love,  
Which stooped to the cross and the grave,  
Which came from the glory above,  
The guilty and ruined to save.

The One who was "God over all,"  
The Son, in "the bosom" who dwelt,  
He measured the depth of the fall;  
For sinners compassion He felt.

He came to reveal here the heart—  
The heart of the Father above,  
That we with Himself might have part,  
And know that unspeakable love.

The Fountain of life and of light,  
He came down to death on the tree  
He came to the darkness of night,  
He came a sin-offering to be.

Abandoned by God in the place  
Obedience had led Him to take,  
Where judgment, unmingled with grace,  
Upon His blest Person did break.

Came where He, forsaken of God  
The wrath and the curse did endure ;  
Came here, 'neath the stroke of His rod,  
Our blessing on high to secure.

Now peace by the cross has been made,  
God glorified here about sin,  
Foundation for blessing is laid,  
And we have redemption therein.

From the depths of dark Calvary's tree,  
To the throne of the Father on high  
Exalted by God there we see  
The Object to fill every eye.

Beholding Him now on the throne,  
The glory which shines in His face  
His God and His Father makes known—  
The riches, and glory of grace.

There we shall through ages to come  
Be trophies of His boundless love,  
Be with Him and like Him, at home  
In those "many mansions" above.

Oh there shall the heart find its rest,  
Its deep, and eternal delight,  
With Jesus, the Christ, ever blest,  
In day—never broken by night!

For ever to see His blest face,  
For ever to hear His sweet voice,  
Himself there, to fill every space  
In hearts, which in Him do rejoice.



“The True Light.”

BEHOLD that streak of heavenly light  
Across this barren land !  
Whose sacred feet have left those prints  
Upon the desert sand ?  
Or why amid the moral gloom  
Shone light so bright and pure  
To leave its imprint here below,  
For ever to endure ?

Oh let this Light itself unfold !  
No human pen could trace  
The ways of Him who walked on earth  
So full of truth and grace ;  
The Spirit's hand alone could paint  
A pathway so divine,  
And by His power alone we see  
The light which there doth shine.

Then follow with adoring heart  
This streak of heavenly light,  
Recorded by the Spirit here  
To cheer us through the night ;

And seek in lowliness to walk  
The path those feet have trod,  
Learning this "meek and lowly" One,  
As the Eternal God.

Behold Him in the manger laid,  
Whom all in heaven adore ;  
Whom "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,"  
The Magi spread before ;  
The One whose lowly advent here  
The Angel heralds greet—  
*There* first in Him they do behold  
The God-head, full, complete.

No room for Him in this sad world,  
E'en in the *stranger's place* ;  
No heart is there to understand  
The lowliness of grace ;  
But cattle of the field withdraw,  
And for the Lord make room,  
Who enters here His wondrous path,  
Which ends 'mid Calvary's gloom.

The winds and waves—they hear His voice,  
And hush their troubled roar,  
His "peace, be still"—then all is calm,  
Where storm had raged before ;

He plants His feet upon the wave,  
Which bears its holy Freight,  
The elements His words obey  
And on His pleasure wait.

The ox its master could discern,  
The earth its Maker own,  
Who was by man refused a place—  
Rejected by "His own ;"  
Creation owns creation's Lord,  
And only men despise  
The One who came in deepest love,  
That guilty men might rise.

And yet a few are there by grace  
Who "thought upon His name,"  
Who for the promised One did wait  
Amid reproach and shame,  
They breaking forth in joyful praise,  
Now "magnify the Lord,"  
Who visited His people thus,  
According to His word.

Behold Him in the Temple now,  
A child of tender years,  
His words of power and grace and love  
The learned Rabbi hears ;

About His Father's business there,  
He fills His subject place  
As Mary's son, obedient He,  
As God, He fills all space.

The Spirit comes, and rests on Him,  
The Father owns Him Son,  
In whom He ever is well-pleased—  
His well-belovèd One ;  
He takes with those the lowly place,  
Who all their sins confess,  
Yet He Himself in stooping thus  
Fulfil all righteousness.

He had not where to lay His head,  
Yet all things did possess—  
Despised, rejected, and cast out,  
He ever sought to bless ;  
When tempted, tried, insulted here,  
His heart found blest repose  
In Him, whose will He came to do,  
Whose heart He would disclose.

The blind, the lame, the lepers find  
In Him a tender heart,  
And love, and power, and will, are there,  
Such healing to impart ;

See death before His presence fly—  
“The Resurrection” He,  
Yet He would stoop, and take that place,  
To set His people free.

He will not quench the smoking flax,  
Nor break the bruised reed,  
But to the faintest, feeblest cry  
His loving heart gives heed;  
He gives from heaven’s eternal spring  
The “living water” free,  
And slakes the thirst of weary ones,  
Who to the fountain flee.

The “tempter” comes, with all his wiles,  
In Him he nought could find,  
But met the stronger One than he,  
Who did the “strong man” bind;  
Again the “roaring lion” comes,  
And puts forth all his power  
To turn aside that blessed One  
From His appointed hour.

But oh! that perfect holy One,  
Who for that hour had come—  
He crushed the power of Satan there,  
And sealed his final doom;



Encircled by man's enmity,  
And "power of darkness" too,  
God's righteous wrath before Him lay,  
He yet God's will would do.

Beneath thy shades, Gethsemane,  
What sorrows do unfold,  
His agony, and sweat as blood  
Our wondering eyes behold ;  
His pure and holy nature shrinks  
From contact with our sin,  
From the forsaking of His God,  
Who dwelt the Bosom in.

Before His judges see Him stand .  
In holy dignity,  
Herod and Pilate there make friends  
O'er His captivity ;  
The " Powers that be," which should defend  
The righteous and the weak,  
Condemn the Just—then wash the hands,  
And ease of conscience seek.

Oh depth of suffering ! see the waves  
And billows roll o'er Him ;  
See God forsake His Holy One,  
Who was for us made sin ;

Oh depth of sorrow, infinite,  
Which He must there endure,  
Beneath the righteous hand of God,  
Our blessing to secure !

Dependent and obedient One,  
Who always did His will,  
Who stooped from off the throne above  
His counsels to fulfil ;  
The God in whom He trusted so,  
Why does He not appear ?  
Why to His cry of deep distress  
Lends He no hearing ear ?

Divine the love which brought Him down  
To Calvary's deepest woe,  
As Victim and as Martyr there  
Those untold depths to know ;  
We see Him now upon the throne,  
Fruit of the work He did,  
Soon heaven and earth His name shall bless,  
Who here His glory hid.

But why still seek in feeble strains  
His glories to unfold ?  
The world itself would not contain  
What could of Him be told ;

Then let us with adoring heart  
Behold with sacred joy  
And wait the time when suited praise  
Shall every tongue employ.



“Thou art Worthy.”

“THOU art worthy,” Lord of glory,  
Highest honours to enjoy,  
That all knees should bend before Thee,  
And Thy praise all tongues employ.

Thou, the Son, wast with the Father  
Through eternal ages past ;  
Round Thyself all glories gather—  
Glories which shall ever last.

Round Thy throne the angels standing  
Veil their faces in that light ;  
On Thy holy will attending—  
They to do that will delight.

Thou didst from that highest glory  
Stoop to deepest depths of woe—  
Didst on earth rehearse love's story,  
As to Calvary Thou didst go.

There upon the cross forsaken  
By a just and holy God ;  
Did Thy cry no pity waken,  
When beneath His righteous rod ?

No, that hand could show no pity  
To the Son, made sin for us—  
Who (though God) without the city  
Sufferedst for Thy people thus.

Stroke on stroke upon Thee falling,  
Heaven looks on with bated breath—  
Sees Thee there—oh sight appalling !  
Son—Creator—bowed in death.

Now, Thy sufferings all completed,  
God has raised Thee from the dead  
On the throne as man now seated,  
We behold our living Head.

Oh the bursts of acclamation,  
Which Thy exaltation greet,  
When Thou, Lord of our salvation,  
On the throne didst take Thy seat !

“Thou art worthy”—hear them crying—  
“To enthronèd be on high,  
Who the love of God by dying  
Didst unfold and magnify.”

“Thou art worthy—Lord of glory”—  
We re-echo here below,  
*Now* we bend the knee before Thee—  
*Now* our willing praises flow.

Worthy Thou who hast redeemed us—  
Who hast died, that we might live—  
Who from death and hell hast freed us ;  
Worship, praise and thanks we give.



## The Lord's Request.

THY parting word, Lord Jesus—  
“ This do, remember me ”  
To those, whom sorrow gathered  
That night so close to Thee ;  
By grace, our hearts do listen,  
To hear its echo still,  
It strikes a chord within us,  
And praise our hearts doth fill.

Thy parting word, Lord Jesus,  
Has touched the deepest spring,  
And wakes anew affections  
Our waiting hearts within—  
Thy parting word, when sorrow  
Around Thy footsteps pressed,  
When Satan, death and judgment,  
Their fears to Thee addressed.

Thy parting word, Lord Jesus,  
Ere judgment on Thee broke,  
Ere on Thy holy Person  
Came down that righteous stroke ;

The wrath of God before Thee,  
    Whilst foes did gather round,  
There too "Thy friend" betrayed Thee,  
    And darkness did abound.

Thy parting word, Lord Jesus,  
    Before Thou didst endure  
To be of God forsaken  
    Our blessing to secure ;  
Oh grace beyond expression,  
    Which sought that we should be  
All through Thy time of absence  
    In death remembering Thee !

Thy parting word, Lord Jesus,  
    We treasure in our heart,  
And from the love which spoke it,  
    We never more can part ;  
Soon, Lord, Thou wilt receive us  
    Unto *Thyself* on high,  
Till then, we Thee remember,  
    Who for our sins didst die.



## Elect of God the Father.

ELECTED by the Father's love,  
And chosen in the Son,  
Before were spread the heavens above,  
Or formed were stars or sun ;  
Before the moon's pale borrowed light  
Upon the waters danced,  
Or day divided from the night  
Alternately advanced.

Ere yet the fountains of the deep  
O'erflowed the formless void,  
Or ordered—within bounds did keep,  
Or breaking forth destroyed,  
We were the subjects of His thought,  
The objects of His love,  
He willed that we, to glory brought,  
Should reign with Christ above.

When sin and death to us laid claim,  
And held us as their prey,  
When we dishonoured His blest name,  
And chose the evil way ;

Oh ! then, the " due time " fully come,  
He sent in matchless grace  
The One who stood beneath our doom,  
From whom God hid His face.

Where all those waves and billows rolled  
Across that Holy One ;  
Where all God's judgments did unfold,  
And press upon the Son ;  
The Father's glory raised Him up  
From out the silent grave,  
Who bowed His head, and drained the cup,  
Which He, the Father, gave.

Now seated on the Father's throne,  
Who came to do His will,  
Who did for all our guilt atone,  
His counsels all fulfil ;  
The opening heavens shall Him reveal—  
Before Him all shall bow—  
We have the " Earnest " and the " Seal,"  
Through grace we own Him now.

When time with all its change is past,  
And dawned eternal day ;  
When He who is the " First and Last "   
His glory shall display ;

When with Him, like Him, on His throne  
In glory we shall be ;  
In us exceeding grace is shown  
Through God's eternity.



“ This do in Remembrance of Me.”

DEEP within our hearts abiding  
Thy most precious parting word ;  
In Thy perfect love confiding,  
We surround Thee, blessed Lord.

We surround Thee, Lord of glory,  
Present here in grace divine,  
We with heart and voice adore Thee,  
Who in love hast made us Thine.

We respond to love's desire,  
And with joy remember Thee,  
Where God's counsels did require  
Thee the Sacrifice to be.

Lord—to have us as Thy “ treasure,”  
With Thyself to dwell on high,  
Thou didst bear wrath's utmost measure,  
Didst beneath God's billows lie.

We remember all the sorrow  
Which around Thy spirit pressed ;  
We await a bright to-morrow,  
When Thy love shall find its rest.

Then Thy ransomed all surveying,  
Satisfied Thy heart shall be,  
We Thy love and grace displaying,  
Rest for evermore with Thee.

Till shall shine that day of blessing,  
We would still remember Thee,  
And Thy precious name confessing  
Would press on Thy face to see.



## Christ the Lord has come in Grace.

CHRIST the Lord has come in grace,  
Lived and died in this dark place,  
Shone as "Light" and "Love" below,  
Passing on to Calvary's woe.

He who filled the throne above,  
Here revealed God's wondrous love,  
Came to do His holy will,  
Died, the Father's house to fill.

Died beneath the hand—the rod  
Of a righteous, holy God,  
There made sin upon the tree,  
That the sinner might be free.

He who once for sinners died,  
See Him now the glorified,  
Raised from amongst the dead,  
Set o'er all things there as Head.

Flee for refuge, sinner, flee  
To the One who died for thee;  
Now from Him salvation flows,  
Soon the day of grace shall close.

## “The whole Armour of God.”

ELECT of God, take now *His* armour bright,  
And gird thyself, as one gone forth to fight;  
Thou hast a strong and wily foe to meet,  
Thine armour must be perfect and complete,  
Prepare to wrestle, not with flesh and blood,  
Like that which Israel's progress once withstood,  
But powers of darkness, in high places set,  
Who seek the progress of thy soul to let;  
Encase thee in God's panoply complete,  
Resist thy foe, and him thou shalt defeat.

Blest with all blessings in the Son on high,  
Beloved, accepted, and in Him brought nigh,  
In heavenly places seated now above,  
In Him the Object of the Father's love;  
“Complete in Him” thou dost for ever stand,  
No power can pluck thee from His mighty hand,  
But he, who is thy active, ruthless foe,  
Doth seek by wiles thy faith to overthrow,  
He knows thy blessing is in Christ secure,  
But from its present joy would thee allure.

Wherefore gird round thy loins truth's girdle tight,  
Control the inward thoughts, as in the light,  
Let no affections unrestrained go,  
Nor let the mind in nature's channels flow,  
But captives to the truth—the heart and mind  
Their Object in the Lord of glory find ;  
Soon His blest face in glory thou shalt see,  
No need to gird the loins there then shall be,  
In unrestrained delight the heart set free  
Can circle round all that the eye can see.

Wear on thy breast the plated armour bright,  
'Twill give thee confidence amid the fight ;  
The consciousness of righteousness in ways [days ;  
Shall give thee strength through long and dreary  
The conscience clear—an uncondemning heart  
Will to thy soul a strength and joy impart,  
A confidence in God, which nought can quell,  
Though ranged against thee all the powers of hell ;  
'Twill make thee stand, when others round thee fall,  
And still to stand, when thou hast vanquished all.

Thy feet, let them be shod with holy peace,  
And love and grace in all thy ways increase,  
Let Him—whom herald angels at His birth  
Announced with joy to be the "Peace on earth"—



Be now thine Object and thy Pattern here,  
Each day more like Him, and by grace more near ;  
Thy yieldingness, let it be known to all,  
He is at hand, who comes His saints to call ;  
Let strife for ever cease in all thy ways,  
And walk in peace, to His eternal praise.

Above them all, the shield of faith hold high,  
To quench the fiery darts which round thee fly,  
The one who whispered in our parent's ear,  
That "*God doth know*,"—our wily foe—is near,  
He seeks to shake thy confidence in Him,  
By subtle words thy faith in God to dim ;  
Hold fast thy trust in His unchanging love,  
From resting there let nought thy heart remove ;  
Rest in His love, who gave His Son for thee,  
Who loved and chose thee from eternity.

Upon thy brow salvation's helmet wear,  
The joy of full redemption resting there,  
Rejoice in Him who all the work hath done,  
Who died, who rose, who for us victory won ;  
Raised up and seated in Him, is thy place,  
His joy be now thy strength to run the race ;  
Rejoice in Him, again I say rejoice—  
Rehearse His triumphs with exulting voice ;

Lift up thy head, and give to Him the praise,  
Who was, and is, and lives to end of days.

Secure in all thy parts, take now the sword,  
The Spirit's sword, which is God's holy word,  
First on thyself its twofold edge to prove,  
Piercing, dividing, from thyself remove  
All that unfits thee in thy thoughts and ways  
To be a soldier in these evil days ;  
Then wield it with a strong, unerring hand,  
The Captain of the host shall by thee stand ;  
The battle is not thine, it is the Lord's,  
Stand in *His* might, who grace and power affords.

One item yet remains for me to tell,  
On which my closing thoughts delight to dwell ;  
*That* which completes the Christian panoply,  
Finds its expression in the bended knee,  
Dependence on the One whose mighty power  
Alone can keep thee in the evil hour ;—  
All prayer, always, and watching thereunto,  
As one who seeks the Master's will to do ;  
Stand then complete in His eternal might,  
Through Him thou 'lt more than conquer in the  
fight.

“Let not your heart be troubled.”

JOHN XIV.

“LET not your heart be troubled,”  
L Though Christ no more is here—  
Gone back unto the Father,  
To faith He's always near ;  
As we in God believèd,  
Whom eye hath never seen,  
So now believe in Jesus  
Who here revealed has been.

“Let not your heart be troubled,”  
He's gone up to prepare  
A place for us in glory,  
He'll come and take us there ;  
Within those “many mansions,”  
A place to suit His love  
Is now for us made ready,  
Since He is there above.

“Let not your heart be troubled,”  
He'll come Himself again,  
“A little while” of waiting,  
And we shall see Him then ;

He comes Himself to meet us,  
Then we shall ever be  
With Him in heavenly glory,  
His blessed face shall see.

“Let not your heart be troubled,”  
Though 'tis an evil day,  
He walked the path before us—  
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;  
We know the place He's gone to,  
We know the Father there,  
The Son Himself revealed Him  
In all His footsteps here.

“Let not your heart be troubled,”  
The Comforter has come,  
Sent by the Lord of glory,  
To lead us to *His* Home ;  
To 'bide with us for ever,  
To teach our hearts to know  
Of love the depth and fulness,  
Which in Christ's heart doth glow.

“Let not your heart be troubled,”  
In this, the Spirit's day,  
Who in our hearts is shedding  
His brightest heavenly ray—

That Christ is in the Father,  
And we in Christ, by grace,  
That Christ in us abiding,  
We shine in this dark place.

“Let not your heart be troubled,”  
Nor let it be afraid,  
But trust the Lord who loves us,  
And keep the words He said ;  
*His peace* with us He leaveth,  
*His peace* to us doth give,  
Though absent now, we see Him,  
Because He lives, we live.



## Christ on the Father's Throne.

THE Lord, He is now on the throne,  
Awaiting the Father's decree,  
To make the earth's kingdoms His own ;  
His foes then all broken shall be.

Those who have refused to own  
The One who once died on the tree,  
Beneath the vast weight of that " Stone,"  
Then ground into powder shall be.

Before He shall come in His power,  
And here all His glory display,  
We look for, and wait for the hour  
He'll come for us, " children of day."

In patience He waits still above,  
To claim as the bride of His heart  
The Church He has died for in love,  
In glory, with Him, to have part.

To sit on His Throne with Him there,  
His chief, His peculiar delight,  
His widespread dominion to share,  
Where God and the Lamb are the light.

Oh joy which no heart can conceive !  
Oh love which no tongue can declare !  
When He to Himself shall receive,  
And place us exultingly there.

Oh there we 'll for ever adore  
The One who for sin did atone !  
We 'll worship and praise evermore  
The Lamb, in the midst of the throne.



## “Herein is Love.”

1 JOHN IV. 9, 10.

GOD sent His only Son to die—  
“Herein is love!”

Sent Him from off the throne on high—  
“Herein is love!”

Oh wondrous love, that God should give  
His only Son, that we might live  
Through Him, in whom we now believe!—  
“Herein is love!”

God made Him sin upon the tree—  
“Herein is love!”

That we His righteousness might be—  
“Herein is love!”

O! deep and full abounding grace,  
He put Him in the sinner's place,  
Condemned Him there in righteousness—  
“Herein is love!”

God raised Him from amongst the dead—  
“Herein is love!”  
And set Him over all as Head—  
“Herein is love!”



Redemption's work now fully done—  
God glorified in His blest Son—  
We share the victory He hath won—  
“ Herein is love ! ”

Soon in the Father's house we 'll rest—  
“ Herein is love ! ”

There with the Son for ever blest—  
“ Herein is love ! ”

As on that blessed face we gaze,  
Our hearts and voices we shall raise,  
And fill those courts with ceaseless praise—  
“ Herein is love ! ”



“ That in all things He might have the  
Pre-eminence.”

COL. I. 18.

THOU art the First—Lord Jesus,  
And O Thou art the Last,  
Who fillest all the future,  
The present and the past,  
The Alpha, the Beginning—  
And Omega, the End—  
Once dead, alive for ever,  
To whom each knee shall bend.

The Brightness of the glory,  
Which eye hath never seen,  
Who never hadst beginning,  
Eternal Thou hast been ;  
Who art the perfect Image  
Of God Invisible,  
In light, where none approacheth,  
In love, which none can tell.

“ First-born of every creature ”

Upon the eternal throne—  
Pre-eminent in all things,  
The Universe shall own ;  
Of everything Creator,  
By whom all things consist,  
All things on earth, in heaven,  
Do by Thy word exist.

“ Apostle,” blest Revealer

Of God, and His rich grace,  
Whose glory now is shining  
Upon Thy radiant face ;  
Thou “ Priest of our profession,”  
Hast borne the wrath for sin—  
Hast died the holy Victim—  
Hast passed the veil within.

Thou art the First, Lord Jesus,

Begotten from the dead,  
Now seated there in glory,  
The Church’s living Head ;  
We members of Thy body,  
And of Thy flesh and bone,  
Are looking for Thy coming,  
To place us on the throne.

Oh then in power and glory  
Thou 'lt come as King of kings,  
("Ten thousand" of Thy people  
Thine advent with it brings,)  
To sweep away transgression,  
By power all things redeem,  
To fill the earth with blessing,  
And rule o'er all supreme!



“We see Jesus.”

SEE the Lord of glory passing  
Onward, with the cross in view ;  
See His holy footsteps pressing  
Forward, all God's will to do.

See Him now refused, despised,  
By the ones He 'd come to save ;  
See Him outcast and derided,  
Finding here a cross and grave.

See Him in the garden praying,  
Sweating as it were in blood ;  
Hear the words which He is saying  
To His Father and His God :

“Let—Oh ! let this cup pass from me,  
If according to Thy will ;  
But this cup was mixed for me—  
I Thy counsels shall fulfil.”

See Him on the cross impaled—  
There He bowed His blessed head,  
By the wrath of God assailed,  
He was numbered with the dead.

See Him from the dead arising,  
All that wondrous debt is paid,  
Earth and hell alike surprising,  
He "both Lord and Christ" is made.

See Him now in glory seated,  
Proof the victory has been won,  
Soon, God's purposes completed,  
All shall rest upon the Son.

See Him there in patience waiting,  
Till He claims His ransomed bride,  
His deep love knows no abating  
To the Church, for which He died.

See Him come with saints attended—  
Claim the kingdoms as His own,  
Far and wide His rule extended,  
He shall reign, the Lord alone.



## Rest.

A WAY from God, is all unrest,  
Like to the tossing of the sea,  
Which bears upon each foaming crest,  
The mire which 'neath the waves may be ;  
Unto the wicked there 's no rest,  
No peace to fill the troubled breast.

Away from God the heart doth prove  
An aching void, which nought can fill,  
A place where evil passions move—  
The active energy, self-will—  
A spring polluted at the source,  
Defiling in its onward course.

Away from God, the conscience seeks—  
It seeks in vain a place of rest,  
As light divine upon it breaks,  
It groans within a troubled breast ;  
And cries, " Oh ! whither shall I flee ? "  
" Where is there rest for such as me ? "

Then sweetly falls upon the ear

The voice of Him, who spake in love,  
The "still small voice," so soft and clear,

Which flows from out the throne above :—  
"Come unto Me, I give thee rest,  
Come now, and be for ever blest."

Rest for the conscience bowed by sin,  
Deliverance from the fear of death,  
An undisturbèd peace within,

Resting on what the Spirit saith—  
Upon the work which Christ has done—  
The work and Person of the Son.

Rest for the weary aching heart,  
Fulness of God for emptiness,  
Fulness of joy, which doth impart  
A foretaste of eternal bliss ;  
All, all is found in Christ above,  
Who died for us in perfect love.

Rest in a restless, tossing scene,  
A rest the world can never give,  
A rest, which rests on nothing seen,  
But on the One in whom we live ;  
The peace, which keeps the heart and mind,  
In Christ the Lord alone we find.



The rest of God is yet in store,  
Where *He* shall find His blest repose  
Where peace shall reign for evermore,  
And Christ His glory all disclose,  
Where we shall enter into rest,  
And be with Him for ever blest.

Rest where the heart may outward go,  
In deep and unrestrained delight,  
Affections may ungirded flow,  
Where all things suit that perfect light ;  
Where all within, and all around  
In "holiness of truth" are found.

Unbroken rest—and yet 'twill be  
A scene of ever-active joy ;  
Before the throne shall bend each knee,  
And suited praise each tongue employ.  
They "night and day" with one accord  
Cry "Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord."



## How boundless the Love.

HOW boundless the love  
Which came from above,  
To rescue the lost and the dying ;  
How rich was the grace,  
Which left that bright place,  
And came, where in death they were lying.

How perfect the plan  
To save ruined man,  
Christ offered Himself as the Victim ;  
He, knowing God's will,  
Would His purpose fulfil ;—  
Jehovah—His God—did afflict Him.

He there was made sin,  
Our blessing to win,  
And work out a perfect salvation,  
That we might be blest,  
And brought to God's rest,  
From out of each people and nation.

How great was the power,  
Which in that dark hour,  
When Satan to triumph appearèd,  
Brought Him from the grave,  
Almighty to save  
Those who by His death have been clearèd.

His glory so bright  
Shall soon shed its light ;  
The heavens and earth shall adore Him ;  
As known then we 'll know,  
And hearts shall all glow,  
As crowns we with joy cast before Him.



“We shall be like Him.”

O blessed God, and are we Thine,  
The purchase of that precious blood ?  
Shall we in heavenly glory shine  
Like Him, who once our surety stood ;—  
Like Him, Thy blest eternal Son,  
Who hath for us the victory won ?

O wondrous grace, and shall we be  
Within those “ many mansions ” there,  
And “ face to face ” in glory see  
His countenance, so passing fair,  
There cast our crowns before His feet,  
Who for the light hath made us meet ?

There sit upon the throne with Him,  
Who gave Himself—O boundless love !  
That He our worthless hearts might win,  
And have us for Himself above,  
To be His joy, His chief delight,  
In that bright scene of cloudless light ?

And soon shall come that blessed day,  
When we shall see Him as He is,  
When He will come, and call away  
All who by grace are now made His ;  
O then these hearts as known shall know,  
And suited praise to Thee shall flow !



## The Lord in Glory.

BEHOLDING the Lord on the throne,  
Who died for us here in deep love,  
The Spirit indwelling makes known  
The place we have in Him above ;  
The glories which there we behold,  
Whose brightness exceeds the noon-day,  
His work and His Person unfold,  
Rejoicing our hearts in the way.

Beholding Him still as we run  
The race He has marked for us here,  
Until the bright goal has been won—  
We reach, and are like to Him there ;  
The Spirit directing the eye,  
Our Object and Pattern we find  
In Him who is gone up on high,  
But left His blest foot-prints behind.

Beholding with unveiled face,  
The streams of that glory so bright,  
With joy we press on to the place—  
That place, where the Lamb is the Light

O there shall our hearts be at rest,  
And satisfied in His deep love !  
O there with Himself ever blest,  
In mansions prepared above !



## Glory unto Him.

GLORY unto Him who died—  
Who for us was crucified—  
Came in rich, abounding grace—  
Took the guilty sinner's place.

Glory unto Him who lives—  
Him who life eternal gives—  
Quickened from the silent grave,  
He is mighty now to save.

Glory unto Him on high,  
By whose blood we are made nigh ;  
Seated in Him is our place—  
Trophies of His matchless grace.

Glory unto Him whose voice  
Shall each waiting heart rejoice,  
He will call His saints away  
To His own eternal day.

Glory ! glory ! shall resound—  
Praise and worship there abound,  
To the Lamb upon the throne—  
He is worthy—He alone.



“The Lord Himself” is coming.

THE Lord Himself” is coming,  
With “voice” and “shout” attended;  
With great delight  
He’ll close the night,  
For those His grace befriended;  
In patience He has waited,  
(O love beyond all measure!)  
To have us there  
His throne to share,  
His Own peculiar treasure:

“The Lord Himself” is coming,  
And we shall rise to meet Him,  
With trumpet blast  
He comes at last,  
O how our hearts shall greet Him!  
He comes Himself to claim us,  
And clothe us in His brightness,  
His face to see  
And like Him be,  
All robed in glistening whiteness.

“The Lord Himself” is coming,  
His love knows no abating,  
With longing eye  
We look on high,  
To where He still is waiting ;  
We cry, “ Oh come, Lord Jesus !  
Inwrap us in Thy glory,  
That we may be  
At home with Thee—  
Thy bride—Thy joy, before Thee.”

‘The Lord Himself’ is coming,  
O look for His returning,  
With lamps in trim,  
No longer dim,  
But each one brightly burning  
“ Behold I ’m coming quickly ! ”—  
Its echo still we ’re hearing,  
With one accord  
We say, “ Come, Lord ”—  
This hope each heart is cheering.



## Bethany.

TO Bethany, that sweet retreat,  
The Lord would oft repair ;  
With hallowed joy those sisters greet  
Their Lord and Master there ;  
In sorrow deep they proved His love  
And learned His power and grace  
Who filled by right the throne above,  
Yet sought with them a place.

A place where He could turn aside  
From envy, hatred, scorn,  
From those who did their Lord deride,  
Who as their King was born ;—  
A place where He could find repose,  
Who had no home down here,  
Where He could all His heart disclose  
To those who loved to hear.

God sought deep blessing to impart—  
To glorify Christ's name,  
And oh ! upon those sisters' heart  
A crushing sorrow came ;

And when the cloud did gather thick,  
To Him, their "Friend," they flee—  
"He whom Thou lovest, Lord, is sick;"—  
Ah yet why tarries He?

Why tarries He to bring relief?  
Has He not power to heal?  
Why does He not, amid their grief,  
Respond to that appeal?  
"Ah, Lord, if Thou hadst but been here  
My brother had not died;"  
Such are the words which met His ear,  
And deep reproach implied.

But oh what blessing from above  
Was wrought through that delay!  
How deep the sympathy and love,  
Disclosed in sorrow's way!  
Those hearts in desolation prove  
What words could never say,  
As side by side with Him they move  
To where their brother lay.

He felt their sorrow all His own,—  
Behold how "Jesus wept"!  
Oppressed in spirit, hear Him groan  
O'er Lazarus' grave, who slept;

“The Resurrection and the Life,”

He stood by that dark tomb,  
Amidst a world of death and strife,  
Called him from out its gloom.

See Lazarus *raised*, and *seated* there,  
With Mary *at the feet*,  
Whilst *service* Martha makes her care—  
The circle all complete ;  
He sups with them, O wondrous grace !  
And speaks of His decease ;  
They sup with Him, and see His face,  
And faith and hope increase.

He walked with them in sorrow's path,  
And carried all their care ;  
Now Mary brings forth what she hath,  
And spends it on Him there ;  
In sorrow's path *she* walks with Him  
(Her sympathy how sweet !)  
Who soon must lie the tomb within,  
And all its power defeat.

How sweet the answer of the heart !  
Its fragrance fills the place,  
What joy to Him it doth impart  
To see such fruits of grace !

How many rays of glory shine  
Around that hallowed scene !  
What deep perfections there combine,  
And in the Christ are seen !

Oh may our hearts a Bethany prove,  
A place where Christ may dwell !  
And where is shed abroad His love,  
Its joy no tongue can tell ;  
*As seated worshippers, to serve*  
Till called by Him away ;  
No " times or seasons " to observe—  
We 're children of the day.



“ Giving thanks unto the Father.”

WE give Thee thanks, our Father,  
That in Thy counsels we  
In Christ, the Son, were chosen  
From all eternity,  
To Him to be conformèd—  
*There* “ holy, without blame,”  
Accepted and beloved,  
And called by His blest name.

We give Thee thanks, our Father,  
For Thou hast made us meet  
To be the blest partakers  
With saints in light—complete—  
In all they do inherit—  
Joint-heirs with Christ, the Son,  
Who shares with them the glory  
Which here as man He won.

We give Thee thanks, our Father,  
For Thou hast waked the cry  
Within our hearts of “ Abba ” ;  
As children we ’re brought nigh ;

A Father's eye is resting  
Upon each loved one here,  
A Father's hand is holding  
Each one to Him so dear.

We give Thee thanks, our Father,  
Thy house which is above  
Shall be our home for ever,  
Our portion, Thy deep love ;  
There with delight beholding  
Thy children fully blest,  
In them fulfilled Thy counsels,  
Thy heart can fully rest.





“ Shine as lights in the world.”

PHIL. III. 15.

FORTH from his chamber comes the sun,  
Girded with strength, his course to run,  
The ruler of the day ;  
Unhindered by all earthly power,  
Uninfluenced by the passing hour,  
He treads his heavenly way.

Diffusing blessing as he goes,  
Light, heat, refreshing, from him flows,  
Where'er his beams do rest ;  
He turns not to the left or right,  
Obedient in his onward flight,  
Fulfilling God's behest.

Forth from our closet may *we* come,  
Strengthened with might, *our* course to run,  
The eye on Christ above ;  
Still cleaving close to His blest side,  
Beneath His sheltering wing we hide,  
Abiding in His love.

To tread our pathway here, so bright,  
Which leads to day without a night,  
    (Lit up by love divine,)  
Where borrowed light no more shall throw  
Its flicker, as it doth below ;  
    Where God alone shall shine.

May we, in this our lowly sphere,  
Fulfil our mission, walking here  
    To please that Holy One ;  
May streams of blessing from us flow,  
As pressing onward still we go  
    Till all our work is done.

Sustained by God's almighty hand,  
May we 'gainst power of evil stand,  
    As light, where all is dark,  
Unmoved by Satan's wiles or force,  
Unshaken in our upward course,  
    Press forward to the mark.

May we each day our course fulfil,  
Seeking to know and do His will,  
    Who sent us here to be  
Reflectors of His love and grace,  
To shine for Him in this dark place—  
    His Christ in us to see.

O may our pathway prove to be  
Brighter and brighter, till we see  
And reach the perfect day !  
Like to the path the just do tread,  
Which leadeth up to Christ the Head—  
The Life—the Truth—the Way.



## The Father of Mercies.

FATHER of mercies, we adore  
And worship at Thy feet,  
Thy bounteous hand and boundless store,  
Each day their gifts repeat;  
Thy love, which did salvation bring,  
Can now withhold no needed thing.

We trusted Thee for all we were  
As sinners, lost, undone;  
We trust Thee now for what we are,  
Until our course is run;  
To every want Thou dost give heed,  
Thou, Father, knowest what we need.

Till we have reached Thy rest above,  
Where need is felt no more,  
We daily prove Thy thoughtful love,  
And draw from heaven's rich store;  
Thy boundless love in which we share  
Would keep our hearts without a care.

## What Love!

WHAT love!—the Father sent the Son,  
That we through Him might live,  
'Tis finished now—the work is done,  
And we on Him believe.

What love!—He sent Him here to die—  
The wrath for sin to bear,  
That sinners might through Him draw nigh,  
And the “best robe” might wear.

What love!—the Son came from the throne  
Down to a death of shame—  
There for our guilt He did atone—  
There to our hearts laid claim.

What love!—forsaken of His God—  
Forsaken on the tree,  
Beneath that holy righteous rod,  
That sinners might be free.

What love!—this is the Spirit's hour,  
Who speaks of all Christ did,  
Whilst Satan puts forth craft and power,  
And seeks to keep it hid.

What love!—He shines amid the gloom ;  
He seeks the House to fill ;  
He calls aloud—" Yet there is room,"  
" Come now, whoever will."



## Chosen.

THE Father in His counsels deep,  
Ere time had yet begun,  
Foreknew us, as poor wandering sheep,  
And chose us in the Son.

Chose us to answer to His mind—  
His nature and His heart,  
That in us love its rest might find,  
Who have with Christ a part.

Chose us to dwell with Him above,  
And like the Son appear,  
Within the circle of His love,  
His children ever dear.

Chose us, to fill that place reserved,  
The "Father's house" within,  
Where we—unto the end preserved—  
With joy shall enter in.

Chose us to be companions there  
With the "beloved Son,"  
The glory and the throne to share,  
Which here as man He won.

Chose us to show exceeding grace  
In ages yet to be ;  
To fill that nearest, dearest place,  
Through all eternity.

O sovereign grace ! how much we owe  
To thine eternal choice ;  
These hearts with praise do now o'erflow,  
We in our God rejoice.





### Behold the Lord.

**B**EHOLD the Lord forsaken,  
Upon the shameful tree,  
There life from Him was taken,  
To set the captives free ;  
He died beneath the pressure  
Of God's Almighty hand,  
That we, His hidden treasure,  
Before the throne might stand.

Behold the Lord arising  
Out from the silent grave,  
(O love all hearts surprising !)  
His enemies to save ;  
All those who now believe Him  
Are made God's righteousness ;  
All those who now receive Him  
Eternal life possess.

Behold the Lord ascended,  
All power rests in His hand,  
Which is in grace extended  
O'er every people, land ;

But soon that hand uplifted  
In judgment shall descend ;  
Of those who grace rejected  
Destruction is the end.

Behold the Lord beseeching,  
In rich abounding grace,  
His boundless love is reaching  
To earth's most distant place ;  
Oh ! hear the voice now pleading,  
And fix on Him faith's eye,  
Submit to His blest leading—  
Why, sinner, wouldst thou die ?



“With the Lord.”

HOW blest the hope that we shall be  
For ever, Lord, at home with Thee,  
The “Father’s House” within;  
Within that place of cloudless light,  
Where never comes one shade of night,  
Nor trace of grief or sin.

Blest Lord, to see Thee satisfied,  
In having us Thy spotless bride .  
Upon the throne with Thee ;  
To hear Thee lead the song of praise,  
Which widening circles round Thee raise,  
The nearest circle we.

The Seraphim there veil the face,  
And seek to understand the grace  
Which placed *us* on the throne;  
Then, breaking forth, ascribe to Thee  
All honour, glory, majesty,  
Who didst the work alone.

The "Living Creatures" Thee adore,  
And "Elders" cast their crowns before  
The throne, where sits the Lamb;  
The heavenly hosts take up the song,  
Which all creation bears along,  
To Thee the great I AM.

Above it all, this richest strain—  
"To Him who washed us from each stain  
In His most precious blood"—  
-Shall flow from hearts supremely blest,  
And brought by Thee to God's own rest,  
Who once as rebels stood.



“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”

WITHIN the gloom of this dark day,  
Where nature gropes and finds no way,  
That “ still small voice ” to faith doth say,  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”

When billows round our bark appear,  
And tempest's angry voice we hear,  
Above it all sounds rich and clear,  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”

When troubles gather fierce and strong,  
And weary ones for respite long,  
This fills the heart with joyful song,  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”

When sorrows and afflictions stand  
Around the saint on every hand,  
By this the spark of faith is fanned,  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”

In pain and sickness, or in health,  
In greatest poverty, or wealth,  
The power of this sweet word is felt,  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”

In every circumstance we trace  
Thy wisdom, power, and boundless grace,  
Who sayest in this desert place,  
“ ’Tis I, be not afraid.”

O blessed Lord ! we cease to fear,  
Our troubles bring Thee still more near,  
Where Thy blest voice doth sound more clear,  
“ ’Tis I, be not afraid.”



“Christ our Passover.”

THE Paschal Lamb was slain,  
His precious blood was shed,  
Behold Him now alive again,  
As risen from the dead.

He's seated now on high,  
Redemption's work complete,  
Which brings the lost and ruined nigh,  
Before the “mercy-seat.”

The guilty may draw near  
Unto the eternal throne,  
“No condemnation,” they shall hear,  
Who rest on Christ alone.

Beneath God's holy eye,  
The blood is ever seen,  
In Christ the sinner is brought nigh,  
Who once “far off” had been.

Encouraged by His word,  
Attracted by His love,  
Who now believe on Christ the Lord,  
Shall dwell with Him above.

## “A Woman in the City.”

LUKE VII. 36-50.

“SHE knew that Jesus sat at meat,”  
The guest of Simon there—  
Unkissed His cheek—unwashed His feet—  
No oil—no host-like care ;  
The Eternal God, who dwelt in light,  
Could stoop in grace so low,  
That sinful man thus dared to slight  
And scorn Him here below.

A woman of the city, she—  
“A sinner” by repute,  
She knew that He, and only He,  
Such as *she* was would suit ;  
Attracted by that perfect grace,  
Which she had learnt to know,  
She sought at His blest feet a place,  
To let her heart out-flow.

She cared not for the scornful glance  
Which Simon on her cast,  
It did but all the more enhance  
The love which chained her fast



She thought not of the place—she came  
The Saviour there to meet,  
She thought not of her own deep shame,  
There prostrate at His feet,

One Person there her soul had sought,  
One Object filled her eye,  
What recked she what those round her thought  
If He, her Lord, was nigh?  
Behind Him, at His feet she lay,  
Her all on Him was spent,  
Her hair—her tears—their tribute pay,  
Her nard its fragrance lent.

The murmurs of self-righteousness  
In Simon's heart were found,  
But love and grace, which sought to bless,  
In Jesus did abound;  
“If this man were a prophet, He  
Would not allow the touch  
Of one so sunk in guilt as she,  
He'd turn away from such.”

These were the reasonings of a mind  
Which knew not God in grace,  
Which to that glory all was blind,  
Which shone in Jesus' face;

The Lord could read the thoughts, as they  
Arose within that heart ;—  
Simon, He somewhat has to say,  
Something He would impart.

“ A creditor two debtors had,  
On one a great debt lay,  
The other, but a tithe as bad ;—  
Neither had aught to pay ;  
Then frankly he forgave the two,  
The greater, and the small ;—  
Which then will love him most, think you,  
Or most his name extol ? ”

Ah Simon ! thou hast judged aright—  
“ He who has most forgiven,”  
Then bring thy conscience to the light,  
And learn the lesson given ;  
Thy studied slight, and marked neglect  
To Him, come from above,  
The thoughts within thy heart reflect—  
The absence of all love.

Forgiven little, little love  
Is all thou hast to give  
To Him who came from heaven above,  
That guilty ones might live ;

And yet, if thou the truth hadst known,  
Thy debt was e'en so great,  
The death of Christ, and that alone,  
Could for it expiate.

Self-satisfaction in thy heart,  
Thy debt appears but small,  
Before the eye of God, thou art  
Involved beyond recall ;  
With thee He is a slighted guest,  
Whom all in heaven adore,  
By whom all creatures here are blest,  
Whom angels bow before.

Behold that woman—contrast bright  
To thy cold reasoning way,  
His presence dissipates her night,  
His presence makes her day ;  
Forgiven much, her heart is won—  
“ Five hundred pence ” she owes,  
Attracted to this blessed One  
Her heart in worship flows.

Love ever ready to discern  
What will true joy impart,  
Makes this its one, its chief concern,  
To gratify His heart—

His heart, who is her Object here,  
So full of truth and grace,  
Who is the Answer to her fear,  
As she beholds His face.

“Thy sins forgiven,” precious word  
To sound upon her ear !  
Faith treasures up what there it heard,  
Which quells each anxious fear ;  
O depth of joy, unspeakable,  
Which fills to overflow  
That heart, which now His praise shall tell,  
Who saved and loved her so !

\* \* \* \* \*

O blessed Lord, how doth Thy grace  
Shine forth in all Thy ways,  
In every circumstance and place,  
In those eventful days ;  
God glorified in all Thy course—  
The manger to the tree—  
God's love—its Channel, and its Source—  
We recognize in Thee !

## The Love of Christ.

**D**RAWN by the cords of love,  
O Christ, that love of Thine !  
We press toward the mark above,  
That we like Thee may shine.

Love shone in all Thy ways,  
As Thou didst walk below,  
That love now sheds its brightest rays  
Along the path we go.

Love waits to find its rest,  
Till we are with Thee there,  
Till with Thee we are fully blest,  
And all Thy glory share.

*There* love comes forth to serve—  
The girded Servant still ;  
The nearest place Thou dost reserve—  
The place for us to fill.

*There* shall our hearts break forth  
In rich, eternal praise,  
There celebrate Thy matchless worth  
Through heaven's unclouded days.

## Morning.

ANOTHER night its course has run,  
Another morning has begun ;  
Our Eben-ezer here we raise,  
And give to God our grateful praise.

Preserved by Him through dangers past,  
Upon Him we our future cast,  
We bless Him for what He has done,  
And trust Him for what is to come.

Another day before us spread,  
O may we, by the Spirit led,  
Press forward in our heavenly way,  
With Christ begin and close the day !

And be it thus, till we shall see  
His blessed face, and like Him be,  
Who is our glorious living Head—  
Who comes to claim His quick and dead.

## Evening.

**A**NOTHER day has reached its close,  
And we record how mercy flows  
From that unfailing source above—  
The Father's rich, eternal love.

With grateful hearts we now review  
His mercies, neither small nor few,  
Which circled round our path to-day,  
And kept us in the narrow way.

We now commend us to His care,  
Each dear one on our hearts we bear ;  
Through all the watches, day and night,  
He'll be our "cloud," and "pillar of light."

Beneath that eye, which never sleeps ;  
Within that hand, which ever keeps ;  
We lay us down—we take our rest—  
Assured whatever comes is best.

## N I C O D E M U S .

JOHN III. 1-21.

BENEATH the cover of the night,  
With stealthy step he came,  
Who could not face the broad daylight,  
Or meet the dreaded shame ;  
A seat he in the " Council " held—  
A teacher of the law,  
Yet Jesus sought, with wonder filled  
At what he heard and saw.

The multitude, they too had seen  
The mighty works Christ did,  
But sight, not faith, in them had been,  
To sight the Truth is hid ;  
He would not link Himself with such,  
He knew the heart too well,  
He could discern faith's feeblest touch,  
What was in man could tell.

But Nicodemus saw that Light,  
Which shed its lustre here,  
It broke upon his long dark night,  
Awakening anxious fear ;



He came by night, so conscious he  
The world would 'gainst him rise,  
Which could in Christ no beauty see,  
So blinded were men's eyes.

He came—a teacher to be taught,  
Those heavenly things to learn—  
“ A Teacher come from God ” he sought—  
A place in heaven to earn ;  
But oh the wisdom of the grace,  
Which shone in that reply,  
Which put him in his guilty place,  
A sinner doomed to die !

“ Except a man be born again,  
No light his soul can see,  
Born of the Spirit, only then  
Enlightened he can be ; ”  
“ Born of the flesh, he flesh remains,  
In darkness yet abides,  
The flesh its enmity retains,  
And lust each action guides.”

“ As zephyr blows upon the leaves,  
Which yield to every touch,  
Or storm the stately cedar cleaves,  
In its untoward rush ;

You hear the sound, you see effect,  
But cannot tell from whence,  
Nor can the wisest sage detect  
Where it doth travel thence."

"Such are the ways the Spirit moves  
Upon the hearts of men,  
Whichever way His power doth choose,  
The soul is born again ;  
The heart may opened softly be,  
And so the truth receive,  
Or, by an earthquake forced to flee,  
May on the Son believe."

Thus the foundations swept away,  
His soul had built upon,  
He stands beneath that searching ray,  
With every refuge gone ;  
And yet that proud self-righteous heart  
Its unbelief still proved,  
From cherished thoughts how can he part,  
Or from vain hopes be moved ?

Again behold *His* master-touch,  
Who ever seeks to bless,  
Who seeks to reach the conscience thus,  
In loving faithfulness ;

“ A teacher thou, yet ignorant of  
Those earthly things I've told ?  
How shall I then of things above  
The heights and depths unfold ? ”

“ The Son of man, who is in heaven,  
Who has descended here,  
To Him, and Him alone 'tis given,  
To re-ascend up there ;  
He knows each secret of God's heart—  
God manifest below,  
In manhood too He took a part,  
That thou that heart mightst know.”

But see that tender, gracious love,  
Which seeketh to impart  
A beam of joy from heaven above  
Unto that anxious heart ;  
The drawings of the Father were  
Beneath His watchful eye,  
He reads the workings of them there,  
In drawing this one nigh.

From such He will not turn away,  
However slow they be,  
He'll make them children of the day,  
From sin and death set free ;

He deals with them in patient grace,  
The conscience to relieve,  
And seeks within the heart a place,  
Of those who Him receive.

“Should God espouse the sinner’s cause,  
The Son of man must be  
Uplifted, as the serpent was,  
Upon the shameful tree ;  
For God so loved the world, that He  
His only Son did give,  
That all who now believing be,  
Through Him, the Son, might live.”

Such are the words this Ruler hears,  
As turning to depart,  
His mind oppressed with anxious fears,  
A weight upon his heart ;  
He counts the cost, and fears to take  
Reproach for Christ’s blest name,  
He fears with all this world to break,  
He fears to bear the shame.

JOHN VII. 50, 51.

Again a Ruler’s voice we hear,  
The same who came by night,  
He in the “ Council ” doth appear,  
There to defend the right ;

Unsuited place, and feeble word  
For one who heard such grace,  
For one who felt that Christ was Lord,  
Who filled the outside place.

How weak the faith, how slow the heart,  
How little progress made,  
How did the fear of man impart  
Weakness to all he said ;  
Yet he had made faith's blessed choice,  
And conscience moved in him,  
Which made him lift his timid voice  
Amid the Sanhedrim.

JOHN XIX. 39-42.

Again a Ruler—still the same,  
When all forsook and fled,  
Now casts aside his guilty shame,  
And seeks this One, though dead ;  
The One who suffered on the cross,  
Has now become to him  
The One, for whom he counts all loss,  
All glory else grows dim.

The faith, which hidden long had been,  
Now seeks the light of day,  
And Nicodemus may be seen  
With spices wend his way

To where the One, whom faith still knew  
As the Eternal Son,  
Completed all He came to do,  
And dying victory won.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Lord is now in glory bright,  
All power rests in His hand,  
May we, as children of the light,  
With Him rejected stand—  
Press forward in our homeward path,  
And do what here we can,  
Still imitate this Ruler's faith,  
But not his fear of man.



## Remembering the Lord.

L ORD JESUS, when we think of all that love,  
Which brought Thee from the Father's throne  
above,

Which brought Thee down to Calvary's deepest woe,  
That we salvation and that love might know ;  
Our hearts adore—we bow before the throne,  
And give to Thee the praise—to Thee alone.

Blest Lord, beholding Thee, enthroned on high,  
We learn the sovereign grace, which brought us nigh  
Before Thy God and Father, where we see  
That we accepted are beloved in Thee ;  
The Father's name we bless, and own the grace,  
Which sought and found, and put us in this place.

The conscience now set free, the heart at rest,  
We think of Thee, O Lord ! in whom we 're blest,  
We think of what love brought Thee here to do,  
And of the sorrow, which Thy heart passed through,  
When Thou upon the cross didst bow Thy head,  
When Thou for us wast numbered with the dead.

Where deepest sorrow on Thy spirit pressed,  
We by Thy many stripes are healed, and blest,  
We think of Thee, blest Lord, when o'er Thy soul  
The waves and billows of God's wrath did roll ;  
Amid the light, which shines around us here,  
We think of Thee, when Thou for us wast *there*,  
  
Till Thou shalt come, and we to meet Thee rise,  
To be Thy joy, Thy trophy, and Thy prize,  
We pass with Thee through scenes where Thou  
didst tread,  
We learn Thy sorrow, when a Victim led ;  
And whilst still waiting here, our hearts would be  
In worship bowed, as we remember Thee.





## “In Christ.”

ROM. VIII. 1-8.

IN Christ—no condemnation  
Our souls shall ever know,  
He died beneath our judgment,  
And conquered every foe,  
Our sin, and sins condemnèd  
In Him upon the tree,  
Who bore the wrath in person,  
That we might righteous be.

In Christ—a new creation,  
Where all things are of Him,  
Who gave His well-Belovèd,  
To be for us made sin ;  
By Him to reconcile us—  
Old things being passed away—  
And make in Christ new creatures—  
The children of the day.

In Christ we are accepted,  
According to the will  
Of Him, who us has chosen  
That wondrous place to fill ;

The measure of our nearness  
Is the Beloved's place,  
Where we show forth the glory.  
And riches of His grace.

*With Christ, in heavenly glory,*  
Soon we shall dwell above,  
When He shall come to claim us  
The trophies of His love ;  
There with Himself for ever,  
His spotless, chosen bride,  
In His deep love we resting  
For ever shall abide.



## “The Comforter.”

ROM. viii. 9-27.

THE “Comforter,” indwelling—  
The “Earnest” and the “Seal,”  
Our heritage in glory  
He doth to us reveal.  
He brings to our remembrance  
What Christ has said and done,  
And puts us in possession  
Of what for us He won.

“The Spirit of adoption,”  
He wakes within the cry  
Of those who now are children  
To God who dwells on high;  
The cry—“O Abba, Father,”  
Our joyful hearts can say,  
As He doth lead us onward  
To that eternal day.

He searches out the deep things,  
And brings them forth to view,  
That we may be instructed,  
What God would have us do;

He brings before our vision  
What eye hath never seen—  
Unfolds the deepest secrets,  
Which hid in God had been.

He maketh intercession  
For those who can but groan,  
Who know not what to ask for,  
But by His grace alone ;  
He leadeth their desires  
According to His will,  
Whose joy it is to succour,  
And every heart to fill.

He with the bride uniting—  
*They* to the Lord say, “ Come ; ”  
He wakes the heart’s deep longing,  
To be with Christ at home ;  
And with creation—groaning—  
In sympathy, we say—  
“ Come, Lord, in power and glory,  
And introduce the day.”

**God for us.**

ROM. VIII. 28-39.

**G**OD for us in His counsels  
From all eternity,  
In sovereign grace He chose us,  
Conformed to Christ to be,  
And whom He thus has chosen,  
He calleth by His grace,  
He justifies the callèd,  
And fits each for that place.

He waits to take to glory .  
All who are justified,  
That in His own blest presence  
They ever may abide ;  
No good His hand withholdeth  
From those who do believe,  
All things for good He worketh  
For those who Christ receive.

“ God for us,” in His justice,  
For Christ the Lord has died,  
Yea rather now is risen ;  
We see Him glorified ;

Who is it that condemneth,  
Or 'gainst us sins can lay ?  
Since God has justified us—  
Since Christ the debt did pay.

We challenge wide creation,  
And all the powers of hell,  
To bring one accusation,  
Or one dark sin to tell,  
From which we are not cleansèd,  
Fit for God's holy eye,  
Who now delights to see us  
In Christ the Son brought nigh.

“ God for us ”—love abounding—  
No power can separate  
Those whom that love has chosen  
To such a high estate ;  
Not things which now are present,  
Nor things as yet to be,  
Life, death, nor any creature,  
Can change His love so free.

Oh ! who shall separate us  
From love in Christ the Lord ?  
Shall nakedness ? or famine ?  
Or peril ? or the sword ?

No, nought our souls can sever  
From God's eternal love,  
Which shone in Christ so brightly—  
More bright 'twill shine above.

Through Him we more than conquer  
All things which 'gainst us rise ;  
Through His almighty power,  
We soon shall reach the skies ;  
The love wherewith He loves us  
Can rest in nothing less,  
Than in the brightest glory  
Each one with Christ to bless.



“My Grace is sufficient.”

WHEN sins upon the conscience press  
And fill the soul with deep distress,  
Thou, Lord, dost say in righteousness—

“My grace sufficient is.”

When I review the guilty past,  
When sin and Satan held me fast,  
Upon Thy blessed word I'm cast—

“My grace sufficient is.”

When in the light, which shines from Thee,  
Those deeper depths of sin I see,  
This gives my soul the victory—

“My grace sufficient is.”

When troubles manifold appear,  
And sorrows to my heart press near,  
This dissipates each anxious fear—

“My grace sufficient is.”

When gather round my many foes,  
Who seek my progress to oppose,  
From *this* what comfort ever flows—

“My grace sufficient is !”



When Satan's messenger I see,  
Who comes with power to buffet me,  
Thine answer—when I cry to Thee—  
“ My grace sufficient is.”

Though in my flesh the thorn doth rest,  
And conscious weakness in my breast,  
By Thee with needed strength I'm blest,  
Whose grace sufficient is.

Till I have run my heavenward race—  
Till I shall quit this desert place—  
Till I behold Thee face to face,  
Thy grace sufficient is.



## “ Day Dawn.”

2 PETER i. 19.

WITHIN our hearts has risen  
“ The bright and morning Star,”  
“ The day dawn,” joy imparting  
To those who waiting are ;  
Amid the gloom and darkness  
The midnight hours do cast,  
Our hearts the dawn have entered,  
Though midnight hours still last.

With joy anticipating  
The morn, which soon shall break  
Our hearts are reaching onward,  
The coming One to seek ;  
Upon the dark horizon  
E'en now the streaks we see,  
Which do our hearts so gladden,  
Whilst watching here we be.

Those streaks of light which tell us  
The Star shall soon appear,  
But wake anew deep longings,  
His coming “ shout ” to hear ;

Then with what joy beholding  
Our “bright and morning Star ;”  
Ten thousand thousand rising  
Shall meet Him, near and far !

He comes to claim by power  
His saints, redeemed by blood ;  
He comes to crown their blessing,  
For whom in death He stood ;  
He comes His bride—His loved one—  
Unto Himself to call,  
With her to share His glory—  
His throne—His name—His all.

O hour for which He waited  
In love so deep and strong !  
O bright and full fruition,  
Of hopes we cherished long !  
He finds His satisfaction  
In having us so blest ;  
We find in Him our portion—  
With Him, eternal rest.



## To Him I go.

THE Saviour calls, to Him I go,  
As guilty, lost, undone,  
Life and forgiveness from Him flow,  
God's well beloved Son.

I trust in Him who lovèd me,  
He suffered in my stead,  
He burst my bands—He set me free,  
When I to Him had fled.

I look to Him, who freely gives  
All that my soul can need,  
Who once was dead, but now who lives  
On high to intercede.

I rest on Him, who on the tree  
Did bear the wrath divine,  
And suffer there and die for me,  
To make salvation mine.

I *stand* in Him—in Him complete,  
His God and Father mine,  
Raised up, in Him I take my seat,  
And *with* Him soon shall shine.

I *wait* for Him to come again,  
And claim me as His own,  
O with what joy He'll greet me then,  
And place me on His throne !



“Bought with a price.”

“BOUGHT with a price,” and not my own  
No longer to myself to live,  
To be for Him, for Him alone,  
Who gave me all that grace could give,  
Who gave Himself—for me made sin,  
My guilty worthless heart to win.

“Bought with a price”—the precious blood  
Of Him who was the spotless Lamb :  
“The Righteous” for the guilty stood :  
The Son of God—the great I AM  
Was pressed beneath God’s mighty hand,  
That I in righteousness might stand.

“Bought with a price,” no more to be  
The slave of sin and Satan here,  
The One who died to set me free  
To succour me is ever near ;  
His power sustains me in the way  
Which leads to everlasting day.

“Bought with a price,” I now would seek  
A living sacrifice to be,  
Conformed to Him, pure, holy, meek,  
Whom on the throne I now can see,  
To walk like Him this desert place,  
In truth and love and power and grace.

“Bought with a price,” to wait for Him,  
Resting beneath His gracious smile,  
Which brightens hope, when faith grows dim  
And cheers me through the “little while,”  
Whilst waiting here His face to see,  
Who comes Himself to welcome me.



## The Master's Commission.

THE Master calls His servant hence away,  
And bids him in His vineyard work to-day,  
Bids Him to gird the sword upon his thigh,  
Unfurl the standard of the cross on high—  
Go where the whitening harvest fields are spread,  
There stand betwixt the living and the dead;  
Go feed the lambs and sheep of His dear flock,  
And build, and stablish them on Christ the Rock,  
Go serve the Master till He come again :  
Each act for Him shall meet its answer then.





## The Servant's Response.

**O**BEDIENT to Thy word, blest Lord, I go,  
And seek by grace Thy holy will to know  
To serve Thee, Master, in the lowliest sphere,  
Or in the place of honour to appear ;  
Be it the same to me, whatever place  
May suit Thy perfect wisdom and Thy grace,  
To be an eye, an ear, a joint, or band,  
To go or come or stay at Thy command ;  
With lamp in trim, more bright for Thee to burn,  
To watch and wait and serve till Thy return.



## The Lord's Invitation.

WE hear Thee, Lord Jesus, invite  
Thy loved ones to gather round Thee;  
We hear, 'mid the gloom of that night,  
“This do in remembrance of me.”

When darkness, and death, and Thy foes  
Encircling Thy Person we see,  
Then forth from Thy heart, Lord, there flows  
“This do in remembrance of me.”

We gather around Thee, blest Lord,  
Who barest our sins on the tree,  
With joy we respond to Thy word,  
“This do in remembrance of me.”

“This do in remembrance of me,”  
Repeated again from above,  
Thou seekest we ever should be  
Remembering Thy sorrow and love.

Whilst waiting Thy coming to claim  
Those who by Thy grace are set free,  
We, gathered to Thy blessed name,  
This do in remembrance of Thee.

## At Parting.

WE part from one another,  
But not, blest Lord, from Thee,  
Each to his path repairing,  
Still *waiting* here to be ;  
We part, but not for ever,  
Our destiny is one,  
United by the Spirit  
To Thee, the Eternal Son.

We part, and our next meeting  
May be when to the air  
Thou wilt with joy receive us,  
Thy throne with us to share ;  
Till that blest morning breaketh,  
O keep us in the way,  
Reflecting Thee, blest Saviour  
As “ children of the day ” !



## What Grace !

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“At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.”—JOHN xiv. 20.

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WHAT grace!—that we are in the Son,  
Who in the Father dwells,  
A place which He for us has won,  
Of which the Spirit tells.

What grace!—we raised and seated there  
In Christ the Lord on high,  
The favour He enjoys we share,  
As in Himself brought nigh.

What grace!—He dwells in us below,  
Our hearts with joy to fill,  
That His own life may from us flow,  
And not our own self-will.

What grace! He soon will call away  
To dwell with Him above—  
To shine like Him in cloudless day,  
The trophies of His love.

“The Bright and Morning Star.”

THOU “bright and morning Star,”  
Arise within our hearts,  
Before the day  
Shed forth Thy ray,  
Which heavenly joy imparts ;  
Though darkness reigns around,  
Our hearts anticipate  
That hour so near,  
When we shall hear  
*Thy* shout, for which we wait.

Thou “bright and morning Star,”  
We wait to see Thee shine,  
Then we shall be  
Made like to Thee,  
And wholly, wholly Thine ;  
“The Spirit and the bride”  
To Thee, blest Lord, say “Come  
O let Thy beam  
Of glory stream,  
And take us to Thy home !

Thou "bright and morning Star,"  
O with what deep delight  
Thou 'lt come again,  
And claim us then,  
To dwell in cloudless light!  
And oh what boundless joy  
Shall fill each raptured heart,  
When we abide  
At Thy dear side,  
No more from Thee to part!



## The Sent One.

THE Father sent His only Son,  
To give us life eternal ;  
For us He has the victory won,  
And vanquished powers infernal.

For us He bowed His blessed head,  
The wrath of God enduring ;  
For us He lay amongst the dead,  
Our perfect peace securing.

For us made sin, He met the stroke  
Of God's almighty power,  
Upon His holy Person broke  
The storm which dark did lower.

Beneath the pressure of that hand  
In righteous wrath extended,  
Surviving He alone could stand  
The blow which there descended.

The Father's throne contains Him now,  
The work is all completed,  
And crowns of glory deck His brow,  
Who on that throne is seated.

From Him salvation freely flows  
In streams of richest blessing,  
To far and near alike it goes,  
Its words of grace addressing.

Soon slighted grace shall cease to flow,  
And love shall cease its calling,  
Then judgment—long restrained—let go,  
Breaks forth with force appalling.

Then whither, sinner, shalt thou flee?  
For, grace too long neglected,  
Thou must perforce then bend the knee,  
Yet be by Christ rejected.





## The Empty Tomb.

JOHN XX.

WHAT means that sorrow-stricken heart,  
Encircled in night's gloom?

Why lingers she before the dawn

Beside that empty tomb?

What crushing sorrow has there come?

What makes her so to weep,

And in such isolation there

Her mournful vigil keep?

Ah! Mary mourns her absent Lord,

Who for her sins has died;

She lingers where she saw Him laid

When He was crucified;

But empty she has found the tomb—

Her Lord, He is not there,

“They’ve borne Him hence away,” she cries—

“Laid Him I know not where.”

Disciples come—they see—believe,

Then to their dwellings go,

But Mary stands without and weeps

No rest her heart can know;

Her Lord had sought and won a place  
In her poor weary heart,  
And from the spot where He was laid  
How can she now depart?

Ah yes, Christ dwells her heart within,  
She loves His precious name,  
Who rescued her from Satan's power,  
And from a life of shame ;  
He walked in perfect grace down here,  
And thus her heart was won ;  
He bowed His head upon the cross,  
And thus the work was done.

But see that stranger-form approach  
Where she still weeps alone,  
So like, and yet so different from  
The One she well had known ;  
It is the Lord, He calls by name,  
His weary, sorrowing " sheep,"  
And at that *one* transporting word  
Her heart with joy doth leap.

" Rabboni ! "—her surprised exclaim—  
Her gaze fixed on His face—  
She now beholds her risen Lord,  
And grief to joy gives place ;

But in the fulness of that joy,  
She seeks her Lord to greet,  
And own Him as Messiah still—  
And so embrace His feet.

But no, the Lord would lead her on,  
To know His richer grace ;  
To know that with Himself on high  
Is now her blessed place ;  
To know His Father and His God  
As hers by grace divine ;  
To know that when He takes the throne  
She with Himself shall shine.

“Go tell my brethren”—O what grace !  
He seeks that we should know  
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height,  
Which from Himself do flow ;  
The Father’s name He now declares,  
He leads His people’s song,  
He fills with joy the heavens above—  
Round Him all hearts do throng.

But why was all this grace first told  
A woman frail and weak,  
Who for the living ’mongst the dead  
Had come in vain to seek ?

And why was message so profound  
Sent by such feeble lips—  
A message which in love and grace  
All others doth eclipse?

It was Christ's answer to a love  
Which felt His absence here ;—  
If He was gone—then all was gone  
Which Mary's heart held dear ;  
O for a love to burn like hers,  
To draw to Christ more near,  
That all the whispers of *His* love  
A willing heart may hear !



## The Shepherd.

**B**EHOLD the “good Shepherd” who died—  
Who died that the sheep might be free,  
On Calvary’s cross crucified,  
Made sin for the sinful was He.

Behold the “great Shepherd” arise—  
Arise from the grave where He lay ;  
He passed to His home in the skies,  
The Life and the Truth and the Way.

And soon the “chief Shepherd” shall come,  
Rewards in His hand He shall bring,  
His servants shall hear His “well done,”  
And louder His praises shall sing.

The Good, and the Great, and the Chief—  
The One ’mongst ten thousand is He ;  
The time till He comes must be brief ;  
O then all His glory we’ll see !

“☉ Death! where is thy sting?”

“O death! where is thy sting,”  
Or, grave, thy victory?  
The spirit's fled on eagle's wing  
- With Christ on high to be.

Though “absent” here below,  
Now “present with the Lord,”  
Where all those deep affections flow  
Round Him, in sweet accord.

“Far better” to depart  
Than here on earth to roam,  
To be with Him who fills the heart—  
To be with Christ at home.

To wait with Him above,  
Who waits in patience still,  
To claim the objects of His love,  
Their heavenly place to fill.

Where those in Christ who died,  
And we who still remain,  
Shall with the Lord be glorified,  
And as His bride shall reign.

“*Absent*” or “*present*” here,  
We wait our Lord to see ;  
Soon He shall with His saints appear,  
Then we shall like Him be.



## Waiting for the Morning.

WE'RE waiting for the morning,  
The break of day is near ;  
We're waiting for His coming,  
Whose shout we soon shall hear ;  
The darkness ere the dawning,  
Has spread around its gloom ;  
We sing through all the " midnight "—  
" The Lord Himself shall come."

He's left us here a season  
To bear His blessed name,  
To witness to His glory—  
Partakers of His shame ;  
How shall His smile repay us,  
When we behold His face,  
Since here, 'mid scenes of sorrow,  
We prove such depths of grace !

This " little while " we're learning  
How He sustains the weak,  
True wisdom too imparting  
To those who wisdom seek ;



His eye is ever resting  
Upon His loved ones here,  
His heart is ever bearing  
Each one to Him so dear.

When sorrow and affliction  
Press round us like a flood,  
His sympathy—how precious!—  
His tenderness—how good!  
When darkness round us deepens,  
And fills us with dismay,  
Then He shines round about us,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

“The Chief amongst ten thousand”  
Our hearts in Him behold—  
The “altogether Lovely”—  
His beauties are untold;  
He fills to overflowing;  
He ravishes the heart;  
Of it He holds possession;  
With it He ne’er can part.

We’re waiting for the morning;  
Our hearts to Him say “Come;”  
We long to see His glory,  
And be with Him at home;

We're waiting for the morning—  
Our "Day Star" to arise;  
Our hearts e'en now are bounding,  
To reach Him in the skies.

There with delight beholding  
Our Lord once crowned with thorns,  
Who now in brightest glory  
The Father's throne adorns;  
There one with Him for ever,  
There always His delight,  
There faith and hope and waiting  
Give place to blissful sight.



## Before Parting.

FATHER, now a suited blessing  
Grant Thy children ere they part,  
Whilst our praise to Thee addressing,  
Fill with Christ each waiting heart.

Fill with that unmeasured fulness,  
Which in Him alone we find ;  
Dissipate our sloth and dulness,  
Fix on "things above" the mind.

May our fellowship henceforward  
Be with Thee, and with the Son ;  
May our feet with joy press onward,  
Till our race on earth is run.



“ The Lamb.”

ETERNAL bursts of joyful praise,  
Our willing hearts shall ceaseless raise,  
When round the throne we meet ;  
There wide and far the notes shall wake,  
And of that joy all hearts partake,  
In blessedness complete.

One Object there shall fix each eye,  
Around one Centre all draw nigh,  
One Theme of praise is heard ;  
*The Lamb*—the Object, Centre, Theme,  
Upon whose face all glories beam—  
The Son, the Living Word.

The Lamb who rests amid the throne,  
He—He is worthy—He alone—  
Jehovah—the I AM ;  
E'en now we catch the thrilling strain,  
Our hearts re-echo it again—  
We bless—we praise the Lamb.

All honour, praise and power be  
To Him who died upon the tree,  
    And brought the guilty nigh ;  
Before Him we in spirit bow,  
And cry, " Worthy, O Lord, art Thou  
    To be exalted high."



“The Lamb of God.”

“THE Lamb of God” was slain  
To my eternal gain ;  
He died for me ;  
In rich abounding grace,  
He took my guilty place  
With all its deep disgrace ;  
He died for me.

“The Lamb of God” arose ;  
From Him salvation flows ;  
He lives for me ;  
On Him I rest alone  
Who did for sin atone ;  
Now seated on the throne,  
He lives for me.

His ever watchful eye  
From off the throne on high  
Is fixed on me ;  
His gracious powerful hand  
Doth make me firmly stand  
Upon the desert sand ;  
He keepeth me.

Soon He will come again  
I shall be with Him then ;  
    He comes for me ;  
He comes unto the air,  
I rise to meet Him there  
His glory then to share ;  
    He comes for me.



“The Lord’s Table.”

BLEST Lord, enthroned on high  
We see Thee glorified—  
In Thee by grace brought nigh,  
Who for our sins hast died—  
Remembering Thee, we give Thee praise—  
To Thee our grateful hearts we raise.

Now present in our midst,  
We gathered round Thee here—  
We, by the Father kissed,  
In “the best robe” appear—  
Remembering Thee, our hearts o’erflow,  
Thy presence, power and love we know.

We think of that dark hour  
When judgment broke on Thee,  
When man, by Satan’s power,  
Expressed his enmity ;  
When God’s right hand in judgment fell  
Upon the Son He loved so well.



We hear Thee, Saviour, say,

“This do, remember me;”

Till shines that cloudless day,

We do remember Thee—

Look back on all Thy sorrow here,

And wait Thy coming, now so near.



“The Holy Jerusalem.”

FROM heaven descending as a bride arrayed,  
The New Jerusalem behold displayed,  
Adorned in beauty, and in grace divine,  
Transmitting glory which therein doth shine.

The glory of the Lamb who dwells within,  
Who once in grace had suffered here for sin,  
Shines there in all its dazzling purity,  
Himself its Source with unveiled face to see.

The central Object there—the Lamb once slain,  
He fills the throne, who King of kings doth reign;  
Despised, rejected and cast out when here,  
All hearts do worship, and adore Him there.

The Lamb Himself the light of all that sphere,  
Nor star, nor moon, nor sun dare venture near,  
The glory of our God doth fill that place,  
Revealed to us in Jesus' blessed face.

Foundations deep on which all there doth rest,  
Those precious stones once seen on Priestly breast,  
Symbol of love which chose us in the past,  
Which loves us still, will love us to the last.

Its jasper walls security proclaim,  
No power can there dishonour His blest name,  
No tempter's whisper shall the heart beguile,  
Nor trace of sin its golden streets defile.

Its gates of pearl are open to receive  
All who have life, who did on Christ believe,  
But by their purity approach deny  
To what defileth, or doth make a lie.

Its streets of pure transparent gold we tread,  
And of the tree of life are ever fed ;  
The manna there doth satisfy the heart,  
And the white stone its secret joy impart.

No Temple there to hide our God from view,  
No need of veil or cloud—all things are new ;  
All there in holiness of truth is found,  
Divine perfections fill, and circle round.

Forth from the throne a gushing stream doth flow,  
As clear as crystal, to the earth below,  
Its copious streams to far-off lands extend,  
Life, joy, and peace upon its course attend.

The nations which the Lord in grace did spare  
Now bring their glory and their honour there,  
God and the Lamb, who fill that jasper throne,  
A blest creation doth delight to own.

Bathed in the light which through its walls doth  
Creation rests beneath those rays divine, [shine,  
The glory shining through this medium fair,  
The nations wonder, and behold it there.

All, all which there our wondering eyes behold,  
Are but the graces which shall then unfold  
In those the Father chose to fill that place,  
To show the greatness of His love and grace.

There will Christ's love in His own work find rest,  
And joy to see His Church so fully blest,  
There evermore in glory to abide  
His loved and chosen one, His heavenly bride.

Fruit of the grace which brought Him here to die,  
That we might answer to His heart and eye,  
That, in the brightness of that jasper light,  
His love might find in us its full delight.

May we e'en now those moral features bear  
Which then in glory we shall ever wear ;  
Transformèd by the truth each day to be,  
Till all those graces He in us shall see.



## Never-ceasing Praise.

NEVER-CEASING praise we give  
To the One in whom we live,  
Who for us on Calvary died—  
“Lord and Christ,” now glorified. .

He for sinners bowed His head,  
And was numbered with the dead ;  
He beneath those “billows” lay,  
All that fearful debt to pay.

He who filled the highest place,  
Stooped to Calvary’s deep disgrace ;  
He who graced the eternal throne,  
See Him bear the wrath alone.

Rise each saint and bless His name,  
To thy heart He now lays claim ;  
Rise and magnify that One—  
God’s Eternal blessed Son.

Praise and worship ever be  
To the Son, who set us free ;  
“Everlasting praise”—we cry—  
“To the Lamb enthroned on high.”

## The Touch of Faith.

MARK V. 25-34.

SHE heard of Jesus, and she came  
With timid, faltering tread,  
She heard a rumour of His fame,  
And in her heart she said,  
“O if I may but touch His clothes,  
I shall the healing prove!  
From Him that healing virtue flows,  
Which shall my plague remove.”

Alas, she sought elsewhere in vain—  
Physicians did abound,  
She spent her all—did nothing gain—  
But rather worse was found;  
Her sunken eye, her pallid cheek,  
Her wasted form reveal  
How vain it is to man to seek,  
Where only Christ can heal.

(How true the type of ruined man—  
God and His grace unknown,  
He seeks relief where'er he can,  
But not from Christ alone;

He, conscious of his sinful state,  
And fearing wrath to come—  
Defers, and chooses still to wait  
Beneath the impending doom.)

But when she heard of Him who came  
With power and will to bless,  
Upon His heart to make faith's claim  
She through the throng did press ;  
Upon one object fully bent,  
All obstacles give way ;  
To reach the blessing all intent,  
Hope sheds on her its ray.

Her hand put forth—the hem is touched,  
And virtue flows from Him,  
And through her wasted form there rushed  
A stream of life within ;  
She felt within herself made whole.  
And turnèd to depart,  
Supposing she had reached the goal—  
The object of her heart.

He 'mid the throng discerns the touch  
That timorous faith could give,  
He seeks to win the heart of such,  
And bid new joys to live ;



He blesses not to leave her there  
With heart unsatisfied,  
But seeks to lead her soul to where  
Perennial joys abide.

“Who touched my clothes?” Ah, well He knew  
Each step—each hope—each fear—  
Which marked her progress, as she drew  
Unto Himself more near;  
He seeks confession of the mouth,  
Where living faith is found,  
And with one question draws it out,  
And makes it to abound.

(O anxious one ! He’s still the same,  
Though now upon the throne,  
Who glorified the Father’s name,  
And did for guilt atone ;  
The touch of faith draws virtue still  
From Him, the “ Light ” and “ Love  
Who seeks thy empty heart to fill  
With blessings from above.

Thou trembling one, put forth the hand  
And touch that Source divine,  
No longer halting, doubting stand,  
But make salvation thine ;

Put forth faith's empty hand, and take  
All that God's love can give,  
The Eternal Son thy refuge make,  
And to Him henceforth live.)

She proved the hand—she proved the heart—  
Come from the throne above,  
Which will not let her thus depart  
Till she have learned the love ;  
She prostrate falls before His face,  
And all the truth is told,  
And O the riches of the grace  
Which He doth there unfold !

“ By faith made whole, now go in peace.”  
“ Daughter, be of good cheer ; ”  
O what a portion—what a place—  
What words to reach her ear !  
Her past—her present—and to come,  
Filled up of love divine,  
Where self no longer findeth room,  
But Christ alone doth shine.



## The Father's Praise.

O COME, Thou Source of every joy,  
And tune each waiting heart,  
In suited praise each tongue employ,  
True melody impart.

Thy presence in our midst we own,  
The Leader of our praise,  
As gathered in Thy name alone,  
Our hearts with Thine we raise.

We praise the Father's boundless love  
Which chose us in the past,  
To dwell within His home above,  
Mid joys which ever last.

We praise the Father, Him who gave  
His well Beloved to die  
Upon the cross—within the grave  
Beneath our guilt to lie.

We praise Him for the love which sought  
For worshippers below ;  
We praise Him for the love which brought  
Our hearts the Son to know.

We praise Him for the love which keeps  
Us in the narrow way,  
Amid the quicksands, shoals, and deeps  
Which mark this evil day.

We praise the love which will not rest  
Till we like Thee appear,  
Till with Thee we are fully blest,  
And brought to Him as near.

The praise which here with faltering tongue  
We to the Father bring,  
There led by Thee, our harps well strung,  
In richer strains we'll sing.



## Glory unto Christ the Lord.

GLORY unto Christ the Lord,  
G Bless His name with one accord,  
His—the Holy, Holy One,  
Seated on the Father's throne.

He it was who came to die,  
Thus to bring the "far off" nigh,  
Came to cancel all our sin,  
And our guilty hearts to win.

Came from glory's highest height,  
Down to Calvary's darkest night—  
Came from where all blessed His name,  
To reproach, and death, and shame.

He, the Father's only Son—  
He, the Holy, spotless One—  
Bare our sins upon the tree,  
That in glory we might be.

He who was God's "Fellow" there,  
And the throne with Him did share,  
Came, beneath His righteous hand  
For our guilt condemned to stand.

In the brightest place on high,  
Sits the One who came to die,  
Every tongue His name shall own,  
Knees all bend before His throne.

Glory ! glory to His name !  
Spread abroad His matchless fame,  
Glory ! glory ! still we cry,  
To the Lamb enthroned on high.



“Could ye not watch with me?”

“COULD ye not watch with me one hour?”

Hear what the Lord of glory said,  
When the approaching storm did lower,  
And gather o'er His blessed head,  
When the dark shadow of the *tree*  
Upon His holy spirit fell,  
When in His untold agony,  
Whose depths no mortal tongue could tell.

“Could ye not watch with me one hour?”

He sought for sympathy from those  
Whom He had shielded by His power,  
Standing between them and their foes;  
To watch with Him, He here found none,  
Not e'en amongst those favoured three;  
They loved Him—grace their hearts had won—  
Yet slept whilst they should watching be.

“Could ye not watch with me?”—what grace!

The Son who filled the throne above,  
Before whom angels veil the face,  
Come down to suffer here in love,

Sought thus amid His anguish deep  
For comforters, but none were found ;  
They slept whilst He His watch did keep,  
And death and judgment pressed Him round.

“ Could ye not watch ? ”—the flesh is weak,  
And sorrow filled their aching breast,  
Relief in slumber they would seek  
Whilst He beneath that weight was pressed :  
Ah He must take that cup alone—  
Alone must bear the wrath divine—  
Abandoned there for sin atone,  
That they might in His glory shine.

They would not watch, they would not pray,  
Unready when the trial came,  
They Him forsook, and fled away,  
Fearing to suffer for His name :  
O how their hearts our own reflect  
As face doth face in mirrored glass ;  
O how their ways our own detect,  
As o'er those humbling scenes we pass.

He's now ascended up on high,  
Our loving, watching, waiting Lord,  
He fixes on us His blest eye,  
And strikes within our hearts this chord—



‘ Till I shall come remember me,  
Where darkness round my spirit pressed,  
Where God forsook me on the tree—  
Made sin, that sinners might be blest.”

Our hearts respond, we gather round  
Himself revealed in perfect grace,  
And taste the joys which there abound  
Till we behold Him face to face ;  
With chastened spirits we recall  
The moments of His agony,  
Then breaking forth His name extol—  
The Lamb who died to make us free.



“In the midst.”

JOHN XIX. 18.

“IN the midst” upon the tree,  
’Twixt two thieves the Saviour see,  
Compassed by His many foes,  
Pressed beneath a thousand woes;  
Hearing His *forsaken* cry,  
Men revile as they pass by.  
Why was He forsaken so?  
Why did billows o’er Him flow?  
Spotless, peerless, holy One!  
Was not He God’s only Son?  
Yes, but He was there made sin,  
Life and peace for us to win.

MATT. XVIII. 20.

“In the midst,” where two or three  
To His name now gathered be,  
He is there to lead the praise,  
And each soul in worship raise,  
There to satisfy the heart,  
And His peace and joy impart,

There to tell of His deep love  
Which once brought Him from above,  
Down to all those depths of woe,  
That free grace might round them flow,  
That with Him they, ever blest,  
In the Father's house might rest.

## REV. v. 6.

“In the midst” of heaven's bright throne  
See the Lamb who did atone,  
There by God exalted high,  
Object He to fill each eye;  
“Living Creatures” give Him praise,  
Hear the songs the “Elders” raise,  
See the angels veil the face,  
Peoples magnify His grace—  
“He is worthy, bless His name,”  
All creation doth proclaim—  
“He is worthy,” saints can cry,  
“Who by dying brought *us* nigh.”



“Bless the Lord, O my Soul.”

THE Son of God we bless,  
Who came from off the throne  
To Calvary's tree,  
To set us free,  
And have us as His own.

The name of Jesus bless,  
Who is the Light and Love,  
Who walked in grace  
In this dark place,  
Revealing things above.

The Victor's name we bless,  
Who met the mighty foe ;  
He won a name  
Of deathless fame  
In Satan's overthrow.

The Victim's name we bless,  
Who suffered in our stead ;  
The waves did roll  
Across His soul—  
He lay amongst the dead.

The risen Christ we bless,  
Who left the guarded grave ;  
    God's will is done—  
    Redemption won,  
And love is free to save.

The ascended Lord we bless,  
Who took His seat on high,  
    We seated there  
    His place now share,  
In Him to God brought nigh.

The coming Bridegroom bless,  
Who comes His bride to claim  
    To fill her place,  
    To see His face,  
And bear His blessed name.

Bless, bless the Lord alway,  
Let heaven and earth adore  
    That holy One—  
    God's only Son—  
And bow His throne before.



## Let us go forth to Him.

HEB. XIII. 13.

LET us go forth without the camp,  
Our Lord's reproach to share,  
With girded loins, and well trimmed lamp,  
A light for Him to bear ;  
Go forth to Him who suffered here,  
Who died without the gate,  
Who doth for us in heaven appear  
Whilst we His coming wait.

Go forth to Him, and leave behind  
The world with its vain show,  
The light which in our heart has shined  
Eclipses all below ;  
A light more bright than noon-day sun  
Streams from His face above,  
Revealing Him, the work He's done,  
And His unfailing love.

Go forth to Him, let nothing stay  
Thy feet amid the waste,  
Press onward in Thy heavenly way,  
To see Himself—make haste !

Let not the wily foe beguile  
Thy heart to look behind,  
Let not the world's deceitful smile  
Response within thee find.

Go forth to Him, and let Him prove  
His power to keep Thee still  
In blest obedience, which shall move  
Alone to do His will—  
His power to make thee firmly stand  
Against the surging tide,  
Now rolling in on every hand  
To turn thy feet aside.

Go forth to Him, and learn His ways,  
So faithful, holy, true,  
Shine 'mid these dark and evil days  
As one created new ;  
Go forth to Him, and let Him be  
Thy one controlling thought,  
Thy hope, His blessed face to see—  
All else compared is nought.

Go forth to Him whose love lays claim  
To body, spirit, soul,  
To win Him now—be this thine aim—  
To be with Him, thy goal,

Whose heart can find no rest till we  
Are with Him on His throne ;  
O may our heart's deep answer be—  
“Blest Lord, we 're Thine alone.”





## “The Salvation of God.”

ACTS XXVIII. 28.

“THE salvation of God ” has been sent  
To a guilty and sin-stricken world :  
See, the vail of the Temple is rent,  
And the banner of Christ is unfurled.

Unbelief has diverted the flow  
Of God's grace from its channel confined :  
To the ends of the earth it must go,  
Whilst judicially Israel is blind.

This salvation we trace to its Source—  
To the heart of the Father on high :  
Through a world sunk in guilt is its course,  
Bringing life and forgiveness so nigh.

In the death of Christ Jesus we see  
The foundations eternal are laid,  
On which grace flows unhindered and free,  
And yet justice and truth are displayed.

There the conscience convicted may find  
A blest answer to meet all its need,  
There see justice and mercy combined  
In the Lamb who for sinners did bleed.

There the heart finds an Object to fill  
The great blank which our folly had made,  
And His love now constrains us "to will  
And to do" what His pleasure has said.

But to those who despise His rich grace,  
And who love not the truth He proclaims,  
"Strong delusion" shall soon take its place,  
And their doom is unquenchable flames.

For the Lord will Himself come again,  
And assert His authority here ;  
He will execute judgment on men ;  
Taking vengeance, He soon shall appear.

"The salvation of God" has come nigh ;  
Without money and price it is given.  
Needy sinner ! O why wilt thou die ?  
Take God's Lamb as thy title to heaven.

## The Joy set before us.

I N Thee, Lord, beholding  
The Father revealèd,  
His glory unfolding  
Upon Thy blest face ;  
With hearts overflowing,  
We worship and praise Him,  
Whose hand is bestowing  
Abundance of grace.

We pass on to glory,  
Where Thou, Lord, art seated,  
Where hosts stand before Thee,  
And in Thy light shine ;  
Where we shall for ever  
Be with Thee, and like Thee ;  
No power can sever  
From Thee, those made Thine.

There ever adoring  
Thee, Lord, who hast saved us,  
There ever exploring  
The depths of Thy love ;

There bathed in that ocean  
Of God's loving favour,  
The heart's deep emotion  
E'er deepening above.



### The Rapture.

“THE Lord Himself” unto the air  
With joyous shout descending,  
Shall call His saints to meet Him there ;—  
I rise, His call attending.

With one delighted upward bound  
I pass into the glory,  
Where evermore my gaze is found  
Fixed on Himself before me.

There shall my wondering eyes behold  
That One once pressed with sorrow ;  
All glories which do there unfold,  
From Him their lustre borrow.

There with Him, like Him, on His throne  
My resting-place for ever ;  
There knowing even as I'm known,  
Where comes a shade—O never !

The fruit of love, which in the past  
Chose me for all this blessing,  
Which circling counsels round me cast,  
God's sovereign grace expressing.

The love which sent the Son to die,  
Who wrath for me endured,  
Who then ascended up on high,  
And thus my place secured.

O sovereign grace, which sought and found  
Me wandering on sin's mountain ;  
Which did o'er all my sin abound ;  
Which oped the cleansing fountain.

Which kept me in the narrow way,  
Whose feet would ever wander ;  
Which introduced me to the day,  
And filled my heart with wonder.

Through that unbroken, cloudless day  
I'll worship and adore Him,  
And " Hallelujah ! " cry alway,  
Casting my crown before Him.

“ Only believe.”

“ As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, He saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe.”—Mark v. 36.

COME hear the Saviour's voice—  
“ Only believe.”

'Twill make Thy heart rejoice—

“ Only believe.”

Whate'er thy state may be,

A bond-man or a free,

It calls alike to Thee,

“ Only believe.”

The iron pierced His soul—

“ Only believe.”

The waves did o'er Him roll—

“ Only believe.”

He bowed His blessed head—

Was numbered with the dead,

That freely might be said,

“ Only believe.”

He once was "lifted up"—  
    "Only believe."  
And drained that bitter cup—  
    "Only believe,"  
Now God in righteousness  
Comes forth in grace to bless  
All who true faith possess—  
    "Only believe."

He's risen from the dead—  
    "Only believe."  
And set o'er all as Head—  
    "Only believe."  
And now God's boundless grace  
Shines on His radiant face,  
And flows within this place—  
    "Only believe."

He sits upon the throne—  
    "Only believe."  
The Source of life alone—  
    "Only believe."  
Eternal life is free ;  
'Tis offered now to thee ;  
To Him, Thy Refuge, flee—  
    "Only believe."



Whilst 'tis salvation's day,

“ Only believe.”

Soon He will cease to say

“ Only believe.”

Then thou wilt seek in vain ;

No blessing thou shalt gain ;

No more shalt hear that strain—

“ ONLY BELIEVE.”



“Now unto Him that is able to keep.”

JUDE 24.

I N Thee, Lord, how much we possess,  
How boundless the love of Thy heart,  
How great is Thy power to bless,  
How ready Thy grace to impart !

We need Thee, blest Saviour, each day,  
As upward and onward we tread,  
That kept in the straight, narrow way,  
We still by Thine eye may be led.

Blest Lord, we would think of the past,  
And praise Thee for what Thou hast done,  
Our future upon Thee we cast,  
And trust Thee for time yet to come.



“The Day Star.”

SOON shall the “bright and morning Star” arise,  
To many a saint a joyful, blest surprise,  
As His bright beams shall reach the eye—the heart,  
With one glad bound from all things here they’ll  
part;

Long time they all but ceased to hope for Him;  
Because He tarried, faith in them grew dim,  
And present things below did take the place  
Of looking for, and waiting for the grace  
Which is to be revealed, when He shall claim  
Each loved and ransomed one for His dear name.

Many there be who know and love the Lord  
Who give but little heed unto His word;  
No thoughts, no hopes, in them do ever wake,  
That Christ shall come, His chosen ones to take.  
A general judgment, in some coming age,  
Is what they look for—what their thoughts presage,  
Strangers to that which doth the heart so move,  
Unknown Christ’s patience, as He waits above,  
Yet when the “morning Star” shall shed His ray,  
They pass with Him into eternal day.

Others there are, who love the Lord, 'tis true,  
And know that they have been created new,  
They trust in none beside, and hope to be  
With Him in glory, and His face to see,  
But plans, which they arranged and formed below,  
To which they cling, how can they let them go ?  
A little while those plans shall all mature—  
They wish delay, 'twill make their hopes secure ;  
Then as those hopes are each fulfilled, or fail,  
Some others fill their place in quick detail.

And some there be, who heaving many a sigh  
Scan the horizon with a longing eye ;  
The sorrows of the way around them press,  
And they look forth for Him who comes to bless—  
Who comes to wipe away the falling tear,  
The heart to free from every anxious fear :—  
A true and right desire, but then we see  
How much of self may in their longings be ;  
They, weary of the path love placed them in,  
Would thus escape it, and to pine begin.

Some loyal hearts there be, which, true to Him,  
Will not allow aught here their faith to dim,  
Who dearly love the Lord for His own sake,  
And in their hearts Himself their Object make,

They look for Him to gratify His love  
In placing them upon His throne above,  
They wait for Him to come, that they may see  
His blessed face, and ever with Him be.  
And whilst they watch, with girded loins they serve,  
They love His name, and all His words observe.

One other waiting heart we here shall name—  
One heart, which more than all, must mention  
claim—

One longing heart, which waits in patience still,  
And deep desire, those counsels to fulfil—  
Those counsels which shall place us on the throne,  
As “members of His body, flesh, and bone.”  
For this *He* waits, with longing, yearning heart,  
That we with Him may have our blessed part;  
O boundless love! unfathomable grace!—  
We say, “Come, Lord, we long to see Thy face.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Unmoved, the world goes on its heedless way,  
Uninfluenced by the harbinger of day;  
“The day Star” in His brilliancy has shone,  
And those who waited His return are gone;  
Many had heard that He was soon to come—  
Their hour now past, they settle down in gloom;

That gloom now deepens o'er them as a cloud,  
And wrath encircles them as doth a shroud ;  
Another advent now their hearts do fear ;  
“ In flaming fire ” as Judge He shall appear.



## Conclusion.

MAY "the grace of our Lord Jesus,"  
Rest upon us as we part ;  
May the love of God our Father,  
Fill with deepest joy each heart ;  
May the Spirit in us dwelling,  
Lead to fellowship divine  
With the Son, and with the Father,  
Till in glory we shall shine.

