

WAYSIDE SONGS:

POEMS & HYMNS

BY

HANNAH K. BURLINGHAM.



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IV.

272

POEMS AND HYMNS

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"HIS NAME SHALL ENDURE FOR EVER: HIS NAME SHALL BE CONTINUED AS LONG AS THE SUN: AND MEN SHALL BE BLESSED IN HIM: ALL NATIONS SHALL CALL HIM BLESSED."—*Psalm lxxii. 17.*

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TO THE READER.

THIS selection from the Hymns and Poems of the late H.K.B. has been issued in fulfilment of a desire long felt and expressed by many of those to whom she was endeared for her works' sake; and it is hoped that it may prove a not inappropriate memorial of a life which—in every aspect of it—was fragrant with the love of Christ, and devoted to His service.

It is to be regretted that the book was not brought out during the lifetime of the writer, and under her own personal supervision; but, although often urged to publish, in a collected form, what she had written, her friends were unable to overcome her reluctance to do so.

Responding, however, to the wishes of her family, she had been engaged in putting a few touches to some of the pieces, with a view to publication, when (in the early part of the present year) she was unexpectedly called to lay aside her work for the Master, and to enter upon a fuller

enjoyment of His presence whom she had sought to magnify and serve. To quote some of her own lines :

. . . . "the spirit winged her way
Where, with the LORD, sweet vigil she shall keep,
Till dawns the perfect day."

Nothing would have gladdened the writer of these Poems so much as to think that, through her work, some heart had been drawn closer to Christ. It is with the earnest desire that this may be abundantly realized that the book is now, with the permission of the surviving members of her family, sent forth.

T. WILLEY.

SEAFORTH,

MALVERN.

October, 1901.

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WAYSIDE SONGS.

“*WHAT WILL IT BE?*”

(*1 Cor. ii. 9-10.*)

What will it be, when all the toil is ended,
When we have conquered in the last fierce strife,
When the bright portals of our home are entered,
Pilgrims no longer—heirs of endless life!
Gone the last dust our weary feet have gathered;
Wiped the last drop from off the aching brow;
Safe in the presence of our God and Father,
Whose strength supports us in the desert now.

What will it be, when the effulgent glory
Of day eternal it is ours to see?
When (for the first time in our life's short story)
Free from all trace of sin our ways shall be.
When of God's household in that land elysian,
Where not a thought can mar our perfect rest,
Where not a cloud can dim the spirit's vision,
Joint-heirs with Christ, we shall be fully blest.

What will it be, when, 'mid the choirs of heaven,
 Our voices mingle in the songs of praise ?
Praise to the Lamb, whose blood for us was given,
 Whose is the power, through everlasting days :
When the sweet notes of golden harps are blending
 With hallelujah shout of victory ;
Whilst incense clouds are evermore ascending,
 Fraught with the prayers of saints of the Most High.

What will it be, to know our perfect union
 With Him we love, when faith has turned to sight ?
Our souls set free for unrestrained communion ;
 Dwelling with GOD in His transcendent light ;
All the dark shadows that have crossed the spirit,
 Dispelled like mist before the morning sun ;
To know what GOD hath called us to inherit,
 To worship the eternal Three in One.

What will it be to hear the voice of Jesus ?
 “Draw near, ye blessèd,” His sweet words will be.
Oh ! richly then that hand of love will bless us ;
 We shall the King in all His beauty see.

Behold those eyes that wept great tears of sorrow,
Mourning o'er hardened hearts with grief untold.
Dark night of woe! the morn of joy shall follow
When He shall see the travail of His soul.

What will it be when through the realms celestial,
Hand linked in hand together we shall go?
Led where the tree of life is ever blooming;
Where the deep streams of living waters flow.
We will remember that our grief is transient;
Soon shall we be beyond the reach of care,
Resting for ever in those "many mansions;"
Sorrow and sin can never enter there.

What will it be to see the hidden meaning
Of every trial we have met below?
To trace the secret of our Father's training,
Where faith gain'd spoil from many a vanquished
All that seems dark to our imperfect vision, [foe?
The light of Heaven at once will render plain;
Deeper our joy through that all-wise provision—
Suffering awhile, ere with our LORD we reign.

*What will it be! Oh! what no thought hath
measured,*

No eye hath seen, no ear of man hath heard.
Unsearchable the riches Christ hath treasured,
Yet all is sure to him who trusts His Word.
On then! though rough and dark the path, and dreary;
All toil and pain the end will well repay.
Onward and upward! we may now be weary;
With Jesus soon, to share His home for aye.

Translated from the German.

IN MEMORIAM.

*"What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me,
and Himself hath done it."—Is. xxxviii. 15.*

"Himself hath done it," oh my LORD—my GOD
Strengthen me now, lest my weak heart repine;
My stricken heart is pierced as with a sword,
A blow like this, no hand could give but Thine.

“Himself hath done it” ! Love that could not err
Had weighed the sudden stroke that brought me
low,
Love dashed my wine of joy with bitter myrrh,
Yet Jesus wept—He knew my tears must flow.

“ Himself hath done it ” ! Ah ! would I undo
The blessed workings of the Hand Divine ?
LORD, as Thou wilt ! Thy light is breaking through
The heavy clouds that wrap this soul of mine.

“ Himself hath done it ” ! from this sorrow's depth
Raise me, my GOD, to live alone to Thee !
Thy pitying ear my cry has met,
Needy and poor, *Thou* takest thought for me.

“ Himself hath done it ” ! In Thy wisdom, LORD,
Thus hast Thou given Thy belovèd sleep ;
Dearer henceforth to me Thy priceless Word,
That tells how surely Thou Thine own dost keep.

(*Unfinished.*)

SUFFERING AND REST.

My Saviour! I can think of Thee,
And rest upon Thy Name,
Through changing scenes Thou leadest me
But Thou art still the same.
When I am feebler than a child,
Too faint to lift a cry,
Thy strength is with me all the while,
I know that Thou art nigh.

O precious LORD! I hear Thy voice,
In accents soft and sweet,
When wearied is my aching head,
And worn my willing feet.
I lay me down in peace and sleep,
In safety I abide,
My hand in Thine, Thou still dost keep,
Thou'rt watching by my side.

LORD Jesus! it is sweet to pause
And be alone with Thee,
To feel, shut out from all beside,
That *Thou* art *all* to me.

'Tis joy to know Thou wilt complete
The work Thou hast begun,
And Oh ! how comforting and sweet
The rest when work is done.

ABSENT FROM THE BODY.

*"Absent from the body,
Present with the LORD."*

What, doth the spirit sleep ?
Freed by the LORD from every mortal chain,
Shall aught that soul in dark oblivion keep ?
Ah, no ! "to die is gain."

* * * * *

Bring forth the Book divine,
Hear what the sacred oracles have said,
Take to thy wounded heart this oil and wine,
O mourner for the dead ! (*Luke x. 33-4.*)

Thy loved one doth not sleep,
The body sleeps—the spirit winged her way
Where, with her LORD, sweet vigil she shall keep,
Till dawns the perfect day. (*1 Thess. iv. 13-14.*)

“Far better,” saith the Word,
 ’Tis “to depart,” and with the LORD to dwell;
 E’en harvest gladness, labour’s sure reward,
 Can yield no counter spell.

What saith the LORD of all
 To that lone thief, expiring by His side?
 That only one who on His name did call,
 When He was crucified. (*Luke xxiii. 39, 43.*)

“To-day,” saith He, “to-day,”
 “Thou, even thou, in Paradise shalt be.”
 Oh, weigh those words the Shepherd True did say,
 “To-day”—“To-day with Me.” (*Ps. xxii. 24.*)

Can rest like this, and joy,
 By any pilgrim here on earth be known?
 Where is there bliss unclouded with alloy?
 Where Jesus is, alone. (*1 Cor. xi.*)

As strangers here we live,
 And journey, using day by day a tent;
 A “house not made with hands” our God shall give,
 Above yon firmament. (*2 Cor. v. 1-5.*)

E'en now that house is ours,
 And soon mortality, engulfed of life,
 Shall pass away like Autumn's fading flowers,
 And glory crown our strife. (*2 Cor. iv. 13-18.*)

Yet 'tis not that we sigh
 To be from this our prison house released,
 We wait and say, The morning draweth nigh,
 Then the glad wedding feast. (*Rev. xix. 6-9.*)

We walk by faith, not sight ;
 Detained on earth, we're absent from the LORD ;
 Yea, willing rather, with untold delight,
 To hear His summons word.

Confiding in His love,
 What, save to do His will, need cause a care ?
 If called from earth, 'tis to Himself above,
 His presence-joys to share.

In faith, then, be thou strong ;
 Where Christ is gone, we know : we know the way.
 "A little while"—it cannot now be long,
 And night shall end in day.

B

*VICTORIES.**(Hebrews xi.)*

Thou living GOD ! how blest are all
Who make Thy name their sure defence !
On Thee, in trouble's day, they call,
They stand in Thine omnipotence :
They walk in holy peace and power
Upheld by Thine unwearied arm ;
They sink not in temptation's hour ;
No ills of time their heart alarm.

Thus were Thy martyr saints of old
Made out of nature's weakness strong ;
Their righteous spirits waxing bold,
Thy fear their care the whole day long :
They heeded not the voice of men,
They heard not this world's praise or blame ;
Thy light was on their goings then,
They lived Thy greatness to proclaim.

O GOD! Thy tale of former days
With very shame our soul hath stirred.
Are we devoted to Thy praise?
Are we impartial in Thy Word?
Alas, do we behave as those
Created, chosen for Thine own?
Dead to the world, its joys, its woes;
Alive to Thee, to Thee alone.

Where are Thy Nazarites whom Thou
Didst cleanse—Thy hidden foes to meet?
Thou only, LORD, canst tell them now;
Men do not know them in the street.
Are we, Thy servants, seen to stand
Attentive to Thy guiding eye,
One host, prepared, at Thy command,
To do, to suffer, or to die?

O GOD of Truth! the same to-day
As through the ne'er returning years,
In ruin still art Thou our stay:
Thou driest still the mourner's tears.

Thy mercy triumphs o'er our sin :
Thy glory shines all clouds above ;
Thou endest what Thou dost begin—
Eternal Wisdom : Light and Love !

HELP OF GOD.

Help me, my GOD, be Thou Thyself my guide !
Teach me to walk by faith and not by sight !
I shall not want, for Thou wilt still provide :
I shall not stumble, Thou to me art Light.

My purpose lieth open to Thy view,
Dense though the shadows round my path may be :
I've not a care except Thy will to do,
For having died, I only live to Thee.

Hold Thou me up, Thou knowest I am weak,
Too weak to take one onward step alone ;
Yet why these fears ? Thy praise divine I seek ;
This pathless desert well to Thee is known.

I love to trace the workings of Thy hand,
Thy holiness attracts me to Thy side,
Thy loving-kindness here I understand,
Thy wisdom sets my puny thoughts aside.

Ah yes, to know Thee is to be at peace ;
Thy servants oft have seemed to play the fool ;
But soon Thy trump shall bid the battle cease,
Thy Home shall close the discipline of school.

Till then, my GOD, by watching unto prayer,
By true subjection to Thy perfect will,
By making Thy commandments all my care,
Cause me to worship and to serve Thee still.

In hope abounding, by the Holy Ghost
In grace established, by Almighty power
Be now Thy cross, LORD Jesus Christ, my boast,
The Father's love disclosing more and more.

APART.

(Psalm xxv. 12.)

LORD Jesus, 'tis exceeding gain
If but Thyself I know ;
I thank Thee thus for hours of pain
That come to lay me low :

The message Thou art pleased to send,
In mercy from above,
Appoints the silent hours I spend,
Reposing in Thy love.

I leave awhile the thronging crowd
To be apart with Thee ;
I hear not now the strivings loud
That vex the distant sea :
The heavings of its restless tide
Sound faintly on mine ear,
And from Thy Haven fair and wide
I see my Home so near.

I know not what may be in store ;
The charge is Thine to keep :
Perchance my bark need never more
Launch forth upon the deep ;
But whether toward the golden strand
Be set the vessel's prow,
Or whether sailing far from land,
Doth not concern me now.

Thou art Thyself, O precious LORD,
My one eternal gain ;
Thou art my solace and reward
Alike in ease and pain.
Because Thy love enfoldeth me
No ill can e'er befall ;
'Tis perfect peace to rest in Thee,
My LORD, my all in all.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

The clouds that gather overhead
Fall softly down in rain,
And thus a balmy freshness spread
O'er garden, field, and plain.
And when the summer shower is o'er,
All nature shineth fair ;
The dusty leaves are green once more
And breathe a purer air.

Whene'er the drooping flowers desire
The promised rain and dew,
O ye who of the desert tire,
'They have a voice for *you* !

They whisper forth their every need
Beneath the blue of heaven ;
And thus should ye expectant plead
Till showers of grace are given.

Consider how the lilies grow !
They neither toil nor spin ;
No anxious care those petals know
Their glory garb to win ;
The GOD who made them looketh down
(The universe His care) ;
The lonely flower—the peopled town,
His wide provision share.

Have faith in GOD, ye troubled hearts,
His mercies why forget ?
Unfailing bounties He imparts,
The oil cruse floweth yet.
Bring empty vessels, not a few,
Bring more, and *more*, and *more* :
'Tis all the work He bids you do ;
Exhaustless is the store.

Ah, never fear a passing cloud !
The sun doth ever shine.
Let every heart in prayer be bowed,
And nevermore repine.
Your Father knoweth all your need,
Your faintest cry is heard ;
The sovereign Name wherein ye plead
Is changeless as the Word.

REBEKAH.

“And they called Rebekah and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go . . . and Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her: and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death.”—Gen. xxiv.

Thine the beauty, and the glory, Heir of all things,
Son of God,
Shining round me, and before me, lighting all the
desert road.

Camels girded for the journey, kneeling, laden, set
for home—

Ah! my heart is gone already, centred there, no
more to roam.

Roll afar, thou proud Euphrates ! Nought shall hold
me from my bourne :

Where my mighty Guardian came from, there, with
me, shall He return.

Buried in Chaldæa's city, I had perished with my race,
But the steward, sent to save me, met me with his
Master's grace ;

Asked me for a little water ; let me quench his
camels' thirst ;

Saw in me—Bethuel's daughter, her he prayed for
at the first.

Oh, the “Errand” that he told me, of the Living
One who died !

Of the Father's love and counsel, taking unto Him
a Bride !

Nothing I remember—nothing, but that sacrifice and
choice !

Never music filled my spirit, like that penetrating
voice.

Could I hear this “Eldest Servant” and for Isaac
not be won ?

Oh ! the Father loved and sought me, sent and
claimed me for His Son.

Let the token on my forehead—let the bracelets on
my hands

Prove me chosen—now the daughter of the LORD
of all the lands.

I will go—I would not tarry—object of that heart's
delight—

He was unto death obedient, I shall walk with Him
in white.

Jewels, raiment, gifts, the Servant brought for me
from Isaac's hand,

Precious things that else had never shone in any
foreign land.

I shall see Him in His beauty ; He Himself His
Bride will meet !

I shall dwell with Him for ever, in companionship
complete.

Thoughts of Him are strength and gladness. Ah,
who meets us on the way ?

'Tis Himself ! Behold the Bridegroom ! Veiled . .
the Bride is caught away.

And the Servant telleth Isaac all the things that He
hath done ;

And Rebekah dwells in Hebron . . wife of the
once offered One.

She is with Him as His comfort ; sorrow, fear, and
care are o'er,
She is with Him, He hath brought her to His home
for evermore.

JONAH.

“ Salvation is of the Lord.”
“ So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd.”

Chosen retreat ! mine, which GOD in His mercy
had spared me ;
Leafy and close, He compacted His wayfarer's
bower ;
O, I rejoiced in the gourd He Himself had prepared
me ;
Child of the night, it grew up like the summer's
own flower !
Now, said my heart, let there come, what there may
come of anguish,
Sheltered, I live ; if I droop, here no stranger
will see :
This o'er my head, shall I fear, shall I faint, shall I
languish ?
Knowing my need, GOD created this 'Palm-crist
for me.

Wonderful gourd! shedding shadow of love's own
providing!

Yes, but that love, in its wisdom, "prepared" me
a worm!

Next day at dawn, GOD's own finger the strange
creature guiding,

Blind as it was, to my beautiful gourd it must turn!
Smote it. It withered, nay more, when the sun
was arising,

Came His east wind. Dry against me, exposed
there, it blew,

Pitiless heat thus my pride and my sorrow surprising;

Fainting, I shrivelled, I wished in myself to die too.

GOD said to me, "Dost thou well? Is thy heart still
unbroken?"

O, I was angry: too angry for aught but for death.
Voice of the LORD, Thou to me hast triumphantly
spoken—

Let me now live: let me eat every word that He
saith.

Thou, He explained, would'st have spared, in thy
short-sighted pity,

Life for which thou didst not labour, nor madest
it grow:

Should I not spare that great Nineveh, soul-stricken
city,—

Babes and much cattle? Be lowly, my heart: thou
shalt know.

ONWARD.

Belovèd! still 'tis "Onward!" Faint not, the goal
is nigh,

The upward path is homeward: Christ liveth,
throned on high!

'Tis "Onward," though in weakness. The things
that are behind

Fade from the heart's remembrance, when Christ
o'er-fills the mind.

'Tis "Forward" still! forgetting alike earth's thorns
and flowers,

No fancied Eden planting, by foolish toil of ours;

No Babel refuge building, where nature's stubborn
pride

From God's supreme disposal essays in vain to hide.

His sovereign mercy meeteth the wayward sons
of men,

His thoughts of peace eternal surpass their finite ken.

Blind worshippers of idols, the idols of our choice,

He called us "out of darkness"—in light we love
His voice!

Henceforth be ours, beloved, those accents to obey,
To gain, in overcoming, strength equal to our day ;
Enduring present hardness, though flesh and heart
 may fail,
The LORD, our LORD, is mighty, and we in Him
 prevail.

Head over all, in glory we gaze on Jesus now ;
The many diadems shall yet enwreath His victor
 brow ;
In Him, the earth-rejected, rejoicing, we press on ;
His footsteps, printed for us, lead up where He is
 gone.

IN THE HILL COUNTRY OF JUDAH.

(Gen. xxiii.)

Death, the Grave, and Resurrection ;
 Death and Burial—thus the Tomb :
Christian, in thy recollection
 Let this truth have ample room.
Art thou dumb with sorrow, sleeping ?
 Are the weeds about thy head ?
Art thou mourning sore and weeping ?
 Stand up from before thy dead !

(Job xxviii.)

Where we hide our dead away.

Figs, pomegranates, round the Tomb ;

GOD Himself the vigil keeping—
Do we watch beside the dead?
Do we traverse Canaan weeping,
Like a bulrush bow the head?

In the land, as strangers, sowing,
Though in weakness, precious seed,
To the golden city going—
Not with flesh and blood we plead;
If the Ark went on before us,
Took, in Jordan's bed, its stand,
God hath spread His banner o'er us,
In His name we hold the land.

Long before the full fruition,
Bethlehem is seen to bloom,
"Sychar" shines, in recognition,
Joseph, of thy faith, thy tomb;
Dreary is the desolation,
While on earth alone we gaze,
Fair the scene, a new creation,
As we view God's living ways.

c

Human love was loudly wailing
E'en in presence of the Cross,
Jesus then o'er hell prevailing
Triumphed 'mid creation's loss ;
Israel's Shepherd hath been smitten,
Death's full cup He drainèd dry,
"Died," "was buried," it is written,
Rose and lives—no more to die.

"I am He," "the Resurrection,"
LORD, by this Thy Word we live,
Taught Thy fulness of perfection
Back in praise to GOD to give.
Ended thus our days of weeping,
Faith has not a tear to shed,
Hope is love's great charter keeping,
"Jesus liveth, and was dead."

FORWARD.

“He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a City of habitation.”—Ps. cvii. 7.

LORD, Thou dost prove us closely, lest we seek
A resting place where none is found for Thee ;
Thy mercy follows us, for we are weak,
Thy wisdom shapes a pathway through the sea ;
These foreign climes, yon arid waste and bleak,
May not detain us, by Thine arm set free :
Thy voice doth to Thy marshalled armies speak,
This is the way ; walk ye herein with Me !
'Tis through the desert, LORD, away from all
That Egypt's pride set forth before our eyes ;
But Thou art with us ; on Thy name we call,
Thy boundless love our every need supplies ;
Thou art our Guide, our Leader, day and night :
Thou art the Way, Thy glory gives us Light.

JESUS ONLY.

'Tis Jesus in the sunshine,
And Jesus in the shade ;
'Tis Jesus still, when lesser hopes
Like summer blossoms fade ;
'Tis Jesus the unchanging One,
Whose changeless love I know ;
And when the work He gives is done,
To Jesus I shall go.

* * * * *

O Jesus! matchless name of love,
Full flowing tide of peace,
Bright portal Thou to realms above
Where praise shall never cease.

TO-DAY.

LORD, Thou hast with Thee, in Thy presence there,
Thy friend, who was our chiefest guide, and we
Have little skill for Thy concerns to care ;
No hireling fleeing 'midst alarms was he ;
Well had he learned the lesson of Thy love,
Long had the truth, known truly, made him free ;
He set his mind upon the things above ;
Profound his sense of being one with Thee.
From Thee 'twas his to suffer for Thy sake,
And bear continual witness to Thy name ;
Sorrows might surge, his watchful heart might break,
His lonely trust was never put to shame.
O cause us, in like faith and love, to serve
None other name, nor from Thy way to swerve.

(In Memoriam, J. N. D., April 29th, 1882.)

FAR BETTER.

*"For me to live is Christ : to die, gain."—Phil. i. 21 ;
John xiv. 28.*

Great gain is thine, belovèd one, exchanging
Thy sorrow's hour for everlasting joy ;
And we, in thought o'er all thy gladness ranging,
Find praise to GOD our seemliest employ.

For Death is ours. Beyond its open portal
Lies the inheritance to faith well known,
Unsullied, incorruptible, immortal ;
The place prepared by Jesus for His own.

Thou'rt gone from toil, from trial and temptation,
To be in Paradise, with Christ the LORD ;
Gone from a world of sin-wrought desolation,
To Him thy shelter, thy supreme reward.

We miss thee sorely—many hearts are weeping,
That loved to mark thee in thy wonted place ;
That knew the patient vigil thou wert keeping
O'er them thou barest to the Throne of grace.

Thine was an ear that hour by hour could listen
For words in season, weary hearts to cheer,
An eye that quick in sympathy could glisten,
A heart that held the Master's honour dear.

Thy days of strangership on earth are ended ;
Unburdened now, thou'rt free to serve above ;
The Father's voice (here scarcely comprehended),
Said, "Come up higher, daughter of My love."

"Farewell!" we breathed not. E'en had time been
given,

Thou art but gone a little while before—
The links that seemed so surely, swiftly riven,
Shall shine unscathed, where death divides no more.

The Living GOD—the GOD of Resurrection,
In Whom—to Whom—we, dying daily, live,
Takes out of sight our objects of affection,
His gifts made perfect, once again to give.

GOD of all comfort and of consolation—

He—Light and Life—reveals His perfect way ;
The LORD, our strength, our portion, our Salvation,
Deigns through His grace His glory to display.

Ah ! how should He, who gave for our redemption
His only Son, aught else with Him refuse ?
No ! Faith, from fear maintaining full exemption,
Cries, “ Abba, Father, do as Thou shalt choose.”

Then brightly let the lamps of hope be burning :
The LORD Himself shall quickly, quickly come.
O may we, girded, watch for His returning,
Nor, while He tarries, in His cause be dumb.

Because He lives, we wait for the restoring
Of precious dust—by Jesus put to sleep ;
Together then, the Father's love adoring,
The “ many sons ” His festival shall keep.

A LAMENT.

Alas for the city, deserted and lonely,
The city that once was the joy of the earth ;
She mourns as a widow, nor desolate only ;
The nations deny her imperial birth :
She weeps in the night, and the tears of her anguish
Are glistening still on her woe-begone cheeks ;
The once ardent zeal of her lovers doth languish :
Not one, in her sorrow, to comfort her speaks.

Oh, who shall bemoan thee, sad daughter of Zion ?
Or who of thy peace shall in pity enquire ?
Thine enemies rage as the ravening lion,
Thy lovers no longer thy beauty desire.
Oh, vain are the words that thy prophets have spoken,
False causes of banishment still they declare ;
The LORD hath the staff of His covenant broken,
The LORD can alone the wide breaches repair.

The LORD hath afflicted thee, lone one : sad-hearted
Thy sons to the stranger as captives are sold ;
Thy beauty, O Zion, is wholly departed,
For gone is the glory that crowned thee of old.

His heritage ne'er had Jehovah forsaken,
Ne'er left His beloved in her enemies' hand,
But Israel the way of the heathen hath taken,
And blotted with blood His once blossoming land.

Alas! when Messiah, the Saviour appointed,
In meekness and lowliness stooped to thy need,
Thy hatred was spent on Jehovah's Anointed,
But love, strong as death, is still mighty to plead.
Oh, say, dost thou e'er in thy exile remember
The LORD who alone thy salvation can be?
His mercies abide, His compassions are tender,
He wept, O Jerusalem, wept over thee.

Ah, tremble! yet hope! for His tears are recorded;
Ah, weep! yet rejoice! for His blood hath been
shed;

Yes, pardon and peace shall be freely accorded
To her, who hath curses and wrath on her head.
Thine eyes shall behold Him, the conquering Lion!
Thine eyes shall behold Him, the Lamb that was
slain!

Thy hand that once pierced Him, O daughter of Zion,
Shall crown Him with joy at His coming again!

HOMEWARD BOUND.

'Tis a long and a toilsome day,
But there's work for our LORD to do ;
'Tis a rugged and weary way,
But we think of the end in view.

Though awhile from our friends we part,
We shall meet them again at Home !
And whilst singing with steadfast heart,
Ever on to our rest we come.

We've a blessèd and bright abode !
For the Lamb is the temple there !
We shall dwell in the light of God,
And the heavenly glory share.

Would we stay for the joys of earth ?
For the bubbles that pass away ?
Ah ! no : we're of heavenly birth !
We have pleasures for endless day.

Do ye marvel to see us here,
Toiling on in the desert heat ?
Ah ! the land that we love is near,
Where we're sure of a welcome sweet.

If dreary and rough the way,
He is with us who knows it best !
So we press toward the mark to-day,
And ere long with our LORD we'll rest.

WAITING FOR CHRIST.

*"And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God
and the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. iii. 5.*

'Tis not far off—the hour
When Christ our LORD shall come ;
According to His gracious word,
He soon will call us home.

The days are passing by,
The years flow on apace ;
Thy coming, LORD, draws hourly nigh ;
We long to see Thy face !

Earth's shadows deeper grow ;
This is no rest of ours :
The fairest portion here below
Fades like the fragile flowers.

Eternal in the heavens
Is our prepared abode ;
Radiant and pure, in light divine,
There shall we dwell with GOD.

No more the aching head,
The weary pilgrim feet,
The toil to win the daily bread,
But rest—divinely sweet.

Rest, LORD, in serving Thee,
As none have served below :
Oh ! through that blest eternity,
What tides of praise shall flow !

Come when Thou wilt, O LORD,
And claim us as Thine own !
In patience may we keep Thy Word,
And watch until Thou come.

“BLESSED BE GOD.”

“The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer.”—Ps. vi. 9.

Blessèd be GOD, my GOD ! who, ever near,
My cry has heard ;
Dispelled all doubt, chased every faithless fear,
By His sure word.
Faint-hearted, weary, 'twas before His throne
I spread my case ;
He strengthened me and made His peace my own,
Taught me His grace.

The Almighty, my “ exceeding great reward,”
My GOD, my shield,
I fear not, 'gainst the myriad foes abroad,
To take the field !
I go to conquer, in the name of One
Whose power prevailed :
The Man who, GOD-forsaken, stood alone
Whilst hell assailed.

Not only stood, but His dear life laid down,
 Death to destroy,—
And His redeemed (once Satan's captives) brought
 To endless joy.
For GOD, His righteous Father, raised Him from
 Among the dead ;
And made Him, "over all things," to the Church
 Th' exalted Head.

O precious Jesus ! Christ of GOD, to Thee
 Each knee shall bow !
They shall Thy LORDship soon confess, who dare
 Reject Thee now.
Thou Stone ! despised of builders, planted firm
 By GOD's right hand,
With all the "living stones"—His dwelling-place,
 Shalt glorious stand.

We wait not long before the trump shall sound
 That calls us Home !
And LORD, Thou knowest with what fervent joy
 Thy Bride will come !
Hushed every prayer : past, perils of the way ;
 Beyond all need,
Ours shall be praise throughout Eternal Day ;
 Praise, LORD, Thy meed !

*THE HOLY CITY—NEW JERUSALEM.**(Rev. xxi. xxii.)*

“ For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.”—2 Cor. v. 21.

Oh wondrous City : pure, translucent gold !

Each gate, unclosed for endless day, “ one pearl.”
By faith thy lofty splendour I behold,
Thy calm surrounds me, 'mid the world's mad
whirl.

All wisdom's ways of pleasantness and peace
Lead to yon amber highway of the blest ;
Long ere earth's strife of Babel tongues doth cease
Faith sees God's glory, hope foreknows God's
rest.

This “ Holy City ” out of heaven descends,
Comes, like the “ Saviour of the world,” from God
Thence, ere earth's night of tears and sorrow ends,
Her light, in diamond beauty, streams abroad.

Her jasper clearness doth His presence tell ;
This City is of GOD the chosen place.
“No temple”—where GOD and the Lamb shall dwell,
Where men behold the glory of His grace.

Radiant foundations, wrought with every name
Of Thine Apostles, O most holy LORD !
They who were with Thee in Thy path of shame
Shine in Thy glory—*Thou* art their reward.

Thou, Lamb of GOD, hast suffered ; Thou wilt reign ;
By Thee alone the nations can be blest.
Thou camest down. We praise Thee ; Thou wert
slain ;
Thou art the Giver of eternal rest.

“Come unto Me”—this voice is from the throne ;
“Come unto Me,” saith every ray of light.
“Come unto Me,” The Lamb is thus made known.
Where He is centre there can be “no night.”

Nought that defileth ever enters there ;
“Without” are all who sin, who love a lie.
None but the “saved” that holy joy can share ;
“Saved” for the earth, or “saved” to dwell on high.

D

Crystal the river, pure and clear its flow,
Out from the throne of God and of the Lamb.
The tree of life on either side doth grow ;
That constant fruit is His, who saith " I am."

Leaves of the tree the nations' woes shall heal ;
Realm of the blest, the curse shall be no more.
God and the Lamb the throne in light reveal ;
All sin's rebellion shall at last be o'er.

Life is the " water ;" Life the fruitful " tree ;"
" I am the way, the truth, the life," He saith.
'Tis through His cross the path of life must be.
O life abundant ! won, LORD, through Thy death.

Eternal life ! thrice blessèd gift of God :
He, in His mighty love, spared not His Son.
Oh, tell His gospel, tell His praise abroad,
Let all rejoice to say, " Thy will be done."

O perfect triumph of His matchless skill !
Who ever homeward doth our footsteps guide.
O deep delight in God's most holy will !
Bliss of the Lamb, the Spirit and the Bride.

O glorious home of God's eternal love !
In righteousness, the basis sure of grace.
O blest possession of the things above !
O rapt beholding of our Saviour's face !

Then shall His servants serve Him evermore :
Wearing His holy name upon their brow.
All need and pain, all toil and conflict o'er :
All glory His, eternally and now.

THE FATHER LOVETH THE SON.

LORD Jesus Christ, in glorious worth made known,
In truth and love revealed, the Father's Son.
In Thee, by Thee, the Father's will is done,
Thy Father rests in Thee.

We bless Thee for the deep unbounded grace,
That brought Thee down, LORD, from Thy glory's
place,
E'en where from Thee Thy GOD must hide His face,
Thy GOD forsaking Thee.

'Tis finished now, Thy witness works are done ;
Works given by the Father to the Son.
Thou, LORD, through shame, through death, Thy
meed hast won ;
Power, praise, belong to Thee.

All power is Thine, in heaven and in earth ;
LORD Jesus Christ, Thy name, Thy glorious worth,
Must be proclaimed till all the scene of dearth
Is filled with song for Thee.

Thy Father's house, to Thee, LORD, known so well,
Its glories Thou, the Stranger, here did'st tell ;
And there Thine own, in bliss, with Thee shall dwell,
For ever, LORD, with Thee.

The Home of love, the harvest fields are Thine,
Thine to dispense the " gifts," corn, oil, and wine ;
For, first and last, in His complete design,
Thy GOD exalteth Thee.

'Tis bliss with Thee, for Thee, O LORD, to live ;
By Thee delight to GOD, Thy GOD, to give ;
From Life's own fount for ever to receive
Grace, truth—GOD's praise of Thee.

Thou, shorn by men of all Thy due, wert dumb,
But now GOD's answer to thy woes hath come ;
His glory tells for evermore the sum
Of joy, His joy in Thee.

FEAR NOT.

And unto man He said, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ; and to depart from evil is understanding."—Job xxxviii. 28.

Not the reproach of men,
Not their revilings falling on the ear,
Not chilling words the gentle heart that pain,
May the LORD's servant fear.

Firm standing on the rock,
In GOD's "whole armour" gloriously arrayed,
Nor the close conflict, nor the tempest's shock,
Need make his heart afraid.

No, there's a holier fear
In lowly souls their daily cross that bear ;
Who fears the LORD, he hath the "hearing ear ;"
Man's fear but brings a snare.

Fear thou the LORD, my soul,
Set Him before thine eyes the whole day long ;
Depart from evil—as thou thus art “ wise,”
The LORD will make thee “ strong.”

There's nought for thee to dread—
If GOD be for us who can then oppose ?
His hand has placed the helmet on thy head,
He'll guard thee 'mid thy foes.

O timid heart, be strong !
“ Fear not, for I am with thee,” is His word ;
Be of good courage, fight and overcome,
Then triumph with thy LORD.

A WAYSIDE SONG.

I praise Thee, blessèd GOD,
For ways I cannot trace,
For all the wisdom of Thy Word,
The glory of Thy grace.

Thou dost in mercy wean
Thy little ones like me ;
Thou makest earth a shaded scene,
That Thou our light mayst be.

I know that all is well ;
'Tis meet that faith be tried ;
'Tis mine Thy faithfulness to tell ;
My footsteps Thou dost guide.

My God, I joy in Thee,
Of good the source divine ;
The thousand streams my song shall be,
Where love in light doth shine.

The city stands secure ;
My pilgrim days are few ;
Through grace, Thy grace, I shall endure,
The end—Thine end—in view.

Sustain me, lest I fall ;
Direct Thou still my feet ;
And let me give Thee thanks for all,
The bitter as the sweet.

I praise Thee, blessèd God,
For ways I cannot trace,
For all the wisdom of Thy Word,
The glory of Thy grace !

HOMEWARD.

*(Written on the ascent of Blencathra, to the air,
“ Oft in the stilly night.”)*

Chant we a homeward lay,
The written counsel minding ;
Whilst in the light of day
Our Leader's footsteps finding !
No pause for pain ; our toil is gain ;
We prove it on the morrow ;
These strong pure gales whoe'er inhales
Doth eagle pinions borrow.
Homeward is still our way,
By vale and mountain winding ;
Thus in the light of day
Our Leader's footsteps finding.

Though but a pilgrim band,
Our numbers are increasing ;
Bound for the promised Land,
With songs of hope unceasing.
Toward palace-dome—toward cottage-home
No more our eyes are turning ;
For like yon gleaming, gushing stream,
'Tis forward, no returning !
Yes ! we, a pilgrim band,
'Mid carols never ceasing,
Press toward the better Land,
The distance aye decreasing.

Oft, with the goal in view,
The journey seems the longer ;
Clouds cross our sky of blue,
But trials leave us stronger.
By broad plateau, by moor we go,
By fell and crag ascending ;
The mountain air, like angels' fare,
Our every step attending.
Come care and conflict too !
For, strength celestial growing,
Still shines the end in view :
For homeward we are going.

Christ is the homeward Way,
The Truth—the Life for ever !
His counsel to obey
Is love's supreme endeavour.
Himself our guide, we safely ride
Earth's high and rocky places ;
Aloft prolong our gladsome song,
As faith His foot-prints traces.
Christ Jesus is the way,
Whence none His own may sever ;
Worthy His name to-day,
Yea ! worthy He for ever.

O CITY, GOLDEN-BRIGHT !

O City, golden-bright,
Transparent as the day,
How softly shines thy distant light
For pilgrims far away !

Thy joy, serene and pure,
E'en now pervades my breast ;
On God's foundations built secure
Thy jasper bulwarks rest.

There dwell the ransomed host,
So safe, so satisfied !
And thither doth the Holy Ghost
Lead home the chosen Bride.

No more a care or fear !
No more earth's wailing cry !
For GOD shall wipe each bitter tear,
And hush each grieving sigh.

Sweet home of peace and love !
By faith thy light I see,
Diffusing from the realms above
Celestial radiancy.

O Sun, that rul'st the day,
Stand still and hear the tale !
To add one single glory-ray
Thy brightest beams would fail !

Fair Moon, dispelling night,
The City needs not thee,
GOD and the Lamb shall there the Light—
The Light and Temple be.

The blood-bought sons of GOD
Shall walk these streets of gold,
Rejoicing ever with the LORD,
In ecstasies untold.

I too, when toil is o'er,
Those blissful courts shall gain,
Where praise resoundeth evermore,
And love supreme shall reign.

O City, golden-bright !
Transparent as the day !
How softly shines thy distant light
For pilgrims far away !

THE WATCHERS.

Not yet the dawn—the things around
No human eye sees as they are :
But still on earth are watchers found,
Absorbed with Christ, the morning star.

There's nothing left to fix the gaze,
But this one blessèd orb of light ;
And, O how purely beam its rays
Athwart the dark and wintry night !

What though the darkness reign below ?
 God and the Lamb to us are light.
 Thyself, O God of Hope, we know :
 The day is Thine, and Thine the night.

A little while ! and ere the day
 In all its splendour shall be shown,
 The vigil keepers, rapt away,
 Shall find Thy glory, LORD, their own.

LOST AND FOUND.

(Luke xv.)

This is Thy love, my GOD !
 Joy never-ending I in Thee begin.
 Thou sawest me, afar from Thine abode :
 Thou hadst compassion ; Thou hast brought me in.

It was one great surprise
 Along the way, beneath that noonday sun,
 Since first I faltered forth, " I will arise !"
 And groaned, " I am not fit to be a son !"

Wrapt to my Father's heart,
I felt His kiss, ere I could speak my shame :
Love, acting out its own amazing part,
Me, in my guilt, my ruin, overcame.

Thou didst provide the robe ;
Didst tell Thy servants to bring forth the best :
The ring, the shoes, Thy gift upon the road,
Prepared me, home returning, for Thy rest.

Oh, it is holy ground !
Nought that defiles can ever touch me more ;
Thy lost one, once the prodigal, is found ;
My dark distrust, the famine time, is o'er.

Now is the banquet spread ;
The fatted calf, reserved for me, is killed ;
I—perishing erewhile for want of bread—
Sit at Thy feast, my cup by Thee o'er-filled.

Thy festival I share !
Where guests, at home in all Thine own delight,
With symphonies, with choral dance, declare
Thee in Thy grace, Thy glory—Love and Light !

*THE SONG OF SONGS.**Es giebt ein Lied der Lieder.*

One song of songs—the sweetest—
Once learnt, thou still repeatest,
And singest, Christian, o'er and o'er
Earth cannot learn the measure—
That song of heavenly treasure—
Of joy abounding evermore.

Of one great love it telleth,
That every grief dispelleth,
Like mist before the morning's sun.
Farewell to all thy sorrow,
Thy cares about the morrow,
When thou canst sing that sweetest song.

Translated from C. J. Spitta.

ALONE.

Alone!—a stranger here—
Divinely lighting up a world of sin—
Didst Thou, in grace, O living LORD, appear
Our shadowed sphere within.

Alone! alone in love,
In grace, in holiness of truth; alone,
Through righteousness all human thought above,
Thou soughtest out Thine own.

Thou soughtest—'twas to save;
Yea, Thou the LORD, wouldst seek and save the lost;
And therefore was Thy goal on earth the grave,
Thy path of life, the cross.

Alone! 'twas Thine to bear
The awful judgment Adam made our due.
Alone! for who wrath's chalice dread could share?
Who e'en Thy purpose knew?

Alone ! yet not alone.
Thou in Thine agony of prayer wert heard.
E'en in Gethsemane 'twas thine to own
And keep Thy Father's word.

Alone ! forsaken Thou
Of God, Thy God, when doing all His will ;
Of man, Thy creature, though Thy thorn-pierced brow
Told out Thy titles still.

Alone ! upon the cross—
Despised, rejected, and by sinners slain—
Thou didst transmute unfathom'd present loss
To heights untold of gain.

Except a corn of wheat
Fall deep and die, alone it doth abide.
Out of the Eater issued forth our meat.
Thou livest and hast died.

Alone, the victor now,
Art Thou in glory on the Father's throne ;
Co-risen, we henceforth Thy claims avow,
Thy place, Thy life, our own.

E

THE GLORY SHINES BEFORE ME.

(Written to the air "I cannot sing the Old Songs.")

The glory shines before me ;
I cannot linger here :
Though clouds may darken o'er me,
My Father's house is near.
If through this barren wilderness
A little while I roam,
The glory shines before me,
I am not far from home.

Beyond the storms I'm going,
Beyond this vale of tears ;
Beyond the floods o'erflowing,
Beyond the changing years.
I'm going to the better land,
By faith long since possessed :
The glory shines before me,
For this is not my rest.

The Lamb is there the glory :
The Lamb is there the light.
Affliction's grasp but tore me
From phantoms of the night.
The voice of Jesus calleth me ;
My race will soon be run :
The glory shines before me ;
The prize will soon be won.

The glory shines before me ;
I know that all is well :
My Father's care is o'er me,
His praises I would tell ;
The love of Christ constraineth me ;
His blood hath washed me white ;
Where Jesus is in glory,
'Tis home, and love, and light.

ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.

O God of matchless grace,
We sing unto Thy name !
We stand accepted in the place
That none but Christ could claim ;
Our willing hearts have heard Thy voice,
And in Thy mercy we rejoice.

'Tis meet that Thy delight
Should centre in the Son ;
That Thou shouldst place us in Thy sight
In Him, Thy Holy One.
Thy perfect love has cast out fear ;
Thy favour shines upon us here.

Eternal is our rest,
O Christ of GOD, in Thee.
Now of Thy peace, Thy joy possessed,
We wait Thy face to see ;
Now to the Father's heart received,
We know in whom we have believed.

A sacrifice to GOD
In life or death are we ;
Then keep us ever, blessèd LORD,
Thus set apart to Thee.
Bought with a price, we're not our own :
We died, we live to GOD alone !

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

Onward, and upward, and forward to-day !
Onward ! renewing thy strength in the way.
Upward ! though rugged and steep be the hill ;
Forward ! the word of the LORD to fulfil.

Onward, and upward, and homeward the while !
Upward ! thy sunlight the Saviour's own smile ;
Onward ! His presence thy shade from the heat ;
Homeward ! for home after exile is sweet.

Onward, and upward ; be strong in the LORD !
He is thy Shield, thine Eternal Reward.
He is gone forward, thy place to prepare ;
Homeward thou'rt going to dwell with Him there.

Onward, and upward ! the call is divine ;
Rich is thy portion, for Jesus is thine.
Loved of the LORD with ineffable love,
Bright is thy future—the glory above.

*BEFORE THE PRESENCE OF HIS
GLORY.*

(John xvii. 24.)

LORD, to be with Thee in Thine own abode,
The place prepared, where Thou wilt have us dwell;
Brought home unto Thy Father and Thy God,
Where harpers harping shall Thy triumphs tell,
Sons of His love, heirs of His festal joy,
What bliss! how full! how pure beyond alloy!

To gaze around in that effulgent light,
With not a mist from earth to intervene;
Thy majesty, Thy beauty, full in sight,
Thy glory flooding all the boundless scene:
Thy love in its perfection known at last:
'Twill solve the long enigma of the past.

To read anew the story of the Cross,
Conned dimly but with growing wonder now;
To hear Thee tell what agonies and loss
Were Thine, what thorns were woven for Thy brow.
How Thou didst lay Thy royal garments by,
And, having nothing, didst heart-broken *die*!

To hear Thee leading in our midst high praise
To Him whom Thou hast glorified on earth :
To trace the sorrows of Thy pilgrim days,
Thou stranger to Thy brethren from Thy birth ;
To know, in myriads ransomed by Thy blood,
The dearest purpose of Thy heart made good.

To search the chronicles of sovereign grace,
Of wondrous mercy, of victorious love,
Stored for perusal in the ordered place,
Graved on the portals and the walls above ;
To find, detailed in characters divine,
The whole result of God's profound design.

To see eternal righteousness brought in,
All hostile works of darkness done away :
To learn how Thou hast made an end of sin ;
To watch the Universe Thy mind obey ;
No longer to perceive and know "in part,"
But be like Thee, and see Thee as Thou art.

To view angelic legions lowly bend
Before Thee, owning God's august decree,
Bright messengers whom God most high doth send
To do His bidding, all adoring Thee.
To worship Him who sitteth on the throne,
Thine incorruptibility our own.

To range through all the spheres of Thy domain,
In life, in mind, in aim, in Spirit *one* ;
To find Thee still ineffably our gain,
In whom, through whom, the Father's will is done:
THIS—through Eternity's eventful days,
Our joy, shall be, LORD Jesus Christ, Thy praise.

HIS TABLE.

*"For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death until He come."—
1 Cor. xi. 26.*

In spirit, LORD, we dwell with Thee above
The changing scenes of time ;
We rest beneath Thy canopy of love,
Within Thy house of wine.

And though awhile the vale of death we tread,
This weary world below,
Thy shepherd care doth still a table spread
In presence of the foe.

Oft as Thy day returns, we love to find
Thou dost the feast prepare ;
We leave the din of conflict far behind,
That holy joy to share.

Thy precious death before our heart and eyes,
We worship and adore ;
This broken bread Thy piercèd hand supplies,
This wine Thyself doth pour.

LORD Jesus—'tis Thy soul-subduing voice
That bids us take and eat ;
The feast is spread, and we Thy guests rejoice,
As in Thy House is meet.

“ Eat, O my friends,” Thou sayest to us here ;
“ Yea, drink, belovèd, drink : ”
More rich the blessing as Thou drawest near,
Than e'er we ask or think.

Thy broken body we, in figure, see,
Shewn in this broken bread ;
This poured wine, O Saviour, tells of Thee,
Thy blood for sinners shed.

We muse upon the marvel of Thy Cross,
Thy love beyond compare ;
O, depth of woe ! O, all unfathomed loss
That Thou for us didst bear !

Beholding Thee, the lowly One who came
To this dark world in grace,
We give Thee thanks, now gathered to Thy Name,
A large and wealthy place !

Sweet to Thine own redeemed to feed on Thee,
In whom we died, we live ;
Sweet the remembrance cup must ever be
That Thou, O Christ, dost give.

The loaf we share proclaims our happy lot,
One loaf are we—and Thine :
Poor as we were—our need is now forgot,
Exchanged for bliss divine.

One loaf, one cup, their witness should be heard,
E'en were our voices dumb ;
Yet to Thy praise be every bosom stirred,
LORD Jesus, till Thou come !

*OUT OF THEIR BONDAGE.**(Exodus vi. 1-8.)*

Away with Egypt's burdens,
Ye ransomed of the LORD!
Ye toil for noble guerdons,
"Exceeding great reward."
Her bond-slaves' blood she wringeth
With her untiring goad :
The LORD His people bringeth
From under Egypt's load.

Who Canaan's corn hath eaten,
With might and main will work ;
He fears not to be "beaten,"
No "tasks" hath he to shirk ;
But Egypt's bond-slaves ever
In cruel bondage groan ;
And Pharaoh pauseth never
To hear their dismal moan.

The prey of dire delusion,
The victims of a dream,
In hurry and confusion
Are Pharaoh's captives seen :
GOD vieweth their affliction,
Stoops down to their distress,
Rebukes the idle fiction
That bids Him cease to bless.

The LORD the word hath spoken :
" My people shall go free."
The LORD our chains hath broken,
The LORD our strength shall be ;
The LORD who brought salvation
By His almighty hand,
Ends all our tribulation
And plants us in His Land !

Go now, and " work," believers !
But work at peace and free !
Of grace the glad receivers—
Its true exponents be.

Ye toil for glory guerdons,
 "Exceeding great reward :"
Then down with Egypt's burdens,
 Ye ransomed of the LORD !

THE GOD OF MY SALVATION.

Thou art my Joy, LORD Jesus !
 For the Father joys in Thee.
Thou art my Peace, LORD Jesus ;
 Thou did'st give Thyself for me.
 Ere the closing race be run,
 Ere the crown of life be won,
 Thou art my Joy.
Thou art my Shield from condemnation,
Thou art the Rock of my salvation.

Thou art my Bread, LORD Jesus ;
 Evermore I live by Thee :
Thou art my Wine, LORD Jesus,
 For Thy blood was shed for me.

In the battle's deadly fray,
In the coming glory day,
Thou art my Bread.

Thou art my Wine of consolation,
Thou art the Strength of my salvation.

Thou art my Strength, LORD Jesus ;
For all power belongs to Thee :
Thou art my Song, LORD Jesus,
And Thy grace sufficeth me.
Till the tears of time be o'er,
Till the Tempter tempt no more,
Thou art my Strength.

Thou art my Song in tribulation,
Thou art the Horn of my salvation.

Thou art my Light, LORD Jesus,
And I love to gaze on Thee ;
Thou art my life, LORD Jesus,
Thou art throned on high for me.
Though the lesser lights may pale,
Though my flesh and heart may fail,
Thou art my Life.

Thou art the Sun of God's creation,
Thou art my Light and my Salvation.

Thou art my hope, LORD Jesus :
I am waiting here for Thee.
Thou art my gain, LORD Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me.
Thou art Joy and Food and Might ;
Thou art Peace and Life and Light ;
Thou art my Hope.
Thou art my LORD, mine adoration ;
Thou art the GOD of my Salvation.

ALWAYS CONFIDENT.

I have a mighty Friend
In Heaven above ;
All who on Him depend
His care shall prove :
In every trial here,
All through the desert drear,
I can have nought to fear :
His Name is Love.

Only a little while
He is away :
Soon will my Saviour's smile
Turn night to day.
Oh, joy beyond compare
To meet Him in the air,
His home of light to share
Soon and for aye !

Home ! how that word so sweet
Thrills to the heart !
Home ! where the children meet
Never to part.
Then like Him I shall be,
Whose blood was shed for me:
Then, Jesus, I shall see
Thee as Thou art.

THE UNSEEN LOVED ONE.

“Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”—1 Pet. i. 8.

Jesus, Thou precious One, what depths of love
My happy soul is finding out in Thee!
Lead Thou me on, till in my home above,
I shall Thee, chief among ten thousand, see:
Then in unclouded light, I shall adore
And praise Thy Holy Name for evermore.

Thou art my portion now, most gracious LORD.
The charm of earthly things has passed away;
Wandering in darkness once, I heard Thy word
Calling from nature's night to heaven's day:
I came to Thee, and sheltered on Thy breast,
The weight of sin was gone, I was at rest.

Oh teach me, blessèd LORD, to bear my cross,
And gladly follow Thee, whate'er betide;
Well may I count all else to be but loss,
And with Thy love be more than satisfied;
For Thou hast shed Thy blood to set me free,
And now in heaven dost intercede for me.

F

On earth the lowest place was ever Thine ;

I too would have that mind which was in Thee.
Since Thou hast made Thy heavenly glory mine,
Grant that Thy glory here my aim may be :
Cause me to know and do Thy blessèd will, .
To trust in Thee at all times and be still.

LORD, Thou hast left us to prepare the place

Where Thy redeemed ones soon with Thee shall
dwell ;

Now, whilst we wait and long to see Thy face,

Teach us, by loving much, to serve Thee well.
Attune our hearts below to songs of praise,
Our sweet employ above through endless days.

LORD Jesus, every thought is read by Thee—

Those heart-desires that cannot be expressed :
Hasten the day when like Thee we shall be,
And in Thy glorious presence fully blest ;
Then evermore will be our joyful part,
To know as we are known—to see Thee as Thou art.

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet: so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Ps. cvii. 29-30.

I know, O LORD, though all around is dark,
I need not fear ;
Rough are the waves that toss my little bark,
But Thou art near ;
The stormy winds Thy word alone fulfil,
Their rage shall cease ;
And when Thy voice shall give the charge, "Be still,"
All will be peace.

Yes, I shall see (soon as this storm has passed
Across the soul)
That He, who slumbers not, held every blast
In His control :
And though, o'ershadowed by the present woe,
The heart may quail,
Strong in the grace, the strength Thou dost bestow,
I shall prevail.

What though long cherished hopes like autumn leaves,
All scattered lie,
Knowing Thy love divine, this scarcely grieves,
For spring is nigh.
New hopes, God-given, shall then unfold and bloom
In beauty bright ;
Therefore, in hope rejoicing, 'mid the gloom,
I wait for light.

Thou precious Saviour, by whose life I live,
Lighten mine eyes !
Let me not miss the lessons Thou dost give,
O make me wise !
Keep me, whilst tempest-driven on life's rough sea,
Close to Thy side ;
There, safely anchored by sure hope in Thee,
Let me abide !

Jesus, Thou art my All ! what can I *lose*
Since Thou art mine ?
Guide me, Thou best-beloved ; my portion choose,
For I am Thine :
To the desired haven let me come
In Thine own way :
There will be no more night in that fair home,
But endless day.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

“He led them on safely, so that they feared not.”

Oh, Jesus! ever present Friend,
Our need is known to Thee;
Grace all-sufficient Thou wilt send,
And we will follow Thee.
We have not passed this way before,
But Thou wilt lead us right;
Ah! Since our eyes may gaze on Thee,
We would not walk by sight.

Home to the ark the weary dove
Came from the waters wide;
So would we shelter in Thy love,
Above temptation's tide.
Dry land and trees all covered o'er,
Submerged the once loved nest;
And, like that waste without a shore,
This world is not our rest.

But, as the dove went forth again,
 (Commissioned of her lord)
We can pass o'er the dreary plain,
 If Jesus gives the word.
Blessèd indeed to be for Him
 The messengers of peace,
Bearing sweet tokens of a day
 When storms and strife shall cease.

Thy presence our pavilion, LORD,
 'Mid outward strife we rest ;
Our guide Thy never-failing Word,
 We cannot but be blest.
Tho' passing clouds may often cast
 Deep shadows o'er our way,
We know the darkness cannot last ;
 The light shall be for aye.

Safe in the cleft of Christ our Rock,
 Well may our soul rejoice.
LORD, we will sing aloud to Thee,
 And Thou shalt hear our voice.

In quiet confidence our strength
 (Whilst keeping near Thy side)
We shall reach home with joy at length,
 Through Thee, our Way, our Guide.

THE UNCHANGING ONE.

“I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.”—Mal. iii. 6.

O Thou, who from Eternity
 Art the unchanging God,
Give us a child-like trust in Thee,
 Reliance on Thy word;
Let us on Christ, our Rock divine,
 Constant, unshaken stand,
Grasping each priceless truth of Thine
 With firm unfaltering hand.

Teach us in conscious weakness, LORD,
 On Thee alone to lean;
Let us rejoice, when 'gainst our foes
 Our powerlessness is seen;

Then is our time to rest on Thee,
(E'en in the darkest hour) :
Glory to Thee, Thou can'st not fail
To prove Thy love and power.

Boundless resources, LORD, are ours ;
In Thee we're rich indeed :
" God of all grace," whose wondrous name
Suits every time of need.
This precious story of Thy grace
Let us more simply hear ;
More steadfast run the allotted race,
Free from all care and fear.

Our cause is Thine, we wait on Thee,
Nor can we wait in vain :
No! we shall more than conquerors be,
A palm of victory gain !
For in the Name Thou holdest dear,
Our confidence we rest ;
Therefore our cry has reached Thine ear ;
Granted is our request.

Our Father! since we know Thy Name,
We put our trust in Thee :
Thou art, and hast been, still the same,
And wilt for ever be.
O guide our footsteps day by day ;
Be Thou our hearts' delight :
Till Jesus calls us hence away,
To walk with Him in white.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE.

How patiently, O LORD, Thy love endures !
How marvellous the grace
Which, to such failing ones, the joy secures
Ere long to see Thy face !
Thy counsel fails not, but shall changeless stand,
Thy pleasure Thou wilt do ;
Let us, in meek subjection 'neath Thy hand,
Thy glory keep in view.

LORD, we are weary oft and sore distressed,
Pacing the desert way :
This dark polluted world is not our rest,
We wait the dawn of day—

That glorious sunrise which the morning star
Foretells with its calm light,
So steadfast shining on us from afar,
Piercing the shades of night.

Let us have patience, LORD, till Thou dost come ;
Thine own time is the best ;
Thou still art offering to the lost a home,
To the soul-weary, rest ;
There are yet hidden ones whom Thou wilt free
From Satan's cruel chains ;
Thou tarriest, LORD, that these may share with Thee
The fruit of all Thy pains.

“The morning cometh !” Solemn, precious word,
Thrilling the inmost soul !
Oh, let us hasten on with fixed accord
Until we reach the goal.
What things were gain we gladly count but dross,
Nor to be looked at more.
Gazing behind,—our eye rests on the *Cross*,
The *Glory* lies before !

THE LORD'S DAY.

There's one sweet day the Christian heart holds dear,
One gem that shines the fairest of the seven,
When God His gathered children loves to cheer,
And feeds them with His manna hid in heaven.

Pilgrims, whose voices faltered by the way,
This day rehearse the fragments of their song ;
Angels need not such choral space where they
In ceaseless anthem roll their praise along.

Nor can they share the joy of saints below,
Who on this day shew forth their Saviour's death ;
Whilst little ones in grace and knowledge grow,
Hearing the gracious words His Spirit saith.

O precious, primal, resurrection day !
When Jesus rose triumphant from the dead,
The Living One who in the grave once lay,
Whom God exalted, over all things Head.

God's ancient Israel had their "Sabbath days ;"
"Types of eternal rest" to them were given :
We of the new creation sound our praise,
As risen with Christ, co-seated now in heaven.

Sin and its wages are behind us now,
Because the Prince of life in death has lain ;
Thoughts of His dying our glad spirits bow,
Whilst waiting, longing, till He come again.

Yes ! He shall soon return whose glorious form
The loved disciple saw in Patmos Isle,
When, "on the LORD's Day," in the Spirit borne,
God communed with him whom man did exile.

He shall return ! 'Tis but "a little while."
LORD Jesus ! keep our spirits stayed on Thee ;
Grant us to walk with Thy approving smile,
Till we with joy untold Thy glory see.

LOOKING UPWARD.

“ And He said unto me, ‘ My grace is sufficient for thee ; for My strength is made perfect in weakness.’ Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”—2 Cor. xii. 9.

LORD ! much we need Thy Shepherd-care,
So foolish we, and weak :
Ready for every hidden snare,
Like silly wandering sheep.

And we are guarded night and day
By Thine Almighty power ;
Else sure our roving feet would stray
Still further every hour.

Vessels of mercy, formed by Thee,
Thou graciously dost take,
(Poor earthen pitchers though they be),
Light-shedding lamps to make.

This is Thy way of wisdom, LORD !
Thus is *Thy* power made known ;
And we, instructed by Thy word,
Glory in Thee alone.

The need that magnifies Thy grace
We have no cause to fear ;
Why shrink from trial in our place
Of patient learners here ?

O LORD, Thy poor and helpless ones
Are rich and strong in Thee ;
Thou art our joy, and we Thy crown
Eternally shall be.

*LET HIM THAT HEARETH SAY
“COME.”*

(Rev. xxii. 17.)

O weary soul with guilt oppressed,
Let Jesus give thee perfect rest,
Let Jesus calm thy troubled breast,
Let Jesus comfort thee.

Behold GOD's precious, spotless Lamb !
He bore the weight of sin and shame :
There's power to save in Jesus' name,
His blood avails for thee.

He left His home, the heavens above,
Came down in purest grace and love ;
Mercy the Saviour's heart did move,
Mercy for such as thee.

Would'st thou this moment be made whole ?
Then hear and live, poor trembling soul !
God did on Christ thy burden roll :
Yes, Jesus died for thee.

Upon the cross thy sins he bore,
Raised from the dead, He dies no more ;
He is alive for evermore ;
In heaven He pleads for thee.

Oh, why a single doubt retain ?
He lives : GOD raised His Christ again.
He lives, the LORD who once was slain,
Whose blood was shed for thee.

'Twas nineteen hundred years ago,
GOD's well belovèd suffered so :
His love GOD now would have thee know ;
Jesús hath died for thee.

Come, read what grace for thee has done !
How GOD, the High and Holy One,
Loves thee e'en as He loves the Son
He freely gave for thee.

Thy load of sins He put away,
For Christ in full thy debt did pay ;
He freed thee, ransomed one, for aye !
His death has ransomed thee.

Sing, saved one, sing thy Saviour's praise ;
To GOD thy glad thanksgivings raise ;
And learn, through everlasting days
His love unchanging, free !

AWAKE !

*“Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead,
and Christ shall give thee light.”—Eph. v. 14.*

Ye heirs of GOD, joint heirs with Christ, arise !
Search out the glories grace has made your own ;
Wake ! ye that sleep ! and fix by faith your eyes
On Christ, now seated on the Father's throne.

Behold the glory of your risen LORD !
Oh, worship Him and sing aloud His praise !
Give earnest heed to every precious word,
Whereby the Spirit works to mould your ways.

The time is short, for His return draws near,
Who bled for you and bought you with a price ;
Take courage ! cast away each faithless fear,
And learn to glory in the cross of Christ.

'Tis yours to suffer for the sake of One,
Whose peerless Name is now by men despised ;
Ah think ! by radiant hosts around the Throne
How the dear Name of God's Beloved is prized.

G

And shall it be less dear to you below ?

Is He not with you through the toil and strife ?
Do you not, weary, sad, to Jesus go,
And find in Him the Way, the Truth, the Life ?

Does He not love you *now* as He will love
His Bride when with Him in His home of light ?
Set your affection, then, on things above,
As those who look to walk with Him in white.

Belovèd, cleave to Him this little while !
He soon will come and call His own away.
What need you more, if His approving smile
Illumine the roughness of the desert way ?

He endured hardness, bore reproach and shame,
Humbled Himself, obedient unto death ;
And they who know the power of Jesus' Name,
Can bear their cross and do *whate'er* He *saith*.

Blessèd to suffer for the Master's sake !
Happy *love's* service, promptly, freely given !
Mighty, eternal issues are at stake ;
Earth's race is run beneath the eye of Heaven.

Your heart will not be faint, your vision dim,
 Whilst steadfast on the risen Christ you gaze ;
 Your ear will grow more quick through hearing Him,
 Your feet more swift to follow in His ways.

Fear not ! He knows your every care and grief ;
 For every wound He hath a healing balm :
 Prove how His words do good ; what swift relief
 He gives who can the troubled spirit calm.

A little while ! the conflict will be o'er ;
 These times of peril will have passed away ;
 Then lowly ones who here Christ's image bore,
 Shall dwell with Him thro' never-ending day.

SOWING THE SEED.

*"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters ; that
 send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."*

Isaiah xxxii. 20.

Go forth to sow, O sowers,
 'Tis precious seed ye bear !
 Where lie the plough's deep
 furrows,
 Scatter it in with care.

Rev. xxii. 17.

Ps. cxxvi. 6.

Amos vi. 12.

Is. xxviii. 23-29.

Sow broadcast by the way-
side,—

Some among thorns may fall,
Some in God's fenced gar-
dens,

He keepeth watch o'er all.

Blessèd if "by all waters,"
Ye have the heart to sow ;
See! oxen "strong to labour,"
Forth to this service go :
Though patient toil is needed,
None can too lowly be,—
Too much despised, O Mas-
ter,
To do Thy work for Thee.

O sowers, be not weary,
The Lord hath need of you ;
Keep ever 'mid your labour
The harvest day in view ;
Your LORD will guide your
footsteps,
He'll teach you where to go,
Ye shall return with singing,
Who erst in tears did sow.

Luke xiv. 22, 23.

Mark iv. 17, 18, 19.

Luke viii. 8, 15.

Is. lv. 10, 11.

Is. xxxii. 20.

Matt. ix. 29.

Ps. cxliv. 14.

2 Tim. iv. 1-5.

Rom. ii. 7.

2 Cor. iv. 7..

1 Cor. i. 27-29.

Jer. i. 7.

Gal. vi. 9.

Matt. xxi. 2, 3.

Heb. xii. 1, 2.

1 Cor. iii. 8.

Is. xxx. 21, 23.

Ps. xxxii. 8, 9.

Ps. cxxvi. 5.

Heb. vi. 11, 12.

Whence the wind comes up
 ye know not,
 Nor whither it may blow,
 Watch not the clouds above
 you,
 Your part is but to sow.
 GOD freely gives His sun-
 shine,
 He sends His rain in showers;
 Sow the small seed, have
 patience,
 And He will bring the flowers.

John iii. 8.
Ps. cxlvii. 18.
Eccles. xi. 4.
Prov. xi. 24.
Matt. v. 45.
Job xxvii. 6, 11, 14.
James. v. 7.
1 Cor. xv. 36, 38.

Morn is the time of sowing,
 Toward night is not too late ;
 No labourer, willing-hearted,
 Need linger at the gate.
 Go forth, go forth, O sowers !
 'Tis precious seed ye bear ;
 Go ! at your Master's bidding,
 The " field " is everywhere.

Eccles. xi. 6.
Rom. xiii. 11, 12.
1 Chron. xxix. 5, 17.
Matt. xx. 6, 7.
Luke x. 12.
Rom. x. 15.
Mark xvi. 15.
Matt. xiii. 38.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

“God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”—2 Cor. iv. 6.

The earth was without form and void,
The deep was veiled in night ;
GOD'S Spirit on the waters moved,
GOD said “Let there be light.”

And there was light : His word of power,
By which the heavens were made,
Thrilled through that silent, wondrous hour ;
Creation heard—obeyed.

GOD, who, when darkness held full sway,
Thus bade the light to shine,
Hath in our hearts shed brightest day,
Hath given us light divine.

The glorious Gospel of His Christ,
Our opened ears have heard ;
For GOD His new creation forms
By that same living word.

Now, 'mid earth's solemn second night
Of ever deepening gloom,
We wait a burst of heavenly light :
The LORD Himself shall come.

Soon shall the trump of GOD be heard ;
The dead in Christ shall rise ;
We, caught up with Him, at His word,
Shall meet Him in the skies.

Soon shall the shadows flee away
Before that dawning bright :
Soon shall we dwell in cloudless day,
GOD and the Lamb our Light.

THOU DREWEST NEAR.

"Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not. O Lord, Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul, Thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. iii. 57, 58.

O blessèd LORD! we own in all our sorrow,
Thou hast done all things well!
We wait in faith the resurrection morrow,
'Mid nature's funeral knell.
We know that nothing may prevail to sever
Thy loved ones from Thy love:
LORD Jesus! Thou hast made us Thine for ever,
What then our heart shall move?

'Tis well if some Thou lov'st are left (as only
Pilgrims and strangers here),
Rough seas to cross alone—yet LORD, not lonely,
For Thou art ever near.

'Tis well that other fragile barks have entered
 Where every storm is o'er :
 Soon shall we too, in that fair haven centred,
 Rest, and go out no more.

Then keep us, blessèd Saviour, all-unfearing,
 All-peaceful in Thy care ;
 Mindful that day by day the goal is nearing,
 Constant in praise and prayer.
 The waves are high ; above them shelters ever
 The timid, trembling dove ;
 Our hearts repose in that which faileth never,
Almighty, changeless love.

IS ANY AFFLICTED? LET HIM PRAY.

Art thou afflicted ? O belovèd, pray !
 Why in grief's darkening twilight still abide ?
 Let not thy spirit 'midst her sorrow stay ;
 Go forth ! like Isaac at the eventide :
 Hear the sweet harmonies of earth and heaven ;
 So gradual peace and joy be to thy spirit given.

There shall come to thee, thro' the distant shades,
 Joy, sent of Him who knows thy every need ;
 Take to thy heart His gift : He ne'er upbraids
 The soul that in her helplessness must plead ;
 Each good and perfect gift is from above ;
 God changeth never : He is ever Love.

Thy heart, now fluttering like a timid bird,
 Should in the sunlight rise on steadfast wing ;
 Thy cry of sharp distress in heaven was heard ;
 Shall not the same wide heaven hear thee sing ?
 Shall not the eye that notes the sparrow's fall
 See thee rejoicing rise, responsive to His call ?

God is not weary ; go and rest on Him ;
 He gives new strength to them that have *no might* ;
 Power when the heart is faint, the eye is dim,
 And out of darkness, He commands the light ;
 Wait thou on Him : *there* let thy spirit stay ;
 When thou art glad, then sing ;—afflicted, *pray*.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

“He that had been possessed with the devil prayed Him that he might be with Him.”—Mark v. 18.

When one whom Satan's hosts had made their prey,
Was freed for ever by Thy word of power,
He prayed Thee, LORD, that he might with Thee
 stay,
Nor lose the impress of that wondrous hour.

Like him I thought that to *abide with Thee*,
I needs must leave the busy haunts of men ;
In some far, tranquil solitude must be,—
Nor *near* Thee till such pause came round again.

Each day my heart more full of sadness grew,
Nor thought to serve Thee in life's simplest things ;
That I was one Thy blood had bought I knew ;
I would have flown to Thee had I had wings.

For oh ! I longed no more to leave Thy side,
Not understanding Thou art ever near,
Nor how with Thee in spirit to abide
Throughout the needed desert-training here.

“*Home to thy friends*”—was Thy own gracious
charge

(Thy earlier rescued one since *Home to Thee*) ;
For love may offices on earth discharge,
Such as are not, where soon I too shall be.

And I have proved Thy power to stay the mind
Amid the turmoil of this outer life ;
What perfect peace the wearied heart may find,
E'en in the very thickest of the strife.

I have been learning how Thy presence, LORD,
Is my pavilion, my repose, my shield ;
Here rest is found, according to Thy word—
Safe garrison—though on the battle-field.

Henceforth I fain would be apart with Thee,
In quiet sweet communion of soul ;
Whilst hands and outward thoughts in service free
Fulfil their share of GOD-allotted toil.

“The Carpenter” they called Thee here below ;
 So many years Thou hadst this lowly place :
 Men knew Thee not ; Thou, LORD, alone couldst know
 How glorious shone on Thee the Father’s face.

O blessèd Jesus ! Thou hast made me Thine ;
 Teach me to mark Thy every tone and word :
 Deepen Thou still this fellowship divine,
 Until the welcome summons home be heard.

REFUGE.

*“In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and
 His children shall have a Place of Refuge.”*
—Prov. xiv. 26.

O Holy Father, in Thy changeless love
 My soul shall evermore find perfect rest ;
 The waves may rise and darkness gather round,
 But many water-floods shall not prevail.
 For Thou hast set my feet upon a Rock :
 That Rock is Christ—that place, a Place by Thee ;
 Kept safely in the shadow of Thy hand,
 I know my soul shall not be greatly moved.

Above the storm I will lift up my head,
And sing aloud a joyful song of praise,
With all the company of Thy redeemed,
Who know Thy Name and put their trust in Thee.
The day is Thine, Thou Sun of Righteousness ;
Bright morning star, the night is also *Thine*.
As when Thou shinest other lights are dim,
So let the darkness hide from all but Thee.
What though the battle thick around me rage,
And adverse hosts stand forth in fierce array !
Speak but the word, and backward they shall fall.
Who can make trouble when Thou givest peace ?
Strong in the LORD and in His mighty power,
No weapon formed against me shall prevail ;
Though foes abound, the victory is sure.
Jesus my LORD has conquered in the strife,
And at His charges I a warfare go ;
As having nothing, yet possessing all,
Learning in weakness *His sufficient grace*.
Glory to Thee, Thou High and Holy One,
Whose Habitation is Eternity !
Since Thou art for me, whom have I to fear ?
Washed in the precious blood of Thy slain Lamb,
And all my sins for ever put away ;

Accepted in Thy well-belovèd Son,
I will be still, and learn to worship Thee.
Thou art my God ! With Thee shall be my home,
When all that is of earth has passed away,
Throughout the glories of an endless life.
O wondrous thought ! Yes, once so far away,
But now "made nigh," through Him who is our
Peace :

I to the holiest have entered in,
Because the Blood is on the mercy-seat ;
Calm—in the very presence of the LORD,
Rejoicing in the knowledge of that love
Which makes the desert blossom as the rose ;
And sheds its radiance o'er the dreary land,
Through which Thy children journey home to
Thee.

REMINISCENCES.

October 8th, 1863.

Mother ! beloved and cherished, can it be
So many days and years have passed away,
Since first, a little child, in sportive glee,
I brought love's offerings on thy natal day ?

So many days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Through which thy tender care has never failed ;
Love reigning aye 'mid changing hopes and fears,
Whilst weary watchings thy dear cheek have paled.

O precious one! those by-gone years had days
Of deepest sorrow, as of sunshine bright ;
Soon will the shadows all have passed away,
Lost 'mid the glories of the land of light.

How sweet the prospect that we have in view !
The path still brightens to the perfect day !
Whilst Faith, Hope, Love, their golden blossoms
strew
Across the roughness of the desert way.

Beloved, thou long and patiently hast striven,
Guarding thy children 'mid surrounding snares ;
And can they e'er forget how blessings given
Were called from heaven by a mother's prayers ?

Can they forget how parents, one in heart,
Have toiled together for their children's weal ?
Ah ! sooner far will tears of sorrow start,
That they no more have proved the love they feel.

Thy crown of joy in the glad years to come
Shall be thy children, robed in spotless white,
In the bright mansions of the heavenly home,
Where three, long since, were sheltered from thy
sight.

Three lilies, gathered by the Master's hand ;
Three treasures, given to Him who gave them erst.
An added triple link to that fair land
Where theirs shall be the welcome given first.

Nine years ago this day, one darling boy,
Thy choicest flower, was plucked from earth away ;
Transplanted to the realms of endless joy,
To bloom, all beauteous, in eternal day :

Nine years ago, thy dearest, eldest-born,
Who, on thy birthday, entered into rest :
Parting with him, ah, how thy heart was torn !
Yet comforted with him, on Jesus' breast.

Not lost, but gone before !—There intervene
Some precious hours ere we again may meet ;
Let us be storing sheaves of golden grain,
To lay, rejoicing, at our Saviour's feet.

H

“A little while!” Oh, let us steadfast be!

Running with patient hope the Christian race,
Rejoicing in the LORD until we see
The Altogether Lovely, face to face.

.. *WHAT THINGS WERE GAIN.*

(Phil iii. 7-14.)

“What things were gain to me,”
LORD Jesus! these I count for Thee but loss :
Mine be the fervent mind to follow Thee,
And glory in Thy cross.

Too oft my foolish heart
Has listened to the false world's siren voice,
Yet, LORD, Thou knowest the eternal part
Is still, through grace, my choice.

O keep me, lest I stray ;
I see the love of many waxing cold ;
And fewer tread in faith the narrow way,
Than took that path of old.

One thing alone I'd do ;
I've but Thyself, O blessèd LORD, to please :
Let me press forward, with the prize in view,
Nor dream of rest or ease.

“ *What things were gain to me,*”—
'Tis these I've cast aside and prize no more,
'Tis the deep joy, O Christ, of knowing Thee,
That makes my cup run o'er.

How excellent, how dear,
Art *Thou*, LORD, to the heart that owns Thy worth;
No longer would I seek a portion here,
Or grasp the joys of earth.

If all should pass away,
Mine's an inheritance that will not fade :
What men call *loss*, seen in the coming Day,
To richest *gain* is made.

That day is drawing near :
O welcome day! when Christ the LORD shall come;
When He no more shall be “ a stranger here,”
But honoured as God's Son.

*MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.**(Ps. xxxi. 15-24.)*

Laid up for those who fear Thee, LORD,
Thy goodness, oh how great !
Which Thou hast wrought for their reward.
Who love what sinners hate.
Thou settest them before Thy face,
Secure from human pride ;
In Thy pavilion's secret place,
Thou makest them abide.

The din of Babel never more
Shall rob them of Thy voice ;
Thy presence spreads its glory o'er
The city of Thy choice.
My song is, Blessèd be the LORD,
For He hath shewn to me
His wondrous kindness, and His word
Hath set the captive free.

I in my haste, my fear, had said,
I may not see Thine eyes ;
Yet when to Thee I bowed my head,
To Thee my heart did rise.
Thou heardest my entreaty's voice ;
Thou, LORD, my soul hast known.
O love the LORD ! In Him rejoice !
Ye saints, His mercy own !

The LORD the faithful doth preserve,
The proud He layeth low ;
Be strong, all ye the LORD who serve,
Who His salvation know.
Take courage, He your heart shall gird,
All ye on Him who wait ;
Laid up for those who keep Thy word,
Thy goodness, LORD, how great !

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Wondrous is the simple story
Of the blessèd Saviour's death,
How the LORD of life and glory
Yielded, on the cross, His breath,
Spotless, holy,
Sinless, as the Scripture saith !

There He bore that awful burden,
Wrath of GOD, because of sin ;
Stooped, in grace, the costly guerdon
Of eternal life to win ;
Blood-bought pardon,
Access, too, the veil within !

Lost by Adam's first transgression,
We in death and darkness lay ;
Jesus, making full confession,
For us kept His victor way ;
All transgression,
Sins and sin to put away.

Perfect reconciliation

Jesus evermore hath made ;
Head o'er all the new creation,
See Him now, in light arrayed ;
Full salvation !
All the purchase-price is *paid* !

All the righteous GOD requirèd
Jesus hath divinely done ;
All the Father's heart desirèd
He accomplished through the Son !
Alleluia !
Glory to the Three in One !

“ *UNTIL HE COME.* ”

“ *For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death until He come.* ”—
1 Cor. xi. 26.

Thy death—LORD Jesus ! Death wherein we died.
The sea beheld Thee—fled : 'twas at Thy voice
The ark stood firm in Jordan's harvest-tide,
That we, delivered, might with Thee rejoice.

Man hears not, sees not, though Thy death we shew;
 Apart Thou stayest us with bread and wine;
Thy many angels, watching, long to know
 This marvel of Thy greeting us as *Thine*.

We shew Thy death; Thy name is shed abroad;
 No speech, no language could Thy glories tell.
Sent of the Father, Thou, O Son of God!
 Hast glorified Him here, and vanquished Hell.

“Sent forth”—Thou camest, LORD, of woman born,
 And under law none else had honoured, made
Last Adam, Second Man, Thou seed of corn
 Would'st die alone, would'st in the ground be laid—

Seed sown in tears. The waterfloods arose,
 Went in their wrath, their terrors, over Thee;
GOD, scorning all the raging of Thy foes,
 Alone the causer of Thy death must be.

Thou could'st endure the malefactor's place,
 Thy friends' desertion, Thy betrayer's kiss;
Thou could'st endure the hiding of His face,
 Whose love, Thy due, sought from Thee even this.

Thou all Thine agony did'st bear alone ;
Earth shook, with mantling horror overspread.
The Spirit wrote for us, in light, the groan
Thou gavest forth, in bowing then Thy head.

Brought low, GOD's chosen one, beneath the knife,
Without assuagement, far from Thy redress.
Exalted, crownèd now, O Prince of Life,
Adoring Thee, Thy Father's name we bless.

His will, His pleasure, ever was Thy joy,
Him to declare, Thy service, Thy delight ;
One with Thee, part have we in Thine employ,
Part in Thy glory, where shall be no night.

And if a little while Thou bid'st us stay
Where sin abounds, there witnessing Thy love ;
What sweetness in this learning to obey,
Communing with Thee where Thou art above.

Until Thy voice for us the clouds shall part,
Until we meet Thee, Saviour, in the air ;
Until we see Thee, even as Thou art,
Thy cup Thou givest us on earth to share.

What can earth shew us, but Thy death, Thy tomb ?

What but Thy death have we on earth to shew ?

Sin-wasted scene that found for Thee "no room" ;

World that usurps Thy rights, that wrought Thy
woe.

* * * * *

Thy death, O Lamb of God, the fount of song,

Deep basis of all triumph and all peace ;

Thine enemies were myriad and strong,

Thou, only Victor, makest wars to cease.

Thou unto us art over all things Head :

Robed in Thy perfect likeness we shall be.

Come ! Thou who livest, Thou who hast been dead,

All things, made new, shall ever worship THEE !

BEFORE DAYBREAK.

When I look up into Thy vaulted sky,

And see Thy stars in marvellous array,

When I consider them, the great and high,

(Not shewn to man amid his busy day),

When under this Thy spreading tent I stand,

To view afar along the heavenly shore

Those ordinances none can understand—

Thee, Sovereign God, Almighty, I adore.

When gazing through the opened heavens, I see,
By faith, Thy glory, and the Son of Man ;
And, Him remembering who hath died for me,
Behold Him, centre of Thine every plan ;
When, everywhere on earth, I see His death,
Who is gone up on high, all things to fill ;
Then, Father, Son, and Spirit, by each breath
Are owned—the while I worship and am still.

When I look forward to the glorious end,
When Christ the travail of His soul shall see,
When His one Pearl, that doth all pearls transcend,
Shall, with Him, witness of His triumphs be ;
When the one Church, His body, as His wife
Shall God's own glory from these heavens display,
And earth, no more in shadow and in strife,
Shall with His smile be radiant night and day,
Then, joyful as are they whom love hath blest,
Him I exult in, and in Him I rest.

“*SONGS IN THE NIGHT.*”

“ Good courage ” ! Good success !
Thou, GOD, wilt have it so ;
For Thou art good : Thy name I bless,
'Tis mercy's *Source* I know.

“ Good courage ” ! Good success !
Despite the evil day ;
All through my soul's supreme distress,
On GOD my soul I stay.

“ Good courage ” ! Good success !
We walk by faith, not sight ;
Set like the rainbow to confess
The all-encircling light.

“ Good courage ” ! Good success !
All shineth bright above !
The open heavens well express
Our GOD is Light, and Love.

“COME UNTO ME.”

When life's springtime has faded, its music died away,
When thy hopes have given place to fears ;
When thy clear sky is shaded, for summer will not
stay,

Oh ! who shall wipe away thy tears ?
There is One—the rest of the weary—
Jesus ! Jesus saith, “Come unto Me ;”
Many days He hath lingered, in mercy full and free ;
O sinner, Jesus waits for thee !

When the gain thou hast hoarded is slipping from
thy grasp,

When thou standest needy and alone ;
When thy cold hand no longer the wonted props
can clasp,

Oh ! who will listen to thy moan ?
There is One ! the Friend of the friendless—
Jesus ! Jesus saith, “Come unto Me ;”
None other friend but Jesus can e'er thy Saviour be :
O sinner ! Jesus calleth thee.

When the day of salvation is drawing to a close,
When thy guilt shall weigh thee to the ground ;
When thy heart throbs in terror before eternal woes,
Oh ! *then* no Saviour can be found.
Now there's One—resource for the guilty—
Jesus ! Jesus saith, “ Come unto Me ; ”
Still mercy's bloodstained lintel thy door of hope
may be !
O sinner ! Jesus died for thee.

“ *WHERE SHALL WISDOM BE FOUND ?* ”

(*Compare Job xxviii. and Proverbs viii and ix.*)

Say where doth Wisdom dwell ?
Hath she her pathway through the hoary deep ?
Whose million waves, in answering fall and swell,
Their ceaseless vigil keep ?

Builds she her nest on high,
Like eagle throned on the perpetual hills ?
Whence naught escapes her far-discerning eye,
Of countless human ills ?

Is earth her fixed abode ?
Hath she her dwelling with the sons of men ?
Revealing all the mysteries of GOD,
In simplest form to them ?

Wisdom, where art thou now ?
Who fears the LORD, Thou art his guest divine ;
Thy name is written on his truthful brow,
Proclaiming him as Thine.

Herein would I rejoice ;
From every evil way, by Thee, depart ;
And listen daily to Thy still small voice,
With understanding heart.

Wisdom, Thine eyes are pure,
Too pure to look on aught that doth offend ;
Thy paths of peace and pleasantness are sure,
Unfailing to the end.

THE COMING KING.

Thou art coming, mighty Saviour !
 " King of kings," Thy written name !
Thou art coming, royal Saviour !
 Coming for Thy promised reign.
Oh, the joy when sin's confusion
 Ends beneath Thy righteous sway ;
Oh, the peace when all delusion
 At Thy presence dies away.

Thou art coming, loving Saviour !
 Coming first to claim Thine own.
Thou art coming, faithful Saviour !
 Thou would'st not abide alone.
In Thy Father's house in glory
 Sinners saved shall dwell with Thee ;
Oh, the sweetness of the story !
 Love's own record we shall be.

Once Thy coming, holy Saviour,
 Brought Thee to the sinner's place !
Wondrous coming—lowly Saviour,
 Wonderful Thy love, Thy grace !

Thine the wisdom in the manger,
 Thine the power upon the cross ;
 Thine the glory—as the stranger ;
 Riches,—though in utter loss !

Thou art coming, crownèd Saviour !
 Not “ the second time ” for sin ;
 Thou art coming, thronèd Saviour,
 Bringing all the glory in.
 All Thy Father’s house, its glory,
 Hangs, by sure behest, on Thee :
 Oh, the sweetness of the story !
 Saviour, come ; we wait for Thee !

GRACE AND PEACE.

Grace and peace and glory yonder,
 Where my LORD is gone before ;
 Grace and peace while here I wander,
 Glory there for evermore !

Boundless grace ! Exhaustless treasure !
 Everlasting as the Word ;
 Vaster wealth than thought can measure,
 Richer far than ear hath heard.

Perfect Peace! Complete salvation,
Purchased with the price of blood ;
Freed are we from condemnation
In Christ Jesus, Son of GOD.

Glory ! bright beyond the telling
E'en of an archangel's voice ;
Glory, in the Father's dwelling,
Where the children all rejoice.

“FAINT YET PURSUING.”

Shall I forsake the ways divine,
And lose the victor's crown,
Because the eyes that shone to mine
Are shadowed with a frown ?
Or if those eyes are filled with tears,
And I must see them plead,
Shall this o'erfill my soul with fears,
And shake me like a reed ?

Ah no ! for Thy sufficient grace,
LORD Jesus, girds me now ;
Thou hast equipped me for the race,
Thy mark is on my brow.

Thyself alone have I to please,
Thee only to obey ;
How can I pause for present ease,
Or how look back to-day ?

It pleaseth Thee the love to test,
Learnt slowly at Thy side ;
And, LORD, to Thee I leave the rest,
In Thee I will abide.
By pressing forward at Thy word,
I seek the Prize to win ;
And where Thou art, my one Reward !
I soon shall enter in !

There "all the way" shall I recall,
In haste I tread it now ;
Lest nature's art my faith appal,
Her claims I disallow.
LORD Jesus, Thou wilt hold me up,
Till this my task is done ;
Thou art the Portion of my cup,
My heritage is won !

JESUS, THE SAVIOUR.

The Saviour, Jesus, left the skies,
The heavens, His home above ;
He died, was buried, did arise,
To tell GOD's love !

'Twas GOD's great love sent forth His Son
For sinners once to die,
That hopeless ones, far off, undone,
Might be brought nigh.

For sin He yielded up His breath,
That He the lost might save ;
He took the deadly sting from death—
He spoiled the grave.

'Twas "for our sins" the Lamb was slain,
The LORD was crucified ;
He died, was buried, rose again,
Is glorified !

Yes, Jesus is the mighty GOD,
The Holy Son of man ;
None other name is told abroad
In GOD's great plan.

He bears the glory evermore,
Who bore the cross of shame ;
His sufferings for sin are o'er :
Praise ye His Name !

“JESUS CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.”

The cross ! The cross of Jesus Christ our LORD,
Herein I glory, other boast is shame ;
I ask not thine approval, blinded world ;
Thou knowest not the power of Jesus' Name.

Too long was I a votary of thine,
Too long I toiled thy vain rewards to win ;
Too long I knelt at thy delusive shrine ;
The cross exposed the subtle spell of sin !

Yes, by the cross of Jesus Christ my LORD,
The world itself is crucified to me ;
And I hereby have died unto the world—
The cross my death, that Christ my life might be.

LORD Jesus Christ ! 'tis mine henceforth to bear
Thy dying deeply graven in my heart ;
'Tis mine ere long the crown of life to wear,
And, oh the joy, to see Thee as Thou art !

THE MIGHTY SAVIOUR.

Everlasting glory
Unto Jesus be !
Sing aloud the story
Of His victory !
How He left the splendour
Of His home on high,
Came, in love so tender,
On the cross to die.

Yes ! He came from heaven,
Suffered in our stead ;
Praise to Him be given,
“ Firstborn from the dead ! ”
Jesus, meek and lowly,
Came the lost to save ;
He, the Victim Holy,
Triumphed o'er the grave.

We in death were lying,
Lost in hopeless gloom ;
Jesus by His dying
Vanquished e'en the tomb !

Burst its iron portal,
 Rolled away the stone,
 Rose in life immortal
 To the Father's throne.

Christ is LORD of Glory,
 Sing we now to-day ;
 Tell abroad the story,
 Own His rightful sway !
 Sing aloud ! and never
 Cease to spread His fame,
 Triumph, now and ever,
 In the Saviour's name !

“ WAIT ON THE LORD.”

(Translated from the German.)

On the LORD depending, wait thou, my soul,
 All to Him commending, trust His sure control ;
 Yield not to fear,
 Morning draweth near ;
 And a sunny spring-time follows winter drear.
 Storms, tribulations, foes, may oppress,
 God is thy salvation, He waits to bless.

On the LORD depending, wait thou, my soul,
All to Him commending, trust His sure control ;
Hearts here may break,
God doth not forsake,
Greater than thy Helper none thy need shall make.
Faithful for ever, near for redress,
God will fail thee never, He waits to bless.

On the LORD depending, wait thou, my soul,
All to Him commending, trust His sure control ;
Our pilgrim way
Lasteth not for aye ;
Christ shall hush our weeping—calling us away
Past every sorrow, every distress—
Joys eternal follow, God waits to bless.

THE SENT ONE.

The Father sent the Son
A ruined world to save ;
Man meted to the sinless One
The cross—the grave :

Blest Substitute from GOD,
Wrath's awful cup He drained ;
Laid down His life, and e'en the tomb's
Reproach sustained.

Earth shuddered as He died—
GOD's well-belovèd Son :
The darkness sought His woes to hide :
His work is done !
He lives ! to die no more :
Joy dwells upon His brow ;
His agonies untold are o'er ;
He triumphs now !

The new and living Way
Stands open now to heaven ;
Thence, where the blood is seen alway
GOD's Gift is given.
The river of His grace,
Through righteousness supplied,
Is flowing o'er the barren place
Where Jesus died !

The LORD shall come again!
 The Conqueror must reign!
 No tongue but shall confess Him then,
 The Lamb once slain :
 Jesus is worthy *now*
 All homage to receive ;
 Worthy that all to Him shall bow,
 The Truth believe !

THE GOSPEL OF GOD.

Romans i. 1.

The Gospel is of GOD
 To magnify His Son,
 For Jesus Christ, our LORD,
 By power GOD's will hath done :
 By power He crushed the serpent's head,
 By power GOD raised Him from the dead.

The Holy Spirit came
 On Jesus from above ;
 Not "whirlwind" then, nor "flame"—
 "Descending like a dove" :
 And lo ! from heaven the Father's voice
 Owned Him in whom He doth rejoice.

The Saviour, Christ the LORD,
 'Mid guilty sinners came,
Maintained the truth of GOD,
 Bore grief, reproach, and shame :
Unwearied in His love, His grace,
He took the guilty sinner's place.

Alone, upon His Cross,
 God's judgment Jesus bore,
He paid in full the cost
 Of glory evermore :
His precious blood was freely shed,
And Jesus crushed the serpent's head !

By resurrection now
 God doth His rights declare ;
Let men and angels bow
 To Jesus everywhere :
For to "this Man," God's Son, is given
All power on earth, all power in heaven.

A SONG BY THE WAY.

The pilgrimage cares and calamities past,
Divine compensation awaits us at last ;
The desert her thistles and thorns shall entomb,
The briar shall perish, the myrtle shall bloom.
Destruction and death shall no longer have place,
Once banished the field by the GOD of all grace.

The pilgrimage cares and calamities now
May sadden the spirit and furrow the brow ;
The thorns and the thistles may harass our feet,
And tears may be often our sorrowful meat ;
But every oppressor the LORD shall abase :
The trophies are we of the GOD of all grace.

The wilderness cares and calamities prove
How sunshine the heaviest clouds can remove ;
Though weeping perchance may endure for a night,
Joy comes in the morning, and lasts with the light ;
And when we the ways of His wisdom retrace,
All glory we give to the GOD of all grace.

LED SAFELY.

“What man is he that feareth the Lord? Him shall He teach in the way He shall choose.”—Psalm xxv. 12.

Fear not, beloved, go calmly on,
God chooseth out thy way ;
Full smoothly hath His sunlight shone
Upon thy path to-day.
Acquaint thyself the more with Him,
And be the more “at peace,”
Till, running o’er thy cruse’s brim,
The oil of joy increase.

When every cup is drainèd dry,
Which thou hast sought to drink,
Then God shall richer grace supply
Than thou canst ask or think.
He turns the vessels upside down,
To shew how frail they be,
Ere He thine expectation crown
From love’s exhaustless sea !

Be not dismayed, for evermore
Thy GOD thy steps will guide ;
The desert need will soon be o'er :
The LORD doth still provide.
No, never thee the LORD will leave ;
No, never thee forsake ;
No, He who "sinners" doth receive,
The saints His care doth make.

Rejoice, beloved ! though all around
Should bid thy soul to weep ;
The jewels that the LORD hath found,
Trust thou the LORD to keep.
His special treasure soon shall shine
In resurrection light ;
Thou living GOD ! the Day is Thine !
Thine also is the Night.

"HIS NAME JESUS."

His name is Jesus ! None beside
Can do the sinner good ;
Far off was I, but Jesus died,
And I have peace with GOD.

His name is dearer to me now
Than every name beside ;
All glories beam around the brow
Of Jesus crucified !

The Holy One, Who knew no sin,
God made Him sin for me ;
The Saviour died my soul to win,
He lives, and I am free !
His precious blood alone availed
To wash my sins away ;
Through weakness He o'er Hell prevailed,
Through death He won the day.

His beauty shineth far above
A seraph's power of praise,
And I shall live and learn His love,
Through everlasting days.
The knowing that He loveth me
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
Yes ! Jesus all my song shall be
To-day and evermore.

*THE UNFAILING FRIEND.**(Translated from the German.)*

O Jesus, Friend unfailing,
How dear art Thou to me !
Are cares or fears assailing ?
I find my strength in Thee.
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way ?
Rough though the path, and dreary,
It ends in perfect day.

Nought, nought I count as pleasure,
Compared, O Christ, with Thee ;
Thy sorrow without measure
Earned peace and joy for me.
I love to own, LORD Jesus,
Thy claims o'er me and mine ;
Bought with Thy blood most precious,
Whose can I be but Thine ?

What fills my heart with gladness ?
'Tis Thine abounding grace ;
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Jesus, on Thy face ?
My all is Thy providing—
Thy love can ne'er grow cold ;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding—
No good wilt Thou withhold.

Why should I droop in sorrow ?
Thou'rt ever by my side.
Why, trembling, dread the morrow ?
What ill can e'er betide ?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee ;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Nought severs Thee from me.

O worldly pomp and glory,
Your charms are spread in vain !
I've heard a sweeter story,
I've found a truer gain.

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Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode ;
There shall I gaze on Jesus,
There shall I dwell with God.

For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help, and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing ;
I triumph, LORD, in Thee ;
O Jesus, Friend unfailing,
How dear art Thou to me !

THE WRITING ON THE CROSS.

*"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee,
that it might be displayed because of the truth."—
Ps. lx. 4.*

"Jesus" was written broadly on the cross,
The proof of glory on the sign of shame ;
Disclosing in the Saviour's deepest loss,
The deathless lustre of His holy name.
"Jesus"—what volumes centre in that word !
Earth trembles : every heart in heaven is stirred.

“They watched Him there”—What went ye forth
to see,

Ye who reviled the lowly Nazarene?
Yea, purposed in His garb arrayed to be,
When He on earth no longer should be seen.
O wolves! O bulls of Bashan! dogs!—all dumb!
Say, will ye mock the King when He shall come?

The priests and presbyters beguiled the crowd
To claim Barabbas—JESUS to destroy;
And, 'mid the uproar, savage voices loud
Demanded murder with tumultuous joy.
“What hath He done?” the nation's leader cried;
They dared to say, “Let Him be crucified!”

O day of days! the Lamb of God is slain;
O sight of sights! He bows His smitten head.
O woe of woes! His agony of pain;
O marvel, He “the Life” among the dead!
O love untold, in Jesus' name made known:
O Fulness, found in Jesus Christ alone!

Behold, ye saints, your banner! written o'er
With that same word engraven on the cross.
The LORD is risen, He lives for evermore;
'Tis yours awhile to share His earthly loss.
Display those crimson folds, that fair device,
The CROSS, the CROWN, the name of JESUS CHRIST!

TREASURE TROVE.

"Yea, durable riches."—Prov. viii.

Oh bright will be the waking—
The resurrection dawn!
The day will soon be breaking,
And Christ, His kingdom taking,
Will usher in the morn.

Oh sweet the rays we borrow,
Beforehand, from the light;
A few brief hours of sorrow,
"Joy cometh on the morrow,"
Far spent is now the night.

Oh rich and rare the treasure,
 Enwrapt in Jesus' name !
Oh who His love can measure ?
Or who describe the pleasure
 That faith is bold to claim ?

Oh short the time remaining,
 For pilgrim service here ;
Then, then no more restraining,
No more a thought of paining
 The heart that holds us dear.

Oh fair anticipation !
 Oh bliss beyond alloy !
Oh perfected salvation,
When, LORD, Thy revelation
 O'erfills our cup of joy !

*THE DAY OF GLORY.**(Translated from the German).*

We wait for Thee, O Son of God,
And long for Thine appearing ;
“ A little while,” Thou’lt come, O LORD,
Thy waiting people cheering.
Thus hast Thou said ; we lift the head
In joyful expectation,
For Thou wilt bring salvation.

We wait for Thee, content to share,
In patience, days of trial ;
So meekly Thou the cross did’st bear,
Our sin, reproach, denial :
How should not we receive with Thee
The cup of shame and sorrow,
Until the promised morrow ?

We wait for Thee, for Thou, e’en here,
Hast won our heart’s affection ;
In spirit still we find Thee near,
Our solace and protection :
In cloudless light, and glory bright,
We soon with joy shall greet Thee,
And in the air shall meet Thee.

We wait for Thee—Thou wilt arise
 Whilst hope her watch is keeping ;
Forgotten then in glad surprise
 Shall be our years of weeping.
Our hearts beat high, the dawn is nigh,
 That ends our pilgrim story,
In Thine eternal glory !

IN THE FAR COUNTRY.

Burdened and plagued within,
 Harassed and sore distress'd,
Rent by the throes of sin,
 Jesus can give thee rest !

Worn as thou art with fears,
 Weary and wanting peace,
Jesus can dry thy tears,
 Give to thy soul release.

Wanderer ! oh, return !
 Famish'd and lone art thou :
One o'er the lost doth yearn,
 Runneth to meet thee now.

Come to the Father's heart,
Come in thy direst need ;
Wanderer as thou art,
Here is a home indeed.

Off with thy rags of sin,
On with the robe of white !
Pardon and peace within,
Darkness—exchanged for light.

Now in the holy way,
Marked by thy Saviour's blood,
Walk as a child of day,
Living henceforth to GOD.

Tell of that saving name,
Jesus who died for thee ;
Jesus alone proclaim,
Jesus, who set thee free !

COMFORTED OF GOD.

GOD must acquaint His comforters with grief,
Else have their words the tinkling cymbal's sound;
He first who brought the wounded heart relief,
Himself lay stricken, bleeding on the ground.
The eagle, mounting high with sunlit wings,
Fears not the random dart the heedless marksman
flings.

Oh, there is truth surpassing mortal ken,
That GOD, through suffering, teacheth to His own;
Yea, glories unperceived by faithless men,
Too vast for Faith herself to view alone.
Thrice happy who, in frequent tears and pain,
Those blissful heights, step after step, with Him
may gain.

Why should this human heart, instinct with love,
Expect an answer in the stranger-land ?
Enough to have a full response above ;
Enough that One its way can understand.
Let love on earth her wealth in streamlets spend ;
Its *depths* are all reserved for one celestial Friend.

LORD, I would learn the meaning of the Cross ;
Death unto all proud nature thought to claim :
What once was gain, esteeming only loss ;
All fulness finding in Thy lowly name.
Mine be Thy portion here, O crucified !
Nor let me dream to *live*, where Jesus wept and died.

Thou risen Christ ! my life is hid with Thee !
My all art Thou, I've nought beside to seek :
I only ask that Thou wouldst strengthen me
A little while, Thy praises here to speak ;
Then, at Thy word transformed, I shall arise,
And, singing, upward soar, in light beyond the skies!

BOWING AND LEANING.

Like as the frail convolvulus,
In heaven's rich robe of blue,
Bends in the storm that breaks the flowers
More hardy to our view :

So, mourner, bow beneath the blast,
Nor struggle to be free ;
The heavy shower will soon be past :
Not so the gain to thee !

And as the same dependent flower
Clings to its guardian strong,
Nor dare uncurl, a single hour,
Those clasping tendrils long :

So, tried one, in thy weakness lean
On Him who is thy strength ;
He'll shield thee through this changeful scene,
And be thy praise at length.

“ WE SEE JESUS.”

High at GOD's right hand is seated
Christ the LORD, the Living One !
All His toil on earth completed,
All His work for sinners done ;
In the glory
See Him—GOD's eternal Son !

Every knee shall bow before Him,
Every tongue confess His name :
Ransomed myriads adore Him
Who endured the sinner's shame !
From the glory
God doth now His worth proclaim !

156 WE WILL BE GLAD AND REJOICE IN THEE.

Man the cross to Him awarded,
Man the Saviour crucified !
Thus man's judgment stands recorded,
Thus was justice satisfied !
By the glory
Christ was claimed, on earth who died !

Son of GOD ! His incarnation
Opened first the tale of grace ;
Son of Man ! in new creation
Leader of a chosen race !
Well may glory
Crown Him, in the ordered place !

*WE WILL BE GLAD AND REJOICE IN
THEE.*

(Translated from Christian Gregor.)

Ah, Jesus LORD, Thou art near to me,
Great peace flows into my heart from Thee ;
And Thy smile of love fills me so with gladness,
This weary body forgets its sadness,
For thankful joy.

We see Thy countenance, beaming bright,
Thy grace, Thy beauty, by faith, not sight ;
But Thou art Thyself to our souls revealing ;
We love Thee, Thy presence and favour feeling,
Although unseen.

Oh, who would only, by night and day,
Be set on joying in Thee alway !
He could but tell of delight abounding,
Through body and soul one song resounding
“ Who is like Thee ? ”

To be compassionate, patient, kind,
Thy pardon leaving our sins behind—
To heal us, calm us, our faint hearts cheering,
Thyself to us as a Friend endearing,
Is Thy delight.

Ah, give us to find our all of joy
In Thee, Thy service our sweet employ ;
And let our souls, with a constant yearning,
In need and love, to Thyself be turning,
Without a pause.

And when we are weeping, console us soon ;
 Thy grace and power for Thy peace make room ;
 Thy mirror'd likeness, Thy praises telling,
 Thine own true life in our bosoms dwelling,
 In love be seen.

Truthful, in childlike simplicity,
 Guileless, arrayed in humility ;
 Be the holy wounds of Thy tribulation,
 The fount of our peace and our consolation,
 In joy and woe.

Thus happy in Thee till we enter heaven,
 The children's gladness to us be given ;
 And if, peradventure, our eyes are weeping,
 Our hearts on Thy bosom shall hush their beating,
 In full repose.

Thou reachest us, Jesus, Thy piercèd hand,
 Thy faithfulness, gazing, we understand ;
 And shamed into tears by Thy love so tender
 Our eyes flow over, our hearts surrender
 And give Thee praise !

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

O Christian, search the scriptures !
 Search them to-day !
Be firm and true in purpose,
 Heed what they say.

The still small voice is speaking !
 Mark every word !
When Satan questions, answer—
 “THUS SAITH THE LORD !”

For guidance and direction,
 Ask not the blind !
They, in divine perfection,
 No beauty find.

When scoffers mock thine ardour,
 Laugh at thy toil—
O Christian ! work the harder,
 Gain richer spoil !

In holy, patient daring,—
Wisdom divine—
No time or labour sparing,
Search thou the mine.

'Twill yield the sweetest pleasure,
Surest reward ;
There's rich, enduring treasure,
Hid in the word.

O Christian, search the Scriptures !
Search them to-day !
Be true and firm in purpose,
Heed what they say.

BOUNDLESS LOVE.

Oh, the love of Christ is boundless,
Broad, and long, and deep, and high !
Every doubt and fear is groundless,
Now the Word of faith is nigh.
Jesus Christ, for my salvation,
Came by water and by blood ;
Clear I stand from condemnation
In the risen Son of God.

I was "waiting" once for pardon,
I was "hoping" to be saved ;
"Waiting," though my heart would harden,
"Hoping" danger might be braved.
When, by GOD's own truth confounded,
I a sinner stood confest,
Richly then His grace abounded,
Jesus gave me perfect rest.

Was it weary work believing ?
Days and weeks and years of toil ?
Weary work a gift receiving ?
Who would GOD's salvation spoil ?
No ! 'tis faith's delight to ponder
What the Son of GOD hath done ;
On the throne to see Him yonder,
Holy, crowned, the Living One !

'Tis not doing, 'tis not praying,
'Tis not weeping, saves the soul ;
GOD is now His grace displaying,
Jesus died to make thee whole.

L

Look to Him, and life-works follow ;
Look to Him without delay ;
Sinner, look ! and ere to-morrow
Thou wilt weep, and praise, and pray.

“THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED.”

(Cant. viii. 13, 14.)

Mine own Belovèd's voice !
'Tis this I wait to hear ;
No earthborn music half so choice,
No other tones so dear.

He soon will come again !
I shall His glory see.
He came long since in grief and pain,
To seek and ransom me.

He left His royal throne,
To free the captive slave ;
He found me—marked me for His own :
Oh what a price He gave !

The costly price of blood
Delivered me from hell ;
And made my title clear and good,
With Him on high to dwell.

His love as death is strong,
Like ocean's rolling tide ;
And loving Him I pant and long
To shelter at His side.

Far more His heart doth yearn
To call His exile home ;
A few short hours He will return,
And I no more shall roam.

Within His garden fair,
The milk-white lilies grow ;
"A little while" He tarries where
Yon living waters flow.

Make haste, Beloved, make haste !
Desire my spirit thrills :
Apart from Thee the world's a waste,
Come quickly, o'er the hills !

A SONG OF REMEMBRANCE.

Through the long vista of the bygone days
With overflowing heart and eyes I gaze ;
And once again a grateful song I raise,
My God, to Thee.

Faint my response to all Thy boundless love,
Yet Thy compassions drew my heart above ;
And o'er the waste, like yon defenceless dove,
I flew to Thee.

Here in mine ark of safety will I bide,
Here, till calamities are past, I hide ;
I shelter at the Saviour's riven side ;
'Twas cleft for me.

Keep me, my God, that I no longer roam ;
Thy holy presence be my constant home ;
And glad thanksgivings, through the vaulted dome,
Shall rise to Thee.

Direct each faltering note of praise and prayer,
Till, circling wide, it find its centre there ;
The issue, LORD, confiding to Thy care,
My heart goes free.

Longer or shorter be the evil day,
Thou art my Rock, my Refuge, and my Stay ;
And I, when time's last sand has ebb'd away,
Shall dwell with Thee.

"OVER THERE."

I'm waiting for Thee, LORD,
Thy beauty to see, LORD,
I'm waiting for Thee—for Thy coming again.
Thou'rt gone over there, LORD,
A place to prepare, LORD,
Thy home I shall share at Thy coming again.

'Mid danger and fear, LORD,
I'm oft weary here, LORD,
The day must be near of Thy coming again.
'Tis all sunshine there, LORD,
No sighing or care, LORD,
But glory so fair at Thy coming again.

Whilst Thou art away, LORD,
I stumble and stray, LORD,
Oh ! hasten the day of Thy coming again.
This is not my rest, LORD ;
A pilgrim confest, LORD,
I wait to be blest at Thy coming again.

Our loved ones before, LORD,
Their troubles are o'er, LORD,
I'll meet them once more at Thy coming again.
The blood was the sign, LORD,
That mark'd them as Thine, LORD,
And brightly they'll shine at Thy coming again.

E'en now let my ways, LORD,
Be bright with Thy praise, LORD,
For brief are the days ere Thy coming again.
I'm waiting for Thee, LORD,
Thy beauty to see, LORD,
No triumph for me like Thy coming again.

“ THAT I MAY KNOW HIM.”

O for a deeper knowledge of Thy ways !

More heart-to-heart communing, LORD, with Thee ;
Like Mary would I hear Thy words, and gaze
Upon Thy face, Thy glory there to see :
Bask in the sunlight of the realms above,
And learn the depth and height of Thine exhaustless
love.

Anoint mine eyes Thy lowly path to trace,

Thou Blessèd One, from childhood to the cross.
Thou wast made poor, that we, enriched by grace,
Might count our former gain to be but loss.
No place earth found Thee where to lay Thy head,
Yet for earth's guilty ones Thy precious blood was
shed.

Thrice happy who Thy chosen lot may share,

Thrice blest the guerdon it is theirs to claim ;
Worthy for Thee reproach and shame to bear,
Worthy to suffer for Emmanuel's name.
Rejected—'tis by those who knew not Thee ;
Mocked, by the blind, who e'en in Christ no beauty
see.

LORD Jesus, let Thine own sweet peace keep rule¹
Within our hearts, that we Thy will may prove.
Make us more ready learners in Thy school,
Steadfast lest aught of ill our spirits move.
Thine was a lowly path when here below ;
Thy pilgrim days were marked by want, and toil,
and woe.

Let Thy dear service be our heart's delight ;
On Thee be spent our spikenard-casket choice ;
Renew our strength throughout the weary fight,
Nor let earth's tumult drown Thy gracious voice.
Faithful to Thee whilst Thou art still away,
Oh, let us watch to hail the first glad streak of day.

Yes, precious LORD, the moment draweth near,
When we no more in stranger-guise shall roam ;
Caught up to meet Thee—past the desert drear—
The twinkling of an eye shall take us home.
Let us meanwhile in patience pass along,
Sure of the crown, the palm, the victor's triumph-
song !

WORTHY ART THOU.

Sing we our choral strain,
 Worthy art Thou !
 Heaven loves the grand refrain,
 Worthy art Thou !
 Central amid the Throne,
 Worthy art Thou !
 All spheres Thy name shall own,
 Worthy art Thou !

Meet for Thy GOD's delight,
 Worthy art Thou !
 Lovely as is the light,
 Worthy art Thou !
 Thou camest down to die,
 Worthy art Thou !
 Thou art gone up on high,
 Worthy art Thou !

Thou for the world wert slain,
 Worthy art Thou !
 Thou wilt triumphant reign,
 Worthy art Thou !

Thou wert on earth alone,
Worthy art Thou !
Millions in heaven own,
Worthy art Thou !

Meek were Thy steps and right,
Worthy art Thou !
True as the rays of light,
Worthy art Thou !
Sent, God's whole will to do,
Worthy art Thou !
None here Thy glories knew,
Worthy art Thou !

God's vast Resource to be,
Worthy art Thou !
Matchless in majesty,
Worthy art Thou !
By Thine own blood made nigh,
Worthy art Thou !
Join we Redemption's cry,
Worthy art Thou !

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

*“It is more blessed to give than to receive.”—
Acts xx. 35.*

The earthen pitcher frail
Brims o'er beneath the spring ;
Alone, unseen, the nightingale
From eve to morn doth sing.
But had I skill to raise
Aright the theme I love,
Methinks one full-toned hymn of praise
Should soar all songs above !

All in the summer light,
The crimson roses glow ;
But I have seen a fairer sight
Than earth may ever know.
Oh ! had I power to tell
Of Him who died for me,
Then, LORD, each throbbing heart should swell,
All eyes look up to Thee.

The mountain ranges rise,
And bound the distant view ;
The stars look out with lustrous eyes,
O'er yon expanse of blue.
My Saviour, could I say
The wonders of Thy grace,
The whole vast universe should lay
Its wealth before Thy face.

Stoop down, beloved LORD,
Fill basket, cup, and store ;
And take Thine own divine reward,
By giving more and more.
The basket Thou hast filled,
My hands lift up to Thee ;
The measure is as Thou hast willed :
Amen, so let it be !

THE PROMISED LAND.

*“Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty :
they shall behold the land that is very far off.”—
Isaiah xxxiii. 17.*

There is a land where troubles never come,
A sunny land, whose atmosphere is love :
There GOD'S sweet flowers in fadeless beauty bloom,
There gentle Peace rests like a brooding dove.
No cloud is wafted o'er thy sky serene,
No shadows fall, no tears ; no sorrow dims the scene.

O happy land ! my own eternal home,
The fair inheritance secured to me !
As day by day in desert tracks I roam,
My wistful eyes thy distant hills would see.
I hasten on, nor pause to take my rest ;
My All is treasured there : yes, all I love the best.

'Tis not the beauty of that land of light,
That lures me on, its joys divine to share ;
'Tis not the glimmer of its portals bright,
In sheen of pearl so exquisitely fair.
Not e'en its heavenly music would I hear,
If One were missing there—the One my heart holds
dear.

LORD Jesus Christ ! My LORD, my Saviour dear !

'Tis with *Thyself* in light I there shall dwell ;
Beyond all need, all sin, and care, and fear,
There shall I evermore Thy goodness tell.
His matchless grace, His love beyond degree,
Who on the cross pour'd forth His precious blood
for me.

O Best Beloved ! With hopes so passing sweet,
I care not what these fleeting days may bring.
Thy ransomed ones shall in Thy presence meet ;
No weeping there ! We shall give thanks and sing.
Oh, keep us longing still Thy face to see,
Lowly, and meek, and pure, and ever true to Thee.

THERE'S ROOM FOR THEE !

Hark ! hark ! hark !

'Tis a message of mercy free.
There's refuge from judgment within the ark ;
O sinner, there's room for thee.

Come ! come ! come !
'Twas Jesus who rescued me.
The waters of judgment will close o'er some ;
Oh, why should they close o'er thee ?

Haste! haste! haste!
Delay not from wrath to flee.
Oh, wherefore the moments in madness waste
Whilst mercy still waits for thee?

Look! look! look!
The Saviour in glory see.
The load of my sins on Himself He took,
He suffered and died for me.

Now! now! now!
To-morrow too late may be.
O sinner, acknowledge His glory now,
And know that He died for thee.

WITH THE LOWLY IS WISDOM.

Oh, make me, Jesus, Saviour,
More apt in pleasing Thee;
Guard Thou my whole behaviour,
That, walking in Thy favour,
Thy will my way may be.

Thou seest, LORD, how slowly,
E'en of Thyself I learn ;
Oh ! Saviour, meek and lowly,
When shall I know Thee wholly,
And cease aside to turn ?

Oh ! for a closer cleaving,
LORD Jesus, to Thy side !
All other counsels leaving,
Self-will and its deceiving,
Vain thoughts and subtle pride.

LORD Jesus, be Thou ever
Alone before my sight :
Ties nature weaves may sever ;
The bands of love—no, never !
Wrought, as they are, in light.

Oh give me grace to ponder
Thy perfect, patient ways !
It wearies me to wander—
Direct my footsteps yonder,
Where all is love and praise !

HOME AT LAST.

Thou art home at last, each waymark past,
Thou hast sped to the goal before me ;
And oh, my tears fall thick and fast,
Like the hopes that had blossomed o'er thee.
My lips refuse to say farewell,
For our life-link nought can sever ;
Thou'rt early gone with Christ to dwell,
Where we both shall be for ever.

Thou wilt weep no more, where storms are o'er,
Where the glory is gleaming yonder ;
Oh ! the parting wrench my heart that tore,
It hath made the love-grasp fonder !
'Twas vain, 'twas vain to bid thee stay,
For thy tent's frail cords were riven ;
I watched thee wing thy joyful way,
Through the pearly gates of heaven.

M

178 LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO ?

*“ LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME
TO DO ? ”*

*“ I will show him how great things he must suffer
for My name's sake. ”—Acts ix. 16.*

Ye must suffer ere ye serve,
Heralds of salvation !
Gospel-arrows never swerve,
Sped by tribulation.
Would ye do the Master's will,
Consecrated wholly ?
He will your desire fulfil ;
Patient be, and lowly.

Meekly toiling, “ doing good,”
See the blessèd Saviour,
All the Father's will His food,
Meat and drink—His favour.
Think upon His perfect ways,
All His service ponder ;
So shall ye proclaim His praise,
Tell His glory yonder.

Oh, how blessèd is the task
God to you hath given !
Cease not, then, of Him to ask
Wisdom, sent from heaven.
Forward ! In the Saviour's name !
His behest obeying,
North, south, east, and west, the same
Crimson cross displaying.

Happy if His will ye seek,
This your only mission ;
Willing, though the flesh is weak,
Strong in His commission.
This is all His servants need,
All their work, His bidding—
Not for man's applause they plead,
Fear not man's forbidding.

Courage ! O ye faithful ones !
Satan's darts defying ;
Stand ! the Father's worthy sons,
On His word relying.

Never take a step alone—
God your expectation !
Onward ! make the field your own,
Heralds of salvation !

LIGHT AND LOVE.

Jesus Christ, the Shepherd True,
Knowing all that He would do,
Came in His compassion deep,
Came to seek and save the sheep.

God in mercy sent His Son
To a world by sin undone ;
Jesus Christ was crucified ;
' I was for sinners Jesus died.

O ! the glory of the grace
Shining in the Saviour's face ;
Telling sinners from above,
God is light and God is love.

Sin and death no more shall reign,
Jesus died and lives again ;
In the glory's highest height,
See Him, God's supreme delight !

All who in His name believe,
Life, eternal life, receive ;
LORD of all is Jesus now,
Every knee to Him must bow.

Christ the LORD will come again,
He who suffered once will reign ;
Every tongue at last shall own,
" Worthy is the Lamb " alone.

*THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF THE
LORD.*

LORD ! I thank Thee Thou dost listen,
Thou dost reckon groans for prayer ;
When the tears of sorrow glisten,
'Tis enough to claim Thy care.
Thine is love supremely tender,
Grace to fathom every grief ;
Aid almighty Thou dost render,
Best of balm, divine relief !

LORD ! I thank Thee for the anguish
 Sent to lay me at Thy feet.
 Love like mine is prone to languish,
 Thine is sure and passing sweet.
 Oh ! would I be free from sorrow ?
 Would I miss the meed of pain ?
 No, the bliss of Thy " To-morrow "
 Turns, to-day, my loss to gain !

LORD ! I thank Thee Thou art coming,
 Coming with the summer day ;
 Icy chains our spirits numbing
 Swiftly then shall melt away.
 Not a fetter more to bind us,
 Scenes above for scenes below ;
 Not a shadow to remind us,
 Of the bygone hours of woe.

LORD ! I thank Thee now and ever,
 Thou abidest still the same ;
 Nought the bonds of grace shall sever,
 Wrought and sealed in Jesus' name.

When Thy weary ones are fainting,
FAITH stands forth Thy praise to tell ;
And to HOPE, Thy glories painting,
LOVE makes answer—" ALL IS WELL !"

*" THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE
GLORY OF GOD."*

(After the November meteors, 1866.)

Thus, LORD, our LORD, at intervals of time,
Thy distant handiwork gleams forth to sight,
Thy hidden glories o'er our pathway shine,
Diffusing lustre through the wintry night.
Too soon, we deem, the blissful vision dies,
(Like torches fading ere the marriage feast,)
But faith keeps vigil, with unwearied eyes,
Until the dawn spreads upwards from the East—
Thy cloudless morning, fairer and more sweet
Than starry splendour seen amid the night ;
Thy promised Day, when all Thy watchers meet,
To chorus forth the praises of the Light.
Creation tells not half her LORD hath done :
Thou art the Morning Star : the golden Sun.

ETERNAL REDEMPTION.

O Christ, Thy precious blood was shed
For guilty sinners such as I ;
My hand upon the victim's head,
For me 'tis slain, I see it die.
Thee, Lamb of GOD, by faith I see,
A perfect sacrifice for me.

'Twas grace abounding brought Thee down
From yonder realms of light above ;
The CROSS was Thine, and Thine the CROWN
Shall ever be, O LORD of love !
Thy mighty triumph o'er the grave,
Declares Thy right the lost to save.

O blessèd Saviour ! Let me be
Thy true disciple to the end.
Give quiet confidence in Thee,
On none beside let me depend.
Increase my faith, dispel my fear,
And let me prove Thee ever near.

In Thee my soul has found a Friend
Whose love is changeless, deep, and pure ;
If gloomy clouds a storm portend,
Thou art my Rock, my Refuge sure.
I shelter in this wealthy place,
And, safe in Thee, I learn Thy grace.

“ A little while,” ’twill all be o’er,
Earth’s pain and trouble, want and care,
And I shall dwell for evermore,
With GOD’s beloved in glory fair :
Till then, oh, let me still proclaim,
The saving power of Jesus’ name.

“ *MY BOW IN THE CLOUD.*”

(*John xiv. 1-3.*)

Oh, can we be forgetful, LORD,
That Thou hast promised to return ;
Forgetful of Thy parting word,
As o’er Thine own Thy heart did yearn ?
Within Thy Father’s house are now,
As then, those “ many mansions ” fair
And “ I will come again,” said’st Thou,
“ I will, myself, receive you there.”

Lord Jesus, we have kept Thy word,
Expecting Thee from day to day ;
Its echoed music we have heard,
In soothing sweetness o'er our way.
One moment, twinkling quick and bright,
And we, caught upwards through the air
Shall shine in Thy transcendent light,
And e'en Thy heavenly image bear.

Ah yes ! we shall be like Thee then,
For we shall see Thee as Thou art,
Thou, fairer than the sons of men,
Whose perfect love hath won our heart.
Thy brow, once rudely wreathed with thorn,
With circling glories shall be crown'd ;
It is Thine absence here we mourn,
There all Thy presence-joys are found.

“Come quickly, blessèd Saviour, come !”
With one accord we cry to Thee ;
Long have we hoped that Thy return
Would bid the night of darkness flee.

The shadows still are o'er the vale,
Where Thy beloved ones watch and weep;
And, till the morn's first blush we hail,
Untiring vigil would we keep.

“ A little while ” Thou hast declared,
And FAITH's long trial will be past ;
Each waiting heart, through HOPE prepared,
Shall spring to welcome Thee at last.
Then LOVE, maintaining constant sway
O'er early pupils in her school,
Shall triumph 'mid the fields of day,
And endless praise attest her rule.

LORD, as we muse, the torches burn—
Thyself, Thyself, we long to see ;
For Thee our hearts responsive yearn,
Our wistful eyes are unto Thee.
O open Thou again the skies !
O leave again for us the Throne !
O Well-beloved, once more arise !
Come ! To Thyself receive Thine own !

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

Bright, bright home! Beyond the skies,
Where Jesus is enthroned in glory ;
Thy beauty gleams before mine eyes,
Thy portals glisten now before me.
Bright, bright Home!

Dark, dark world! I would not stay,
Amid thy painted scenes of splendour ;
I hasten toward the golden day,
Thy tinsel treasure I surrender.
Dark, dark world!

Sweet, sweet dawn! So fair and near,
Before the eastern skies are glowing ;
I see the morning star appear,
The mountain-tops like silver showing ;
Sweet, sweet dawn!

Come, LORD, come! We wait for Thee,
We listen still for Thy returning ;
Thy loveliness we long to see,
For Thee the lamp of hope is burning.
Come, LORD, come!

“MY PORTION FOR EVER.”

Thou, LORD, art all to me :
Where else have I to turn ?
The fulness that abides in Thee
I come to Thee to learn.
The broken cisterns fail,
But Thou the Fountain art,
Thy deep compassions still avail
For every needy heart.

LORD Jesus Christ ! In Thee
Are everlasting springs ;
And so, where'er the cage may be,
Faith soars away and sings !
Thy sweet unfailing grace
Makes e'en the desert bloom ;
Lights up the dark and lonely place,
Annihilates the tomb !

I'm watching for the day
That hourly draweth near,
When Thou Thy glory wilt display,
And 'mid Thy saints appear.

Oh, blessèd One! To see
Thy beauty evermore,
How rich that recompense will be,
For all that went before!

Thy precious perfect love
Knows neither let nor change ;
And in those fields of light above,
Thy counsels widely range.
But Thou on earth hast been,
'Twas here my Saviour died ;
And can I lightly tread the scene,
Where He was crucified ?

At times I look around,
My eyes fill fast with tears ;
The voices here have not the sound
That Heaven, delighted, hears.
The music of Thy name,
Is seldom breathed below ;
Thee, Jesus, evermore the same,
Men covet not to know.

But oh, belovèd LORD !
Thou hast Thy chosen band ;
There still are those who keep Thy word,
And round Thy Person stand.
There still are those on earth,
Whose hearts are knit to Thee ;
Despised and poor, their regal birth
Faith's piercing eye can see.

Be theirs the constant grace,
Thine own behest to do ;
In patient zeal to run the race,
Thy glory full in view.
Perplex'd, but undismay'd,
Beset, but not alone,
Cast down at times, but not afraid
Thy holy Name to own.

Thus while we look to Thee,
And fear to turn aside,
Thy Name our Tower of Strength shall be,
The Fortress where we hide.

'Tis but a little while,
To keep "Thy sweet retreat,"
Then, in Thy life-inspiring smile,
Our joy shall be complete!

"TOILING IN ROWING."

When the night is dark and dreary,
Jesus is nigh;
When we're toiling, worn and weary,
Jesus is nigh.
Yes, the LORD is ever near us,
He is close at hand to cheer us,
Safely shall our Pilot steer us,
Jesus is nigh.

Troubled hearts, why sink for sorrow?
Jesus is nigh;
We shall sight the land to-morrow,
Jesus is nigh.
There is bliss beyond our knowing,
Past the waterflood's o'erflowing,
To "the other side" we're going,
Jesus is nigh.

All His power in grace engaging,
Jesus is nigh ;
Though the sea be wildly raging,
Jesus is nigh.
When the lightnings round are playing,
Hear His voice the storm allaying,
“ Peace, be still ! ” the LORD is saying,
Jesus is nigh.

IN MEMORIAM.

*“ Absent from the body,
Present with the Lord.”*

*“ If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said,
I go unto the Father.”*

Cold, silent, still ;
Repose, how deep : unbroken by a breath.
No beating pulse, no subtly stirring will :
Calm sleep, the sleep of death.

Those faithful eyes,
That, keeping vigil, spoke strong hate of sin,
Are closed until the LORD Himself arise,
To bring the glory in.

N

Those lips that taught
Wise lessons, garnered through long hours of pain,
Bear tranquil witness that the good they sought
Was everlasting gain.

That even voice
That fell like well-known music on the ear,
Through memory's chambers echoes still "Rejoice !
Give thanks, yield not to fear."

That furrowed face,
Deserted index, lit with faith's last smile,
Tells gravely of the Saviour's "grace for grace,"
Known through earth's "little while."

* * * * *

Where is thy sting,
O Death ? Thy conquest, O thou conquered grave ?
Tears flow, wounds bleed, but "Victory" ! we sing.
The LORD is strong to save.

Now never more
Thy spirit falters in its yearning quest ;
Thy Home is reached, thy strangership is o'er :
Sweet toil, yet sweeter rest.

The Father's heart,
Thy blessèd refuge, is our shelter too ;
We see thee still ; we hail thee where thou art,
Hid from our mortal view.

Gone unto God,
Gone to the Father, in His House to dwell ;
Gone through the shadowed vale that Jesus trod.
Belovèd, it is well !

THOU ART OUR REFUGE.

“ If God be for us, who can be against us ? ”

Thou art our refuge, O Eternal God ;
All other helpers fail ;
Against the Rock of Ages, our abode,
No gates of hell prevail.
Here mighty arms of love enfold us round,
Whilst far below we hear the shouts of war resound.

How vain, how puny are Thy foes, O LORD,
Viewed from the heights with Thee!
How impotent their rage! Thy glittering sword
Once waved, the host shall flee;
But Thou wilt let them restlessly contend
Until Thy counsels bid their strivings end.

Wond'rous those bygone days when Thy dear Son
Walked on the earth below;
The opened heavens proclaimed Thy joy in One
Whom the world did not know;
Man heeded not the priceless gift of love,
Nor asked why GOD'S Beloved had left His home
above.

Hell's legions marshalled close in dire array;
Denser the darkness grew;
Men dared, with wicked hands, Thy Christ to slay,
Who came Thy will to do.
Ah! for our sins His precious Blood was shed.
The LORD is risen: He lives who once was dead.

Thrice happy earth ! when God's anointed King
Takes His great power and reigns ;
When the world-kings willing homage bring,
And Satan lies in chains ;
When high above all nations Israel stands,
Raised by her own Messiah's pierced hands.

Hasten that day, O LORD, in Thine own time !
Bid Zion's sorrow cease !
Shew how the cleansing Blood atoned for crime,
Give Thou the guilty peace !
Hast Thou not said Jerusalem shall be
Thine own delight, a city meet for Thee ?

Behold her now ! down-trodden and defiled,
Covered with mire and shame :
She who Thy Servant, Thine Elect, reviled,
Nor revered His Name.
LORD ! Thou hast richest mercy, e'en for one
Who slew, with wicked hands, Thine only Son.

O mighty grace ! that doth o'er sin abound ;
O matchless love ! that could such counsel take ;
O precious Blood ! whereby the way was found,
God's new abiding vantage ground to make.
O Triune God, we worship and adore :
We praise Thy Name both now and evermore.

“ *CIRCUMSPICE.* ”

“ *Eternity, Eternity,
How long art thou, Eternity ?* ”

Count the gold and silver blossoms
Spring has scattered o'er the lea,
Count the softly sounding ripples
Sparkling o'er the summer sea ;
Count the lightly flickering shadows
On the Autumn forest glade,
Count the falling feathery snowflakes,
Icy gems by winter made.

Count the tiny blades that glitter,
Early in the morning dew,
Count the desert sand that stretches
Under noontide's vault of blue ;
Count the notes the wood-birds warble,
In the evening's fading light,
Count the stars that gleam and twinkle
O'er the firmament by night.

When thy counting all is done,
Scarce Eternity's begun.
Pause and know—Where wilt thou be
During God's Eternity ?

CHRIST'S MINISTER.

(Matt. xxv. 21, 23).

O noble heart, true-beating, strong, and pure,
God shall reward thee well ;
'Tis thine the cross in weakness to endure ;
'Tis thine His truth to tell.

Oh, not in vain thou holdest on thy way,
Through good report and ill ;
Thy path clear shining toward the perfect day,
Thy joy, His perfect will.

GOD shall reward thee ; His divine applause
He strengtheneth thee to seek ;
His power sustained thee, fighting for His cause,
When flesh and heart were weak.
Doth He forget the holy work of love
Wrought out for Jesus' Name?
Ah ! no : thy record is inscribed above :
GOD shall thy deeds proclaim.

Rest in the LORD ; toil on and wait the end :
Receive His words of cheer :
For sweet the summons thy Beloved will send
To one He holds so dear.
His eyes are on thee, walking in His sight,
Intent His will to do ;
The day is near ; far spent is now the night :
O noble heart and true !

THE ETERNAL DAY.

ETERNITY for glory,
Not centuries of TIME !
Not " days and moments passing,"
But permanence sublime !
No death, no pain, no sorrow !
True life, delight, and joy ;
GOD gives us this to-morrow,
Why fear to-day's annoy ?

As foreigners and pilgrims,
Led through a land of dearth ;
As foreigners and pilgrims,
We hasten o'er the earth.
Earth's manners and earth's customs,
Earth's modes of speech and song,
Suit not the peerless commonwealth,
Where we by right belong.

We seek the Golden City,
Built not by mortal toil ;
Lit with Perfection's beauty,
With glory nought can spoil.

The victors' palms unfading
Are in those realms of light ;
Love like the air pervading,
And there, there is no night.

Exalted then for ever,
One King, one LORD, one Name !
Our GOD, He is the Father
From whom we "sonship" claim.
None enters heaven by merit,
GOD's gifts are all of grace ;
'Tis by GOD's Holy Spirit
We reach His glory's place.

As foreigners and pilgrims,
Of more than royal birth,
We pass to heavenly glory,
Across the blood-stained earth.
GOD's heaven is our country,
His Son is now our song—
CHRIST JESUS, "Saviour of the world,"
To Him all rights belong.

[THIS IS PROBABLY THE LAST OF H.K.B.'S HYMNS.
Dated at Tiverton, 7.30 a.m., January 3rd, 1901.]

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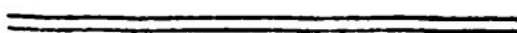
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