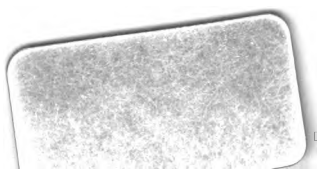

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SONGS OF PRAISE

FOR

Christian Pilgrims.

&c. &c.

BY E. F. B.,

Author of Songs of Eternal Life.

LONDON:

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E. F. B.



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INTRODUCTION.

A few prefatory words may be allowed by way of Introduction to the small Volume now published with the permission, though not under the direction, of the Author. As their design is rather to explain the nature and object of the publication than to enter upon any critical discussion of the subject, reference to the writings of others will be brief; a little, however, is unavoidable.

Sacred poetry being a class of writing on which opinion varies with the varying tastes of readers, the attempt were vain to establish rules for its composition, or to fix any standard of excellence in it. Simplicity, spirituality, and devotional feeling appear to be among its essential properties. Sublimity is the characteristic of *Paradise Lost*; but an Epic poem is out of our present reach.—The union of spiritual feeling and poetical beauty is found in several of Cowper's hymns; such as those beginning "Oh for a closer walk with God"; "To Jesus the crown of my hope,"—with others, by others; for instance, "When languor and disease invade"; "How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun"; "The Lord has forsaken His Zion." Of late years there has been introduced a different style, corresponding very much with those modern innovations—both doctrinal

and devotional—to which it is the appropriate handmaid.

There is no design or wish to depreciate its real merits: it has distinguished claims on attention; in frequent elegance of diction, beauty of illustration, and devotional feeling; but it is not exempt from serious infirmities. Obscurity is a fault so obvious, that partiality itself cannot be blind to it—cloudy imaginings such as “fancy weaves around her poet’s dreamy pillow.”

The predilections and associations of the writers alluded to, both mental and moral, harmonize with the peculiarly ecclesiastical character of the poetry; proceeding apparently upon the notion that the Church on earth, the visible external Church, is the one necessary channel of devotion in prayer and praise; a failing, it is to be feared, of dangerous tendency; burying in mysterious

sentimentality what should be seen, if at all, in the clear light of Scriptural truth. The heart is the home of religion ; and that is the element of the true Christian which helps him to experience the power of the Spirit in the inner man ; not only to see the light, but to feel the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness ; finding its resting place from all wanderings of thought and affection where God has provided it. Scriptural simplicity and spirituality are wanting in the poetry to which we now refer. The devotional feeling which it excites, is of the character which the arrow receives from a bow—it is not the flight of life. That all devotional feeling is not necessarily true can need no proof. If the object be erroneous (as in all idolatrous worship) there may be excitement, enthusiasm, a high strain of poetical imagery, and a deep tone of feeling ; but the

affections are not stirred aright : the life of Christ in the soul is not nourished by it : purer water is wanted from a deeper spring. We learn the mind of the Spirit from the word of God.

Lyra-Germanica, containing a translation of hymns adapted to the Sundays and chief Festivals of the Church of England, on the same plan as the Christian Year, is free from the blemish of obscurity, and has considerable merit. With some delightful exceptions, however, it is wanting in elevation and spirituality ; and bound as it is with a galling though glittering chain, it too often fails to come home in living power to the heart.

Several other publications might be mentioned, varying in nature and design, not less than in merit and in form ; but as no particular object would be gained by a multiplied reference, they are passed by, with the exception of "Morning

and Evening Hymns for a Week," by a Lady at Brighton, a small work but entitled to high commendation.

It must be acknowledged, and it is to be regretted, that numerous as are the productions issuing from the press, professedly of that character, Sacred Poetry does not flourish in our land. The moral atmosphere of the climate is too cold,—the system of education and the pursuits of a money-getting people are unfavourable to the cultivation and development of spiritual taste. Petrefactions, whether natural or moral, are without life. Whatever may be the advantages of an established Church, constituted and regulated as ours is, it is unfavourable to the growth of religious fervour. Spiritual joy is discouraged under the dread of enthusiasm, and a cold, calculating, unamiable caution is in ceaseless exercise, watching over and deadening the pul-

sations of heavenly life in the heart, which is seldom thrown open in the simplicity of confiding love to the influence of truth, as it is exhibited, recommended, and illustrated in the Holy Scriptures. There is little delight in the Lord; and as "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," comparatively few attempts have been made to celebrate in glorious and lofty strains what is most holy and sublime. But where there is grace, there should be gladness; and it were well to ask, if faith be not necessarily wanting in exercise, when there is no joy. The creed may be coldly correct; the frame-work truly formed; the bones, as in the vision of the prophet, clothed; the wood rightly laid upon the altar: but if the life, the light, the breath of heaven be wanting; there can be no ascription of glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to men.

The poems, songs, or hymns, whatever they may be called or considered, which are contained in the few following pages, are believed to be simple, spiritual and devotional. As such they are now given to the world, in the hope that they may find an echo and a home in Christian bosoms. There may be traced perhaps, not improbably, an approximation in style to what has already been offered and accepted as "Songs of Eternal Life"; it is to be observed that *they* were translations from the German, these are original compositions, calculated, it is earnestly hoped, to bring home the truth of God to the hearts of His people, whether in health or sickness, in sorrow or in joy : so that the reader may experience something of the spirit of the Psalmist, when he wrote the words, "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

G U I D A N C E.

HE led his people through the wilderness,
In those old days of wonder ;
For them he made a pathway through the seas,
And clave the rocks asunder.

Wilt thou not trust Him still—believe His love ?
Oh ! thou who surely knowest
How He has toiled from earth to heaven above,
Along the way thou goest.

And is thy way a dark and dreary way ?
A way mysterious, lonely ?
It still remaineth true that blest are they
Who cleave unto Him only.

Yea, let Him smite, I'll trust Him unto death—
Still all the more my Father :
He will not—Satan cannot harm my faith,
It lives more truly rather.

I come a weary child to rest and sleep,
Oh ! tenderer than a mother—
I come a heavy-laden one to weep,
Oh ! Thou in grief our brother.

And seest thou not the star of comfort rise
Afar in deeps of heaven ?
The spicy odours wander through the skies,
In darkness of the even.

It is a little while to weep and pray,
For ever to sing praises—
Remembering the touch that wipes away
The tears from off all faces.

Yea, wiped the tears from all the weeping eyes
That they in full completeness
Amidst the deep song-seas of Paradise
Might see His face of sweetness.

It is a little while to be alone
A stranger solitary—
For ever to sit near Him on His throne,
One with Him in His glory.

Sin-laden, sorrow-stricken, faint and sad,
Think how in shining whiteness,
In raiment of the gold of Ophir clad
His Bride shall walk in brightness.

His glorious Palace she hath entered in

Forgetting all her sorrow.

As He forgetteth all her shame and sin—

To that bright day no morrow.

"I will never leave Thee, nor forsake Thee,"

THOU wilt never leave thine own—
Though Thou turn thy face away
They are never left alone,
Thou dost keep them night and day.
All the sorrow and the sadness,
All the mystery and fear,
All the solitary weeping
When there seemed no helper near.

All the restless, dim forebodings
Of the weary hours to come,
All the aching of the spirit
Yearning for the spirit home—
All are written and remembered,
Not one sigh is cast away :
And the Lord has watched beside thee,
Through the twilight chill and grey.
He who is the morn-star beauteous
Of the heavenly summer-day—
He remembereth His children,
Yea, the Lord remembereth them ;
On His hands thy name is graven,
' Daughter of Jerusalem '—
On His breast, in heaven's high glory,
Gleameth thy memorial gem ;
Yea, the Lord in love remembereth
Thee, his own Jerusalem.
Trust the Lord, yea, trust Him truly,
Lean thyself upon His strength—

Oh ! the waiting oft is weary,
But the blessing comes at length.
Comes, all radiant with the glory
Of the light beyond the sun—
Comes, all sweet as April flowers
When the lingering snows are gone—
Comes, an answer and an echo
To the sighs that went before.
Darkest hours shall pass and perish,
Light remains for evermore.

Psalm xxxvi., v. 9.

DARKLY, blindly, wander we
On the earth below ;
Where the flowers of God's upraising
In their glory grow.

We amongst the tangled fibres
Of the shapeless roots—
Far above us bloom the flowers,
Gleam the golden fruits.

Far above, and high in heaven
'Midst the fair white light—
Rainbow-coloured, beautiful
In the Father's sight.

High above where angels wander
Do those flowers expand—
All undreamt of, unimagined
In our shadow-land.

They amidst the golden sunshine,
We amidst the gloom,
Knowing but some wandering sweetness
Of their strange perfume.

Oh! when in the summer morning
Of our childhood new
We shall wander through the meadows
Bright with glorious dew.

Wander through the fields of heaven
Singing as we go,
Gathering all the flowers that blossomed
From our griefs below.

Then how faint and dim and distant
As a shadowy shore,
Shall appear that first existence
Past, for evermore.

All the trembling and the weeping,
Longings deep and blind—
All the strange mysterious symbols
Which the truth enshrined.

Come, thou bright and holy morning ;
Lord our Sun arise ;
Send the angels of thy coming
Through the silent skies.

*“ Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none
upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee.”*

NOT alone the dying Saviour worn with sorrow
and with pain,
Not alone the mighty Conqueror coming with His
saints to reign,
Not alone the King of heaven, rainbow-glory round
His brow,
But my Shepherd, my Beloved, Guide amidst the
deserts now.

Still there standeth One amongst us, whom our
wisest little know,

Near us as to John His loved one, on that evening
long ago—

Near as to the sinful woman, bathing His worn
feet with tears—

All may change, but He has changed not through
the eighteen hundred years.

Is there one amongst our holiest who hath known
how near He is?—

Known how we might walk in brightness, even in
a world like this?

How amidst our cares and trifling, 'midst our
sorrow and our sin

There's a refuge sweet and silent, and His saints
may dwell therein.

Oh ! when in our first awakening, we have known
that He was near—

Jesus, whom we long had heard of by the hearing
of the ear :

Then we felt as though the power of all heaven
and earth and hell

Could not hide the glorious meaning of His name
Immanuel.

Brethren, in the Lord beloved, we who since have
wandered far,

Lost the guidance and the glory of that early
morning star ;

He alone can carry forward what alone He could
begin,

From the white robe He has given, wash the stain
of deeper sin.

Come to Him ! O Christ unchanging 'midst the
flickering of our faith,
Thou alone wilt stand beside us on the river-bank
of death—
Thou alone our light and glory in our everlasting
home,
Be Thou now the All we look for, even till Thy
kingdom come.

Be Thou all to each amongst us evermore and
everywhere,
Though a thousand stand around us, may we see
Thee only there ;
Then when lonely and forsaken does our pathway
seem to be,
We shall know it not, still looking faith-illuminéd
unto Thee.

“Thou hast loved them, as Thou hast loved me.”

LOOK upon me, King of Glory,
Here I lie before Thy throne—
In the dust I lie before Thee,
I am sin, and sin alone.
But what Thou art is my plea,
God hath chosen me in Thee.

Loved by Him from everlasting,
Loved by Him for evermore—
No more can I doubt or question ;
Can but love Thee and adore :
All that endless love my own
Wherewith God hath loved His Son.

Should the child distrust the father?
Should I fear when Thou art by?
I am safe in every tempest,
Thou art at the helm, not I.
God who loves me lights my way
More and more to perfect day.

Strong the arms which are beneath me,
Jealous His unsleeping care—
Searching out the way before me,
Watching round me everywhere.
Shall I not in roughest ways
Fill the gloom with songs of praise?

Very soon the last dark shadow
Shall have passed for evermore;
Soon the glow of cloudless morning
Kindles all the golden shore.
All forgotten pain and fear
In that radiance calm and clear.

Then the joy without the trembling,
Then the day without the night :
Then the loving without fearing ;
Then the robe of stainless white.
This my calling ; soon I stand
Safe within that promised land.

Then the hours of lonely weeping ;
Then the years of hope deferred ;
Every toil and every suffering,
Look of scorn and bitter word—
We remember but to praise
Him the more who shaped our ways.

Isaiah liv., v. 10.

STILL Thy loving arms around me,
Still my head upon Thy breast—
Now my evil heart can trust Thee,
For the billows are at rest.

Shaming all our fear and murmuring,
Thy deliverance is wrought—
We can only kneel in silence,
Cannot thank Thee as we ought.

Shamed by mercy and by judgment,
Where should all our boasting be ?
Lord in us is only evil,
Good alone—alone in Thee.

Whilst I doubted, whilst I trembled,
Whilst I gave up all as gone ;
Thou in Thy bright path of mercy
All unhindered walkedst on.

When I said ‘ my God forgetteth,
Leaves his child and knows me not’—
Then amidst the silent darkness
Was the sword of victory wrought.

When I said ‘ His promise faileth,
Is His word the truth indeed’ ?
Then the Lord poured out the blessing
Even double to my need.

When I trusted to my wisdom,
To the arm of flesh and blood ;
Then He raised His arm of mercy,
Made a pathway through the flood.

When I said ' I am not better,
Than my fathers, let me die'—
Then He sent me bread from heaven,
Living waters from on high.

When I thought ' a way of darkness
Is His people's narrow way' ;
Then I saw the pathway shining
More and more to perfect day.

“ It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.”

LORD, I have never loved Thee ! I have dreamed
As underneath Thy cross I lay and wept,
And Thy sweet love through all my spirit streamed,
That then I loved Thee—but behold I slept.
I dreamt that I had none in heaven but Thee,
That I desired none on earth beside ;
That I was far upon a lonely sea,
And over me the heavens deep and wide—
One light alone far gleaming down to me,
The sad bright glory of the Crucified—

I dreamt I loved earth's beauteous things no more,
That all the flowers of earth were no more bright,
For I had seen upon the wondrous shore
Thy lilies drinking in the living light.
I dreamt there was no music and no spell
Still lingering in the voice of earthly love ;
For I had heard the angel-chorus swell
Through all the echoing mansions high above.
And I have waked—have lost those angel-wings—
Have waked—and round my sad and weary heart
The deep wild longing of the earth-life clings—
Did I then never choose that better part ?
Have waked—and oh ! I love not Thee alone—
The glory of the dream has passed away ;
But memories of that heaven linger on,
The golden gleams above the perished day.
Yet Lord, I ask not for the dream once more—
I ask to love Thee through the stir and strife—
To love more deeply, truly than before,
Not sleeping, but in conscious, perfect life.

I ask not for a love that finds no hold
Amidst the fair and bright things given by Thee;
But planted here to blossom, and unfold
Amidst the true Love in Eternity.

I ask not that Thy chastening hand may fall
And find my spirit deadened to all pain,
But fit me with Thy patience to feel all—
That not one stroke may light on me in vain.

I ask not that my heart may turn away
Unmoved when all the tide of joy flows in;
But whilst rejoicing I would watch and pray,
So take the blessing pure from taint of sin.

And oh! if I have never loved Thee yet,
A dreamer in the early twilight glow—
If I have gazed up from Mount Olivet,
Forgetting the white harvest-fields below—
If I have never loved—for thine own sake
Spring up within my spirit, Love Divine—
Thy love no dream, yet calleth me 'Awake,
Put on thy beauteous garments, rise and shine;

Awake, awake, put on thy strength mine own,
Arise and shine, for lo! thy light is come.'
The river from the glorious high throne
Has reached thee even in thine earthly home.
We do not need to dream to be with Thee,
We need not seek Thee in the lonely sky—
In earthly love, in this life's mystery,
The Angel of Thy presence may be nigh.
To love and sorrow where my lot is cast,
To seek Thee in my life and not above,—
I will not mourn the visions of the Past,
But cling more closely to Thy present love.
And if I have not loved Thee, let that light
Which shows me how untrue my love has been,
Make pure and clear and full my inner sight,
Until the very truth of God be seen.
Most blest, that over life's dark tempest-flood
The earnest of a future day ascend :
The light of the fair city, Bride of God,
The light, the life, the love that cannot end.

That inner light, the day-spring from above
Shines on me, and my spirit burns to know
That heretofore her love has not been love,
That yet there are unsounded depths below.
Before her lie new heavens and new earth,
Before her lies a life undreamt, unknown—
The slow unfolding of that wondrous birth,
Made perfect with the Lord upon His throne—
All one with Thee, and Thou Lord God alone.

*“ Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to
my Father.”*

I Touch Thee, for Thou art ascended,
Brought in the Spirit near,
I now am with Thee where Thou art,
The gate of heaven is here.

I touch Thee, for Thou art ascended,
Thou Ark above the deep—
Around the floods lie dark and drear,
But Thou Thy dove wilt keep.

I touch Thee, for Thou art ascended,
I kiss Thy blessed feet,
That tread upon the shining gold
Of Salem's glorious street.

I touch Thee, for Thou art ascended,
The heavenly fire of Love,
That burns not in earth's misty air,
Is bright in heaven above.

I touch Thee, for Thou art ascended,
The Pilgrim's upward way
Is lighted by the jasper-light
Of Thine eternal day.

I thank Thee, that Thou art ascended
Oh ! Thou ascension might
I thank Thee, that I touch Thee now,
And see with spirit-sight—
Oh ! make Thou quickly pass away
The last shade of the night.

“GOD IS LOVE.”

THOU Love, high angel of the perfect peace
That is between my Father-God and me,
That givest me with glorious self-release,
With life that is all fearless, glad and free—
Thou one true Love,—Love, one with holiest truth,
Love deeper than the endless sea of thought:
The dawn-star of my life my earliest youth:
Light, when the love of earth enlightened not.

Love, unto Thee I come, I come to Thee,
Will follow wheresoever Thou wilt go—
O'er dark wild waters of the midnight sea,
The depths of the eternal death below—
Love, I will follow Thee, oh ! I will brave
All hell to follow Thee for evermore—
Will follow through the unimagined grave
Where Thou, oh ! wondrous Love, art gone before.

Should I say this? Love, Thou wilt not forsake—
Love, Thou hast said, ere I Thy love had known,
That power in heaven or hell should never break
The union of my spirit with Thine own—
Thou canst not leave me, faithless as I am,
Thou canst not leave me, for Thou Truth hast said,
That there shall perish not the weakest lamb
Of all the flock for which Thy blood was shed.

Thou canst not leave me, in Thine arms I rest
From weary wanderings in the wilderness—
The child sleeps not upon the mother's breast
So sweetly as my spirit in Thy peace—
Thou canst not leave me, Thou hast sought me far
In the waste desert, long ere Thee I sought—
When Thou wert unto me a distant star,
I was the treasure-pearl Thy life had bought.

Like as a father pitieth his child,
And 'midst my childhood's dim, dream memories,
The one bright radiance pure and undefiled
Is of my Father's tender, pitying eyes—
Like as a father pitieth, so Thou—
One low and loving voice amidst the din
Of the world's blame and laughter—one meek brow
Wreathed with sharp thorns of sorrow for my sin.

Like as we waken trembling on the breast
Of some sweet friend, from dreams of drear dismay,
So waken we from earth to find our rest
Within Thine arms, around us night and day —
So rest we in Thy Love which will not be
Replaced by memories of its perished light,
But as the river flows into the sea,
So doth it flow on everlastingly
Into the ocean of Love Infinite.

EVENING.



AT this still hour in many a lonely room,
How many a weary heart is turned to Thee!
How many a soul in silence and in gloom
Thy City's golden gleams may dimly see.

How many a lost one, wandering far away,
May hear at this dark night-hour low and sweet
The voice of Love unheeded all the day,
And now at last fall down before Thy feet.

How many an orphan calleth to Thee now,
'Oh ! Father speak to me—His voice is still'—
How many a heart saith—' All my hope art Thou,
For all my earthly hope this day did kill.'

And with them do we kneel, the daylight gone,
Its voices and its labour and its thought—
For all the wanderers the Home is one,
And there we meet one flock together brought.

Oh ! could we see with open eyes of faith
That fold of God wherein we now abide,
The angel-guards that keep us from all scathe,
The Lord who standeth round on every side.

Oh ! sinfullest of all the weepers there !
Oh ! weakest lamb of all that little band !
Not all the legion of thy sins may dare
To pluck thee from thy Father's loving hand.

Oh ! rest in Him, cast all thy weary days,
The dark, mysterious Past, the Future dim,
Cast all upon the Lord, and trust thy ways
Through light and darkness ever unto Him.

For He is God who loveth thee aright,
He weigheth out thy days as golden grains,
He fashions them as lamps to hold the light
Whereby thou walkest o'er the desert plain.

An eventide shall come, with fair red sky,
Then depth of darkness falling all around—
And then at midnight shall go forth a cry,
And grief has fled for ever at that sound.

“ Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her and said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

“ Thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompence thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.”

YES, severed, as of Levi it was said,
Who knew not father, mother, brother, son,
Yet joined as Levi to the Priestly Head,
An alien from mine own, with Jesus one.

O glorious calling ! glorious not the less
For tears and dark misgivings it has cost
To win Christ Jesus and His righteousness—
Most gladly may all other gain be lost.

Beneath Thy wings, O Lord, I come to trust,
Far, far away the country once my home—
The noon-tide journeyings and the wayside dust
Are all forgotten now that I am come.

O blessed people known not heretofore,
Beloved of my Lord—my people now—
The family unbroken evermore —
And where they meet in love, there Lord art Thou.

JESUS CALLS SINNERS.

*“ They say unto Him, ‘ Master, where dwellest Thou ?’
He saith unto them, ‘ Come and see.’ ”*

‘ COME and see’—how long we wandered—
All in vain we sought—
Forward, but we could not see Him,
Backward, found Him not.

Knew not how to find the City,
Then we called on Thee,
Thou didst turn in love and pity,
Saying—‘ Come and see.’

'Come and see,' the gates are open—
Open wide and free—
Would'st thou know where Jesus dwelleth?
Sinner, come and see.

'Come and see'—a place is ready
In the Father's Home—
Satan saith, 'ye dare not enter'—
Jesus Christ saith, 'Come.'

'Come and see'—no speech can tell thee
What that glory is—
None can know except he see it,
See that home as his.

Where the Lord is, there is glory—
But can such as we
Find a home amidst His brightness?
Sinner, 'Come and see.'

Where the Lord is, there is blessing,
There no curse can be—
What must be that pure rejoicing?
Sinner, 'Come and see.'

Where the Lord is, there is sweetness,
None can love as He—
How can He love such as we are?
'Come mine own, and see.'

Glory of that glory is it
That we look on Thee—
What will be that first unveiling?
Sinner, 'Come and see.'

Vainly do we seek to fathom
Deep Eternity—
One His answer to our questioning,
Only—'Come and see.'

One the blessedness foretold us,
That Himself will be
Light and temple of His city—
Him we come to see.

Long and dark the way appeareth,
Yet no fear have we ;
We remember how He called us
Saying, ' Come and see.'

Now we come, though yet we see not,
Soon the shadows flee ;
That first word of Love is faithful
We shall ' come and see.'

NOT by might and not by power, nor by wisdom
of mine own,

Have I found the way that leadeth, to my risen
Saviour's throne.

Not by might and not by power can I tread along
that way ;

Thou, my Caller and Redeemer, keepest me from
day to day.

Weak and helpless, blind and foolish, with a spirit
wounded sore,

Did I lie a loathsome beggar at the world's high
palace door—

Lay desiring to be nourished by the crumbs that
scantly fell,

From the glory and the beauty and the show I
loved so well.

And where am I, now that years on years have
sorrowing passed away ?

Jesus laid upon thy bosom in the rest words cannot
say :

Healed and strengthened, saved and pardoned,
cleansed by Thine atoning blood ;

And with eyes anointed, opened, to behold the
face of God.

Let the world, a dream and shadow, haunt me yet
with idle show ;

I have found my Lord ascended, not amongst the
dead below.

Raised with Him to heavenly places, soothed by
Him from earthly pain,

Shall the earth's wild joy and sorrow bear away
my soul again ?

Now amidst the world's confusion I can see His
hand move on :

He has cleared the narrow pathway every where
that I have gone :

Led me nearer, taught me ever, more of His eternal
will :

Lord, I look to Thee in Heaven, for my light
and guidance still.

Wisdom of the foolish sinner, power of the weak
and frail ;

Still to Thine unchanging mercy do I look when
all things fail :

Thou wilt never leave the sheep for which Thy
weary search was made,

And for which the wondrous ransom of Thy sinless
life was paid.

Others seem to stand in shelter, I amidst the stormy
rain ;

Yet my soul shall fear no evil, for my shelter shall
remain.

When the homes lie heaped in ruins, when the
loving lips are dumb ;

Thou wilt keep me safe and scathless till Thy
day of glory come.

Still and deep, and safe and changeless, is the peace
around me now ;

For a God of love unchanging, tenderest, sweetest
love art Thou.

If the feeble need a shelter, and may find it still in
Thee,

Where should all weak faithless murmuring, care,
and doubt, and terror be ?

C O M F O R T .



THE LORD, the loving Shepherd,
By Him thy steps are led ;
He knoweth where the pastures lie—
Oh ! be thou comforted !

By Him who knows thy weakness,
Thy fainting soul is fed ;
Thou shalt not suffer hunger—
Oh ! be thou comforted !

The Lord, the light of Israel
Shines through the darkness dread;
His own walk not in darkness—
Oh! be thou comforted!

The Lord who sorrowed for thee
Will raise thy drooping head;
Will fold thee to His bosom—
Oh! be thou comforted!

The Lord that thought in weeping,
Of tears which thou must shed;
Will wipe them when He cometh—
Oh! be thou comforted!

Already in the heavens
There dawns the morning red;
The glorious day is coming—
Oh! be thou comforted!

Amidst the world's wild tumult
We hear his nearing tread ;
Thine own Beloved cometh—
Oh ! be thou comforted !

The Lord will cast thy trespass,
That weary weight of lead,
Amidst the mighty waters—
Oh ! be thou comforted !

For thee the Lord hath laboured,
For thee His blood was shed,
For thee He liveth ever—
Oh ! be thou comforted !

Thy curse the Lord hath taken,
Hath borne it in thy stead ;
No harm shall touch his chosen—
Oh ! be thou comforted !

The love of God remaineth
When all things else are fled;
Nor evermore can fail thee—
Oh! be thou comforted!

“SO THE LORD ALONE DID LEAD HIM.”

LEAD Thou me on—oh ! lead me in thy love,
For one bright, blessed way
Lies hidden through the mists of this my life,
To full and perfect day.

One way alone—O might I walk with Thee,
Though all should turn aside—
Though I should walk alone—and yet I know
That Thou, thine Israel's guide

The one true Shepherd of the flock of God,
Will lead along with me
The host of Thy redeemed ones, all one,
One family in Thee.

Not solitary along a silent road,
But clasping hand in hand,
The blessed and beloved ones are led,
Led onwards to Thy land.

Not strangers each to each, although on earth
They are a stranger race ;
They share one endless life, one hidden light,
One comfort and one grace.

Although a while the darkness close me round,
And faithlessly I weep,
I know that Thou with all Thy holy ones,
Art with me on the deep.

Yea, I am with thee, when thou passest through
The mighty torrent-stream,
And I am with thee when thou fightest on
In deepest furnace gleam !

Oh ! gloriously amidst the drifting clouds,
Thy light is shining fair ;
A voice is speaking as a song from Heaven,
I know that Thou art there.

Past by the thunder and the tempest blast,
The earthquake and the fire—
'Delight thee in the Lord, and so shall He
Give all thy heart's desire'.

'Oh rest thee in the Lord, and wait, and wait,
Wait patiently for Him'—
Already breaks the dawning of the day,
The stars are waxing dim.

Wait, trust, and rest thy weary heart on him,
He knows thy weariness,
He waiteth to be gracious unto thee,
He waiteth but to bless.

Oh! learn but trust and courage! it were blest
To toil and suffer on,
Until death-wearied strength, and power, and life,
Were worn and lost and gone.

And Thou whose name is called Love—e'en Thou
In whom all love has birth—
To Thee alone I look for all I need
In heaven or on earth.

The need thou knowest, all the hunger deep,
The deep, deep hunger wild—
The Father giveth not a stone for bread
To me his fainting child.

Lord love me, comfort me—yea comfort me

Father of tenderness—

I know that when it is mine hour to wait

It is thine hour to bless.

“ Behold I stand at the door and knock—if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me.”

DARK and sorrowful and weary,
Sinful more than words can say,
Do I cast myself before Thee—
Oh ! Thou wilt not turn away !
Thou hast wandered in the desert,
Seeking those who went astray,
On the lonely mountain ranges
In the dark and cloudy day—
Thou dost know the exile's sorrow
And the lonely heart's dismay.

Through the raving of the tempest,
When the heavens are dark above,
Oh ! how sweet thy voice of mercy !
Thine the lonely voice of love.
In the fever of the spirit,
When all restless longings move ;
Ever seeking, never finding,
As the weary-winged dove ;
Firmly, gently Thou dost lead me,
Oh ! thou ever-present love !

When the dark mysterious visions
Of this strange and changeful scene,
Pass before me, and I watch them,
All unknowing what they mean.
When the dim uncertain voices
Of the impulses unseen,
Float around me as the echoes
Left where angel-songs have been—
When I long for surer guidance,
Love of God, on Thee I lean.

In the narrow lonely chamber
Of my spirit's inner home,
Where the world's light cannot enter,
Where I wept amidst the gloom,
Thou dost stand O Love eternal !
From the heavenly glory come ;
Thou who only hast the secrets
Of the life and of the tomb ;
Of the earth's wild winter tempests,
Of the heavenly summer-bloom.

Thou who only hast the secrets
Of the God-forsaken soul ;
Of the glorious, golden ages,
Which the future shall unroll ;
Of the hidden springs of sadness,
Of the joy that maketh whole ;
Of the peace that can walk scathless
To the radiance of the goal :
Knowing all, Thou lovest ever,
Soul that speakest to my soul !

Unto Thee is comprehended
All the spirit's wordless prayer ;
When the darkness hides Thee from me,
Yet I know that Thou art there ;
Melting into tender sadness
All the silence of despair ;
Quickening from seeds of sorrow
Heavenly lilies sweet and fair.
Everywhere I breathe thy spirit
Glorious, life-giving air !

After lone communion with Thee,
Turn I to my path again,
Wandering forth as I have wandered
Through the solitudes of men :
Go Thou with me, Lord most loving,
Make the heavenly pathway plain ;
Where Thy blessed feet have trodden
Through all weariness and pain ;
Till with Thee in all Thy glory,
Thy beloved ones shall reign.

SONG OF THE FORGIVEN.

“He will abundantly pardon.”

I Have sinned and Thou hast pardoned,
I have murmured—Thou hast smiled;
I have hated—Thou hast loved me,
I, the rebel, am Thy child.

I have cast Thy laws behind me—
Thou hast lit my path before;
I have left Thy love unheeded—
Thou hast passed my trespass o'er.

I heard not Thy tenderest calling—
Thou hast heard my weakest cry ;
In my gladness I forsook Thee—
In my sorrow Thou wert nigh.

Oh ! the mercy of the Saviour !
His unutterable love !
All our strong resolves may perish,
But His grace will not remove.

Cold my heart had grown, and careless,
Turning day by day from Him ;
Till my soul lay sunk in evil ;
Peace was gone, and faith was dim.

Till I did Him foul dishonour,
Cast reproach upon His name—
Then I met His eye of pity,
Saw His love was still the same.

Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Still unwearied by my sin,
He is calling gently, sweetly—
Heaven is open, enter in.

Oh! that now my soul might clasp Thee,
Hold Thee fast for evermore!
Never leave Thee, never grieve Thee
As I have done heretofore.

Saviour, it is Thou must hold me,
Thine the power and Thine the will;
Faint and useless all my striving,
But Thy purpose standeth still.

With Thy purpose stands Thy promise
Of a clean heart and a new:
What though sin's deceit has snared me,
Thou art changeless, Thou art true.

At Thy feet I kneel, O Jesus !
Take from me what Thou dost give—
Sweet those words of endless mercy,
‘Go in peace, be healed, and live.’

NOTHING BUT JESUS.

“ A just God and a Saviour ; there is none beside me.”

JESUS CHRIST alone can save us,
All in us is guilt and sin :
Heaven is shut and barred against us,
He alone can lead us in.

Jesus Christ alone can teach us,
All in us is dark and wrong :
None can find out God by searching,
Though he searched his whole life long.

Jesus Christ alone can guide us,
Of our way no step we know :
If we leave Him for a moment
Into darkness we must go.

Jesus Christ alone can feed us,
Famine is in all the earth :
He alone has store and plenty ;
We have only want and dearth.

Jesus Christ alone can comfort,
All must sorrow, all must weep :
Failing streams are earthly comforts,
His, eternal, wide and deep.

Jesus Christ alone can guard us,
Satan follows everywhere :
Jesus is our shield and armour,
We, His treasure, we, his care.

Jesus Christ alone can bless us,
We were all accused and lost;
By His blood has He redeemed us,
None are saved at lesser cost.

Jesus Christ and Jesus only,
All we need in earth or heaven,
All we need for living, dying,
Is in Him, Him only given.

O N E S A V I O U R .

*“There is none other name under heaven, given
among men, whereby we must be saved.”*

THERE is no other Saviour,
Save Thee alone—
All the righteousness is Thine;
Sin is my own.

There is no other Saviour,
Look where we will—
All other help will fail us;
Thou savest still.

There is no other Saviour—
In sin's deep sea,
We must perish evermore
If not for Thee.

There is no other Saviour—
Dark is the night,
Hell-wards we are wandering,
Lord, give us light.

There is no other Saviour—
Long is the way—
Long—and without Thee endless,
Haste as we may.

There is no other Saviour
Here or in Heaven—
I cry, 'Lord Jesus save me!'
'Ask—it is given.'

PSALM CXXI., 1. 2.

*"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence
cometh my help.*

*"My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven
and earth."*

STILL look upwards, for albeit God is still on
every side,

Thou canst see Him face to face, looking up to
Heaven alone ;

Holy be to thee His footstool, all the fair earth far
and wide ;

But the holy of the holies—highest Heaven—is
His throne.

Scorn not thou the angel-wisdom, hidden with some
little child ;

Truths that hedge life's dusty waysides, seek them
reverently each one ;

Yet remember still the teaching, by earth's passion
undefiled :

Light is in the little candle, but the glory in the
sun.

Least expected, all unsought for, do the sacred
waters rise,

. Deep in lonely mountain caverns, far upon some
barren moor ;

But the fountains everlasting in the shades of
paradise,

They alone are all untroubled, they alone are ever
pure.

Child of earth, be glad and thankful, for the valleys
thick with corn ;

For the flocks that clothe the pastures, for the
gracious sun and rain :

Child of Heaven, sing in glory for the dawning of
the morn,

When the dew falls on the spirit, quickening
heavenly seed again.

Wisdom crieth in high places, in the streets and in
the gates ;

Through the clamour and the hurry, breathes a
whisper small and still :

But He only understandeth, who in lonely silence
waits,

For the wondrous words unspoken, of the one
all-loving will.

Love in earnest, deeply, truly, man and every
living thing ;

Love the beauteous earth around thee ; love where
all would scorn and slight :

But the one, the endless passion, present for a
mighty King,

Holy is it ; see thou guard it, pure from touch of
earth's delight.

He alone can master this world, who has won the
heavenly crown ;

He alone reads time's dark riddle, who in life
eternal stands.

They who round the throne in Heaven, cast their
crowns of glory down,

They alone trace God's high pleasure in the least
work of His hands.

Therefore live in truth and earnest, in the life that
holds thee now ;

Not a dream and shadow is it, but a sanctuary and
shrine :

Far above thy earth-born state, greater, holier
art thou,

If in him thy life is hidden, who is the great Life
Divine.

LAST EVENING OF THE YEAR—LOOKING BACK.



I LOOK on sins, and they are more
Than stars in Heaven above,
Than sands upon the ocean shore—
But more the thoughts of love.

I look on weakness, it appears
That all must fail at length ;
But faith hath victory over fears,
For greater is thy strength.

I look upon temptations, strong,
Above my power to fight;
Yet sing the glorious victory song,
For greater is thy might.

I look on sorrows, they are deep,
Beyond my depth to ford;
But deeper is thine oath to keep
Thy covenanted word.

I look upon my soul, it needs
To fill it more than Heaven—
For needful grace Thy priesthood pleads,
The promise Thou hast given.

LAST EVENING OF THE YEAR—LOOKING
FORWARD.

A LITTLE while and we shall be with Him,
The family where partings never come ;
All met, the jewels in His diadem,
The brothers and the sisters in one home.

A little, little while—and all is past,
The hoping, and the fearing, and the doubt ;
The year of His redeemed will come at last,
When He from doom and death will call us out.

No rude revilings there, no look of scorn,
No prison bars, no severance, and no snare :
Bear on a little while, O weak and worn ;
Think what the song of welcome will be there.

Think how ere long amidst thy weary days,
Thy weary, sinful days, so strange and dim,
The sudden light shall shine upon thy ways,
And ere thou knowest thou shalt be with Him.

Thou shalt be sinless—every doubt and fear,
Cast down into the deepness of the sea ;
Thou shalt be with the angels ; yet more near
To that beloved One who died for thee.

And even now the stars are pale on high ;
The stars which led thee onward from afar
Are pale, because the dawn of day is nigh,
The light of Israel's unsetting star.

"Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you."

STILL the desert and the wandering,
Still the work-day and the fight,
Still in daylight clouds around Him,
Still His glory shines through night.

True, the manna falls around us,
From the bare rocks waters flow ;
Garments wax not old upon us,
Nor our feet swell as we go.

But shall not the manna-gatherer
Dream of fields of golden corn,
Far beyond the purple distance,
In the regions of the morn ?

Shall not sound of falling waters
'Mid the flinty desert rocks
Call up visions of still rivers,
Some green resting-place of flocks ?

Shall the pilgrim in his garments
Girded round him for the way,
Think not of his kingly raiment,
Of his sun-bright, new array ?

Strengthened for the weary desert,
Shall the wandering feet forget
That a home still lies before them ?
That a rest remaineth yet ?

“He bringeth them unto their desired haven.”

YET a little while in storm and tempest,
Then we reach the shore ;
Battle fierce and wild a little moment,
Rest, for evermore.

Yet a little while in sin and sorrow,
Then the sinless Heaven ;
Yet a little while the weary prison,
Then the bars are riven.

Then no longer is the mist around us
Of distrust and fear,
Then we shall not need that He should tell us
That He standeth near.

Light amidst our darkness is the knowledge
Of that day to come ;
Little heed we that our feet are weary,
We are going home.

Home, unto the splendour of the city,
Saviour, where Thou art ;
Home, into the sweetness of Thy presence,
Never to depart.

One by one His scattered sheep are gathered,
From the wastes of sin ;
Fear not, weakest, vilest of His ransomed,
He will lead thee in.

Lead thee in—the white pearl gates are open,
There His saved ones go ;
As towards the rest of the deep ocean
All the rivers flow.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord my Saviour,
Saved by Thy right hand ;
I believe that Thou wilt bring me safely
To Immanuel's land.

What if now the wintry sleet is drifting
Over the dark road ;
What if starless is the sky above me,
I am safe in God.

Not a breath can blow amidst His lilies,
Save His gentle breath ;
Not a thorn can vex them, be it sorrow,
Pain, or sin, or death.

Tenderly He dealeth, ever mindful
That we are but dust ;
Sweet it is to close our weary eyelids,
Silently to trust.

Sweet, but sweeter yet when they shall open
Midst the jasper-gleams
Of the city, sweeter than our longing,
Fairer than our dreams.

Every eye that wept when broken-hearted
First they knew His grace,
Shall behold the look of love unfathomed
In His glorious face.

Spirit, Comforter amidst our sorrows,
Teach us more of Him ;
Even now His glory dwells amongst us,
But our eyes are dim.

Now a watcher in the lonely chamber,
Of His weakest saint,—
Shade! where in the burning desert noontide,
Even strong ones faint.

Stillness! where amidst the world's confusion,
Sick at heart we stand;
Star! when lost upon the dreary ocean,
Look we for the land.

Oh! to know Him as we never knew Him,
Learn what treasure lies
In the depths of sorrow to His children,
Glory in disguise.

Christ, the light of the eternal ages,
Of the heavenly day,
Thou art now our light, and now our glory
On our pilgrim way.

Oh ! to know Him and none else beside Him,
Jesus Christ alone ;
Earth's fair temptings and wild troubles
All alike unknown.

Stilling every voice, the cold and scornful,
His deep words would fall,
Down amidst the tossings of the spirit,
Christ our One and All.

Christ, our Ark on high above the waters,
Manna in our dearth ;
Christ, our Refuge in the funeral fires
Of the sin-struck earth.

Christ, our Bridegroom, when in bride's adorning,
We to Him are brought,
Christ, the Light, the temple of His city,
Sun that setteth not.

Wondrous saying—‘ I am my beloved’s,
My beloved mine’—
Teach me this, and do in all beside it,
Not my will but Thine.

“ The Lord is my portion saith my soul.”

“ The Lord’s portion is his people.”

LOOKING for and hastening the coming of the
day of God,
Over us the midnight heavens, underneath the
burial sod ;
Let him take who will his portion out of darkness,
storm, and sin,
We will wait that glory-kingdom which the day of
God brings in.

Our inheritance is chosen, not 'mid wastes of desert
sands,

Not amidst the corn and vineyards of the good and
pleasant land,

He has chosen these for others—for His royal
priesthood less?

Rather that unmeasured portion of His own high
blessedness.

He, the Lord, the depths unfathomed where the
streams of glory meet,

Myriad stars and mighty nations, as the dust
beneath His feet.

He, the all-consuming fire of the everlasting love,
Life eternal of His ransomed, of the angel-hosts above,
Our inheritance, our glory, our exceeding great
reward,

All our hope, and all our heaven, all we look for is
the Lord.

Yes, amidst these days of darkness, days when in
the holiest place,

Grief and sin have entered in, weeds 'midst lilies
of His grace.

Days when hours of sweet communion come but
seldom, lasting never,

Days when hours of bitterest parting come for ever
and for ever.

We are looking far beyond them, to the dawn of
perfect day,

When the wicked cease from troubling—grief and
sighing flee away.

It is coming, that great morning of the peace which
none shall mar,

It is coming, that ascension of the never-setting
star.

He is coming, the Beloved, whom the dark hills
shut away ;

He is coming, the king bridegroom, on His golden
marriage day.

Deep amidst the stormy darkness, do we catch the
gleams divine,

See the light of His great glory far along the mid-
night shine.

Catch amidst our partings somewhat of that meeting
unconceived,

When we feel His arms around us, the long-trusted,
long-believed.

Golden beams of His great city fall upon us in our gloom,
Nearer than the coming tempest, nearer than the
open tomb.

As the rushing of great waters, ever nearer and
more near,

Does the sound of His approaching, fall upon our
weary ear.

“O my people, long redeemed, crown made ready
for my brow,

I have loved thee, I have bought thee, shall I not
possess thee now?”

Won by travail of His spirit, recompense for all
His toil,

With the great He takes His portion, with the
strong divides the spoil.

The rebuke of all His people He is come to take away;
Hasten onwards day of victory, glory of the perfect day.

*“ For He cometh ! for He cometh.”—“ That blessed
Hope.”*

‘ SHALL come again’—Oh ! what shall come again ?
Shall lonely years return and scattered fears ?
The clouds return when past the winter rain ?
The grief when past the tears ?

‘ Shall come again’—Oh ! shall they come again ?
That biting frost of still and tearless grief ?
And toil and death, and want and strife and pain ?
The autumn to the leaf ?

Yes, they shall come again it may be yet,
But come as did the olive-bearing dove,
To tell of Him who on Mount Olivet
Shall stand again in love.

For He shall come again, and come when all
The clouds are passed away for evermore,
When thick around the evening shadows fall,
He standeth at the door.

O come again what may ! for this we know,
That He in all His love shall come again ;
Shall bring His summer's everlasting glow,
His sun-clad saintly train.

' Shall come again'—O love that seemed to fade
Amidst the tender gleams of younger years ;
Once more on us Thy hands in blessing laid,
Shall wipe away our tears.

What is it that shall come again ? The tide
Of that high joy when sang the morning stars ;
The Bridegroom shall return unto the Bride,
The victor to the wars.

The life unto the grave ; to lonely hearts
The love in seed time hid, in sheaves return ;
Each faintest gleam of sunlight that departs
In some bright crown shall burn.

‘ Shall come again ’—O who in loneliest days
Has dreamed some spring of love past long ago,
As one who through a depth of music strays
Where Eden lilies grow.

Who knows that longing passionate and strange,
Such backward look as Eve on Eden cast ?
Gaze on, the light beyond that mountain range
Shall rise again at last.

More beautiful than dreams, more passing sweet
Than all the yearning of the darkest day,
Already sound the echoes of His feet,
And He is on His way.

Yea, come again ! The Spirit and the Bride
Say, come, and He who heareth calleth, come ;
Call Thou Thy scattered people far and wide,
And bring them to Thy home.

Yea, do Thou come again, and quickly come ;
Come O Beloved, that Thy church rejoice
To hear that deep-toned music through the gloom,
The music of Thy voice.

Psalm CXXVI., verse 6.

1 Thess., chap. v., verse 10.

HE cometh to the weary earth,
From the land of Heaven ;
For unto us by mortal birth,
The Son of God is given.

We come unto the heavenly land,
From this world's sin and pain ;
And follow to the throne of God,
His footsteps back again.

He cometh to the cross of woe,
From heavenly glory bright ;
He cometh from His throne of love
To hatred and despise.

We come from many a bitter cross,
Unto the light of life ;
We come unto the heaven of love,
From long and weary strife.

He cometh from the Father's breast,
From the eternal home ;
A lonely and an outcast man
Upon the earth to roam.

We come from earth's dark loneliness,
To our sweet home of rest ;
We come from weary wandering,
To lean upon His breast.

Earth's voice cried out, 'Away with Him,'
Rejected amongst men;
We hid our faces from Him once,
And turned to sin again.

His voice of love is 'Come to me'—
'Spirit and Bride say, come'—
Strangers and aliens far away,
In Him ye have your home.
He cometh unto earth that ye
To blissful Heaven may come.

“Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

STILL the same as when He met me
On the mountains cold and dark ;
Still the same as when He drew me
Weary-winged within the ark.

Still the same as when He watched me
Through the fever of my fear,
When I woke from sin's enchantment,
Sinai's thunder rolling near.

Still the same as when He laid me
As a child upon His breast ;
Still the same as when He called me,
' Come, thou weary, to my rest.'

Still the same as when I saw Him—
For the first time saw His face ;
In His light life's old illusions,
Fading as the morning haze.

Still the same as when He taught me,
Taught me first what love may mean ;
Love unmeasured—love eternal—
Heaven without a cloud between.

Still the same unsleeping Watcher,
Still the same unfailing Guide,
Still the same unwearied Pardoner,
Still the same who wept and died.

Still the same when I shall see Him
Coming through the cloven skies ;
Come as conqueror and avenger,
Flaming fire in His eyes.

All the heavenly armies with Him,
Following His shout of war ;
All His shining hosts behind Him,
And the sin-ripe world before.

Not the same do sinners see Him,
As when poor, despised by men,
He was wandering amongst them—
King of kings He comes again.

Not the same does Pilate see Him,
Meek and silent, calm and pale ;
But the Judge at whose dread sentence
All the guilty nations quail.

Not the same does Israel see Him,
The rejected, smitten one ;
But as Solomon in glory
Sitting upon David's throne.

But the same, the same for ever,
Shall my eyes behold Him then ;
He who blessed His own at parting,
Blessing them shall come again.

'Midst the glare of the great burning,
'Midst the battle's rush and roar,
'Midst the trumpets and the thunders
Of that desolating war.

Still the same His own behold Him,
Still the same, whose name is love,
Though the mountains shake and tremble,
Though the ancient hills remove :

Though the sun and moon are perished,
Heaven and earth are passed away ;
Jesus is that Saviour ever,
Who doth walk with us to-day.

“ I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”

STILL amidst the world's confusions,
Stands that solitary thought;
One by one fade life's illusions—
That forsakes us not.

Clear against the sunset golden,
Of life's wild and stormy day ;
Standing 'midst the ruins olden,
Not to fall as they.

Hearken once more to that saying
Sent from blessed lips above,
Still I see thee sinning, straying—
Yet I still am love.

Like a tempest sea behind me,
Lie the past rebellious years ;
Looking back the dark mists blind me,
Sins, and doubts, and fears.

Yet my soul to Jesus clinging,
Hears, above the wild sea's roar,
Songs the stormy winds are bringing
From the glowing shore.

Sins untold and unlamented,
Rather one black life-long sin,
Casting round its lurid glaring,
Smouldering deep within.

This, my own heart's accusation,
And from this, from more, from all,
Christ my Saviour's full salvation
Deep as was my fall.

Answering every start of terror,
Every trembling of my faith,
Every reckoning of error,
Every snare of death.

Answering with a voice unfaltering,
Words for ever sweet as true ;
Answering with a love unaltering,
Ever old and new.

Endless as the days of Heaven,
Quenchless by the floods of sin ;
Love whereby I am forgiven—
I am white and clean.

He who sees dark shadows clinging,
Even round the purest stars ;
He who 'midst the angels singing,
Hears a tone that mars,—

He to whom the full moon's brightness,
As before the sunlight fades ;
He who sees the drift snow's whiteness,
Marked with stains and shades—

He doth fix His dread inspection
On a sinner, upon me—
Not a shade of imperfection
Will He, can He see.

Once I stood my shame confessing,
Unto sky and earth and sea ;
'Sinless world on thee the blessing,
But the curse on me.'

Now I know and feel that rather
I am light amidst their gloom ;
I stand pure before the Father,
They await their doom :

They are for that harvest whitening,
When the wrath of God shall fall ;
I am for that glory brightening,
Where His love is all.

“ I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”

WHEN my sins are lying heavy
On my spirit faint and sore ;
Then I say, ‘ Oh weary sinner,
Jesus loves thee evermore.’

When the mists of earth are round me,
Grief behind, and fear before ;
Then I say, ‘ Oh ! tempest driven,
Jesus loves thee evermore.’

When I need the wondrous wisdom,
Which I scarcely dare implore ;
Then I say, ‘ Oh ! weak and foolish,
Jesus loves thee evermore.’

When I scarce can trust the gladness
Brightening my spirit o'er ;
Then I say, ' what wonder is it,
Jesus loves thee evermore ?'

When I hear the judgment trumpet,
Know the Judge is at the door ;
Then I cry, ' at last He cometh,
He who loves me evermore ?'

When I stand beyond the wild waves,
On the bright and golden shore ;
Then I sing, ' Oh lost and found one,
Jesus loves thee evermore !'

“M E M E N T O M O R I.”

*O that they were wise, that they understood this, that
they would consider their latter end!*

—Deut. xxxii., 29.

REMEMBER Life! 'tis life we need remember;
His name is life, who said “Remember Me.”
Our light is not the last spark in the ember,
We watch the dawning over the dark sea,
We look for that great morn that is to be.
Remember Life! it was of life He told us,
The latter end in glory is the thought
With which He ever seeks to fit and mould us
In His bright diadem to be inwrought—
To His arisen people death is not.

Remember Life ! for certain is life only—
We know not whether one of us shall die ;
We know not whether one shall be left lonely,
We only know He cometh from on high,
That we His saints shall meet Him in the sky.

Remember Life ! 'tis not the dream of dying,
Of future partings, and of grief and pain ;
Of sickness, and of sorrow, and of sighing,
That speeds our journey over the dark plain :
Well may we seek for life from death in vain.

Remember Life ! it is the truth of living
Of that great future meeting, depths untold
Of glory and of power, that is giving
To weary men the strength that wears not old :
In life's deep fountain do we light behold.

Remember Life ! we need not be reminded,
Whilst walking over graves, of death and blight ;
More need we caution lest our eyes be blinded
By frequent tears to that immortal Light,
Which even now is breaking through our night.

Remember Life ! The world remembers dying :
Death is the key-note of its merriest song—
The world's one toil what is it ?—ever flying
From that black shade which haunts it all day long
No nearer heaven the world's death dreaming throng.

Remember Life ! towards our pole-star steering,
Our pole-star and our day-star all in one ;
The glorious hope of His, our Life's appearing,
How soon the golden shores of light are won.
Our temple's gate is towards the rising sun.

Remember Life ! we soon have done with dying—
May be the last death in His flock is past,
And we who live shall mount as eagles flying
To meet our King and Saviour come at last ;
We may be those whom death shall never blast.

Remember Life ! for we are the immortal,
Leave death unto the dying and the dead,
For we have passed beyond the shadowy portal ;
We are arisen with our risen head,
They shall not die who feed on living bread.

Remember Life ! His life undying in us—
His Life ascended to the throne on high—
His Life forth-streaming into ransomed sinners :
His Life our life ; the risen shall no more die.
His Blood has marked us—Death has passed us by.

•

*“ Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.”*

ART thou guilty? Hast thou never
Found the stream that cleanses sin?
Jesus is that world-wide river,
Guilty sinner, cast thee in.

Art thou wretched? Hast thou vainly
Sought for help, and cure, and calm?
Jesus speaketh to thee plainly,
‘ Sinner, I am healing balm.’

Art thou hopeless? Hast thou madly
Ventured all on life’s wild sea?
Jesus looks upon thee sadly,
‘ Weep not sinner, come to Me.’

Art thou wandering ? None to guide thee
Through the deserts vast and dim ?
Jesus comes to walk beside thee,
Hold His hand and follow Him.

Art thou lonely ? None to love thee ?
Jesus to His banquet calls ;
Love—His banner—spread above thee,
Love lights up His palace halls.

Art thou weary ? Ever seeking
For the rest that seems to flee ?
Hear the voice of Jesus speaking,
' Heavy laden, come to me.'

Art thou shrinking from the mystery
Of the shadowy world to come ?
Jesus tells the wondrous history,
How He rose and left His tomb.

How He marched in triumph onward,
Led the way and left the track ;
From the darkness, upward, sunward,
To His throne of glory back.

Nor alone returning thither,
As from heaven He came alone ;
Hear Him calling, ' Come up hither,
Sit with Me upon My throne.'

Oh ! who still would walk without Him
Through the tempest and the night—
Join we those who stand about Him
Walking near to Him in white.

Blest in living or in dying ;
Or in seeing Him come down
To avenge His people's sighing,
To put on His marriage crown.

TRANSLATIONS.

Paul Gerhardt, 1606—1676.

COMMIT thou all thy ways,
And all thy grief and care ;
To Him whom heaven obeys,
Whose love is everywhere.
For air, and clouds, and wind
He findeth pathways meet ;
Shall He not also find
The pathway for thy feet ?

Thy trust must be in Him
If thou wouldst be at peace :
If *His* work is thy theme
Thy work shall have success.
With labour of thine own,
With sorrowing and with care
No blessing can be won ;
God giveth all to prayer.

Ways through all dark distress,
All means to Him are known ;
He worketh but to bless ;
His path is light alone.
And none can stay His arm,
Nor bid His work be still,
When He will save from harm
His people Israel.

To Thy most loving will
O Father, all is plain ;
Thou knowest good from ill,
Thou measurest both to men.
And all Thou hast decreed
That wilt Thou surely do,
By ways unknown wilt lead
Thy blessed purpose through.

The Lord will not retreat,
Nor change His glorious plan,
Though Satan's hosts should meet
To aid rebellious man.
When once His word is past,
When He hath said, 'I will,'
That thing shall come at last ;
God keeps His promise still.

Trust, oh ! thou sorrowing heart,
Hope on, be not afraid,
God sees thee where thou art,
In darkness and in dread.
And He will lead thee on,
Trust God to lead thee right,
Thou yet shalt see the sun
Arise in glorious light.

In His great strength arise,
Cast all thy cares away,
Leave fears, and grief, and sighs
To such as cannot pray.
If thou art not a king
Almighty to compel,
Thy God rules everything
And He can rule them well.

Him do thou ever trust,
The King who rules aright ;
His ways are true and just,
Though hidden from thy sight.
How wilt thou wonder soon
When past are fears and doubt ;
Thy darkness turned to noon,
His purposes worked out.

And though his comfort stay,
His help be slowly wrought,
As though He turned away,
As though He loved thee not :
And though thou sink awhile
In darkness and in pain,
As though He would not smile,
Or shew thee light again.

He will not always chide,
But when the hope seems least,
If still thy faith abide
Then shalt thou be released.
And when thy trust is proved,
The grief that harmed thee not
Shall wholly be removed,
Thy full deliverance wrought.

Will God forsake His own ;
His own—His child art thou ;
The glory and the crown
By faith are given thee now.
Our God shall set the palm
Within thy hand at last,
How sweet shall be thy psalm
When all thy grief is past !

Act, word, and thought shall praise
The Lord who goes before,
To guide us in our ways,
Our Shepherd evermore.
Oh keep us faithful, God !
Still faithful to Thy love ;
So earth's dark rugged road
Shall lead to heaven above.

*“ We, according to His promise, look for new heavens
and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”*

Johann Ludwig Conrad Allendorf, 1693—1774.

GLORIOUS are the fields of heaven,
Christ hath given
Unto thee that land most fair—
As an eagle sunward speeding,
Jesus leading,
Through the pearl-gates enter there.

Let me go, His throne surrounding
Like the sounding
Of the chorus of the seas
Is the victory song ascending,
Never-ending,
Hallelujah ! all is peace.

Elder brother, gone before me,
Watching o'er me,
Steering through the dark sea's roar ;
Bring me to that golden landing,
Where are standing
All Thy saved, who fear no more.

Sweet is life, but sweeter dying,
Earth is lying
Disenchanted far below.
Dark the wilderness and dreary,
I am weary,
To the tent of God I go.

Thou canst change to songs of gladness
All our sadness—
Lead us through death's shadowy door,
Bear us dreaming through the river,
There for ever
We are free and weep no more.

Thou hast borne our sin and sorrow,
Now our morrow
Shines a cloudless summer's day—
Grave, I see thy dead arisen
From their prison,
Grief and trembling fled away.

Jesus, Saviour here and yonder,
All the wonder
Of Thy love will I adore.
Unto Thee Lord, upward, sunward,
Press I onward—
Thou my life for evermore.

“ To depart and be with Christ.”

Gerhardt Terstegen, 1697—1769.

OH! could I but be still,
Sleep sweetly in Thy will,
Thy peace my resting-place :
My weary eyes I close,
In Thee do I repose—
Am hushed before Thy face.

Oh! might I but be still !
Far over sea and hill
My thoughts are wandering wide ;
And ever self-will dares,
And ever sense lays snares,
Self not yet crucified.

Self fights a stubborn fight,
And manifold his might,
Oh! fierce and weary war!
Were nature but asleep
My heart her watch might keep
With Thee Lord evermore.

Unmoved might come and go
A stranger here below,
Yea, strange as are the dead,
And known to Thee alone,
Thy loved one and Thine own
By Thee my shepherd led.

Go world, seek thine for thee,
My joy sufficeth me,
No beggar as thou art;
Though sad to thee I seem,
The dreamer of a dream,
Thou knowest not my heart.

In silence and in rest
And hushed upon Thy breast
The weary sinks at last :
I sleep remembering nought
Of wild and weary thought,
The storm is gone and past.

WE have a loving Shepherd;
So great His love has been,
He came from heaven to save us,
Poor children lost in sin.

That we might find our Saviour,
He took us by the hand;
For we were blind and wandering
In sin's wild desert land.

O faithfully He keeps us,
The children's blessed Friend;
And He will keep and love us
Still faithful to the end.

O teach us Lord to thank Thee,
To trust Thee and to love;
And bear us on Thy bosom
To heaven our home above.

A Tree grows on a mountain,
And golden fruit it yields—
All through the snows of winter,
And when flowers are in the fields;
And late and early many come
To seek the shining gold ;
And still they shake it from the Tree
As they have done of old.

None leave it empty-handed,
Yet the Tree is never bare ;
The more the fruit is gathered,
The more is growing there.
Who knows this Tree, and where it grows,
That all the world may see ?
And which of you can tell its name ?
The Bible is the Tree.

FROM the glorious heaven,
Where the angels are,
God looks down on children,
Seeth them afar.

Heareth all they ask for,
All the night and day,
Watches like a father
All their work and play.

As a father giveth,
So He gives them bread,
Saves them out of danger,
Watches by their bed.

Tell all little children
Of their Father's care,
That He loves and pities
Children everywhere.

LITTLE brother ! he is gone
Where the stars shine soft and clear,
From the blue sky he is looking,
He can see me sitting here.

Little brother ! he is now
With the angels bright and fair ;
Is their little friend and brother—
O how glorious to be there !

Father, Mother, do not cry
That our brother went away,
God has sent a shining angel
Just as I have heard you say.

And he goes as children go,
Gathering the flowers they love,
So he gathers little children
To the angel-home above.

We will go and see the grave
Where our little brother lies,
Plant it all with flowers to blossom
Underneath the summer skies.

When the flowers blow white and red,
There we will kneel down and pray
To the Lord who gave our brother,
Who hath taken him away.

O HOW sweet the wondrous story
In the holy book of God,
Of the Lord so mild and gentle
Who has bought us with His blood.

He who loved the little children,
Called them to Him to be blest ;
Took them in His arms of mercy,
Laid them on His loving breast.

He who sought the sick and suffering,
Brought them pardon, health and cure ;
He who owned as friends and brothers,
Wretched sinners, mean and poor.

He who sought the lost and wandering,
Sought the sheep that went astray,
Would not when they wept before Him
Send the vilest one away.

I would read that wondrous story,
Weeping read it o'er and o'er,
Of the Lord so sweet and loving—
He who loves us evermore,

He who leads His flock so gently
By the waters still and clear,
Stretches forth His arms in pity
Unto sinners far and near.

Jesus, Lord, I kneel before Thee,
Love can break the hardest heart ;
Give me tears of thankful sorrow,
Let me never more depart.

HOW many stars are shining
Up in the dark blue sky ?
How many clouds are sailing
Sunny and white on high ?
God the Lord has counted all,
None are lost, and none can fall,
Until His word is given.

How many flies are playing
In the golden summer sun ?
How many fish are glancing
Where sparkling waters run ?
God hath called them all by name,
When He called them forth they came
To light, and life, and joy.

How many children waken
Each day in the morning light,
And play in the smooth green meadows
When the sun is shining bright ?
God looks down from heaven on high,
Careth for them tenderly—
Yes, child, he loveth you.

O THAT I were a little child
To whom the Lord gives grace,
To lie within His loving arms
To look upon His face.

If all around is dark and drear,
That child's whole soul is bright,
Because it loves the Saviour dear,
And He doth give it light.

If father, mother go away,
The child is not alone ;
The Lord will be its Father dear,
His Friend when all are gone.

And if in all the wide wide world
It has no home of love,
The Lord will lead it by the hand
To His bright home above ;

Through many a dark night lead it on,
And if the child should cry,
He gently wipes the tears away,
He says "Thy Friend am I."

And everything the child may want
It tells the loving Lord,
He leans His ear to hear its cry,
And marks the smallest word.

And when the child has journeyed far,
And longs to be at rest ;
He takes it home to dwell with Him
For ever safe and blest.

NOW I close my tired eyes,
Rest my little head ;
Father let Thine eyes keep watch
All around my bed.

All the sin that I have done,
Blessed Lord, to-day,
Let it in my Saviour's blood
All be washed away.

Lord, let all my dear ones rest
In Thy loving care ;
Keep them Saviour great and small,
Here and everywhere.

Pity all the sorrowful,
Close the weeping eyes ;
Let Thine angels watch around
Till the morning rise.

O HOW sweet it is to pray
To the Lord in heaven,
Thank Him day by day for all
That His love has given.

Not in many words and fine,
Is the truest prayer—
Prayers flow forth from simplest hearts,
When God's love is there.

We may speak to God above
Whatsoever we do ;
And He hears us everywhere,
He will answer too.

Hears the golden harps of heaven,
Angels singing there ;
Hears the smallest child that pray
Loves its little prayer.

Think when you are bright and glad
What His love has been,
Giving joys we cannot count
After all our sin.

When your hearts are sorrowful,
Pray and trust him still;
He gives power to the weak,
Saves from every ill.

Much we need of grace and strength
For the heavenward way;
We can have beyond our thoughts
If we will but pray.

Praying children can rejoice
In this world of care;
Praying children praise in heaven,
Him who led them there.

GOD made all the things I see—
How beautiful they are !

He made the sparrow and the sea,
The daisy and the star—

All things good and pleasant
Come from God on high,
Come from Him who reigneth
Beyond the bright blue sky.

Many many a beauteous thing
Is round us everywhere,
The flowers that blow, the birds that sing,
The meadows green and fair—

All things good and pleasant, &c.

Streams that sparkle in the sun,
And corn-fields for our bread ;
The fruit tree and the forest tree,
The glorious sunset red—

All things good and pleasant, &c.

God has given me all I need,
My parents, teachers, friends,
Has given His book where I may read
Of life that never ends—

All things good and pleasant, &c.

God made all the things I see,
And beautiful they are ;
But things I have not seen there be
More sweet and beautiful far—

All things good and pleasant, &c.

God has made a glorious place,
A golden land of light,
Where holy children see His face,
And walk with Him in white—

All things good and pleasant, &c.

God has made a home in heaven,
A shining palace fair ;
And more than all that He has given
Is what He gives us there—

All things good and pleasant, &c.

Will He give such joy to me?
O let me strive and pray
To be as He would have me be,
And holier every day.
Then all things good and pleasant
Shall be mine on high,
When I am with Jesus
Beyond the bright blue sky.

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