

POEMS AND HYMNS

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NOTE.

THE present edition is a reprint of the previous one, the only change being the addition of one poem, "In His hand." This first appeared at the end of a volume of poems, "Songs of Praise," by a friend of the author. It is now included in this collection in order to make it complete.

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POEMS AND HYMNS.



THE CLOUD AND THE ARGUMENT.

THE air was calm ; the sky was clear,
No storm seem'd brewing far or near ;
All Nature lay serene ;
The sunbeams shed their golden light,
For no waste wind—no withering blight—
Had swept across the scene.

A sound was heard ! a low, deep tone ;
It fell upon one heart alone—
And froze it as it fell.
'Twas mine ! I raised my trembling eyes,
And saw fast gathering in the skies—
A cloud I knew too well.

The Cloud and the Argument.

A dark speck it had seem'd before,
Like Venus, as she transits o'er
 Her centre's fiery disc :
From brightest rays my path 'twould shroud
So gently, that I view'd that cloud
 As love and mercy mix'd.

Yet oft I fear'd it—when the way
Seem'd lone, and dropp'd the light of day,
 Lest it should swell in gloom ;
But when soft shade 'twould o'er me throw
I thought if 'twould not larger grow,
 My cloud my greatest boon.

But now it was no summer cloud,
But black with thunder, folding round,
 Like shroud or funeral pall :
I crouch'd beneath, and bade the Earth
Receive me, as she gave me birth,
 Ere it should burst, and fall.

I once had thought that nothing dear
To nature could detain me here,
 From Heaven—that goodly part ;
But oh ! how many golden chains
Now whisper'd, that the earth in reins
 Still held my trembling heart.

The Cloud and the Argument.

I could not bear that all should go—
Should vanish in the cloud of woe
Which hover'd in the air.
The Land of Silence, cold and new,
Yawn'd open ! and my soul foreknew
Her desolation there.

It came ! Loved voices die away—
Sweet sounds and tones of love decay ;
Alone I stem life's tide !
My Father ! Could it be that He—
Ruthless—austere—had torn from me
Gifts His own hands provide ?

E'en so ; for with a magic power
That falling torrent in one hour
Submerged each dear delight !
And I, with taste still fresh and keen
For all the joys that once had been,
Beheld them naught but blight.

Oh, what a waste ! In sad amaze
I stoop'd, my drooping flowers to raise—
They seem'd no longer mine ;
When lo ! my inmost soul was stirr'd ;
A sweet, unearthly voice I heard—
I knew it was divine.

The Cloud and the Argument.

If sweet the voice, still dearer lay
The hand that drew my eyes away
From what was late so fair,
And led me to a desert land*—
Naught was beneath my feet but sand ;
But HE *was with me there.*

He said, "Why chide Me ? Hast thou ne'er
Besought that I would nothing spare
To keep thee near My side ? "
I argued, that I still could pray
Him take my heart ; but that this way
Seem'd hard for Him to guide.

He told me, nothing else would wean
My heart from earth's polluted scene
Make Him supremely dear :
Had He e'er proved unfaithful yet ?
Past ways of love could I forget, -
And think Him now severe ?

He shew'd me all the earthly chains
Which once had held me as in reins,
In His blest hand now riven :

* " I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her."
(Hosea ii. 14.)

The Cloud and the Argument.

He told me Heaven was mine instead,
Heaven's portals open'd o'er my head,
And more—that He was Heaven !

And then I thought He'd take me there ;
That cloud, His herald to prepare
For what now seem'd so near ;
And as the wearied bird can rest,
When, homeward bound, she spies her nest,
I paused, His call to hear.

But no ; He said I must not e'en
Linger in that blest desert scene,
Where He had chased my care ;
But turn my steps to where the cloud
Had fallen, Nature's hopes to shroud,
And bear His fragrance there.

I ask'd, what use I there could be
Now blighted ? Surely none but He
Could deem me aught but cost.
“Return,”* He said, “and prove that thou
Hast found *Me all-sufficient now*
For all that thou hast lost.”

* “Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee.” (Luke viii. 38, 39.)

“Prove, by a brow of holy peace,
That ’twas no heartless, light caprice,
That made Me smite Mine own ;
I only gave thee thy request—
And now contentment, joy, and rest,
Over thy path have thrown.

“Have not an anxious, restless care,
That no great service thou canst share,
I only ask thy heart.
Sit at My feet, unseen, unknown,
By every eye but Mine alone ;
From thee I’ll never part.

“Be thy calm lot a silent voice
To those now wavering in their choice
’Twixt earth and things above ;
Ambition would have made thee soar—
Be now a vessel, nothing more,—
A vessel of My love.”

Thus did He speak in accents soft :
My answers worthless, thankless oft.
I now am satisfied.
The love that wore through my self-will—
(That wondrous love !) my cup shall fill,
Whatever may betide.

WON AND SATISFIED.

(1 KINGS XIX. 19-21 ; 2 KINGS II.)

HE pass'd,—on me His mantle threw ;
Oh blessèd touch, my soul was won !
And sever'd from all else I stood,
Bound to this new, this wondrous One.

My heart, which late could beat for naught
Save earthly love, and earthly care,
Now rose with one controlling thought,
To follow Him—I knew not where.

He gave no word of stern command,
But drew me with a magnet's power ;
His company, where'er 'twas found,
My heart's one craving from that hour.

And then I knew Him as the One,
Of winning power, and sheltering care,
Whose arm wrought wonders, and whose
 grace
Had brought me His own path to share.

But little of that path I knew,
Whither it led was vague and dim ;
His mind I reach'd not, though my heart
Was ever learning trust in Him.

* * * * *

But further on there loom'd a change :
Beside me He would walk no more !
This path I loved would lead through depths
Unknown, unenter'd heretofore.

Oh ! could I follow ? must I lose
The track, or would I turn aside ?
He bade me "tarry"—let me choose.
"I will not leave Thee," I replied.

He knew I could not, for the power
That held me fast was all His own,
That staid my trembling heart, while on
To Jordan's brink we pass'd—alone.

We stood beside the rolling flood,
Untouch'd by it He led me through ;
And, lost in Him, I could not feel
How cold the wave, the path how new.

Then on the other side, unlock'd
His thoughts flow'd forth, and He express'd

Won and Satisfied.

My heart's unspoken language too,
And bade me boldly make request.

What but His Spirit could I crave ?
I pray'd Him nothing less to give
Than that, in twofold power, which first
With quickening touch had made me live.

Oh, hard request ! but not withheld ;
On one condition, granted free :
"If thou dost see Me taken hence,"
(He said) "so shall it be to thee."

Enough ! my purpose and resolve
On Him alone mine eye to rest ;
To see no other sight, in fear
Lest I should lose my great request.

I gazed,—the glory closed Him round ;
I saw Him—oh, transcendent sight !
No longer walking by my side,
But in the blaze of heavenly light.

In that unsullied light I saw
My own mean garb, once suiting well,
But now !—I rent it into shreds,
And caught His mantle as it fell.

Won and Satisfied.

The same which first with passing touch,
Had waken'd me to life and love,
Now ever mine, bequeathed by Him,
Whom henceforth I should know above.

Oh, blest exchange ! 'twas then I proved
How true, how faithful is His word ;
While tasting what it is to be,
E'en now, one spirit with the Lord.

Not sever'd from Him, but more near,
Although to mortal sense unseen ;
I turn to find His footsteps here,
To be where He, my Lord, has been.

The waters still my path may cross,
But what that mighty power can stay,
Which wrought in Him, which works in me ?
And in that power I go my way—

Back to the scene of curse and death,
To walk, 'mid all the dearth and strife,
In joy divine, with strength renew'd,
Possessor of Eternal Life !

Link'd with that Blessèd One on high,
Who won me in my low estate,
And lured me on, until I found
My place in Him, so vast, so great.

REPOSE.

IN Thy keeping, gracious Saviour,
Oh, what rest my spirit knows !
What can touch me—what can harm me ?
What can break my heart's repose ?

Though the pestilence sweep o'er me,
Far beyond its reach I rest ;
If it seize me at Thy bidding,
'Twill but waft me to Thy breast.

Though the tempest rage around me,
Evil forces ever near,
Hidden safe in Thy pavilion,
Not a breath can reach me here.

Could I leave Thy love's enclosure,
Couldst Thou drop me from Thy hand,
Frail as leaf beneath the tempest,
Not one moment could I stand.

Oh, how blessèd is the weakness
That finds all its strength in Thee ;

While I draw from out Thy fulness,
Oh, how rich my poverty !

Precious lesson of dependence,
In the desert only known ;
Where I learn Thy love's deep meaning,
While I lean on Thee alone.

What a wilful child and wayward,
Gracious Father, I have been ;
While Thy heart resolved to lead me
To those pastures rich and green ;

Where my heart has found its resting
In Thyself, for evermore ;
And its full unchanging portion,
To be with Thee and adore !

Not a question now disturbs me,
While with Thee the past I see ;
'Tis a page of blotted history,
But 'tis all read out to Thee.

And to Thee I cleave the closer,
Till the journey shall be o'er ;
Then be Thine the praise, Lord Jesus,
And the glory, evermore !

THE HIDDEN MANNA.

○H, shall I, when in yon blest sphere,
Know fully all Thy pathway here—
Those footsteps to my heart so dear,
Lord Jesus ?

Wilt Thou not then re-touch, re-trace—
In glory's light, that path of grace,—
For me, while gazing on Thy face,
Lord Jesus ?

Will it not be Thy joy to shew
The secrets of Thy life of woe,
Clothed in the love that brought Thee low ?

Those walks and ways, each act and word,
Which oft my inmost soul have stirr'd,
Penn'd by Thy Spirit in Thy Word.

Those interviews, so dear to me,
'Twixt weary laden souls and Thee,
Which found them lost and set them free.

The Hidden Manna.

Those works and deeds, none wrought in
vain,
But which "unwritten" must remain,
Because "the world could not contain"
Their fulness.

Those thirty years, when few could see
Thy life ; its meaning, none but He
Who all His pleasure found in Thee ;
Whose eye Thy daily walk did feed,
Whose heart its fragrance did receive,
Whose bosom Thou didst never leave ;
Thy Father's !

Those after years, so brief, so great,
When Thou on needy man didst wait,
Low bending to his lost estate ;
And standing forth for God alone,
His heart's deep fulness to make known ;
Naught claiming—though 'twas all Thine
own.

The sorrow which Thy spirit knew,
In finding none who cared (or few)
For all heaven's wealth, nor deem'd it true.

The deep, deep solitude of thought,
Rich in its treasures, all unsought
By those Thou wouldst with life have bought.

The Hidden Manna.

The full unbroken peace and rest
Thy lowly spirit e'er possess'd,
While man's rude turmoil round Thee press'd.

The joy in which man found no part,
For ever welling in Thy heart,
In Him whose grace Thou wouldst impart.

The deep communion known to none
But Him and Thee—His only Son,
Which knew no pause—no break, save *one*.

That awful break ! which made Thee cry
In wonder and amazement, "Why ?"
So new, so strange ; and then, to die !
But well we know the reason "Why,"
 Lord Jesus !

Who but Thyself could have stepp'd in
To that dread gap, to bear our sin,
Whom all Thy grace had fail'd to win ?

But hush ! no tongue can tell the tale,
All human words and thoughts must fail ;
No mortal eye can pierce that veil.

I know not now one thousandth part
Of those past sorrows of Thy heart ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,

The Hidden Manna.

And with Thee in God's glory shine,
Shall I not share His joy and Thine,
And know the hidden manna mine,
Lord Jesus ?

Freed from all else, on Thee to gaze,
And study Thee through endless days ;
While sounding forth Thy matchless praise,
Lord Jesus !

THE DAWN OF UNION.

(JOHN XX. ; EPHESIANS.)

SHE sought Him while the darkness lay,
In sable folds around her way,
Where death had mark'd the spot.
The rest await the rising sun,
No light her heart could know save One,
No home where He was not.

She sought Him, but He was not there,
In human love she sought Him where
He never more could be.
The empty tomb so fill'd her eye,
That when her living Lord drew nigh,
She knew not it was He.

She thought of Him as One who here
Had met her need, and calm'd her fear,
And won her yearning heart ;
But He was gone ! was lost to sight ;
Her life had lost its joy and light,
Because from Him apart.

But soon His resurrection tones
Ring through her soul : she sees and owns
Her Master and Her Lord ;
Not now in flesh, but from above,
The Fount of Life, and power, and love—
The risen Son of God.

Raised out of death, by glory claim'd,
Yet Jesus still ; and not ashamed
His feeble ones to own ;
To call them “brethren,” who have found
Through death, that new, that holy ground,
Where once He stood alone.

Sons of His Father now they stand,
His God, their God, a risen band,
With Him the first-born Son ;
Bone of His bone ; for now His heart,
Once straiten'd, does its wondrous part
In power through victory won.

In spirit link'd with Him above,
And sharers of His Father's love,
His toils for them are o'er :
No soil can rest on them again ;
His own pure life without a stain,
Is theirs for evermore.

The Dawn of Union.

Oh what a journey for the soul
Of that poor lone one ! what a goal
 Of rest to find at last !
In heaven her spirit's home to know
With Him, whom she had sought below,
 All fears and longings past.

No more to seek Him as a guest,
In wistful doubt, and heart's unrest,
 Lest clouds should come between ;
But join'd in spirit with her Head,
No more to part, though still to tread
 This homeless desert scene.

No restless fear, no anxious care
Can reach her deep reposing there,
 Her sun doth ever shine :
On earth she waits, and works, and sings,
To heaven she soars on eagles' wings,
 And dwells in love divine.

HE COMETH.

"I COME quickly" ; blest assurance !
Lord ! to meet Thee I arise ;
'Tis Thine own, Thy special promise.
"Even so," my heart replies.
In this scene where all disown Thee,
I, a part of Thee, still roam ;
Left to serve Thee here, while listening
For the "shout" to call me home.

Here, the tones of earthly voices
Long have died upon mine ear ;
What a moment, gracious Saviour,
When Thy blessed voice I hear !
That same voice which, by Thy Spirit,
Oft my spirit's yearnings staid,
When Thou hast in wondrous favour,
This poor heart Thy "mansion" made.

Then 'twill call me up to mansions
In the Father's house above ;
There to know more deeply, fully,
All Thy glory, all Thy love.
Sure, that shout of resurrection,
Like one chord of mingled tone,

Will sound forth in thrilling cadence,
All of Thee we here have known.

In that joy of full communion,
Each shall have his special part ;
Each a spot, reserved, O Father,
In Thy house, and in Thy heart !
Every vessel brimming over,
With its prize—the Christ of God ;
Small and great, in joy ungrudging,
Thou our Centre, Holy Lord !

Now, Thy wisdom we are learning,
Now, by faith Thy glory see ;
As we gaze, our hearts are filling,
Satisfied, O Lord, in Thee.
Then, when we reflect Thine image,
When Thy beauty naught shall hide,
Thou shalt see Thy soul's deep travail,
And Thy heart be satisfied.

Come, Lord Jesus ! claim Thy people ;
Here we wait and watch for Thee ;
Thy blest voice shall be the key-note
Of eternal jubilee.
Gathering us, Thine own creation,
To Thyself in Thine abode ;
Like Thee, with Thee, and for ever,
Near Thy Father and Thy God.

IN CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

AND art Thou gone, where all is light,
Blest Saviour ! pass'd from mortal
sight

To Thine own native air !
Where no defiling thing can come,
Where nature cannot find a home,
Nor flesh an entrance dare.

Amen ! our hearts respond, and raise
Their hallelujah notes of praise,
Though still on earth we roam ;
To Thee 'tis joy ! to us, not grief ;
Not severance from Thee, but relief,
That glory is Thy home !

We love Thy footprints here to trace,
The moral beauty and the grace
Of all Thy walk of love :
Dear memories ! but would we detain
Thee here below, for any gain
Thy company can prove ?

Nay ! for the life which Thou hast given
Finds its own level but in heaven,
And there its Source must be :
Thy life in us, for range, repose,
Craves its own region, where it knows
Its fountain, Lord, in Thee.

And though we tread the desert here,
Our interests and our joys are there
Guarded, maintained by Thee,
Nor could we spare Thee from that home,
Till the blest hour when Thou shalt come
To take us there to be.

'Tis there, Lord Jesus, where alone,
Our spirits find it all their own,
Where flesh can ne'er intrude ;
The presence chamber of our God,
Where witnesseth the sprinkled blood,
All power by Thee subdued.

Thy rest, Lord Jesus ; pass'd Thy woe ;
The Man of Sorrows, as below,
Thou never more canst be :
Thine was our grief, ours is Thy joy :
And now we drink, without alloy,
The cup of joy with Thee.

'Tis as we drink it that we turn
With Thee to view, from Thee to learn,
Thy path of earthly woe ;
For only from that sacred height,
Yea, only in Thy glory's light,
Such wonders can we know.

We see Thee there, in brightest spheres,
Now reap in joy, who sowed in tears ;
There reap we too with Thee :
And soon rejoicing Thou wilt come,
Bearing Thy sheaves ; and then Thy home
Shall ours for ever be.

THIS IS MY BELOVED SON,
HEAR HIM.

FATHER, I would now draw near
At Thy word, Thy Son to "hear,"
While Thy heart He tells me o'er,
Lo ! I listen and adore.

From the glory let Thy voice
Bid my longing heart rejoice,
E'en as on the Mount of yore,
Thou Thy radiance didst outpour.

Be that word within me rung,
"This is My beloved Son " ;
Father, shew me all that Thou
Seest of beauty in Him now.

Shew me that mysterious bond,
Every human thought beyond—
Seal of fellowship with Thee,
Thou in Him, and He in me.

"Father," now I know that name,
Since Thy Spirit cries the same ;

This is My Beloved Son, Hear Him.

As Thy well-beloved One,
E'en the Spirit of the Son.

Wondrous grace ! oh love divine !
All Thy thoughts of Him are mine,
E'en to lisp ; my infant tone,
Faintest echo of Thine own.

Father, what shall I return ?
Aught of me Thou needst must spurn,
What I render Thee, must be
Worthy of Thy majesty.

Such, O Father, I can give—
Worth of Him in whom I live ;
Naught but Him Thine eye can see,
In the soul that worships Thee.

Filled (as Israel's basket*) here,
Firstfruits to Thy heart most dear ;
All Thy treasure given for me,
I present it back to Thee.

Father ! when to Thee I soar,
Then, oh then, I shall adore ;
Now I scarce the note can raise,
Then I'll sound it to Thy praise.

* Deuteronomy xxvi.

This is My Beloved Son, Hear Him.

Yet meanwhile, e'en now, I "hear"
Sound—(what music to Thine ear !)
That blest chord, from out the throne,
Struck by Thy Beloved One.

He, the First-Begotten Son,
Leads the chorus ; for each one
"Hears," and echoes back that name ;
"Father, Father," sounds again.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

“ The Lord’s death till He come.”

OH ! gracious Saviour, holy Lord !
With loyal hearts we hear that word
Of dear request from Thee ;
Now uttered from the Father’s throne,
In living accents to Thine own—
In death “Remember Me.”

We come, Lord Jesus ! to recall
That great transcendent hour, when all
God’s billows o’er Thee rolled ;
With Thee in dear remembrance turn,
With souls that glow, with hearts that yearn
In death Thee to behold.

All question of our moral stain—
Our God resolved, when Thou didst drain
The cup of wrath for sin
So surely, that our hearts are free
To lose themselves, in thoughts of Thee,
In fellowship with Him.

This Do in Remembrance of Me.

Borne in Thy heart through death's dark tide,
The travail Thine, in Thee we died,
With Thee we rise on high :
Our eyes, now filled with glory's light,
Would travel through Thine hour of night,
When Thou, our Lord, didst die.

Aye, night ! when God, the God of grace,
From His own Son must veil His face,
Though man that Son denied :
Earth stood in shadow, shook with dread,
Then wrapt her weeds about Thy head,
As if her shame to hide.

But could not, for the Father's heart
Yearned, till it set Thee where Thou art,
And gave Thee full redress.
Now, free its fulness to disclose,
Its love, a mighty volume flows—
In strength of righteousness.

Lost in that love, Thy death we deem,
Our point of severance from the scene,
Where man our Lord did spurn.
To us earth stands in shadow now,
For Thou art absent, until Thou,
Lord Jesus, shalt return !

This Do in Remembrance of Me.

Till then, nor time, nor place, we know,
But stand expectant ; while we shew
Thy death, till Thy return :
Thy death, Thy glory, our sole date,
Backwards and forwards, as we wait
The eye of faith must turn.

Back to Thy death,—the only scene
In this wide waste, where Thou hast been,
Of interest, or of worth :
On to Thy coming, till we see
Thyself, who saidst “Remember Me,”
When outcast from the earth.

Amen, Lord Jesus ! fuller still
Our hearts with death and glory fill,
Until their weeds shall be
Exchanged for bridal garments bright ;
And faith itself be lost in sight ;
And we be lost in Thee.

WHAT LOVE HATH WROUGHT.

FATHER ! Thy name I bless,
Vast is Thy righteousness,
Wondrous Thy love.
What hast Thou done to me ?
Made me a son to Thee ;
Near to Thyself to be
With Thee above.

Fountain of Life Thou art ;
Well-spring of love, Thy heart ;
Else had I lain—
Steeped in my misery,
Under death's penalty ;
Wrenched every link with Thee,
'Neath Satan's chain.

Who could such woe address ?
Who could such love express ?
Who but the Son ?
Thou Thine own Son hast sent,
Through Him Thy love, once pent,
Now finds a righteous vent
Towards Thine Undone.

What Love Hath Wrought.

Lo ! in His blessèd face,
Shines all Thy truth and grace ;
Hark ! how He saith—
Father, Thy holy will,
I, only I, fulfil,
Cost what it may or will,
E'en unto death.

Oh ! what that will entailed !
Depths from man's reason veiled ;
Known, Lord, to Thee ;
When in the sinner's stead,
Thou didst Thy spotless head
Bow, 'neath the judgment dread—
Resting on me.

Raised from that judgment ; free
Life-giving Lord in Thee,
Righteous I stand
In Thee,—the Righteous One,
Of Thee, the Holy One,
With the Belovèd One,
At God's right hand.

THE TOUCH OF FAITH.

(MARK V. 24-34.)

O H, who is that among the throng,
Who so serenely walks along,
Love's radiance in His face ?
'Tis Christ the Lord, God's blessèd Son,
Responding to the call of one
Who needs His healing grace.

One, too, there is amid that crowd,
Beneath the weight of suffering bow'd,
Unknown to all beside ;
For twelve long years she bore her pain,
Spent all she had, could nothing gain,
Till Jesus she descried.

But when she sees Him drawing near,
How bounds her heart with hope and cheer,
Resolved the crowd to brave !
To touch that Bless'd One's garment's hem
She knows is to "be whole,"—and then
The touch of faith she gave.

The Touch of Faith.

Instant the cure, her ills depart ;
What joy, what comfort fills her heart !
 She would not have it known.
She little thought that feeble touch
Had cheered her Saviour's heart, as much
 As it had healed her own.

He felt the virtue flowing o'er,
That He was trusted, which was more
 Than aught she e'er could do :
And can He let the healed one go,
Without a word or look to shew
 That He had loved her too ?

He will not heed the callous press,
He longs to hear her lips confess
 The secret of her soul.
To tell Him is to get release ;
His gracious answer—"Go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Lord Jesus ! Thou art now the same
As when that lowly woman came
 To have her pain removed ;
Since Thou ascendedst to Thy throne,
How many a heart, unseen, unknown,
 Thy healing power has proved !

The Touch of Faith.

Yes ! now the streams of virtue flow
Unhindered, for our sin and woe
 Has all been borne by Thee.
God's glory in Thy face doth shine,
While righteousness and grace combine
 To set the sufferer free.

The feeblest look of faith on Thee,
Secures salvation full and free,
 And gives Thee joy and cheer,
As much, in glory bright above,
As in Thy walk of lowly love,
 The "Man of Sorrows" here.

THE WILDERNESS JOURNEY.

HOW blest is the wilderness scene,
How pure and how clear is the air ;
Around, there's not one speck of green ;
Above, 'tis all beauteous and fair.

My heart with deep gladness can beat,
Nor asks of the desert for cheer ;
Press on, still unwearied, my feet,
Nor pause in the wilderness here.

Not here doth mine eye turn to rest,
Far hence hath my heart found her home ;
The Blest One in whom I am bless'd,
Has pass'd from this scene to the throne.

Yes ! He, my Forerunner, is there,
Whose footprints I find in the sand ;
He once breathed the wilderness air,
And made it a sanctified land.

And now He has gone to His home,
And sent from the glory above

The Wilderness Journey.

A Comforter with me to roam,
And tell me the tale of His love.

Oh, tale of rich comfort to me,
Told out as no other heart knows !
Oh, wondrous the skill with which He,
To faith, that blest absent One shews !

The sun may be scorching by day,
The dews may fall coldly by night ;
I heed not the chill nor the ray,
But sit 'neath His shade with delight.

No food can the desert supply,
No waters meander the waste ;
His well-spring of love's never dry,
His fruit's ever sweet to my taste.

The Comforter tells me of home,
And gladdens my wilderness gaze ;
The light of the glory to come,
Illumines the path with its rays ;

And centres the heart and the eye
On HIM who is glorified there,
Once here, now ascended on high,
For me that bright home to prepare.

The Wilderness Journey.

Then speak not of weariness more,
With Him my blest portion is cast ;
My cup by the way brimmeth o'er,
My heritage waits me at last.

The path which I tread in the waste
Is one vast disclosure of love ;
Begun in the passover haste,
Fulfilled in His presence above.

“THAT GOOD PART WHICH SHALL
NOT BE TAKEN AWAY FROM HER.”

WHAT words of grace and love divine,
Lord Jesus, were those words of Thine !
Deep their significance
For her, who chose “that goodly part” ;
Love’s great resolve, from out Thy heart,
Burst into utterance.

That edict that went forth from Thee,
“Taken from her it *shall not be*,”
In all its strength I claim.
As fain to choose that “part,” blest Lord !
Close at Thy feet to hear Thy word—
There ever to remain.

How fix’d Thy purpose was that she
Should find her choice well made in Thee,
When, in death’s midnight hour,
Thou stoodst beside her, not to heal,
But all Thy fulness to reveal
In resurrection power.

In that dread hour she learned Thy heart,
Its wondrous skill to do its part,
And more ; Thou didst make known
Thyself—the Life, and set her free
From death and woe, to tread with Thee
The path of death alone.

And when at the fit time she brought
The thing most precious and most sought,
To pour on Him she loved,
She found for her reserved that "part"
Of giving solace to Thy heart,
When all had faithless proved.

She found Thy gracious word fulfilled ;
Her heart, in tune with Thine, and skilled
In love's own ways, can brave
Man's taunts, and all her treasure spend
On Thee, whom Thine own earth would lend
No lodging but a grave.

And then once more Thy lips broke forth
To stamp her lowly act with worth,
Though "waste" 'twas deem'd to be ;
'Twas not for her that utterance fell,
She knew Thy heart, and knew full well
All hers was known to Thee.

"Let her alone ! " 'Twas all she craved
From man, whose cold reproach she braved,
Whose smiles she had not sought.
Alone with Thee ! whom men deny,
Her "part" to die where Thou didst die,
Thyself her only thought.

Oh blessèd part ! 'twas kept by Thee
For her, and she was kept to be
A witness of Thy grace ;
The choice was hers, the power divine
Which held her to that choice was Thine, |
And formed her for the place.

Lord Jesus ! 'tis not hers alone,—
In Nature's strait Thou dost make known
E'en now, all Thou canst be.
Oh, fit me for the part I crave,
With Thee to find this earth a grave,
And keep that part for me.

WHAT WAIT I FOR ?

I AM waiting in the midnight,
In the storm, and on the wave ;
Not for light, nor calm, nor haven,
Though the winds and waters rave ;
'Tis for Thee I wait, Lord Jesus !
Light and Port art Thou to me,
Thou wondrous Sun of Glory !
I wait,—I wait for Thee.

From the centre of God's glory
Was sent forth a living ray ;
Into me it shined, life-giving,
All God's riches to display ;
For it bore the revelation
Of Thyself—His Son, to me ;
And there, His own creation,
Forming,—to wait for Thee.

O how blest the tale of wonder,
O how vast the wealth of grace
That bright ray disclosed ! revealing
God's own glory in Thy face ;

What Wait I For ?

Telling out how His dread judgments
Spent their force upon Thy head ;
And how His glory sealed Thee,
“THE RIGHTEOUS,” from the dead.

Telling out how sin's full wages
Were all paid by Thee, who gave
Thy pure life ; then rose triumphant
Over judgment and the grave.
Head Thou art of new creation,
Glorious Man, life-giving Lord !
Death's reign by Thee supplanted,
And “all things are of God.”

So my home in realms of glory,
And my native air must be ;
For in Thee, life-giving Fountain,
Life alone exists for me.
And 'tis *there*, e'en now, in spirit,
I can calmly rest with Thee,
While *here*, I prove, my Saviour !
Thine all-sufficiency.

The eternal quickening Spirit,
O what wonders hath He done !
In uniting me for ever
Unto Thee, God's blessèd Son ;

What Wait I For ?

And for Thee the Father deems me
E'en fit company to be ;
Thou Lord of life and glory !
I wait, I wait for Thee.

So I'm waiting in the midnight,
But my heart is in the light ;
Until faith's deep wondrous secret
Be unfolded unto sight.
Then what more ? With Thee for ever
In the Father's house to be !
My Lord ! My God ! My Saviour !
I wait, I wait for Thee.

“FAR BETTER.”

○H ! shall I be with Thee,
Lord Jesus, where Thou art,
Where naught can ever more intrude
With Thee to claim a part ?

Shut out from all beside,
Shut in, alone with Thee ;
In the full meaning of that word,
“In paradise with Me.”

“With Me ! ” No more is told,
What more, Lord, couldst Thou tell ?
Thou knewest that would satisfy
The heart that knows Thee well.

Say not such hope can lull
My longing for that day,
When Thou shalt with a shout descend,
To call Thy bride away.

The climax of Thy joy,
Thine own all gathered home ;
The day of Thy rejection o'er ;
Mine inmost heart says “Come.”

But on the way to this,
May not my spirit yearn
For taste of paradise with Thee,
Before Thou dost return ?

To wait *with* Thee above,
While that blest day draws near,
As truly, though in feebleness,
I've waited *for* Thee here.

I do not ask to go,
Until the race is run ;
Thy purpose for me all fulfilled,
Thy work in me all done.

I am not weary here,
Thy footsteps I can see,
And prize each precious moment given
For learning more of Thee.

The circle of Thine own
My heart must hold most dear,
The dwelling of the HOLY ONE,
Who represents Thee here.

But oh ! when this is past,
"Far better" lies beyond
With Thee, who madst that circle loved
Who art Thyself its bond.

To find Thyself far more
Than all *of* Thee below ;
And more than coming glories e'en
Which I, in heaven, shall know.

To pass through Nature's strait,
Where flesh nor heart can stand,
With none but Thee ; and yield, in trust,
My spirit to Thine hand.

To follow in Thy path
On to its close, and rise
Through the same portal Thou didst pass
From earth to Paradise.

The same, but oh how great
A contrast it will be !
Death's deepest darkness Thou didst face
To make it light for me.

The bars all burst, Thou hast
Now but to ope the door ;
To lift the latch, and take me in
To Thee for evermore.

Thy presence ne'er to leave,
But to go out with Thee,
When Thou Thy glory wilt display
For every eye to see.

"Far Better."

How bright soe'er the day
Of glory, to the heart,
No glories e'en can fully shew,
Lord Jesus ! what Thou art.

WHERE GRACE HAS PUT ME.

ONCE in darkness, guilt and distance,
Now accepted and brought nigh,
In the grace of the Beloved—
To the Father's house on high ;
For the Father's heart and pleasure—
Nothing less could satisfy.

Once in death and under judgment,
Now in righteousness divine ;
Graced in Him—the Great Accepted—
Where His God's full glories shine.
He, the measure of our nearness,
Oh ! how wondrous God's design !

He, the Head of new creation,
We in Him, the new-born race ;
“*All of one*” in life and nature,
Meet for Him, and for His place—
To the joy of God the Father,
Through the riches of His grace.

Once, the Son, alone begotten,
He alone would not abide ;
First-born now ! To glory bringing
Many sons ; and by His side—
Meet for Him, in closest union,
God the Father sees the Bride.

All the love that rests complacent,
On His well-belovèd Son—
Who fulfilled His will and counsel,
And through death His treasure won—
Rests on *her*, in all its fulness,
For with Him she's ever one.

All is gone that had impeded
That great love in mighty flow ;
All of man, swept off for ever,
Death has silenced every foe.
Love divine, in its full volume,
Neither let nor check can know.

* * * * *

All praise to our God most holy !
Who counselled ere time began,
Spared not the Son of Thy bosom,
To work out Thy wondrous plan,
To have in Thy presence for ever,
Pure, perfect, the *One New Man*.

Where Grace Has Put Me.

All praise to Thee, glorious Saviour !
Who bore the cross and the shame,
Who suffered our awful distance—
For us, Thy nearness to gain.
At home with the Father for ever,
We'll praise and adore Thy name !

IN HIS HAND.

(JOHN X.)

IN His hand, in rest eternal,
Evermore, for every hour ;
Out of earth and all its tumult,
In that hand of love and power.

Brought from man and his surroundings,
To the Father and the Son,
Shepherd care, and Father's keeping,
Hand of each, yet known as *One*.

One the love that found its pleasure
Thus to claim me for its own ;
Me ! the wretched and the worthless,
Brought to know them, and be known.

Fitted for that holy knowledge,
Fitted for the nearest place ;
Gift to Jesus from the Father,
Object of their wondrous grace.

Grace that led the spotless Shepherd
To lay down His precious life ;
Doing thus the Father's pleasure,
Slew the wolf in deadly strife :

That the sheep the Father gave Him,
Might be spotless and brought nigh ;
Known by name, "one flock, one Shepherd,"
Beauteous to the Father's eye.

Father, Shepherd, one in interest
For the sheep, to lose not one ;
Christ to glorify the Father,
He, to glorify the Son.

Known of Him, and knowing Jesus,
Even as the Father knows,*
Blessed knowledge ! wondrous, holy—
Heaven begun while here below.

Oh ! what praise our souls would render,
Ceaseless praise Thy love has won,
Deeper still, our hearts be breathing—
What a Father ! What a Son !

*Verses 14, 15.

EARLY PIECES.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Answer to the question, What is the sentence containing four words which is the most sorrowful in the English language: and what is that containing three words which is the most joyful?

OH ! what are they, those words of grief
Inscribed in flame on every leaf
Of human story, dark and brief?
“What might have been !”

What visions round the fancy play,
Of what might glow in sunlit ray,
Now shrouded from the light of day—
But “might have been !”

Of dear delight what ranges wide
The soul might know, though now denied,
Had one small “if” but turned the tide,
It “might have been !”

What Might Have Been.

Some sunny hope whose rosy light
Sent forth its colours fair and bright,
Now tells in sable hues of night,
 “*What might have been.*”

But more, oh more, these words comprise,
Than hopes and visions, in them lies
Regret, remorse, which never dies,—
 “*What might have been.*”

Perchance we sought and grasped too soon,
In eager madness, some fair boon,
And found a midnight for the noon—
 That “*might have been.*”

Perchance some treasure in stern fate
O’ertook us, but too late, too late,
Except to sigh at the heart’s gate—
 “*It might have been.*”

Perchance some strait which crossed our way
We failed to leap, or wiled away
Some golden hour which seems to say,
 “*You might have been.*”

We might have been strong, joyous, wise,
But earth’s dark “*ifs*” o’ercast our skies,
And mist and mirage veiled our eyes
 From “*what might be.*”

What Might Have Been.

To every human sigh or groan,
That marks man's lot as sad or lone,
There rings in clear bewitching tone,
 "What might have been."

* * * * *

Hush ! these are words unfit for thee,
An heir of glory ! Can it be
That thou in mere humanity
 Canst chide "what is" ?

"What might have been" is none of thine,
It sounds no chord, no note divine,
It tells of earth, of man, of time,
 That—"might have been."

Oh, know'st thou not whose hand hath traced
Thy path, thy portion, through the waste ?
There's naught of loss, of chance, of haste
 In His "What is."

'Tis He who once was very Man,
And knows man's need ; who will, and can,
Make part of His eternal plan—
 Thy "might have beens."

"Amen, Amen," the soul replies—
Blest hand ! that curbs, controls, denies ;
Each loss with Thee becomes a prize,
 Each "might have been" a loss.

What Might Have Been.

"What is" becomes so doubly sweet,
With Thee to guard and guide the feet,
To those whom Thou hast made full meet
For "*what shall be.*"

Hark ! Say again that joyful three,—
Repeat once more that "What shall be."
It came from heaven, as light for me,
To read "what is."

What *shall* be, eye hath never seen,
Nor ear hath heard ; what might have been
Is lost in that which comes between
In "what shall be."

Oh, worth such crushing, this relief,
Worth ten-fold more "what is" of grief,
To have such undisturbed belief
In "what shall be."

'Tis well to have a heart that feels
Not lightly, but its depths reveals
Unveiled to Thee, for then it seals
Its trust in Thee.

How full its trust ! how calm and still
The once all-grasping, towering will,
When Thou the emptied heart doth fill
With "what shall be."

What Might Have Been.

Oh, fill it more ! and bring a close
To this,—the distance that earth throws—
'Twixt it, and the complete repose
Of “what shall be.”

For when the eye of faith doth ope
On that fair future, in full scope
The earth must lose itself in hope
Of “what shall be.”

Earth's “might have beens” will but enhance
Heaven's verities ; each woe and chance
Remembered, be a prism to glance
At God's “what is.”

MY MOTHER.

'MID desert wastes, sweet spot of green
Oasis, in this dreary scene,
Such art thou, ever hast thou been—
My Mother !

Where trust can rest, and take her fill
Of tranquil joy, apart from ill ;
Where love can revel at her will ;
My Mother !

No idol's fevered cup of wine
As other loves, this love of thine ;
But fresh, pure springs to gladden mine,
My Mother !

Nor let nor check my heart can know,
In drinking of the streams that flow
From thine, whose love doth ever glow,
My Mother !

But, ~~oh~~ will this dear love remain
Unchilled in realms above, nor wane ?
Or must I lose it in that gain—
My Mother ?

My Mother.

Where Nature has no place nor claim,
I dare not count on love the same,
Or on the music of that name—
“My Mother.”

But is it loss that what is here
But finite, though so fondly dear,
Should burst its bonds in yonder sphere,
My Mother ?

Loss ? can the jewel e'er regret
Her rock-bound prison home when set
With gold and brilliants richly met—
My Mother ?

Such our love's jewel, rich and bright,
In Heaven's fair setting,—in His light,
Who fashioned it for His own sight,
My Mother !

The tie He wove in Nature's loom,
Unites us in the training room,
Where links are forged which mock the tomb
My Mother !

Yea, links of gold without alloy,
Which time or death can ne'er destroy,
From Him our Life, our common Joy,
My Mother !

My Mother.

From Life's blest fount Thou gav'st me sips
Of nectar, ere I knew its depths
Of sweetness, save as on thy lips,
My Mother !

And when my new-born soul oped wide,
For Life's pure waters, then descried,
Thy droppings swelled the living tide,
My Mother !

And since the filial love of old,
To filial friendship waxed full bold ;
We've drunk together joys untold,
My Mother !

Joys of His grace,—the First—the Best ;
Beyond compare the Loveliest,
Lord of our hearts, Home of our rest
My Mother !

In sacred converse as we pored,
With blending spirits o'er His word,
How deeply have our hearts been stirred,
My Mother !

If first the blessèd task was thine
To drop His nectar, now 'tis mine,
To reach thee oft His strengthening wine,
My Mother !

My Mother.

To cheer thee in the cloudy day,
To solace thy declining way,
By trust in His unrivalled sway,
My Mother !

To me, from whom so much is riven,
To me this sacred joy is given,
To gild thy latest steps to heaven,
My Mother !

Sweet, holy memories ! music far
Beyond conception ; not one jar
Of discord, shall our harp notes mar,
My Mother !

What music in that holy sphere,
Like that which had its key-note here !
Which, 'mid earth's din, beat soft and clear,
My Mother !

And such is ours, such will it be,
Eternal music ! for 'tis He
Whose master-hand has set the key,
My Mother !

And now !—the voyage nearly o'er,
The tide is ebbing on the shore,
Thine arm is resting on thine oar,
My Mother !

My Mother.

Stay, stay, dear spent one, wait for me !
Our Life is One ; I would not be
In nature's quenching, reft from thee—
My Mother !

I would not leave thee here to brave
Alone the tempest and the wave ;
With none thy wearied brow to lave,
My Mother !

But ere thy soul had soared from sight,
I'd follow thee with rapid flight,
And join thee in yon realms of light,
My Mother !

THE RESCUED.

SEE ! on the ocean's breast,
Yon bark by tempests tossed ;
Her sails are torn, and bowed her crest ;
Her helm and compass lost.

She strikes on every shoal,
And wrecks her prospects fair ;
And yet through all she nears the goal,—
An unseen power is there.

And now with sails all rent,
The harbour's gained in peace ;
The last dread wave, its fury spent,
Bore her where storms must cease.

And thus it was with thee,
Dear wanderer from the fold ;
How long on life's tempestuous sea
Thy shattered vessel rolled !

In early life it seemed,
Thou hadst a taste of heaven ;
God's pardoning love around thee beamed,
And told of sin forgiven.

The Rescued.

And then a gust arose,
And drove thee back to sea ;
To prove 'mid years of wrongs and woes,
How sovereign grace can be.

Life's ocean deep and wide,
A whirlpool was to thee,
Yet ne'er could swallow thee the tide :
God said, "It shall not be."

And oft His voice within,
Broke through the midnight gloom ;
And made thee long to cease from sin,
If only in the tomb.

Amid temptation's fire,
God promise to thee gave,
That He'd fulfil thy best desire,
Would hear thy cry and save.

And ere life's fevered dream
Thy wearied heart had left ;
The "Rock of Ages" thou didst deem
Thy "hiding-place and cleft."

When, in the lone dark night,
Thy tortured spirit rose,
And pleaded with the God of might,
Deliverance from its foes,—

The Rescued.

Dear tossed one ! thou wast heard,
For at thy parting breath—
The answer to that prayer preferred,
Was given to thee in death.

Thou couldst not breast the wave,
Or thy heart's issues keep,
And God stretched forth His arm to save,
And snatched thee from the deep.

The billows gave one roar,
The tempest gave one blast ;
Then gently sighed and rippled o'er,
The vale of death was passed.

No laurels decked thy brow,
No spoil by victory won ;
Weary and faint, *borne* through wert thou—
The wrecked, but rescued one.

For there the Conqueror stood,
The Spoiler of the grave,
The One who bought thee with His blood,
Who gave His life to save.

* * * * *

But oh ! those parting hours,
What memories for us ;
What hopes, fears, yearnings, griefs were ours,
To see thee mooring thus !

We hoped thy stormy life
In sunset dyes would cease,
We looked for triumph, and not strife,
For perfect rest and peace.

(It could not, could not be
Now, holy Lord, we own ;
For he was Thine, and 'twas for Thee
To do as Thou hast done.)

But yet 'twas sweet to find,
As earth receded fast,
Each fragment of thy wandering mind
Upon the "Rock" was cast.

Thy lips pronounced the name,*
For which we watched and longed ;
Like music to our hearts it came,
'Twas His, whom thou hadst wronged.

Hark ! to those accents low,
"I to the fountain fly" ;
They tell of sins made "white as snow,"
Though "deep as crimson dye."

While death-mists round thee fall,
Thy soul, with heaven-born sight,
Describes the grand result of all,
In resurrection light.

* * * * *

* Lamb of God.

The Rescued.

Oh ! could our eyes have read
That silence, still as night,
Which hushed thy spirit, ere it fled
From darkness into light.

Did Christ bid doubtings cease,
In whispers to thee—say—
Or what provoked that smile of peace,
Which rested on thy clay ?

What broke the mighty will,
Which man could ne'er have bowed ;
And left, when life's rough storm was still,
That rainbow in the cloud ?

But hush ! what need we more ?
We know that thou art blest ;
Thy spirit freed, her conflicts o'er,
With Christ, the Lord, doth rest.

How sweet to meet in heaven,
And hear thee sing the song,
Of grace triumphant, sin forgiven,
Most loudly of the throng !

There, where no foes assail,
Regrets, reproaches past ;
We'll meet, and hear thy wondrous tale
Of grace from first to last.

The Rescued.

Then shalt thou know the prayer
Of her, whose love's control
Sent up her voice through midnight air,
In pleadings for thy soul.

Whate'er thou gav'st of woe,
A full return 'twill be,
Of joy, to us who loved thee so,
Thy wondrous bliss to see.

The Father's house, thy home ;
And thou, th' accepted son ;
To see thee there, no more to roam,
The loved, the rescued one.

WHAT IS HEAVEN ?

WHAT is heaven ? Oh, my soul,
Hast thou fathomed this great query ?
Words, which like soft music roll,
Through thy depths, when lone and weary,
What is heaven ?

Poets tell of azure skies,
Fountains limpid, spicy breezes ;
Lands where beauty never dies,
Or the gushing life-blood freezes ;
Fields Elysian, sown with light,
Life's elixir ever flowing ;
Bowers with amaranth bedight,
And celestial flow'rets blowing.
Hush ! 'tis not heaven.

All who have a heart within,
Throbbing, loving, aching, bounding ;
Smile to think, that such could win,
Or could reach its depths by sounding.
Heaven to them, is where the heart
Feels its barren wastes renewing ;
Broken chords long lost to art ;
Love's sweet tones once more imbuing,
But,—Is this heaven ?

What is Heaven ?

Some who calmly look on high,
As the rest for them preparing ;
Revel in the long-hushed sigh,
The repose that all are sharing.
Rest their heaven for the soul,
Grief's sirocco never blowing,
Waves of trouble ne'er to roll ;
Peace in plenteous rivers flowing,
Say, Is this heaven ?

Some there are who deeper dive
In earth's woes and heaven's gladness ;
Feel their soul's joy ne'er could thrive,
Were it freed from naught but sadness.
'Tis that sin is swept away,
Nature's soil, and earth's pollution ;
Human heart no more a prey
To its waste and destitution.
Oh ! Is this heaven ?

Nay ! methinks that something more,
Needs must meet *my* spirit's yearning ;
Some rich tide of bliss sweep o'er,
Deep and wide, to quench its burning.
Something ? nay, some *One* well known,
To His home must needs receive me ;
This *my* heaven, this alone
From earth's chains can e'er relieve me.
Lord Jesus ! Thou art heaven !

What is Heaven ?

Yes, 'tis Thou ! Thy full, deep love,
Every inward channel filling ;
Yes, 'tis Thou ! now known above,
Where the heart can feel no chilling.
Thou, Lord Jesus, changest not,
Heaven is wheresoe'er Thou'rt dwelling,
If with Thee be cast my lot,
There is bliss, all bliss excelling,
For Thou art heaven !

True, there is a royal throne,
Robes of white, and palms of glory,
True, the tear, the sigh, the moan,
Never more shall tell their story.
True, the sin was washed away,
When Thy precious blood was flowing ;
But how lone those courts of day,
Did I not rejoice in knowing
That Thou art there !

Bridal chambers, trains are meet,
For the spoused one to attend her ;
But the bridegroom there must greet,
Or is naught all pomp and splendour.
Thou Thy bride shalt more than greet,
Thou wilt bear her to Thy dwelling ;
While in worship full and sweet
Every heart and voice be swelling.
This, this is heaven !

What is Heaven ?

If till then this earth I tread,
I shall share that day of glory ;
Should I slumber with the dead,
Still I know this heaven's before me.
Saviour ! let the joy I'm given,
In Thy presence, wing my hasting,
For I long for heaven in heaven,
When on earth my heaven I'm tasting.
Yes ! Thou art heaven !

REST.

IS it in the babe that slumbers,
Calmly in its downy nest,
That the heart which care encumbers,
Gazes longingly at Rest ?

Is it in the bark that's resting
In the haven ; anchor cast,
Folded sail ; no longer breasting
Wave and tempest ; danger past ?

Is it when the warfare's ended,
Sheathed the sword, and closed the strife,
That with groan and triumph blended,
We can grasp this boon of life ?

* * * * *

No, there's Rest when storms are raging,
And the waves in mountains rise ;
There is Rest when war is waging,
And its thunders rend the skies.

Rest.

There is Rest when hearts are bending,
 'Neath a weight of earthly woe ;
E'en when death their chords are rending,
 And their joys in dust laid low.

Whence then comes this blest Salome,
 That can ride upon the storm ;
Like the oil on billows foamy,
 Its calm wonders can perform ?

'Tis the Spirit sent of Jesus,
 Fills the soul with holy peace ;
Which the inward storm appeases,
 Though the tempests round increase.

Oh ! how precious the reposing,
 In God's promise ever blest !
Oh ! how certain the disclosing
 Of the fruit matured in Rest !

Sweet and full is the confiding,
 Of the heart to Him that's bound ;
Deep and still is its abiding,
 In the treasure it has found.

'Tis the Rest we'll know in heaven,
 That we're tasting here below ;
'Tis the joy e'en now we're given,
 Which our hearts above shall know.

THE FADING AND THE FADELESS.

WHY do we weep to see them go,
What we have loved and prized below,
Or mourn for what is past ?
My soul ! this lesson thou must learn,
'Twixt old and new things to discern ;
Nor let thy heart for life-streams turn,
When death's dark shades are cast.

Is it some gently stealing breeze,
The wiles of Nature, when at ease,
That bears a poisonous breath ;
That slowly draws the heart away,
From Christ, its Rock, and only stay ;
Nor ever dreams, till far away,
How all is stamped with death ?

Is it ambition's fierce desire,
That wraps the very soul in fire,
To mount the topmost height ?
The vision fair eludes our grasp,
The idol withers in our clasp,
Then, Hope, false siren ! drops her mask,
And leaves us naught but blight.

Is it some loved and kindred heart,
From which we cannot bear to part,
Round which we fondly cling ?
We little know the danger here,
Till that which to our souls too dear
Has weaned us from our proper sphere,
Has clipped our soaring wing.

Many a bark that proudly sails,
And weathers tempests, storms and gales,
Is wrecked upon a shoal ;
A hand divine thy helm must guide,
'Mid rocks and quicksands at each side ;
-Cast not thine anchor in the tide,
But hasten to the goal.

The time is short ; oh, linger not,
To find some green and pleasant spot,
To rest in by the way :
For Egypt's viands are not thine,
While round thy tent the bread divine,
And water, from the rock—heaven's wine,
Flows round thee day by day.

Press on ! nor pause to look behind,
For that which thou hast lost to find,
Be it of earth or heaven.
Press on ! and count on God for more,
For better than thou hadst before,
Bold enter at the open door,
And treble shall be given.

Gird up thy loins for firmer tread,
To leave these dwellings of the dead ;
Thy home is here no more.
Fling back whate'er would prove a "weight,"
Full set for Jordan, onward, straight,
Press on, pass over, 'tis the gate
To Canaan's longed-for shore.

MORNING.

WAKE thee ! for the morning skies,
 Bid the dewy incense rise ;
Every bird its carol sings ;
Nature all her offerings brings ;
Sounds of praise around thee float,
Wake ! and add thy joyous note.

Wake thee ! for the flowers unfold,
Morning draughts of life to hold ;
Ope thy petals, like the rose,
Let thy heart to heaven uncloze ;
Praises sounding full and sweet ;
This shall be an offering meet.

Wake thee ! for thy food is near,
Shining as the dew-drop clear ;
If thou dost not freely take,
Other viands desire shall wake ;
And the soul's fresh fervour wane,
When new vigour it should gain.

Morning.

Wake thee ! day comes on apace,
Ere it come thy loins upbrace ;
Seal the issues of thy heart
Ere the foe prepare his dart ;
Haste ! the fox will spoil the vine ;
Rise ! the precious hour is thine.

Wake thee ! as a foretaste sweet,
Of that morn with joy complete ;
When thine eyelids opening wide,
In His likeness satisfied ;
Such a blaze shall greet thy sight,
As shall flood thy soul with light.

EVENING.

REST thee ! now let evening shed
Her soft presence o'er thy head ;
Nature all her work has done,
And her closing anthem sung ;
Every bird is in its nest,
Sounding the calm note of rest.

Rest ! thy day of toil is past,
Conflict shall not always last ;
One of war the day has been,
Now the shades may close the scene ;
Yet ungird not, lest the foe
Should not yet the strife forgo.

Rest thee ! thou art nearer home,
Than when morn first bade thee roam ;
Still in pilgrim garb bedight,
Still must burn thy torch of light ;
For though rest refresh the soul,
Nature's rest must have control.

Rest thee ! all His care review ;
Muse upon the love that threw
Its fair banner o'er thy head,
While thy daily journey sped ;
One more day's march now is o'er,
Let thy soul that love adore.

Rest thee ! let thy heart repose,
He would fain Himself disclose ;
In the strife His strength was proved,
Be thine inmost soul now moved,
While His beauty, fair and bright,
Fills thee with supreme delight.

Rest thee ! as a foretaste blest
Of that time of endless rest ;
When the armour laid aside,
When the glory naught shall hide,
Run the race, and fought the fight ;
Thou shalt dwell with Him in light.

THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

THERE'S a Star whose gentle beaming
Gilds the silent watch of night ;
There's a Pearl whose lonely gleaming
Sheds into the heart its light :
There's a Fount whose waters gushing
Through the soul's deep channels glide,
And in living streamlets rushing,
Swell into an ocean tide.

There's an Eye that's ever bending
O'er the objects of its care ;
Care more constant than if tending
Hosts of guardian angels there :
There's a Heart that's ever beating,
With a pulse of love intense ;
Love which knows no change or fleeting,
Fixed and full, profound, immense.

Need we name this priceless Treasure,
Need we sound the Name known well ?
No ! it thrills in sweetest measure,
Through the heart's most secret cell.

The Name above Every Name.

We have felt that Star's bright beaming,
That fair Pearl our souls have found ;
And those living waters streaming,
Have engulfed our hearts around.

We have known in deep reposing,
That we're loved with such a love ;
Heard the Spirit's voice disclosing
All His heart who dwells above :
Listening to that voice revealing
How He made an end of sin,
Full the rest, and deep the healing,
Which our spirits have drunk in.

Jesus ! name all names excelling,
How can mortal tongue declare,
What the choir of heaven swelling,
Scarce can fully sound forth there ?
Blessèd name ! for us 'twas taken
By the glorious, lowly Babe ;
When God's "fellow" had partaken
Flesh and blood our souls to save.

Saviour ! may we never cherish,
That which nailed Thee to the cross ;
All of earth, oh, let it perish,
Be it counted worse than loss ;

The Name above Every Name.

Let no siren's song seducing,
Lure us from our joys divine,
Idols in the heart producing,
Hearts which would be wholly Thine.

Here in this dark scene we're learning
What we cannot learn above ;
Proving in each strait and turning,
All the virtues of Thy love :
'Mid Thy countless rays of glory,
One there is that's doubly dear ;
Woven in the chequered story,
Of our need and sorrow here.

But away, ye notes of sorrow !
Streaks of morning light appear,
And the dawning of the morrow
Tell us, Saviour, Thou art near :
Then, while our glad hearts adore Thee,
Sounding that once lowly name,
Jesus ! Saviour ! Lord of Glory !
Every tongue shall Thee proclaim.

THE PATH.

THERE'S one blessèd path to tread,
Oh, say, can ye tell me where ?
It is not where earth's fairest flow'rets shed
Their rich fragrance through the air.

'Tis not where the sounds of mirth,
May fall on the gladdened ear ;
Nor in tones of love round the household
hearth,
From voices and lips most dear.

'Tis not where ambition's fire
Can lure the rapt soul along ;
There's a broken string in earth's sweetest
lyre,
A jar in her choicest song.

'Tis not where the minds of men
Fill souls with untold delight ;
I bow to its worth as man's choicest gem,
It yields but an earthly light.

The Path.

'Tis one that no fowl hath known,
Nor the vulture's eye hath seen ;
None can reach that path save with ONE
alone,
For the world is spread between.

A cross is its portal sign,
A throne is its close, and there
He will seat in glory and light divine
All those who His pathway share.

And with the Nazarite soul,
That pathway still He will tread ;
And there for the single-hearted and whole
His choicest feast shall be spread.

'Tis only there He can breathe
The deep secrets of His breast ;
Nor the clang nor jar of the earth beneath
Can disturb that converse blest.

To me that path once appeared
As a light-streak in the sky ;
And the soul bound down by its earth-chains
feared,
'Twas too distant, and too high.

The Path.

When lo ! in that upward gaze,
I saw my Forerunner there ;
The earth-chains were loosed in His glory's
blaze ;
He called me that path to share.

The heart after many a throe,
Finds Him for its home and rest ;
Rebounds from the waste like a bended bow,
Flies as a bird to her nest.

Oh, then how the ways and turns
Of the fitful fevered will,
All seem but a myth, when faith's eye
discerns
That blessed path, pure and still.

Lord ! let me but tread with Thee
That path from the world apart ;
How I long shut in with Thyself to be,
Where Thou canst disclose Thy heart.

MY BELOVED IS MINE AND I AM HIS.

BLESSED Jesus ! Thou art mine !
Mine Thou shalt for ever be ;
Holy Saviour ! I am Thine,
Naught can sever me from Thee.

Sweet the thought that Thou art near,
Watching o'er me from above ;
And in accents soft and clear,
Whisperest words of gentlest love.

Blest, Thy Spirit's touch well known,
To the heart's oft silent strings ;
Wakening them to Thee alone,
While my spirit of Thee sings.

Bright the visions He doth bring,
Of Thyself before my sight ;
Fit eclipse of every thing,
Every earthly joy or light.

Wondrous Saviour ! Thou art mine,
Soon, full soon, Thy face I'll see ;
Great my joy, but greater Thine,
When I am brought home to Thee.

REMEMBERING HIM TILL HE COME.

SAVIOUR ! of Thy body broken,
We accept Thy chosen sign ;
Feeding on the gracious token,
Precious to our hearts and Thine ;
Thou, Lord Jesus !
Handest us this bread and wine.

Now the Spirit is disclosing,
Of Thyself, who bore our sin ;
In Thy presence we're reposing,
From the world with Thee shut in ;
And we worship,
Through the victory Thou didst win.

While to us such grace is given,
Angels wonder at the sight ;
We are now as fit for heaven,
As the glorious saints in light ;
Gathered round Thee,
We can share our God's delight.

Fully blest in Thy sweet savour,
Thoughts of Thee our hearts enthrall—
More than e'en Thy grace and favour,
Thou, Thyself, art all in all ;
And to praise Thee,
We attend our Father's call.

Oh ! our Father, we adore Thee,
For the Christ whom Thou hast given !
As His ransomed church before Thee,
Every link to earth now riven ;
With what longing,
We await Thy Son from heaven !

LOVE AND LIGHT.

BUT what is love ! and what is light !
That native air of heart and eye,
Where each may find a depth and height,
Beyond its range ; where each may try
Its utmost, and find more than scope
For all its longing—all its hope ?
Lord Jesus ! Thou !

But oh, how weak the inward eye,
To upward gaze, and take Thee in !
Those rays of glory to descry,
Which still it loves and revels in.
And oh, how straitened is the heart !
It cannot hold a thousandth part,
Of that vast ocean, it would fain,
Be but a vessel to contain.

But soon in resurrection power
The eye shall open to those rays ;
Undazzled in that wondrous hour,
Shall on Thy fullest glories gaze :
And soon be healed the breaking heart ;
And called on high to have its part
In heaven's own joy ;—shall there be filled
With Him, who oft its throbbings stilled
In days of weakness. Then as now—
It will repeat—Lord Jesus ! Thou !

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