

# POEMS

BY

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## P R E F A C E

“This little volume of poems has been collected since the departure of our dear brother, Joseph Pellatt, to be with Christ. They are now sent forth hoping that they may prove helpful to the Lord’s people generally, and with the belief that they will be of special interest to those by whom the author was known and beloved.”

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**"THE WORD BECAME FLESH - - - AND WE  
HAVE CONTEMPLATED HIS GLORY."**

(Luke I-2 & John I-14, N. T.)

Thou who wast known while here below,  
By that blest name—"the Word"  
Didst come into this scene of woe,  
Where Thy blest voice was heard  
Speaking of grace and truth divine—  
In accents full of 'love,'  
Love that in glory bright did shine  
Transcendent from above.

And we that glory bright have seen;  
The witnesses can say—  
Glory as of an Only One  
With Father; dawning day  
Whose lustrous glory far excels  
Eden and Sinai too:  
Nor mind can think, nor tongue can tell,  
Its holy bliss so true.

Love, pure, reciprocal, divine,  
That e'er has had its home  
Beyond the sphere where angels shine  
Before th' eternal throne—  
Deep in the Father's bosom there,  
Where dwelt the only Son  
Before creation's fabric fair  
Or creature form was known.

He, the meet object of that love,  
Because a Man below,  
Brought with Him from that home above—  
That sons foreknown might know—  
The secret of the Father's heart,  
The depths of love divine:  
With Him the Firstborn Son have part,  
Where sons in glory shine.

Deep in the dust of death He lay,  
No more to be alone:  
"My brethren," we now hear Him say,  
Himself and they "of one."  
E'en now we hear His blessed voice  
Within th' assembly, raise,  
In tones that make our hearts rejoice,  
The song of heavenly praise.

## INCARNATION.

An Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and in a manger laid!

What glories all divine surround that sacred, holy spot,

Glories that caused the morning stars to sing when all was made

By Him, who now in matchless grace adorns that lowly cot.

But deeper, brighter glories gleam outside that city inn,

Glories that antedate the world's foundations earliest course,

That angels never knew, altho' preserved all pure from sin,

And Eden's sinless bowers touched not their holy, heavenly source.

That mutual glory, known between the Father and the Son,

Where holy love in all its secret intercourse holds sway;

The Father's bosom its own sphere, where ever dwelleth One

Who fully answers to that love throughout eternal day.

Wrapped up within that Babe there lies a universe of  
bliss;

Oh wisdom all divine, that takes such lowly means  
and ways

To bring to pass its counsels deep and holy purposes,  
That love may find a full response in worship and  
in praise!

And by the Spirit's power the Father's love e'en now  
we know

Within us, with the Son its object ever to abide;  
Thus in th' affections of the saints is found in cease-  
less flow

The ocean of the Father's love, that never ebbing  
tide.

# "SONSHIP."

(No. I.)

'Twas seen in Thee—Thou blessed Son of God!  
When as a Man below this scene Thou trod—  
E'en when the power of darkness did draw nigh—  
Thy blessed lips did "Abba Father" cry.

Thou e'er didst live in light of love divine—  
The Father's face did ever on Thee shine.  
Thou wast the Object of His heart's delight  
On earth: for heaven a new and wondrous sight!

The Son, a Man in peace and joy of love—  
His springs of being, and of life, above;  
Dependent and obedient: He was free—  
In sonship's yoke of perfect liberty.

But while in flesh He must abide alone—  
The heavenly Man, the holy, sinless One.  
All that we were He must in death remove,  
That we, derived from Him, might share that love.

Now risen, in joy He doth make haste to own  
That He and we, His "brethren," are all one!  
The firstborn One's pre-eminence is His,  
And we—His "brethren"—share His joy and bliss.

We, sons of God! In Christ the light has shone,  
And set us free, our bondage all is gone:  
The Spirit of God's Son within our heart  
Doth Abba Father cry—our present part.

Soon we shall see Him and His likeness bear,  
Surrounding Him, the First-born, in the air;  
Our calling and His joy will be complete,  
While we adore, and worship at His feet.

# “SONSHIP.”

(No. II.)

“Sonship!”—the crowning gift of God’s rich grace,  
The full fruition of redemption’s blood—  
To live in love before the Father’s face,  
Associated with the Son of God.

“Calling on high,” but known e’en now down here,  
The Spirit of God’s Son within our heart,  
Freeing from bondage and from every fear,  
In holy joy with Christ to have our part.

To know with Jesus all the Father’s love,  
That love that lighted up His heart below,  
That gave Him peace and joy from heaven above,  
Whilst tasting sorrow, grief and deepest woe.

# LOVE'S DWELLING PLACE.

(Eph. I:1-14.)

In the full rays of love divine  
Our souls would rest and ever stay,  
Where God's blest heart doth ever shine,  
In one eternal blissful day.

Untouched by care and unannoyed  
By all the petty strifes of men;  
Believing we are overjoyed,  
And heed not, Why—nor, Where—nor, When.

Upon Thy bosom, holy Lord,  
Our souls recline in perfect rest;  
The Father and Thyself adored—  
With love's full portion, ever blest.

Oct. 26, 1912.

## “BRINGING MANY SONS UNTO GLORY.”

The Father and the Son, from all eternity  
Dwelling in holy love, reciprocal, divine,  
The Spirit too, the power of that blest unity,  
In calm unsullied light, before the birth of time.

Upspringing from the Father's bosom rose the  
thought,  
In deep communion with that blessed holy One,  
Of sons foreknown, and all to be to glory brought—  
To be the sharers in the image of His Son.

Thence is the source and spring of blessing all divine,  
Of grace unbounded, far beyond all human thought;  
Of love whose vast expanse no limits can confine,  
Known only by the “sons” who are divinely taught.

Brought into human bounds by incarnation's grace,  
“The Holy One of God” must still abide alone;  
His death for new creation forms the suited place,  
The fruitful womb of those, Himself and they “of  
one.”

They share His nature, His relationships, His place,  
"My brethren!" He salutes them, as He goes on  
high.

From thence He comes within their midst, in heavenly  
grace,

To lead their holy praise, who Abba Father cry.

Lord, grant us grace, until Thy blessed face we see,  
To hold that fast which Thou to us hast freely  
given:

Our heavenly origin, our heavenly place with Thee,  
Son of the Father's love, Thou "Second Man" of  
heaven.

Chicago, Dec. 17, 1909.

## THE GLORIES OF CHRIST.

Who can tell the glories of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
Within the Father's bosom, the everlasting Word!  
Effulgence of God's glory, expressing here below  
All that God is in holy love, that ruined men might  
know—

And in the knowledge of that blessed God find joy.  
Abiding, heavenly and divine, without alloy:  
And from full hearts pour forth in songs of living  
praise,  
A stream of holy worship for eternal days.

As Man Thou wast the answer to God's every thought,  
For all thy life, within, without, Thou ever brought  
To God Thy Father's heart unbounded full delight,  
Dependent and obedient to His every right.  
Then on the cross to suffer at the hand of God,  
And for man's sin and guilt to shed Thy precious  
blood,  
And drink the cup of death and judgment, to remove  
All sin, that man set free might joy in all God's love.

Now risen, ascended up and crowned with glory  
bright,  
Thou art of heaven the living centre and the light;  
There angels bow before Thy glorious face and own  
Thy righteous claim and worthiness to wear the crown.  
To us the Spirit Thou hast sent and freely given,  
Attaching us to Thee, Thou living Head in heaven,  
Whilst we in patience for Thy second coming wait—  
To share Thy glory and behold Thy royal state.

April 5, 1910.

## LORD'S DAY.

Day of triumph! Day of life!  
Foes all vanquished, past all strife!  
Now the Victor comes within,  
Speaking peace apart from sin.

All our sorrows, all our tears,  
Past forever; no more fears;  
Joyful now Thy face we see  
Son of God! Thy brethren we.

Now the Father's love is known,  
Thou and we are "all of one";  
Sharers of Thy joy we raise,  
Led by Thee, the song of praise.

Here we touch eternity—  
Here we reach finality—  
While the Father and the Son  
By the Spirit's power are known.

June 30, 1909.

# A SONG FOR THE "FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK."

Thy love, blest Lord, in death made known,  
Has touched our hearts anew;  
Responsive love delights to own,  
All praise to Thee is due.

The loaf declares us to be one,  
The flesh no more is seen;  
The Spirit's unity we own,  
Where diverse we had been.

"The cup of blessing which we bless,"  
Speaks loud of love divine;  
Love flowing out in righteousness,  
Where God's bright glories shine.

Thy death announced, we wait that day  
When Thou wilt surely come;  
The sceptre of God's kingdom sway,  
And we with Thee at home.

While thus we call Thee, Lord, to mind,  
Thou dost in Spirit come,  
With us Thy brethren here to find  
Thy love's attractive home.

The Father's Name Thou hast declared,  
His love is there well known;  
While with Thee all that love is shared,  
Thyself, Thy brethren, one.

There Thy blest voice delights to raise,  
In tones of deepest joy,  
The hymn of holy, heavenly praise,  
In bliss without alloy.

**"I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU ORPHANS."**

**(John XIV-18.)**

Lord Jesus! risen Son of God,  
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,  
    And made us thus Thine own.  
We wait to hear Thy blessed voice,  
To see—while our glad hearts rejoice—  
    Thee wear the Victor's crown!

Thy love, surpassing all we know,  
Within our hearts has caused to flow  
    Responsive love to Thee.  
Thy grace has kept us day by day,  
Has cheered us in our pilgrim way,  
    In hope with Thee to be.

Yea! we have known Thy presence, Lord,  
As gathered round Thy festal board,  
    We've answered to Thy love.  
Not "orphans" we—for Thou hast come—  
And found in our poor hearts a home,  
    In joy all joy above.

We've heard Thy voice in notes of praise,  
We've sung with Thee, where time's brief days  
    And nights are known no more.  
Thy Father's love our hearts within,  
Beyond the reach of death and sin,  
    Thee only to adore.

Our hearts with expectation great,  
With eager longings, patient wait  
    The trump that speaks Thee near.  
The sleeping ones will first arise,  
With them we'll mount the opening skies,  
    And meet Thee in the air.

Thy joy, blest Lord! will be complete,  
As all Thine own around Thee meet,  
    The First-born's glory Thine.  
Thy Father's house, the place prepared,  
With all Thy brethren will be shared  
    Where love its rest will find.

**“THE WORLD SEETH ME NO MORE, BUT  
YE SEE ME.”**

**(John XIV-19.)**

Into Thy presence, Lord, we come,  
And sit in stillness at Thy feet  
To hear Thy word, so pure, so sweet,  
And find in Thee our spirits' home.

By faith e'en now to see Thy face,  
And hear Thy words of light and love,  
Thy witness of the “things above,”  
The substance Thou, of truth and grace.

Thus to retire from all around,  
And in thy holy presence be,  
Thy beauty, Lord, alone to see,  
Thy blessed voice, the only sound.

For to our feeble path down here,  
In love Thou dost delight to come;  
Responsive love gives Thee a home,  
Despised without, but welcomed there!

Ah! this is triumph all complete:

God has secured for Thee a home

In hearts where Thou in joy canst come,

Ere all around Thyself shall meet.

In our affections Thou dost find

A home Thy blessed heart desires,

Where holy joy each breast inspires,

And all accords with God's blest mind.

**A HOME FOR US WITH HIM, AND A PRESENT HOME FOR HIM WITH US.**

Sprung out of death—His death—a heavenly race,  
(Jno. xii. 24)  
To dwell with Him before the Father's face;  
(Jno. xiv. 3)  
To share with Him in all the Father's love,  
(Jno. xvii. 26)  
And gaze upon His glory there above.  
(Jno. xvii. 24)

Th' ascended Man, Son of the Father's love,  
(Jno. xx. 17)  
His presence has prepared that place above;  
(Jno. xiv. 2)  
His promise is, My face ye all shall see,  
And, Where I am, there also ye shall be.  
(Jno. xiv. 3)

Meanwhile His Spirit has prepared a home,  
Where love for Him can welcome Him to come;  
(Jno. xiv. 23)  
The Father and Himself make their abode  
(Jno. xvii. 26)  
Within our hearts—a present home for God.

There flows in ceaseless tide that holy love,  
That fills with bliss those heavenly courts above;  
There ever sounds that song of heavenly praise,  
Whose music ne'er shall cease through endless days.

Blackman's—January 30, 1911.

“I WILL COME AGAIN, AND RECEIVE YOU  
UNTO MYSELF.”

(John XIV:1-3 & XVII-24.)

O Lord, Thy precious words of love  
Have calmed our troubled heart;  
We now await Thee from above,  
With Thee to have our part.

Within Thy Father's house on high,  
Thou hast a place prepared  
For those who, “Abba Father,” cry,  
His love forever shared.

How wondrous is Thy love for those—  
The Father's gift to Thee!  
Now in Thy love they find repose,  
And soon Thy face shall see.

Thy heart is longing to embrace  
Thine own,—forever Thine;  
Thou wilt receive them to that place  
Where all Thy glories shine.

That glory all Thine own, blest Lord,  
The Father's gift to Thee;  
Expressing in that wondrous word,  
Love from eternity!

We shall behold that glory, Lord,  
In rapture face to face;  
Thyself forevermore adored,  
Within that heavenly place.

## THE FATHER'S HOUSE.

In that bright home of love divine,  
The Father's house on high,  
There the full rays of glory shine  
In Him who stooped to die.  
And we shall share that home above,  
With Him the first-born Son,  
As we now share His Father's love  
Which He for us has won.

He was alone until in death,  
The "grain of wheat," He lay;  
Quickened together by His breath,  
*We* rose to heavenly day.  
Now in Him seated far above  
All range of heavenly power,  
His bride, the object of His love,  
We share His heavenly dower.

But even now in love He comes,  
Within our midst to sing;  
Born of His death, His brethren we,  
Responsive love we bring.  
The very joy of heaven is ours  
As we His presence know;  
The full result of heavenly powers,  
The Spirit's ceaseless flow.

We shall be with Him where He is,  
For such is His desire:  
We shall behold His glory bright,  
The sight shall bliss inspire.  
The Father's everlasting love  
Shall shine before our gaze  
In Him, transcending all above,  
Throughout eternal days.

**“REJOICE WITH ME FOR I HAVE FOUND  
MY SHEEP.”**

**(Luke XV :1-7.)**

Surrounded by sinners the Saviour stood,  
The centre of that strange throng ;  
And He told the love of the blessed God,  
In the gift of His only Son,  
That sinners guilty and lost might come  
And share in the joys of His Father's home.

But the Scribes and Pharisees murmuring said,  
In tones of upbraiding scorn,  
He sinners receives and He eateth bread  
With those who are vile and forlorn.  
And the Spirit their censure has written down,  
The sinner's title, the Saviour's crown.

So He told of the Shepherd and the sheep,  
And of one that was lost and gone,  
Neglected and starved and benumbed with sleep,  
And He longed to bring it home ;  
So He turned away from the “ninety-and-nine”  
Determined His poor lost sheep to find.

And now as He finds the wand'ring one—  
He raises it far above,  
And bears it back to His Father's home  
In the strength of His mighty love.  
And now His heart rejoiceth alway,  
As on He goes in His homeward way.

And then as He enters those courts of light,  
His Father's house so fair—  
He calleth those heavenly hosts so bright,  
In the joy of His love to share.  
"Rejoice with Me, for at infinite cost,  
I have found My sheep which once was lost."

And thus there is joy in heaven above,  
O'er one poor sinner here,  
Who, won by the story of God's own love—  
Sheds the penitential tear.  
'Tis the joy of God! 'tis His own delight,  
Filling those courts of love and light.

## "GOD IS LOVE."

O God, Thy love surpasses all our thought,  
We ne'er can grasp its own immensity;  
Yet to our hearts the light of love has brought  
Joy that will last throughout eternity.

E'en now we know Thee in Thy nature—Love,  
A love that brightly shone in Thine own Son;  
Effulgent in His death, in light above  
The brightness of the sun, our hearts has won.

Brought nigh to Thee in Jesus Christ our Lord,  
The sweet constraining power of love we prove;  
With universal bliss, in one accord,  
In peace surpassing thought, we onward move.

This world eclipsed, with all its empty show,  
Its lusts, its pride, and all its vanity;  
Ravished with love divine, our full hearts bow  
Before our God, to all eternity.

With God's own Son, in sonship's holy bond,  
The Father's love our hearts doth now embrace;  
The heavenly bliss, all earth's poor joys beyond,  
The portion of the first-born, heavenly race.

# THE CHRIST OF GOD.

(Acts V-42.)

Jesus! Thou art the Christ of God,  
In judgment's awful breach Thou'st stood;  
God's rights maintaining on the tree—  
And man's responsibility.

Now ris'n! the Head of every man,  
In Thee God in His justice, can  
The guilty sinner justify:  
And thus His mercy magnify.

In Thee—the Christ, God freely gives,  
To whomsoever now believes,  
The living water from above,  
That man may live in holy love.

Thus "life and peace" has God brought in  
For guilty man—the slave of sin,  
That he might stand in righteous grace,  
And serve Thee till he sees Thy face.

Then with Thee manifested be  
In glory bright, that all may see  
Thy righteous grace in full display,  
Throughout that coming blissful day.

April 21, 1910.

# THE HEART OF GOD REVEALED.

(Luke XV.)

Oh, what a heart is Thine, blest God,  
Revealed in Christ the Son!  
So full of tenderness and grace  
For man, the ruined one.

Creation's rights were all Thine own,  
And man belonged to Thee,  
But Thou didst wear redemption's crown  
To set Thy creature free.

Fresh glories now belong to Thee,  
Won in the fields of sin,  
Where love has wrought in victory  
The heart of man to win.

More joy in heaven now is found  
Than morning stars e'er knew;  
Repentance strikes that sweeter sound—  
Man owning what is true.

The Father's house is filled with joy—  
The lost one now has come—  
Pure merriment, without alloy,  
Proclaims his welcome home.

# THE SUN AND THE "SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

## PART I.

The king went down in the glorious west,  
He had brightened the world with his shining,  
From his chariot of gold he lowered his crest,  
To the queen of the night now resigning.

Then the pale-faced beauty ascending the throne,  
Reigned peacefully over the darkness;  
For she borrowed her ray from the absent one,  
And shone faithfully on as his witness.

Fair Venus in full evening dress was there,  
And the comet afar in its glory,  
Combined to produce, in brilliance so rare,  
A scene far surpassing all story.

## PART II.

The King went down on the shameful tree,  
He had brightened the world with His shining:  
Mid suff'ring and blood the Victor was He,  
To His people the light now resigning.

If Christians His faithful witness would be,  
And shine here for Him in night's confine,  
They must keep close to Him, His glory to see,  
And live in His heavenly sunshine.

[Written after watching a sunset.]

## THE LIVING WATER.

By Jacob's fount a weary Stranger sat,  
"Just as He was," in all His matchless grace;  
A woman of Samaria came, and that  
Stirred His compassions for a ruined race.

He knew the heart of God in all its love—  
And longed to pour its fulness in her heart;  
'Twas this had brought Him from His home above,  
And led Him in His lonely path apart.

The meeting thus divinely brought about,  
The Saviour and the sinner were alone;  
For her, the weary, sad and well-worn route;  
For Him, the Father's feasting-time had come.

With skill of wisdom, infinite, divine—  
He asked her for a drink His thirst to slake;  
Astounded by such grace she can't opine  
Why He of her such strange request should make.

Her heart He opens and He enters in—  
To shed God's light within that dreary waste;  
God's "giving" would deliver her from sin,  
As God's own love her ravished soul should taste.

The water He would give her thirst would end,  
With satisfied desire her soul would fill.  
She asks, desire and timid faith now blend,  
He keeps His faithful word, and *ever will*.

“Go, call thy husband, and then hither come,”  
Pierces her conscience to its deepest depth;  
Guile falters a reply, the truth goes home  
Like an unerring dart in what He saith.

She owns Him Prophet, and thus owns the truth,  
And quick retreats; it is her last resource;  
He follows on with light, and now forsooth  
All swept away, to Christ she has recourse.

Not coming, but already come is He  
Who owns Himself th’ Anointed One of God;  
All satisfied and happy now is she—  
As her glad feet retrace the path she trod.

Beside the fountain stands the unfilled pot,  
A silent witness of that scene of grace;  
While she, retreating from that precious spot,  
Gathers a company to that blessed place,

To see “*The Christ*,” th’ Anointed One of God,  
And share the grace which He so freely gives.  
Thus blessing flowed throughout the path He trod,  
And praises rise from hearts in which He lives.

## “IN CHRIST JESUS.”

“In Christ Jesus,” new creation,  
Loved and graced in God’s own Son;  
Filled our hearts with exultation,  
In His presence we sit down.

By the heavenlies all surrounded,  
With the Heavenly One at home,  
Freed from time and all unbounded,  
God’s eternity has come.

Things unseen and yet eternal,  
Fill the vision of our soul;  
While the heavenly scenes supernal,  
Through th’ eternal ages roll.

This—the Spirit’s realm of glory,  
Faith beholds it even now;  
'Tis a blissful endless story,  
Lord, our hearts in worship bow.

In this light we hasten onward,  
Through this scene of death and sin;  
Eager pressing upward, homeward,  
Till the heavenly prize we win.

Then amidst that new creation,  
We His glory bright shall see;  
Filled with endless adoration,  
In God’s own eternity.

**“I WILL MAKE HIM A HELPMEEET.”**

(Gen. II-18.)

“It is not good that man should be alone”;

Thus spake Jehovah-God in gracious care  
For him who, in His image made, had none  
To fill his heart and all his joy to share.

The stately beasts and graceful birds were brought,  
And from the lips of man received their names;  
But all their forms and beauties furnished nought  
Meet for man’s help, or equal to his claims.

The sovereign goodness of that first “I will,”  
In gracious purpose met man’s deepest need,  
And Adam slept, while all around was still,  
And God unseen wrought out the mighty deed.

The rib was taken from the side of man,  
Thus was the woman formed to fill her place,  
According to the wisdom of God’s plan,  
Man’s fulness, and the image of his grace.

The man no more alone, his heart now filled,  
Flows out in pure affections to his bride;  
She answers to his love and both are thrilled  
With new delight—a full and flowing tide.

“THE MARRIAGE FEAST.”

(John II:I-II.)

A marriage feast takes place in God's own land,  
And God's own Son is bidden as a Guest;  
In grace He joins the glad and festive band,  
Where man is at his greatest and his best.

Now is disclosed the fact so sadly true—  
“They have no wine,” and all the joy must cease;  
But *He* is there who shows what He can do  
To bring in plenty, and from need release.

The water of their cleansing turns to wine,  
In answer to the power of His blest word;  
Thus at the marriage feast is seen to shine  
The glory of the Christ—the Son of God!

“THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB IS COME.”

(Rev. XIX:6-9.)

The marriage of all marriages is come,  
A mighty voice the blessed fact declares ;  
Love's highest joy is reached in love's bright home,  
The Lord our God in kingly power appears.

For ages God has waited for that hour  
When, all His purpose and His will complete,  
He can display His righteousness and power,  
Making Christ's foes the footstool of His feet.

The Man of purpose now in grace is seen,  
But not alone, for standing by His side  
Appears in linen, fine, and bright, and clean,  
His glorious, spotless, holy, blameless bride.

Upon His radiant brow the crowns appear,  
The Lord of lords, and King of kings is He,  
He sways His sceptre in unbounded sphere  
Of space and time and to eternity.

Now let the saints exult and glory give,  
This marriage sounds the note of endless joy ;  
Death must give way and man in peace shall live,  
Apart from sin, in bliss without alloy.

# THE MYSTERY.

(Eph. III.)

To Paul the fitted vessel of God's grace,  
The erstwhile hidden mystery was made known:  
That Jews and Gentiles should before God's face,  
In Christ become co-heirs, in body one.

Thus from the heart and mind of God has spread  
The heavenly light of wisdom all divine;  
That we might know in Christ our living Head  
That which shall yet all other light outshine.

Nor we alone, but to the powers above  
Through the Assembly, might be now made known  
Th' all various wisdom of that searchless love,  
That yet shall bind the universe in one.

Before the Father we would bow our knees  
That, strengthened by His Spirit, Christ may dwell  
Within our hearts; and by the love that sees  
That all-divine domain, *His* praises tell,

Whose love well-known surpasses all our thought,  
Love of the Christ, the climax of all good;  
Into eternal sunshine we are brought,  
Filled unto all the fulness of our God.

## THE ETERNAL REST.

Each closing week in rapid flight—  
Tells of the coming day, the far-spent night,  
The final conflict of the one good fight:  
Then the eternal rest.

Lord, keep us close to Thy blest side,  
Teach us in Thee forever to abide:  
In Thine own might to stem the swelling tide  
And enter into rest.

Our hearts are cheered by Thy blest voice  
Bidding us not to fear, but to rejoice,  
Thy path of sorrow here our happy choice,  
Till we shall rest with Thee.

Enough that we shall see Thy face  
Amid the glories of that heavenly place,  
Then to shine forth the witness of Thy grace,  
When God in love shall rest.

# "I JESUS."

(Rev. XXII.)

By Angel sent, the final message heard,  
The witness all divine has reached its end;  
He now presents Himself, the living Lord—  
"I Jesus" am all ready to descend.

Closing the night, the harbinger of day—  
The Morning Star all bright in glory; He—  
The root and offspring of God's King, shall sway  
The sceptre all divine o'er land and sea.

Up through the darkness of that closing night  
A rapturous response is clearly heard,  
The Spirit and the Bride with great delight  
Say "Come," in answer to the Bridegroom's word.

Man's world now ends in ever deep'ning gloom,  
While heavenly morning breaks in purest light;  
This world is rushing on to meet its doom,  
God's world is ushered in with glory bright.

Hatred and lawlessness their course now end,  
While Christ's own love His heavenly bride has  
won;  
For her with great delight He will descend,  
To catch her up, and claim her for His own.

Once more in all its depth of love, His voice  
Is heard in holy joy, "I quickly come";  
"Amen, Lord Jesus come!" the final choice,  
The shout is heard, and then the welcome home.

And now the burst of praise in heaven is heard,  
As many waters and deep thunder's voice,  
The marriage of the Lamb no more deferred,  
His wife made ready, let all heaven rejoice.

## FEET-WASHING.

(John XIII: 1-17.)

And does He stoop to wash my feet,  
To make His own disciples meet  
    With Him to have a part?  
Yes, from the glory He doth bend,  
And by His Spirit, condescend  
    To cleanse my ways and heart.

The water of the Word He takes,  
Applies it freely, and thus makes  
    My ways from evil free.  
Defilement thus He doth remove;  
All that would hinder His pure love  
    From flowing out to me.

Shall I from Thee, Lord, turn away,  
Thy presence leave, in evil stray,  
    And thus my feet defile?  
Thus lose my part with Thee above,  
And grieve and disappoint Thy love,  
    During this "little while"?

Lord, take my feet and let them be  
In Thine own hands, 'till I shall see  
    Thy face in glory bright:  
Washed thus by Thee, my soul restored,  
No more I'll grieve Thee, gracious Lord,  
    But walk with Thee in white.

# MY TREASURE.

(Matt. VI-21.)

My heart has found its treasure  
In the Man upon the throne;  
And thrills with purest pleasure  
In the thought, He is my own.

Upon His face I'm gazing:  
How rapturous is the sight!  
His beauty how amazing,  
In that pure brilliant light!

There God's own glory shineth  
In His countenance serene;  
While love with grace combineth—  
To gild that fadeless scene.

This world has lost its lustre  
In the brightness of that place;  
Earth's most attractive cluster  
Is pale before His face.

*Himself* my heart has captured:  
His beauty charms me there;  
My being, all enraptured,  
Knows bliss without a care.

Contented thus I'm waiting  
Till faith be lost in sight;  
His presence compensating  
For this world's darksome night.

## PRESENT SALVATION.

“*Lord Jesus Christ*”—we gladly own  
Thee such, and with affection’s crown  
    Would crown and praise Thee even now,  
    Nor wait till every knee shall bow.

Salvation in Thy Name we’ve found,  
Surpassing sweet, of heavenly sound;  
    The power of Satan or of sin  
    No more enslaves, we’re free within.

The power of God in Thee abides.  
Salvation flows in ceaseless tides  
    For all who Thy blest name confess,  
    “*Jesus the Lord our Righteousness.*”

Here in this scene of adverse power,  
We prove Thy grace each day, each hour,  
    Thus saved we serve and praise Thee here,  
    In holy love without a fear.

Saved *now*, in hope we wait that day  
When, free from this our cumbrous clay,  
    We’ll rise with all the saints, to greet  
    Our Saviour-Lord with praises meet.

April 21, 1910.

## LOVE, WORSHIP AND SERVICE.

I love Thee, blessed God, for Thou hast first loved me,  
Thy love Thou hast told on Calvary's shameful tree,  
Where all the hate of man rose to its utmost height  
To be for aye removed by love! Transcendent  
sight!

Within my heart Thy holy love is shed abroad,  
And now I love Thee, Jesus, as my Saviour-God:  
At Thy blest feet I fall and freely, gladly own—  
Thou, Thou alone art worthy to receive the crown!

With Thomas I confess Thee as my Lord! my God!  
With ear attent—would hearken to Thy living word:  
Then hasten forth with joy to do Thy blessed  
will,  
Returning to Thy feet, to worship and be still!

To love and serve Thy people is a constant joy,  
Yielding a pleasure pure and sweet without alloy,  
I'd follow thus Thy path of self-denying love  
Which led through darkest death, to God's right  
hand above.

To love with tender pity and compassion true,  
The helpless, poor and needy and the sin-stained too:  
And loving them, to serve them with unstinted  
might,  
And shed love's brightest rays athwart their ray-  
less night.

(An answer to a so-called "Christian Science" Book)

**“LET HIM KISS ME WITH THE KISSES OF  
HIS MOUTH.”**

**(Songs of Sol. I-2.)**

With His own mouth He kisses me  
And fills my soul with new delight,  
He binds me fast in liberty,  
In bondage to His love and light.

Secure in Him I onward move  
In concert with my only Lord,  
Enchained by His resistless love,  
Responsive to His every word.

Oh slavery divine and free!  
Unfettered by the gibes of sin,  
To know and love and hear and see  
The real, eternal and unseen.

Brighton—January 12, 1912.

# "FLEE" AND "FOLLOW."

(II. Tim. II-19, etc.)

Lord, grant us grace Thy voice to hear,  
Thou speakest to us plain and clear  
As having named Thy name:  
We freely own Thy claims, blest Lord,  
And would, responsive to Thy word,  
Be "holy, without blame."

Apart from all dishonouring Thee,  
From youthful lusts we swiftly flee,  
Thy honour to maintain:  
With Thy pure-hearted ones we'd walk,  
Who love of Thee to think and talk,  
Thyself our only gain.

To follow righteousness in peace,  
While faith and love are in their place,  
A four-fold bond divine;  
No other fellowship we know,  
Let this suffice, while here below,  
Thy glory soon will shine.

We soon shall see Thee face to face,  
Thy likeness bear, O matchless grace!  
Thy suffering ones shall reign.  
While this bright prospect cheers our heart,  
From all of earth we stand apart,  
And loss shall be our gain.

## HEAVENLY LIGHT.

The heavenly light is shining,  
The heavenly One is known,  
Earth's shades are all declining,  
Himself and we "of one."

"My Father and your Father",  
"My God and yours," He owns  
That we are now His brethren,  
And thus all blessing crowns.

As heavenly ones assembling,  
He comes the doors within,  
And leads our praise in singing,  
Where nought is known of sin.

## “SONGS IN THE NIGHT.”

I cannot speak of trouble,  
And yet I cannot sleep;  
My heart with joy doth bubble,  
My peace is calm and deep.

While all is hushed in silence,  
Thy blessed voice I hear—  
Speaking with gracious cadence,  
Bidding my heart to cheer.

Thus in my sleepless moments,  
I learn Thy holy love;  
Ascends the fragrant incense  
Up to the throne above.

O Lord, I would adore Thee  
In night-time as in day:  
My heart would sing Thy glory,  
In sweetest heavenly lay.

Midnight—Nov. 7, 1912.

## THE WAY OF REST.

If we would know amidst our cares and sorrows here,  
A perfect peace, a holy calm, a constant cheer :

We must from selfishness and all around retreat—  
And find our resting place at Jesus' blessed feet.

Attract our hearts, Lord Jesus, by Thy matchless love,  
And bind us to Thyself in that bright scene above ;  
Thus satisfied in restfulness we'll onward go,  
Through all the tossings of this troubled scene  
below.

# THE PORTION OF THE OVERCOMER.

(Rev. III-12.)

“I quickly come,” we’ve heard Thee say,  
And, Lord, we long for that bright day  
When Thy blest face we’ll see;  
In Thine own image ever shine,  
Mid scenes of glory all divine,  
Throughout eternity.

In Thy God’s temple we shall stand,  
As “pillars” planted by Thy hand,  
To bide forever there!  
On us Thy God’s Name Thou wilt write,  
The name, too, of His city bright,  
And Thy new Name we’ll bear.

We’ll share Thy throne and kingdom, Lord,  
According to Thy faithful word,  
And reign a thousand years.  
We’ll share Thy triumphs here below,  
And gladly in Thy service go,  
Free from all pain and tears.

Bo’ness—September 26, 1912.

## “LIKE AS A FATHER.”

In peace the fruit of righteousness is sown ;  
From worried heart no precious thing is grown ;  
    God works in calm. Let His calm fill thy breast,  
So shall thy rest be work, thy work be rest.

See all His promises around thee spread,  
Each as a downy pillow for thy head.  
    Soft is the touch of love's protecting arms,  
    Firm as a rock, that wind nor wave alarms.

But were they cancelled all, this only left—  
“Like as a father”—thou art not bereft ;  
    Smooth, then, that anxious brow, why troubled  
    be?  
“Like as a father” God takes thought for thee !

To know the Father's heart—is rest divine  
Folding her wings around that heart of thine ;  
    To know the Father's heart—from cares release,  
    Acquaint thyself with *Him* and be at peace.

## OUR LOSS—HIS GAIN.

The circle of our love  
Grows less, but as for His,  
It widens out in heaven above,  
And everlasting bliss.

Our loss is thus His gain,  
Our sorrow is His joy,  
Our tears, our loneliness, our pain  
Enlarge His victory.

Lord, we would thus decrease  
In all our treasures here;  
The riches of Thy love t' increase  
In Thy blest presence there.

Jesus, Thou Son of God!  
Tempted while here below,  
In death Thou hast in triumph trod,  
In risen glory now.

Thy sympathy and love  
Thou dost on us bestow;  
Thus Thou dost raise us far above  
Our weakness and our woe.

Soon we shall see Thy face,  
And Thy blest image bear,  
With all Thine own we'll know Thy grace,  
And in Thy glory share.

Contented thus we rest  
In confidence and peace,  
Whate'er our lot in Thee we're blest,  
Nor can our praises cease.

## A SONG FOR "MY BRETHREN."

The Father's bosom was Thy place,  
E'en when a Man below ;  
Thou didst come down, O wondrous grace !  
That we that love might know ;  
The Father's Name Thou hast declared  
That with Thine own all might be shared.

The lustre of Thy love in death  
Shone forth in glory there ;  
Thou dost impart the living breath,  
Thy peace, Thy joy we share.  
Thy blessed voice delights to raise  
The song of triumph and of praise.

And Thou hast brought us to the place  
Where we can sing with Thee,  
Where "all of one," surpassing grace !  
Distance nor fear can be.  
The Father's love for Thee is known,  
Thyself supreme we gladly own.

Not orphans are we left below,  
For Thou dost gladly come,  
And we Thy blessed presence know,  
And find ourselves at home  
Where peace and joy and love abound,  
Within th' assembly's holy ground.

Thy love has triumphed, Lord, down here  
Where Thou didst die for us;  
For Thou hast formed a heavenly sphere  
That sin nor death can touch.  
In vain the gates of hades rage,—  
Th' assembly stands throughout the age.

O scene of privilege and joy,  
Holy and heavenly land!  
Where bliss divine without alloy  
Is shared by all the band.  
Firstborn amongst His brethren, He  
Now sings in praise, our God, to Thee.

Forth from th' assembly, Lord, we'd go  
In peace, to be for Thee,  
Where Thou hast tasted pain and woe,  
Till we Thy face shall see.  
With longing hearts we bid Thee come,  
Then we shall share Thy heavenly home.

Then as the holy city bright  
From God in heaven come down,  
The vessel of all heavenly light,  
Christ's bride shall then be known:  
Fulness of Him, whose light shall shine  
Through her in blessing all divine.

## THE ETERNAL DAY.

In the glory of the kingdom  
I was passing through the air,  
Serving Him whose wide dominion  
Is unbounded everywhere.

All the heavens glow with splendour  
Sweet, not dazzling, to the eye,  
While the earth, in righteous order,  
Rests beneath the throne on high.

Sin and sickness, tears and sorrow,  
With the vale of death are gone.  
Perfect peace, no dread to-morrow,  
Joy abounds from zone to zone.

Armies, navies, all disbanded,  
Clashing swords are heard no more.  
The oppressor's days are ended,  
Equity protects the poor.

All the power of evil broken,  
Tempter's voice no more is heard,  
Righteousness supreme the token  
Of His true and faithful word.

All creation now responding  
To its sovereign Owner's sway,  
Claps its hands and joins in singing  
Praise throughout its Sabbath-day.

Then there met me in that glory,  
One well known when here below,  
Captured by His love's sweet story,  
Washed from sin as white as snow.

By the Spirit bound together,  
With Himself for ever one—  
Bond that life nor death can sever,  
Thus we meet in love's bright home.

No surprise in that last meeting,  
Knowing as ourselves are known,  
Holy, blissful, heavenly greeting  
In our praise and service one.

Then we talked of all His glory,  
And His majesty divine.  
This our endless, blissful story,  
All the praise for ever Thine!

November 25, 1909.

## CONTENTMENT.

To know Thee, blessed God, and be content  
Is gain beyond all gold and treasure here;  
To learn this, time and pains were both well spent,  
With loss of all below, still 'twere not dear.

Just to sit down amidst this restless scene,  
Where disappointment and despair hold sway,  
And on Thy changeless love my heart to lean,  
And peaceful sing to Thee the live-long day.

Then in the night to lay me down to sleep  
Enfolded in Thine arms of watchful power;  
Whilst many in unrest their vigil keep,  
Marking with pain each passing dreary hour.

To wake and eat and work in perfect peace,  
With gratitude to Thee, Thou source of good;  
Using what Thou dost give, and thus to cease  
From lust and pride and strife, that worldly brood.

What present and what future gain is this!  
Apart from all around, by faith to see  
That world of life and joy and endless bliss;  
Teach me to love Thee, and contented be!

**“KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.”**

Kept by God's power for that bright day,  
A trophy of his matchless grace:  
To shine in that supreme display—  
Each in his own appointed place.

Riches exceeding every thought  
Of men or angels, then made known  
By those He has redeemed and brought—  
In light and life and love made one.

Oh, may our hearts His love embrace—  
Secure and satisfied to be;  
Omniscience shall our pathway trace,  
Nor leave us till His face we see.

## NEARING HOME.

Nearer home, yes, one day nearer,  
To our Father's house on high,  
And His love is growing dearer  
As the days glide swiftly by.  
Sorrow's storm will soon be over,  
Tempests never more will come,  
Tents no more will form our cover,  
We shall dwell in peace at home.

"Yet a little while" He's coming!  
We have got His promise sure;  
Patience waits, while love is yearning  
For His presence in the air.  
Sleeping ones will rise immortal,  
Living we shall changed be;  
Then caught up through glory's portal,  
We shall all our Saviour see.

"As He is" in all His glory  
His own image we shall bear,  
From Himself learn love's sweet story,  
And His throne and kingdom share.  
O what bliss! to be thus near Him,  
Satisfied His heart will be;  
Filled with joy beyond all measure,  
When His glorious face we see.

September 21, 1912.

# AN UNFINISHED POEM.

(Acts III:I-II.)

At the "Beautiful gate" the lame man lay,  
Carried there by his friends each passing day,  
A beggar and helpless, that all might see  
Man's need of God's grace that he might  
be free.

The temple's grandeur and glory so great,  
Were marked by the helpless man at its gate;  
The priest and the altar did but disclose  
That the *incense* but not the *man* arose.

But God had come near in the Nazarene,  
Yet He was despised, His beauty unseen,  
Rejected, they hung Him on Calvary's tree;  
God raised Him a Prince and Saviour  
to be.



**A P P E N D I X**

# REDEMPTION.

## Genesis III-24.

The cherubim with holy eyes, and the flaming sword  
of God,  
On the east of Eden's garden stands, barring that  
only road.  
Thus man shut out from the tree of life, with  
certainty of death,  
Soon ends his day and passes away, as the fleet-  
ing vapour's breath.

The righteous government of God holds on in un-  
changing sway,  
The judgment-flood of a holy God bears man in flesh  
away.

But now there's a sight of holy delight—so marvellous  
and great—

The cherubim gaze with holy eyes upon the MERCY-  
SEAT.

The flaming sword is seen no more, for a Holy One  
is there,

Who fills God's heart with full delight, with fragrance  
rich and rare.

The cherubim's outstretched wings declare pro-  
tection all divine,

That guards unceasing the witness found within  
that holy shrine.

Oh! wondrous type of that bright day, when the Holy  
One should come,

And the love and government of God should find their  
eternal home.

That day *has* come! and the Holy One— Son of  
the Father's love,

Has brought down here the light and cheer of  
that heavenly home above.

## Leviticus XVI:14-15.

And now on that golden mercy-seat the sprinkled  
blood is seen,

Speaking of glory maintained in death, where sin's  
dark shame had been.

The priest from the fiery altar came, with incense  
beaten small,

And with burning coals the mercy-seat covers  
with smoky pall.

Thus sheltered from death, in linen dressed, he enters  
in with blood,

And sprinkles complete the mercy-seat, under the eye  
of God.

That He may dwell consistently with His perfect  
holiness,

Among His people who ever seek to walk in  
righteousness.

## II Chronicles III:10-13.

In all its magnificent display, the house of God is  
seen,  
While with outstretched wings the cherubs stand, covered with golden sheen;  
The mercy-seat and the ark of God have found  
a lasting place,  
Where the righteous sway of God is seen, with  
flowing streams of grace.

The longing look of a loving God, seen in that outward gaze,  
Tells of His heart so full of desire to turn poor man  
from his ways;  
That he might come in approach to God, and  
know that joy divine,  
Found only in that "most holy place," of God's  
own love the shrine.

## I Kings VI:23-25.

The house of God again is seen, within all is shining  
gold,

While chambers around against the wall, the blessed-  
ness unfold

Of love so deep, that would ever keep His people  
with Him at home,

Where that holy love finds sweet repose, and  
righteousness its throne.

The outstretched wings again are seen within that  
most holy place,

While cherubim carved in all the walls speak of  
God's righteous grace.

And the opening doors with cherubs there, do  
evermore declare

The suited ways in holiness, of those who through  
grace dwell there.

## Isaiah VI:1-8.

What a dazzling blaze of light divine shines from the  
throne on high,  
Where the covered messengers of grace before God's  
face do cry,—  
Thrice holy is He, the Lord of hosts, whose  
glory yet shall fill  
The earth below with its burning glow, and every  
bosom thrill.

The terrified "son of Amos" stands, and utters a cry  
of woe,  
I am undone, my lips are unclean, and those around  
me too,  
Mine eyes have seen the King divine, and the Lord  
of hosts is He;  
In that brilliant light where seraphs shine, my sin-  
fulness I see.

Then flew the seraph unto me, in his hand a glowing  
coal,  
The altar's fire on my mouth he laid, and that fire  
cleansed my soul.  
My fears all gone, my heart felt at home, and  
then I heard His voice—  
"Whom shall I send?" "I am here," I cried, and  
thus I became His choice.