

Sweet Singer of Israel



DEVOTIONAL THOUGHTS,
POEMS, AND MEMOIR

MAX I. REICH

SWEET SINGER
OF
ISRAEL

*Unpublished Poems
and Devotional Thoughts*

of

MAX I. REICH

*with a Memoir
by His Son*



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PREFACE

Everyone who knew Max I. Reich will recognize how aptly the phrase, "Sweet Singer of Israel," describes that holy man of God. There was a sweetness about him which made men think of the Saviour whom he loved so dearly. His songs reminded many of the psalmist, for their warm beauty caused hearts to burn and tears to flow. He was an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile, who had power with God and with men.

Although he is gone from our midst, the fragrance of his ministry still lingers in the halls of Moody Bible Institute. What a blessing it was to hear him pour out his heart in prayer! How great a privilege to listen as he opened the Scriptures!

Shortly before his death, Dr. Reich asked me into his office one day and read several poems. As I listened, I realized that he knew the time of his departure was at hand. He longed to "join the saints who dwell in light above," to behold with them, "no veil between, the face of Him whom, though unseen," he loved. He read the lines:

What shall I choose—for I am in a strait—
To stay or go?
To serve Christ here? Or shall I go to Him
Who loved me so?

One rarely finds a man who has the gift of expressing verbally what is in his heart. But Max Reich's soul was at his fingertips when he wrote the words:

The day is done.
I've crossed the sands of time—
The sinking sun is reddening in the west.

Through the sweet gloaming
Peals the evening chime
Of home bells, echoing deep within my breast.

It is with thanksgiving and praise that we see this volume go forth on its ministry. Many friends of Dr. Reich, here and abroad, will cherish this memento of his life, these choice selections from his unpublished poems, these representative devotional thoughts, so appropriately illustrated by DeWitt Jayne.

What our brother has written is "redolent of love," "a perfume everywhere." We thank God for giving him to us, for gifting him so wonderfully. Now that he has ascended above the hills of time, to breathe heaven's purer atmosphere, we miss him, of course, but we look forward to the time when we shall see his face once more in that glory land of which he sang so often and so sweetly.

S. MAXWELL CODER
Member of faculty
Moody Bible Institute

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INTRODUCTION

The life of my father, Max I. Reich, was in a very real sense "hid in Christ." His missionary labors, his ministry, his teaching, his books and poems, his friends and his family life are no measure of the man whose spirit was not of this world. In time a more competent biographer may essay the task of evaluating his place among those who have shaped Christian thought since the great days of religious revival in the middle of the nineteenth century. Max Reich was a product of that spiritual upsurge and his passing seems to mark the close of an era of evangelical fervor rooted in sound scholarship, at least in those branches of the church where he was best known.

In preparing this memoir for his friends, I am grateful for the autobiographical articles which Max Reich wrote for the encouragement of Jewish Christians in 1930. These were first published in the *Hebrew Lutheran* and later in the *Hebrew Christian Alliance Quarterly*. With some exceptions, the direct quotations of Max Reich in my story of his life are taken from these articles, and I wish to express my indebtedness to the editors of the magazines in which they appeared for the use I have made of them.

J. F. R.

Haverford, Pennsylvania

My Creed.

That over us broods God's sweet motherhood.
And all events together work for good.

That in the universe there's not one spot
Where love divine omnipotent is not.

That all things are encompassed by His will,
And that the good is stronger than the ill.

That right shall end the tyranny of wrong
And jarring discords harmonize to song.

That wretchedness & poverty shall cease.
And bigotry & war give place to peace

That what His will appoints is pleasant meat,
And every bitter cup He gives me, sweet

That not alone in some veiled, heavenly sphere,
But midst our sin & sorrow, Christ is here.

That we are called to join our lives to His,
And thus promote His reign of righteousness.

Max J. Rich.



A MEMOIR OF MAX I. REICH

MAX ISAAC REICH lived intensely and intimately in the presence of Jesus Christ. A consciousness of the indwelling of his Saviour irradiated his person, lit up his face with joy, and filled his ministry with heavenly overtones. Throughout sixty years of religious labors in the United States, the British Isles, and the countries of Northern Europe, he faithfully mirrored his Lord and "wist not that his face shone." Steeped in the Scriptures and gifted with a rare power of expression in several languages, he was a simple and humble man, forever giving Christ the pre-eminence.

The memory of this man of God remains with many thousands of men and women who have been quickened spiritually as much by what he *was* as by what he said or did. Remembering him, they may say as he himself has said: "I can testify that the evangelical faith, rightly understood, the faith of the Universal Church, the faith of her saints and martyrs, as well as her lowly and hidden children, can lift life up out of the ordinary and humdrum into the heavenly and eternal. By it Jesus still takes human life, like ordinary water, and charges it with a new significance, so that it becomes wine, an extraordinary experi-

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ence and a foretaste of that which awaits the children of light in their own country, where they will be no aliens but at home forever."

That eternal homeland opened to Max Reich on August 11, 1945. His death was unexpected and came peacefully while he was recuperating from an operation. Yet he himself had intimations that the end might be near and was happily resigned to the possibility. "It is all clear; everything is clear!" he assured his friends and family a few days before he passed away. He was in his seventy-ninth year and had been fully active in his ministry and teaching within two weeks of his death.

"A Prince in Israel"

There was little pride in Max Reich, but of his birth and origin as an orthodox Jew he was justly proud, tracing his lineage to the kings and prophets of ancient Israel. It was his badge of honor to be of "the stem of Jesse," from whence also came his Lord and Master. Born in Berlin, Germany, on March 17, 1867, the elder son of Adolph and Emma Reich, he was carefully reared in the Jewish faith. It was a tradition in his family that they were derived from the Sephardic Jews of medieval Spain, and in his dark, expressive eyes, chiseled features, and quick, spare frame, Max Reich indeed resembled that remarkable branch of the Jewish race which for five hundred years gave luster to Spanish culture in the days of its glory. His immediate forebears and relatives were largely domiciled in England where an uncle was a renowned scholar of Oriental languages and a rabbi in Liverpool. A cousin by marriage was knighted by Queen Victoria in recognition of his many benefactions, and other English relatives to this day are honored for their attainments. His mother's people bore the name of Wolff and were closely related to the Landsbergs, both families being distinguished for achievements in law, medicine, literature and commerce.

At the age of nine, after the death of his mother, the boy was brought to England where he grew up and later acquired

citizenship. He rarely spoke of those early years in London. Closely confined by his pious stepmother within the strict ceremonials of orthodox Judaism, he was schooled in the meticulous observance of Jewish law. While other boys made friends, romped and played, and explored the world around them, he remained a solitary child, obliged to spend whatever free time he had in attending a Jewish school for religion and submitting to further instruction in the synagogue. Shy and sensitive, he sought within himself a companionship that was denied him within his family and was not to be found through formal creed.

"Yet He who is the Father of our spirits did not forsake me," he has declared. "Early in life I became aware of His tender visitation, even while still deep in Judaism. That there is a mystic life with God possible in the depths of the human soul, where deep calleth unto deep, where in the cool of the evening when our hearts are hushed we can hear the still small voice of love divine, which gives us firsthand acquaintance with the origin of our being, I learned, not from books or human teachers, but from my heavenly Father directly."

Thus, while still a child, Max Reich awoke to a definite consciousness of God. Searching the Old Testament, he discovered the heart-warming faith of his fathers, not as it was coldly taught by rabbis in the synagogue, but as it had been understood and loved by the faithful remnant in ancient Israel. Jehovah ceased to be an abstract and formal concept of monotheism. He became for the lonely boy a warm, loving, pitying, protecting Presence. He knew Jehovah as the children of Israel knew him in the Psalms: a Redeemer, Shepherd, Healer, Friend, Rock, Refuge. This was the key with which in later life Max Reich was able to open the hearts of many Jewish people, explaining to them how Jehovah in all His attributes foretold the nature of the Messiah who became flesh in the person of Jesus Christ.

"Faithful Men, Able to Teach Others"

It was John Crane, foreman in the London printing firm in

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which Max Reich was an apprentice, who, more than any other man, revealed to him the saving power of Jesus. This simple and sincere Christian man stood out as a rare exception among the rough and profane pressmen whose loose talk and rude ways offended the high-minded Jewish lad.

"I was greatly drawn to John Crane," Max Reich has recorded. "His sweetness of temper under provocation, his quietness of spirit amidst the hubbub of opposing voices, his high sense of duty, faithful in that which was least; and his nobility of bearing impressed me much. We had many talks together on our walks home after office hours. And when one evening I timidly asked him to tell me the secret of his life, he answered me in one word: 'Jesus.' "

Seeing the great revolt this caused in the heart of his Jewish friend, John Crane did not press his advantage. He made no attempt to proselytize; he did not argue. The friendship ran on without a ripple of controversy and, all the while, the young apprentice saw in his older friend the grace and power of Jesus "as an open door into a radiant world where God was seen without a veil." Max Reich never forgot this lesson of tact. Throughout his ministry it was his aim to bring men and women to a knowledge of Jesus Christ but never to press the issue. Wherever he went, on trains, in hotels and private homes, and in his simple contacts in shops and among his neighbors, he found countless opportunities to speak of Him, and never with offense. How many people there must be whose lives have been quickened at unexpected moments and whose spiritual eyes have been opened by the artless touch of Max Reich, who instinctively had the right approach to his fellow-men as he met them on life's way!

Out of curiosity the young man attended a meeting of the Salvation Army and heard one of the daughters of General Booth speak on the raising of Lazarus. He heard the words: "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me,

though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

It was an unforgettable experience which he described in later life with his original sense of awe. "It was very solemn; the hush of God was on the vast assembly. It was more than I could stand. I left before the meeting was over, but not without the witness of my conscience that I had been in that awful Presence before whom all sin and evil is naked and open and with whom no one dare trifle."

Words that terrified became words of comfort through the alchemy of God's love. He clung to them throughout his life. They were the spur to his ministry, and in death they became his legacy to those who loved him. By coincidence, and without anyone knowing how Max Reich had first heard this text, it was chosen by several speakers as the keynote of triumph at the services when his earthly remains were laid to rest.

Another early experience that touched Max Reich, as though foretelling the associations of his last years, was the mighty stir created in London by Dwight L. Moody. Jewish prejudice kept the young man from hearing the great evangelist, but he could not escape the revival spirit that swept the city. He saw the saving power of Christ working among friends and acquaintances, and it inclined his heart to search the Scriptures more deeply for assurance that the Messiah had indeed come. Half a century later, as a member of the faculty of Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, Max Reich lived in the building where Mr. Moody's study is still kept intact. Nothing delighted him more than to lead visiting friends to this quiet retreat and there tell of this man's life work, so magnificently memorialized by the great center of Christian outreach and Bible study which has grown up around that original building.

"In the Secret Place of the Most High"

Only in his own words can one record how Max Reich, at the age of seventeen, accepted Christ as the Messiah. Such deep and painful heartsearchings as led up to that sacred surrender

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can be known only by God. The spiritual agony of the young man, his doubts, his fears, his crushing sense of sin, his self-reproach were a soul's birth pangs which in later life were to be flooded out of mind by the wonder of a new life.

"It was on a beautiful Sabbath evening on Midsummer's Day, 1884," he has written, "that I first bowed my knees believingly in the name of Jesus and with my lips, before God, devils, and angels—not yet openly to men—confessed Him as Saviour and Lord. Immediately upon that confession it seemed as if a weight had been lifted off my heart and mind, and I felt as if the Father Himself had come forth and kissed me. I found peace with God. The heavens opened over me, and I became absolutely sure of Christ, sure of His being in the highest glory. I saw clearly that He had put away my sins and had secured for me a place of acceptance with God in the light. That assurance has never left me through all the phases of my life since.

"Strangely enough, I did not imagine that I had left my religion. I had found it, discovered its true meaning, and saw it transfigured and elevated in Christ. I do not think I could have put all this in words at that time, but that is how I felt. I felt perfectly at home in my discovery—Jesus, the completion and fulfillment of all that was best and holiest and highest in the faith of my beloved people."

Max Reich never looked back from that day. In the privacy of his family circle he rarely, if ever, spoke of the dead past and the grief it entailed. Mourned as dead by his family, cut off from his patrimony, proscribed in the synagogue, and cursed by his dying brother, the young disciple took up his cross with a joy and enthusiasm that illumined his whole personality. He became a new creation. Gone was the sorrowful demeanor, gone the turmoil of mind and spirit; Christ filled his every want. His step was light; his eyes sparkled. Gaiety and gentle humor were ever on his lips. He burned with an energy that did not consume him through sixty years of arduous journeying back and forth across Europe and America. He never lost his

first, fine rapture in the gospel message; consequently, his ministry was forever fresh and sparkling. His cheerful confidence in the Lord never forsook him in times of perplexity and trouble, nor was he ever forsaken by Him whom he had chosen to follow.

"Stewards of the Mystery of God"

The Plymouth Brethren who welcomed the young convert into their Christian fellowship are a body of God's people, rooted in the Scriptures and preaching a literal gospel message. Sixty years ago they brimmed with first-century fervor, drawing into their orbit many scholarly and saintly men. There was spiritual freshness among them and an eagerness to discover a more vital, personal experience of God's power in human lives. Men of this type were the spiritual mentors of Max Reich in his early years of Christian ministry. They left a mark of truth and sincerity upon him so that, in all his later scholarship, he never lost the simple faith that was so characteristically "Brethren doctrine."

John G. McVicar, once a Covenanter minister in Northern Ireland, counseled him to become thoroughly acquainted with the pen-portrait of Jesus as it stands out in the pages of the Gospels. The New Testament became his closest companion. Gradually he began to recognize the great sweep of divine purpose revealed in the Bible. "The Holy Spirit," he says, "illuminated my understanding. The person of Christ, human and divine, shone out from the sacred page with celestial radiance. The great fundamental facts of sacred history which started the Christian movement as a religion of redemption, the doctrinal significance of these historic facts, which faith turns into saving and sanctifying factors, as unfolded in the epistles of St. Paul and other writers, remain a part of my life, of my thought-world, and my deepest convictions today—after nearly half a century—in all the freshness and sweetness in which they were first opened up to me."

There were other men among the Brethren who helped to

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mold this man of promise: J. Denham Smith, of Clapton Hall in London; George Mueller of Bristol, who by prayer and faith and without an appeal for funds supported five thousand orphans; his devout son-in-law, James Wright; Henry Dyer, an inspired teacher of the Scriptures; Thomas Newberry, a great Biblical scholar and editor of *The Englishman's Hebrew and Greek Bible*; Robert C. Chapman, of Barnstaple, a man of extraordinary wisdom and saintliness, who died some forty years ago in his hundredth year with spiritual and mental faculties unimpaired. A little volume of Robert Chapman's hymns and meditations was Max Reich's lifelong companion. It was the only book, other than his Bible, that he kept beside him in his last illness, dipping into it for easement between spasms of pain. Of these men and many others he has said, "Eternity will be too short for me to utter all the gratitude I feel in my heart for having been privileged to have had such nursing fathers when I was a beginner in the ways of the Lord."

"Go Ye into All the World"

Within two years of his conversion the young printer had been recognized by the Brethren as an energetic and fearless preacher of the gospel. He was encouraged to go into the mission field, without purse or scrip, to live by faith. In 1886 he landed at New York and was soon preaching in the backwoods settlements and lumber camps around Orillia, Ontario. He found a ready welcome among the simple Christian people of such communities as Barry, Warminster, Hamilton, and Guelph in Canada. Then he crossed the border into the State of Michigan, working again among the rough lumbermen, preaching under canvas in a gospel tent or in country schoolhouses around Saginaw, Ypsilanti, and Detroit. After a season in Chicago he received a call to Kansas City.

C. J. Baker, a successful tent-maker, furnished the young evangelist with a tent in order that he might preach in the raw countryside where churches were still few and far between. In the winter he continued his ministry in a large rented store in

Kansas City, going from house to house with tracts and invitations to the meetings during the day and preaching the gospel in the evening.

It was under these circumstances that Max Reich, then twenty-two years old, met Esther Mary Christine Lorenzen, who was to become his wife. She was Danish and had just arrived from her homeland to visit relatives in Kansas. Surely each had been led by His guiding hand to meet so far from their native lands and out of their accustomed circles—she, the daughter of Norsemen, seafarers and farmers—he, a son of Israel, filled with the zeal of the prophets. Yet never was a marriage more made in heaven than theirs. Each complemented the other: she with her practical wisdom, executive capacity and domestic skill—he with his supreme confidence in God's will and unerring sense of His direction. They were married on September 7, 1888, in Olathe, Kansas. For nearly fifty-seven years they worked side by side, bringing up five sons and four daughters, making their home a Christian center to draw men and women from all corners of the earth and to be a blessing to all who came under their roof.

What stories Max and Mary Reich could tell of their early married life! They lived by faith, trusting in God for their daily bread, asking nothing and owing no man. There were times of testing when they would sit down in their two-room cabin to eat the last remaining food. But always the miracle happened; the cruse of oil never ran dry. Once, Mary Reich tells, her faith almost failed her when they had two little children to feed and no income in sight. She had cooked the last food for breakfast; the oil can was empty. Still, Max Reich was completely serene, confident that God saw their need and would provide. Gaily, he took the oil can and market basket and set off for the village without money, although it was their determined principle never to go into debt. In bitterness, she watched him go along the dusty road. Within an hour or more he was back, loaded down with provisions and with oil for the

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lamps. Even as he had trusted in God, a letter was waiting for him at the post office from "one of the Brethren" in Chicago, containing a substantial check in remembrance of the spiritual guidance he had received from Max Reich several years before!

Moving westward, Max and Mary Reich lived for a while in Topeka and then undertook the most difficult part of their work in the undeveloped regions of Arkansas and the Indian Territory that was yet to become Oklahoma. "I labored as a pioneer," he says, "among the halfbreeds on both sides of the border of Arkansas and Indian Territory, besides paying several visits to Texas. In the late eighties of the nineteenth century, life on the frontiers of the Indian Territory before Oklahoma was opened for settlement was very primitive and rough. We shared in the privations and limitations of our calling without complaining. Sometimes we abounded and sometimes we suffered lack, but we were always sure of the smile of God."

Max Reich never lost the sense of urgency to save souls before it was too late. Even in his later years, under more settled circumstances, his preaching still glowed with fervor to reveal Christ. In his early days fires blazed in him. His dark, flashing eyes, his raven black hair and full beard made an unforgettable impression on his listeners. Above all, there was power in his words. He tells of renting a farmer's cart and preaching from it daily throughout a summer in front of the post office in Topeka. Hundreds gathered at these noonday meetings, but he saw no evidence of results. Several years later, in Texas, dejected and ill with malaria, he met an unknown man who immediately hailed him and grasped him by the hand. He had heard Max Reich preach in Topeka as he passed by the open-air meeting. He heard the call to repentance, and the words struck home. There and then he resolved to seek the Saviour and at the time when he met Max Reich again he was on his way to preach at a meeting as an ordained minister.

"Make Full Proof of Thy Ministry"

The hardships of the frontier and repeated bouts of malaria

seriously affected Max Reich's health. Doctors advised him to take his wife and two small daughters to England where he would be among friends, fearing that he had not long to live. On the eastward journey, he preached in Detroit, Philadelphia, and New York, still buoyant in faith, despite his weakened condition. The little family landed at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1892 where Max Reich immediately plunged into an active ministry among the Brethren in Glasgow, Greenock, and neighboring towns along the banks of the Clyde.

He returned to London, an unknown and obscure evangelist, and began to preach in a little mission hall attended by working people. It was a humble beginning, this work at "The Ferry" on the River Lee, but news of his power spread quickly, and invitations to conduct services began to pour in. There followed ten years of ever widening opportunities. Doors opened in Christian circles throughout the city: in Battersea, Walworth, Balham, Chelsea, Fulham, Kensington, and Wimbledon. He traveled throughout the British Isles, repeatedly visiting Dublin, Belfast, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

With health fully recovered, he began to make frequent visits to the Continent where his gift of languages brought him into intimate association with Christian leaders in Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, Denmark, and Norway. German, of course, he had spoken from childhood, but his grasp of the Scandinavian languages, Dutch, and French he acquired in later life. He became especially proficient in Danish and Norwegian, often tantalizing his children by addressing their mother in her native language, instead of English or German which they understood. This facility was quite remarkable and was not confined to those languages that Max Reich had opportunity to speak. He had a working knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin and a smattering of many modern languages.

An amusing story is told of his traveling by automobile with friends in New Jersey when they became lost and stopped to ask the way. The man who set them on their way spoke with

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a foreign accent which Max Reich thought was Italian. Addressing him in that language, he got no response; he tried phrases in other languages, even in the Gaelic of Ireland, but all to no effect. Finally, admitting his defeat, Max Reich asked the man what his native tongue was. "Welsh!" was his answer, which was one language Max Reich did not know. Shortly thereafter he came home with a Welsh grammar and learned at least enough of its contents to be able to greet a wayfarer along the road.

"He Will Guide You into All Truth"

During these years of recognition among the Brethren as a gifted evangelist and Bible teacher, Max Reich made his home in Wandsworth and Clapham, in the south of London. Here most of his children were born to complete the family circle of five sons and four daughters. Theirs was a joyous childhood in the mellow, stately London of Victoria and Edward. This was life at its best, under the care of a wise and understanding mother and a father of infinite charm and original humor when he had time to spare for his thronging, exuberant offspring. Today these children are widely scattered in England, Trinidad, and different parts of the United States. Still the ties of affection hold. Their Christian homes and usefulness in different walks of life bear the impress of their parents' prayers and teaching.

To all outward eyes, Max Reich had found his niche in life. Nonetheless, the divine hand was drawing him into new and deeper experiences. This began to be apparent in his spoken ministry and in periods of meditation and seclusion. More and more he testified to the love of God and less to His wrath. He was reaching after a more universal and inclusive Christian fellowship than he had previously known. It is said that in one gospel hall a critic accused Max Reich of teaching Quakerism, to which he replied, "If so, I must know more of it!" Once in his library he laid his hand lovingly on *The Journal of Stephen Grellet*, a great Quaker minister of the early nineteenth century,

and said, "Here is the book that brought me into the Society of Friends." The details of his crossing over into Quakerism can never be recorded, but he joined the London Yearly Meeting of Friends in 1904 and attended the Mercer Street Meeting in Holloway in the north of London.

Looking back, it is amazing to trace how God met every need of His servant, providing for his family in ways that no one could have foretold. It was no light matter to leave the Brethren, among whom Max Reich was an accepted evangelist. But even as he was passing through this spiritual upheaval which largely deprived him of financial support, a woman of saintly insight and influence asked Max and Mary Reich to become responsible for the management of Beth-Shan, a home of rest for Christian workers in North London.

What an extraordinary place Elizabeth Baxter turned over to their use! The two large adjoining residences and meeting hall had not prospered until they passed into the capable hands of Mary Reich. Here she developed her great executive powers, running an establishment for fifty or more people, yet depriving her nine children of none of the loving care and attention that was her wont. To Beth-Shan came missionaries on furlough from far-off lands. It was a gathering place in London for religious conferences. Lonely, unwanted people came for Christian love and fellowship. Visitors from the Continent speaking all manner of languages, even Rondo, a Negro lad from the heart of darkest Africa, came to Beth-Shan and Mary Reich to find a home.

In 1909 the success of Beth-Shan led to the establishment of Siloam in Highbury, which Mary Reich managed while her husband was immersed in study or away from home on extended religious journeys. In these years he was frequently on the Continent or holding meetings or attending conferences in different parts of the British Isles. Siloam drew visitors from the far ends of the earth and was thronged especially by Chinese and Hindu students attracted by the friendly, unprejudiced spirit of

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this home that had no sense of racial exclusiveness. More and more Americans found their way to Siloam. When the London Yearly Meeting of Friends was in session, there were often visiting Friends from the United States with broad-brimmed hats, plain coats without collars, and an antique form of speech, to amaze even this cosmopolitan household.

"Reserved Against the Time of Trouble"

Inevitably, Max Reich was drawn to re-visit America, where he discovered the Society of Friends across the sea. In 1913 he traveled extensively in the United States, visiting Quaker homes and stirring the hearts of his listeners with a ministry that was unusual in meeting houses steeped in an ancient tradition of quietism. To this day, men and women speak to the writer about his father's visits in their homes more than thirty years ago, as a shining event in their lives. It was a custom among Friends in those days to welcome members traveling in the ministry into the family circle. Thus he became intimately acquainted in scores of Quaker homes, especially in and around Philadelphia and throughout the Midwest.

The fateful year of 1914 found Max Reich traveling in Denmark. The cloud of war that hung over Europe all summer broke while he was attending a conference near Copenhagen. "It was weeks before I could get a steamer home," he relates. "The North Sea was full of floating mines; we had to make a long detour and so reached Leith in Scotland. I found at once that I had become an object of suspicion. Though a British subject, my name and appearance told against me. It was with difficulties the authorities allowed me to land."

For several years the Reich family had maintained a farm in Sussex, in addition to their home in London. In the vortex of war, the farm had to be sold at great loss; the London home became an asylum for Belgian refugees who swarmed into England. Only in the United States did it seem possible for Max Reich to carry on his work. Therefore, in January, 1915, he returned to that country and to the Friends he had met in his

previous visit. In the months that followed, war tightened its grip on his home and family in England. Zeppelins rained bombs on London; one son served in the British Army, while a daughter, married to a German, was a nurse in Belgium on the other side of the battle lines. By the end of the year it was settled that as many of the family as possible should also go to America. It meant the tearing up of deep roots and a separation of brothers and sisters. Mary Reich and five children arrived in New York in early December and were welcomed into the Quaker community of Fallsington, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

"He leadeth the blind by a way that they know not," Max Reich declared in later years, looking back on this upheaval of his life and circumstances in World War I. What at first appeared a calamity proved to be a wider opportunity for his ministry. As soon as the war was over, the Society of Friends encouraged him to carry a message of Christian love to the German people who were suffering hunger and defeat. The Quakers undertook a great child-feeding program in Germany in the post-war years, arousing much interest among the German people as to what spiritual motives underlay this humanitarian effort. Perhaps more than any other Friend, Max Reich was able to interpret this Samaritan service and testify to the healing and saving power of Christ's love. He made four journeys to Europe in the decade following the war, gathering people together in many parts of the Continent, but especially in Germany, the land of his birth, which was ever close to his heart.

Within the Society of Friends in America, Max Reich found a congenial fellowship of worshipers who knew God as an indwelling Spirit and who sought in all truth to know Him more deeply. For many years he devoted most of his energies to ministry in Quaker circles, yet he was never to be confined within any sectarian limits. He felt he must be free to give his services wherever doors opened among seeking Christians.

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Thus his duties, which took him daily to Philadelphia to classify and catalogue a great collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century Quaker pamphlets, were a discipline. In the twelve years that he pursued these librarian tasks, he bore the restriction cheerfully. Nonetheless, the urge of the evangelist was strong within him. Though he reveled in scholarly research, he was forever driven to be about his Father's business. It was with a fresh burst of enthusiasm that he freed himself from routine duties in 1928 so that he once more could throw his whole effort into teaching and preaching the Word of God.

"To Make Ready a People Prepared for the Lord"

Max Reich never forgot his own people. Though he moved widely in Christian circles and his family was wholly identified with the Christian community, his deepest concern was for the spiritual fulfillment of the Jews, that they might know their Messiah. This was a side of his ministry which became increasingly dominant after he settled in the United States. Here he found the majority of the Jewish people divorced from their own religious traditions, neither abiding by the faith of their fathers nor finding new hope and guidance in the Christian church. He was particularly anxious that Jewish people, accepting Christ, should find spiritual fellowship with members of their own race and not be cut off and alone in a Gentile world. In every city he discovered a growing number of Jewish people believing in Christ, many in secret and many without any knowledge of each other.

To meet this need, Max Reich and other Christian workers of Jewish birth founded the Hebrew Christian Alliance of America in 1915. This movement has had a profound bearing on the extension of the Christian message among Jewish people. It has been a beacon to guide inquiring Jews into the full knowledge and light of Christ. It has helped to dignify the status of Christian missions to the Jews and reveal the impressive scope of this work to the Christian world. In recent years of savage persecution, it has been a tower of strength to Jewish

refugees from Nazi terror who, because of their Christian faith, were cut off from their own people and such aid as they might have received from them.

Through the years, Max Reich was the moving spirit of the Hebrew Christian Alliance. In 1937 he helped to found the International Hebrew Christian Alliance with headquarters in London and an outreach throughout Europe where Jewish Christians were in torment. He served as president of the Alliance in America from 1921-27 and 1935-38 and, after a number of years as honorary chairman, he again resumed the active chairmanship which he held until his death. Through most of these thirty years, Max Reich edited the *Hebrew Christian Alliance Quarterly* and was ever ready to travel on preaching missions and to attend conferences in the interest of Jewish evangelism. More than that, he was the personal counselor and friend of all Hebrew Christians who came to him with their problems. His gentle and reconciling influence smoothed many rough paths for the organization and its individual members. His keen insight into God's purpose and unfolding plan helped to steer this work through its formative years into permanent and acknowledged usefulness.

"Thou Hast Blessed the Work of His Hands"

In 1930 Max Reich joined the Extension staff of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. Now began the golden years, the ripe, full years of unfettered ministry that were sheer bliss for this servant of God and an untold blessing to the thousands who received his message. In his sixty-fourth year, at an age when many men retire, he entered into his fullest, richest experience and was given strength to continue with unabated vigor for fifteen years until God called him home.

The great center of Christian learning in Chicago that was founded by Dwight L. Moody is a fitting memorial to the evangelist whose power to preach Christ and to bring multitudes into fellowship with Him has not been equalled in recent times. Its students, more than fifty thousand, have entered every

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field of Christian endeavor. Moody-trained missionaries are to be found throughout the world. Pastors, evangelists and church workers of every type are trained at this great institute in a practical, forward-looking way, yet in the full flavor of the gospel of Jesus Christ. This institution has learned how to make use of all modern methods of communication and teaching without marring the dignity or beauty of the Christian message.

For more than four years, Max Reich travelled constantly in various parts of the United States and Canada as a conference speaker for the Moody Bible Institute. His interpretations of the Psalms, his profound understanding of Messianic prophecy, and his ability to compass the sweep of God's purpose for man as revealed through the Scriptures made his lectures an inspiration to pastors whose own ministry was refreshed and enriched by his teaching.

Without relinquishing altogether this type of service that took him into towns and cities throughout the land, Max Reich became a member of the Institute's teaching faculty, which brought him into direct touch with hundreds of young people. No teacher was more beloved than "Dr. Reich." The affection and enthusiasm of his students filled him with joy and kept him young despite advancing years. In 1936 Wheaton College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in view of his "outstanding contribution to Bible teaching through printed page and pulpit; his inspiration to young people preparing for Christian service." It was an honor that became him well, for he was a life-long student of Holy Writ with deep insight into its meaning. As Director of the Jewish Missions Course, Dr. Reich aimed not only to prepare workers in the field of Jewish evangelization, but also to help pastors to establish bonds of sympathy and understanding with Jews as part of their regular parish work. The timeliness of this approach to persons of Jewish faith is evidenced by the widespread interest of Jews in the teachings and person of Jesus, a wholly new attitude which Max Reich frequently noted in his writings.

Throughout his life, Max Reich was a prolific writer. Until late in life he made little attempt to gather the wealth of articles and poems that flowed from his pen, many of which have appeared in religious journals in the United States and England. There remains a great body of material to analyze and edit—notebooks containing meditations, outlines of sermons, stanzas of poetry, and unexplored manuscripts written in a clear, flowing script and put away for later revision. In the outburst of creative energy that marked the golden sunset of his career, he brought together a number of papers into slim volumes. These are the fruit of a lifetime spent in the light of Christ—a series of spiritually penetrating essays to comfort and guide those who long for a life of deeper devotion. *Spiritual Aloneness* and *The Deeper Life*, in particular, are of this character. *Studies in the Psalms of Israel* contain much of Max Reich's ministry on these imperishable and inspired flights of poetry that glorify man's faith in God. Two books are addressed especially to Jewish inquirers into the Christian message and to those who would understand the role of Israel in the divine ordering of history. They are *The Mystery and Romance of Israel* and *The Messianic Hope of Israel*. To mark the fiftieth anniversary of his life as a Christian, one of his publishers entitled a collection of his poems *Jubilee*, containing selections from his religious verse published over a number of years.

"Precious in the Sight of the Lord is the Death of His Saints"

In human terms, the sudden home-going of a loved friend and parent, so vital and buoyant in spirit, is a wrench and a mystery. Yet, in a larger sense, the departure of Max Reich was a gentle leave-taking at the end of a full day. His work was well done. Leaving the Moody Bible Institute for his home in Pennsylvania and the operation from which he did not recover, Max Reich's face was radiant with joy as he said goodbye to his colleagues. To one of them he said, "All my life has been a preparation for these last fifteen years with the students. I

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have been supremely happy in this work that was given to me by God."

Today his body rests beneath the shade of ancient trees in the simple, quiet burial ground adjoining the Fallsington Friends Meeting House. May time never violate the rural beauty of the spot. The company that gathered there on August 15, 1945, to bid him earthly adieu, could rise above their sense of personal loss. It was an occasion to glorify God and to give humble thanks for the life of Max Reich, who had so greatly blessed his fellow men. What had been seen dimly by many in the days of his earthly pilgrimage now was revealed in the eternal light that shone about him and hallowed his memory: a saint of God had been among us and through him had Jesus Christ been glorified. There is no call for grief when such are gathered into the bosom of the Father.

MY EPITAPH

I do not want an epitaph upon my grave.

I know, full well, death levels all—

Wise, fool, king, slave.

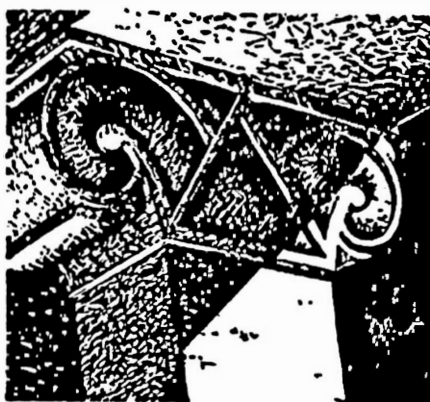
But if you really think it well, when I am gone,

To note how I have lived on earth,

Say this alone:

"He fought a losing fight, until this truth he learned:

The life in Christ is God's free gift, and never earned."



THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY OF GOD AND THE WORLD

THE MATERIALIST holds that the world as we see it is an end in itself—not the product of an infinite Mind, but self-caused. Those who share this view have no key to the enigma of life. They see no reasonable plan in the universe. A human personality is only a wave thrown up for a moment on the ocean of life to lose itself again in the ocean which gave it birth.

The pessimist thinks of life in all its appearances as an illusion. Millions on our planet hold this view. To them matter is an evil to be escaped from. If this doctrine sometimes produces apathy toward the ills of life, it also tends to produce lethargy toward the claims of life.

To the Christian, life is a sacrament. How much nobler than the preceding! It is no mistake that we are placed in such a world as this. It is a means to an end, and that end is the production of godlike personalities. Therefore we must take a positive attitude toward life. In all things, great and small, heaven and earth meet—the seen and the unseen, the temporal and the eternal. All things are symbols and vehicles of the divine. Thus the Christian type of character is the highest known

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in history. It is the fruit of the Spirit of sonship in man. Man is not the servant of God merely, as in Judaism or Islam, nor an orphan crying in a godless void, as in pantheism, but through the incarnate Son, who has revealed the Father to us, a son of God.

THE JOURNEY OF THE SOUL

Mysterious quest, insatiable desire,
Flame, upward leaping to the central fire,
Born from the bosom of a deathless Sun,
The soul is restless till her goal is won.
Only reunion with her origin
Can satisfy the deep of want within.
She cannot settle in the things of earth,
For she is conscious of a higher birth.
And oft with bleeding feet, o'er paths of pain,
She struggles on to reach her home again.

That home is God. There she breathes native air ;
The pearl regains her ancient luster there ;
The buried root to springtime glory breaks ;
The silent harp to long-lost music wakes,
Dropping the veil that hides her radiant face.
The soul may now her qualities express,
To be a mirror in which God can see
His wisdom, beauty, love, and purity.
The tired river mingles with the sea ;
The soul has found God's calm eternity.

THE LONELY TO THE LONELY

A lonely one, I to the lonely turn ;
My lonely soul God's loneliness can feel.
For God and man together inly yearn
For love's unforced response to love's appeal.

THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY

O God, the world is far too small for Thee!
Come, lonely Being, dwell within my breast.
Nor can the universe suffice for me—
I hunger still. Thou art my only rest.

Unloved? And if I owned infinitude,
My soul's a vagabond in empty space.
Sum of all beauty, pure, celestial Good,
The world's not empty when I see Thy face.

My journey long, that Presence goes before;
Each circumstance becomes a lover's tryst.
Hither or thither death's mysterious door,
I meet that face whose image is the Christ.

O let no shadows hide it from my eyes—
Vapors of sense or stain of lurking sin—
But let it shed the light of paradise
Upon the garden of my soul within.

THE INWARD LIGHT

How ever ignorant and dark,
In each soul gleams a heavenly spark,
For man is more than breathing clod:
He is the chosen shrine of God.

And though we feel obscure and small
And deeply saddened by our fall,
Lo! straight from realms of endless day
Shines in our hearts the heavenly ray.

How else could we obtain true sight,
Or separate twixt wrong and right
But for this judgment throne within,
Dealing with every thought of sin?

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Till, penitent, we come to see
Our need of inward purity
And seek by faith with contrite hearts
The healing virtue it imparts,

And as its searchings we abide
Meet with our Teacher and our Guide,
Whose presence on life's lonely road
Imparts the holy peace of God.

And though so near the Saviour came
To make men know the Father's name,
Much nearer still He comes today
Wherever shines this heavenly ray.

He comes our common lot to share,
Whether of suffering or care,
A healer, helper, shepherd, friend,
A lover true until the end.

The inward light His presence brings
Which answers all our questionings.
It terminates the seeker's quest
For here he finds his soul's true rest.

THE HEART

The heart is bigger than the world:
The world can never fill it;
It thirsts for happiness and love—
No earthly love can still it.

Christ's love is bigger than the heart:—
It passeth human knowing;
He fills the heart in which He dwells
With love to overflowing.

THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS

No noble deed was ever wrought
But was at first an angel thought.

They come and go, yet serve unseen;
Their gifts declare where they have been.

Theirs is no life of idleness;
Their heaven is to serve and bless.

They stimulate us from above
To live the higher life of love.

Gifts greater than domains and lands
Are showered on us from their hands,

More precious far than gold or gem
That sparkles in a diadem.

Some sudden flash from depths of light
Beyond the reach of mortal sight—

Some godlike thought, swift as a dart,
Stirring profoundly mind and heart—

Or harmony, more pure, more sweet,
Than ever mortal could repeat—

From whence this waft of sweet perfume?
An angel must have crossed the room!

The suff'rer on his couch of pain
Lifts up his head and smiles again.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

The busy housewife, full of care,
Breathes lighter in serener air.

The pilgrim on his lonely road
With step elastic bears his load.

The drudge amidst the noise of wheels
An inward calm and quietness feels.

A glint of sunshine from on high!
An angel visitor was nigh.

To palace fair, to cottage low,
The messengers of heaven go.

O let us minister as they
And scatter flowers on our way:

United with the heavenly ranks,
Who serve without reward or thanks.

Perhaps some lonely one will cry,
"Methinks an angel has passed by!"

PERENNIAL YOUTH

"Those whom the heavens love die young,"
Said poets long ago;
Truth! Neath God's smile life keeps its zest
And youth's attractive glow.

Perennial spring old age renews;
They laugh at winter's chill;
Within the garden of the heart
The roses flourish still.

THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY

BENEATH THE SWIRL

Let me not pass like withered leaf
By autumn gust to nowhere driven ;
Let sunset here be sunrise there,
To sleep on earth, to wake in heaven:

To wake where daybeams do not fade,
And thorns shall pierce the heart no more,
Nor billows of a troubled sea
Break in upon that tranquil shore.

For lo ! my soul outgrows her tent
And hungers for a larger sphere ;
She feels beyond life's interlude
Her destiny must lie, not here.

Her home is in the depths of light ;
Her origin is not the clod
But far beyond the shores of time
In the infinitudes of God.

Yet, like a diver in the deep,
She seeks beneath life's mystic swirl
Mementoes of her stay below,
Experience, the costly pearl ;

Reaping from fields by sorrow ploughed
The harvest of eternal gain,
The fruitage of celestial peace
From the strange discipline of pain.

Mysterious Earth-life, welcome thou !
Eternity will richer be
For all the lessons I have learned
While tarrying for an hour with thee.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

IMMORTALITY

The sweetness that I find in Thee
Yields fruit of immortality.
Thy calling me to be Thy friend
Began a life that has no end—

A life not for this earth alone,
A timeless life, when time has flown:
When that which is in part has passed,
To know, as we are known, at last!

Wouldst Thou permit that death should break
Links formed by Thee for Thine own sake,
Making the human heart Thy shrine,
To love Thee back with love of Thine?

Thou lovest first, which deep desire
To kindle in my soul love's fire—
A flame which must forever burn,
Whereby I love Thee in return.

'TIS SAID THERE'S FAITH

'Tis said there's faith in honest doubt
Which meekly follows where truth leads,
Heeding the gleam within its gloom,
Far more than lives in half our creeds.

'Tis true; but doubt may also spring
From hidden root of love of sin,
And many a sneer but ill conceals
The heart's deep restlessness within.

An agnostic is a man who confesses that he does not know
anything, yet, strangely enough, keeps on talking.

THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY

THE SPHINX OF EXISTENCE

Life challenges thought ; its mysteries vex.
Life is a sphinx and her scheme so complex.
Why is man, life's foundling, in constant strife
With pitiless fate as dictator of life—
Sport of the elements and chance unplanned?
Has life a meaning? May I understand?

Can we control life's mysterious laws
And harness her motions that never pause?
From top to bottom is there a spot,
Is there an atom where movement is not?
In every dewdrop, in every tear,
Suns with their planets revolving appear.

But though this mystery passes our wit,
Life serves those who to its order submit.
On those who study her manner to know,
Nature will gladly her bounty bestow.
The childlike mind, the surrendered will,
And meekness discover life's secrets still.

But what if the record of life remain
A story of conflict, confusion and pain?
Then flee to that world not opened to sense,
The center within the circumference.
Retire from the outer world's noise and din
To the realm of spirit—the world within.

The stretch of this world is greater by far
Than the distance of the uttermost star.
For man, a mere atom in outward size,
Is inwardly greater than earth and skies.
The universe leaves him a pauper still ;
The divine alone can his great void fill.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

This faraway stretching inward domain
My heritage is, and here I may reign,
Feelings and thoughts and desires to subdue
Till every chord rings in harmony true.
Here I may lift up the conqueror's shout,
Whatever storms beat on the world without.

This kingdom affords a house of defense
From ills disturbing the world of mere sense.
The love that can tranquilize struggling hearts
Assurance of safety from harm imparts.
For here man is lifted above the clod
Where nothing can hurt, to the mount of God.

For, Spirit's own offspring, a spirit is he,
And so formed—Love's shining image to be,
Companion to angels, heir to God's wealth,
Attracting and giving out joy and health.
No cowardly dread of things that appear—
His Guardian and Lover casts out all fear.

UNHURT

Life shall not mar me;
Fate shall not scar me—
Love will attend.
Nothing can harm me;
Nought need alarm me—
God is my Friend.

Loss shall enrich me,
Loneliness teach me
God is enough.
Storms shall not break me;
Life can but make me,
Come fair or rough.

THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY

JUDGE TRULY

Whatever be the color of the skin,
What matters is the man who lives within.

Judge not the tenant by his dwelling place,
Thy neighbor by his garment or his face.

Full many a book of worth is meanly bound,
And error in artistic covers found.

And many a painting of immortal fame
Is placed within an unassuming frame.

And many a brazen rogue is decked with gold,
While humble raiment may a saint enfold.

Two kinds of men alone are met on earth—
Those born but once, and those of second birth.

For in each heart God lights His lamp divine;
Some stamp it out, while others let it shine.

The soul is great because of its derivation, its dignity, and its destiny—if its destiny is linked with that of Christ. Christ saw in the human soul the germ of the perfect flower it might become if He were only accepted as the Gardener and Husbandman of character. Individuality is the germ; personality is the flower. The person is the basis, the material out of which personality grows; the personality is the transfiguration of the person. The growth of the personality is not the result of self-culture, for self-absorption is a morbid occupation. It lies, rather, in self-forgetfulness—in a life of Christ-awareness.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

LIFE

Life is a voyage
Towards an unseen shore:
Take all the risks,
What though the tempests roar.

Life is a chalice:
Till the whole we drain,
It may not pass,
Bring it delight or pain.

Life is a battle,
Nor expect release
Until in death
Thine eyelids close in peace.

LOVE

Let love not falter,
Lest thy life should fail;
Let love not alter,
Lest the wrong prevail.
Love, wouldst thou share the more abundant life;
Love, spite of wrong, wouldst triumph in the strife.

Succor another,
Wouldst thou ease thy load;
Go, love thy brother,
Wouldst thou love thy God.
Wouldst breathe the atmosphere of paradise?
Lay on love's altar a pure sacrifice.

THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY

THE LAW OF SACRIFICE

Large writ, the law of sacrifice,
On everything below the skies.

Alone in its forgotten bed
The wheat dies to provide us bread.

New life from ashes of the old,
As from the melting dross, the gold.

In ocean solitudes are born
The pearls which diadems adorn.

And never yet another's gain,
But at the cost of someone's pain.

And never good enriched our earth,
But someone travailed for its birth.

The noblest songs, the highest art,
Are rooted in a broken heart.

And never saint communed with God,
But trod the penitential road.

And never crown, but first the cross
Of abnegation and of loss.

We must not be afraid to take evidence from our hearts as well as from our heads. The head, in fact, apart from the heart, is a poor thinker.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THREE COUNSELS

Man, know thyself!
It is but poor advice—
How can I see aright
With sin-blurred eyes?

Man, be thyself!
But which self shall I be—
The child, the beast,
Or the proud Pharisee?

Man, give thyself!
It is the Saviour's call,
Whose love constrains me
To surrender all.

THE GLORY IN THE CLOUD

I still believe, spite of life's tangled story,
Peace lies wrapped deep within the heart of pain—
That every threatening cloud conceals the glory,
And beauty slumbers in the buried grain—
That love, and not caprice, is life's director
And, like a skillful potter, molds the clay—
That every foolish fear and empty specter
Shall vanish at the breaking of the day—
That what now baffles us finds its solution
On higher planes of life, in clearer light—
That all things make their costly contribution
To serve the purposes of good and right—
That o'er the crucible bends the Refiner,
To end the suffering when its work is done—
And that behind the loom stands the Designer,
And midst all changes, the unchanging One.

THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY

INFANCY AND OLD AGE

The poet tells us that in infancy
God's heaven round about us lies,
That we begin our earthly pilgrimage
Near to the gates of paradise.

'Tis true indeed, yet only half the truth;
For till the last long league when we are old,
Heaven bends over us in deep solicitude;
An atmosphere of peace does life enfold.

The love of God, in brooding tenderness,
Still heals and mollifies each secret pain.
His voice recalls us when we lose our way
Till we have reached our home in God again.

RETRIBUTION

Sometime, somewhere, in God's great world,
We reap the harvest of our sowing,
Our self-appointed destiny,
In pain or bliss beyond all knowing.

The selfsame cup we mingled once,
The pain which we have caused another,
We too must taste, and prove the law
Which treats us as we treat our brother.

For life proceeds like spiral stairs,
Ever returning while ascending;
Our deeds come back, sometime, somewhere,
On earth, or in the life unending.

THE WORLD IS A SPHERE

The seen and unseen universe
Is rounded like a sphere,
Be it of matter or of mind,
The distant or the near.
At length we must come back again,
What though we flee Thy face
And rush in folly far away
From our appointed place.

Our ancient Origin, in whom
Our final end is found,
Thy lamp is in the window still
When we complete our round:
We hunger for the ancient peace,
Crushed 'twixt the stones of pain,
Glad that our wand'rings terminate
In Thy dear arms again.

Man has within him certain witnesses for the existence of God: The heart—it has a natural instinct of God; the soul—it has the faculty of admiring the beautiful and standing in wonder and awe before the inscrutable; the conscience—it has an irresistible conviction of obligation and responsibility; the intellect—it cannot rest in the thought of anything existing without a cause, but must own an unbeginning, a first cause. Behind all phenomenon, God is the intelligent Will that produces them.

THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY

FROM MYSTERY UNTO MYSTERY

Out of mystery we come ;
 Into mystery we go—
Out of life's unfathomed ocean
 Into life's unceasing flow ;
For our spirit has its birth
Far beyond the bounds of earth.

Deep within a voice is speaking,
 Bringing tidings from above,
Deep to deep forever calling,
 Singing messages of love
Till our aspirations tend
To life's origin and end.

For in man is more than dust ;
 Spirit-touched, from man arise
Harmonies of love and beauty,
 Flowers and fruits of paradise,
Hid as in a chrysalis,
Raptures of celestial bliss.

Man, forsake the dross of earth ;
 Set thy heart on things on high.
Go and seek the unseen Presence—
 Thou wilt find it inly nigh.
Made for God's sublime embrace,
Seek the vision of His face.

Do men really believe in God? Most men say they do. And yet in a very solemn sense, most men do not. The majority of men neither believe nor disbelieve; they *ignore* Him.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

The universe is a hymn sung by the creative Logos to the glory of God the Father. And when sin brought discord into the music, the Word became flesh and, as the Lamb, took away the sin of the world that the sweeter song of redemption might be heard.

ART THOU A SEER?

The penitent can see
 With more than mortal sight;
Earth's wisdom gropes and falls
 Like lame men in the night.
To penitents alone
 Are heavenly things made clear:
The best of lenses is
 A penitential tear.

TIME, A PART OF ETERNITY

(After Jacob Boehme)

To him who knows time is eternity,
 Who knows eternity is found in time,
His life would be set free from vanity,
 And common duties would become sublime.

The Spirit of Christ not only teaches us to pay our own debts, but also the debts of others. That is the spirit of the Christian dispensation—the excess of grace.

THE SINGER'S PHILOSOPHY

THE BEST AT THE END

Life's foaming cup in flaming youth
With eagerness we drain:
When youth has fled and old age comes,
Nothing but dregs remain.

Christ's way is better: Those who take
Him for a life-long Friend
Shall drink, when youth's brief day is done,
The best wine at the end.

TWIN STARS

Thy duty to be happy
Can easily be done
When thou hast learned that duty
And happiness are one.

THINGS THAT REMAIN

Two things remain,
Whatever else be taken—
Two certainties,
Whatever else be shaken:
God and my soul—
The ocean and the river;
From Him I came—
Him must I seek forever!

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

DRIFTWOOD

We are not driftwood
On the sea of life.
We've a choice to make—
'Tis no empty strife.
We fix the future
Of the soul we own.
We are not helpless
On the flowing tide
Of circumstances
We have ever known.
Fear not the swelling tide
Whose waters lift;
The current breast—
None are compelled to drift
As having neither hope,
Nor plan, but lost
Like shipwrecked orphans,
On the billows tossed
Hither and thither
On an endless sea.
Love watches o'er us—
Life's no tragedy.



IMMORTAL LOVE

THE ORDER of the universe reveals God as the great Mathematician. The beauty of the universe reveals Him as the great Poet-Artist. The harmony of the universe reveals Him as the great Musician. The Gospel reveals Him as the great Lover, and Christ is His great Love Song.

LOVE'S VERY PRESENT HELP

Love's leadings in the past rebuke
The doubtful mind today;
Rememb'ring Love my Potter is,
I find heart's-ease and solid peace,
However rough the way.

Love's brooding spirit wraps me 'round
Where e'er my footsteps roam.
Love's canopy is everywhere;
Love makes my daily wants its care;
Love's presence is my home.

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Why should tomorrow's unborn wants
Cause anxious thoughts today?
Love's very present help will still
My empty cup with plenty fill
And gently clear the way.

What harm can touch a life at rest
In Love's divine decree?
Go, hide thee in God's fatherhood;
Life's skillful Potter worketh good,
And only good, for thee.

God deals very differently with different people, but one thing we always observe: when God makes a promise, He can always be depended upon to fulfill it without help from man.

THE REAL

Immortal Love, my Origin,
Solution of my quest,
The murmur of life's shoreless sea
Sounds deep within my breast.

I draw my little life from Thine,
A wavelet on the main;
If Thou withdrew, I would return
To nothingness again.

Thou art my inmost Self, beyond
The outer self I feel;
More than earth's dreams, I find in Thee
The deathless and the real.

IMMORTAL LOVE

Every event that comes into my life contains life or death, according to my attitude towards it. Even useless suffering may become a spiritual discipline. A man may become a sanctified personality or a cynic through pain.

ONE GLIMPSE OF GOD

One glimpse of God,
And everything looks brighter;
One beam of love,
And heavy hearts feel lighter;
One word from home,
And every doubt is banished;
One sign of dawn,
And birds of night have vanished!

The smile of God
Brings melody and gladness;
The touch of heaven
Sweetens grief and sadness;
Earth's painted toys
Then lose their power to charm us;
The serpent's tooth,
Its poison-sting to harm us.

Sweet foretastes thus
Of coming bliss in heaven,
To pilgrims, faint
And hard beset, are given,
Confirming faith
In life beyond death's portal,
So that e'en now
We handle things immortal.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

LOVE'S LITTLE ONE

Love sings within my heart.
I am because Thou art,
That I may prove
That Thou art Love.

I am no orphan child
Cast out upon the wild;
Where'er I roam
Love is my home.

Earth has no lonely spot—
No place where Thou art not;
All things reveal
The love I feel:

The breezes whisper Love;
Nature, below, above,
Flower, and star
Love's tokens are.

Dearer than all things dear,
Nearer than all things near,
Surrounding me—
Love's deep, calm sea.

The morning brings Thy kiss,
The eventide Thy peace.
The curtained blue
Says "God is true."

The Love which gave me birth
Is everywhere on earth,
Right by my side
To be my Guide.

IMMORTAL LOVE

O God, the Love Thou art
Heals every painful smart—
The wound of sin,
The hurt within.

Love which has paid the price
Of utmost sacrifice—
My beacon light
In darkest night.

Since 'tis from Love I came,
I would make Love my aim,
Love to repeat
To all I meet.

SATISFIED

From creature love and earthly joy,
Not pure enough to satisfy,
We seek our happiness in God,
In whom is love that cannot die.

Love, unbeginning, without end,
We bring to Thee our longing heart!
Thou hast the skill, whate'er the hurt,
Thy healing sweetness to impart.

And Thou canst fill us, till we are
Thy witnesses to manifest
How Thou canst bring a human heart
Out of all restlessness to rest.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

MY FATHER CARES

My Father cares for all things,
The great things and the small:
There's not a single sparrow
Unnoticed in its fall;
He shapes and guides and governs
Things near and those afar—
The pebble that I tread on
And the most distant star.

No one is e'er forgotten
Amidst His vast concerns;
O'er all His many creatures
His heart in pity yearns.
By how much more His children,
Who seek His will to know,
Shall prove the love that claims them
And will not let them go.

THE CANDLE AND THE SUN

I am a candle, lit by light from Thee,
And lo! it ne'er grows less for lighting me.
Eternal Lover, flaming Sun divine,
I love because Thy love has kindled mine.

All-penetrating, healing inward Sun,
Illume my mind and heart till both are one,
One pure intention, one intense desire,
One quivering, upward-leaping flame of fire,

Which, heaven-kindled, eagerly doth turn
Back to the heart from which its embers burn,
Love's flame, ascending to its source above,
Glowing to reunite itself with love.

IMMORTAL LOVE

I am a taper, Thou the blazing Sun,
Yet is my glimmer with Thy glory one.
My glow, the reflex of Thy shining skies;
My little gleam, light from Thy paradise.

TRUE LIFE

Ah, life is lonely without God—
A desert drear and wild;
One feels an exile far from home
And like an orphan child.

Though weak and sinful, God is found
By those who are sincere;
To hearts that hunger for His love
He tenderly draws near.

To know the Father and the Son
Is everlasting bliss;
Earth's fading joys cannot compare
With joy as pure as this!

We leave earth's joys to seek in Him
The good earth cannot give:
When fellowship with God is found,
Then we begin to live.

"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness," Psalm 17:15. Satisfied when like God—this man has caught a vision of the divine purpose in his creation. He wants to *awake* in His likeness. Any other life is but a dream.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

LOVED

One thought I know will never fail
My fears to tranquilize
When heavy burdens press the heart
And hot tears blind the eyes:
The thought that smoothes the roughest road
Is this, that I am loved of God,

A love which knew the worst of me—
The fearful pit within,
The shame which only God could see,
The rebel flesh of sin—
Yet loved me, notwithstanding this,
And met me with a Father's kiss,

And loves me as He loves His Son—
No lesser love than this.
Before all time, when time shall cease
(The very thought is bliss),
As He, the Father, loves the Son,
He loves those who with Him are one.

Through all the changes here below
And all sad failings here,
This sovereign love remains unchanged,
An ever present cheer;
O what a haven of repose
To him who its sure welcome knows!

Love constitutes the heavenly home,
And lo! that love is here,
Spread over us like heaven's dome
To bring its blessing near.
No richer gift can heaven bring
Than love: this love of which I sing.

IMMORTAL LOVE

WHITHER?

Ah! whither shall I go,
When harassed by my foe,
And there tell out my woe,
But unto Thee!

When tired, sad, and poor—
No balm to ease my sore,
Nowhere a friendly door—
But unto Thee!

On that sure love of Thine
I bid my soul recline;
This restless heart of mine
Can rest in Thee!

Strange waves around me sweep
On life's uncharted deep;
My tossing bark still keep
On this vast sea!

TWO HUNGRY HEARTS

Our lives are restless till they rest in Thee,
Rivers that rest not till they find the sea.

'Tis love we hunger after, love divine—
Not creature-love—no lesser love than Thine!

And Thou, O God! Thou seekest for Thy rest
The welcome offered by a human breast!

Hungry for love like I? O can it be
Infinitude seeks love from finite me?

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

GOD IS LIKE JESUS

From every rock and flower and star,
From every dewdrop at my feet,
My Father's radiant countenance
Looks out, His little one to greet.
Truly I am ensphered by love,
On earth, as in His heaven above.

But, brighter than from earth and sky,
His light beams from a human face—
A story which a child can read—
The message of redeeming grace.
From what our eyes in Jesus see,
How beautiful our God must be!

God is like Jesus! I am glad:
I hide me in His loving breast;
All other lights go out in His,
For here I end my weary quest,
Except it be still to explore
This sea of love without a shore.

The will of God is the secret of human perfection, happiness, and permanence. God has a right to impose His will upon me because He alone knows me. My Creator not only knows me, but loves me. He is Love—pure unselfishness. His will must be absolutely good for me. Those who respond to this love keep His commandments because they spring from love. But God's will is also the expression of His eternity: God is no opportunist; He takes all things into consideration in the framing of His will. His being embraces the infinite past and the infinite future. To live in communion with His will ensures my permanence.

IMMORTAL LOVE

THE DIVINE WORKER

O God is a Potter molding the clay
So deftly and patiently day by day;

He brings forth a vessel formed to reveal
The skill of His fingers on life's swift wheel.

O God is an Artist whose eye can behold
The vast possibilities souls enfold;

While others will point out failure and sin,
His artist eye dwells on the beauty within.

O God is a Poet whose gladsome song
Is heard through confusion and jarring wrong;

The poems He utters, which we repeat,
Are lives by His Spirit made pure and sweet.

THE ALLNESS OF GOD

I worship Thy allness, celestial Good,
Love evermore present to bless,
Faith's charter of freedom from servitude,
My title to happiness.

No longer shall phantoms of matter and sense
Their shadows throw over my mind;
I turn from the outer circumference,
My center in Thee to find.

I bathe like a mote in the beams of Thy light,
In harmony, beauty and joy,
Absorbing Thy nature by day and by night
My never tiring employ.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE QUEST OF DIVINE LOVE

And does the sea the river call?
And does the magnet draw the steel?
Or mother's breast the hungry babe?
Still more insistent, Love's appeal.

Thy secret call rings in my soul;
Thou art my Goal, as I am Thine:
I seek Thee since Thou seekest me,
Thy life with mine to intertwine.

Lord of the worlds, Lord of my heart,
Transcendent and yet immanent,
Thou still art Thou; I still am I,
Though into one our lives be blent:

Not like a wavelet on the sea,
One moment here, then lost to sight:
But like the stars which veil their face,
Eclipsed by morning's conqu'ring light.

THE DOMAIN OF LOVE

No frontiers to Thy radiant domain—
No spot to which we could escape from Thee,
Be it in time or in eternity.
We hide from Thee, O Love divine, in vain.

In lowest deeps as in the highest heights,
Yea, should we sink to make our bed in hell,
Thou enterest our lonely prison cell,
Reigning alike in gloom and in the light.

IMMORTAL LOVE

Whatever happens, Thou art in control,
Planning and working good, and good alone,
Bidding all evil, sin, and death, begone—
The fount of health to body and to soul.

The universe throughout, Thou art supreme;
Faith sees no room for aught save Love's sweet power,
So near, in every place, at every hour.
Love's glorious kingdom is no empty dream.

THE GOLDEN PRESENT

Time and eternity in one are blending;
I may enjoy Love's present
In every "now" from realms of light descending
Beyond the bounds of time,
Beyond the shores of sense.

There is no moment like the golden present,
A glittering cup brimful with love,
Whate'er it brings, the bitter or the pleasant,
A whiterobed messenger
From realms of peace above.

And many more such moments will be given.
What Love appoints cannot be wrong—
A sunbeam quivering with the joy of heaven,
Midst earth's inharmonies
Echoing heaven's song.

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten
Son; the world so hated God as to nail the Son of His love
on the cross.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

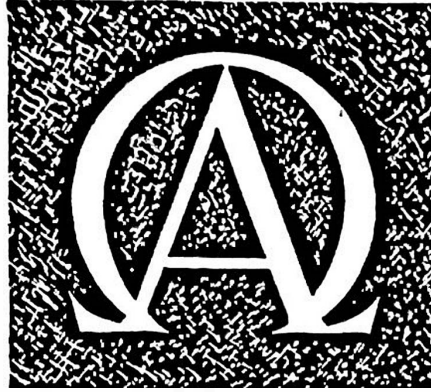
THE SUNBEAM SEVERED

A sunbeam, severed from the sun,
Dissolves in blackest night:
It has no independent life,
Nor shines by its own light.

I have no wisdom and no power,
No goodness of my own;
Each breath and sigh for holiness
Are wrought by Grace alone.

My emptiness His fullness seeks,
My feebleness, His power;
Each step I needs must lean on Him
And trust Him hour by hour.

The mind of man cannot comprehend the divine Tri-unity.
But the mind of man cannot rest in any concept of God less
than this.



THE INCARNATE DEITY

LOOK OVER the past and see what has passed away: thrones, empires, nations; customs, such as child murder, polygamy, and slavery; habits of thought—the Ptolemaic system; religious ideas—paganism; Jewish ritual—the passing of the Temple was to the Jew like the dissolving of heaven and earth; civil conditions, such as feudalism. But Jesus Christ remains. Why? He is deeply rooted in history. He is the true King of humanity. He cannot be transcended. No one has arisen who has made Him superfluous.

THE OUTSHINING AND THE INSHINING

I. THE OUTSHINING

Outshining Light divine,
Man with a heart like mine,
Clothed in our flesh, to be
Tempted in all like we—
Not from distant star,
Spectator from afar—

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

But with us in the strife
On the battlefield of life,
Showing the Father to men
As near them in their pain,
That, though by sin defaced,
They are by love embraced,
That on a Father's breast
The bruised and lone may rest—

Humanity's Divide,
Now ends the downward stride;
Now starts the upward way;
Now dawns the brighter day.
Thy still extending reign
Shall spread o'er earth's domain
Until no fetters bind.
For bridged is the abyss
Twixt hell and heaven's bliss,
And man at last is free
To follow after Thee.
For church or state or mart,
The counselor Thou art.
Life's problems find their key,
Unlocking all, with Thee.
Thy words have equal worth
For every race on earth.
In Thee all contrasts blend
And controversies end.

II. THE INSHINING

Inshining Light divine,
Welcome, true Friend of mine!
Birth of the Christ within
The citadel of sin—
The faintest true desire,

THE INCARNATE DEITY

A spark of Thine own fire
To grow into a flame
And rise to whence it came—
Deep consciousness of God,
Stronger than flesh and blood—
Imparting sense and sight,
Dispelling death and night—
God's echo in the heart,
His message to impart
His Word in every land,
Which all can understand,
Enlightening all mankind,
Conscience and heart and mind.
We close our outward eye
And find Thee inly nigh,
In silence learn from Thee
The truth that makes us free,
And rise above the clod
To reunite with God.

O ancient Light, yet new,
Amidst all falseness, true—
Amidst the evil, pure—
Amidst our doubtings, sure—
Inshining Light of heaven
To all the earth-born given—
Prophet, whose voice within
Folly rebukes and sin—
Priest, to remove the stain
And make us pure again—
The King, whose rule brings rest
Unto the troubled breast—
Break through in glorious power
In this our day and hour!
Thou art the only way
From darkness into day,

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

To heal the spirits vexed,
To guide a world perplexed
With the paradox of life,
With its constant fret and strife.
All men are bound in one
When taught by Thee alone.
We end our scatterings,
Gathered beneath Thy wings.

MY SAVIOUR

I sought Thee, weeping, high and low;
I found Thee not—I did not know
I was a sinner—even so,
I missed Thee for my Saviour.

I saw Thee sweetly condescend,
Of humble men to be the Friend;
I chose Thee for my way, my end,
But found Thee not my Saviour—

Until upon the cross I saw
My God, who died to meet the Law
That man had broken; then I saw
My sin, and then my Saviour.

What seek I longer? Let me be
A sinner all my days to Thee
Yet more and more—and Thee to me,
Yet more and more my Saviour.

Be Thou to me my Lord, my Guide,
My Friend, yea, everything beside;
But first, last, best, whate'er betide,
Be Thou to me my Saviour!

THE INCARNATE DEITY

THE TRANSFORMING TOUCH

The manger shone with splendor
Wherein the Christ-child lay,
And poverty was riches
When Jesus walked its way;
For He saw gain in utter loss
And glory in the shameful cross.

Others derive their greatness
From things conferred on them,
But He invests with greatness
His throne and diadem.
To depths and heights, whate'er His place,
His person lends its charm and grace.

Touched by Thy hand, Lord Jesus,
Our poor, mean lives will shine;
They take on richer meaning
When they are linked with Thine.
Earth-bound and sinful though we be,
We are transformed when touched by Thee!

The Son of God did not come out of humanity—He came
into it.

THE BREAD OF GOD

I would appropriate Thy death,
Thou living Bread of God;
Thy flesh is satisfying meat,
And life is in Thy blood.

Why should I turn to Egypt's food?
It cannot meet my need:

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

On Thee, O Christ, the Bread of God,
My hungry soul would feed.

The love that brought Thee into death
Supports me day by day;
Thy death lies in the past—the love
Will never pass away.

Celestial Food! in Thee my soul
Finds strength to overcome
The trials of the wilderness
And sings its way towards home.

THE SUFFICIENT ONE

Burdened, lonely, and bereft,
Not one crumb of comfort left?
"Come to Me!"
Says thy Lover unto thee.

Puzzled, doubting, at a loss
How to walk in paths that cross?
"Follow Me!"
Is thy Shepherd's call to thee.

Luring voices cast their spell—
Where is truth? Oh, who can tell!
"Learn of Me!"
Is thy Teacher's gentle plea.

Orphaned, cast out on the wild,
Feeling a neglected child?
"Bide in Me!"
Is His counsel unto thee.

THE INCARNATE DEITY

The way to Calvary was the triumphal march of victorious love.

THE OVERCOMER

The Via Dolorosa
He walked with kingly mien—
A silent Lamb to slaughter led—
Was e'er such glory seen?
Reviled, He answered not again
But meekly drank the cup of pain.

Ten thousand legions waited—
He never gave the word;
For He had come to reign by love
And not by force or sword,
And that love's victory might be won,
Prayed, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

He faced hell's dreadful fury,
Unaided and alone,
Invaded death's strong citadel
Where none before had gone.
He made of thorns a diadem
His kingly power to proclaim.

Then be of good cheer, brother—
The King has won the fight,
As when the rising orb of day
Beats back the shades of night.
Yea, on this earth where thorns abound,
By faith we walk on conquered ground.

You cannot listen to Christ and be the same man afterwards.
His words will either quicken you or bring condemnation.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE MYSTICAL CHRIST

Thou art the sun round which my spirit turns;
Thou art the atmosphere in which I move;
Thou art the flame which in my bosom burns;
Thou art a universe of living love.

Thou art the purity which I breath in;
Thou art the anchorage where faith can rest—
The silence where I hide me from earth's din—
The still, small voice that echoes in my breast.

Thou art the glory everywhere displayed—
Love's brooding presence, banishing all fear—
The beauty of all things which love has made;
Thou art the music thrilling every sphere.

Thou art the goodness found in every place,
The innocence that shines from children's eyes,
The loveliness, the fragrance, and the grace—
Fond relics of our vanished paradise.

Thou art the comforter that soothes our hearts,
The gentle guide that leads us with His eye;
Thou art the shield that wards off evil's darts;
Thou art the truth, in which there is no lie.

O incorruptible, immortal Seed—
O Word engrafted in the human breast!
Thou art God's answer to our deepest need—
The everlasting "Yea" that ends our quest.

O Wisdom, ancient, yet forever new—
O Light, invisible, yet inly nigh—
O Mystery, profound, and yet so true—
Midst vexing doubts, the one reality!

THE INCARNATE DEITY

O tender Heart that understands our woes—
Perennial Fountain, longing to reveal
The healing streams with which Love overflows—
To whom beside Thyself can we appeal?

CHRIST ABIDETH FOREVER

Thou dost the centuries outlast—
No record dim on ancient page,
No legend of a vanished age—
A living presence, not a past.

Thy doctrine knows no yesterday—
Our poor opinions ebb and flow;
Our foolish customs come and go—
Thy light will never fade away.

Today, as once in Galilee,
The puzzle of our modern life,
The pain of our unequal strife
Are understood and felt by Thee.

The underswell of earth's unrest,
The inward hurt, the outward stress,
The failure, and the weariness
Drive us for shelter to Thy breast.

And though a curtain hides Thy face,
Thou art our inspiration still—
The energizer of our will,
The leader of our struggling race.

But ah! we oft have missed Thy mind;
We placed the sanctions of Thy name
On many an evil thing of shame,
Thinking we saw, when we were blind.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

And still we flattered Thee with sound
Of noisy words of prayer or hymn
In meeting or cathedral dim,
When in man's silence Thou art found.

We call us Thy disciples still,
Yet shape our lives to selfish aims,
Unmindful of a brother's claims,
Preaching, but doing not Thy will!

We dreamt Thy kingdom was to come,
As if by magic, from the sky,
Forgetful Thou art ever nigh,
Seeking in human hearts Thy home.

O let Thy inpoured Spirit shed
Thy light abroad which can renew
From falsities to manners true
Those whom its influence has led

And radiate in home and mart
The peace which counteracts all strife,
Dispensing streams of heavenly life
From love's deep fount within Thy heart.

Then from earth's desert wastes shall rise,
Where thorns abound and thistles grow,
Surpassing those of long ago,
The flowers and fruits of paradise.

There is no fact more fundamental than that of the solidarity of the human race. All men are interrelated to each other in joy or suffering, in sin or goodness. This is no mere theological fiction or dogma—it is the moral order of the universe.

THE INCARNATE DEITY

Christ affected people in various ways: To the unthinking crowd He was a surprise. He astonished them by His method and manner. To the carnally minded Jews looking for earthly dominion He was a disappointment. To the self-righteous religionist He was a stumbling block. But to brokenhearted sinners He was a comfort.

THE NEED AND THE SUPPLY

O Love, my hunger is too deep
For bread alone to still:
The void within too vast for aught
Save deathless love to fill.

Where shall I find the nourishment
That satisfies the soul?
Where is the potent remedy
That makes the sin-sick whole?

O Love that died for me, Thou art
My only resting place;
The answer to my deepest need
I read in Jesus' face.

MOST SHAMEFUL CROSS

Most shameful cross that fills up human sin!
Could evil higher rise?
Most glorious cross that put all sin away
And opened paradise!

Vast was our crime! But love was vaster still,
And love won out!
'Twas no defeat—before He died, He gave
The Victor's shout.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Though Christ knew no sin, He knew more *about* sin than all the sinners combined.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER

Lover divine, whose wounds declare Thy glory,
Could I be separated from Thy love,
I would not know where else to still heart-hunger,
Either on earth or in the heavens above ;

For Thou art now my center of attraction,
My secret refuge and my place of rest ;
And Thine indwelling is my hope of glory
And heaven's treasure, hidden in my breast.

Through life, with all its heavings and its tossings,
And when in death earth's flickering lamp grows dim,
I turn to Thee—Thou ever faithful Lover—
Whose sweetness fills my chalice to the brim.

And when the mists of sense obscure the vision
That sometimes hover o'er the pilgrim way
I know beyond the valley of the shadow
I'll see Thee face to face in perfect day.

As Adam disobeyed where everything was very good, so the Man Christ Jesus obeyed where everything was evil and under sentence of death.

We have the unspeakable honor of safeguarding the glory of His blessed person during the dark night of His rejection when He is attacked in so many ways—His work, His person.

NO TOMB COULD HOLD HIM

No tomb could hold Him, for the throne
Was His high goal;
He left it empty, that He might
Infill my soul—
Another sepulcher where death
He scattered with His living breath.

Full thrice He passed the angels by,
Stooping in grace,
Then claiming as His bloodbought right
The highest place.
Once more He stooped, that He in me
The travail of His soul might see.

Though He indwells eternity,
Man is the shrine
His heart desires for His abode—
Heed, soul of mine!
Wilt thou be host, and He the guest?
He must be host, ere thou find rest.

The constellations worship Him—
But brighter far
His coronet of indwelt souls,
Than any star:
Each inwrought grace becomes a gem
That sparkles in His diadem.

He wields a sword not used by man
In carnal strife—
Piercing the soul to nethermost
Of hidden life.
He wins His kingdom by the Word,
Till all within has crowned Him Lord.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

CHRIST IS ALL

The fever thirst for happiness,
Jesus can slake;
And fetters, hard as adamant,
His power can break.

The emptiness, the void within,
He comes to fill;
The hunger for a love that lasts,
His love can still.

Is there a wound of sin and shame
He cannot heal?
Is there an ache within the heart
He cannot feel?

Is there a cup pressed to the lip,
From which we shrink,
Filled to the brim with bitterness,
He did not drink?

Then take to Him thy every care—
Thy life be His—
And have a foretaste, here on earth,
Of heaven's bliss.

The Way is for our feet; the Truth is for our minds; the Life is for our spirits. The Way is not laid down in rules; the Truth, not in propositions; the Life, not in metaphysical speculations, but in a Person.

THE INCARNATE DEITY

THE MESSIAH

In the Messiah perfectly combine
All excellencies, human and divine.
In Him the Second Man from heaven we see,
The Holy One who fills eternity—
The uncreated Logos who became
Flesh, in our nature to tell out His name—
The crowning revelation in a face
Intensely human, yet divine in grace.
Now let the wise man and the fool draw near
And gaze upon that visage without fear.

Though nature spells out tokens of His might—
Though history has many gleams of light—
Though chosen prophets, holy men of old,
Were often moved His message to unfold—
Our hunger after truth continued still;
No partial word the void within could fill.
But now the life, death, rising of our Lord
At last has uttered the completed Word.

Hail, Wisdom's treasures—who can tell their worth!
The Word which has God's deepest thought set forth—
Light of the world, shining in heart and mind—
The secret Monitor of all mankind!
The living Presence, in which all men move,
Made flesh to make it clear that God is Love—
Jehovah, who man's highest thought transcends,
Stooping to share man's humblest circumstance!

The foxes had their lair; the birds, their nest,
But He, no shelter where to seek His rest.
Born in a stable—naked on the tree—
Was ever known such abject poverty!
Yet, that the world the Father's self might know,

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

He lived a filial life of love below.
He witnessed, where His blessed feet have trod
From day to day, a life of faith in God.

The Father dwelling in Him was His joy,
A bliss which poverty could not destroy.
Deep were His sorrows, yet how deep the rest
Which, like a waveless ocean, filled His breast!
The world, His Father's house; in every spot
His radiant presence—yea, the meanest lot
Was dignified through fellowship with Him.
Love filled His cup of gladness to the brim.

To heal, to comfort, and to wipe the tear
Became His messianic service here.
He shared His secret with the poor and sad
And taught them how God's love could make man glad.
He was "the still, small voice," made flesh to show
In terms of life the truths which man must know:
To give up self and bear the daily cross
And to esteem mere carnal things as dross.

He lived the truth He taught men to approve
In gentle service and unselfish love—
Loving all men, the Gentile and the Jew—
Our false distinctions Jesus never knew:
He saw God's sunshine smiling upon all;
His rain upon both good and evil fall.
He would reveal the unseen Father's way—
Therefore gave freely, asking not for pay.

God is like Jesus—now our wand'rings cease;
We anchor here and enter into peace.
If called to suffer, now we surely know
That, in a world of sorrow and of woe,

THE INCARNATE DEITY

God suffers with us, sharing all our pain,
And by the cross turns suffering to gain;
For He has suffered and has triumphed here,
That death itself we never more need fear.

And now He's gone! and yet He's with us still;
And all may have His presence if they will.
To those who bring to Him a trusting heart,
He freely will His saving grace impart.
He is no absentee, but very nigh,
Though, in His glory, veiled to mortal eye.
He is humanity's exalted King,
To whom the nations must their tribute bring.
And "He must reign" until, beneath His sway,
All evil here on earth has passed away.

THE ROCK OF AGES

The stream of life is flowing on,
Unresting day by day;
The seasons chase each other 'round;
They come and pass away.

New forms and shapes transplant the old;
Ideas, customs change;
The very speech our fathers used,
To modern ears sounds strange.

The dying centuries give birth
To others in their place;
The new world thinks it can surpass
The old world in the race.

I know a Rock on which to stand,
Where peace midst strife is found;
Midst changes it remains unchanged,
Though whirlpools rage around.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Christ is that everlasting Rock,
Faith's resting place and home,
The same today as yesterday,
And in the days to come.

THE TRIPLE SIGN

Gold, frankincense, and myrrh,
The hallowed triple sign,
Wise men once gave to Thee,
Guided by light divine:

Gold, since Thou art a King,
To fashion Thee a crown,
Who veiled 'neath poverty
Thy title to the throne—

The fragrant frankincense
Because Thou art a Priest,
Whose interceding love
Cannot forget the least—

But also bitter myrrh,
From which Thy flesh might shrink,
Symbol of that strange cup
Unselfish love must drink,

Cup of the deepest woe
And crucifixion pain,
Of stripes and bleeding wounds
That make us whole again.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrh
Low at Thy feet I lay;
And with this triple gift
I give myself away.

THE INCARNATE DEITY

Christ is Prophet in order to bring us out of error into the truth. He is Priest in order to bring us out of defilement by sin into communion with God. He is King in order to bring us out of bondage to our evil nature, to the world and to the devil, into the liberty of the kingdom of God.

THE UNSEEN FRIEND

Unseen Saviour, whom I love—
Dying, living, throned above—
Be Thou throned within my heart;
Bid all rivals thence depart.

In temptation's testing hour,
Prove to me Thy mighty power;
Stand between me and the foe,
Warding off each fatal blow.

When affliction's billows roll,
Breathe Thy grace into my soul—
Grace to suffer and be still,
To adore my Father's will.

Though of creature-joys bereft—
Thy sweet presence only left—
Stripped and desolate and poor—
Having Thee, what want I more!

When life's shadows deeper grow,
As with feeble steps and slow
I approach the close of day,
Unseen Friend, be still my stay,

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Whom at last I shall behold
As the mystic gates unfold—
Who has ever been my Guide,
Veiled Immanuel at my side.

THE WORSHIP OF THE LAMB

O Lamb, so meek and lowly,
To Thee, and Thee alone,
Belongs the world's dominion—
The scepter and the throne.
Hallelujah!

For us once sorely stricken
Upon the tree of shame,
Bearing our crushing burden—
Our sins with all their blame.
Hallelujah!

Self-emptied of Thy glory,
Didst stoop to utter loss,
In silent meekness hanging,
Stripped naked, on the cross.
Hallelujah!

With prayer for their pardon
Who pierced Thy hands and feet,
Thus, conquering with goodness,
The evil Thou didst meet.
Hallelujah!

Who, though the royal Lion,
A Lamb to slaughter led,
And in adoring worship
Bowing Thy holy head.
Hallelujah!

THE INCARNATE DEITY

Forever and forever
Thy kingdom standeth fast;
Earth's proudest empires vanish—
Thy majesty will last.
Hallelujah!

Thy death, the sure foundation
Which never can remove;
The secret of Thy greatness,
Thy sacrificial love.
Hallelujah!

For Thou must reign in power
Till death itself is slain,
And God can find His pleasure
In this poor world again.
Hallelujah!

O Lamb of God most holy,
Now high on heaven's throne,
The glory and dominion
Belong to Thee alone.
Hallelujah!

Jesus Christ is a strange Man: strange in the manner of His birth—strange in the things He said about Himself—strange in the demands He made upon men—strange in the way He faced His cross—strange in His anticipation that the cross was not the end—strange in His re-appearing as a living Reality—and strange in His continued domination over the hearts and lives of those who believe in Him.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Man—the crown of creation; Christ—the crown of humanity; Christ's cross—His crowning deed.

JESUS IS LORD

Jesus is Lord to me!
Not Saviour alone—
That could not tell all I see
In His glorious majesty,
Now high on His throne.

Jesus is Lord to me!
Yea, even on earth,
Not alone where He is crowned;
Where His rights are still disowned,
I'd publish His worth.

Jesus is Lord to me!
Soon, soon He will reign;
Out of loss and bitter shame,
He has won immortal fame—
His cross, not in vain!

ALPHA AND OMEGA

Thou wast my "Alpha" when I came to Thee,
Drawn by Thy love, for I was but a youth;
And when I found Thee, Thou became to me
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

My days are creeping in—the shadows fall;
Behind the veil has passed full many a friend.
But Thou remainest; still on Thee I call—
"Omega" at the end.



NATURE—GOD'S ROBE

AS THE HART panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God," cried David. This is a deeper exercise than the prayer begotten of desire. It is the hunted hart that pants. So when we feel like a driven, hunted hart, pursued by our enemies, we really pray.

In nature nothing is sufficient for itself. The flowers pant for the rain; the grain fields pant for the sun; rivers pant for the ocean; my soul pants for God.

I pant for all of God. A partial God would not meet my soul's need. The God who is Creator only or moral Governor of the universe only, the God whose movements are seen in history only, is not enough. I need the God revealed in the cross of Christ—otherwise I am a soul ill at ease.

THE SPELL OF THE STARS

'Tis getting dark upon the sea—
The shore line fades from sight;
Awed with the ocean mystery,
I sail into the night.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

But one by one the stars appear,
Piercing the purple dome
They come my lonely watch to cheer;
They light the lamps of home.

They come to share my solitude;
They sing to me their love.
I feel that I am understood
By God's sweet stars above.

Before I know I join their song,
For now my heart is gay:
The sense of bitterness and wrong
The stars have charmed away.

ANGEL WATCHERS

I know, as I with wonder gaze
Into the star-gemmed night,
That boundless space is a vast sea,
Teeming with worlds alight.

Yet as a child I loved to dream
That stars were angel-eyes,
Watching our sinning, sobbing earth
From out their paradise.

They watch our lonely struggles here
With pity and with love;
They help each earnest soul that seeks
Their purer world above.

Leave still with me my childhood's dream!
It helps my heart to feel
God's heaven brooding over earth
To succor and to heal.

THE SACRAMENT OF NATURE

By every leaf and flower,
Or tinted butterfly,
By every glistening dewdrop,
Or glow of evening sky,
By soothing calm of twilight,
Or murmur of the sea,
Or music of the song-birds,
My Father speaks to me.

The colors of the rainbow,
The purple cloak of night,
The resurrection splendor
Of the returning light,
The chirping of the cricket,
The cooing of the dove,
The rhythm of the seasons
Are messages of love.

I crave no special token;
I seek no mystic rite —
A sacramental table
Is spread before my sight:
By many thousand voices,
By many thousand signs,
The love of God endeavors
To reach our hearts and minds.

THE WORLD I LIVE IN

My universe is crammed with God;
Its heart beat is the throb of Love.
Only what Love permits can be,
On earth beneath, in heaven above.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

The near, the distant, small or great,
Atom or sun, flower or star,
Man, in His Maker's image made,
Reflectors' of His glory are.

I see one power, all in all,
One purpose, loving, true, and wise,
One presence, calm, serene, and pure,
One God alone before my eyes,

One Father, seen in Jesus' face,
One name before which all must fall,
One spirit, touching every heart,
One bosom that makes room for all.

BACK TO MY ORIGIN

The homing pigeon seeks its nest,
Where e'er that nest might be;
The tired river, in its quest,
The bosom of the sea.

The thrush sings louder to salute
The rising orb of day;
The lily fills her fragrant cup
With heaven's golden ray.

The planet swings around the sun,
Transfigured as it turns;
The little flame leaps to the source
From which its fire burns.

Yes, all things in the universe
End where they had their start—
While I appeal to love divine
To still my hungry heart.

GROWTH IN THE TRUE LIFE

If higher and higher the tree would grow,
Then deeper its roots must strike below.

Its secret life as far must spread
As outward branches overhead.

The tree, sun-bathed 'neath glowing sky,
Has roots which in deep gloom must lie.

To stand erect in stormy weather,
Branches and roots must work together.

THE MURMUR OF THE SEA

'Tis said a shell contains the murmur
Of the sea;
So in my heart sounds
God's eternity.
When earth's rude noise is stilled,
I catch the sound
Of that vast sea of love
Within, around.

THE PRESENT TRUTH

The growing tree its withered leaves must shed
And be reborn:
So I the forms from which the life has fled,
The creeds outworn,
Repenting from the barren works of death
Of yesterday,
I seek the present Truth, the quick'ning Breath,
The living Way.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

MY SUN

Attracted, drawn, held by a hand
That spans the uttermost of space,
Revolving in her orbit, earth
Sunward each morning turns her face.

My soul, be also held and drawn,
Attracted by the Sun of Love,
Encircling Him, to dwell in light,
Moving alone as from above,

And, like the earth, bring forth the fruits
Of heaven's light and heat and rain—
Lest, when thy day of grace is o'er,
Grace has been spent on thee in vain.

OUR WORTH TO GOD

The lilies drink in beauty from above;
Sparrows sit at a banquet spread by love;
Am I not more to God than flower or bird?
How can His child's petition be unheard?

His hand directs the planets on their way;
Untiring rolls earth sunward day by day:
Am I not more than a revolving sphere?
Shall I lack guidance while a pilgrim here?

More than the lilies or the sparrows, we—
Much more than all the shining orbs we see—
Made in His image. God delights to come
And find in human hearts His shrine and home.

NATURE—GOD'S ROBE

The material world is the garment of God. It is a beautiful robe—woven throughout with consummate skill. If the garment is so glorious, what must be the glory of Him who wears it?

NATURE — GOD'S ROBE

Through every changing play of scene
And circumstance,
The lattice-work, not made with hands,
Of time and sense,
Vibrations of another world
Affect my sight—
A universe of melody
And radiant light.

For earth is but my Father's robe,
A mystic screen
Through which His form my wistful eyes
Have sometimes seen
A sacramental table spread
By His own hand—
A harp whose living chords vibrate
On sea and land.

A worshiper, with unshod feet
I pass along
Through nature's vast cathedral aisles,
Vibrant with song.
I hear in every beam of light
A heavenly psalm,
Sung by the golden morn at dawn
Or sunset's calm.

A thousand voices join to tell
The God He is;

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

They celebrate His overflow
Of happiness.
His name is stamped on earth and sky—
That name of Love.
He shines in glorious majesty
Below, above.

THE CAPTIVE EAGLE

Caged eagle, dreaming still
Of heaven's vast expanse
And of thy mountain eyrie, held
By chains of carnal sense!

Feeling the inward urge
To soar on spirit-wings,
Keen-visioned to salute the sun—
A slave to earthly things!

Break every link that binds
To groveling desire;
Stir up into a heavenward flame
The Spirit-kindled fire.

Ascend, O fettered soul,
Above the hills of time;
Breathe heaven's purer atmosphere—
Rise to thy native clime!

WONDER

Make me again a little child
With heart and mind still undefiled,
Tracing Thy footprints near and far,
Be they in flower or in star,

NATURE—GOD'S ROBE

To see Thy world with guileless eyes,
Mountains and valleys, lakes and skies,
With heart of wonder to behold
Thy marvels rich and manifold.

Thy kingdom opens up its store
To those who wonder and adore:
Life is to them a glad surprise;
They breathe the air of paradise.

O blessed childhood, when we feel
The mystery all things conceal
And start each day with lightsome feet
Because we go fresh joys to meet!

HOW GOD WORKS

How gently springtime comes again
As years go by—
Earth putting on her bridal dress
As it draws nigh!

How silently the planets move
On their lone way,
Turning their faces to the sun
Each breaking day!

No trump is heard, no grating wheel,
No hammer blows!
God works His mighty miracles
In calm repose.

How still and small His voice within!
Like gentle dew
Which silently the face of earth
Comes to renew.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

O Love in which the soul finds rest,
Which drives out fear,
Make me of Thy serenity
A mirror clear!

Teach me, e'en in this feverish dream
That men call life,
The secret how Thy peace can hush
Our foolish strife.

THE MESSAGE OF THE DAISY

A daisy, 'neath the sunbeam's kiss,
To beauty wakes, while I in bliss
Must worship to behold the clod
Transfigured by the smile of God.

And shall the shining of His face
Adorn our earth with loveliness—
Let glory burst forth from a flower,
The fragile creature of an hour—

And not from man, to whom His breath
Imparts a life outliving death,
Till, smiling back His smile of love,
He's too transfigured from above,

And gladly turns to God his face,
And drinks his fill of heaven's grace,
And in His presence, veiled yet near,
Dwells in a love that casts out fear?

I can be a lover of flowers without knowing botany; I can
be a lover of the stars without knowing astronomy; and I can
be a lover of Christ without knowing theology.

NATURE—GOD'S ROBE

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

My Father's many-chambered house
Includes both heaven and earth,
And something of His glory dwells
In all His love gave birth.

The marvels of the heavenly spheres
Are veiled from mortal sight,
But hills and valleys, land and sea
Reveal His love and might.

Beauty and light and harmony,
Fragrance and colors fair,
And all the endless forms of life
His character declare.

In every glistening drop of dew,
Or pebble in the sand,
Or snowflake from the winter sky,
I see my Father's hand.

Love finds His footsteps everywhere;
It feels Him ever nigh;
It looks upon His countenance
In ocean, earth, and sky.

It sees a table richly spread
Before its wondering eyes,
And every new day in His house
Love gets a new surprise.

God's radiating happiness
Fills all His courts with joy;
To make His creatures share His bliss
Is His supreme employ.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE TWO GARDENS

'Tis autumn, and o'er rain-soaked leaves
I walk alone.
The woods, once gay, are silent now:
The birds have flown.

Through my deserted garden, lo!
The east wind sighs;
The trees lift up their naked arms
To weeping skies.

What matters—if I breathe within
A balmier air
And a perpetual Presence shed
Joy everywhere—

If light from an unsetting Sun
Bid gloom depart,
While I keep step to music heard
Within my heart!

AUTUMN LEAVES

Ye autumn leaves, who gently drop
To turn again to earth,
Seeking repose within the dust—
The womb that gave you birth—
Tinted with glory, ye depart
Beneath a sunlit sky—
Your best reserved unto the end,
To teach us how to die.

So may we pass, in beauty clad,
Transformed by light divine,

NATURE—GOD'S ROBE

Which grace from life's great Sun above
Caused in our hearts to shine,
Our self-bound lives divinely changed
From folly and from sin—
Transparent lives, to let shine through
Christ's glorious life within.

THE WOOING OF THE LIGHT

Responding to the call of love,
Her scarlet cup unfolding,
The rosebud wakes to greet the sun,
Her bridegroom's face beholding,
The brightness of whose golden face
Charms forth her hidden loveliness.

Unspeakably more tenderly
Than morning, Thou art pleading
That I might turn to Thee for love,
Nor other lovers heeding.
All beauty, happiness, and peace
Come from the shining of Thy face.

The fairest rose will fade without
The morning's sweet renewing:
My soul would languish sad and lone
But for Thy tender wooing.
No flower hungers for the sight
Of day more than my soul for light.

It is not possible to build up a universal faith on the slogan: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." What really unites the races, nations, and kindreds of men, with their bewildering variety, is the common touch of Super-nature, the visitation of the grace of God. In the mystic depths of the soul God registers Himself, speaking directly to every man.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE MIRROR OF NATURE

I find that when my heart is glad
Creation wears a smiling face;
Yea, every dewdrop is a pearl
And every flower full of grace.

But let my soul be draped in gloom,
Then nothing fascinates the eye;
Beauty of scene appeals in vain—
A shadow rests on earth and sky.

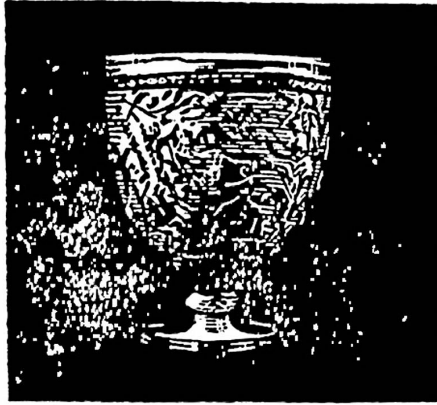
I see my soul communicates
Her feelings to the outward scene:
The heaven or hell I meet without
Come from the heaven or hell within.

Creation mirrors every mood.
Man makes his own environment;
His eyes behold the kind of world
Which answers to his inward bent.

Mysterious forces dwell in man.
The God-breathed soul is greater far
Than outward things; her grasp exceeds
The limits of the farthest star.

Exhale the atmosphere of good;
Reflect thy inward happiness.
Send the sunshine of thy heart;
Present to all a radiant face.

When a man is in conscious harmony with the will of God,
he is also in harmony with the universe.



SONGS OF SALVATION

BY A LITTLE TWIST, the good may become evil. This has been the bane of religion from the beginning. Worship is a most important item in the spiritual life, but if it is made to excuse us from our duty to man it is not acceptable to God. Service to man is very important, but if it takes the place of communion with God, it becomes a positive evil. The conviction that in Christianity we have the highest revelation of God and Truth is very essential, but if it produces a superiority complex toward others, it has become a serious wrong. Self-renunciation is a fundamental feature of the disciple-life, but if it becomes mere asceticism—an end in itself—it becomes a morbid thing. Forgiveness is a virtue, but if it robs us of righteous opposition to wrongs that must be gotten rid of, then it becomes a real danger.

The cross of Christ is the secret of pardon, purity, peace, and power, but when it becomes a mere crucifix, a talisman, a magical means of protecting ourselves against the results of our wrong-doing, it becomes a superstition. The Scriptures tell us about Christ and make us wise unto salvation; yet, if we are Bible students only, and do not come to them in the spirit

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

in which they were originally given, they become like the brazen serpent—once a means of life, but destroyed by Hezekiah because it had become an idol.

REDEMPTION

I need that strange Man on His lonely cross—
A code of ethics never could suffice:
I'd sink in darkness and eternal death
But for the virtue of His sacrifice.

A teacher and a pattern of the way
Are not enough to heal a broken heart;
I need redemptive power, such as He,
My risen Saviour, only can impart.

Incarnate Love that died and rose again,
Sweet Power divine, I feel at work within
The epic of redemption in my soul—
The crucifixion of the life of sin!

For sin is as the raging flames of hell,
And selfishness, the veil that blinds our eyes
To the glad radiance of the face of God—
The bar that bolts the gates of paradise.

The way I learn the immensity of my sin is by looking at the immensity of the grace which has met it.

SONGS OF SALVATION

GAIN AND LOSS

My righteousness could never take me in,
Nor could I be excluded by my sin—
Crimson and scarlet though that sin may be—
When saved by grace to all eternity.

Grace clothes me with the value of Christ's name,
Who am a bankrupt in my rags and shame;
And now, in righteousness I never wrought,
Right to my Father's bosom I am brought.

What now remains but, through my earthly days,
Not unto self to live, but to His praise—
To see myself with Christ upon the cross,
Himself my gain, all other gain but loss?

TWO TREES

O woeful tree by which man's downfall came,
That lost us Eden, bringing guilt and shame!
O blessed tree that wiped out the whole score
That was against us, to accuse no more!
Our death in sin—the consequence of one;
Our death to sin, the second tree has won.
O blessed tree that makes man good and wise
And gives him back his stolen paradise!

In the life of Jesus, God came near to man. In the death of Jesus, the way is opened for man to draw near to God.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

FAITH'S HERITAGE

And is it really so that I am His,
Circled with love unmeasured? This is bliss!
Skillfully guided and at last to be
With Him and like Him and His face to see?
In heavenly glory's all-transcending scene
To dwell in peace without a veil between?

Ah! sure I am, the cross, and that alone,
Entitles me to stand before the throne,
Or how could bankrupt debtor, such as I,
To sin-exposing brightness dare draw nigh?
The veil is rent. I bring no purchase price;
I humbly plead that holy sacrifice.

And, more than this, He bids me claim as mine
Life, pure and deathless, heavenly and divine,
Hid in His bosom ere the worlds were made—
Life which incarnate Love in time displayed—
A crystal stream in never-ending flow,
Out of the depths of God—what favor to bestow!

And Oh! thou soul of mine, I dare proclaim
His thoughts of love are evermore the same;
The chain that binds me to His heart ne'er breaks,
And that in spite of failures and mistakes.
To wound such love makes sin feel trebly sore—
Nay, it inspires to hate of sin the more.

His ways in providence that love commend;
He smites and wounds and heals with gentle hand.
The mystic fellowship of Calv'ry's cross
Is reached through earth's transfigured pain and loss.
To all who follow in the Master's train,
The cross means victory and larger gain.

SONGS OF SALVATION

Therefore I pray: Lord, fashion all my ways
To suit Thine own through all my pilgrim days;
Strength to keep step with Thee, daily renew.
Grant singleness of eye and purpose true,
Until, with earth-purged vision, I may see
The blessedness Thy travail won for me.

THE ONLY REFUGE

I crept into the heart of God
To hide me from earth's sin and woe.
O wounded, beaten man, there is
None other place for thee to go.

There is a heart that broke in love
For sinners on a cross of pain,
That their harp, mute through haunting guilt,
Might tremble into joy again.

There is a place of perfect calm
Beyond earth's clamor and its strife—
A region of Sabbatic peace
Beneath the fever men call life.

And thou, whate'er thy record be
Of futile struggle with thy sin,
May creep into the heart of God
And let its welcome take thee in.

I am faced with two great problems. First, I cannot meet my liabilities; but Christ went to the cross to meet my liability; He paid the debt with His precious blood.

Second, I am conscious of my inability; therefore Christ went to the right hand of God that He might meet my inability by sending the Holy Spirit to enable me to overcome and do the blessed will of God on earth.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

The door of entrance into the kingdom of heaven is so small
that only a child can go through it.

THE GIFT AND THE TASK

With simple faith we welcome thee,
Kingdom of splendor and of love,
Coming like sunshine from above,
Unbought, unstinted, glad, and free,

Blessing alike the rich and poor
With gifts from realms of purest light,
Joy, purity, and inward sight,
Nor passing by a single door—

Bestowed before we ever ask,
Yet urging to a strenuous life,
To vigil close and fiercest strife—
A gift, and yet a mighty task!

The gift, like children, we make ours;
The task, a painful travail is—
An inward toil and sacrifice,
A man's work, taxing all his powers.

THE WAVES OF WRATH

The waves of wrath which I deserved
Passed over Jesus' soul;
The stripes I earned were laid on Him,
To make me, sinner, whole.

He took my place of guilt and shame
And drank my cup of pain,
That I, a pauper, might be made
A partner of His gain.

SONGS OF SALVATION

Sacrifice is the fundamental law of all increase.

THE WOUNDS IN GLORY

What are those wounds, Lord Jesus,
In hands and feet and side?

“They are Love’s open fountain;
From them the healing tide,
The deeper crimson than thy sin,
Has flowed to make thee pure within.”

But why, my blessed Saviour,
Dost wear those wounds above?

“To celebrate in glory
The victory of love:
That thou might see thy title clear
To enter in without a fear.”

O Lord, Thou mighty Victor,
Once Victim on the tree,
Thy sacrifice accepted
Is faith’s sufficient plea:
Thy wounds seen in the holy place
Perpetuate the reign of grace.

Two things our Lord does to those who come to Him: First,
He removes their stain; He gives them a sense of cleanness.
Then He removes the strain; He brings them into rest.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE PRESENT REALITY OF THE CROSS

More than a thousand miles may stretch
Between us and where Jesus died,
And yet methinks my very eyes
Have looked upon Him crucified !

Well nigh two thousand years ago
Our Lord on Calvary was slain,
But all the great things then secured
Until this very hour remain.

Not far away, not long ago !
To me, this day, that cross is real ;
The story of redeeming love
Still grips my heart with its appeal.

That sacred past still lives today :
My eyes meet eyes of suffering love,
And, as those eyes look into mine,
The power of that love I prove.

Why preach the gospel? Because every heart is hungry for happiness, love, satisfaction—because every soul is weary—because of sin—because every life is lonely and needs God for a travelling Companion.

Only Christ can still that hunger, remove that weariness and sin, and swallow up that sense of loneliness.

SONGS OF SALVATION

All Christ did was from love, and therefore, was sacrificial.
To come in the flesh was already sacrifice, as well as to die in
the flesh.

SINCE I AM FOUND IN THEE

In peace, O Christ, I face the throne,
 Since I am found in Thee;
I claim no merit of my own—
 Thy blood my only plea—
A sinner justified by grace,
Redeemed to look upon Thy face.

And now where'er my steps may go,
 Since I am found in Thee,
O'er mountain or through vale below,
 Thy guiding hand I see;
Yea, found in Thee I cannot stray
Or stumble on my pilgrim way.

When tempted in an evil hour,
 Since I am found in Thee,
Thou art more near than sin's dark power,
 My only purity;
Ah! found in Thee, the tempter's dart
Is hurled in vain against my heart.

When Thou at last my name shalt call,
 I shall be found in Thee,
Redeemed before Thy feet to fall
 And own Thy victory—
Through all eternity to be
Safe in the Father's house with Thee.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

SIN

Alluring Sin! Draped in thy tinsel dress,
Which ill conceals thy rags and ugliness!

O cruel Sin! Thy witchery and spell
Lead on thy lovers down the road to hell.

O heartless Sin! There's poison in thy breath;
The kisses of thy ruby lips bring death.

O lying Sin! Where is the promised good?
Thou bringest forth within the serpent's brood:

And God's rebuke! Ah, who can face His eyes,
Beneath whose gaze there can be no disguise?

O hateful Sin! Most hated thing of God!
O scarlet Sin, for which Christ gave His blood!

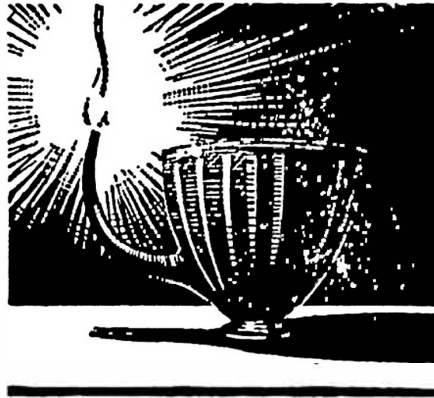
"Made sin for us!" Himself, He "knew no sin,"
Yet felt what sin deserves, His soul within!

Atonement made! Glory of God maintained!
Our peace secured! To life a title gained!

A deeper crimson than our crimson stain—
From His pierced side, to make us pure again.

Defeated Sin! The cross has brought thee down!
Thy reign is o'er! The Lamb now wears the crown!

Exalted high upon His heavenly throne,
He lives to share His triumph with His own.



THE PATH OF THE JUST

THERE ARE MANY SHADOWS on our path, but every shadow is produced by the light which the shadow throws into relief. There is the light of memory—the light from the past. We recall past deliverances and are steadied in view of present difficulties. Besides personal memory there is an ancestral memory. The Scriptures tell us of an Enoch who walked with God, of an Abram who went out not knowing whither, of a Moses who endured as seeing Him who is invisible, of a David who cried out of the depths and was heard, of a Daniel who was preserved in the den of lions, of the Son of God who, when on the cross, was “heard from the horns of the unicorns.”

There is also the light of eternity. It shines into time and interprets it. Then stony pillows become anointed pillars, and angels are seen linking us with the heavenly world. The “secular” then becomes “sacred.”

There is the light of the sanctuary. “Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I,” said perplexed Asaph. Many problems can only be solved in the holy fellowship of God’s people. What the Interpreter’s House was to the pilgrim

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

in the dream of the imprisoned tinker, the fellowship of the children of God often becomes to the pilgrim of eternity.

Beyond all there is the light which shines from the cross. The greatest mystery is the key to all mystery. God has put the cross of Christ in the center of the world's life to teach that pain and suffering, reproach and shame, darkness and death are the raw material of glory. The Lamb of God overcame the world by the meekness, the silence, the submission, the sacrifice of His cross, and now He has the keys of life and death at His girdle.

Thus may we walk through life guided by the fourfold light.

THE TEACHING OF THE LIGHT

May every voice be hushed in me
Except Thy living Word;
Let every move be crushed in me
That does not own Thee Lord,
To silence may be brought in me
Except what Thou hast wrought in me.

O let Thy kingdom come to me
Till Thou dost reign alone;
Let my heart be a home for Thee
On earth, where Thou hast none:
When Thou shalt fully rest in me
I shall be fully blest in Thee.

May everything depart from me
That dims the inward sight;
Implant deep in the heart of me
Things that with Thee are right,
That truths taught by Thy light in me
May find a mirror bright in me.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

RIGHT WITH GOD

I welcome every newborn day
When I am right with God;
How quickly pass the hours away
When I am right with God!
As friend with friend with Him to talk
And step by step with Him to walk,
By grace made right with God.

With lightsome feet I walk each mile
When I am right with God.
I face life's duties with a smile
When I am right with God.
I sing while carrying my cross
And triumph over earthly loss
When I am right with God.

How empty were the years before
My soul was right with God;
My mind was dark—my heart felt sore—
I was not right with God.
Nothing my inward void could fill—
Nothing my restlessness could still—
Till I was right with God.

The Saviour died and rose again
To make us right with God;
And we profess His name in vain
If we're not right with God.
So let us then this very hour
Lay hold by faith upon His power
And then—keep right with God.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

If occupied with the world, we become worldly; if occupied with self, we become selfish; if occupied with Christ, we become Christlike.

THE LOVE THAT LOVED ME FIRST

O Love that loved me first, life would be vain
Should Thy bright countenance withdraw again;
Wealth, honor, pleasure are an empty show
Were I bereft of Thee while here below.

But when I live the livelong day with Thee,
Then shall the value of eternity
Mark all my moments as they hurry by—
Moments of dying time that never die,

Fleet-winged, yet bearing wealth of fadeless worth,
Material for heaven, made of earth,
The common dust, reflecting glory bright,
Recurring lowly tasks, immortal light.

O first to love me, Lover to the end!
Midst all life's changes, never-changing Friend!
My outward life is Thy fair countenance,
Love planning all, excluding fate or chance.

THE HIDDEN LIFE

Live in eternity in time,
Wouldst thou be calm and free.
Shake off the dust of earthly things,
God's bosom friend to be.
Learn to control each vagrant thought
And to His rest thou wilt be brought.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

The chatter of the market place,
The clatter of the street
Must not invade the solitude
Where earth and heaven meet:
Wouldst thou discern thy Father's will,
Then bid thy roving mind be still.

If thou wouldst soar on eagles' wings
Above the hind'ring clod,
Then often in the secret place
Gaze on the face of God;
Thine ear will catch the voice divine
If hushed to silence in His shrine.

A world of radiant loveliness
Surrounds us, though unseen,
And faith must pierce the veil which lies
This world and that between,
Dwelling in that immortal sphere
Where distant heavens become near.

DEAD RECKONING

Sometimes I steer my vessel 'cross the deep
Directed by the sun;
And when the darkness falls, I watch the stars
Unrobing one by one:
For aye, 'tis sweet to have the light.

But gloomy days will come, when neither sun
Nor stars appear to view;
Then by dead reckoning alone, through mists
My voyage I pursue,
Steering by faith, and not by sight.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF SORROW

'Tis no mere loss of passing joys—
The apprenticeship of pain;
It is the purchase money which
Obtains the truer gain.
See how the flaming sword still guards
The gates of paradise;
We cannot breathe its purer air
While we the cross despise.
Upon the altar offer up
Thy heart as love's oblation;
'Tis by the mystic death of self
We reach transfiguration.

"Take my yoke upon you . . . for my yoke is easy" The yoke is the symbol for subjection. When we come to Jesus for rest, He gives us rest on one condition—that we come under His yoke. Examine the yoke: it is easy when submitted to—easy when compared with former yokes; the longer we wear it, the easier it becomes. Listen to the testimonies of those who wore it: they all speak well of it. "*Take* my yoke." Don't look at it—wear it also.

THE HIGHER TRIBUNAL

When others are filling their garner
From fields thou hast ploughed and sown
And join in the harvest rejoicing,
Whilst thou art forgotten and lone:
Be still! There's a higher tribunal
That utters the final word;
Make sure of its approbation—
Suffice thee the smile of thy Lord.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

To some, life is a sad funeral march; to others, a superficial pleasure trip. To the Christian it is a glorious adventure, a training school for eternity, a noble war.

NO TIME FOR WRONG

Life is too brief to look for wrong—
There's hardly time for all the good.
While men are striving, let me aim
At fellowship and brotherhood.

I will not think the unkind thought,
Nor utter words that stab and tear:
My thoughts be redolent of love;
My speech, a perfume everywhere.

I would befriend the alien poor
And sympathize with the distressed;
I would bring sunshine to the sad
And healing to the wounded breast.

It is so human to find fault—
'Tis Godlike to remove the stain.
If I could bless one broken heart,
I'd feel I have not lived in vain.

THE SECRET

Not for the wise the teaching,
But for the little child;
Not for the strong the guidance,
But for the meek and mild.
The feast is for the hungry;

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

The treasure, for the poor.
The naked and the outcast
Enter the open door.
The pure in heart behold Him,
From vulture's eyes concealed,
And to the bruised and bankrupt
The kingdom is revealed.
Philosophers may stumble
In daylight, like the blind,
While teachable disciples
The heavenly pathway find.
Where human wit is baffled,
Love finds the golden key
And with anointed vision
Reads heaven's mystery.

Say, wilt thou come and enter
This strange yet blessed school
Where only fools learn wisdom,
The wise becomes a fool,
Where littleness is greatness,
And bigness becomes small,
Where pride strips off her glory,
While nothingness gains all?

OUR OFFERINGS

It is not waste which we bestow
On Him we love;
Faith's sacrifice is highly prized
In heaven above.

We lay our offerings at His feet;
He melts them down,
And with His skill He fashions them
Into a crown.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

THE UNSEEN FELLOWSHIP

I have more lovers than I know;
I have more friends than I have seen,
More kinsmen than the ties of earth,
More ready helpers than I ween.

Why should I ever feel depressed,
Alone in life's vast solitude?
I'm joined to all the saints in light,
To heaven's shining brotherhood.

And they are with me day and night,
Companions on life's dusty way;
They cheer me when I do the right;
They check me when I go astray.

They sweeten many a bitter cup;
They lighten many a heavy load;
They brighten many a gloomy pass;
They help me climb the mountain road.

Yea, on temptation's battlefield
They stand betwixt me and the foe;
They quench full many a poisoned dart;
They ward off many a fatal blow.

They waft the air of paradise
Into earth's poisoned atmosphere;
They whisper thoughts that breathe of love,
Of peace and purity and cheer.

O welcome sense of fellowship,
With radiant forms so sweetly nigh,
I need your silent ministries,
Though unperceived by human eye.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

BE STILL

Be still, and soon the darkness will melt before the morn
And roses deck with beauty the piercing hedge of thorn,
While in the quivering heart of pain eternal joy is born—
So be thou still, my soul !

The hushed soul hears music sung by the voice of Love
And feels the overbrooding of the celestial Dove.
Her waiting is rewarded by the power from above—
So be thou still, my soul !

FAITH

Faith still moves mountains
And walks upon the sea,
Lives moment by moment
As in eternity.
Bankrupt and beggared,
It taps undreamt-of wealth ;
Wounded and dying,
It draws the breath of health.
Lone and forgotten,
It feels the angels near,
Faces each danger
Without a touch of fear.
Moods do not matter
If but the heart be pure ;
Come gloom or sunshine,
Faith knows love will endure.

You cannot turn the world upside down without you unless
it has been turned upside down within you.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

Joy is the scientific product of a well-balanced life, the song of the wheel that turns evenly on its axis.

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE

Slender and narrow is the bridge of life,
Flung 'cross the gulf of intervening time
Betwixt the past and future of eternity.
But travelers on the bridge can hear the chime
Of bells, at times, from off the hills of God,
Concealed from view as in a golden haze,
Till death, God's messenger, comes to unveil
That deathless land to our admiring gaze.

My soul, build not thy nest upon the bridge.
Thou art a pilgrim—keep in view thy goal.
Cling not to things that must elude thy grasp;
Thy earth life is a fragment, not the whole—
Eternity remain thy chief concern.
Life stands not in the things which we possess—
Why seek enjoyment? Seek the joy that flows
From faith and love and from unselfishness.

THE ANGEL OF PAIN

Angel of pain who sets me free
From vain illusions of the mind,
From false appearances that blind
The vision to reality—

Archer, whose arrows hurt to heal,
Love bends the bow that wounds my heart,
That consolation to impart
Which only broken hearts can feel.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Strange foeman with a friendly face,
Thy crushings are my spirit's health;
Thy strippings are my spirit's wealth.
I need not shrink from thine embrace.

I need thee, hallowed gift of pain;
I need the tears that cleanse my eyes
To see the better paradise
Than ever bloomed on earth's domain:

To see through grief the face of God,
The larger gain behind the loss,
The brighter crown beyond the cross,
The higher life above the clod.

Cleanse me from the self-life, the hidden self, the proud
self, the holy self; for self can look very pious, can wear a
beautiful garment to deceive.

THE ANGEL

I did not know that I had met an angel
Who wrestled with me till the break of day;
I only saw through blinding tears my sorrow,
As midnight shadows fell upon my way

I would not let him go until he blessed me—
Until he told the secret of his name;
I knew it was an angel's touch that left me
Defeated, crippled, when the morning came.

I did not understand the heavenly vision
That broke upon me in the lonely night;
I knew it was an angel by the blessing
He left behind him as he passed from sight.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

No one has ever amounted to anything for the kingdom of God who has not suffered. It does not matter what we suffer, but it does matter how we suffer.

SO LET ME LIVE

I know I shall not pass this way again—
Let me not live my little life in vain ;
So let me live, that death may be my gain.

With radiant smile and courage let me greet
Each painful circumstance that I must meet,
And walk my daily round with willing feet.

In every man let me my brother see,
Whate'er his color or his creed may be,
Or whether he agrees or not with me.

From shame in others let me never turn ;
A fallen brother let me never spurn,
And for his healing let me ever yearn.

The wounds of others let me gently treat ;
The sins of others let me not repeat—
Except it be at heaven's mercy seat.

The humblest life-forms the divine reveal ;
Let me my oneness with them ever feel,
At all times sensitive to their appeal.

Christ saves His people from an evil life, from an empty life, from an easy life.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

A LABYRINTH OF WINDING PATHS

A labyrinth of winding paths
That lead astray
Is life on earth ; I do not fear :
Christ is my Way.

Strange teachings, poisoned sweets of hell
Delude our youth ;
Error lives but its hour, and Christ
Remains the Truth.

Sitting midst ashes of defeat,
Sick of sin's strife?
Christ triumphed, and in Him we too
May reign in Life.

Our eyes are dim—how can we tell
The wrong from right?
Go, puzzled one, and follow Him
Who is the Light.

Earth leaves us hungry, and the heart
Cries out for love ;
Christ is the Bread that cometh down
From heaven above.

Our need is great, and yet our wants
His grace invite ;
Our poverty and helplessness,
His wealth and might.

Back of the departure of the will from God is distrust of God—the poison the serpent inoculated our first parents with. A man confiding in God and happy in Him has no need to seek happiness outside of Him.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

I may be unworthy, but never worthless.

THE MAN OR THE BEAST

Rider and horse am I—
Who shall control:
Higher or lower self—
Body or soul?
Shall the whip teach,
Or the glance of the eyes?
Keep the beast under—
The angel arise!

Dust only? Whence the urge:
Up to the man?
Man with the angel face—
Lit by a Mind
Spanning both heaven and earth—
Endlessness his;
Time is too short for him:
God is his bliss!

Let not the beast decide—
Let the man say.
Follow not appetite
But heaven's ray.
Is it world, mammon, flesh?
End—utter loss!
Well worth the crown
In the way of the cross.

Jacob at his birth took his brother by the heel; in his youth
he took his brother by the throat; but after Peniel he took his
brother by the hand.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

REDEEMING THE TIME

Childhood and youth—
Then manhood's noonday sun;
Then solemn eventide—
And day is done.

How soon is writ
The last line on the page;
How soon the curtain drops
Upon the stage!

How soon is drained
The cup of its content;
How soon within the lamp
The oil is spent!

Let me redeem
The time, while still my own,
Nor waste one golden hour—
'Twill soon be gone!

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET

I would accept the bitter and the sweet,
Darkness and light with equal courage meet,
Life's smiles and frowns alike would gaily greet.

Nothing is useless which His love permits—
Beside the crucible the Master sits;
Each chastening blow the soul's requirement fits.

It is not mere caprice that molds the clay—
Nor blind the Guide who leads me in the way;
And grace suffices for the evil day.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

So let me face life's changes with a song:
Endure my cross—in silence suffer wrong;
And when I feel my weakness, I am strong.

TIME AND ETERNITY

Let not a single hour be lost
 Out of life's day!
Momentous is our stay on earth;
The moments as they come to birth,
Freighted with more than passing worth,
 Fling not away!

Time's stream flows to a timeless sea
 Without a shore;
Fix not on earthly gain thine eye:
Eternity is drawing nigh;
Seek values that will never die
 When Time is o'er.

Poor fool! Dost waste thy substance here
 On vanity—
A stranger still to heaven's call?
The curtain on thy life will fall,
Leaving thee pauper unto all
 Eternity!

A higher life can only be reached by the decay of the lower.
Nature teaches this in the buried wheat. This is a universal law
applying to all. This is the law of Christian discipleship.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

NOT I, BUT CHRIST

If I would crucify the flesh,
That Christ in me might reign,
I must not spare my shrinking flesh
The crucifixion pain.

For if I hesitate to nail
The flesh upon the cross,
I crucify the inward Christ
And suffer endless loss.

'Tis either Christ or selfish I:
What shall the answer be?
Let self be crucified, that Christ
Alone might live in me!

AND SEEKEST THOU THE KINGDOM?

And seekest thou the kingdom?
Seek it first:
Good is the foe of best,
And not the worst;
To put the kingdom second,
Fatal is
To real delight in God
And lasting bliss;
Religion is a nuisance
To the man
Who would hold Christ and world
Within his span.
'Tis easier by far
The entire heart
To offer up to God,
Than keep a part.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

Early Christianity increased because Christians were happier than other people.

THE BODY OF CHRIST

O Church, Christ's Body on the earth,
His lips, His feet, His hands,
A chosen vessel, Him to bear
To near and distant lands,
Awake, thy calling to fulfill,
To be here only for His will!

Alas, O Church, how deep thy fall!
Defiled, by schisms rent!
Dost thou not hear the Spirit's call
That bids thee to repent?
Return, to be His hands and feet,
His life of service to repeat.

Then, instinct with His life, thou wilt
His character express—
A transcript in a troubled world
Of Christ's own loveliness;
So, though His face is veiled from view,
From thee will shine His image true.

THE SINGLE EYE

The eye must needs be single,
Not crossed with double sight,
One eye fixed on one object,
Would we be full of light.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

One eye for Christ, another
That looks for selfish gain,
Will make our service worthless
And our religion vain.

When single-eyed we focus
Upon one single aim,
We will become like Jesus
And bear about His name.

LEVITE SERVICE

If pride in me spurns
To perform lowly tasks,
But rather, distinction
And eminence asks,
Then, let me remember:
A Levite am I,
In glad dedication
To serve the Most High.
Then washing the dishes
Will not be a bore,
Or polishing door-knobs,
Or scrubbing the floor.
If I am a Levite,
My God-given work,
Though lowly and hidden,
I never will shirk.
The way to promotion
Are steps that go down;
We crucify self—
And we win the bright crown.

THE PATH OF THE JUST

A HIRELING

He shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day.

JOB 14:6.

A hireling in another's house
Fulfills his day,
Performs his tasks, nor settles down,
But hies away
To seek the circle of his own—
There, where his heart finds rest alone.

So, like that hireling, let me here
My task fulfill
Until my day on earth is done,
As God shall will,
Then hie me to the One I love
And find my rest with Him above.

ASPIRATION

Rend every veil that hides Thy face;
Dispel each mist that dims our eyes;
Break every chain that binds to earth
A spirit made for paradise!

Sweet is the pain of death to self;
Great is the gain that comes through loss
To him who has been taught to see
The greater glory of the cross.

Faith's sacrifice is found again,
Enriched, enlarged, and glorified;
The fruit in resurrection proves
That not in vain the seed has died.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

MIND AND HEART

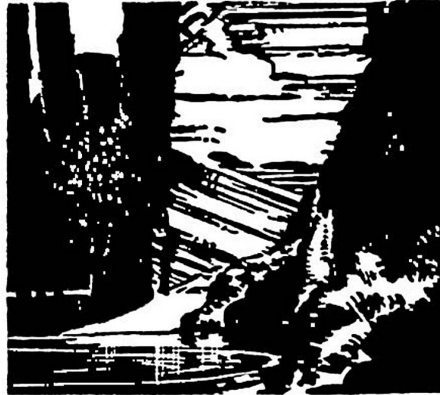
Let mind and heart unite
In glad accord,
Would we be well-equipped
To serve the Lord.

For truth without the love
Is hard and stern;
It needs love's sacred flame
To make it burn.

Truth may inform the mind
And show the way;
Love gives the power to tread it
Day by day.

Bare truth without the love
Is cold like death
Till love has warmed it
By its living breath.

Our Lord said that doing the will of God was His meat—it sustained Him. The will of God is to some a bitter medicine—to be taken with a sigh. To others it is like sweets at the end of a meal. It is neither. We are made for the will of God as the body is made for its daily food. Everything else is poison. "To be carnally minded is death." Some things act like drugs or like alcoholic drinks: they either stupefy the conscience or give a false elation. The will of God is life-sustaining food.



THROUGH THE VALLEY

WE WALK BY FAITH, not appearance. Faith has clearer vision than the eye of sense. The latter goes only by the appearance of things. But the appearance is often an illusion. The reality is otherwise.

The appearance is that death is the end of things. Faith can see that it is the beginning of a new life, larger and richer than the other left behind.

The appearance is that the world is subject to aimless pain. The reality which faith lays hold of is that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

ALMOST THERE

The day is done.

I've crossed the sands of time—
The sinking sun is reddening the west.

Through the sweet gloaming
Peals the evening chime
Of home bells, echoing deep within my breast.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Alone—yet not alone—
My trusty Guide,
My veiled Companion on the untracked way,

Now night is falling,
Walking by my side,
Conducts me through the shadows towards the day.

WHO ARE THE DEAD?

Who are the dead?

Not they who leave the narrow hut of clay,
The soul's dark prison cell, for radiant day—

Whom earthly boundaries confine no more,
Who live more deeply than they lived before—

Who are set free from weariness and pain,
Advanced to live upon a higher plane—

Ascending step by step the stairs of light
With larger vision and with keener sight—

Joining in harmonies more rich, more sweet
Than ever mortals heard or could repeat—

Whose every faculty may be applied
And every aspiration satisfied—

Whose service, like a crystal stream of love,
Flows through our world from their blest world above—

They are not dead!

THROUGH THE VALLEY

In Christ we have at least four incorruptible possessions: a life that never ends in death, a beauty that never fades away, a love that never alters, and a joy that is never exhausted.

HOW LOVE CONQUERS

What though my fragile cabin built of clay
Must one day mingle with the elements?
I hail through twilight the approaching day,
Glad to move onward through the gates of sense,
Leaving the prison where I now abide
To waken to the light its clay walls hide.

Yet not completely, for the soul is moved
By the vibrations of celestial light,
By the sweet consciousness of being loved
And wooed by her own Lover infinite;
And, spelling word for word love's message true,
By love constrained, she loves and seeks Him too.

THE DEEP DESIGNS OF HEAVEN

And may I call myself Thine own?
And may I stand before Thy throne
As justified by grace?
Arrayed in garments clean and white,
Meet to appear in heaven's light,
May I behold Thy face?

An object of Thy love, may I
Into the innermost draw nigh,
As called by Thee, a son—
Loved with the self-same love as He,
Thy loved Son from eternity,
With whom Thy saints are one?

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Father, 'twas Thine to plan for this,
That this unutterable bliss
Should to Thine own be given!
Where sin has reigned, grace reigns much more!
Adoring, let my soul explore
The deep designs of heaven.

IN THE WAY OF THE MASTER

Weary of earth, I fain would leave this scene
And join the saints who dwell in light above,
There to behold with them, no veil between,
The face of Him whom, though unseen, I love.

In spirit there already, how I long
To enter where my homesick spirit is
And, free from sin, to swell redemption's song
And to drink in my fill of heaven's bliss!

"But not yet," saith my Lord. "Thou needs must stay
Where sin abounds and thorns and briars grow
And labor on as long as it is day;
When night comes, service will have ceased below."

Servants must tread the way the Master trod,
Sharing His brethren's lot—their shame and loss—
Refusing joy to suffer unto blood,
Leaving a throne to die upon a cross.

When once the crowning day at last has come,
Both for the Master and for those He sent,
What added sweetness to the welcome home
If we have followed where the Master went!

THROUGH THE VALLEY

THE BLESSED IN HEAVEN

Ye blessed spirits, caught away to God,
How can I think of you as 'neath the sod?
Ye, who have found your own, your native sphere
Beyond life's highway and death's toll-booth here!

Christ was your life, and death became your gain;
Your sacrifice of faith was not in vain—
No fading image, stamped on crumbling clay—
Nor house on sand, by tempest swept away—

Nor flickering candle, sputtering out its light—
Nor mirage, disappearing from the sight:
The deep within you sought th'eternal deep,
And now the tides of glory o'er you sweep.

And in that fairer, better world than this,
You all contribute to each other's bliss;
Your kindred spirits congregate with joy
To find in mutual service their employ.

In the pure atmosphere of paradise
Your faculties have found full exercise,
Sharing with all what first to you was given—
To live for others is the life of heaven.

Hidden things have a ministry. Consider the healing power of darkness: In darkness the vision is limited, but the soul finds enlargement—the night brings out the stars.

Ignorance has the power to discipline: We chafe at the unknown future, but are then cast on the infinite reserves of God; thus the soul is subdued into reverence.

And death itself has a ministry: We think it cuts short and thwarts life. It really gives life momentousness and sublimity.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

IF GOD SHOULD SEEK ME

If God should seek me on that day
When all the dead wake up and rise
To stand before their Maker's eyes
And heaven and earth have fled away:

O may I then in Christ be found,
Within the folds of His dear name,
The naked sinner's only claim,
To wrap my nakedness around—

Yea, found in Him who now is found
The Father's bosom deep within,
The other side of death and sin,
Bosomed in love no depths can sound.

HE HAS FALLEN ASLEEP

He has fallen asleep
Like a babe on the breast;
On the bosom of Love
He has found heaven's rest.

He has fallen asleep,
But to earth, not on high—
Those living with Christ
Never sleep, never die!

He has fallen asleep
To see Him, loved unseen:
O that vision sublime—
Not an earth-mist between!

THROUGH THE VALLEY

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" These words were spoken by a man to whom life meant danger, insecurity, peril. God is our last refuge, but wise is he who does not wait till the end.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL

Farewell till we hail the morning
Of God's deathless, cloudless day;
Farewell till the night of weeping
Has forever passed away;
Farewell till we meet each other,
Clad in luminous array—

Where the river of God's pleasures
And of peace forever flows,
Where the thorns no longer hurt,
Where the tree of healing grows,
Where no wintry blast can touch us,
Where the breath of Eden blows!

Farewell, till our blest Redeemer
Comes, and we behold His face,
Whom, unseen, we loved and followed—
Desert pilgrims through His grace.
We shall meet where He in glory
Has prepared for us a place!

THE REST THAT REMAINETH

We sleep on earth—we wake in heaven;
We fade below—we bloom on high.
Our eyes grow dim and then reopen
To glories that will never die.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Brief at the most our earthly journey;
To the last mile our feet haste on;
Yet is each moment fraught with meaning,
To bear its fruit when day is done.

What kind of harvest from our sowing
Awaits us in that unseen bourne?
O, be it joy and jubilation—
No sense of shame to make us mourn!

O may God's Spirit reign in power,
Ungrieved, unhindered, in our breast!
Then shall we, like a tired river
That finds the ocean, enter rest.

People ask, "Why do we know so little of the hereafter?"
The reason is that if we knew more we would lose our interest
in the present and thus waste our opportunities. We can never,
never, never have such opportunities as we have now.

ALL RIGHT AT THE END

When the tasks of life are done,
When the race of life is run—

When the sea and river meet,
When the stars the sunrise greet—

When the golden light of day
Bids the shadows flee away—

When the harbor lights of home
Gleam across the billows' foam—

THROUGH THE VALLEY

When we reach the hills of God,
When the last long mile is trod—

When the veil is drawn aside
That conceals the other side—

Then we'll see life's purpose is
To prepare the soul for bliss—

That an undefeated love
Rules supreme, below, above—

That not one small circumstance
Comes by accident or chance—

That Love's deep solicitude
Wills and works unmingled good.

Then, at last, when all is done,
We shall understand: Love won.

HEAVEN

With the ransomed of the ages
Gathered out from every land,
We shall meet in hallowed concord,
Brother clasping brother's hand—

No more lonely, no more yearning
For the home where we belong,
Clothed in new creation beauty,
Join to swell redemption's song.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Toil, temptation, death behind us,
Everlasting life before,
On the sea of glass like crystal,
We shall wonder and adore—

Learning truths no mind can fathom
And no mortal tongue declare,
As we trace the Godhead fullness
In His radiant manhood there.

In the light no sin can sully
And no earth-born mist can dim,
We shall joy—not in our blessings—
We shall joy alone in Him.



THY KINGDOM

THE KINGDOM OF GOD is the redeemed society. Jesus Christ not only came to redeem the individual man, but the society of human interests, and thus make it the kingdom of God.

Modern civilization has failed, indeed, has become bankrupt because it is not the kingdom of God as Jesus meant it. It is materialistic, mechanistic, and individualistic.

The return to the Christian basis of life is the only remedy. The root idea of the kingdom of God is that human society has no inherent right of existence and is not an end in itself. It has a divine Ruler to which it belongs. He founded it; He sanctions its ethics.

The plan of God is to take the universe in possession again and bring it into eternal harmony with Himself. To this end He needs a people who understand Him. That is the reason for the Church of Christ—the elect vessel through which the purpose of God is to be realized. Until this people is ready, God must wait.

"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre."

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

GOD'S JERUSALEM

From whatsoever side we come,
By whatsoever road,
Thy gates stand open day and night,
Jerusalem of God!

The mystic East a welcome finds,
The scientific West,
The sober North, the fervent South
Within thy walls may rest.

They join in one, hand linked in hand,
No longer sundered there;
Each ministers his special gift—
Each contributes his share.

Fair City of our golden dreams,
'Tis ours thy walls to rear,
To build according to the plan
Left by the Patmos seer:

To sheathe the sword and bury hate,
To form one brotherhood,
To recognize in every man
The mighty germ of good:

For character is more than creed,
And love is more than rite,
And all that God requires of man
Is to obey His light.

O shine upon our troubled world—
Fade not again from view
Until each one of us has made
That ancient vision true!

THE LARGER COUNTRY

Hail to the golden morning
Dawning upon our earth!
Out of her midnight travail
A new age comes to birth.

For we are tired of wrangling
And sick of barren strife;
We want to be one people,
Sharing one common life.

We seek a larger country,
A more capacious home,
Where no man is an alien
Beneath God's spreading dome—

Where priests their benediction
(Blind guides!) on hate and war,
The sacrifice of Moloch,
Dare to pronounce no more—

Where all the false distinctions
Of color, creed, or caste
And artificial frontiers
That sunder shall have passed.

Hail to the true communion—
The richer brotherhood
From which none are excluded
If they pursue the good!

Where not the lip profession
But love is made the test—
Where God has built His temple
In every human breast.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

NO NEED FOR DESPAIR

John wept, although he was in heaven,
When he perceived to none was given
The wisdom how to right earth's wrong
And turn its dirges into song.

Men of renown, in their brief hour,
Have used sincerely all their power
To end earth's woe, to make wars cease,
To set up justice, order, peace.

They toiled in vain! For human skill
Can ne'er assuage earth's chronic ill;
The hurt's too deep; earth's running sore,
Despite all nostrums, bleeds the more.

We need not weep! Lo! there is One—
The "Lion-Lamb" of God, who won,
By death, the title and the might
To end the wrong, to crown the right.

The heavens must receive Him till
The time appointed in God's will
When He, the One rejected here,
In glory will once more appear.

He bides His time! Soon comes the hour
When He will wield the rod of power;
Then will earth's shadows flee away
Before the dawning of His Day.

Then heaven and earth, at last, will be
Brought into perfect harmony,
To make one music, keyed to love,
And earth reflecting heaven above.

THY KINGDOM

THE COMING KINGDOM

Yes, God's in His heaven,
But earth is all wrong;
Here power and prestige
To evil belong.

But are we downhearted?
Nay! Heaven one day
Will take from earth's wrongness
The power away.

Christ's healing and comfort
Will dry every tear
And change into music
Earth's discord and fear.

The nations will weary
Of going astray
And seek by repentance
The heavenly way.

The King in His beauty
Their eyes will behold;
They'll enter the kingdom
By prophets foretold.

And though we're surrounded
And hurt by earth's wrong,
The Comforter's presence
Makes life one glad song.

Our civilization is Babylon because it is the product of a
fundamental error: the self-sufficiency of man without God.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE PAROUSIA

Earth's mother heart is bleeding,
Pierced by her children's sword,
In prostrate grief unheeding
The angels' glad accord,
Singing above the hate and strife
Of hope, of love, of deathless life.

Behold, in fellow feeling,
With loving, outstretched hands,
With tender words of healing,
The Christ amidst us stands,
Breathing in hearts touched from above
His own sweet pity, mercy, love.

Wherever tears are falling
O'er ne'er returning dead,
Where little ones are calling
For shelter or for bread,
Let human hearts in pity move—
He has inspired that human love.

He hallows every duty
And lifts above the clod,
Touches all things with beauty,
Lights up the dreariest road;
He dignifies the meanest lot,
And there's no sphere where He is not.

The sweatshop's ill-paid labor
Provokes His righteous wrath;
He walks as friend and neighbor
The wage-slave's step-worn path.
His radiant presence may be found
Where toilers trudge their daily round.

THY KINGDOM

Think not that only heaven
 Basks in His smile of peace:
All things to Him are given—
 All power on earth is His,
Till heaven and earth are merged in one
Because in both His will is done.

Can we not hear the singing
 Of angels from above?
They come, glad tidings bringing
 Of never baffled love;
For not in some far stellar sphere,
But where we need Him, Christ is here.

And He can solve our tangle
 And right the ancient wrong,
Transform our strife and wrangle
 To harmony and song,
Until one loving brother heart
Beats in all nations, torn apart.

Then on earth's cross of sorrow—
 Her midnight hours of pain—
Will dawn a bright tomorrow,
 Like sunshine after rain,
The eastern sun, beyond the cross,
Smiling on shame, defeat, and loss.

The teachings of Christ alone can solve our personal difficulties and the world's problems. Every man is a miniature world. Christ enters that world to heal its wounds. We know that all the various schemes of world-reconstruction from the beginning of history to our time have failed. Christ's method of making a better world by making better *men* alone succeeds.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

DISARMAMENT

Let us disarm!

But not alone from sword and spear,
From armies and from battleships—
But from all words that stab and tear,
From cynical and spiteful lips,
From spoken and from acted lies,
From bigotry that warps the mind,
From prejudice that blinds the eyes,
From all imaginings unkind,
From envy and from bitterness,
From callousness to others' need,
From hate—hell's deadly poison gas—
From malice and from grasping greed.

Let us disarm!

To feel the spirit that enfolds
All nations in one brotherhood,
That, spite of every wrong, beholds
In every man the seed of good,
To feel the sympathy divine
For fallen brothers in distress—
Ready to pour in oil and wine,
To succor, comfort, and to bless—
To feel the virtue of that life
That heals humanity's deep pain—
That takes away the cause of strife
And makes earth's deserts bloom again.

Let us disarm!

THE VISION OF GEORGE FOX

Saw an ocean of darkness and death below,
Hell's devastating overflow ;
Saw brother aim at his brother's heart,
Men made of one blood—yet torn apart.
Saw virtue and meekness crushed down in the dust
'Neath the feet of violence and lust,
While heart-broken women bewailed their dead,
And helpless children cried out for bread.

But after the midnight unrelieved,
The conflict in hate and greed conceived,
My eyes beheld a most wonderful sight:
Another ocean—of love and of light!
I saw it rise till it covered the deep,
Majestic in its victorious sweep.
I saw how the darkness was rolled away—
The spirit of hatred—for ever and aye.
I saw all nations one brotherhood,
Rejoicing to see the other one's good.
I saw how all classes dropped envy and strife
In feeling the one universal life,
In the light that lighteth the entire race,
To bring within reach heaven's healing and grace:
The message of good will, of love, and of peace,
Which causes all hatreds and wars to cease.

Yes, sooner or later, Christ's wonderful Day,
Whatever the night now, o'er earth will hold sway.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE WHOLE CREATION IN TRAVAIL

The whole creation groaneth and travaileth . . .

Romans 8:22

What mean these groans that fill the air
As from a tortured breast—
The nations like a moaning sea
That cannot be at rest?

They are the death throes of a world
Fast ripening in sin,
Whose culture is but Babylon,
Whose glory, foul within—

But also birthpangs, bringing forth
The age, so long foretold,
When heaven's healing tenderness
Will this sad earth enfold.

Yes, all things are in travail now,
But purposeful, the pain;
The birthpangs of the universe
Issue in untold gain.

THE SWORD OF CHRIST

Thy sword is sharp, O Christ;
Thy frown means death.
We wither like the grass
Beneath Thy breath.
Thy glance of purity
Sees all within;
It turns to bitter gall
The cup of sin.

THY KINGDOM

Disturber of our rest,
No compromise,
No selfish love of ease,
No fair disguise
Escapes Thy scrutiny—
Thy test of fire.
No pharisee can stand
Before Thine ire.

Thy cross has changed our world;
'Tis not the same
Since death-defying love
Its lusts o'ercame.
Still midst our hollow shams
That ensign stands,
A beacon light that shines
Across all lands.

O Christ, rebuke us still;
Expose our lie.
Deceit and craft be judged
Before Thine eye.
We drop our unjust scales,
By truth set free,
Taking our values now
Alone from Thee.

THE DUST OF HIS FEET

The storm clouds that darken the sky
Are the dust of His nearing feet,
Are the signs of the end-time nigh
When hope and fulfillment will meet.
Let the nations rage as they may:
All earth must come under His sway.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

He's waited the centuries down
In silence, and hidden in God,
For the hour to put on His crown
And His rights secured by His blood.
He will rise from His heavenly seat ;
The clouds are the dust of His feet.

Awake, O my soul, from false dreams ;
Let thy garments be always white.
Keep sacred thy troth with thy Lord ;
Live constantly in His sight.
Arise, thy Redeemer to meet !
The clouds are the dust of His feet !



SONGS OF ZION

COMFORT YE, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned . . ." These words, written by Isaiah, "her warfare," are striking. The fact is that the Jewish people are nationally at war. It is the longest and most cruel war in history. It began about 64 A.D. when the Jewish people rose up in rebellion against the Roman Empire, goaded into this mad revolt by the unspeakable indignities the Roman governmental representative had heaped upon the people. That uprising brought about the undoing of Jewish nationality. The Jews have been scattered and homeless people ever since.

That war has never properly ended. And if it had not been for a lull in hostilities now and then, when the captive Jew could catch his breath, there would have been no Jew left on earth today. But it is not God's will that this people should perish from off the stage of history. The Jew is still with us, in spite of this prolonged war—not as a curious relic out of the dim and distant past, but as a living factor to be reckoned with. There is no people more virile and up-to-date.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

But when will this strange war be ended? When the Jewish people accept the terms of peace. Long ago when Israel's Messiah entered Jerusalem on the ass's colt, He wept over the city, saying, "If thou hadst known . . . in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." And then He predicted the awful siege of the city and the fearful sufferings resulting therefrom, and added, "because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

"The things which belong unto thy peace!" As soon as the long distressed Jewish people cease to be at odds with God about *the One* whom they have cast away and tried to ignore, the warfare will be accomplished.

I WALKED AMONG THE PYRAMIDS

I walked among the pyramids
When they were young
And heard God's living oracles
Ere Homer sung.

I witnessed Nineveh's dire fall,
Spite of her might,
And haughty Babylon go down
In blackest night.

The martial pride of Rome I knew
Would have its day;
I saw her spread like green bay tree,
Then pass away.

Armies of heathen rushed on me
Again, again—
Like monsters to devour me whole—
Their wrath was vain.

SONGS OF ZION

I passed through fire and through flood,
Yet I am sure,
Though mountains crumble into dust,
I shall endure.

My name is on Jehovah's hands
And on His heart—
Let hatred do its worst to tear
My life apart.

Yet, for awhile I needs must feel
The chastening rod,
For I have sinned, and I have been
At odds with God.

The centuries adown I spurned
Him whom alone
Heaven found worthy to be placed
Upon its throne.

But though I still drain sorrow's cup,
It can't be long,
And He will come and turn my sighs
To gladsome song.

The clouds are dark, but they are pierced
By glory bright;
'Tis written that "at eventide
It shall be light."

The Old Testament, in giving the history of one nation, has written the history of all nations to whom God has revealed Himself. In the fate of that nation, there is a prophecy of the fates of all people. Thus the Old Testament unveils the future.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE CONTROVERSY WITH ISRAEL

Come, Israel, what is the wrong
To have provoked such ire,
Thy well-nigh two milleniums
Of walking through the fire—
On restless sea tossed to and fro,
No settled home where'er you go?

Where are thy God-anointed seers
To tell the reason why
A nation ever on the rack,
Tortured, yet cannot die?
Which other nation has thus fared—
Crushed 'neath the wheels, yet strangely spared?

Thou hast no garment adequate
Thy nakedness to hide;
Thy sages and thy scribes have erred—
They only feed thy pride.
The "Presence" in the midst is gone;
The glory-cloud has left its throne!

And where are Zion's joyful songs?
We hear a dirge instead.
She sits, stripped of her bridal wreath,
With ashes on her head—
While passersby spit in her face,
Adding contempt to her disgrace.

Learn, Israel, the reason why
Such things have come to thee:
They are the accusing shadow cast
Of a sad tragedy
When thou didst turn against the One
Messiah—He, thy noblest Son!

SONGS OF ZION

When thou and He have come to terms,
Thy wanderings will cease;
Grace waits to bring the penitent
Who pleads His name to peace.
Then wilt thou be the brightest gem
That sparkles in His diadem.

THE LAND OF ISRAEL

Awake, O Land of Israel,
To beauty, love, and song,
Out of the dust of long neglect
And centuries of wrong—
Out of the being trodden down
In mire by alien feet—
Out of thy lonely widowhood—
Awake, no more to weep!

Behold! thy children come to thee;
They long for thine embrace!
They come from wand'rings to and fro,
From exile and disgrace.
Deep in the heart of Israel,
In gloomy ghetto streets,
The music of thy sunlit hills
Its melody repeats.

They come to raise thy broken walls,
Thy ruins to repair—
To change the barren wilderness
Into a garden fair.
What though the centuries have cut
A chasm deep and wide,
Their love today is as of old
When stolen from thy side.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

O land where the Shekinah shone,
Whose hills by One were trod,
Writ in the volume of the Book—
The Promised One of God:
Rich blessings will from thee proceed
To earth's remotest bound
When thy lost sons, at home again,
Immanuel have found.

THE FUTURE OF ISRAEL

Wilt rise again in glory,
Though dark thy present night;
Wilt yet complete thy story,
Thine enemies despite,
To prove thy past a prelude
To future fair and bright.

After the dirge of sorrow—
The gladsome bridal song;
After the night—tomorrow,
When righted every wrong,
And hopes fulfilled, awaited
So eagerly, so long.

Dark is the vale of weeping—
Sharp are the briars now;
But God, His promise keeping,
With joy will deck thy brow
As soon as thou, repenting,
At Jesus' feet dost bow.

Judaism is a religion ; Christianity is a revelation.

SONGS OF ZION

A JEW

They meant to shame me, calling me a Jew!
I pity them—they know not what they do.
They little think the name which they deride,
Each time I hear it, fills my heart with pride.
Since Jesus bore that name when here on earth,
No princely title carries half such worth.

Man is continually choosing the wrong man: Abraham chose Ishmael; Isaac, Esau; Joseph, Manasseh. But Ishmael had to be cast out; Esau, left out; Manasseh, crossed out. The Jews also made a wrong choice: "Not this man, but Barabbas."

PSALM SIXTY-NINE

Messiah, poor and destitute,
A mourner here below,
In heavenly solicitude
A sharer of man's woe:
The secret of that life of love
Was only known in heaven above.

None pitied Him; none understood
His strange and lonely path,
Till on the cross, bereft of good,
He sank beneath God's wrath,
Charged with our sins of deepest hue,
For us to whom the stroke was due.

Messiah, hidden now on high
Till Israel has learned
In penitence to turn the eye
To Him whom they have spurned:
Their home is desolate till then
When they shall see His face again.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

FAITH MUST LEARN TO DIE

Only a tent on borrowed ground,
A cave to be his sepulcher,
The heaven-guided pilgrim found,
E'en though he was the rightful heir.
The patriarch must seek his home
In the Jerusalem to come.

The man of God with eye still clear
From Nebo's heights saw in one glance
The land he sought, so far, so near,
As in a momentary trance,
Beside the grave prepared by God,
The hidden goal of his lone road.

Sharp thorns composed the diadem
Of David's messianic Son;
His long wooed bride, Jerusalem,
Offered to Him the cross alone.
Though born to wear a kingly name,
His lot was poverty and shame.

And daily the Muezzin calls
From minarets where stood God's throne;
A fragment of the Temple walls
Is all that Zion's exiles own,
For still the Gentile in command
Treads down their ancient fatherland.

But joining hand in hand at last,
Their festival will never cease—
Earth's shadows and bereavements past—
Earth's mysteries suffused in peace.
The life that triumphs over death
Will justify the life of faith.

ROCK OF OFFENSE OR FOUNDATION

I

Majestic face, by sorrow marred,
Divinest form, so scourged and scarred!
Jesus, the noblest of our race,
(Study that unresisting face!)
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone—
Our best—and yet our stumbling stone!

II

No Gentile fable is the word
That tells us Jesus Christ is Lord.
No alien creed our lips confess—
His name: "the Lord our righteousness."
The ancient Scriptures which we hold,
Moses, the Psalms, the seers of old,
Have all foretold by voice and pen
The advent of the Son of Man—
The royal Babe of Bethlehem,
Crowned with the thorny diadem,
The Seed to bruise the serpent's head,
The silent Lamb to slaughter led,
Immanuel of virgin birth,
Jehovah's Branch, yet Fruit of earth,
Anointed Prophet, Priest and King,
Of whom rapt David loved to sing,
The Angel of the Covenant,
Who came to Abram in his tent,
Whom wrestling Jacob in distress,
And Moses in the wilderness,
And many more of Jewish race
In ancient times saw face to face—
Whose cherubim-supported throne
(The rightful seat of only One)
The prophet saw with opened eye,

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Filled by a Man, yet Adonai—
Whose thrice-repeated holy name
Seraphic lips with awe proclaim—
The God whom Israel revered,
When seen of men, as Man appeared.

III

Our ancient watchword, strong and clear:
"Hear Israel, O Israel, hear,
The Lord our God one Lord is He,"
Must still our grand confession be—
No second God beside the true—
No rival on His throne we view.
The Saviour whom our lips confess
Is God Himself, told out in grace.
The former scattered rays of light
In Him converge in glory bright:
All partial revelations meet
In Christ in whom they are complete.
What seemed mysterious and obscure
In light from Him is clear and sure.
The Topstone of the edifice
Of revelation, Jesus is.

IV

Why, Israel, with averted face,
Refuse His pleadings, spurn His grace?
Why turn thy back upon the One,
Of all beside, thy greatest Son?
Without Him Jewish history
A broken arch must always be.
This controversy settled, then
Thy golden sun shall rise again;
Thy destiny for good or ill
Messiah holds within His will.

SONGS OF ZION

V

His story, writ by Jewish hands,
Thy sons have told in Gentile lands.
Thy choicest treasures, by thee spurned,
Gentiles to value high have learned.
Outside our nation, far and near,
There is no name more sweet, more dear;
'Tis we who still refuse to own
His claims—He is our stumbling stone.

VI

Our hearts beat faster as we hear
Zion's redemption draweth near;
The land where lie our ancient dead
May once again lift up its head.
Thy stolen children yearn for thee,
Zion, in their captivity:
They dream of their ancestral home,
Mother of sorrows; lo, they come!

VII

But yet they come as Jacob came
Back to the home he fled in shame;
Spite years of exile, he was still
The Jacob with unbroken will.
But in the land he found, unsought,
His Peniel, the face of God.
The Man with the unuttered name
Wrestled with him and overcame!

VIII

And Jacob's children must prepare
To find a second Penuel there,
To meet in darkness and distress
Their lost Messiah, face to face.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

They'll see His wounds in hands and side,
Memorials of the death He died,
Who rose in triumph o'er the grave
To prove His mighty power to save.
Messiah will return again
And reap the fruit of all His pain;
Him whom the builders cast away
They will acclaim on that great day—
Confessing that in Him alone
Is Israel's foundation Stone.

God's people cannot occupy a neutral position with reference to the world. We are either above it or under its influence. We see this in type in Israel. They were either divinely sustained to be above the nations or they were trodden down under their feet. They never were equals: either victors or slaves. So a Christian out of communion with Christ has no strength to go against the current of worldliness. The world is too much for him.

*THE HEBREW CHRISTIAN TO THE LAND
OF HIS FATHERS*

Land of our fathers' sojournings—
God's elect in a moving tent!
Their altar witnessing their faith—
By heaven guided as they went
On faith's lone path, till as their home
A city built by God should come!

Land, where their ransomed children found
A country they could call their own—
Where milk and honey richly flowed—
Where the Shekinah had its throne—
Where mighty prophets, one by one,
Foresaw, foretold the coming One:

SONGS OF ZION

Who, virgin-born, of David's seed,
Immanuel, God with us here,
Brought heaven down to earth to prove
That heaven's love to man is near,
To heal, to pardon, and to bless
Those who their sin and shame confess.

O Mother, of thy sons bereft,
On whom the shadow of a crime
Has fallen, which has haunted them
Down the long avenues of time!
No peace for them—no peace for thee,
Till from that shadow they are free.

But then will come the gladsome hour
When thy lost sons turn back again
To build thy wastes, drying thy tears,
And make thee to forget thy pain:
When thou and they are born anew,
The world will know God's Word is true!

GOD'S GUILLELESS ISRAEL

Children of Abram's tested faith,
Of Isaac's meekness, on the altar bound,
Of Jacob's wrestling unto tears,
When crippled, clinging, he the blessing found!

Behold the pattern meant for you!
You, too, must tread faith's lone but sun-lit way;
The altar must become your home;
You, too, must wrestle till the break of day:

Until a princely nation ye,
Under God's smile, no more beneath His rod,
Slain by the vision of the cross,
Reborn the guileless Israel of God.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

THE HEBREW CHRISTIAN TO HIS NATION

(Passover, 1921)

Mother, wilt thou thy children spurn
And can thy mother-heart forget,
No more in pity o'er them yearn?

We claim the self-same heritage;
We glory in one common past,
The record of our sacred page.

We share thine exile, Israel;
Yet 'tis a twofold exile, ours,
As exiled from thy love as well.

Still, unforgetting, love will turn
In thought to thee, when on thy board
The festive Sabbath-candles burn:

And Sabbath peace illumines thy face,
And thou, with queenly dignity,
Forget thine exile and disgrace:

Or to thy Seder, freshly spread,
Memorial which celebrates
Truth which of yore our fathers led:

Or Rosh Hoshanah, or the mirth
Of succoth, or the purity
Of home-life, matched by nought on earth:

Where youth still honors, as 'tis meet,
The hoary head, and seeks to learn
Life's wisdom at the elders' feet:

SONGS OF ZION

Where mercy never pleads in vain
To help a brother in his need,
Or soothe a sufferer in his pain.

We burn with indignation when
Thy name is trampled in the mire
By ignorant and foolish men:

Who thy true face have never known,
Forgetting that it is unveiled
To love and sympathy alone.

And now, when hopes revive again,
And Zion calls her banished home,
Say, may we follow in their train?

And take our share her walls to raise,
And help to make Jerusalem
Once more a glory and a praise?

Ah! Mother, why are we apart?
Because of One by thee despised,
Whose name we carry in our heart.

That name remains thy stumbling stone,
And yet thy future will be bright,
Established on this Rock alone.

He will thy golden youth renew,
And show thee glories richer far
Than ever kings or prophets knew.

His love now turns our loss to gain;
His Spirit shares our loneliness
And sweetens every cup of pain.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

We go to Him without the camp;
We hail the dawn that ends the night
With girded loins and burning lamp,

Nor with our mother cease to plead
To look into the evidence
Which proves that He is Lord indeed.

We are His firstfruits of the day
When, not a remnant, but the whole
Of Israel shall own His sway.

THE RETURN OF THE QUEEN

Captive of Zion, at last it has come!
Unlocked are thy Ghetto gates,
The dream of thine exile. Thine ancient home
Her own queen's return awaits.

Enshrouded in tatters of widowhood,
Exposed to shame and disgrace,
Men pressed to thy lips a cup of blood
And spat on thy patient face.

Fair Songstress, thy music has long been mute,
Except for the dirge of woe,
For thy heart became like a broken lute
In thy wanderings to and fro.

When thou hast discovered thy soul again,
Crushed down by ages of wrong,
The lessons thou learned when walking with pain
Will teach thee thy sweetest song.

SONGS OF ZION

HOW MANY A GLOOMY NIGHT

How many a gloomy night I've known,
But day-break came once more!
From many a grave I rose again,
More virile than before.

If you could pluck the shining orbs
Out of the azure sky,
Then will God break His oath-bound word
And Israel will die.

TO THE ZIONISTS

O what will ye do with Zion, the city of your desire?
Will ye turn it into a Ghetto, with its meanness and its mire,
Its narrowness of outlook, its bigotry and strife,
Its antiquated customs, its medieval life?

Will ye there transplant the vices of occidental lands,
Where with mammon-serving Gentiles ye grasp with eager
hands

The pelf and rusting treasures—Babylon's empty show—
By science and by culture to realize heaven below?

And how can ye look upon Zion, to her brightest glory blind?
To the claims of her Prince-Messiah still closing up your mind?
When the very stones of Zion His deathless story repeat—
The Via Dolorosa once trod by His blessed feet!

And shall not the hills where He gathered His Galilean band,
And the busy haunts where He labored and healed by the touch
of His hand,
And Tabor's snow-capped summit where His glory came to
view,
And Genesaret's blue waters recall His name to you?

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

TO WEEPING ZION

Art filled with anguish, standing by the bier
Of those whom Ishmael has slain?
An hour of deeper pain is drawing near
When thou must look on One again,
Wounded by thee, whose wounds yet prove
Stronger than hate is heaven's love.

Dost feel an alien, even in thy home,
Draining the dregs of sorrow's cup,
Who fondly dreamt thy warfare's end had come,
All controversy now wound up?
As long as thou art still at odds with God,
He cannot lift the chast'ning rod.

BEN PERETZ

(The Breaker-through)

Breaker-through of prison walls—Hallelujah!
Death itself before Thee falls—Hallelujah!
Marching on Thy conquering way
Towards a universal sway,
Into God's unclouded day—Hallelujah!

David's Lord, and David's Son—Hallelujah!
What a victory Thou hast won—Hallelujah!
Thine a crown more choice than gold;
In Thy person we behold
Glories more than can be told—Hallelujah!

SONGS OF ZION

Worlds on worlds must own Thy might—Hallelujah!
Bending at Thy throne of light—Hallelujah!
While Thy pierced hands and feet
The glad tidings still repeat;
In Thee truth and mercy meet—Hallelujah!

Lamb-like in Thy gentleness—Hallelujah!
Lion-like in kingly grace—Hallelujah!
Stretching forth the iron rod
With authority as God—
Life and death wait on Thy nod—Hallelujah!

THE IMMUTABLE COVENANT

Alas! Still Zion prostrate lies
'Neath Gentile feet!
The Moslem, where the glory dwelt,
Retains his seat.

And Rachel weeps, for lo! her sons
In exile roam;
While "aceldama" (field of blood)
Their ancient home.

A veil still hides from Jewish eyes
That face divine,
In which, unveiled, faith sees both grace
And glory shine.

But spite of unbelief and sin
The promise stands,
That Jacob's seed must be brought back
From alien lands.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

For faith still reads the word inscribed
On sacred page,
The oath-sealed covenant, unchanged
From age to age.

They'll prove the riches of the grace
Of Him they spurned,
Whose wounded heart, in unquenched love,
O'er them has yearned.

Like Jacob when the morning broke,
Subdued, yet blessed,
The Jew will have his Penue!l
And thus find rest.



PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

WHAT DO MEN live by? Not by bread alone: You may satisfy a man's physical wants, but still he will be unhappy.

Not by truth alone: You may give to a man the benefits of higher education, and still he will be unsatisfied.

Not by beauty alone: You may gratify a man's aesthetic sensibilities, but the deep within him remains unmet; he cries out for more.

Not by love alone: You may surround a man with friends, lovers, and affectionate relatives, and yet he will be a seeker for that which no earthly love can give him.

We live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord. We need God—His self-revelation, the vision of His face, the declaration of His saving truth. Our spiritual natures cry out for the living God, and the living God is told out in His incarnate Son, the Christ.

"And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not . . . that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord . . ."

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

MY MARY AND I

We've kept the road together,
 My Mary and I,
Through many a changing weather,
 My Mary and I.
We've known the smile of summer,
 And faced a wintry sky
 Through many passing seasons,
 My Mary and I.

Still hand in hand unfearing,
 My Mary and I,
The evening twilight nearing,
 My Mary and I,
We'll meet the unknown future
 Till we are called on high,
 Sure of the love that leads us,
 My Mary and I.

After all, a narrow path is always the more pleasant, the more shady, the freer from dust, but it is not often trodden. It is not easily discovered.

TO MY WIFE ON OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

Wife of my youth, with whom I've climbed
 Full many a league life's uphill way,
Hand clasped in hand, with solemn joy
 We hail the evening of our day:

The evening which precedes the morn
 When we shall see the face we love,
Where sorrows turn to glory bright,
 The tears below to pearls above:

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

Where we shall kiss the hand that held
Full oft the chastening rod of pain,
And prove that earthly discipline
Prepared us for celestial gain.

So let us trust for what remains,
Though hidden, while we still climb up,
And drink with meekness, day by day,
Whatever love puts in our cup.

TO A NEWBORN BABE

(On receiving its father's baby shoes)
God's blessing on thy new-launched life,
Infant so sweet,
Adventuring towards the unknown
With tiny feet!
God guard thy steppings here below,
Till day is done!
May no regrets becloud thy sky
And hide the sun.
If Christ, thy Saviour, Guide, and Friend,
What joy will crown thee at the end!

THE TRUE POEM

I may never be a poet
Who has wings wherewith to rise
In inspired imagination
Where no earth-mists dim the skies.

But then, life may be melodious,
Tuned to heaven's harmony;
If I cannot be a poet,
Then, let me a poem be!

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Lord, let me go the same way Thou hast trod: the way to the Father as one who has proceeded from the Father! Lord, I have sought Thee in the mysterious, the occult, the distant. I have sought Thee in deep definitions and profound speculations. But Thou art ever in the little things of daily life—in the humble and nearest events. Let me ever seek Thee and prove Thee there!

ON MY FIFTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

Eternal Love, which molds each grain of sand,
And guides the planets as they onward roll,
And shapes the dewdrops with Thy skillful hand—
Shall I not leave my life in Thy control?

Am I not more to Thee than earth or sun?
Is not Thy image precious unto Thee?
Yea, while my days their soon spent journey run,
I draw the breath of Thine eternity!

Spent are the morn and noon hours of the day;
More quickly pass, it seems, towards the end,
The milestones on the dusty, pilgrim way:
Let me the harder lean upon my Friend!

O Love that hast forgiven and forborne,
Hast cared for me like babe upon the breast,
Hast decked with roses many a piercing thorn,
From nameless grief hast sweetest odors pressed—

Shall I not trust Thee till the day is done?
Believe that nought but good proceeds from Thee,
And still press on until the prize is won,
The crown beyond the cross that beckons me?

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

THE ELEVATOR BOY

An elevator boy I'd be—
His life is full of fun and glee:
So many people he can see,
As he goes up and down.

Some think he is not fast enough
And are inclined to treat him rough;
He doesn't mind, for he is tough—
He just goes up and down.

Sometimes a maiden, trim and neat,
Will trip along with lightsome feet
And pleasant words to him repeat
While he goes up or down.

Sometimes a merry quip is heard
When something funny has occurred,
As noticed by some wise old bird,
As he goes up or down.

'Tis like a looking-glass where he
Sees life in its variety,
In harmony with all to be,
As he goes up or down.

Come smiles or frowns, come day or night,
What God appoints is always right;
Let us but live as in His sight—
Whether 'tis up or down.

The High One will dwell with the lowly, the Holy One
with the consciously sinful; the One who fills eternity will
fill the finite space of the contrite heart.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

He was among us as a Servant that we might sit on thrones !

MARY OF BETHANY

She only came to meet the Master,
Silent in worship—her employ
On Him her box of alabaster
To break with sacrificial joy—

On One who was her sole attraction,
The heart divine told out on earth,
Fountain of deepest satisfaction,
Object of everlasting worth.

She brought her gift to Him who taught her
That the rich grace He came to show,
The gifts of heaven He had brought her,
Involved for Him the cross below.

She inly felt His hour of dying
Was almost at the very door ;
Her heart could see the shadow lying,
Which death had cast on Him before—

A death which laid the deep foundation
On which secure our weal could rest—
The birthpangs of a new creation
In which both heaven and earth are blest.

Now was her hour of consecration,
Love's answer to the love that gave
Its all without a reservation,
Our undivided all to have—

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

Love, pouring out its choicest treasure,
Till earth becomes like heaven above,
Surpassing knowledge, without measure,
Till all of life is bathed in love.

And so, His head and feet anointing,
She came beforehand to His tomb,
Which He has left, by God's appointing,
As virgin as His mother's womb.

THOMAS

Though they have barred the door—
Lo! in the upper room,
Like sunburst after gloom,
The Lord appears:
His radiant face dispels
His loved ones' fears.

But still, with scornful mien,
The Jew remains without,
In self-excluding doubt
And joyless pride—
Except he thrust his hand
Into His side!

Wait till he makes amends,
When shamed out of his pride,
Facing the Crucified,
Though faith's deep bliss—
When late he owns Him Lord—
He'll ever miss.

Faith is a private seal set to a divine document and brings
the believer into partnership with God forevermore.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

WHEAT AND TARES

They are spoiling Thy harvest, O Son of Man!
They are mingling the tares with the wheat!
And Thou art impassive—forgive the word—
Far above, on Thy heavenly seat.

Nay, nay, not impassive, but patient in love,
I am watching the ripening grain;
My angels will gather the harvest home—
My travail has not been in vain.

And some look like tares who are wheat after all:
The judgment belongs unto Me;
The tares and the wheat—who can tell which is which?
'Twill be known in eternity.

Spiritual truth is hidden from the wisest understanding when
conscience and heart are not single towards God.

THE IDEAL MEETING FOR WORSHIP

Here may we turn from earth to seek His face,
The guests of God, to feed upon His grace,
Within the shrine, to touch the things unseen,
By simple faith, without a veil between.

No outward sign or symbol here we seek,
Content to let His voice directly speak,
To leave the shadows and delight in One
Whose love our hearts' response of love has won.

Hushed into silence, we approach the throne;
One name we mention, and one name alone—
The name before which every knee must bend
In heaven and on earth, world without end.

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

MOSES

And so he made his choice,
Who might have filled the seats of learning and of power
In Egypt's halls of fame
And, passing, carved his name on Egypt's obelisks,
Immortalized in stone.

But he had heard a call,
A people's cry of pain, wrung from its tortured heart,
Weakness crushed down by might,
His kinsmen in distress, with none to plead their cause—
Yet Abram's chosen seed, custodians of the Hope
Of blessing for mankind, through One sprung from their midst.

And so he left the court to share his people's lot,
Esteeming the reproach of Christ far richer gain
Than Egypt's treasured hoard,
To live a lonely life of hiddenness in God,
Schooled in deep solitude to keep his silent watch,
Till meekness calmed his heart's wild passions into peace,
And heaven's radiance shone back from his rapt face.

And so at last he saw, with vision still undimmed,
Fair Canaan's long-loved hills—
The goal he might not reach—the prize he might not win—
To die a lonely death within the arms of God,
To find a lonely grave, by angel hands prepared.

But he had found his gain—
God's presence gave him rest;
There he had found his life—
The stilling of desire;
To see Him face to face, as man speaks with his friend,
Sufficed him here below—
Became his heaven then.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Sacrifice cannot be avoided. If we cater to the lower life we lose the higher. If we want the higher we must deny the lower.

HE STILL SPEAKS

Who shall say no words are spoken
To the inner ear today,
That the light of inspiration
Has forever passed away,
That we only have an echo
Of a voice of long ago,
That no present teaching guides us
Through life's tangled scenes below?

Have we only ancient records
Which the learned must explain?
Is the past our only teacher,
And our quest today in vain?
Does our age not call for seers
And for prophets, as of old?
Can the fresh, upspringing Spirit
No fresh messages unfold?

Have we not a living Father
With a plan for every life?
Is He only a spectator
Of the world's unceasing strife?
Can His gentle hand not guide us?
Can His tender heart not feel?
Has He nothing left to tell us—
Nothing further to reveal?

Has He not bestowed an unction
Even to the little ones?
Is not heaven's inward teaching

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

Plain to even him who runs?
Are there not more hidden secrets—
Openings of paradise—
Visions of surpassing beauty—
To be shown to sin-cleansed eyes?

To compare the present with the past is always a source of weakness. We must look to the glorious future for encouragement in the present.

SAINT PAUL'S PREDICAMENT

What shall I choose—for I am in a strait—
To stay or go?
To serve Christ here? Or shall I go to Him
Who loved me so?
In spirit I'm already where He is;
Yet still I tread a thorny wilderness.
Here is my work: my life is hid up there
With Christ, whose present portion I would share.

Yet I will leave the final choice with Him:
To take me home,
If I shall hear His "voice," and "trump," and "shout,"
When He has come,
Or first, someday, to close my tired eyes,
To open them again on paradise—
Falling asleep beneath the Father's kiss,
And wake to rapture and celestial bliss.

'Tis good to spend myself on earth for Him
And serve "His own,"
Not seeking gain or fickle human praise,
But His alone;

PERSONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

Why cannot men retain that breath?
 Why turn once more
Back to their hates? Why be the same
 They were before?

Do angels still, when Christmas comes,
 To earth descend?
Let's keep them here—till our sad earth
 And heaven blend.

CHRISTMAS

To little Bethlehem, once more,
 We hie with gladsome feet,
The greatest wonder in the world—
 A Babe to meet.

And does that Babe in swaddling clothes
 Express th'incarnate Word?
And does the manger's poverty
 Enshrine my Lord?

Be swift, my soul, to learn the sign
 Taught by that holy birth:
The choicest thing is lowliness,
 In heaven or earth.

WHEN CHRISTMAS IS OVER

Around the Christmas tree we stood
And sang of love and brotherhood;
Hatred and greed were left behind.
We were the friends of all mankind.

SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL

Now Christmas Day has come and gone;
The tree is stripped—its hour is done.
The carols we have sung in vain—
For we are pagans once again!

IT MAY BE THE LAST!

It may be the last of the years quickly flying;
It may be the year when the Master will come,
When the land of the holy, for which we are sighing,
Will burst into view—the Father's glad home!

It may be the last of earth's checkered story,
The last of "the desert," "the furnace," "the thorn"—
The last, too, of "service in weakness"—then glory—
The Lord will have come, the Star of the Morn!

It may be the last time on earth to awaken,
To finish the story of sorrow and toil,
Oft feeling unloved, neglected, forsaken,
Oft treading in pain earth's thorn-covered soil.

It may be the last time, the cross daily choosing,
The footprints of Jesus retracing below,
Earth's glitter and glamor—so tempting—refusing,
Companionship with the unseen One to know.

It may be the last! Then all mystery ending
In radiant light from the sunshine of God!
And oh! what a welcome, as we are ascending!
'Twill more than make up for the difficult road.

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