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THE STREAMS.

George



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THE STREAMS:

OR,

THE POETRY WHICH APPEARED IN
"A VOICE TO THE FAITHFUL,"

FROM 1867. TO 1872.

"The river of God is full of water."

LONDON GOSPEL TRACT DEPOT,
WARWICK LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW.



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P O E T R Y
FROM THE
VOICE TO THE FAITHFUL.

In Christ in heaven.

AND art thou gone where all is light,
Blest Saviour—passed from mortal sight,
To thine own native air !
Where no defiling thing can come,
Where nature cannot find a home,
Nor flesh an entrance dare ?

Amen ! our hearts respond, and raise
Their hallelujah notes of praise,
Though still on earth we roam !
To thee 'tis joy !—to us not grief :
Not sev'rance from thee, but relief,
That glory is thy home !

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

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

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

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

Thy rest, Lord Jesus ! past thy woe
The "Man of sorrows," as below,
 Thou never more canst be !
Thine was our grief, ours is thy joy ;
And now we drink without alloy
 The cup of joy with thee !

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

'Tis there we see thee (past all fears),
 Reaping in joy, who sowed in tears,
 There reap we too with thee;
 And soon "rejoicing" thou shalt come,
 Bearing thy sheaves! while thy blest home
 Ours shall for ever be!

—○○○○—
The Divine Path:

..... "I have found the track of a divine Person in
 the world. I follow that, and I know where it ends."

O ! wondrous grace, that such as I,
 Rais'd by the self-same power as thou,
 May walk on earth, in life to die—
 Through living union with thee now.

Then teach me in thy death to learn
 How thou my heart from earth canst wean ;
 Nature allures at every turn,
 But thou hast died, out of the scene !

And sure the faithful heart must loathe
All that for which her Lord has died;
Must long to feel His hand unclothe
This mortal part, in life to hide.

But 'tis my God and Father's will,
Who deigns to make my path His care,
That I this orbit should fulfil,
His grace and glory to declare.

Then count me worthy, Lord, to be
A lowly witness on this earth,
So wholly thine, so kept by thee,
To know and testify thy worth.

O, holy joy ! by man unseen,
This secret, sacred path to tread,
The footprints where my Lord has been,
For thee while here, and to thee led.

For such, a gladsome path must be
E'en here (with thee for Guide and Friend);
Learning thine all-sufficiency,
We scarce could wish that path to end.

But end it will—where every sound
Shall be the echo of thy praise.
The Bridegroom thou! thy Church around,
Reflecting all thy glory's rays.

O! may thy wisdom, love, and light,
Enclose me round in this dark scene.
What cloud (with thee my Lord in sight)
Thy glory from my path can screen?



Home.

Oh! bright and blessed scenes,
Where sin shall never come,
Whose sight my longing spirit weans
From earth, where yet I roam!

And can I call my home
My Father's house on high;
The rest of God, my rest to come,
My place of liberty!

Yes, in that light unstained,
My stainless soul shall live;
My heart's deep longings more than gained,
When God His rest shall give.

His presence—there my soul,
Its rest, its joy untold,
Shall find, when endless ages roll,
And time shall ne'er grow old.

My God the centre is,
His presence fills that land;
And countless myriads owned as His,
Round Him adoring stand.

My God, whom I have known,
Well known in Jesus' love ;
Rests in the blessing of His own,
Before Himself above.

Glory supreme is there,
Glory that shines through all,
More precious still that love to share,
As those that love did call.

Like Jesus in that place
Of light and love supreme,
Once man of sorrows full of grace,
Heaven's blest and endless theme.

Like Him, O grace supreme !
Like Him, before thy face,
Like Him, to know that glory beam,
Unhindered face to face.

O ! love supreme and bright,
 Good to the feeblest heart,
 That gives me now as heavenly light
 What soon shall be my part.

Be not to me, my God,
 As one that turned aside
 To tarry for a night, and trod
 His onward way. Abide

With me as light divine,
 That brings into my breast
 Those gladdening scenes e'en now as mine,
 Soon my eternal rest.

To me to live—Christ:

In the bosom of the Father,
 Centre of His endless love ;
 In the light and in the glory,
 Thus in Christ I dwell above.

Filling up His bitter sufferings,
Drinking of His cup of woe,
And rejoicing as I do it,
Thus with Christ I walk below.

There above I rest, untroubled,
All my service, to adore ;
Cross and shame, and death and sorrow,
Left behind for evermore.

Therefore am I never weary,
Journeying onward through the waste,
And the bitter Marah waters
Have but sweetness to my taste.

While He tells the wondrous secret,
Of His perfect love to me,
While His heart's exhaustless fulness
In His blessed face I see,

Can there be but joy and glory,
In His cross and shame below?
Sweet each mark of His rejection,
Where His steps are, I must go.

One the path, and one the sorrow—
Path the angels cannot tread;
Sorrow giving sweet assurance,
We are members, He the Head.

There on high that path will bring us
To the place where He is gone;
Thus, the silver trumpets sounding,
Through the waste we journey on.

"This do in remembrance of me."

..... "In remembrance of me..... the Lord's death
till he come."

O ! gracious Saviour, holy Lord !
With loyal hearts we hear that word

Of dear request from thee ;
Now uttered from the Father's throne,
In living accents to thine own—
In death "remember me."

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

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

Borne in thy heart through death's dark tide,
(The travail thine) in thee we died—

With thee we rise on high;
Our eye, now filled with glory's light,
Would travel through thine hour of night,
When thou, our Lord, didst die!

Aye, night! when God, the God of grace,
From His own Son must veil His face,

Though man that Son denied:
Earth stood in shadow, shook with dread,
Then wrapt her weeds about thy head,
As if her shame to hide;

But could not, for the Father's heart
Yearned, till it set thee where thou art,

And gave thee full redress:
Now, free its fulness to disclose—
Its love—a mighty volume, flows—
In strength of righteousness.

Lost in that love, thy death we deem
Our point of sev'rance from the scene,
Where man our Lord did spurn.
To us, earth stands in shadow now—
For thou art absent—until thou,
Lord Jesus, shalt return !

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

*Back to thy death, the only scene
In this wide waste where thou hast been
Of interest or of worth :
On to thy coming, till we see
Him who once said, "Remember me,"
When outcast from the earth.*

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

The water that I shall give.

Far beyond the storm and tempest—
That untroubled calm above—
There the Son of God abideth,
Resting in the Father's love.

Loved with love beyond all measure,
Love that knows no check nor shade ;
Loved before the worlds were founded,
Loved before the heavens were made.

Loved with all the love that dwelleth
In the very heart of God ;
Loved with all the love befitting
Him in whom all grace abode.

Loved with all the love He claimeth,
Who endured the cross and shame,
The forsaking of His Father,
To exalt the Father's name.

There, in that unmixed gladness,
That unmeasured endless peace,
He abideth, and rejoiceth
With a joy that cannot cease.

And amidst that joy and glory,
In that peace no tongue can tell,
Far above the storm and tempest,
There on high with Him we dwell.

All that precious love our portion,
Sharing all alike with Him ;
All our thirst for ever quenching
In that everlasting stream.

Ever in the Father's bosom,
There for ever, come what may ;
For the love that sought and found us,
Keepeth us by night and day.

Precious to that tender Father,
Precious to that gracious Son ;
Precious to that Holy Spirit,
By whom He and we are one.

Unto this His life has brought us,
Nothing less than this He gives ;
This the secret joy and power
Of the heart wherein He lives.

Let us praise that love for ever,
Fall in worship at His feet;
Lost in silent joy and wonder,
Sinners made in Him complete.

Light out of Darkness.

From the world and its pollution,
Lord, by faith to thee we turn ;
Tracing thus, in full solution,
Problems none can else discern.

Yes ! our tale of sin and sorrow,
Conscious ruin, weakness, loss,
Doth a living lustre borrow,
Read in presence of the cross.

E'en the vale of death, Lord Jesus,
Lit throughout its length doth shine ;
Thine the path from doubt that frees us,
Thine its radiance divine.

Thou hast passed, a pilgrim stranger,
Through these hostile scenes below;
Want, repulse, temptation, danger,
Thou, in grace, hast deigned to know.

Thou hast felt the desolation
We, in measure, prove to-day;
Ours a kindred consolation,
As thy Father we obey.

Precious Lord! be thine example
Written in our heart and mind;
As the desert thorns we trample,
Leaving Egypt far behind.

Egypt's pillars, proud and hollow,
Broken, lie upon the shore;
We the glory-column follow:
God is with us evermore!

"This is my beloved Son, hear him."

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

Burst the cloud, and let thy voice
Bid my longing heart rejoice;
E'en as on the mount of yore
Thou thy glory didst outpour.

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

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

"Father," now I know that name,
Since thy Spirit cries the same
As thy well-beloved One,
E'en "the Spirit of the Son."

Wondrous grace! O love divine!
All thy thoughts of Him are mine
E'en to lisp; my infant tone
Faintest echo of thine own.

Father, what shall I return?
Aught of *me* thou needst must spurn.
What I render thee must be
Worthy of thy majesty.

Such, O Father, I can give—
Worth of Him in whom I live.
Nought but Him thine eye can see
In the soul that worships thee.

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

Father, when to thee I soar,
Then, O then, I shall adore.
Now I scarce the note can raise;
Then I'll sound it to thy praise.

Yet meanwhile, e'en now, I "hear"
Sound (as music to thine ear)
That blest chord from out the throne,
Struck by thy beloved One.

He, the first-begotten Son,
Leads the chorus: for each one
"*Hears*" and echoes back that name,
"Father, Father," sounds again.

In the Plains of Jordan:

We thank thee, Lord, for weary days,
When desert-springs were dry,
And first we knew what depth of need
Thy love could satisfy.

Days when, beneath the desert-sun,
Along the toilsome road,
O'er roughest ways we walked with One,
That One the Son of God.

We thank thee for that rest in Him.
The weary only know,
The perfect, wondrous sympathy
We needs must learn below.

The sweet companionship of One
Who once the desert trod;
The glorious fellowship with One
Upon the throne of God.

The joy no desolations here
Can reach, or cloud, or dim—
The present Lord, the living God,
And we *alone* with Him.

We know Him as we could not know
Through heaven's golden years;
We there shall see His glorious face,
But Mary saw His tears.

The touch that heals the broken heart
Is never felt above.
His angels know His blessedness,
His way-worn saints His love.

When in the glory and the rest
We joyfully adore,
Remembering the desert-way,
We yet shall praise Him more.

Remembering how, amidst our toil,
Our conflict, and our sin,
He brought the water for our thirst
It cost His blood to win.

And now in perfect peace we go
Along the way He trod,
Still learning from all need below
Depths of the heart of God.

Alone.

Alone!—a Stranger here—
Divinely lighting up a world of sin—
Didst thou, in grace, O living Lord,
appear,
Our shadowed sphere within.

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

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

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

Alone! forsaken thou
Of God, thy God, when doing all His will:
 Of man, thy creature, through thy thorn-
 pierced brow
Told out thy titles still.

Alone! upon the cross—
Despised, rejected, and by sinners slain—
 Thou didst transmute unfathomed pre-
 sent loss
To heights of untold gain.

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

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

"When he had given thanks he brake it."

O blessed Lord! we greet thee now,

Our hearts are unto thee;

E'en as those gathered round thee once—

Thy chosen company.

E'en now, as in thy night of woe,

Thy heart speaks home to each,

And unto thee, from every soul,

Responsive breathings reach.

Without—betrayed, cast out by man,

Who loved his misery:

Within—thine own are called to taste

Of fellowship with thee.

Thou, blessed Jesus, couldst give thanks,

E'en with that cross in view,

Which broke for us thine every link

With earth and nature too.

What triumph in thine accents, Lord ;
O ! may we catch the strain,
And echo from our hearts to thee,
Responsive thanks again.

Thanks, that this earth no more can claim
One look, one thought, from us ;
For thou hast died to all things here,
And we announce it thus :

Announce thy death till thou return,
No more to grieve or die.
“Remember me,” thy parting word ;
“Amen,” our hearts reply.

In life and glory one with thee,
We own no place below,
Save that which links us with thy death,
Whence life and glory flow.

And thus, O blessed Lord, we learn
What joy thy presence gives ;
Outside of everything, in thee,
With thee the spirit lives.

With thee, apart from all things here,
We worship,—we adore ;
While pleasures at our God's right hand,
Flow round us evermore.

The Inheritance.

My heart is onward bounding,
Home to the land I love ;
Its distant vales and mountains
My longing passions move.
Fain would my thirsting spirit
Its living freshness breathe ;
And wearied feet find resting
Its hallowed shades beneath.

No soil of nature's evil,
No touch of man's rude hand,
Can e'er disturb around us
That bright and blissful land.
The charms that woo the senses
Shall be as bright, as fair ;
For all, while breathing o'er us,
Shall tell of Jesus there !

What light, where all its beaming
Shall own *Him* as its Sun !
What music, when its breathing
Shall waft *His* name along !
No change, no pause, those pleasures
Shall ever seek to know ;
The draught which lulls our thirsting
But wakes that thirst anew.



The Great Shepherd.

"I sat under his shadow with great delight; and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

Sweet to trace His toiling footsteps
Here amidst the desert sands;
Bear in memory all His sorrow,
Thorn-clad head, and pierced hands!
Learn His love beside the manger—
Learn it on the stormy wave,
By the well, and in the garden—
Learn it by the cross and grave!

Yet not only in remembrance
Do we watch that stream of love:
Still a mighty torrent, flowing
From the throne of God above:
Still a treasure all uncounted—
Still a story half untold,
Unexhausted, and unfathomed—
Fresh as in the days of old.

Christ at God's right hand (unwearied
By His people's tale of sin),
Day by day and hour by hour
Welcoming each wanderer in ;
On His heart, amidst the glory,
Bearing all our grief and care,
Every burden, ere we feel it ;
Weighed and measured in His prayer.

Fragrant thus with priestly incense,
Every want and sorrow tells—
Thoughts that fill the heart of Jesus
In the glory where He dwells.
All His love, His joy, and glory,
By His Spirit here made known,
Whilst that Spirit bears the sorrow
Of His saints before the throne.

And the One who felt the sorrow
Pleads before the Father's face,
Knowing all the needed solace,
Claiming all the needed grace.

We, so faithless and so weary,
Serving with impatient will;
He, unwearied in our service,
Gladly ministering still.

Girded with the golden girdle,
Shining as the mighty sun,
Still His piercéd hands will finish
All His work of love begun :
On the night of His betrayal,
In the glory of His throne,
Still with faithful patience washing
All defilement from His own.

When the Father's house resoundeth
With the music and the song—
When the bride in glorious raiment
Sees the One who loved so long—
Then for new and blessed service
Girt afresh will He appear,
Stand and serve before His angels
Those who waited for Him here.



He who led them through the desert,
Watched and guided day by day,
Turned the flinty rocks to water,
Made them brooks beside the way—
He will bring them where the fountains
Fresh and full spring forth above,
Still throughout the endless ages
Serving in the joy of love.

What wait I for?

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

From the centre of God's glory
Shot forth a living ray,
Piercing this heart's mean dwelling,
His riches to display ;
Charged with the revelation
Of thee, His Son in me ;
And there, His own creation,
Forming, to wait for thee.

O what a tale of wonder,
O what a wealth of grace,
That ray disclosed !—revealing
God's glory in thy face ;
Telling, how His dread judgments
Were spent upon thy head,
And how His glory sealed thee,
“THE RIGHTEOUS,” from the dead.

Telling, of sin's full wages
All paid by thee, who gave—
Thy life ; then rose triumphant
From judgment and the grave.

Head of a new creation,
Where "all things are of God,"
And Death's dark reign supplanted
By thee,—life-giving Lord !

Shewing that realm of glory
My birth-place—home to be;
For thence, from thee,—its fountain,
Life issues unto me.
And there, e'en now, in spirit,
Thy glory I can see;
While, (mighty, gracious Saviour!)
On earth, I wait for thee.

O holy, quickening Spirit,
What wonders hast thou done!—
To me thou hast imparted
Life—given in God's Son.
For Him the Father deems me
Fit company to be;
First-born of many brethren,
I wait—I wait for thee.

So I'm waiting in the midnight,
 But my heart is in the light,
Until faith's wondrous secret
 Be unfolded into sight.
What more? Thyself, for ever,
 This heart's repose to be;
My Lord—my God—my Saviour!
 I wait—I wait for thee.

My Reception.

" In the distant land of famine,
 Craving with the swine to feed:
Oh! how bitter that awaking
 To my sin, and shame, and need.
Dark and dreary all around me,
 Now no more by sin beguiled,
I would go and seek my Father,
 Be a bondsman, not a child.



" Yet a great way off He saw me,
Ran to kiss me as I came;
As I was my Father loved me,
Loved me in my sin and shame.
Then in bitter grief I told Him
Of the evil I had done—
Sinned in scorn of Him, my Father,
Was not meet to be His son.

" But I know not if He listened,
For He spake not of my sin;
He within His house would have me,
Make me meet to enter in—
From the riches of His glory
Brought His costliest raiment forth;
Brought the ring that sealed His purpose,
Shoes to tread His golden courts.

" Put them on me—robes of glory,
Spotless as the heavens above;
Not to meet *my* thoughts of fitness,
But *His* wondrous thoughts of love.

Then within His home He led me,
Brought me where the feast was spread,
Made me eat with Him, my Father,
I who begged for bondman's bread!

" Not a suppliant at His gateway,
But a son within His home ;
To the love, the joy, the singing,
To the glory I am come.
Gathered round that wondrous temple,
Filled with awe His angels see
Glory lighting up the Holiest,
In that glory Him and me.

" There He dwells, in me rejoicing,
Love resplendent in His face :
There I dwell, in Him rejoicing,
None but I can know His grace.
To that blessed place of nearness—
Ground no other foot can tread—
He has brought the lost and found one,
He who liveth and was dead."

This the ransom'd sinner's story,
All the Father's heart made known ;
All His grace to me the sinner,
Told by judgment on His Son.
Told by Him from depths of anguish,
All the Father's love for me ;
By the curse, the cross, the darkness,
Measuring what that love must be.



The Watchers.

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

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

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

A little while! and ere the day
 In all its splendour shall be shewn,
 Thy vigil-keepers, rapt away,
 Shall find thy glory, Lord, their own.



His Place Ours,

IN HEAVEN OR ON EARTH.

One place have I in heaven above,
 The glory of His throne;
 On this dark earth, whence He is gone,
 I have one place alone.
 And if His throne in heaven I know,
 I joy to find His path below.

We meet to own that place alone,
 Around the broken bread;
The "dead,"* whose life is hid with Christ,
 Remembering Jesus dead.
For us is quenched all earthly light;
Above, the glory—here, the night.

Dear as the place beside Him there,
 His footsteps here below.
Where He has gone thro' scorn and wrong
 There also would I go.
Lord, where thou diedst I would die:
For where thou livest, there am I.

One lonely path across the waste—
 Thy lowly path of shame;
I would adore thy wondrous grace,
 That I should tread the same.
The stranger and the alien thou—
And I the stranger, alien, now.

* Col. iii. 3.

Thy cross a mighty barrier stands
Between the world and me:
Not yielding with reluctant hands,
But glorying to be free
From that which now is dung and dross,
Beside thy glory and thy cross.

I see Him there amidst the light,
The Father's blessed Son,
I know that I am with Him there,
That light and love my own.
What has this barren world to give,
If there in His deep joy I live?

Sent hither from that glorious home,
As He was sent before,
Of that great love from whence I come,
To witness evermore.
For this would I count all things loss—
His joy, His glory, and His cross.

The Remnant Experience.

A dove once weary and forlorn,
By wind unfledged, by winter worn,
By man unknown, her rights unclaimed,
Her beauty marred, her body maimed ;
Despised, rejected, loved by none,
In grief, a thorough lonely one.
To friends and home she bade farewell,
And fainting lay by Sychar's well ;*
And there refreshed, with life renewed,
Her ruffled feathers rightly smoothed,
With strength of flight she winged her way,
To heaven† she soared, and fain would stay,
But no ! the earth she still must brave
With David in Adullam's cave.‡

* The knowledge of the indwelling Spirit.

† The knowledge of the heavenly places in Christ.

‡ The present position on earth.

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The Glory of His Grace.

I see a Man at God's right hand,
Upon the throne of God,
And there in seven-fold light I see
The seven-fold sprinkled blood.
I look upon that glorious Man,
On that blood-sprinkled throne ;
I know that He sits there for me,
That glory is my own.

The heart of God flows forth in love,
A deep eternal stream ;
Through that beloved Son it flows
To me as unto Him.
And, looking on His face, I know—
Weak, worthless, though I be—
How deep, how measureless, how sweet,
That love of God to me.

How deep, how full, the joy of Him
Who sits upon the throne !
The joy, the gladness of His heart,
In calling me His own.
And He has sent me forth to tell
Of all that joy above,
The glories where in Him I dwell,
The greatness of His love.

Not of the joy His ransomed know
Within that bright abode,
But all *His* heart's desire fulfilled,
The endless joy of God.
The joy with which the righteous One
Can call, with hands outspread,
And welcome to His heart of love
The lost, the vile, the dead.

The Lord who sits upon the throne
With them His joy will share,
And there the sprinkled blood appears
That He may set them there.

From drear dark places of the earth,
From depths of sin and shame,
He takes the vessels for His grace,
A people for His name.

"To-day with me in Paradise,"
He needs that wondrous span
To shew the love that could not rest
Short of His heaven for man.
And when in glory of His own
He shews the spotless bride,
Aloud the songs of heaven declare
God's heart is satisfied.

"He is not here."

"He is not here!" Ah no! I seek in vain,
'Mid fairest scenes of earth, my heart's
delight;

"He is not here!" else would those scenes
remain

Unscathed by aught that speaks decay
or blight.

Death like a shadow rests on all below,
E'en brightest landscape wears a tint of
woe.

"He is not here!" the One my heart loves
best.

Then can I join the giddy thoughtless
throng,

Who, heedless of His absence, careless
rest,

Or fête that absence with gay mirth and
song?

No! He is gone! and not the brightest
ray

Can gild the scene to *me* while He's
away.

"He is not here!" Oppression, anguish,
strife,

On every side, with solemn voice declare
Him here no more, the Lord of grace and
life.

How can I then but garb of mourning
wear?

They call me absent;—well, perhaps they
may;

I'm listening for His voice while He's away.

"He is not here!" I want Him every hour;
My soul would weary of His long delay,
Save that, like perfume from a hidden flower,
The fragrance of His spices cheers the
way;

Yet fills my heart with more desire to prove
The fulness of thy presence, Lord, above!

"He is not here!" but oh! He's gone above,
The earth-rejected One has found His
place.

The Paraclete, His messenger of love,
Witness alike of power divine and grace,
The Guide unto all truth, is given,
To speak of Him whom now we know in
heaven.

"He is not here!" but where His steps
have been
We tread. Our home's with Him, our
living Head.
In yon bright realms, whose floods of
glorious sheen
On lowliest path of faith their lustre
shed;
Tracing with golden threads our way
below,
Till, in full blaze of light, as known we
know.

"He is not here!" He's ris'n, and soon
shall call
His bride, His undefiled one, to the skies.

Then in full splendour reign as Lord of all,
Where now, alas ! He's hated and de-
spised.

Swell, swell the strain ! bow down the
head ! adore !

The CRUCIFIED shall reign for evermore.



The Father's House.

Lord, to be with thee in thine own abode,
The place prepared where thou wilt have
us dwell ;

Brought home unto thy Father and thy God,
Where harpers harping shall thy tri-
umphs tell.

Sons of His love ! heirs of His festal joy !
What bliss ! how full, how pure beyond
alloy !

To gaze around in that effulgent light,
With not a mist from earth to intervene;
Thy majesty, thy beauty, full in sight;
Thy glory flooding all the boundless
scene.

Thy love in its perfection, known at last—
'Twill solve the long enigma of the past.

To read in full the story of the cross—
Known dimly—but with growing wonder
now;
To measure, by God's glory, what it cost,
Beneath His curse, thy holy head to bow.
Thy royal garments (in that hour laid by)
Proving the depths of thy descent—to die!

To hear thee leading, in our midst, high
praise
To Him whom thou hast glorified on
earth;

Whose will, the rule of all thy pilgrim
days,

Made thee a suffering stranger from thy
birth.

Proof—thou, the slain One highest heavens
above,

Of sovereign mercy and victorious love.

To know how thou hast made an end of sin;

Swept every hostile element away;

To see eternal righteousness brought in,

And watch the universe thy mind obey.

No longer to perceive and know in part;

But feel with thee—behold thee where
thou art.

To worship Him who sitteth on the throne,

Whose Church are we the purchased by
thy blood.

Thine incorruptibility our own.

The dearest purpose of thy heart made
good,
And through eternity's exhaustless days;
Our Lord, our Saviour! to sound forth
thy praise.

“*Philadelphians.*”

Blessed are their eyes that see Him,
Him the holy and the true;
Gathered round Him, He amongst them,
His despised rejected few;
He who hath the key of David,
God of resurrection power;
He hath opened heaven before them,
Shut them in for evermore.

Feeblest works, yet dear to Jesus,
Weary hearts that wait for Him,
Eyes that look upon the glory,
Till all else is dark and dim ;
Midst the wreck, the desolation,
Where the glorious city stood,
Called to raise the lonely altar,
One last witness for their God.

He the golden door has opened
Of His temple's holiest place,
Midst these latter days of darkness
Called them in to see His face :
None can shut where He has opened,
None that "little strength" withstand,
Which He gave amidst their weakness,
By the touch of His right hand.

Precious to the heart of Jesus,
Love that keeps the word He spake,
Knowing somewhat of the sweetness
Of rejection for His sake ;

Yet so little of the glory,
Of His scorn, and cross, and shame,
That His love can witness only
“Thou hast not denied my name.”

He *their* names will tell in triumph,
Rest not till the scorners own
All the love wherewith He loved them,
Till they see them on His throne.
He for that bright day is waiting,
They are waiting till He come:
Ere the judgment thunder pealeth,
He will take them to His home.

He their Lord is coming quickly—
Brethren, yet awhile hold fast;
In His God's eternal temple
They as pillars stand at last.
Here to be cast out, rejected,
Here to bear the brand of shame;
There go out no more for ever,
Bear in light His God's own name.

He will write that name upon them,
His God evermore their own.
And the name of His bright city,
Of the bride who shares His throne;
And His own new name of triumph
Then shall shine upon their brow—
Shall they not rejoice in bearing
His reproach, rejection now?



"The Glory of that Light."

I was journeying in the noontide,
When His light shone o'er my road—
And I saw Him in that glory—
Saw Him—Jesus, Son of God.
All around, in noonday splendour,
Earthly scenes lay fair and bright—
But my eyes no longer see them
For the glory of that light.

Others, in the summer sunshine,
Wearily may journey on—
I have seen a light from heaven,
Past the brightness of the sun ;
Light that knows no cloud, no waning,
Light wherein I see His face—
All His love's uncounted treasures,
All the riches of His grace.

All the wonders of His glory,
Deeper wonders of His love ;
How for me, He won, He keepeth,
That high place in heaven above,
Not a glimpse—the veil uplifted—
But within the veil to dwell,
Gazing on His face for ever,
Hearing words unspeakable.

Marvel not that Christ in glory
All my inmost heart hath won ;
Not a star to cheer my darkness,
But a light beyond the sun.

All below lies dark and shadowed,
Nothing there to claim my heart,
Save the lonely track of sorrow,
Where of old He walked apart.

I have seen the face of Jesus—
Tell me not of aught beside ;
I have heard the voice of Jesus—
All my soul is satisfied.
In the radiance of the glory,
First I saw His blessed face,
And for ever shall that glory
Be my home, my dwelling-place.

Sinners, it was not to angels
All this wondrous love was given,
But to one who scorned, despised Him,
Scorned and hated Christ in heaven.
From the lowest depths of evil,
To the throne in heaven above,
Thus in me He told the measure
Of His free, unbounded love.

The Wilderness Journey.

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

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

For not *here* doth mine eye turn to rest,
But far hence, where my heart finds her
home,
In that blest One, in whom I am blest,
Who has passed from this scene to the
throne.

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

And now that He's gone to His home,
He has sent from the glory above
A Comforter with me to roam,
And tell me the tale of His love.

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

The sun may be scorching by day,
The dews may fall coldly by night ;
But I heed nor the chill nor the ray,
While I sit 'neath His shade with delight.

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

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

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

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

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

The Land the Lord thy God careth for.
Deut. xi.

The land, the glory of all lands,
Beyond the Jordan's wave—
Beyond the weary desert sands,
The land beyond the grave!

Now safe within that glorious land,
We prove His faithful word ;
Midst Canaan's golden fields we stand,
The ransomed of the Lord.

Amidst the burning desert drought,
We learn His watchful love ;
Streams from the flinty rocks He brought,
Sent bread from heaven above.
Our God in weariness and need,
His love was measured there,
By hunger which His hand would feed—
Wants answered by His care.

Now know we in Immanuel's land
Immeasurable grace—
No longer looking to His hand,
But gazing on His face.
Our need, ourselves, forgotten there,
Himself our hearts adore ;
The fulness of *His* joy we share,
His pleasures evermore.

His joy fulfilled in us who tread
That land His love has given ;
We followed where His footsteps led,
And found ourselves in heaven.

No lower resting-place beseemed
The well-beloved Son ;
And we have seen, on us has beamed,
The glory that He won.

No lower resting-place—and we,
Are we content to stand
And look afar from Pisgah's heights,
Upon that goodly land ?
There, where the Shepherd goes before,
The sheep must follow on—
How green, how fresh the pastures are,
Where Christ the Lord is gone.

One Spirit with our glorious Lord,
Our joy to Him is sweet,
As to His heart the love that poured
The ointment on His feet.

How dear to Him the fellowship
That owned Him in the tomb ;
How dear to Him the fellowship
That shares His blessed home ;

That shares in glory far above
This scene so dark and dim,
The sweetness of the Father's love
In unison with Him.

In Him we tread those glorious heights,
His endless joy our own ;
The full deep tide of God's delights
He would not drink alone.

The Tree of Life.

Soon we taste the endless sweetness
Of the Tree of Life above ;
Taste its own eternal meetness
For the heavenly land we love.

In eternal counsels founded,
Perfect now in fruit divine;
When the last blest trump has sounded
Fruit of God for ever mine.

Fresh, and ever new are hanging,
Fruits of life on that blest Tree,
There is still'd each earnest longing—
Satisfied my soul shall be.

Safety, where no foe approaches,
Rest, where toil shall be no more,
Joy, whereon no grief encroaches,
Peace, where strife shall all be o'er.

Various fruits of richest flavour
Offers still the Tree divine;
One itself, the same for ever,
All its various fruits are mine.

Where deceiver ne'er can enter,
Sin-soiled feet have never trod;
Free, our peaceful feet may venture
O'er the paradise of God.

Drink of Life's perennial river,
Feed on Life's perennial food ;
Christ the fruit of life, and Giver,
Safe through His redeeming blood.

Object of eternal pleasure,
Perfect in Thy work divine ;
Lord of glory ! without measure,
Worship, joy, and praise are Thine.

But, my soul ! hast thou not tasted
Of that Tree of Life on high ;
As through desert lands thou'st hasted,
Eshcol's grapes been never nigh ?

Ah ! that Tree of Life was planted,
Rooted deep in love divine,
Ere the sons of God had chanted
Worlds where creature glories shine.

Love divine without a measure
Godhead glory must reveal ;
In the object of its pleasure,
All its ways of grace must seal.

As a tender suckling rising,
From a dry and stony land ;
Object of man's proud despising,
Grew the Plant of God's right hand.

Grace and truth in love unceasing,
Rivers in the thirsty ground ;
Every step to God well pleasing,
Spread their heavenly savour round.

He the Father's self revealing,
Heavenly words none else could tell ;
Words of grace each sorrow healing,
On the ear of sorrow fell.

Yes ! that Tree of Life is planted,
Sweetest fruits e'en here has borne
To its own rich soil transplanted,
Waits alone the eternal morn.

Fruits that our own souls have tasted—
By the Spirit from above ;
While through desert lands we've hasted,
Fruits of perfect endless love.

"The Flute."

My soul, press on ! press on with speed,
The time is short ! pause not, nor stay ;
If aught thy progress would impede,
Cast it behind thee ! Haste away !

Thou hast one object to pursue,
Enough to fill life's fleeting day ;
One glorious prize to keep in view,
Look not behind thee ! Haste away.

Thou wert not formed for earthly things,
For those poor trifles of a day ;
Look to thy birth-place, spread thy wings,
Leave this low region. Haste away !

Do not thy restless yearnings tell
That nothing here *can* be thy stay ?
That thou art formed with God to dwell—
Heaven is thy country ! Haste away !

In spirit there, e'en *now* by faith,
 Christ is thy life; the bonds of clay,
 Which keep thee in this vale of death,
 Shall soon be broken. Haste away!

Hasten to meet Him—watch each hour,
 Redeem each moment of delay;
 Full soon with resurrection-power
 Thou shalt adore Him! Haste away!



He Cometh.

“I come quickly.” Blest assurance!
 Lord! to meet Thee I arise,
 ‘Tis Thine own—Thy special promise;
 “Even so,” my heart replies.
 In this scene where all disown Thee,
 I, a part of Thee, still roam;
 Left to serve Thee here, while list’ning
 For the “shout,” to call me home.

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

Then 'twill call me up to mansions
In the Father's house above,
There to know more deeply—fully—
All Thy glory, all Thy love.
Sure that shout of resurrection,
Like one chord of mingled tone,
Will sound forth in thrilling cadence
All of Thee we here have known.

In that joy of full communion
Each shall have his special part,
Each a spot, reserved, O Father,
In Thy house, and in Thy heart.

Every vessel brimming over
With its prize—the Christ of God ;
Small and great in joy ungrudging
Thou, our centre, Holy Lord.

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

Come, Lord Jesus, claim Thy people,
Here we wait and watch for Thee ;
Thy blest voice shall be the key-note
Of eternal jubilee.

Gath'ring us—Thine own creation
To Thyself in Thine abode ;
Like Thee—with Thee—and for ever
Near Thy Father and Thy God.

"My Joy."

Wondrous joy, Thy joy, Lord Jesus,
Deep as full and pure as bright ;
Thou alone, the Man of sorrows,
Thus couldst tell of joy aright.

And we know that joy, that gladness,
Which in fulness He has given,
Sharing all that countless treasure
We on earth and He in heaven.

Even as He went before us
Through the wilderness below,
So in strength unworn, unfailing,
Onward also would we go.

All the earth a desert round Him,
All His springs in God alone ;
Every heart, save God's heart only,
Making discord with His own.

There to walk alone rejoicing
Through the ruin and the sin—
Darkness of the midnight round Him,
Glory of God's love within.

From no lower fountain flowing
Than the heart of God above,
All the gladness of that glory,
All the power of that love.

To the cross to walk rejoicing,
Where all powers of evil met ;
Giving thanks midst deepest darkness,
That God's love was deeper yet.

Then ascended in the glory,
By that love's unfailing spring ;
There to sing the song of triumph,
There the song of songs to sing.

Hearken to that hymn of praises,
Echoing through the courts above,
To that golden psalm of glory
Sung in presence of God's love.

To the voice of that rejoicing,
Joy unmixed, deep, and clear,
Wonder to the listening heavens,
Music to the Father's ear.

Won in travail of His Spirit,
Agony, and shame, and blood,
That blest place beside the Father,
Nearest to the heart of God.

Won for me—my praises leading,
Jesus sings that song divine,
All His joy my own for ever,
And His glory ever mine.

What though drought be all around me,
Desert land on every side—
With that spring of love and gladness
Shall I not be satisfied?

Joining in that song eternal,
As I tread His path below;
Even here, as He in heaven,
All the Father's heart to know.

Praise.

Father, thou hast given gifts
 Richly for thy chosen sons ;
 Thou hast promised lofty things
 To thy lowly little ones.

“Praise is comely”—
 Give us, Lord, a heart to praise.

Grace and mercy thou dost give,
 Royal gift for pilgrims' part ;
 Living streams of waters flow,
 Ever welling in thy heart.

“Praise is comely”—
 Teach us how to lisp it forth.

Thou hast portioned us with love,
 Boundless as the heart's desire ;
 Thou hast stored for us in Christ
 More than neediest needs require.

“Praise is comely”—
 And to thee we praises bring.

O! 'tis well thy praise to sing,
Meekly bending to adore;
Countless mercies to recount,
Telling goodness o'er and o'er.
"Praise is comely"—
"Praise is pleasant"—"Praise be thine."

The Bride.

Midst the darkness, storm, and sorrow,
One bright gleam I see;
Well I know the blessed morrow,
Christ will come for me.

Midst the light, and peace, and glory
Of the Father's home,
Christ for me is watching, waiting—
Waiting till I come.

Long the blessed Guide has led me
By the desert road;
Now I see the golden towers—
City of my God.

There amidst the love and glory
He is waiting yet;
On His hands a name is graven
He can ne'er forget.

There, amidst the songs of heaven,
Sweeter to His ear,
Is the footfall through the desert,
Ever drawing near.

There, made ready are the mansions,
Glorious, bright, and fair;
But the bride the Father gave Him,
Still is wanting there.

Who is this who comes to meet me
On the desert way,
As the Morning Star foretelling
God's unclouded day?

He it is who came to win me,
On the cross of shame ;
In His glory well I know Him,
Evermore the same.

Oh the blessed joy of meeting,
All the desert past !
Oh the wondrous words of greeting,
He shall speak at last !

He and I together entering
Those bright courts above ;
He and I together sharing
All the Father's love.

Where no shade nor stain can enter,
Nor the gold be dim ;
In that holiness unsullied,
I shall walk with Him.

Meet companion then for Jesus,
From Him, for Him, made ;
Glory of God's grace for ever
There in me displayed.

He who in His hour of sorrow
Bore the curse alone;
I who through the lonely desert
Trod where He had gone.

He and I in that bright glory
One deep joy shall share;
Mine, to be for ever with Him;
His, that I am there.



The Light Burning.

When God reveals His sovereign will
Let every human thought be still;
For He who feeds the ravens well
Can every cloud of care dispel.

The ravens neither sow nor reap
Nor gather food in storèd heap;
But, fed of God, they *wait* at night,
Till day again affords its light.

Above the birds He bids us rise
To know our home amidst the skies;
And in His own most blest abode,
To find our Father in our God.

The lilies sweet in perfume tell
Of Him who doeth all things well;
Their sweet and stedfast ways declare
The marvel of His matchless care.

The glories of all earth-crowned kings
Fade thus before His smallest things;
And David's son of Israel's story
Shewed not the radiance of this glory.

But how fades all amid the light
In which God's grace our hearts invite
To dwell with Him, to know above,
Thro' Christ, the Father's wealth of love.

To know the deep embrace of love
Thus drawing long-lost sons above;
And in that robe, and by that kiss,
The foretaste get of endless bliss.

The Dawn of Union.

John xx.—Ephesians.

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

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

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

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

Raised out of death, by glory claimed,
Yet Jesus still, and not ashamed
 His feeble ones to own:
To call them “brethren,” for they’ve found
Through death, that new, that holy ground
 Where once He stood alone.

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

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

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

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

No restless fear, no anxious care,
Can reach her deep reposing there—

Her Sun doth ever shine :
On earth she waits, and works, and sings,
To heav'n she soars on eagles' wings,
And dwells in love divine.

His sent Ones.

John xx. 22.

"Who are these who come amongst us,
Strangers to our speech and ways?
Passing by our joys and treasures,
Singing in the darkest days?
Are they pilgrims journeying on
From a land we have not known?"

We are come from a far country,
From a land beyond the sun;
We are come from that great glory,
Round our God's eternal throne:
Thence we come and thither go,
Here no resting-place we know.

For within the depth of glory,
In the Father's house above,
We have learnt His wondrous secret,
We have learnt His heart of love:
We have seen and we have heard
That bright joy He has prepared.

We have seen the golden city,
Shining as the jasper stone;
Heard the song that fills the heavens
Of the Man upon the throne.
Well that glorious One we know,
He has sent us here below.

We have drunk the living waters,
On the Tree of Life have fed;
Therefore deathless do we journey,
'Midst the dying and the dead;
And unthirsting do we stand
Here amidst the barren sand.

Round us, as a cloud of glory
Lighting up the midnight road,
Falls the light from that bright city,
Shewing us where He has trod,
All that here might please the sight
Lost in that eternal light.

"Wherefore are ye come amongst us,
From the glory to the gloom?"
Christ in glory breathed within us—
Life—*His* life, and bid us come:
Here as living springs to be—
Fountains of that life are we.

Fountains of the life that floweth
Ever downwards from the throne,
Witnesses of that bright glory
Where, rejected, He is gone.
Sent to give the blind their sight,
Turn the darkness into light.

There amidst the joy eternal
Is the Man who went above,
Bearing marks of all the hatred
Of the world He sought in love.
He has sent us here to tell
That His love is changeless still.

He has sent us, that in sorrow
And in suffering, toil, and loss,
We may learn the wondrous sweetness,
The deep mystery of His cross—
Learn the depth of love that traced
That blest path across the waste.

He has sent us highest honours
Of his cross and shame to win,
Bear His light through deepest darkness,
Walk in white midst foulest sin,
Sing amidst the wintry gloom,
Sing the blessed songs of home.

From the dark and troubled waters
Many a pearl to Him we bear,
Golden sheaves we bring with singing,
All His depths of joy we share ;
And our pilgrim journey o'er,
Praise with Him for evermore.

The Son of God—Jesus Christ, and me.

He, the Father's Rest eternal,
Jesus once looked down on me,
Called me by my name external,
And revealed Himself in me.

With His whisper, Life, light-giving,
Glowed in me, the dark and dead,
Made me live, Himself receiving,
Who once died for me and bled.

Abba's love is on Him beaming :
Grace and favour in Him shine ;
Life eternal from Him streaming
Fills my soul with joy divine.

From the glory still He eyes me,
Guides me with God-honouring love,
Till He comes Himself to raise me,
And present at home above.



True Royalty.

Ye kings, ye great ones of the earth,
Frail beings of a fleeting hour,
What reck ye of the grace, the worth,
Of Christ, and His eternal power ?

What know ye of that race of kings
Whose peerless glory rises far—
Above the flight of angels' wings,
Or heaven's remotest, brightest star?

No name had they, no place, till He,
The Christ, the King of kings had shed
His life-blood on th' accursèd tree,
Then rose victorious from the dead.

Till He, beyond the cross, the grave,
Enthroned on high their living Head,
Himself to them His nature gave,
On them th' Eternal Spirit shed.

Then, then the Church, that chosen race,
Born from above, on earth unknown,
In spirit found their destined place
Beside Him on the Father's throne:

There to abide that coming hour
Of blessedness and peace, when He
Shall as a conqueror claim His power,
Heir of a kingdom yet to be.

Nor only He : we, heirs with Him,
That crown of glory yet shall share,
Whose dazzling beauty nought can dim,
Nor the cold hand of time impair.

Yes, Lord, in that celestial throng
Ourselves, our very selves, we see,
Fruit of thy sufferings, who ere long
Shall reign in life and light with thee.

Sweet blessed hope ! but why, oh why,
These lingering years, this long delay ;
While love, with ever wakeful eye,
Is watching for the break of day ?

Hear then the cry, the ceaseless cry,
Of weary spirits far from home :
O take us to our rest on high,
Come for us now—Lord Jesus, come !

His Ways and His Acts.

In the palace-halls of Egypt,
One there was who walked apart,
Egypt's glory all around him,
Ceaseless sorrow in his heart.
For afar his heart was dwelling
Where the people of his God
Toiled amidst the bricks of Egypt,
Toiled midst sufferings, tears, and blood.

The adoption and the glory,
And the covenant their own ;
And a land where, in God's favour,
Israel should dwell alone.
Thither—who would lead them thither?
For they would not understand
That their God had heard their groaning,
And would save them by his hand.

Therefore in the lonely desert,
As a stranger would he dwell,
Egypt's glory cast behind him,
Scorned by those he loved so well.

There, amidst the lonely desert,
God's untiring grace to learn,
And in His almighty power,
Israel's Saviour to return.

Then again with cloud and fire,
With the Lord's own ransomed band,
Through the riven sea to journey
From the desolated land,
From the place of Egypt's treasures,
Now to win the joy he prized ;
Grief with God's beloved people,
And the blest reproach of Christ.

Learning ever deeper lessons
Of the grace that dwelt above ;
Those dark clouds of awful thunder,
Veil that hid God's cloudless love ;

Whilst beneath, amid the shadows,
Israel trod the desert road,
He above, in God's bright glory,
Learnt the wondrous heart of God.

Whither led that long strange journey ?
To the hills so green and fair,
Where the vine and spreading fig-tree
Tell of God's unwearied care ?
This the rest for Israel's children,
But to him no portion fell ;
Barred by law from Canaan's pastures,
Brought by grace with God to dwell.

Dependence.

Leaning on thy tender love,
Lord, we'd go from day to day ;
Keep each heart with thee above,
By thy Spirit's wondrous sway.

Listening for the well-known voice,
Which shall bid the dead arise;
And with quickened saints rejoice
To behold thee in the skies.

Waiting for thee, Lord, we know
How to prove thy patient grace;
That like thee we still may grow
Till we see thee face to face.

The Night and the Day.

Matthew xxvii. 50, 51.

Through the long and dreary ages
Had the tide of sin rolled on;
Ever wider, deeper, darker,
Till the Father sent His Son.
He had chosen Him a people
From among rebellious men,
Loved them, ransomed them, and kept them,
But they loved Him not again.

He had sent them words of mercy
In the ages that were gone;
“Though,” He said, “they scorned my
servants,
They will reverence my Son.”

Then against that Son beloved
Did they rise in bitterest wrath;
All the love of God outshining
Called but deadlier hatred forth.

They had hated Him, with hatred
Flowing on in deepest tide—
Now by wicked hands had slain Him,
Midst their scoffing Jesus died.

And behold! the veil was riven,
All that hid God’s love is gone,
And the Father calls from heaven
To the murderers of His Son:

“Come, the doors of heaven are open,
Come and taste my perfect love;
For the precious blood is sprinkled
On the mercy-seat above;

Come, for all things now are ready."

Sin can bar the way no more;
Into all that deepest glory
We may enter and adore.

Boldly entering the holiest,
Look upon the Father's face;
All the depth of sin outmeasured
By the endless depth of grace.

Enter there, no fear dismaying,
Stand amidst the cloudless light,
In the robes His blood has whitened,
Whitened as His own is white.

When by sin the sun was darkened,
With thy Son before thee dead—
All His wounds our hatred telling,
All our scorn His thorn-crowned Head—
Then, O God, thy hand was lifted,
Rending all that hid thy grace;
Then thy love beamed forth in fulness,
All unveiled thy glorious face.

Flowing down a mighty torrent,
That unhindered joy and love ;
Now rejoicing, couldst thou bring us
Into those bright courts above :
Nearest to thy heart for ever,
We whose hands have slain thy Son ;
Wondrous, O our God, the victory
Which thy matchless love has won.



The Everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

2 Peter i. 11.

He reigns—His blessed kingdom spreads
From sea to sea, from shore to shore ;
He who for us, on Calvary bruised,
God's righteous wrath unwavering bore.

O wondrous grace ! that lowly man,
Who in our nature felt the rod ;
Hear it, ye heavens ! give ear, O earth !
That Sufferer was the Son of God !

Yea, God Himself, the great God-man,
Messiah, Christ, the eternal Lord ;
Predestined to receive at length
This kingdom as His bright reward.

And now 'tis come—on David's throne,
The false one into darkness hurl'd :
The Holy One shines forth at last,
The light, the sovereign of the world.

But O, a joy, a higher joy,
A glory far transcending this
Is His—His portion here above,
His guerdon in these realms of bliss.

That guerdon is His royal bride,
His loved, His ransomed, and His own ;
Chief object of His heart's deep joy,
Beside Him here upon the throne.

Chosen in Him, beloved of God,
Ere Adam sinned, ere time began ;
For her He gave His life away,
A weary, suffering, martyred man.

O matchless love ! what wonder now
That thus these ransomed hosts should
raise,
In memory of His dying love,
Their anthems of unwearied praise.

What marvel that yon peopled earth,
And choral heavens above, should sing
Of Him the Church's glorious Head,
Of Israel's offspring, Israel's king ?

O 'tis His due—that worthy One
Tastes now the fruit of love's blest ways ;
Eternal is His joy in us,
Eternal is our song of praise.

—••••—

A Chime.

To me to live is Christ,
And to die is gain,
Be this my song and joy,
In spite of ev'ry pain.

Of brook of life on earth,
Till it reach its sea,
As source, and stream, and end,
Christ alone for me.

'Tis worth my while to bear
Din and battle strife,
Service and toil to seek,
Christ alone for life.

If body die ! 'twere gain,
Blessed Lord ! to me ;
Ended toil, I'd come
With thyself to be,

I know not which to choose,
Jesus, Lord ! nor see :
Then let the Father do
What is best for thee.

Since thine alone I am,
In spirit one with thee,
Whate'er for thee is best
Must be best for me.

Come and See.

Soft words still echo through the spheres,
On earth once uttered, "Come and see ;"
Not lost, though hushed to many ears,
The key is changed, and changed to me.

When spoken here, their minor tones
Attracted hearts to "Come and see ;"
But now they sound from heaven's blest
realms,
The minor's gone, the voice is free.

Free to proclaim in swelling chords,
With living waters from the throne ;
To hearts set free from earthly joys,
I live, but not to dwell alone.

' To heaven I passed, alone from death,
' That others now might live with me ;
' Not for a while, as when on earth,
' But now for ever, "Come and see."'

We come, O Lord ! we see thy place,
With thee e'en now we would abide ;
The glories that surround thee there
Have dimmed our eyes to all beside.

Yes, thou art there ! and we with thee,
In spirit see, though still in part,
And still we wait thy voice to hear,
Still wait to see thee as thou art.

As "many waters" from on high,
Sounding, to call us home to thee ;
That voice shall wake our last reply,
" For ever with the Lord we'll be."

Repose.

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

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

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

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

Oh how blessed is the weakness
That finds all its strength in thee ;
While I draw from out thy fulness,
Oh how rich my poverty !

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

What a wilful child and wayward,
Gracious Father, I have been,
While thy heart resolved to lead me
To these pastures rich and green,—

Where my heart has found its resting
In thyself for evermore,
And its full unchanging portion—
To be with thee and adore.

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

And to thee I'd cleave the closer,
Till the journey shall be o'er,
Then be thine the praise, Lord Jesus,
And the glory evermore.



We shall be like Him.

And is it so ! I shall be like thy Son,
Is this the grace, which He for me has
won ?
Father of glory, thought beyond all thought,
In glory, to His own blest likeness brought.

Oh Jesus, Lord, who loved me like to thee ?
Fruit of thy work, with thee too, there to
see —

Thy glory, Lord, while endless ages roll,
Myself the prize and travail of thy soul.

Yet it must be, thy love had not its rest,
Were thy redeemed not with thee fully
blest.

That love that gives not as the world, but
shares

All it possesses with its loved co-heirs.

Nor I alone, thy loved ones all, complete
In glory around thee with joy shall meet.
All like thee, for thy glory like thee, Lord,
Object supreme of all, by all adored.

And yet it must be so, a perfect state
To meet Christ's perfect love, what we
await.

The Spirit's hopes, desires, in us inwrought,
Hopes by the Spirit formed, with living
blessings fraught.

The heart is satisfied, can ask no more,
All thought of self is now for ever o'er.
Christ, its unmingle object, fills the heart,
In blest adoring love, its endless part.

Father of mercies, in thy presence bright,
All this shall be unfolded in the light.
Thy children all with joy thy counsels
know—
Fulfilled; patient in hope while here below.

Jehovah Nissi.

Through scenes of sorrow, sin, and shame,
We're kept, Lord Jesus, in thy name,
Thy name, our banner, tower, and stay,
To keep us through this dark'ning day.

Reveal to each, O Lord, we pray
The love that guards the rugged way;
Reveal to each, in power of prayer,
The cloven rock—the secret stair!

Reveal to each thy Spirit here,
To guard, to guide, to feed, to cheer;
Reveal to each thy Spirit's power,
To keep us through this dark'ning hour!

Reveal, that thus thy name may be
God's psalm, God's song, God's melody!
To cheer each heart, each soul sustain,
Till thou, Lord Jesus, come again!



The Prospect of Glory.

I go on my way rejoicing,
Though weary the wilderness road—
I go on my way rejoicing,
In hope of the glory of God.

Oh, well do I know that glory,
For there is the Lord I love,
And within the veil is the anchor
That holds my heart above.

Yes, well do I know that glory,
For with open face I see
The light, and the love, and the beauty,
Of Him who is there for me.

And here in the earthen vessel
That treasure of glory gleams—
The life of the Son in heaven,
The fountain from whence it streams.

I gaze upon Christ in glory—
That glory so bright, so fair—
And there passes a change upon me
Till I am as He who is there.

Then no more in the earthen vessel,
The treasure of God shall be,
But in full and unclouded beauty,
O Lord, wilt thou shine through me.

Afar through the golden vessel
Will the glory of God shine bright,
There shall be no need for the sunshine,
For the Lamb shall be the light.

With a light like a stone most precious
The city of God shall shine;
His light in its cloudless glory,
His eternal light is mine.

Undimmed in that wondrous vessel,
The glory of God's great love
Shall beam o'er the earth He ransomed,
And shall fill the heavens above.

All, all in that blest creation
The glory of God shall see,
And the lamp for that light eternal
The bride of the Lamb shall be.

A golden lamp in the heavens,
That all may see and adore,
The Lamb who was slain and who liveth,
Who liveth for evermore.

So I go on my way rejoicing
That the heavens and earth shall see
His grace and His glory and beauty,
In the depth of His love to me.



The Golden Bowl.

Death reigned! The stern destroyer trod
The earth, and laid beneath the sod
Adam, the likeness first, of God.

And still death reigned o'er every soul,
The doom descends upon the whole,
And judgment, death, must o'er them roll.

But, in due time, down here was born
The Prince of Life! one precious "corn
Of wheat," the desert to adorn.

Alone in beauty—Son of God!
In matchless grace the earth He trod,
Unloved by man! The joy of God!

And He must die! "That Holy Thing."*
That from His grave new life might spring,
And sheaves to glory He might bring.

* Luke i, 35.

O precious blood! Beneath heav'n's eye
Poured forth on earth, borne up on high,
Witness of death, and victory.

O wondrous death, once seen on earth,
Of priceless value; unknown worth,
Nor tongue of man can tell it forth,

O hear of anguish, untold woe,
When waves of wrath were made to flow
Over that head in death bent low.

O night of darkness mid noon-day,
Sin's sorest judgment on Him lay,
Nor from God's favour came one ray.

The only fair, the spotless One,
The Treasure of God's heart become
As one far off, and left alone!

That such a death on earth has been,
Stamps with its impress all the scene,
For in that death man's place is seen.

The one true Light extinguished here,
God's germ of beauty killed down here,
God's "golden bowl" lay shattered here.

What have I left me but His tomb
To be my grave, and through the gloom
To hasten onward to His home?

Each fair scene spoilt, but yonder light
Opening a path where all is bright,
I brave the storm, and fight the fight.

His home and mine I have in view,
His word, so faithful and so true,
To change and fashion me anew.

What charm for me where He is not?
Under the sun that one foul blot
Darkens the sky. But yet one spot

Is left, where we can *shew* His death,
Bear witness of it on the earth,
With joy accept it, prove its worth.

We cross the Jordan, gain the land,
We take possession, in it stand,
Brought in as conquerors by His hand.

And so His portion now is mine,
His presence for the days of time,
His place, His Father, mine and thine.

And when the sheaves are safe in there,
The Golden Bowl, once broken here,
In radiant beauty will appear.

Glory of God ! seen in mid-air,
Glory of grace ! For we are there,
Life, peace, and joy ! The Lamb is there.



The Great Mystery—Christ and the Church.

Eph. v. 32.

The Father hath sent from His glorious
throne,

Where He dwells in effulgence bright—

Fountain of life, and of love, unknown

Thro' eternity's waneless light.

He hath sent His Son, in whom God doth
shine,

To unfold that love divine.

The Son He hath found the one whom He
sought

Who was lost and who knew it not,

All unconcern'd in the death she had
wrought

And the sting that embitter'd her lot.

With His own life-blood the purchase He
paid,

The life He so freely gave.

The Spirit hath left those blest scenes
above,

Where the river of life doth flow;

He's come to tell of that wondrous love
That made Christ a stranger below,

'Mid ruin and death, where He wander'd alone,
In paths where He had no home.

He's come and He meets her, thirsty and lone,
Afar from the haunts of man;
He shews her the One who for sin did atone,
God's willing and spotless Lamb:
" Daughter," He says, "'tis the Father has giv'n
Him who claims thee from heav'n.

" Wilt thou arise and leave house and kin,
For a love so sorely tried,
And follow the One who, thy heart to win,
Hath suffered and bled and died?
So shall He greatly thy beauty desire
E'en thine for eternity.

"Fear not the waste, His arm He hath
bared,

The mighty shall carry thee through;
Weakness His burden, strength He's pre-
pared,

His manna will daily renew.

On thee He joys all His gifts to bestow."

She answered and said, "I will go!"

"I will go! for this heart is no longer
mine,

This place is no rest for me;
Afar I look . . . and the glory doth shine

From His home, where I long to be!

Hasten, O hasten my steps by the way,

I pray thee make no delay."

She journeys, but ah! she heeds not the
track

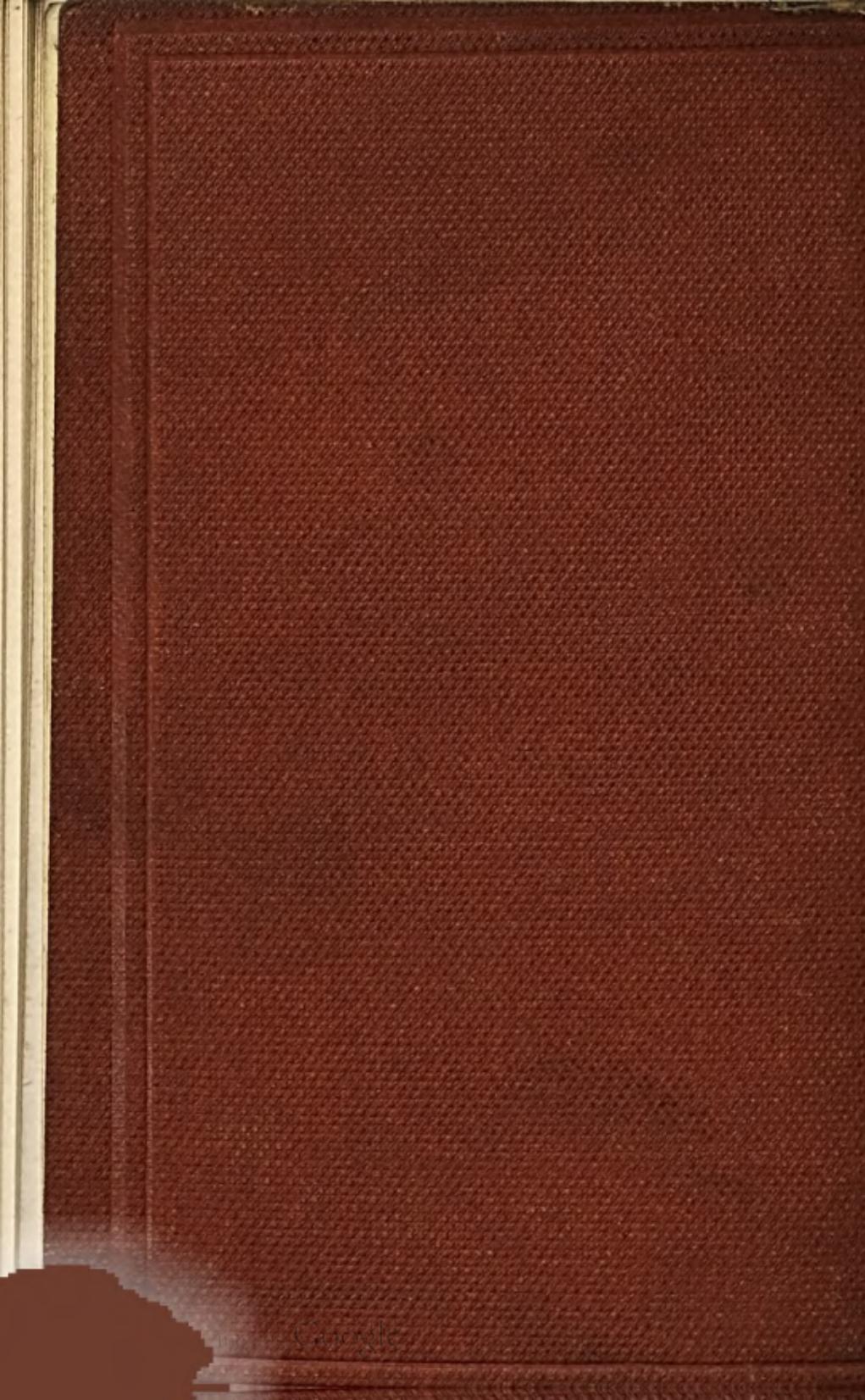
Where glitters the scorching ray;

The past is behind, she will not look back
On each wearying toilsome day.
With Him her rest shall for ever be,
'Tis Himself she will surely see.

He waits, He lists, as her steps draw nigh,
For His pearl, His long-sought treasure ;
Enrapt He leads her to realms on high,
Where His love she can never measure.
As a cup in the ocean her bliss doth run
o'er,
But His must exceed for ever !







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