

# Songs of Praise.

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By C. T.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS little collection of poems, composed by our beloved departed sister, C. Thompson, it has been thought well to publish. Being of an entirely spiritual character it is trusted that they will minister enjoyment to the Lord's people. May He in His grace use these "Songs of Praise" to this end.

It may be added that some of the pieces appeared in the "Voice to the Faithful." The greater part were found among her private papers, and were evidently never intended for print, but were the outflow of her heart in seasons of communion with God.

1909.

F. J. E.

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# *Songs of Praise.*



## JOY UNSPEAKABLE AND FULL OF GLORY.

ONE all transcending sight to me  
Through glory circling glory be,  
A joy beyond all joys to see  
My Saviour !

In speechless rapture shall I trace  
The holy beauty of that face,  
Nor turn to glories from its grace—  
My Saviour !

Once marr'd by sorrow, radiant now  
With joy, which in its fulness Thou  
Alone canst know, illumes Thy brow.

Eternal Son ! Heaven's joys were Thine—  
In Godhead glories Thou didst shine,  
But distance, guilt and woe were mine.

Could love then rest ? It led Thee where  
I lay in darkness and despair,  
That I Thy paradise might share,  
My Saviour !

A new thing 'neath the sun was seen,  
For God a Man on earth has been,  
*Now* Man in glory fills the scene !

New joy e'en heaven itself hath found,  
New glories circle Thee around,  
New voices the new song resound.

Light crowneth Love ! Oh glorious day,  
The former things have passed away—  
Pain, sorrow, parting, death, decay.

All finished is God's high behest—  
On earth, in heaven, His people blest—  
And He in His own love doth rest.

His glory shines in full display,  
Nor sun, nor moon need add one ray,  
God's presence is eternal day.

For this I wait ! nor would forgo  
The blessed privilege to know,  
And follow in Thy path below—  
My Saviour !

A little while my Lord to own  
Where once Thou wast despised, un-  
known,  
Betrayed, rejected by Thine own.

Be all my glory now Thy cross,  
'Thy interests mine, all else but dross,  
For Thee I welcome shame and loss,  
My Saviour !

To please Thee, Lord, be all my care  
To meet Thee I with joy prepare,  
Thou art my heaven, or here, or there,  
My Saviour !

## HE IS ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

**O**N Thee we gaze, Lord Jesus !  
 Thy beauty fills each heart,  
 And from that sight, Lord Jesus,  
 We would not, cannot part :  
 And as we bow before Thee  
 We magnify Thy grace,  
 And our full hearts adore Thee  
 While all Thy love we trace.

And as we gaze we wonder  
 How heaven could spare its Light !  
 And God, *Thy* God, surrender  
 His one supreme delight.  
 All heaven's gaze was centred  
 On earth those wondrous years—  
 When Thou this scene hadst entered  
 And God as Man appears.

And glory burst from heaven—  
 And owned God's King was here ;  
 Angelic choirs were given—  
 Heaven's music filled earth's sphere.

*Now* heavenly hosts surround Thee,  
For heaven has claimed its own,  
The Father's glory found Thee,  
And placed Thee on His throne.

All heaven with praise is ringing—  
Our souls drink in the strain !  
The anthems they are singing  
We echo back again.  
Our hearts o'erflow with praises,  
What tongue could silent be—  
When God the Spirit raises  
Such heav'n-born melody ?

What rapture thus to know Thee !  
What bliss Thyself to meet !  
And owning all we owe Thee  
Fall prostrate at Thy feet.  
To know we're Thine for ever—  
That Thou our portion art ;  
Nor life, nor death can sever  
From Thee, blest Lord, our part.

**“THE LOVE OF CHRIST, WHICH  
PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.”**

**I**'VE seen Thee, Lord, in death for me,  
And in Thy life have liberty ;  
But who shall tell the cost to Thee ?

Thou gav'st Thyself—God's Holy One—  
His spotless Lamb, His blessed Son,  
Oh love ! What wonders hast thou done !

That love doth Calvary's cross declare,  
Displayed but not exhausted there,  
For love's eternal—everywhere !

In heaven it works unwearied still,  
For me it works with love's sweet skill,  
That love itself my heart doth fill.

More than a mine of Ophir's gold,  
'Tis health, and wealth, and joy untold  
Which never wanes and ne'er grows old.

## “ THE LOVE OF CHRIST.”

Thy love like air encircles me,  
In it I live, and then to Thee  
It springeth back responsively.

Thy company is joy supreme,  
Thy presence heaven itself doth seem,  
All else is but a baseless dream.

Could love do more ? 'tis limitless,  
'Tis sovereign in its power to bless,  
And union crowns my happiness.

United by one Spirit, we  
Are one for all eternity,  
And nought can sever me from Thee.

Love's work complete, communion flows  
Unchecked ; for in love's deep repose  
Thou canst to me Thy heart disclose.

My cup is full and floweth o'er—  
My soul a ceaseless song doth pour—  
My Lord ! I worship, I adore !

## OUR FATHER AND OUR GOD.

**O**UR Father ! sacred name of holy joy—  
 Heaven's wealth of love disclosed  
 without alloy,  
 Unchanging, infinite, eternal, free—  
 In all its soundless depth flows out from  
 Thee.  
 To be our Father, yet the God Thou art,  
 Is inconceivable to human heart :  
 Yet what Thou art can be the only key  
 By which to solve the wondrous mystery—  
 For God is Love.

Our Father ! This the manner of Thy  
 love—  
 To have us as Thy sons to dwell above,  
 And in Thy house to find our home and  
 rest,  
 And learn the love which hath so richly  
 blessed.  
 Accepted in Thine own belovèd Son,  
 In all Thy value of that blessèd One ;

In love before Thee—holy, without blame,  
Thus only suited to Thy holy name—  
For God is Light.

Our God ! Who carest for us day by  
day—  
And bids us all our care on Thee to lay ;  
Then fills the heart with peace no tongue  
can tell,  
Its restless tossing stills, and all is well.  
Our Father ! Who has made His joys  
our own,  
And all heaven's treasure freely open  
thrown ;  
Bowed in adoring sense of what Thou art,  
And all the boundless love that fills Thy  
heart—  
We worship Thee !

## THE FATHER'S LOVE.

**T**HE Father who for thee His Well-  
beloved has given,  
The Father who to thee has opened wide  
His heaven,  
The Father who has sealed thee as His  
own for ever,  
*He* loves thee with a love no power, no  
strain can sever.

*Left Unfinished.*

## THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

**S**TRIKE the chord and sing His praises,  
 Sound afar the Saviour's name,  
 Heaven itself the anthem raises,  
 Saints on earth His praise proclaim.

Lamb of God—His own providing,  
 Meeting all His righteous claim—  
 Son of God ! His heart delighting,  
 Telling out the Father's name.

Precious, priceless name of Jesus,  
 God alone its worth can tell—  
 Spotless through that name He sees us,  
 Fitted e'en with Him to dwell.

Name that tells a life's devotion,  
 Sorrow's overflowing tide  
 Deeper far than deepest ocean  
 Failed to turn Thy steps aside—

This the name the world despises,  
Jew and Gentile scorn alike ;  
To His own the prize of prizes,  
Sweetest note that angels strike.

This the name that God delighteth  
Highest honour to award,  
Every knee shall bow to Jesus—  
Every tongue confess Him Lord.

But His saints that hour awaiting  
Joy e'en now to own Him ALL,  
And though here despised, rejected,  
Worshipping before Him fall.

Blessèd Jesus ! reign unrivalled—  
Lord of every loyal heart ;  
Vain are all earth's fair allurements  
If with Thee we have our part.

Wondrous, radiant Man in glory !  
Once who hung upon the tree—  
Ending there our awful story ;  
Bending low, we worship Thee !

## AT HIS FEET.

'TWAS sitting at His feet she heard,  
 And from His lips drank in His  
 word,  
 Until her very soul was stirred—  
 For Jesus.

'TWas at His blessèd feet she fell,  
 When crushed with grief she could not  
 tell—  
 Save to the heart she knew so well  
 Of Jesus.

And when in service, still her place  
 Was at His feet, in lowly grace,  
 To do what time shall ne'er efface  
 For Jesus.

For Mary's act of love doth fill  
 The House of God with fragrance still,  
 And ever shall ; for such the will  
 Of Jesus.

Would'st thou like her a "good work" do,  
Thou first must choose the "good part"  
too,  
And learn the heart so deep, so true—  
Of Jesus.

Oh blessèd choice ! Oh calm retreat !  
Where in His presence, at His feet—  
We learn the heart and service meet  
For Jesus.

## PRAISE HIM IN HIS SANCTUARY.

**W**E bless Thee, Holy Father,  
     We magnify Thy name,  
 Kept through that name, our Father—  
     We would its praise proclaim.

O holy, holy Father,  
     'Tis bliss no tongue could tell  
 To know and call Thee Father  
     And in Thy presence dwell.

No veil excludes us from Thee—  
     No cloud conceals Thee now ;  
 As children thus brought nigh Thee—  
     Before Thy face we bow.

Now rapt in silent worship,  
     And now our song bursts forth—  
 We bless Thee, Holy Father !  
     O name of matchless worth.

For ever praise be given—  
For ever worship flow—  
A ceaseless stream in heaven,  
On earth its joy we know.

We bless Thee, Holy Father,  
Be Thou for ever blest,  
Till Thou too “joy with singing,”\*  
And in Thy love wilt “rest.”

\* Zephaniah iii. 17.

## FACE TO FACE.

**H**E is coming ! He is coming !  
 I shall see my Saviour soon ;  
 In the dawning, in the gloaming,  
 Be it night, or be it noon,  
 This my cheer, His coming soon.

I shall see Him ! I shall see Him !  
 In His own transcendent place ;  
 His the joy that I am with Him—  
 Mine—to see Him face to face,  
 Top-stone of His wondrous grace.

Brightest glories may enfold Him,  
 Radiant hosts around Him shine,—  
 But my Saviour ! I behold Him !  
 Hear Him own in light divine  
 I am His, and He is mine.

In the darkness, ere the dawning,  
 Shines the harbinger of day ;

As with girded loins I'm hasting,  
Lights my path, and cheers my way,  
With its bright unclouded ray.

Oh ! the gladness that is springing  
In my heart as I press on,  
All its joy-bells softly ringing,  
Every mist and shadow gone—  
As that Star I gaze upon.

He is waiting, I am waiting,  
Soon the waiting will be o'er ;  
*Now* a little while of patience,  
*Then* to see Him and adore  
In His presence evermore.

## BROUGHT TO GOD.

**W**ITHIN His house, in light divine—  
 That place for me is won ;  
 His God, my God, His Father mine,  
 In Him the accepted Son.

Entranced I find my portion there,  
 My Father I adore ;  
 He calls all heaven His joy to share,  
 A joy unknown before.

The feast prepared, the mirth begun,  
 The music swells around ;  
 I, once afar, but now a son,  
 A place, a home, have found.

That home the Father's ! wondrous  
 thought !  
 I, for His home made meet,  
 In rapture view what love has wrought,  
 And worship at His feet.

Let every heart break forth in praise,  
Let every tongue proclaim  
The perfectness of Wisdom's ways,  
And bless the Father's name.

Angels are there, archangels, too,  
With faces veiled they bow ;  
But I with unveiled face can view  
His unveiled glory now.

They never knew the outcast's place,  
Nor tasted of that woe ;  
The joy of one brought nigh through  
grace  
Is bliss the *children* know.

And many sons are with Him there,  
A bright and glorious band ;  
Reflecting Him whose place they share,  
And in whose beauty stand.

Delight unspeakable is this,  
A rapture none can tell ;  
The Father's joy, the children's bliss,  
Must heavenly anthems swell.

As higher still the strain we raise,  
Unnumbered echoes ring  
With shouts of joy and bursts of praise  
As His blest name we sing.

Oh ! holy, holy, holy One !  
Eternal Light and Love !  
Our theme as countless ages run,  
Thy name, all praise above.

## “ CALLED FAITHFUL.”

(REV. XIX. 11.)

“ FAITHFUL ! ” Our Lord, that name  
     is Thine,  
 Recorded in the word divine,  
 Inscribed on every page and line  
     Of Thy life’s history ;  
 ’Twas Thine or ever time began,  
 Unfolding as unfolds the plan  
 Of wondrous grace to faithless man—  
     Love’s deepest mystery.

We read it in Thy manger cot,  
 ’Tis told out in Thy lowly lot,  
 Thy footsteps print it on each spot,  
     In lines resplendent.  
 Gethsemane that name doth bear,  
 Engraved in agony and prayer,  
 But on the cross, behold it there !  
     In death transcendent !

And heaven keeps the record now,  
 The glory writes it on Thy brow,  
 The Father seals it, angels bow  
     In adoration.  
 “Alone” dost Thou no more abide,  
 For heaven’s portals opened wide—  
 Welcome “The Faithful” to Thy side,  
     A new creation.

Sent thence by Thee to this world’s  
     night,  
 To bear Thy fragrance, shed Thy light,  
 And yield heaven’s fruit amid earth’s  
     blight,  
     Thy grace expressing ;  
 Bound by the love which set them free,  
 They “faithful unto death” would be ;  
 Toil ended, reign in life with Thee,  
     Their Crown of blessing.

## THE WAY HE LED ME.

**T**HOU didst turn to me, Lord Jesus !

When to follow Thee I sought,  
Irresistibly attracted,

Though of Thee still all untaught.

Thou didst speak to me, Lord Jesus !

Then my heart would with Thee be ;  
First, Thy voice awoke its longing,

And then bid me "Come and see."

Thou didst look on me, Lord Jesus !

When poor nature played its part ;

'Twas a look of love undying,

And it broke my faithless heart.

Oh ! the bitterness of learning

There is nothing good in me ;

Oh ! the blessedness of turning

To find perfectness in Thee !

Then there came a wondrous moment,

When Thy glory met my gaze ;

And entranced I saw my portion

With Thyself within its blaze.

There my spirit found its resting,  
There my heart doth know its home ;  
Where to Thee I'm onward hasting  
While I watch for Thee to come.

Thou hast called me to Thee, Master !  
Thou hast bid me follow Thee,  
And I long to do Thy bidding,  
Till Thy face in light I see.  
But in nature's strength no longer,  
Thou alone my strength must be ;  
When on Thee my weakness leaneth,  
Then Thy power rests on me.

Through earth's darkness brightly  
beaming  
Thou hast left a track of light ;  
And my feet are in Thy footsteps,  
While Thy glory fills my sight.  
And I faint not, nor am weary,  
While I wait on Thee, my God ;  
For my soul is wing'd with praises  
And my feet with peace are shod.

# HE HATH OPENED MINE EYES.

**G**AZING upward, Lord, I see  
 Thee in glory, I in Thee ;  
 Looking downward there I trace  
 All Thy ways for me in grace.

Gazing onward, Lord, I see  
 All my blessing linked with Thee ;  
 Looking back I see Thee break  
 Every link my heart would make.

Be it upward, onward, round,  
 Oh what grace and love abound !  
 Lighting here Thy wondrous story,  
 Lending radiance to Thy glory.

“Within the veil,” that love and grace  
 Have won for me a blissful place ;  
 “Without the camp,” then would I dare  
 Scorn, contempt, with Thee to share.

Dwelling in *Thee*, there my part,  
Oh ! what deep repose of heart !  
Dwelling in *me* here, be Thine,  
Blessed Lord ! in power divine.

Thus, Lord Jesus, would I be  
Made a vessel meet for Thee ;  
All my life, my words and ways  
Ever telling out Thy praise.

## THE TWO SOLITUDES.

(JOHN IX.)

**B**LIND from his birth ! No ray of light  
 Had every pierced that gloom ; no  
 morn  
 Had dawned upon the long dark night  
 To which this child of solitude was born.

The solitude of darkness ! He  
 Could hear the busy stir of day,  
 Men move in glad activity ;  
 Helpless and poor, he groped in fear  
 his way.

Sad lot and strange ! Men questioned  
 why,  
 And oh, how oft must his lone heart  
 Have murmured bitterly that cry  
 In vain ! No solace darkness could  
 impart.

The answer came at last ! God made  
This vessel fitted to declare  
His works : Himself shall be displayed.  
It came from Light ; and Light for  
him was there.


He looks around in charmed surprise,  
Each object fresh enchantment lent :  
The blooming earth, the glowing skies,  
And now from light first learns what  
darkness meant.

But is he satisfied ? Ah no !  
His heart awakened yearns to see  
The One who could such boon bestow ;  
For Him he boldly stands unflinchingly.

\* \* \* \* \*

“They cast him out.” No sympathy  
Had man in his new joy. With rude  
Contempt they drove him thence ; and he  
Goes forth alone, once more in solitude.

The solitude of light ! The change  
How wondrous ! Though his new born  
sight  
Knows little yet of its vast range,  
The morn for him has dawned which  
knows no night—

For Jesus finds him : HE is there  
An outcast, too ! Oh ! joy supreme !  
With Him the path of shame to share,  
Who came so low the lost one  to  
redeem.

The Son of God ! Who is He, Lord ?  
“He who talketh with thee” is  
The Son of God ! Oh ! wondrous word !  
He worships Him, the Light of Life is  
his.

The radiance of unsullied light,  
An opened paradise wherein  
Are joys and glories infinite,  
Surpassing human thought or mortal  
ken.

And there, the Centre and the Sun  
Of radiant hosts, where every face  
A glory is, shall be the One  
Who here the outcast sought in lowly  
grace.

Eclipsed earth's charms, its beauties wane,  
Unfading light illumines his heart ;  
Transcending all is this great gain,  
With God's own holy Son to have his  
part.

E'en so with us ; what once enticed,  
Earth's joys and glories all wax dim ;  
One object fills the heart—the CHRIST  
Who died for us that we might live  
with Him.

“PART WITH ME.”

**WHAT** a love was Thine, Lord Jesus !  
 What a depth of sympathy !  
 Parting words, how true and tender !  
 Gracious, wondrous ministry.

What a care to keep us ever  
 In Thy blessed company ;  
 Counting on the love that's never  
 Satisfied apart from Thee.

What a Comforter recalling  
 All Thy blessed words and ways !  
 And the “all things !” \*—Thine—  
 revealing  
 Lit in glory's brightest rays.

Keep us ever, Lord and Master,  
 Cleansed from each defiling spot ;  
 All that “part with Thee” would hinder  
 Where defilement enters not.

\* John. xvi. 15.

Oh ! to know in fuller measure  
 Perfect concert, Lord, with Thee ;  
 Not a note but sounds Thy pleasure,  
 Every touch a harmony.

Intimacy, wondrous, holy,  
 Fruit of love in nearness known ;  
 That between the Son and Father  
 Tells its nature—that alone.

Favour infinite ! Lord Jesus !  
 Thus companions of Thy heart ;  
 While the perfect love that chose us  
 Keeps us fitted for such “ part.”

Watchful, girded, speed we onward  
 O’er this sin-stained earth, in fear,  
 Lightly treading, contact dreading,  
 Finding elsewhere all our cheer.

Thou art full resource, Lord Jesus !  
 Every need from Thee supplied ;

While Thou waitest to receive us,  
And we hasten to Thy side.

Blest communion as we journey !  
What unhindered will it be  
When at home with Thee in glory  
If e'en now 'tis ecstasy ?

## THE SERVANT TAKEN TO REST.\*

GONE is the one we loved—  
 Gone to his rest ;  
 Gone to the One *he* loved,  
 Who loved him best.

Gone from the battle-field,  
 Fighting all o'er ;  
 Laid down the sword and shield,  
 Needed no more.

Faithful to death was he,  
 Faithful *in* death ;  
 Telling Christ's victory,  
 With latest breath.

Brother, we follow thee,  
 Swift be our feet ;  
 Spurred with new energy,  
 Soon we shall meet.

Meet where no tears can flow,  
No blank can come ;  
Fulness of joy to know,  
*All* gathered home.

Christ ! our hearts turn to Thee,  
Bless we the Lord ;  
Thine was the victory,  
*His* the reward.

*(Unfinished.)*

## GAZA.

“ His life is taken from the earth.” (Acts viii. 33.)

**JERUSALEM !** most favoured spot,  
Of brightest glory once the scene,  
Now scene of darkest, foulest blot,  
That e'er in human page hath been—

From thee, a stranger sadly turned  
To Ethiopia's distant land ;  
Unwon the prize for which he yearned—  
And eager crossed the desert sand.

Yet not unwon—for now there lay  
A priceless gem within his hand ;  
And as he speeds upon his way,  
Its page with wondering gaze he scann'd.

He reads of One beyond compare,  
By earth refused, to Heaven how dear !  
God's plant of beauty, oh, how fair !  
Despised, rejected, trampled here.

Like gentle lamb to slaughter led,  
As unresisting sheep when shorn,  
So bowed that blessed One His head,  
And meekly bore man's cruel scorn.

He reads of earth's unequalled day,  
The sun disown'd it, lent no ray,  
Creation trembled in dismay,  
While man and Satan had their way.

Unequalled in its guilt and shame,  
Unequalled in its bitter woe ;  
Unequalled in the boundless fame,  
The joy eternal, thence to flow.

Oh, wondrous story ! depths of woe  
Unfathomed ! heights of love, of bliss—  
He only could on man bestow,  
Nay, only win for man, through this.

But who shall tell in desert drear,  
Of Him who suffered on the tree ?  
Who whisper in the sinner's ear,  
He died, He rose, He lives for thee ?

Ah ! what can stem the gushing tide  
Of love divine, eternal, freed  
At last, and flowing far and wide,  
Wherever wretched man has need.

The sands, the ocean's tide may bind,  
The rocks fling back the surging wave,  
But earth nor hell no power can find  
To check the love that wills to save.

\* \* \* \* \*

The servant hears his Lord's command,  
And from rejoicing crowds must part,  
Must seek out one in desert land,  
For Love and Light have claimed that  
heart.

A ray from glory reached his soul,  
Drew him from Ethiopia's night ;  
He now must follow to the goal  
Love won for him in glory's light.

Oh ! what a tale that day was told  
In Gaza's distant, lonely waste,

As Philip "Jesus" did unfold,  
And all His blessed path retraced !

He "preaches Jesus," what a theme !  
God's tender Plant, God's stricken  
Lamb ;  
No painter's fancy, poet's dream,  
But Heaven's one, eternal psalm.

That name, for every page unrolled,  
Is found the only fitting key ;  
'Tis His—this bitter path foretold,  
The Man of grief and sorrows—HE.

Though hidden all His early days,  
One brief, bright glimpse alone is given,  
Enough to prove His perfect ways  
To man on earth, to God in heaven.

But not unnoted, not unnamed,  
Is that unwritten path of light ;  
For God, from opened heaven proclaimed  
His own unbounded, deep delight.

And let us now in worship gaze,  
As traced His life through this dark  
earth ;  
That lowly life, whose glorious rays  
Oft through the veil of flesh burst forth.

He speaks, and devils yield their prey,  
And fevered nature health regains ;  
His touch defilement drives away,  
His word removes the leper's stains.

When faith lays weakness at His feet,  
He speaks, and rising to obey—  
The helpless one, with praises meet,  
Now carries that whereon he lay.

'Twas not His power divine to prove,  
That drew from Him one mighty deed,  
Nay, but to tell out God's deep love  
In meeting all man's varied need.

As through this shadowed scene He went,  
His lovely ways must all declare,

Although the veil was yet unrent,  
That He, the God of grace, was there.

Resplendent on the mount, behold  
The Perfect, Holy, Spotless One,  
Whom Heaven with glory doth enfold,  
And claims as God's "Beloved Son" !

Ah ! blessed Lord, Thou couldst set free  
From sin's effects the helpless one,  
But if his guilt removed shall be,  
Thy beauteous life must be laid down.

So, once more, glory laid aside,  
Unswerving from the mount He goes,  
Descends to meet the rushing tide  
Of Satan's hate, of human woes.

He met, and triumphed ; stood alone,  
Forsaken : life, through death, He won.  
In glory, on the Father's throne,  
Behold Him now ! His work well done.

His lowly path of service o'er—  
But now in glory serving still—

While angels wonder and adore,  
The Servant's place He loves to fill.

And once again, if watching here—  
His waiting people faithful prove—  
He'll gird Himself and will appear,  
To serve them with unceasing love.

\* \* \* \* \*

The weary heart which sought repose  
In Jewish rites, but sought in vain,  
Has found the Stream of life which flows  
From Smitten Rock through desert  
plain.

With Him—the Smitten One—henceforth  
Boldly his place, his part, he takes ;  
“*HIS life is taken from the earth,*”  
Then every link with earth he breaks.

Death's shadow rests on all around,  
But joyful now he onward speeds ;  
For oh ! his heart in Christ hath found  
Its life, its home, yea, *all* it needs.

And shall *we* hear with hearts unmoved,  
And clinging still to earthly things,  
This matchless tale of God's Beloved,  
From whose deep woe our blessing  
springs ?

Forbid it, Lord ! to earth we die—  
As those, who, crucified with Thee—  
Can say, "I live, and yet not I,  
But (wondrous truth !) Christ lives in  
me."

To win for man in heaven a place,  
Thy love on earth unwearied sought—  
How saints, on earth, shall run the race,  
Is now, in heaven, Thy care and thought.

The path is one Thyself didst make  
While here below, revealing grace ;  
Now, we that wondrous grace partake,  
Oh ! may our steps Thy steps retrace.

From glory to the cross, 'twas Thine  
Each downward step to tread ; but we,  
Sprung from Thy death, in life divine,  
Press on to glory, and—to THEE.

## FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

MY God, my spirit longs  
 For fellowship with Thee,  
 To share Thy thoughts of Him—  
 Thy Son,  
 See Him as Thou dost see.

His lowly path to trace,  
 E'en with Thine own delight,  
 Discern its fragrance rising up  
 For ever in Thy sight.

That one green spot on which  
 Ungrieved Thine eye could rest ;  
 That one unsullied stream which  
 flowed  
 O'er earth's polluted breast.

The heavenly Dove e'en here  
 Meet resting-place hath won,  
 While Heaven with rapture stoops to  
 gaze  
 Upon Thy Holy One.

Then when Thy glory proved  
In that momentous hour  
Death impotent to hold the One  
Who yielded to its power.

Thine own deep joy to taste  
When ("Firstborn from the dead")  
Thou settest Him at Thy right hand,  
The new creation's Head.

While glories circling round,  
God's radiance in His face,  
Proclaim full satisfaction found,  
And MAN God's resting-place.

There let my spirit rest,  
There let me drink with Thee  
At that full Fount of pure delight  
Thy joy eternally.

# “ART THOU ONLY A STRANGER IN JERUSALEM?”

(LUKE XXIV. 18.)

“**O**NLY a stranger !” Ah ! they little  
knew  
Who questioned thus. How solemn and  
how true  
That HE was here, to whom it all was  
due—  
“Only a stranger !”

A stranger in the city He so loved,  
O'er which His heart had to its depths  
been moved,  
Where He at such a cost His love had  
proved.

An outcast from this earth, where He had  
been  
Life, Light and Healer, yet more wondrous  
e'en--

A Man with glory crowned in heaven is  
seen,  
Not *there* a stranger.

Oh! glorious Man, in highest heaven  
enthroned,  
Worthy of all Heaven's praise and homage  
owned,  
The Man once here rejected, scorned, dis-  
owned—  
A homeless stranger.

Oh, blessed Man! yet very God! E'en  
here  
Are loyal hearts, who hold Thy name  
more dear  
Than life itself; our boast, our hope and  
cheer.

And 'tis our joy that Thou hast 'midst  
Thine own  
A place where Thou art owned, and  
Thou alone  
Supreme, the Son of God, true hearts  
Thy throne.

And 'tis Thy joy, Lord Jesus, to be where  
Thy loved ones gathered round Thyself  
    can share  
As one, a blessedness known only there.

All else shut out, all hearts absorbed with  
    Thee,  
From every thought of self at liberty  
To worship Him whose love has set us  
    free.

A solemn hour, with Thee identified  
In death, and risen with Thee, they stand  
    outside  
This earth, and all to which Thou, Lord,  
    *hast died.*

And from that scene of holy joy sent forth  
To shed around Thy fragrance and Thy  
    worth,  
And girt, to walk where Thou hast  
    walked on earth.

50 "ART THOU ONLY A STRANGER?"

Here for Thy pleasure, to express Thy  
    grace ;  
Where Thou hadst none, we seek nor rest  
    nor place ;  
Thy path we tread till glory ends the race.

Frail vessels, storm tossed, but sustained  
    by Thee,  
We breast the wave, surmount the surging  
    sea,  
Nor fear to sink when in Thy company.

The day is nearing when this earth shall  
    ring  
With loud hosannas to its rightful King,  
And all its glory to Thee tribute bring,  
    The once scorned "Stranger."

And they who suffered with Thee here,  
    that day  
Shall reign with Thee in glory's bright  
    array,  
Of all Thy perfect beauty the display.

Then patient wait ; true to His name, His  
word,  
Till the glad shout that claims His bride  
be heard,  
And how He loved her known, when like  
her Lord  
A homeless “ Stranger ! ”

“ BEHOLDING THE GLORY OF THE  
LORD.”

**G**AZING on Thee, Lord, in glory,  
While our hearts in worship bow ;  
There we read the wondrous story  
Of the cross, its shame and woe.

Every mark of dark dishonour  
Heaped upon the thorn-crowned brow ;  
All the depths of Thy heart's sorrow,  
Told in answering glory now.

On that cross, alone, forsaken,  
Where no pitying eye was found ;  
Now to God's right hand exalted,  
With Thy praise the heavens resound.

Did Thy God e'en then forsake Thee,  
Hide His face from Thy deep need ?  
In Thy face, once marred and smitten,  
All His glory now we read.

Gazing on it, we adore Thee,  
Blessed, precious, holy Lord ;  
Thou, the Lamb, alone art worthy,  
This be earth's and heaven's accord.

Rise our hearts, and bless the Father,  
Ceaseless song e'en here begun,  
Endless praise and adoration  
To the Father and the Son.

## THE MAN IN HEAVEN.

**O** GRACIOUS God ! Thy pleasure  
 Is in Thy Christ made known,  
 And tells the boundless measure  
 Of blessing for Thine own.  
 He has Thy presence entered,  
 As Man in heaven is known :  
 In Him Thy glory's centred,  
 In Him Thy purpose shewn.

And oh ! what love is beaming  
 Refulgent in that face !  
 What blessed light is streaming  
 From that most glorious place !  
 Both love and light proclaiming  
 What Thou, the Father, art.  
 And wondrous grace revealing  
 With Thine own Son our part.

Thou Source of every blessing !  
 Thou Spring of all delight !  
 Thy name with joy confessing  
 Let all the saints unite !

Each heart its praise outpouring  
To Thee all praise above ;  
Each voice in strains adoring,  
Re-echoes—"God is Love."

## THE BRIDE.

'TIS deepening night, and slumbering  
 there,  
 Unmindful of *His* sleepless care,  
 Forgetful of His parting prayer—  
 She sleeps, who once shone wondrous  
 fair—

The Church—His Bride !

'Tis midnight ! Hark ! a cry is heard—  
 “Behold the Bridegroom !” At the word  
 Affections kindle, hearts are stirred,  
 And rising now in haste to meet,  
 And be the first her Lord to greet,  
 Goes forth attired in raiment meet,  
 His own—the Bride.

'Tis morning ! Swift the darkness flies—  
 Behold the Sun of glory rise !  
 Creation wakes in charm'd surprise,  
 To see the Church in white array,  
 Made ready for that wondrous day,  
 When Christ in glory will display  
 His spotless Bride !