
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized
by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the
information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



OUR EASTER HOPE.

‘Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.’—*I Pet. i, 3.*

HAIL ! day of God, hail ! welcome light
Of holy Easter morn,
Now after Nature’s weary night
Faith’s living hope is born.

For from the cavern of the tomb,
Where late the Saviour lay,
A light hath shone mid earthly gloom
And shed eternal day.

By faith, O Christ, we died with Thee ;
With Thee, our Hope, we rise ;
In heart with Thee ascending, we
Dwell with Thee in the skies.

The first-fruits show the harvest near,
Thy rising that glad day
When all Thy ‘banished’ sleeping here
Shall rise to life for aye.

O hasten, Lord, *that* Eastertide,
We rest not till it come,
In dust and ashes weeps Thy bride
Till Thou shalt call her home.

JAMES SILVESTER.

BOSTON LIBRARY
29 APR 87

Songs in the Night.

• • •
JOB XXXV. 10.

1 THESSALONIANS V. 5.



LONDON:
G. MORRISH, 20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

—
Sixpence per Dozen.

147⁰⁰ - 15 - (3)

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.”—ISAIAH XXVI. 3.

JOY and peace from God the Father
Fill, sustain, and keep thy heart,
Peace which *passeth understanding*
May thy God to thee impart ;
Keep thee in that deep repose
Which the heart that *trusts* Him knows.

Though perplexing cares surround Thee,
Yet for *nothing anxious* be ;
In thy Father’s love confiding,
Calm and restful may’st thou be,
While He’s working to fulfil
All the counsels of His will.

Trusting in His *power* and *wisdom*,
Resting in His *changeless love*,
Perfect peace must be thy portion—
Peace in which He dwells above.
In *this atmosphere*, *how blest*,
He shall *act*, and thou shalt *rest*.

God Himself our God and Father,
Source of joy and God of peace,
Fill thee into all His fulness,
Thus thy joy shall yet increase.
And the Father’s eye shall be
Resting with *delight* on Thee. L. W.
Romans xv. 13.

“ We all with open face beholding the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit.”
—2 COR. III. 18.

I GAZE upon the Lord I love,
Who sits in glory yonder,
His deep perfections fill my soul,
As on Himself I ponder.
His rich resources all are mine.

That wealth I cannot measure,
The Lord Himself my portion is—
A deep, exhaustless treasure.

With gladness He has girded me,
And tuned my heart to praise Him;
And now unto my well-Beloved
My sweetest song I'm raising.
His glory fills my vision now,
I'm satisfied before Him ;
My sweetest spices I would bring,
And worship and adore Him.

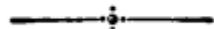
My pathway through a desert lies,
I know not what's before me ;
But that I leave for Him to choose,
I know the *end* is—*glory* !

He orders everything for me,
My joy as well as sorrow ;
He girdeth me with strength each day :
I may not see the morrow.

He strengthens me with power and might
To run the race before me ;
He draws me and I follow on
To reach him there in glory.
The light within my heart has shone,
The darkness gone for ever ;
I'm but an earthen vessel—yet
I carry God's own treasure.

Upon His unveil'd face I'd gaze,
And thus like Him be growing,
His death about me I would bear
So that His life be flowing.
And thus press onward to that hour
When perfected life's story,
He 'll call His blood-bought saints away
To dwell with Him in glory.

L. W.



“Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him.”—PSALM XXXVII. 7.

L ORD Jesus, precious Saviour,
How sweet it is to lie
At rest upon Thy bosom,
Watch'd over by Thine eye.
Learning afresh in weakness,
How great Thy sympathy,
And evermore rejoicing
In all Thou art to me.

My frame, blest Lord, thou knowest,
Rememberest I am dust ;
To Thee alone I'm clinging,
For Thou art all my trust.
Though Thou the vessel breakest,
‘Tis that the light may shine,
And thus the praise and glory,
Lord, shall be ever Thine.

Thou markest out my pathway,
As seemeth best to Thee,
Thou art *enough*, Lord Jesus,
My soul shall boast in Thee.
Thy grace is all-sufficient
And Thou art more to me
In days of joy and sorrow
Than health or strength could be.

I know these light afflictions,
Are working out for me
A wondrous weight of glory,
Which I shall share with Thee.
Then to *Thy praise*, Lord Jesus,
I shall *for ever* be,
A vessel for Thy glory
To be displayed in me.

Oh, this is *rest*, Lord Jesus,
Shut in alone with Thee,
To listen while Thou tellest
Thy wondrous love to me.
To know my precious Saviour
That I am on Thy heart,
That nought on earth, in heaven,
From Thy blest love can part.

O blessed Lord, I'm waiting
To see Thee as Thou art,
To know in all its *fulness*
What now I know *in part*.
And while on Thee I'm resting,
My heart delights to raise,
For *Thine own ear*, Lord Jesus,
Its ceaseless song of praise.

L. W.



“Behold, I come quickly.”

REV. XXII. 7, 12, 20.

WE are waiting here, Lord Jesus,
'Midst the darkness of the night,
Watching, while it thickens round us,
For that long expected sight.
E'er the Sun in all its brightness
Sheds its glorious beams afar,
Thou hast said to him that watcheth :
Thou wilt give the Morning Star.

Blessèd Saviour, how it cheers us
Thus to hear Thine own sweet word :
Surely I am coming QUICKLY;
Even so, *come*, Jesus Lord.
Nothing else can satisfy us,
But to dwell with Thee above;
Thou hast won our hearts, Lord Jesus,
By Thy wondrous, boundless love.

Known to Thee is all our pathway,
Known to Thee is every care,
But Thy precious word assures us,
Soon we shall be with Thee there.
Soon our longing eyes shall see Thee.
Whom unseen e'en now we love,
Soon we shall behold Thy glory
In Thy Father's house above.

As Thy Spirit is unfolding
More and more Thy matchless worth,
So behind us we are leaving
All we valued most on earth.
Blessed, precious, coming Saviour,
Nothing can with Thee compare,
Deeper grows our hearts' deep longings
Ever to be with Thee there.

Who is this that comes to meet us ?
'Tis the Lord Himself draws nigh :
Soon the Bride will meet the Bridegroom,
This alone can satisfy.
Now His yearning heart is watching
For the coming of His Bride.
Sweet must be His meditations,
As she hastens to His side.

But a moment—then the meeting
With *Himself* for evermore,
Suited to that scene of glory,
There to worship and adore.
Gazing on His face for ever,
Praising Him with one accord,
Then for ever in His presence,
Then "*for ever with the Lord.*"

L. W.



“He giveth power to the faint and to them
that have no might he increaseth strength.”—
ISA. XL. 29.

“*H* E giveth power to the faint,”
We bless Thee for that word,
Our hearts would now fresh courage take,
And *wait on Thee*, O Lord.
Like water pour’d upon the ground,
So weak ourselves are we,
We have *no might*, we have *no strength*,
But *power belongs to Thee*.

For Thou hast said to those who *wait*,
That *strength* shall be *renewed*,
From *strength to strength* they journey on
With power from Thee endued.
With feathers new they mount above,
Without a single care,
And warble forth their songs of praise
For Thy delighted ear.

Thou art not weary, blessed Lord,
And faith can count on Thee;
From everlasting Thou art God,
There is no change in Thee.

The objects of Thy ceaseless love
For evermore are we,
And Thou hast said that as our day
Our strength shall ever be.

Oh, blessed Lord, Thou art our *Rock*
All through the desert way,
Thou art our *shield*, Thou art our *strength*,
For every weary day.
Our hearts would trust alone in Thee,
And in Thy love rejoice,
And without ceasing sing Thy praise
With heart and soul and voice.

L. W.



“Holy Brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, *consider* the Apostle and High Priest of our confession, Christ Jesus.”—HEB. III. 1.

CONSIDER Him who came from God,
To do His blessed will,
Came to disclose the Father's heart,
His counsels to fulfil.
Came to make known the depths of love
Which only He could know,
He was the channel, He alone,
Through which that love could flow.

Consider Him, that blessed One,
Who laid His glory by,
Emptied Himself of all save love
And stoop'd to bleed and die.
Oh then the floodgates of God's love
That moment open'd wide,
God's Lamb for sin atonement made,
And God was glorified.

Consider Him, our great High Priest,
Who's passed within the veil,
With all the value of that blood
Which could for sin avail,
And opened up that Living Way
By which we now draw near,
Within the holiest of all,
Without a single fear.

Consider Him, our great High Priest,

Who never more can die,
For in the power of *endless life*
He lives continually.

He ever lives to bear us up
Upon His heart of love,
And to the uttermost will save
All whom He brings to God.

Consider Him who knoweth all

That would our steps impede,
And stoops to help and succour us
In every time of need.

He knows each sorrow of our heart,
And gives the needed grace,
To bear us up each weary day
Till *glory ends the race.*

Consider Him, delight in Him,

Whose Priesthood ne'er can fail,
Bring forth *thy* sacrifice of praise,
He's gone within the veil.

A holy priesthood we are made,
Through Him to God brought nigh
To offer up the sacrifice
Of praise *continually.*

L. W.



“I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which *is* and which *was* and which *is to come* the Almighty.”—
REV. I. 8.

THE *Alpha and Omega* Thou
Before Thy blessed feet we bow,
Own Thee the self-existent One,
The Father’s *well-beloved Son*.
The centre of His counsels Thou,
And every knee to Thee shall bow.

Phil. ii. 10.

Before the heavens He had made,
Or earth’s foundations He had laid,
Or sun, or moon, or stars prepared,
Or to the sea its bounds declared,
Then Thou wast daily His delight,
Rejoicing always in His sight. Prov. viii.

Thou art the *everlasting God*, John viii. 58.
Yet once in flesh this desert trod,
Thou didst descend from glory’s height
And walk amidst the darkness—*Light*.
Thou didst that shameful cross sustain,
And in the dust of death has lain.

Thou wast the *Daysman* from on high,
Job ix. 33.

That God might pass the sinner by ;
Thou only couldst the distance span
Between the throne and ruined man.
Blest Lord, the judgment fell on Thee,
That we, the guilty, might go free.

Thou did'st descend to do God's will ;
Ascended now dost all things fill,
From deepest depths to glory's height,
All power is given to Thee and might.
For ever be Thy name adored,
Thou *Christ of God* our living *Lord.*

Matt. xvi. 15.

Of new creation Thou art *Head*, Col. i. 18
The *Firstborn from among the dead* ;
Before all things Thou didst exist,
And *by* Thee all things now consist.
The *everlasting Word* Thou art, John i. 1.
The Object of the Father's heart. Lu.iii.22.

And when the heavens shall pass away,
And all created things decay,
Thou, who the earth's foundations laid,
Wilt still remain, when all things fade.
Yea, sun and moon and stars may pale,
But, Lord, Thy years shall *never* fail.

Heb. i. 10-12.

And when in that eternal day,
God's purposes Thou shalt display,
Then *every* tongue, O Lord, shall be
Ascribing *glory* unto Thee,
And all shall then delight to own
That Thou art *worthy*, Thou alone.

Rev. v. 12

L. W.



“Thou remainest.”—HEB. 1. 11.

THOU remainest precious Saviour,
Gladly turn we unto Thee,
From this scene of desolation,
Where no rest or joy can be.
Nought below can cheer the heart,
Thou alone our Portion art.

Thou remainest, precious Saviour,
Nothing from Thy love can part,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Still unchangeable Thou art.
Precious is Thy word and sure,
Evermore Thou shalt endure.

Thou remainest, Lord of glory,
Seated on the Father's throne,
Using all Thy mighty power
For Thy loved ones and Thine own.
As we're travelling home to God,
In the path Thy feet once trod.

*Thou remainest, precious Saviour,
As the Centre of that love,
Which embraced us in its circle,
Graced us in Thyself above.
God's delight and Thine to be,
Now and through eternity.*

*Thou remainest, precious Saviour,
Though created things decay,
In that scene of endless glory
We shall gaze on Thee alway.
See the radiance of Thy face,
Learn the *glory* of Thy grace.*

Nothing then shall dim the glory,
Concentrated all in Thee,
We shall learn Thy love's deep meaning
When those spear-marks we shall see.
As the Lamb who once wast slain,
Evermore Thou wilt remain.

L. W.

