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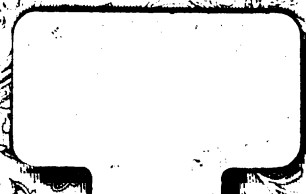
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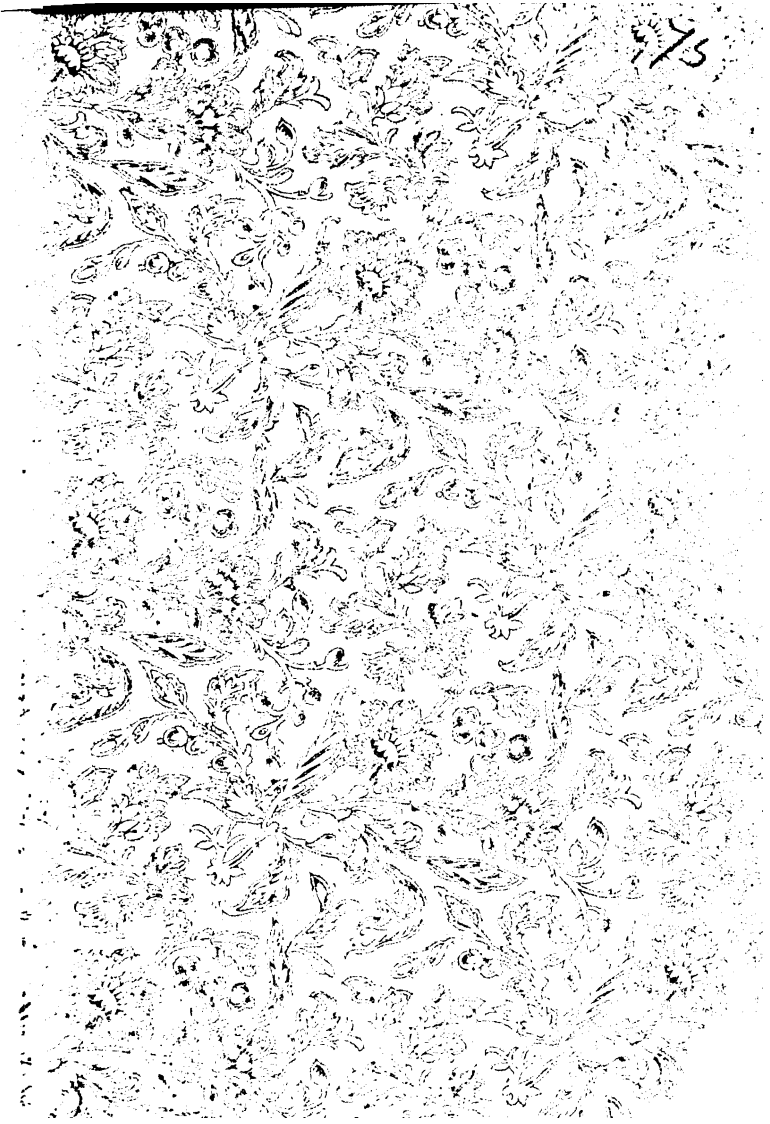
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OTHER POEMS

FRANCIS RIBBLE HAVERGAL

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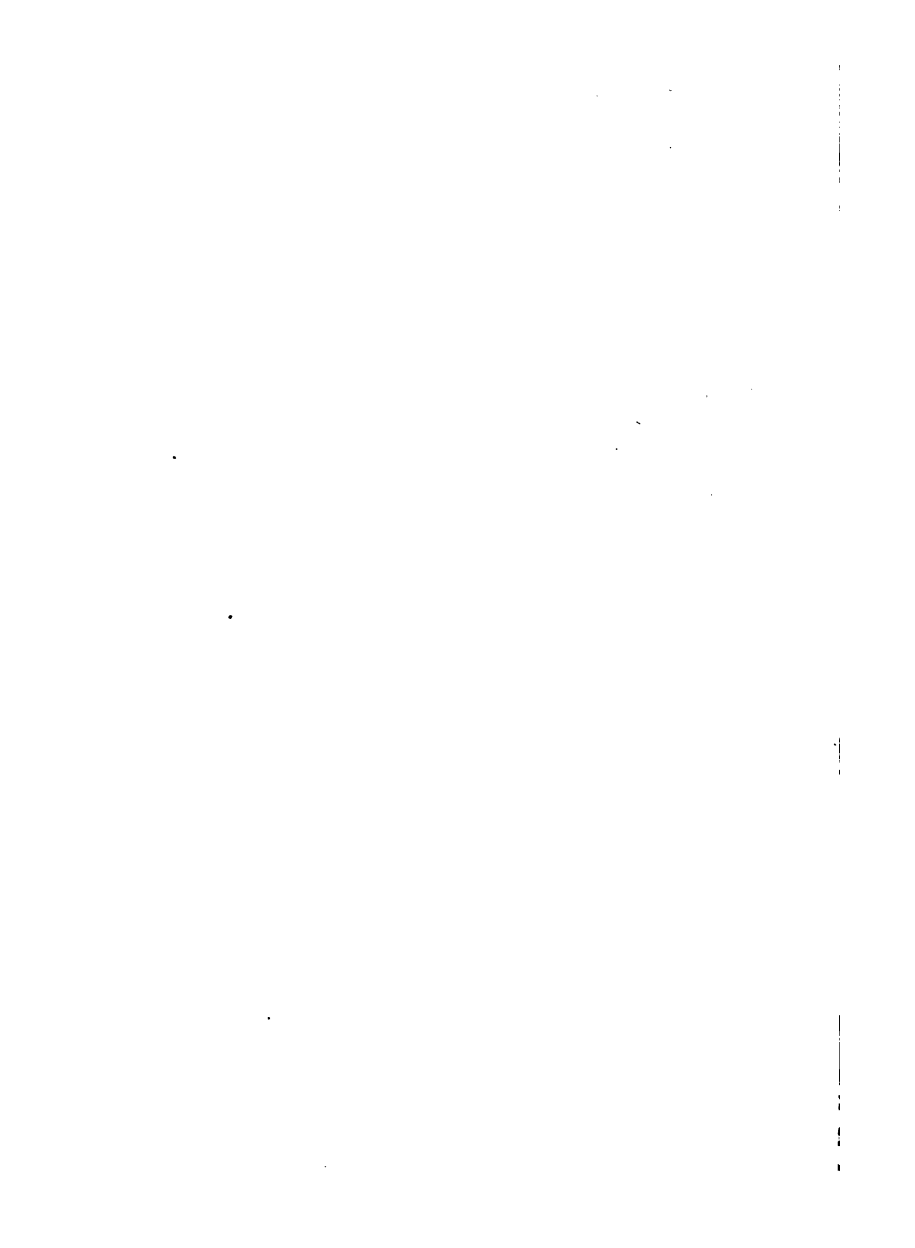
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Latai Appleton -
from her old friend
Lath. P. Nicholson -

Jan. 1872 -



COMPENSATION

AND

OTHER DEVOTIONAL POEMS

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

NEW YORK:

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,

900 BROADWAY, COR. 20TH STREET.

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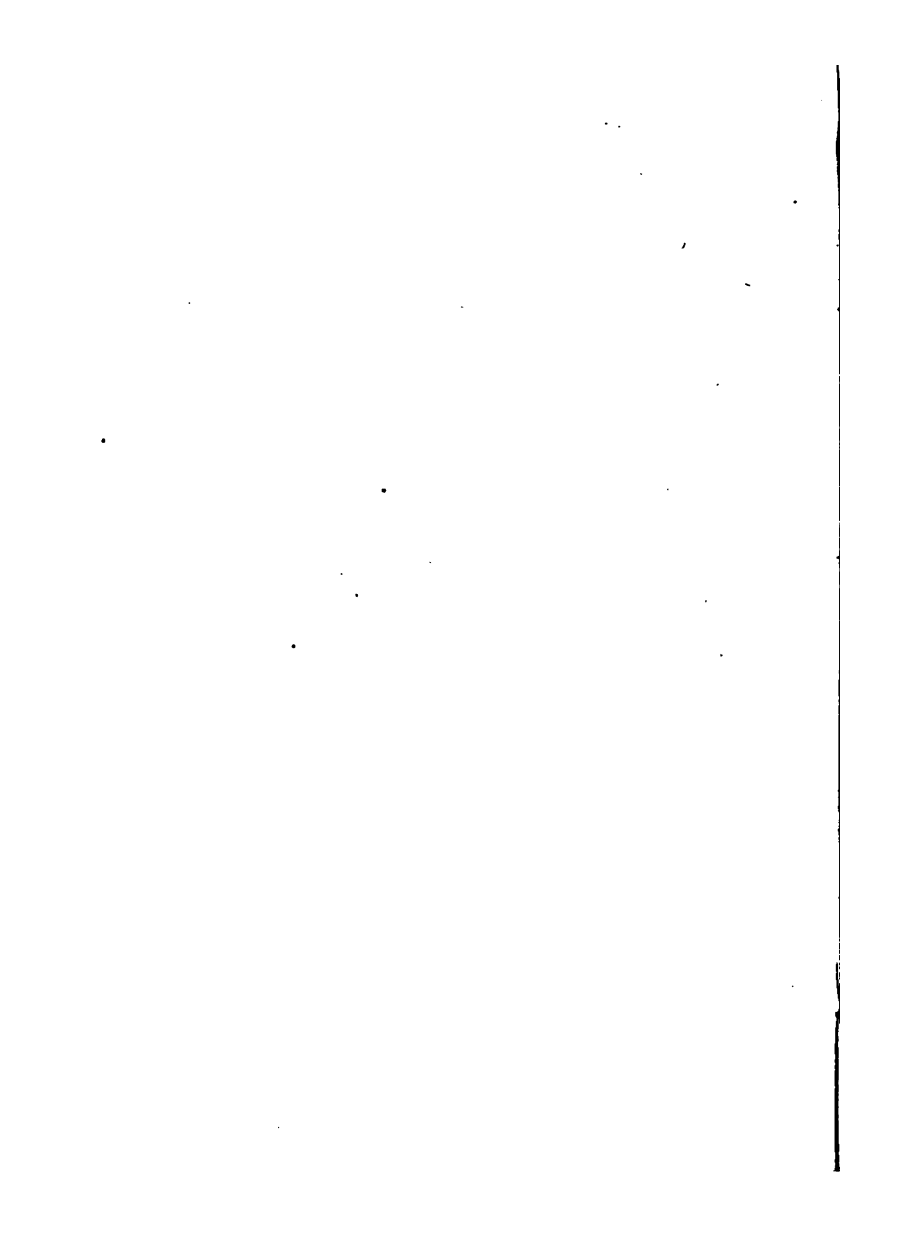
NEW YORK:

**EDWARD O. JENKINS,
Printer and Stereotyper,
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**ROBERT RUTTER,
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116 and 118 East 14th Street.**

THE Publishers of this volume have been accustomed for some years past to import a considerable portion of its contents printed as Leaflets. A demand for these Poems in a more permanent form has led to the present issue, which includes not only the Leaflets heretofore published, but the other Devotional Poems of the author.

Many of the Poems will still continue to be published as Leaflets.



Compensation.

O THE compensating springs! O the balanc-
ings of life,
Hidden away in the workings under the seeming
strife!
Slowing the fret and the friction, weighting the
whirl and the force,
Evolving the truest power from each unconscious
source.

How shall we gauge the whole, who can only
guess a part?
How can we read the life, when we cannot spell
the heart?
How shall we measure another, we who can
never know,
From the juttings above the surface the depth of
the vein below?

Even our present way is known to ourselves alone,
Height and abyss and torrent, flower and thorn
and stone;
But we gaze on another's path as a far-off mount-
ain scene,
Scanning the outlined hills, but never the vales
between.

COMPENSATION.

How shall we judge their present, we who have
never seen

That which is past for ever, and that which
might have been ?

Measuring by ourselves, unwise indeed are we,
Measuring what we *know* by what we can hardly
see.

Ah ! if we knew it all we should surely understand
That the balance of sorrow and joy is held with
an even hand,

That the scale of success or loss shall never
overflow,

And that compensation is twined with the lot of
high and low.

The easy path in the lowland hath little of grand
or new,

But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and
glorious view ;

Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill
the height,

But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud is
nearer the stars of light.

Launch on the foaming stream that bears along
like a dart,—

There is danger of rapid and rock, there is ten-
sion of muscle and heart ;

COMPENSATION.

Glide on the easy current, monotonous, calm,
and slow,
You are spared the quiver and strain in the safe
quiet flow.

O the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many
strings,
While each, all vocal with love, in tuneful har-
mony rings !
But O, the wail and the discord, when one and
another is rent
Tensionless, broken, or lost, from the cherished
instrument.

For rapture of love is linked with the pain or
fear of loss,
And the hand that takes the crown must ache
with many a cross ;
Yet he who hath never a conflict hath never a
victor's palm,
And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest
and calm.

Only between the storms can the Alpine traveller
know
Transcendent glory of clearness, marvels of gleam
and glow ;
Had he the brightness unbroken of cloudless
summer days,
This had been dimmed by the dust and the veil
of a brooding haze.

COMPENSATION.

Who would dare the choice, *neither* or *both* to
know,
The finest quiver of joy or the agony-thrill of
woe?
Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite
bliss,
For the heart that is dull to that can never be
strung to this.

Great is the pearl or toil if the glory or gain be
great ;
Never an earthly gift without responsible weight ;
Never a treasure without a following shade of
care ;
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare.

For the swift is not the safe, and the sweet is not
the strong ;
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is not
the long ;
The much is not the most, and the wide is not
the deep ;
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb is
only neap.

Then hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father knows what
thou knowest not,
The need and the thorn and the shadow linked
with the fairest lot ;

COMPENSATION.

Knows the wisest exemption from many an un-
seen snare,
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what
thou could'st not bear.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father portioneth as
He will
To all His belovèd children, and shall they not
be still?
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the
best?
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect
rest?

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father, whose ways are
true and just,
Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for
thy perfect trust;
The cup He is slowly filling shall soon be full to
the brim,
And infinite compensations for ever be found in
Him.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father hath fullness of
joy in store,
Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures
for evermore;
Blessing and honour and glory, endless, infinite
bliss;—
Child of His love and His choice, oh, canst thou
not wait for this?

Confidence.

IN Thee I trust, on Thee I rest,
O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest !
No earthly friend, no brother knows
My weariness, my wants, my woes.
On Thee I call
Who knowest all.
O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest,
In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness,
With lip and life I long to bless.
Thy faithfulness shall be my tower,
My sun Thy love, my shield Thy power.
In darkest night,
In fiercest fight,
With lip and life I long to bless
Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness.

HE hath loved thee, and He knows
All thy fears and all thy foes ;
Victor thou shalt surely be
Ever through His love to thee.
Rest in quiet joy on this,—
Greater love hath none than His :
And may this thy life-song be,
Love to Him that loveth thee !

“Bells across the Snow.”

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low
As we listen in the starlight
To the “bells across the snow.”

O Christmas, merry Christmas,
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the “bells across the snow.”

"BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW."

O Christmas, merry Christmas !
This never more can be ;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the " bells across the snow."

Hitherto and Henceforth.

* The Lord hath blessed me hitherto."—JOSH. xvii. 14.

HITHERTO the Lord hath blessed us,
Guiding all the way ;
Henceforth let us trust Him fully,
Trust Him all the day.

Hitherto the Lord hath loved us,
Caring for His own ;
Henceforth let us love Him better,
Live for Him alone.

Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,
Crowning all our days ;
Henceforth let us live to bless Him,
Live to show His praise.

Advent Song.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! In the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall shew Thee
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

Thou art coming! Rays of glory
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Touch the mountain and the river
With a golden glowing quiver,
Thrill of light and music blent.
Earth is brightened when this gleam
Falls on flower and rock and stream;

ADVENT SONG.

Life is brightened when this ray
Falls upon its darkest day.

Not a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear !
Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought !
Oh, how marvellous will be
All the bliss Thy pain hath bought !

Thou art coming ! . At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss.
Shewing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming ! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail ;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure :

ADVENT SONG.

Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord !
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord !
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned !
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned !

A Worker's Prayer.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart :
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just *as* Thou wilt, and *when*, and *where* ;
Until Thy blessèd Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

I N God's great field of labour
All work is not the same ;
He hath a service for each one
Who loves His holy name.
And you, to whom the secrets
Of all sweet sounds are known,
Rise up! for He hath called you
To a mission of ycur own.

Another for Christ.

ANOTHER called, another brought, dear Master,
to Thy feet !
Oh where are words to tell the joy so wonderful
and sweet !
Oh where are words to give Thee thanks that
Thou indeed hast heard,
That Thou hast proved and sealed anew Thy
faithful promise-word !

We prayed so long with fervent hope and patient
faith that she
With all her early wealth of love might give her-
self to Thee ;
Well knowing that our prayer must be the echo
of Thy will.
Itself the earnest and the pledge that Thou wilt
all fulfil.

And now the prayer is turned to praise, and with
the angel-throng,
Who even now are pouring forth a new and joy-
ful song,
Our hearts ascend, our whispers blend, in deepest
thrill of praise,
The happiest Alleluia-hymn that human heart
can raise.

ANOTHER FOR CHRIST.

Oh joy to know that Thou hast found Thy fair
and weary dove,
Rejoicing o'er the wanderer now, and resting in
Thy love,
That *Thou* art glad, that Thou hast seen the
travail of Thy soul,
Thy blessèd Name emblazoned on a new and
living scroll !

O Master, blessed Master, it is hard indeed to
know
That thousands round our daily path misunder-
stand Thee so !
Despisèd and rejected yet, no beauty they can
see,
O King of glory and of grace, belovèd Lord, in
Thee !

Not even as a lovely song of pleasant voice
appears
The story of Thy wondrous love in dull and
drowsy ears ;
'Tis nothing to the passers-by, who coldly turn
aside,
That Thou hast poured Thy precious blood, that
Thou wast crucified.

O Saviour, precious Saviour, come in all Thy
power and grace,
And take away the veil that hides the glory of
Thy face !

ANOTHER FOR CHRIST.

Oh manifest the marvels of Thy tenderness and
love,
And let Thy name be blessed and praised all
other names above.

Oh vindicate Thyself, and show how perfect are
Thy ways,
Untraceable, because too bright for weak and
mortal gaze ;
Shine forth, O Sun, and bid the scales of darken-
ing evil fall,
Thou altogether Lovely one, Thou glorious All-
in-all !

Yet conquering Thy word goes forth on all-
triumphant way !
"Ye *shall* be gathered one by one," 'tis true afresh
to-day !
And so we hush the yearning cry, "How long, O
Lord, how long ?"
A sweet new token Thou hast given to change
it into song.

So once again we praise Thee, with Thy holy
ones above,
Because another heart has seen Thy great and
mighty love ;
Another heart will own Thee Lord and worship
Thee as King,
And grateful love and glowing praise and willing
service bring.

ANOTHER FOR CHRIST.

Another voice to "tell it out" what great things
Thou hast done,
Another life to live for Thee, another witness
won,
Another faithful soldier on our Captain's side
enrolled,
Another heart to read aright Thy heart of love
untold!

Our Red Letter Days.

MY Alpine staff recalls each shining height,
Each pass of grandeur with rejoicing gained
Carved with a lengthening record, self-ex-
plained,
Of mountain-memories sublime and bright.
No valley-life but hath some mountain days,
Bright summits in the retrospective view,
And toil-won passes to glad prospects new,
Fair sunlit memories of joy and praise.
Here then inscribe them,—each "red letter day!"
Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee; answered
prayers
And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted cares,
Grand promise-echoes! Thus each page shall be
A record of God's love and faithfulness to thee!

Right.

“ **L**IGHT after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross.
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh,
Home after wandering,
Praise after cry.

“ Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain.
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

“ Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb.
After long agony
Rapture of bliss !
Right was the pathway
Leading to this !”

“Vessels of mercy, prepared unto Glory.”

VESSELS of mercy, prepared unto glory!
This is your calling and this is your joy!
This, for the new year unfolding before ye,
Tells out the terms of your blessed employ.

ROM. ix. 23.

Vessels, it may be, all empty and broken,
Marred in the Hand of inscrutable skill;
(Love can accept the mysterious token!)
Marred but to make them more beautiful still.

JER. xviii. 4.

Vessels, it may be, not costly or golden;
Vessels, it may be, of quantity small,
Yet by the Nail in the Sure Place upholden,
Never to shiver and never to fall.

ISA. xxii. 23, 24.

Vessels to honour, made sacred and holy,
Meet for the use of the Master we love,
Ready for service all simple and lowly,
Ready, one day, for the temple above.

2 TIM. ii. 21.

Yes, though the vessels be fragile and earthen,
God hath commanded His glory to shine;
Treasure resplendent henceforth is our burthen,
Excellent power, not ours, but divine.

2 COR. iv. 5, 6.

"VESSELS OF MERCY."

Chosen in Christ ere the dawn of Creation,
Chosen for Him to be filled with His grace,
Chosen to carry the streams of salvation
Into each thirsty and desolate place.*

ACTS ix. 15.

Take all Thy vessels, O glorious Finer,
Purge all the dross, that each chalice may be
Pure in Thy pattern, completer, diviner,
Filled with Thy glory and shining for Thee.

PROV. xxv. 4.

A Birthday Greeting to my Father.

'T IS fully known to ONE, by us yet dimly seen,
The blessing thou HAST BEEN ;
Yet speaks the silent love of many a mourning
heart
The blessing that thou ART ;
While traced on coming years, in faith and hope
we see
"A blessing thou SHALT BE ;"
Then here in holy labour, there in holier rest,
BLESSING, thou SHALT BE BLESSED.

I could not do without Thee.

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee!
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How *could* I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear!
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee.

I could not do without Thee!
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine!

I could not do without Thee!
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Is it for Me ?

CANT. I. —“ O Thou whom my soul loveth.”

IS it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest ?
For me, so weak and sinful,
O shall I thus be blessed ?
Is it for me to see Thee
In all Thy glorious grace,
And gaze in endless rapture
On Thy belovèd Face ?

Is it for me to listen
To Thy belovèd Voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice ?
Is it for me, Thy welcome,
Thy gracious “ Enter in ” ?
For me, Thy “ Come, ye blessed ! ”
For me, so full of sin ?

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
My heart is at Thy feet,
I bless Thee, and I love Thee,
And Thee I long to meet.
A thrill of solemn gladness
Has hushed my very heart,
To think that I shall really
Behold Thee as Thou art.

IS IT FOR ME?

Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace;
And be with Thee for ever,
And never grieve Thee more!
Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,
And lovingly adore.

Silent in Love.

"He will rest* in His love."

LOVE culminates in bliss when it doth reach
A white, unflickering, fear-consuming glow;
And, knowing it is known as it doth know,
Needs no assuring word or soothing speech.
It craves but silent nearness, so to rest,
No sound, no movement, love not heard but felt,
Longer and longer still, till time should melt,
A snow-flake on the eternal ocean's breast.
Have moments of this silence starred thy past,
Made memory a glory-haunted place,
Taught all the joy that mortal ken can trace?
By greater light 'tis but a shadow cast;—
So shall the Lord thy God rejoice o'er thee,
And in His love will rest, and silent be.

* Marginal reading—"be silent."

Light at Eventide.*

ZECH. xiv. 7.—“ At evening time it shall be light.”

DEAR LORD, Thy good and precious Book
seems written all for me;
Wherever I may open it, I find a word from Thee.
My eyes are dim, but this one verse is pillow for
the night,
Thy promise that “ At Evening Time it shall
be ” surely “ light.”

It was not always light with me; for many a sin-
ful year
I walked in darkness, far from Thee; but Thou
hast brought me near,
And washed me in Thy precious blood, and
taught me by Thy grace,
And lifted up on my poor soul the brightness of
Thy Face.

My Saviour died in darkness that I might live in
light,
He closed His eyes in death that mine might
have the heavenly sight;
He gave up all His glory to bring it down to me,
And took the sinner's place that He the sinner's
Friend might be.

* Written to accompany an engraving:—An old man, worn, but peaceful, sitting at his cottage door in evening sunlight, with The Book on his knee.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

His Spirit shines upon His Word, and makes it
sweet indeed,
Just like a shining lamp held up beside me as I
read ;
And brings it to my mind again alone upon my
bed,
Till all abroad within my heart the love of God
is shed.

I've nearly passed the shadows and the sorrows
here below ;
A little while—a little while, and He will come,
I know,
And take me to the glory that I think is very
near,
Where I shall see Him face to face and His kind
welcome hear.

And now my loving Jesus is my Light at Even-
tide,
The welcome Guest that enters in for ever to
abide :
He never leaves me in the dark, but leads me all
the way,—
So it is light at Evening time, and soon it will
be Day.

Peccable Fruit.

HEB. xii. 17.—“ Nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peccable fruit of righteousness.”

WHAT shall Thine “ afterward ” be, O Lord,
For this dark and suffering night ?
Father, *what* shall Thine “ afterward ” be ?
Hast Thou a morning of joy for me,
And a new and joyous light ?

What shall Thine “ afterward ” be, O Lord,
For the moan that I cannot stay ?
Shall it issue in some new song of praise,
Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,
When the night hath passed away ?

What shall Thine “ afterward ” be, O Lord,
For this helplessness of pain ?
A clearer view of my home above,
Of my Father’s strength and my Father’s love ?
Shall this be my lasting gain ?

What shall Thine “ afterward ” be, O Lord ?
How long must Thy child endure ?
Thou knowest ! ’Tis well that I know it not,
Thine “ afterward ” cometh, I cannot tell what,
But I know that Thy word is sure.

PEACEABLE FRUIT.

What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord?
I wonder and wait to see,
(While to Thy chastening Hand I bow),
What "peaceable fruit" may be ripening now,
Ripening fast for me!

The Song Chalice.

"**YOU** bear the chalice." Is it so, my friend?
Have I indeed a chalice of sweet song,
With underflow of harmony made strong,
New calm of strength through throbbing veins to
send?
I did not form or fill,—I do but spend
That which the Master poured into my soul,
His dewdrops caught in a poor earthen bowl,
That service so with praise might meekly blend.
May He who taught the morning stars to sing,
Aye keep my chalice cool, and pure, and sweet,
And grant me so with loving hand to bring
Refreshment to His weary ones,—to meet
Their thirst with water from God's music-spring
And, bearing thus, to pour it at His feet.

Sanctified.

1 COR. i. 2.—“Sanctified in Jesus Christ.”

CHURCH of God, beloved and chosen, Church
of Christ, for whom He died,
Claim thy gifts and praise thy Giver!—“*Ye are
washed and sanctified.*”
Sanctified by God the Father, and by Jesus Christ
His Son,
And by God the Holy Spirit, Holy, Holy Three
in One.

By His will He sanctifieth, by the Spirit's power
within:
By the loving Hand that chasteneth fruits of
righteousness to win;
By His truth and by His promise, by the Word,
His gift unpriced,
By His own blood, and by union with the risen
life of Christ.

Holiness by faith in Jesus, not by effort of thine
own,—
Sin's dominion crushed and broken by the power
of grace alone,—
God's own holiness within thee, His own beauty
on thy brow,—
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness, this thy
blessed portion now.

SANCTIFIED.

He will sanctify thee wholly; body, spirit, soul
shall be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming in His glorious
majesty!
He hath perfected for ever those whom He hath
sanctified;
Spotless, glorious and holy, is the Church, His
chosen Bride.

Chosen Lessons.

"Him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose."—Ps.
xxv. 12.

I^N the way that He shall choose
He will teach us;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it;
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest;
And His training, in the end,
Is completest.

Thine is the Power.

OUR FATHER, our Father, who dwellest in
light,
We lean on Thy love, and we rest on Thy might ;
In weakness and weariness joy shall abound,
For strength everlasting in Thee shall be found :
Our refuge, our Helper, in conflict and woe,
Our mighty Defender, how blessed to know
That Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thy promise we earnestly claim,
The sanctified heart that shall hallow Thy Name ;
In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout the
wide world,
Be Thy Name as a banner of glory unfurled ;
Let it triumph o'er evil and darkness and guilt,
We know Thou canst do it, we know that Thou
wilt,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, we long for the glorious day
When all shall adore Thee, and all shall obey,
Oh hasten Thy kingdom, oh shew forth Thy
might,
And wave o'er the nations Thy sceptre of right.
Oh make up Thy jewels, the crown of Thy love,
And reign in our hearts as Thou reignest above,
For Thine is the Power !

THINE IS THE POWER.

Our Father, we pray that Thy will may be done,
For full acquiescence is heaven begun—
Both in us and by us Thy purpose be wrought,
In word and in action, in spirit and thought ;
And Thou canst enable us thus to fulfil,
With holy rejoicing, Thy glorious will,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thou carest ; Thou knowest indeed
Our inmost desires, our manifold need ;
The fount of Thy mercies shall never be dry,
For Thy riches in glory shall mete the supply ;
Our bread shall be given, our water be sure,
And nothing shall fail, for Thy word shall endure,
And Thine is the Power !

Our Father, forgive us, for we have transgressed,
Have wounded Thy love, and forsaken Thy
breast ;
In the peace of Thy pardon henceforth let us live,
That through Thy forgiveness we too may for-
give ;
The Son of Thy love, who hath taught us to pray
For Thy treasures of mercy hath opened the way
And Thine is the Power !

Thou knowest our dangers, Thou knowest our
frame,
But a tower of strength is Thy glorious Name ;
Oh, lead us not into temptation, we pray,

THINE IS THE POWER.

But keep us, and let us not stumble or stray ;
Thy children shall under Thy shadow abide ;
In Thee as our Guide and our Shield we confide,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, deliver Thy children from sin,
From evil without and from evil within,
From this world, with its manifold evil and
wrong,
From the wiles of the Evil One, subtle and
strong ;
Till, as Christ overcame, we, too, conquer and
sing,
All glory to Thee, our victorious King,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thy children rejoice in Thy reign,
Rejoice in Thy highness, and praise Thee again !
Yea, Thine is the kingdom and Thine is the
might,
And Thine is the glory transcendently bright ;
For ever and ever that glory shall shine,
For ever and ever that kingdom be Thine,
For Thine is the Power !

What Thou Wilt.

DO what Thou wilt ! yes, only do
What seemeth good to Thee :
Thou art so loving, wise, and true,
It must be best for me.

Send what Thou wilt ; or beating shower,
Soft dew, or brilliant sun ;
Alike in still and stormy hour,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Teach what Thou wilt ; and make me learn .
Each lesson full and sweet,
And deeper things of God discern
While sitting at Thy feet.

Say what Thou wilt ; and let each word
My quick obedience win ;
Let loyalty and love be stirred
To deeper glow within.

Give what Thou wilt ; for then I know
I shall be rich indeed :
My King rejoices to bestow
Supply for every need.

Take what Thou wilt, belovèd Lord,
For I have all in Thee !
My own exceeding great reward,
Thou, Thou Thyself shalt be !

“Tempted and Tried.”

“TEMPTED and tried!”

Oh! the terrible tide
May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and
wide!

Yet its fury is vain,
For the Lord shall restrain;
And for ever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

“Tempted and tried!”

There is One at thy side,
And never in vain shall His children confide!
He shall save and defend,
For He loves to the end,
Adorable Master and glorious Friend!

“Tempted and tried!”

Whate'er may betide,
In His secret pavilion His children shall hide!
'Neath the shadowing wing
Of Eternity's King
His children shall trust and His servants shall sing.

“Tempted and tried!”

Yet the Lord shall abide
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward!
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord!

"TEMPTED AND TRIED."

"Tempted and tried!"
The Saviour who died
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side.
His cross thou shalt bear
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And for ever and ever His glory shalt share.

Daily Strength.

"**A**S thy day thy strength shall be!"
This should be enough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long,
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

Cold and wintry though they prove,
Thine the sunshine of His love;
Or, with fervid heat oppressed,
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

The Coming of the Healer.

MAT. xiv. 34-36.—“They came into the land of Gennesaret, and WHEN the men of that place had knowledge of Him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.”

FROM the watch of lonely mountain prayer, in
gathering storm and blast;
From the path no mortal foot could tread, o'er
waters wild and vast,
HE came, the glorious Son of God, with healing,
love, and light,
To the land of far Gennesaret, that lay in shadowy
night.

O blessed morning, sunrise true, upon that
gloomy shore!
Where they who walked in darkness long, the
Light of Life adore.
O blessed coming to the land of Death's usurping
sway,
For where those shining footsteps fall, the shadows
flee away!

But *when* the Light had touched the hills by
slumbering Galilee,
The golden wave must roll afar towards the
western sea;

THE COMING OF THE HEALER.

And *when* the men had knowledge of the Holy
One of God,
Then they sent out through all the land, and
spread His fame, abroad.

And *then* they brought the suffering ones, the
lonely, or the dear,
And laid them at the Healer's feet, from far
away, or near :
Then bent before the Wondrous One, and ear-
nestly besought
That they might only touch the hem around His
garment wrought.

He heard the prayer, and gave the will and
strength to touch the hem ;
And gave the faith, and virtue flowed from Him,
and healed them :
For every one whose feeblest touch thus met the
Saviour's power,
Rose up in perfect health and strength in that
accepted hour.

O Tender One, O Mighty One, who never sent
away
The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art The Same
to-day !
The Same in Love, the Same in Power, and Thou
art waiting still,
To heal the multitudes that come, yea, "whoso-
ever will !"

THE COMING OF THE HEALER.

We know Thee, blessed Saviour who hast "filled
us with good things,"
Thou hast arisen on our land, with healing in
Thy wings,
Thou hast arisen on our hearts, with light and
life Divine,
Now bid us be Thy messengers, bid us "arise
and shine!"

Oh let Thy spirit fire our zeal, that we may now
"send out,"
And tell that Thou art come "in all the country
round about,"—
That Thou art waiting now to heal, that Thou
art strong to save,
That Thou hast spoilt the Spoiler, Death, and
triumphed o'er the grave.

Oh make us fervent in the quest, that we may
bring them in,
The weary and the wounded, and the sufferers
from sin,
The stricken and the dying, let us seek them out
for Thee,
And lay them at Thy glorious feet, that healèd
they may be.

O pour upon our waiting hearts the Spirit of
Thy grace,
That we may plead with Thee to shew the bright-
ness of Thy face,

THE COMING OF THE HEALER.

Beseeching Thee to grant the will and strength
and faith to such
As lie in helpless misery, Thy garment's hem to
touch.

And then, Lord Jesus, make them whole, that
they may rise and bring
New praise and glory unto Thee, our Healer and
our King:
Yea, let Thy saving health be known through all
the earth abroad,
So shall the people praise Thy name, our Saviour
and our God.

Mintage.

ONLY a leaf, yet it shall bear
A wealth of love, of mintage true!
Only a simple, earnest prayer,
That silently goes up for you;
Yet you and I may never know
What blessings from that prayer may flow.

The Lull of Eternity.

MANY a voice has echoed the cry for "a lull
in life,"

Fainting under the noontide, fainting under the
strife.

Is it the wisest longing? is it the truest gain?

Is not the Master withholding possible loss and
pain?

Perhaps if He sent the lull we might fail of our
heart's desire!

Swift and sharp the concussion striking out
living fire,

Mighty and long the friction resulting in living
glow,

Heat that is force of the spirit, energy fruitful
in flow.

What if the blast should falter, what if the fire
be stilled,

What if the molten metal cool ere the mould be
filled?

What if the hands hang down when a work is
almost done?

What if the sword be dropped when a battle is
almost won?

THE LULL OF ETERNITY.

Past many an unseen Maelstrom the strong wind
drives the skiff,
When a lull might drift it onward to fatal swirl
or cliff.
Faithful the guide that spurreth, sternly forbid-
ding repose,
When treacherous slumber lureth to pause amid
Alpine snows.

The lull of Time may be darkness, falling in
lonely night,
But the lull of Eternity neareth, rising in full
calm light ;
The earthly lull may be silence, desolate, deep,
and cold,
But the heavenly lull shall be music sweeter a
thousandfold.

Here, it is "calling apart," and the place may be
desert indeed,
Leaving and losing the blessings linked with our
busy need ;
There!—why should I say it? hath not the
heart leapt up,
Swift and glad, to the contrast, filling the full,
full cup?

Still, shall the key-word, ringing, echo the same
sweet "*Come!*"
"Come" with the blessed myriads safe in the
Father's home ;

THE LULL OF ETERNITY.

"Come"—for the work is over, "come"—for
the feast is spread,
"Come"—for the crown of glory waits for the
weary head.

When the rest of faith is ended, and the rest in
hope is past,
The rest of love remaineth, Sabbath of life at
last.
No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the day,
But golden stillness of glory, never to pass
away.

Time with its pressure of moments, mocking us
as they fell
With relentless beat of a footstep, hour by hour
the knell
Of a hope or an aspiration, then shall have
passed away,
Leaving a grand calm leisure, leisure of endless
day.

Leisure that cannot be dimmed by the touch of
time or place,
Finding its counterpart measure only in infinite
space;
Full, and yet ever filling, leisure without alloy,
Eternity's seal on the limitless charter of heav-
enly joy.

THE LULL OF ETERNITY.

Leisure to fathom the fathomless, leisure to seek
and to know
Marvels and secrets and glories eternity only can
show ;
Leisure of holiest gladness, leisure of holiest
love,
Leisure to drink from the Fountain of infinite
peace above.

Art thou patiently toiling, waiting the Master's
will,
For a rest that never seems nearer, a hush that
is far off still ?
Does it seem that the noisy city never will let
thee hear
The sound of His gentle footsteps drawing, it
may be, near ?

Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noon-
day glare and heat
Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions high
and sweet ?
What though "a lull in life " may never be made
for thee,
Soon shall a "better thing" be thine, the Lull
of Eternity.

Faith and Reason.

REASON unstrings the harp to see
Wherein the music dwells;
Faith pours a hallelujah song,
And heavenly rapture swells.
While Reason strives to count the drops
That lave our narrow strand,
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep
To seek a better land.

One is the foot that slowly treads
Where darkling mists enshroud;
The other is the wing that cleaves
Each heaven-obscuring cloud,
Reason, the eye which sees but that
On which its glance is cast;
Faith is the thought that blends in one
The Future and the Past.

In hours of darkness Reason waits,
Like those in days of yore,
Who rose not from their nightbound place
On dark Egyptian shore.
But Faith more firmly clasps the hand
That led her all the day,
And when the wished-for morning dawns,
Is farther on her way.

FAITH AND REASON.

By Reason's alchemy in vain
Is golden treasure planned ;
Faith meekly takes a priceless crown
Won by no mortal hand.
While Reason is the labouring oar,
That smites the wrathful seas,
Faith is the snowy sail spread out
To catch the freshening breeze.

Reason, the telescope that scans
A universe of light ;
But Faith, the angel who may dwell
Among those regions bright.
Reason, a lonely towering elm,
May fall before the blast ;
Faith, like the ivy on the rock,
Is safe in clinging fast.

While Reason, like a Levite, waits
Where priest and people meet,
Faith, by "a new and living way,"
Hath gained the mercy-seat.
While Reason but returns to tell
That this is not our rest,
Faith, like a weary dove, hath sought
A gracious Saviour's breast.

Yet *both* are surely precious gifts
From Him who leads us home ;
Though in the wilds Himself hath trod
A little while we roam.

FAITH AND REASON.

And, linked within the soul that knows
A living, loving Lord,
Faith strikes the keynote, Reason then
Fills up the full-toned chord.

Faith is the upward-pointing spire
O'er life's great temple springing,
From which the chimes of love float forth
Celestially ringing ;
While Reason stands below upon
The consecrated ground,
And, like a mighty buttress, clasps
The wide foundation round.

Faith is the bride that stands enrobed
In white and pure array ;
Reason, the handmaid who may share
The gladness of the day.
Faith leads the way, and Reason learns
To follow in her train,
Till, step by step, the goal is reached,
And death is glorious gain.

Adoration.

O MASTER, at Thy feet
I bow in rapture sweet !
Before me, as in darkening glass,
Some glorious outlines pass,
Of love, and truth, and holiness, and power ;
I own them Thine, O Christ, and bless Thee for
this hour.

ADORATION.

O full of truth and grace,
Smile of Jehovah's face,
O tenderest heart of love untold!
Who may Thy praise unfold?
Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and King of
kings,
Well may adoring seraphs hymn with veiling
wings.

I have no words to bring
Worthy of Thee, my King,
And yet one anthem in Thy praise
I long, I long to raise;
The heart is full, the eye entranced above,
But words all melt away in silent awe and love.

How can the lip be dumb,
The hand all still and numb,
When Thee the heart doth see and own
Her Lord and God alone?
Tune for Thyself the music of my days,
And open Thou my lips that I may show Thy
praise.

Yea, let my whole life be
One anthem unto Thee,
And let the praise of lip and life
Outring all sin and strife.
O Jesus, Master! be Thy name supreme
For heaven and earth, the one, the grand, the
eternal theme.

Whose I Am, and Whom I Serve.

ACTS xxvii. 23.

WHOSE I AM.

JESUS, Master! whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

Other lords have long held sway;
Now, Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee!
Nothing else my joy can be.

Jesus, Master! I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus! at Thy feet I fall;
Oh, be Thou my All in all.

WHOM I SERVE.

Jesus, Master! whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil.

WHOSE I AM, AND WHOM I SERVE.

Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

Lord! Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an* honour art to me,
Let me be a praise to Thee.

Jesus, Master! wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose,
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus! let me always be
In Thy service glad and free.

* See marginal reading of 1 Peter ii. 7.

A Fragment.

UPON the same bright morning star
Our gaze may meet, though severed far;
The Star of Bethlehem to-day
Shines brightly on our wintry way;
And, gazing on its radiance clear,
Our hearts may meet, and we are near!

Be not Weary.

YES! He knows the way is dreary,
Knows "the weakness of our frame,"
Knows that hand and heart are weary ;
He "in all points" felt the same.
He is near to help and bless ;
Be not weary,—onward press.

Look to Him, who once was willing
All His glory to resign,
That, for thee the law fulfilling,
All His merit might be thine.
Strive to follow, day by day,
Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him,—the Lord of Glory,
Tasting death to win thy life ;
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"
Canst thou falter in the strife ?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so ?

Look to Him,—who ever liveth,
Interceding for His own ;
Seek, yea claim, the grace He giveth
Freely from His priestly throne :
Will He not thy strength renew
With His Spirit's quickening dew ?

BE NOT WEARY.

Look to Him,—and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
Rise! He calleth thee: Return!
Be not weary on thy way;
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

A Happy New Year to You!

NEW mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way:
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight,
New praise in the morning, new songs in the night;
New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise;
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of praise;
New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from His face;
New streams from the Fountain of infinite grace;
New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love;
New gleams of the glory that waits thee above;
New light of His countenance, full and unpriced;
And this be the joy of thy new life in Christ!

Thanksgiving.

THANKS be to God! to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,
The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snow-drop and the summer rose,
The many-voicèd trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower;
And for the sable cloud that heals
Each fevered flower;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and Thy power.

Thanks for the sweetly-lingering might
In music's tone;
For paths of knowledge, whose calm light
Is all Thine own;
For thoughts that at the Infinite
Fold their bright wings alone.

Yet thanks that silence oft may flow
In dew-like store;
Thanks for the mysteries that show
How small our lore;
Thanks that we here so little know,
And trust Thee all the more.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanks for the gladness that entwines
Our path below ;
Each sunrise that incarnadines
The cold, still snow ;
Thanks for the light of love, that shines
With brightest earthly glow.

Thanks for the sickness and the grief
That none may flee ;
For loved ones standing now around
The crystal sea ;
And for the weariness of heart
That only rests in Thee.

Thanks for Thine own thrice-blessèd Word,
And Sabbath rest ;
Thanks for the hope of glory stored
In mansions blest ;
And for the Spirit's comfort poured
Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more than thanks, to Him ascend,
Who died to win
Our life, and every trophy rend
From Death and Sin ;
Till, when the thanks of earth shall end,
The thanks of heaven begin.

The Great Teacher.

I LOVE to feel that I am taught ;
And, as a little child,
To note the lessons I have learnt
In passing through the wild :
For I am sure God teaches me,
And His own gracious hand
Each varying page before me spreads,
By love and wisdom planned.

I often think I cannot spell
The lesson I must learn ;
And then, in weariness and doubt,
I pray the page may turn.
But time goes on, and soon I find
I was learning all the while,
And words which seemed most dimly traced
Shine out with rainbow smile.

Or sometimes strangely I forget,
And, learning o'er and o'er,
A lesson with my tear-drops wet,
Which I had learnt before.
He chides me not, but waits a while,
Then wipes my heavy eyes :
Oh ! what a Teacher is our God,
So patient and so wise.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

Dark silent hours of study fall,
And I can scarcely see ;
Then one beside me whispers low
What is so hard to me.
'Tis easier then ! I am so glad
I am not taught alone ;
It is such help to overhear
A lesson like my own.

Sometimes the Master gives to me
A strange new alphabet ;
I wonder what its use will be,
Or why it need be set.
And then I find this tongue alone
Some stranger ear can reach,
On whom He may commission me
For Him to train or teach.

If others sadly bring to me
A lesson hard and new,
I often find that helping them
Has made me learn it too.
Or had I learnt it long before,
My toil is overpaid,
If so one tearful eye may see
One lesson plainer made.

We do not see our Teacher's face,
We do not hear His voice,
And yet we know that He is near,
We feel it and rejoice.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

There is a music round our hearts,
Set in no mortal key,
There is a Presence with our souls,
We know that it is He.

His loving teaching cannot fail,
But we shall know at last
Each task that seemed so hard and strange,
When learning-time is past.
Oh may we learn to love Him more
By every opening page,
By every lesson He shall mark
With daily ripening age.

And then to know as we are known
Shall be our glorious prize,
To see the Teacher who hath been
So patient and so wise.
O joy untold! Yet not alone
Shall ours the gladness be;
The travail of His soul in us
Our Saviour-God shall see.

Ascension Song.

"He ascended up ~~up~~ high."—Eph. iv. 9.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,

ASCENSION SONG.

Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die :
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace :
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you ;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

A Great Mystery.

THERE is a hush in earth and sky
The ear is free to list aright
In darkness, veiling from the eye
The many-coloured spells of light.

Not heralded by fire and storm,
In shadowy outline dimly seen,
Comes through the gloom a glorious Form,
The once-despisèd Nazarene.

Through waiting silence, voiceless shade,
A still small Voice so clearly floats,
A listening lifetime were o'erpaid
By one sweet echo of such notes.

“Fear not, belovèd, thou art Mine,
For I have given My life for thee;
By name I call thee, rise and shine,
Be praise and glory unto Me.

“In Me all spotless and complete,
And in My comeliness most fair
Art thou; to Me thy voice is sweet,
Prevailing in thy feeblest prayer.

“Thy life is hid in God with Me,
I stoop to dwell within thy breast;
My joy for ever thou shalt be,
And in My love for thee I rest.

A GREAT MYSTERY.

“O Prince’s daughter, whom I see
In bridal garments pure as light,
Betrothed for ever unto Me,
On thee My own New Name I write.”

Lo, 'neath the stars' uncertain ray,
In flowing mantle glistening fair,
One, lowly bending, turns away
From that sweet Voice in cold despair.

Is it Humility, who sees
Herself unworthy of such grace,
Who dares not hope her Lord to please—
Who dares not look upon His face?

Nay! where that mantle fleeting gleams,
'Tis Unbelief who turns aside;
Who rather rests in self-spun dreams
Than trust the love of him who died.

Faith casts away the fair disguise;
She will not doubt her Master’s voice,
And droop when He hath bid her rise,
Or mourn when He hath said, “Rejoice!”

Her stained and soiled robe she leaves,
And Christ’s own shining raiment takes;
What His love gives, her love receives,
And meek and trustful answer makes:

A GREAT MYSTERY.

- 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord!
Thou callest, and I come to Thee;
According to Thy faithful word,
O Master, be it unto me.
- 'Thy love I cannot comprehend,
I only know Thy word is true,
And that Thou lovest to the end
Each whom to Thee the Father drew.
- "Oh, take the heart I could not give
Without Thy strength-bestowing call;
In Thee and for Thee let me live,
For I am nothing—Thou art all."

Faithful Promises.

ISAIAH xli. 10.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

STANDING at the portal of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us, hushing every
fear;
Spoken through the silence by our Father's
voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful, making us rejoice.
Onward then, and fear not, children of the day!
For His word shall never, never pass away.

FAITHFUL PROMISES.

I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not afraid !
I will help and strengthen, be thou not dis-
mayed !

Yea, I will uphold thee with My own right hand ;
Thou art called and chosen in My sight to stand.

Onward then, and fear not, children of the day !
For His word shall never, never pass away.

For the year before us, oh, what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and sinful shall His grace abound ;
For the faint and feeble perfect strength be
found.

Onward then, and fear not, children of the day
For His word shall never, never pass away !

He will never fail us, He will not forsake ;
His eternal covenant He will never break !
Resting on His promise, what have we to fear ?
God is all-sufficient for the coming year.

Onward then, and fear not, children of the day
For His word shall never, never pass away !

Peace, Peace!

TO HIM THAT IS FAR OFF.

PEACE, peace!

To him that is far away!

Turn, O wanderer! Why wilt thou die
When the peace is made that shall bring thee
nigh?

Listen, oh rebel! the heralds proclaim
The King's own peace through a Saviour's name:
Then yield thee to-day.

Peace, peace!

The word of the Lord to thee.

Peace, for thy passion and restless pride,
For thy endless cravings all unsupplied;
Peace for thy weary and sin-worn breast,—
He knows the need who has promised rest,
And the gift is free.

Peace, peace!

Through Him who for all hath died!
Wider the terms than thy deepest guilt,
Or in vain were the blood of our Surety spilt:
Even *because* thou art far away,
For thee is the message of peace to-day,
Peace through the Crucified.

PEACE, PEACE!

AND TO HIM THAT IS NEAR.

Peace, peace!

Yea, peace to him that is near.
The crown is set on the Victor's brow,
For thy warfare is accomplished now;
And for thee eternal peace is made
By the Lord on whom thy sins were laid.
Then why should'st thou fear?

Peace, peace!

Wrought by the Spirit of might.
In thy deepest sorrow and sorest strife,
In the chances and changes of mortal life,
It is thine, beloved! Christ's own bequest,
Which vainly the Tempter shall strive to wrest
It is now thy right.

Peace, peace!

Look for its bright increase;
Deepening, widening, year by year,
Like a sunlit river, strong, calm and clear,
Lean on His love through this earthly vale,
For His word and His work can never fail,
And He is our Peace.

Not your own.

“**N**OT your own!” but His ye are,
Who hath paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth’s store of gems and gold.
With the precious blood of Christ,
Ransom-treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Free salvation is assured.

“Not your own!” but His by right,
His peculiar treasure now,
Fair and precious in His sight,
Purchased jewels for His brow.
He will keep what thus He sought,
Safely guard the dearly bought,
Cherish that which He did choose,
Always love and never lose.

“Not your own!” but His, the King;
His, the Lord of earth and sky;
His, to whom archangels bring
Homage deep and praises high.
What can royal birth bestow,
Or the proudest titles show?
Can such dignity be known
As the glorious name, “His Own”?

NOT YOUR OWN.

“Not your own!” To Him ye owe
All your life and all your love.
Live that ye His praise may show,
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only, Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high,
Thee to serve and glorify;
Ours no longer, but Thine own,
Thine for ever, Thine alone.

The Waiting Welcome.

THOUGH the circling flight of time may find us
Far apart, or severed more and more;
Yet the farewell always lies behind us
And the welcome always lies before.
Meanwhile God is leading, surely, slowly,
Through the shadows with a hand of love,
To the house where, 'mid the myriads holy,
Only welcomes wait us both above.

Disappointment.

OUR yet unfinished story
Is tending all to this:—
To God the greatest glory,
To us the greatest bliss.

If all things work together
For ends so grand and blest,
What need to wonder whether
Each in itself is best!

If some things were omitted,
Or altered as we would,
The whole might be unfitted
To work for perfect good.

Our plans may be disjointed,
But we may calmly rest;
What God has once appointed
Is better than our best.

We cannot see before us,
But our all-seeing Friend
Is always watching o'er us,
And knows the very end.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

What though we seem to stumble,
He will not let us fall ;
And learning to be humble
Is not lost time at all.

What though we fondly reckoned—
A smoother way to go
Than where His hand has beckoned,
It will be better so.

What only seemed a barrier,
A stepping stone shall be ;
Our God is no long tarryer,
A present help is He.

And when, amid our blindness,
His disappointments fall,
We trust His loving-kindness,
Whose wisdom sends them all.

They are the purple fringes
That hide His glorious feet ;
They are the fire-wrought hinges,
Where truth and mercy meet.

By them the golden portal
Of Providence shall ope,
And lift to praise immortal
The songs of faith and hope.

From broken alabaster
Was deathless fragrance shed ;

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The spikenard flowed the faster
Upon the Saviour's head.

No shattered box of ointment
We ever need regret,
For out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odours yet.

The discord that involveth
Some startling change of key,
The Master's hand resolveth
In richest harmony.

We hush our children's laughter,
When sunset hues grow pale ;
Then, in the silence after,
They hear the nightingale.

We mourned the lamp declining,
That glimmered at our side ;
The glorious starlight shining
Has proved a surer guide.

Then tremble not and shrink not
When Disappointment nears ;
Be trustful still, and think not
To realize all fears.

While we are meekly kneeling,
We shall behold her rise,
Our Father's love revealing,
An angel in disguise.

Another Year.

ANOTHER year is dawning !
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise ;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning !
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee !

Faith's Question.

TO whom, O Saviour, shall we go,
For life and joy and light?
No help, no comfort here below,
No lasting gladness we may know,
No hope may bless our sight.
Our souls are weary and athirst,
But Earth is iron-bound and cursed,
And nothing she may yield can stay
The restless yearnings day by day.
Yet without Thee, Redeemer blest,
We *would* not, if we *could*, find rest.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?
We gaze around in vain;
Though Pleasure's fairy lute be strung,
And Mirth's enchaining lay be sung,
We dare not trust the strain.
The touch of sorrow or of sin
Hath saddened all, without, within;
What here we fondly love and prize,
However beautiful be its guise,
Has passed, is passing, or may pass,
Like frost-fringe on the autumn grass.

FAITH'S QUESTION.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?

Our spirits dimly wait
In the dungeon of this mortal frame,
And only one of direful name
Can force its sin-barred gate.
Our loved ones can but greet us through
The prison grate from which we view
All outward things. They enter not :—
Thou, Thou alone, canst cheer our lot.
O Christ, we long for Thee to dwell
Within our solitary cell.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?

Unless Thy voice we hear,
All tuneless falls the sweetest song,
And lonely seems the busiest throng
Unless we feel Thee near.
We dare not think what Earth would be,
Thou Heaven-Creator, but for Thee :—
A howling chaos, wild and dark,
One flood of horror, while no ark
Upborne above the gloom-piled wave,
From one great death-abyss might save.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?

The Tempter's power is great ;
Fast in our hearts is evil bound,
And lurking stealthily around,
Still for our souls doth wait.

FAITH'S QUESTION.

Thou Tempted One, whose suffering heart
In all our sorrows bore a part,
Whose life-blood only could atone,
Too weak are we to stand alone ;
And nothing but Thy shield of light
Can guard us in the dreaded fight.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
The night of death draws near ;
Its shadow must be passed alone,
No friend can with our souls go down
The untried way to cheer.
Thou hast the words of endless life,
Thou givest victory in the strife,
Thou only art the changeless Friend
On whom for aye we may depend.
In life, in death, alike we flee,
O Saviour of the world, to Thee !

FATHER, where the shadows fall
Deeper yet, deepest of all,
Send Thy peace, and show Thy power
In affliction's direst hour ;
To each mourning heart draw near,
Soothe and bless, sustain and cheer.
Thou *wilt* hear, I know not *how* !
Thou canst help, "and only Thou."
This my prayer I leave with Thee.
Father! hear and answer me
For the sake of Him who knows
All our love and all our woes.

All your need.

PHIL. iv. 19.—“My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus.”

WHO shall tell our untold need,
Deeply felt, though scarcely known?
Who the hungering soul shall feed,
Guide, and guard, but God alone?
Blessed promise! while we see
Earthly friends must powerless be,
Earthly fountains quickly dry,
“GOD” shall all your need supply.

He hath said it! and we know
Nothing less can we receive;
Oh! that thankful love may glow,
While we restfully believe;
Ask not how,—but trust Him still,
Ask not when,—but wait His will,
Simply on His word rely,
God “SHALL” all your need supply.

Through the whole of life's long way,
Outward, inward need we trace,
Need arising day by day,
Patience, wisdom, strength and grace.

ALL YOUR NEED.

Needing Jesus most of all,
Full of need, on Him we call;
Then how gracious His reply:
God shall "ALL" your need supply.

Great our need, but greater far
Is our Father's loving power;
He upholds each mighty star,
He unfolds each tiny flower.
He, (who numbers every hair,)
Earnest of His faithful care,
Gave His Son for us to die;
God shall all "YOUR" need supply.

Yet we often vainly plead
For a seeming good denied;
What we deem a pressing need
Still remaining unsupplied.
Yet from evil all concealed,
Thus our wisest Friend doth shield;
No *good* thing will He deny;
God shall all your "NEED" supply.

Can we count redemption's treasure,
Scan the glory of God's love?
Such shall be the boundless measure
Of His blessings from above.
All we ask or think and more
He will give in bounteous store,

ALL YOUR NEED.

He can fill and satisfy,
God shall all your need "SUPPLY."*

One the channel, deep and broad,
From the fountain of the Throne,
Christ the Saviour, Son of God,
Blessings flow through Him alone.
He, the Faithful and the True,
Brings us mercies ever new :
Till we reach His home on high
"GOD SHALL ALL YOUR NEED SUPPLY."

* The Greek word is much stronger than the English—
—"will supply to the full," "will fill up," "satisfy."

O LORD, our Lord ! how excellent Thy name
Throughout this universal frame !
Therefore Thy children rest
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
A shelter safe and blest ;
And tune their often tremulous strings
Thy love to praise, Thy glory to proclaim,
The Merciful, the Gracious One, eternally The
Same.

Thy will be Done.

"Understanding *what* the will of the Lord is."

WITH quivering heart and trembling will
The word hath passed thy lips,
Within the shadow, cold and still,
Of some fair joy's eclipse.
"Thy will be done!" Thy God hath heard,
And He will crown that faith-framed word.

Thy prayer shall be fulfilled,—but how?
His thoughts are not as thine;
While thou wouldst only weep and bow,
He saith, "Arise and shine!"
Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
But His of boundless joy and light.

Thy Father reigns supreme above;
The glory of His name
Is Grace and Wisdom, Truth and Love,
His will must be the same.
And thou hast asked all joys in one,
In whispering forth, "Thy will be done."

His will—each soul to sanctify
Redeeming might hath won;*
His will—that thou shouldst never die,
Believing on His Son;†
His will—that thou through earthly strife
Shouldst rise to everlasting life, ‡

* 1 TH. iv. 3.

† JOHN vi. 40.

‡ JOHN vi. 39.

THY WILL BE DONE.

That one unchanging song of praise
Should from our hearts arise ; *
That we should know His wondrous ways,
Though hidden from the wise ; †
That we, so sinful and so base,
Should show the glory of His grace. ‡

His will—to grant the yearning prayer
For dear ones far away, §
That they His peace and love may share,
And tread His pleasant way.
That in the Father and the Son,
All perfect we may be in one. ¶

His will—the little flock to bring
Into His royal fold, ¶
To reign for ever with their King,
His beauty to behold ;
Sin's fell dominion crushed for aye,
Sorrow and sighing fled away.

This thou hast asked ! And shall the prayer
Float upward on a sigh ?
No song were sweet enough to bear
Such glad desires on high.
But God thy Father shall fulfil,
In thee and for thee, all His will.

* 1 TH. v. 18.
§ 1 JOHN v. 14-16.

† MAT. xi. 25, 26.
¶ JOHN xvii. 23.

‡ EPH. i. 5, 6, 11, 12.
¶ LUKE xii. 32.

The Things which are Behind.

LEAVE behind earth's empty pleasure,
Fleeting hope and changeful love,
Leave its soon corroding treasure ;
There are better things above.

Leave, O leave thy fond aspirings,
Bid thy restless heart be still ;
Cease, O cease thy vain desirings,
Only seek thy Father's will.

Leave behind thy faithless sorrow,
And thine every anxious care ;
He who only knows the morrow
Can for thee its burden bear.

Leave behind the doubting spirit,
And thy heavy load of sin ;
By thy mighty Saviour's merit
Life eternal thou shalt win.

Leave the darkness gathering o'er thee,
Leave the shadow-land behind ;
Realms of glory lie before thee,
Enter in, and welcome find.

“Master, say on!”

MASTER, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Longing for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

Master, speak in love and power;
Crown the mercies of the day,
In this quiet evening hour
Of the moonrise o'er the bay,
With the music of the voice;
Speak, and bid Thy child rejoice.

Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine.
Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

Master, speak! I do not doubt Thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed.
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love, and clearer sight.

Resting on the “faithful saying,”
Trusting what Thy gospel saith,
On Thy written promise staying
All my hope in life and death;—

"MASTER, SAY ON."

**Yet I ask for something more
From Thy love's exhaustless store.**

**Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me ;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock
In the shadow of the Rock.**

**Master, speak ! I kneel before Thee,
Listening, longing, waiting still ;
Oh, how long shall I implore Thee
This petition to fulfil !
Hast Thou not one word for me ?
Must my prayer unanswered be ?**

**Master, speak ! Though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart ;
Master, speak ! for oh, Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart ;
Knowest all its truest need ;
Speak ! and make me blest indeed.**

**Master, speak ! and make me ready
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;
Master, speak ! oh speak to me !**

**I did this for thee :
What hast thou done for Me ?**

I GAVE My life for thee,
GAL. ii. 20
My precious blood I shed
1 PET. i. 19
That thou might'st ransomed be,
EPH. i. 7
And quickened from the dead.
EPH. ii. 1
I gave My life for thee:
TIT. ii. 14
What hast thou given for Me ?

I spent long years for thee
1 TIM. i. 15
In weariness and woe,
ISA. liii. 3
That an eternity
JOHN xvii. 24
Of joy thou mightest know.
JOHN xvi. 22
I spent long years for thee :
JOHN i. 10, 11
Hast thou spent *one* for Me ?

My Father's home of light,
JOHN xvii. 5
My rainbow-circled throne,
REV. iv. 3
I left for earthly night,
PHIL. ii. 7
For wanderings sad and lone ;
MATT. viii. 20
I left it all for thee :
2 COR. viii. 9
Hast thou left aught for Me ?

I DID THIS FOR THEE.

I suffered much for thee,
ISA. liii. 3
More than thy tongue may tell
MAT. xxvi. 39
Of bitterest agony
LUKE xxii. 44
To rescue thee from hell.
ROM. v. 9
I suffered much for thee :
1 PET. ii. 21-24
What canst thou bear for Me ?

And I have brought to thee,
JOHN iv. 10-14
Down from My home above,
JOHN iii. 13
Salvation full and free,
REV. xxi. 6.
My pardon and My love.
ACTS v. 31
Great gifts I brought to thee :
PSA. lxxviii. 18
What hast thou brought to Me ?

Oh let thy life be given,
ROM. vi. 13
Thy years for Him be spent ;
2 COR. v. 15
World-fetters all be riven,
PHIL. iii. 8
And joy with suffering blent.
1 PET. iv. 13-16
I gave Myself for thee :
EPH. v. 2
Give thou *thyself* to Me.
PRO. xxiii. 26.

Early faith.

WHOM hear we tell of all the joy which loving faith can bring,
The ever-widening glories reached on her strong seraph wing?
Is it not oftenest they who long have wrestled with temptation,
Or passed through fiery baptisms of mighty tribulation?

Perhaps in life's great tapestry the darkest scenes are where
The golden threads of faith glance forth most radiant and fair;
And, gazing on the coming years, which unknown griefs may bring,
We hail the lamp which o'er them all shall heavenly lustre fling.

Thank God! there is at eventide a gleam of ruby light,
A star of love amid the gloom of sorrow's lingering night,
An ivy wreath upon the tomb, a haven in the blast,
A staff for weary trembling ones, when youth and health are past.

But shall we seek the diamonds in the lone and dusty mine,
When 'mid the sunny sands of *youth* they wait to flash and shine?

EARLY FAITH.

Neglect the fountain of true joy till woe-streams
darkly flow,
Nor seek a Father's smile until the world's cold
frown we know?

Nay! be our faith the rosy crown on morn's un-
wrinkled brow,
The sparkling dewdrop on the grass, the blossom
on the bough;
The gleam of pearly light within the snowy-
bosomed shell;
An added power of loveliness in beauty's every
spell.

Oh! let it be the sunlight of the pleasant sum-
mer hours,
That calls to pure and radiant birth unnumbered
fragrant flowers;
That bathes in golden joyance every anthem-
murmuring tree,
And spreads a robe of glory o'er the silver-
crested sea.

Oh! let it be the key-note of the symphony of
gladness,
Which wots not of the broken lyre, the requiem
of sadness;
For they who melodies of heaven in hours of
brightness know,
Will modulate sweet harmony from earth's dis-
cordant woe!

The Right Way.

LORD, is it still the right way, though I cannot see Thy face,
Though I do not feel Thy presence, and Thine all-sustaining grace?
Can even this be leading through the bleak and sunless wild
To the city of Thy holy rest, the mansions undefiled?

Lord, is it still the right way? A while ago I passed,
Where every step seemed thornier and harder than the last,
Where bitterest disappointment and inly aching sorrow
Carved day by day a weary cross, renewed with every morrow.

The heaviest end of that strange cross I knew was laid on Thee,
So I could still press on secure of Thy deep sympathy;
Our upward path may well be steep, or how were patience tried!
I knew it was the right way, for it led me to Thy side.

THE RIGHT WAY.

But now I wait alone amid dim shadows dank
and chill;
All moves and changes round me, but I seem
standing still;
Or every feeble footstep I urge towards the light
Seems but to lead me farther into the silent
night.

I cannot hear Thy voice, Lord! dost Thou still
hear my cry?
I cling to Thine assurance that Thou art ever
nigh;
I know that Thou art faithful; I trust, but can-
not see
That it is still the right way by which Thou lead-
est me.

I think I could go forward with brave and joyful
heart,
Though every step should pierce me with un-
known fiery smart,
If only I might see Thee, if I might gaze above
On all the cloudless glory of the sunshine of
Thy love.

Is it really leading onwards? When the shadows
flee away,
Shall I find this path hath brought me more
near to perfect day?

THE RIGHT WAY.

Or am I left to wander thus, that I may stretch
my hand
To some still wearier traveller in this same
shadow land?

Is this Thy chosen training for some future task
unknown?

Is it that I may learn to rest upon Thy word
alone?

Whate'er it be, oh! leave me not, fulfil Thou
every hour

The purpose of Thy goodness, and the work of
faith with power.

I lay my prayer before Thee! and, trusting in
Thy word,

Though all is silence in my heart, I know that
Thou hast heard.

To that blest City lead me, Lord, (still choosing
all my way,)

Where faith melts into vision as the starlight
into day.

Rest.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth
till it findeth rest in Thee."—*St. Augustine.*

MADE for Thyself, O God!
Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight;

REST.

Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and
might ;
Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels
laud ;
O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to Thee !

Yet the heart turns away
From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams ;
Chasing illusions melting day by day ;
Till for ourselves we read on this world's best—
" This is not rest."

Nor can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
One who can guide our aching, wayward feet
To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace.
In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled,
Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet !
(Would it were shared by all the weary world !)
'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled ;
We bend to kiss the Master's piercèd feet ;
Then lean our love upon His boundless breast,
And know God's rest.

Peace.

IS this the peace of God, this strange, sweet
calm?

The weary day is at its zenith still,
Yet 'tis as if beside some cool clear rill
Through shadowy stillness rose an evening
psalm,
And all the noise of life were hushed away,
And tranquil gladness reigned with gently soothing
sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside
With aching head, and heart most sorely
bowed;
Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd;
While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,
Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,
And fear and gloom and doubt in mighty flood
rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no power to meet,
Nor strength to flee: my present, future, past,
My self, my sorrow, and my sin, I cast
In utter helplessness at Jesus' feet;
Then bent before the storm, if such His will.
He saw the winds and waves, and whispered
"Peace, be still!"

PEACE.

And there was calm ! O Saviour, I have proved
That Thou to help and save art *really* near ;
How else this quiet rest from grief, and fear,
And all distress ? The cross is not removed,
I must go forth to bear it as before,
But leaning on Thine arm, I dread its weight no
more.

Is it indeed Thy peace ? I have not tried
To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just,
And *therefore* claim Thy peace. But Thou hast
died :
I know that this is true, and true for me,
And, knowing it, I come and cast my all on
Thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but Thou
Wilt be my strength,—it is not that I see
Less sin, but more of pardoning love in Thee,
And all-sufficient grace. Enough ! And now
All fluttering thought is stilled ; I only rest,
And feel that Thou art near, and know that I am
blessed.

Everlasting Love.

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, *therefore* with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him."

"GOD'S everlasting love! What wouldst thou more?"

O true and tender friend, well hast thou spoken!

My heart was restless, weary, sad, and sore,

And longed and listened for some heaven-sent token;

And, like a child that knows not why it cried,

'Mid God's full promises it moaned "Unsatisfied!"

Yet there it stands. O love surpassing thought,

So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious;

Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,

Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious:

And this great love for us, in boundless store:

God's everlasting love! What would we more!

Yes, one thing more.—To know it ours indeed,

To add the conscious joy of full possession.

O tender grace, that stoops to every need!

This everlasting love hath found expression

In lovingkindness, which hath gently drawn

The heart that else astray too willingly had gone.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

From no less fountain such a stream could flow,
No other root could yield so fair a flower;
Had He not loved, He had not drawn us so;
Had He not drawn, we had nor will nor power
To rise, to come;—the Saviour had passed by,
Where we in blindness sat without one care or
cry.

We thirst for *God*, our treasure is above,
Earth has no gift our one desire to meet;
And this desire is pledge of His own love.
Sweet question, with no answer!—oh, *how*
sweet!
My heart in chiming gladness, o'er and o'er,
Sings on,—“God’s everlasting love! What
would’st thou more!”

Christ’s Recall.

RETURN!
O wanderer from my side!
Soon droops each blossom of the darkening wild
Soon melts each meteor which thy steps be-
guiled,
Soon is the cistern dry which thou hast hewn,
And thou wilt weep in bitterness full soon.
Return! ere gathering night shall shroud the
way
Thy footsteps yet may tread, in this the accepted
day.

CHRIST'S RECALL.

Return!

O erring, yet beloved!

I wait to bind thy bleeding feet, for keen
And rankling are the thorns where thou hast
been;

I wait to give thee pardon, love and rest.

(Is not my joy to see thee safe and blest?)

Return! I wait to hear once more thy voice,
To welcome thee anew, and bid thy heart rejoice!

Return!

O fallen; yet not lost!

Canst thou forget the life for thee laid down,
The taunts, the scourging, and the thorny crown?
When o'er thee first my spotless robe I spread,
And poured the oil of joy upon thy head,
How did thy wakening heart within thee burn!
Canst thou remember all, and wilt thou not
return?

Return!

O chosen of my love!

Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view;
Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew
That very treacherously thou would'st deal;
Now I have seen thy ways,—yet I will heal.
Return! Wilt thou yet linger far from me?
My wrath is turned away, I have redeemed Thee!

Thy Father Waits for Thee.

WANDERER from thy Father's home,
So full of sin, so far away,

Wilt thou any longer roam ?

Oh, wilt thou not return to-day ?

Wilt thou ? Oh, He knows it all,

Thy Father sees, He meets thee here !

Wilt thou ? Hear His tender call,

“Return, return !” while He is near.

He is here ! His loving voice

Hath reached thee, though so far away !

He is waiting to rejoice,

O wandering one, o'er thee to-day.

Waiting, waiting to bestow

His perfect pardon, full and free ;

Waiting, waiting till thou know

His wealth of love for thee, for thee !

Rise and go ! Thy Father waits

To welcome and receive and bless ;

Thou shalt tread His palace gates

In royal robe of righteousness.

Thine shall be His heart of love,

And thine His smile, and thine His home

Thine His joy, all joys above—

O wandering child, no longer roam !

A Lull in Life.

MARK vi. 31.—“And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile : for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.”

OH for “a desert place” with only the Master’s smile!

Oh for the “coming apart” with only His “rest awhile!”

Many are “coming and going” with busy and restless feet,

And the soul is hungering now, with “no leisure so much as to eat.”

Dear is my wealth of love from many and valued friends,

Best of the earthly gifts that a bounteous Father sends ;

Pleasant the counsel sweet, and the interchange of thought,

Welcome the twilight hour with musical brightness fraught.

Dear is the work He gives in many a varied way,
Little enough in itself, yet something for every day,

Something by pen for the distant, by hand or voice for the near,

Whether to soothe or teach, whether to aid or cheer.

A LULL IN LIFE.

Not that I lightly prize the treasure of valued
friends,
Not that I turn aside from the work the Master
sends,
Yet I have longed for a pause in the rush and
whirl of time,
Longed for silence to fall instead of its merriest
chime.

Longed for a hush to group the harmonies of
thought
Round each melodious strain that the harp of
life hath caught,
And time for the fitful breeze Æolian chords to
bring,
Waking the music that slept, mute in the ten-
sionless string :

Longed for a calm to let the circles die away
That tremble over the heart, breaking the heav-
enly ray,
And to leave its wavering mirror true to the Star
above,
Brightened and stilled to its depths with the
quiet of "perfect love" :

Longed for a Sabbath of life, a time of renewing
of youth,
For a full-orbed leisure to shine on the fountains
of holy truth ;

A LULL IN LIFE.

And to fill my chalice anew with its waters fresh
and sweet,
While resting in silent love at the Master's glorious feet.

There are songs which only flow in the loneliest
shades of night,
There are flowers which cannot grow in a blaze
of tropical light,
There are crystals which cannot form till the
vessel be cooled and stilled ;
Crystal, and flower, and song, given as God hath
willed.

There is work which cannot be done in the
swell of a hurrying tide,
But my hand is not on the helm to turn my bark
aside ;
Yet I cast a longing eye on the hidden and wave-
less pool,
Under the shadowing rock, currentless, clear,
and cool.

Well : I will wait in the crowd till He shall call
me apart,
Till the silence fall which shall waken the music
of mind and heart ;
Patiently wait till He give the work of my secret
choice,
Blending the song of life with the thrill of the
Master's voice.

“ Wait patiently for Him.”

GOD doth not bid thee wait
To disappoint at last ;
A golden promise, fair and great,
In precept-mould is cast.
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon rim ;
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled ;
“ WAIT patiently for Him.”

The weary waiting times
Are but the muffled peals,
Low preluding celestial chimes
That hail His chariot-wheels.
Trust Him to tune thy voice
To blend with seraphim ;
His “ *Wait* ” shall issue in “ *Rejoice!* ”
“ Wait PATIENTLY for Him.”

He doth not bid thee wait,
Like driftwood on the wave,
For fickle chance or fixed fate
To ruin or to save.
Thine eyes shall surely see,
No distant hope or dim,
The Lord thy God arise for thee :
“ Wait patiently FOR HIM.”

Thine eyes shall see.

ISA. xxxiii. 17.

THINE eyes shall see! yes thine, who blind
erewhile,
Now trembling towards the new-found light dost
flee;
Leave doubting, and look up with trustful smile:
Thine eyes shall see.

Thine *eyes* shall see! Not in some dream Elysian,
Not in thy fancy, glowing though it be,
Not e'en in faith, but in unveiled vision,
Thine eyes shall see.

Thine eyes *shall* see! Not on thyself depend,
God's promises, the faithful, firm, and free.
Ere they shall fail, earth, heaven itself, shall end:
Thine eyes shall see.

Thine eyes shall *see!* Not in a swift glance cast,
Gleaning one ray to brighten memory,
But while a glad eternity shall last
Thine eyes shall see.

Thine eyes shall see *the* King! The very same
Whose love shone forth upon the curseful tree,
Who bore thy guilt, who calleth thee by name,
Thine eyes shall see.

THINE EYES SHALL SEE.

Thine eyes shall see the *King!* The Mighty
One,
The Many-crowned, the Light-enrobed; and He
Shall bid thee share the kingdom He hath won:
Thine eyes shall see.

And *in His beauty!* Stay thee, mortal song!
The Altogether Lovely One must be
Unspeakable in glory;—yet ere long
Thine eyes shall see.

Yes! though the land be very far away,
A step, a moment, ends the way for thee;
Then changing grief for gladness, night for day,
Thine eyes shall see.

WE are but little children,
And earth a broken toy;
We do not know the treasures
In our Father's house of joy.
Thanksgivings for creation
We ignorantly raise;
We know not yet the thousandth part
Of that for which we praise.

Accepted, Perfect, and Complete.

EPH. i. 6.—“Accepted in the Beloved.” COL. i. 28.—“Perfect in Christ Jesus.” COL. ii. 10.—“Complete in Him.”

ACCEPTED, Perfect, and Complete,
For God's inheritance made meet!
How true, how glorious, and how sweet!

In the Belovèd—by the King
Accepted, though not anything
But forfeit lives had we to bring.

And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,
On Him our great transgressions laid,
We in His righteousness arrayed.

Complete in Him, our glorious Head,
With Jesus raisèd from the dead,
And by His mighty Spirit led!

O blessèd Lord, is this for me?
Then let my whole life henceforth be
One Alleluia-song to Thee!

A New Year's Hymn.

Exodus iii. 12.—“Certainly I will be with thee.”

“CERTAINLY I will be with thee!” Father,
I have found it true :

To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set my
seal anew.

All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou my
help indeed hast been,

Marvellous the loving-kindness every day and
hour hath seen.

“Certainly I will be with thee!” Let me feel it,
Saviour dear,

Let me know that Thou art with me, very pre-
cious, very near.

On this day of solemn pausing, with Thyself all
longing still,

Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy peace
my spirit fill.

“Certainly I will be with thee!” Blessèd Spirit,
come to me,

Rest upon me, dwell within me, let my heart
Thy temple be ;

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Through the trackless year before me, Holy One,
with me abide!
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, be my
ever-present Guide.

“Certainly I will be with thee!” Starry promise
in the night!
All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before
its light.
“Certainly I will be with thee!” He hath
spoken: I have heard!
True of old, and true this moment, I will trust
Jehovah’s word.

Chosen in Christ.

EPH. i. 4,—“He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation
of the world.”

O THOU chosen Church of Jesus, glorious,
blessed, and secure,
Founded on the One Foundation, which for ever
shall endure;
Not thy holiness or beauty can thy strength and
safety be,
But the everlasting love wherewith Jehovah
loved thee.

Chosen—by His own good pleasure, by the coun-
sel of His will,
Mystery of power and wisdom working for His
people still;

CHOSEN IN CHRIST.

**Chosen—in thy mighty Saviour, ere one ray of
quickenng light
Beamed upon the chaos, waiting for the Word
of sovereign might.**

**Chosen—through the Holy Spirit, through the
sanctifying grace •
Poured upon His precious vessels, meetened for
the heavenly place ;
Chosen—to show forth His praises, to be holy in
His sight ;
Chosen—unto grace and glory, chosen unto life
and light.
Blessed be the God and Father of our Saviour
Jesus Christ,
Who hath blessed us with such blessings all un-
counted and unpriced !
Let our high and holy calling, and our strong
salvation be,
Theme of never-ending praises, God of sovereign
grace, to Thee !**

Evening Tears and Morning Songs.

PSA. xxx. 5 (marginal reading).—"Weeping may endure in the evening, but singing cometh in the morning."

I N the evening there is weeping,
Lengthening shadows, failing sight;
Silent darkness, slowly creeping
Over all things dear and bright.

In the evening there is weeping,
Lasting all the twilight through;
Phantom shadows, never sleeping,
Wakening slumbers of the true.

In the morning cometh singing,
Cometh joy and cometh sight,
When the sun ariseth, bringing
Healing on his wings of light.

In the morning cometh singing,
Songs that ne'er in silence end,
Angel minstrels ever bringing
Praises new with thine to blend.

Are the twilight shadows casting
Heavy glooms upon thy heart?
Soon in radiance everlasting
Night for ever shall depart.

EVENING TEARS AND MORNING SONGS.

Art thou weeping, sad and lonely,
Through the evening of thy days?
All thy sighing shall be only
Prelude of more perfect praise.

Darkest hour is nearest dawning,
Solemn herald of the day;
Singing cometh in the morning,
God shall wipe thy tears away!

Everlasting Blessings.

ISA. xlv. 17.—“ Saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation ”

O WHAT everlasting blessings God outpoureth
on His own !
Ours by promise true and faithful, spoken from
the eternal throne ;
Ours by His eternal purpose ere the universe had
place ;
Ours by everlasting covenant, ours by free and
royal grace.

With salvation everlasting He shall save us, He
shall bless
With the largess of Messiah, everlasting right-
eousness ;
Ours the everlasting mercy all His wondrous
dealings prove ;
Ours His everlasting kindness, fruit of everlast-
ing love.

EVERLASTING BLESSINGS.

In the Lord Jehovah trusting, everlasting strength
have we ;
He Himself, our Sun, our Glory, Everlasting
Light shall be ;
Everlasting life is ours, purchased by The Life
laid down ;
And our heads, oft bowed and weary, everlasting
joy shall crown.

We shall dwell with Christ for ever, when the
shadows flee away,
In the everlasting glory of the everlasting day,
Unto Thee, beloved Saviour, everlasting thanks
belong,
Everlasting adoration, everlasting laud and song.

SING! that your song may gladden ;
Sing like the happy rills,
Leaping in sparkling blessing
Fresh from the breezy hills.
Sing! that your song may silence
The folly and the jest,
And the "idle word" be banished
As an unwelcome guest.
Sing! that your song may echo
After the strain is past,
A link of the love-wrought cable
That holds some vessel fast.

"The Shining Light."

PROV. iv. 18.

TO-DAY the golden sunlight
Is full and broad and strong;
The glory of the One Light
Must overflow in song;
Song that floweth ever,
Sweeter every day,
Song whose echoes never,
Never die away.

How shall the light be clearer
That is so bright to-day?
How shall the hope be dearer
That pours such joyous ray?
I am only waiting
For the answer golden,
What faith is antedating
Shall not be withholden.

The Faithful Comforter.

"The Holy Ghost—He is faithful."—HEB. ix. 15, 23.

TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia!

THE FAITHFUL COMFORTER.

To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great Covenant of Grace,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown,
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia ! Amen !

Grace and Glory.

1 PET. v. 10, 11.—“The God of all Grace, who hath called you unto His eternal Glory by Christ Jesus to Him be glory.”

SOVEREIGN Lord and gracious Master,
Thou didst freely choose Thine own,
Thou hast called with mighty calling,
Thou wilt save, and keep from falling;—
Thine the glory, Thine alone!
Yet Thy hand shall crown in heaven
All the grace Thy love hath given;
Just, though undeserved, reward
From our glorious, gracious Lord.

From the martyr and apostle
To the sainted baby boy,
Every consecrated chalice
In the King of glory's palace
Overflows with holy joy.
Sovereign choice of gift and dower,
Differing honour, differing power,—
Yet are all alike in this,
Perfect love and perfect bliss.

In those heavenly constellations
Lo! what differing glories meet;
Stars of radiance soft and tender,
Stars of full and dazzling splendour,
All in God's own light complete;

GRACE AND GLORY.

Brightest they whose holy feet,
Faithful to His service sweet,
Nearest to their Master trod,
Winning wandering souls to God.

O the rapture of that vision !
 (Every earthly passion o'er,)
Our Redeemer's coronation,
And the blissful exaltation
 Of the dear ones gone before.
 Grace that shone for Christ below
 Changed to glory we shall know ;
 And before His unveiled face
 Sing the glory of His grace.

“ The Bridegroom Cometh.”

O HERALD whisper falling
 Upon the passing night,
Mysteriously calling
 The children of the light !
He cometh ; oh, He cometh !
 Our own belovèd Lord !
This blessed hope up summeth
 Our undeserved reward.
He cometh ! though the hour
 Nor earth nor heaven may know,
Sure is the word of power,
 “ He cometh ! ” Even so !

“Have you not a Word for Jesus?”

A QUESTION FOR ALL WHO LOVE HIM.

PSALM li. 15.—“O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.”

HAVE you not a word for Jesus? not a word
to say for Him?

He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim!

HE IS LISTENING; does He hear you speaking of
the things of earth,

Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth?

He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace,
and love to you,

Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and
tender, sweet and true;

Does He hear you telling others something of
His love untold,

Overflowings of thanksgiving for His Mercies
manifold?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world
His praise proclaim?

Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know
and love His name.

You, whom He hath called and chosen His own
witnesses to be,

Will you tell your gracious Master, “Lord, we
cannot speak for Thee!”

"HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?"

"Cannot!" though He suffered for you, died because He loved you so!

"Cannot!" though He has forgiven, making scarlet white as snow!

"Cannot!" though His grace abounding is your freely promised aid!

"Cannot!" though HE stands beside you, though HE says, "Be not afraid!"

Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb,

Wait and weary for your message, hoping *you* will bid them "come";

Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just outside the door,

Longing for *your* hand to lead them into rest for evermore.

Yours may be the joy and honour His redeemed ones to bring,

Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King.

Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to share,

All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you to dare?

What shall be our word for Jesus? Master, give it day by day;

Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what to say.

"HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?"

Give us holy love and patience; grant us deep
humility,
That of self we may be emptied, and our hear-
be full of Thee;
Give us zeal and faith and fervour, make us win-
ning, make us wise,
Single-hearted, strong and fearless,—Thou hast
called us, we will rise!
Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every
loving word;
And by hearts prepared and opened be our mes-
sage always heard!

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes we
will be
Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy
gracious "Come to Me."
Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee; and to prove
our love, would lay
Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy blessèd
feet to-day.
Many an effort it may cost us, many a heart-beat,
many a fear;
But Thou knowest, and will strengthen, and Thy
help is always near.
Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our
faithless shame;
Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy
dear Name.

"HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?"

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! we will bravely
speak for Thee,
And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we
would henceforth be :
In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine
own shall wave above,
With Thy crimson Name of Mercy, and Thy
golden Name of Love.
Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy pres-
ent smile,
Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the
brightening "little while."
Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou wilt
here accept and own,
And confess them in Thy glory, when we see
Thee on Thy throne.

Sing, when His mighty mercies
And marvellous love you feel,
And the deep joy of gratitude
Springs freshly as you kneel ;
When words, like morning starlight,
Melt powerless—rise and sing !
And bring your sweetest music
To Him, your gracious King.
Pour out your song before Him
To whom our best is due ;
Remember, He who hears your prayer
Will hear your praises too.

I could not do without Thee.

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeems
At such tremendous cost,
Thy righteousness, Thy power,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own,
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee,
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song,
How *could* I do without Thee,
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and Thou lead,
And wilt not let me stray.

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Listening in Darkness—Speaking in Light.

MAT. x. 27.—“What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye also
in light”

HE hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of the night,
Spoken sweetly of the Father,
Words of life and love and light.
Floating through the sombre stillness
Came the loved and loving Voice,
Speaking peace and solemn gladness,
That His children might rejoice.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Songs He giveth in the night—
Rise and speak it in the morning,
Rise and sing them in the light !

He hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of thy grief,
Sympathy so deep and tender,
Mighty for thy heart relief.
Speaking in thy night of sorrow
Words of comfort and of calm,
Gently on thy wounded spirit
Pouring true and healing balm.
What He tells thee in the darkness
Weary watcher for the day,
Grateful lip and life should utter
When the shadows flee away.

LISTENING IN DARKNESS, ETC.

He is speaking in the darkness,
 Though thou canst not see His face,
More than angels ever needed,
 Mercy, pardon, love, and grace.
Speaking of the many mansions,
 Where, in safe and holy rest,
Thou shalt be with Him for ever,
 Perfectly and always blest.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
 Whispers through Time's lonely night,
Thou shalt speak in glorious praises,
 In the everlasting light !

WHAT are the tuneful voices
 That awake at early dawn ?
Do they come from the orient portals
 Of the palace of the morn ?
They tell of a Golden City
 With pearl and jasper bright,
And of shining forms that beckon
 From the pure and dazzling light.
Then a rush of far-off harpings
 Blends with the voices clear,
And I know that the night is passing
 And I know that the day is near !

Now and Afterward.

HEB. xii. 11.—“Nevertheless, afterward.”

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long
Afterward the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing ;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot !
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind faint gropings in the sea ;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong ;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

"Jesus only."

MAT. xvii. 8.—"Jesus only."

"JESUS only!" In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with Him;
All unseen, though ever nigh,
"Jesus only"—all our cry.

"Jesus only!" In the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing Him in all His beauty,
Satisfied with Him alone;
May we join His ransomed throng,
"Jesus only"—all our song!

Our Glorious Head.

EPH. i. 22, 23.—“ Head over all things to the Church, which is His body.”

JOINED to Christ in mystic union,
We Thy members, Thou our Head,
Sealed by deep and true communion,
Risen with Thee, who once were dead—
Saviour, we would humbly claim
All the power of this Thy name.

Instant sympathy to brighten
All their weakness and their woe,
Guiding grace their way to lighten,
Shall Thy loving members know ;
All their sorrows Thou dost bear,
All Thy gladness they shall share.

Make Thy members every hour
For thy blessèd service meet ;
Earnest tongues, and arms of power,
Skilful hands, and hastening feet,
Ever ready to fulfil
All Thy word and all Thy will.

Everlasting life Thou givest
Everlasting love to see ;
They shall live because Thou livest,
And their life is hid with Thee.
Safe Thy members shall be found,
When their glorious Head is crowned !

Safe in Jesus.

HEB. II. 13.—“Behold I and the children which God hath given me.”

OUR Saviour and our King,
Enthroned and crowned above,
Shall with exceeding gladness bring
The children of His love.

All that the Father gave
His glory shall behold ;
Not one whom Jesus came to save
Is missing from His fold.

He shall confess His own
From every clime and coast,
Before His Father's glorious throne,
Before the angel host.

“O righteous Father, see,
In spotless robes arrayed,
Thy chosen gifts of love to Me,
Before the worlds were made.

“By new creation Thine,
By purpose and by grace,
By right of full redemption Mine,
Faultless before Thy face.

“As Thou hast lovèd Me,
So hast Thou lovèd them ;
Thy precious jewels they shall be,
My glorious diadem !”

The Covenant of Grace.

2 SAMUEL xxiii. 5.—“ He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.”

JEHOVAH'S covenant shall endure
All-ordered, everlasting, sure ;
O child of God, look up, and trace
Thy portion in its glorious grace.

'Tis thine ! for Christ is given to be
The covenant of God to thee ;
God's golden-lettered scroll of light,
In whom the darkest truths are bright.

O mourner for thy sin, He knew
Ere time began, what He would do ;
Then rest thy hope within the veil,
His covenant mercies shall not fail.

O doubting one, the glorious Three
Are pledged in faithfulness for thee :
Claim every promise, sweet and sure,
By covenant oath of God secure.

O waiting one, each moment's fall
Is marked by Love that planned them all ;
Thy times, all ordered by His hand,
In God's eternal covenant stand.

THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

O feeble one, look up and see
Strong consolation sworn for thee ;
Jehovah's glorious arm is shown—
His covenant strength is all thine own.

O sorrowing one, each stroke of love
A covenant blessing yet shall prove ;
His covenant love shall be thy stay,
And covenant grace be as thy day.

O Love that chose, O Love that died,
O Love that sealed and sanctified,
All glory, glory, glory be,
O Triune, covenant God, to Thee !

IF sweet below
To minister to those whom God doth love,
What will it be to minister above !
His praise to show
In some new strain amid the ransomed choir
To touch their joy and love with note of living
fire.

With perfect praise,
With interchange of rapturous revelation
From Christ Himself, the burning adoration
Yet higher to raise,
For ever and for ever so to bring
More glory and still more, to Him, our gracious
King.

“The Lord our Righteousness.”

JER. xxxiii. 16.—“This is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.”

ISRRAEL of God, awaken! Church of Christ
arise and shine!
Mourning garb and soilèd raiment henceforth be
no longer thine!
For the Lord thy God hath clothed thee with a
new and glorious dress,
With the garments of salvation, with the robe of
righteousness.

By the grace of God the Father, thou art freely
justified,
Through the great redemption purchased by the
blood of Him who died;
By His life, for thee fulfilling God's command
exceeding broad,
By His glorious resurrection, seal and signet of
thy God.

Therefore, justified for ever by the faith which
He hath given,
Peace, and joy, and hope abounding, smooth thy
trial path to heaven:
Unto Him betrothed for ever, who thy life shal
crown and bless,
By His name thou shalt be called, Christ, “The
Lord our Righteousness!”

The Promise by the Father, of the Holy Ghost, through the Son.

PSALM lxxxvii. 7.—“ All my springs are in Thee.”

HEAR the Father's ancient promise !
Listen, thirsty, weary one !
‘ I will pour My Holy Spirit
On Thy chosen seed, O Son.”
Promise to the Lord's Anointed,
Gift of God to Him for thee !
Now, by covenant appointed,
All thy springs in Him shall be.

Springs of life in desert places
Shall thy God unseal for thee ;
Quickening and reviving graces,
Dewlike, healing, sweet and free.
Springs of sweet refreshment flowing,
When thy work is hard or long,
Courage, hope, and power bestowing,
Lightening labour with a song.

Springs of peace, when conflict heightens,
Thine uplifted eye shall see ;
Peace that strengthens, calms, and brightens,
Peace, itself a victory.

Springs of comfort, strangely springing
Through the bitter wells of woe ;
Founts of hidden gladness, bringing
Joy that earth can ne'er bestow.

THE PROMISE.

Thine, O Christian, is this treasure,
To thy risen Head assured !
Thine in full and gracious measure,
Thine by covenant secured !
Now arise ! His word possessing,
Claim the promise of the Lord ;
Plead through Christ for showers of blessing
Till the Spirit be outpoured !

To Thee.

JOHN vi. 68.—“ Lord, to whom shall we go ? ”

I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read ;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee,
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me !

TO THEE.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell ;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee !

My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own ;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King !

Under His Shadow.

(COMMUNION HYMN).

CANT. ii. 3.—“I sat down under His shadow with great delight.”

SIT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight ;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free ;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief :
He calls the heavy laden
And gives them kind relief.

His righteousness “all glorious”
Thy festal robe shall be ;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

UNDER HIS SHADOW.

Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed !

HOW sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend
Have each their own divinely-purposed end !
He traineth so
For higher learning, ever onward reaching
For fuller knowledge yet, and His own deeper
teaching.

He traineth thus
That we may teach the lessons we are taught ;
That younger learners may be further brought,
Led on by us :
Well may we wait, or toil, or suffer long,
For His dear service so to be made fit and strong.

“Whom having not seen, ye love.”

1 PETER i. 8.

**O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King !**

**O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously has wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King !**

**In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine ;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King !**

"WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE."

O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love :
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee.
 Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
 Our Saviour and our King!

Fear Not.

LISTEN! for the Lord hath spoken !
 " Fear thou not," saith He !
" When thou passest through the waters,
 I will be with thee.
" Fear not ! for I have redeemed thee ;
 All my sheep I know :
 When thou passest through the rivers,
 They shall not o'erflow.
" Fear not ! by thy name I called thee—
 Mine thy heart hath learned ;
 When thou walkest through the fire,
 Thou shalt not be burned.
" Thou art Mine ! oh, therefore, fear not :
 Mine for ever now ;
 And the flame shall never kindle
 On thy sealèd brow.
" Thou art precious, therefore fear not,
 Precious unto Me !
 I have made thee for My glory,
 I have lovèd thee."

N o t D e t . .

JOHN xiii. 7.

NOT yet thou knowest what I do,
O feeble child of earth,
Whose life is but to angel view
The morning of thy birth !
The smallest leaf, the simplest flower,
The wild bee's honey-cell,
Have lessons of My love and power
Too hard for thee to spell.

Thou knowest not how I uphold
The little thou dost scan ;
And how much less canst thou unfold
My universal plan,
Where all thy mind can grasp of space
Is but a grain of sand ;—
The time thy boldest thought can trace,
One ripple on the strand !

Not yet thou knowest what I do
In this wild, warring world,
Whose prince doth still triumphant view
Confusion's flag unfurled ;
Nor how each proud and daring thought
Is subject to My will,
Each strong and secret purpose brought
My counsel to fulfil.

NOT YET.

Not yet thou knowest how I bid
Each passing hour entwine
Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,
In one great love-design ;
Nor how I lead thee through the night,
By many a various way,
Still upward to unclouded light,
And onward to the day.

Not yet thou knowest what I do
Within thine own weak breast,
To mould thee to My image true,
And fit thee for My rest.
But yield thee to My loving skill ,
The veiled work of grace,
From day to day progressing still,
It is not thine to trace.

Yes, walk by faith and not by sight,
Fast clinging to My hand ;
Content to feel My love and might,
Not yet to understand.
A little while thy course pursue,
Till grace to glory grow ;
Then what I am, and what I do,
Hereafter thou shalt know.

His Same Jesus.

ACTS i. 11.

“ THIS same Jesus ! ” Oh, how sweetly
Fall those words upon the ear,
Like a swell of far-off music,
In a night-watch still and drear !

He who healed the hopeless leper,
He who dried the widow's tear ;
He who changed to health and gladness
Helpless suffering, trembling fear ;

He who wandered, poor and homeless,
By the stormy Galilee ;
He who on the night-robed mountain
Bent in prayer the wearied knee ;

He who spake as none had spoken,
Angel-wisdom far above,
All-forgiving, ne'er upbraiding,
Full of tenderness and love ;

He who gently called the weary,
“ Come, and I will give you rest ! ”
He who loved the little children,
Took them in His arms and blest ;

THIS SAME JESUS.

He, the lonely Man of Sorrows,
'Neath our sin-curse bending low ;
By His faithless friends forsaken
In the darkest hours of woe ;—

“ This *same* Jesus ! ” When the vision
Of that last and awful day
Bursts upon the prostrate spirit,
Like a midnight lightning ray ;

When, else dimly apprehended,
All its terrors seem revealed,
Trumpet-knell and fiery heavens,
And the books of doom unsealed ,

Then, we lift our hearts adoring
“ This same Jesus,” loved and known,
Him, our own most gracious Saviour,
Seated on the great white Throne ;

He Himself, and “ not another,”
He for whom our heart-love yearned
Through long years of twilight waiting,
To His ransomed ones returned !

For this word, O Lord, we bless Thee,
Bless our Master's changeless name ;
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Jesus Christ is still the Same.

Mary's Birthday.

SHE is at rest,
In God's own presence blest,
Whom, while with us, this day we loved to greet
Her birthdays o'er,
She counts the years no more ;
Time's footfall is not heard along the golden street.

When we would raise
A hymn of birthday praise,
The music of our hearts is faint and low ;
Fear, doubt, and sin
Make dissonance within ;
And pure soul-melody no child of earth may know.

That strange " new song,"
Amid a white-robed throng,
Is gushing from her harp in living tone ;
Her seraph voice,
Tuned only to rejoice,
Floats upward to the emerald-archèd throne.*

No passing cloud
Her loveliness may shroud,
The beauty of her youth may never fade ;

* Rev. iv. 3.

MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

No line of care
Her seal'd brow may wear,
The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may
shade.

No stain is there
Upon the robes they wear,
Within the gates of pearl which she hath passed ;
Like woven light,
All beautiful and bright,
Eternity upon those robes no shade may cast.

No sin-born thought
May in that home be wrought,
To trouble the clear fountain of her heart ;
No tear, no sigh,
No pain, no death, be nigh
Where she hath entered in, no more to "know in
in part."

Her faith is sight,
Her hope is full delight,
The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain :
Her untold bliss—
What thought can follow this !
To her to live was Christ, to die indeed is gain.

Her eyes have seen
The King, no veil between,
In blood-dipped vesture gloriously arrayed :

THE INFINITY OF GOD.

No earth-breathed haze
Can dim that rapturous gaze ;
She sees Him face to face on whom her guilt
was laid.

A little while,
And they whose loving smile
Had melted 'neath the touch of lonely woe,
Shall reach her home,
Beyond the star-built dome ;
Her anthem they shall swell, her joy they too
shall know.

The Infinity of God.

Ps. cxxxix. 6.—“ Too wonderful for me.”

HOLY and Infinite ! Viewless, Eternal !
Veiled in the glory that none can sustain,
None comprehendeth Thy being supernal,
Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

Holy and Infinite ! limitless, boundless,
All Thy perfections, and power, and praise !
Ocean of mystery ! awful and soundless
All Thine unsearchable judgments and ways !

THE SPIRITUALITY OF GOD.

King of Eternity ! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain,
But for Thy marvellous manifestation,
God-head incarnate in weakness and pain !

Therefore archangels and angels adore Thee,
Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire ;
Therefore we praise Thee, rejoicing before Thee,
Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear Thee, and who shall not
laud ?

Anthems of glory Thy universe raises,
Holy and Infinite ! Father and God !

The Spirituality of God.

JOHN iv. 24.—" God is a Spirit."

WHAT know we, Holy God, of Thee,
Thy being and Thine essence pure ?
Too bright the very mystery
For mortal vision to endure.

We only know Thy word sublime,
Thou art a Spirit ! Perfect ! One !
Unlimited by space or time,
Unknown but through the eternal Son.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

By change untouched, by thought untraced,
And by created eye unseen,
In *Thy great Present* is embraced
All that shall be, all that hath been.

O Father of our spirits, now
We seek Thee in our Saviour's face ;
In truth and spirit we would bow,
And worship where we cannot trace.

The Eternity of God.

1 TIM. i. 17.—“The King eternal, immortal, invisible.”

KING Eternal and Immortal !
We, the children of an hour,
Bend in lowly adoration,
Rise in raptured admiration,
At the whisper of Thy power.
Myriad ages in Thy sight
Are but as the fleeting day ;
Like a vision of the night,
Worlds may rise and pass away.

All Thy glories are eternal,
None shall ever pass away.
Truth and mercy all victorious,
Righteousness and love all glorious,
Shine with everlasting ray :

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

All resplendent, ere the light
Bade primeval darkness flee ;
All transcendent, through the flight
Of eternities to be.

Thou art God from everlasting,
And to everlasting art !
Ere the dawn of shadowy ages,
Dimly guessed by angel sages,
Ere the beat of seraph-heart ;
Thou, Jehovah, art the same,
And Thy years shall have no end ,
Changeless nature, changeless name,
Ever Father, God, and Friend.

The Sovereignty of God.

Ps. xli. 10.—“ Be still, and know that I am God.”

GOD Almighty ! King of nations ! earth Thy
footstool, heaven Thy throne !
Thine the greatness, power, and glory, Thine the
kingdom, Lord, alone !
Life and death are in Thy keeping, and Thy will
ordaineth all :
From the armies of Thy heavens to an unseen
insect's fall.
Reigning, guiding, all-commanding, ruling myriad
worlds of light ;
Now exalting, now abasing, none can stay Thy
hand of might !

THE ESSENTIAL BLESSEDNESS OF GOD.

Working all things by Thy power, by the counsel
of Thy will,
Thou art God ! enough to know it, and to hear
Thy word, " Be still ! "

In Thy sovereignty rejoicing, we Thy children
bow and praise,
For we know that kind and loving, just and true,
are all Thy ways.
While Thy heart of sovereign mercy, and Thine
arm of sovereign might,
For our great and strong salvation in Thy sov-
ereign grace unite.

The Essential Blessedness of God.

1 TIM. vi. 16.—" Dwelling in the light."

O GLORIOUS God and King,
O gracious Father, hear
The praise our hearts would bring
To Thee, who, ever near,
Yet in eternity dost dwell,
Immortal and invisible.

Around Thee all is light,
And rest of perfect love,
And glory full and bright,
All human thought above.
Thyself the Fountain infinite
Of all ineffable delight.

THE ONE REALITY.

Oh, depth of holy bliss,
Essential and Divine,
What thought can measure this—
Thy joy, *Thy* glory—Thine !
Yet such our treasure evermore,
Thy fulness is Thy children's store.

O Father, Thy great grace
We magnify and praise ;
Called to that blessed place,
With Thee through endless days
Thy joy to share, Thy joy to be,
Thy glory all unveiled to see !

The One Reality.

FOG-WREATHS of doubt in blinding eddies
drifted,
Whirlwinds of fancy, counter-gusts of thought,
Shadowless shadows where warm lives were
sought,
Numb feet, that feel not their own tread, uplifted
On clouds of formless wonder, lightning-rifted !
What marvel that the whole world's life should
seem,
To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,
From which the real and restful is out-sifted !
Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing
Dove
Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows flee,

SINGING FOR JESUS.

The dream is past. A clear calm sky above,
Firm rock beneath ; a royal-scrollèd tree,
And One, thorn-diademed, the King of Love,
The Son of God who gave Himself for me.

Singing for Jesus.

Ps. xxviii. 7.—“ With my song will I praise Him.”

SINGING for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love :
All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as we praise Him above.

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace ;
Love from eternity, love without end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.

Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song ;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light ;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark ;
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.

Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives ;

A SILENCE AND A SONG.

Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

Singing for Jesus, Oh, singing with joy !
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter' employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.

A Silence and a Song.

I AM alone, dear Master—
Alone in heart with Thee !
Though merry faces round me
And loving looks I see.

There's a hush among the blithe ones,
While a pleasant voice is heard,
A truce to all the tournament
Of flashing wit and word.

And in that truce of silence,
I lay aside my lance,
And through the light and music send
One happy upward glance.

I know not what the song may be,
The words I cannot hear ;
'Tis but a gentle melody,
All simple, soft, and clear.

A SILENCE AND A SONG.

But the sweetness and the quiet
Have set my spirit free,
And I turn in loving gladness,
Dear Master, now to Thee.

I know I love Thee better
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

I know that Thou art nearer still
Than all this merry throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
Then well may I be glad !
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.

I bless Thee for these pleasant hours
With sunny-hearted friends,
But more for this sweet moment's calm
Thy loving-kindness sends.

O Master, gracious Master,
What will Thy presence be,
If such a thrill of joy can crown
One upward look to Thee ?

HIDDEN IN LIGHT.

'Tis ending now, that gentle song,
And they will call for me ;
They know the music I love best,—
My song shall be for Thee !

For Thee, who hast so lovèd us,
And whom not having seen,
We love ; on whom in all our joy,
As in our grief, we lean.

Be near me still, and tune my notes,
And make them sweet and strong
To waft Thy words to many a heart,
Upon the wings of song.

I know that all will listen,
For my very heart shall sing,
And it shall be Thy praise alone,
My glorious Lord and King.

Hidden in Light.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,
And smile for joy. We say, "How fair they are,
Tree, rock, and heather-bloom, so clear and
bright!"

But when the sun draws near in westering night,
Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze
Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
And wonder at the glorious, holy light.

HE IS THY LORD.

Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness! that we,
Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly run,
So overflowed with love and light may be,
So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,
That not our light, but Thine, the world may see,
New praise to Thee through our poor lives be
won.

He is thy Lord.

Ps. xlv. 11.—“So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.”

JESUS, belovèd Master, art Thou near?
My heart goes forth to Thee! Thy precious
Word
Has flashed a bright yet tender thrill, a touch
Of living light, all through my silent soul.
I had not looked for it. I was too tired
For earnest search, and could not rise above
A sense of weary pain, that drew a veil
Of mist and lonely gloom before my eyes:
But as I lay and waited for the sleep
That had been asked, the Book beside my hand
Lured me to glance at lightly opening leaves.
Did not Thy loving Spirit guide the glance
That fell upon the unsought word of power:
“*He is thy Lord!*” So simple, yet so strong,
So all-embracing! oh, it was enough
To chase away all mists and glooms of life.

HE IS THY LORD.

"*He is Thy Lord!*" Thyself, O Saviour dear
And not another. Whom have I but Thee
In heaven or earth? And whom should I desire.
For Thou hast said, "*So shall the King desire
thee!*"

And well may I respond in wondering love, -
"Thou art my Lord, and I will worship Thee."

"*He is thy Lord!*" So certainly! I know
My glad allegiance has been given to Thee,
Because Thine all-compelling love and grace
Have won the citadel which else had stood
Defiant, till God's wrath had laid it low.
So certainly! a fact which cannot change
Because Thou changest not, my glorious Lord.

"*He is THY Lord!*" Oh, mine! though other
lords
Have had dominion, now I know Thy name,
And its great music is the only key
To which my soul vibrates in full accord,
Blending with other notes but as they blend
With this. Oh, mine! But dare I say it, *I*,
Who fail and wander, mourning oftentimes
Some sin-made discord, or some tuneless string?
It would be greater daring to deny,
To say, "Not mine," when Thou hast proved to
me
That I am Thine, by promise sealed with blood.

HE IS THY LORD.

"*He is thy LORD!*" Oh, I am glad of this,
So glad that Thou art Master, Sovereign, King!
Only I want Thy rule to be supreme
And absolute; no lurking rebel thought,
No traitor in disguise to pass its bounds.
So glad,—because it is such rest to know
That Thou hast ordered and appointed all,
And wilt yet order and appoint my lot.
For though so much I cannot understand,
And would not choose, has been, and yet may be,
Thou choosest and Thou rulest, THOU, my Lord!
And this is peace, such peace,—I hardly pause
To look beyond to all the coming joy
And glory of Thy full and visible reign:
Thou reignest now—"He is thy Lord!" to-day!

My Lord! My heart hath said it joyfully.
Nay, could it be my own cold, treacherous heart?
'Tis comfort to remember that we have
No will or power to think one holy thought,
And thereby estimate His power in us,—
"No man can say that Jesus is the Lord,
But by the Holy Ghost." Then it must be
That all the sweetness of the word, "Thy Lord,"
And all the long glad echoes that it woke,
Are whispers of the Spirit, and a seal
Upon His work, as yet so faintly seen.

"My Lord, my God!" Thou hearest, blessed
Lord,
Thou knowest how, like Mary, I would bend

“HOW WONDERFUL!”

At Thy belovèd feet, if Thou wert here !
“If Thou wert here?” But surely Thou *art* here,
And I believe it, though I cannot see.
I should not love Thee now wert Thou not near,
Looking on me in love. Yea, Thou dost meet
Those that remember Thee. Look on me still,
Lord Jesus Christ, and let Thy look give strength
To work for Thee with single heart and eye.

“How Wonderful!”

HE answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I
brought,
With blessing more than I had asked or thought,
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.
I stood amazed, and whispered, “Can it be
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that He hath answered me!”
O faithless heart! He *said* that He would hear
And answer Thy poor prayer, and He *hath*
- heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou
fear?
Why marvel that Thy Lord hath kept His
word?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!

Called.

HEB. iii. 1.—“Partakers of the heavenly calling.”

HOLY brethren, called and chosen by the sovereign Voice of Might,
See your high and holy calling out of darkness into light !
Called according to His purpose and the riches of His love ;
Won to listen by the leading of the gentle heavenly Dove !

Called to suffer with our Master, patiently to run His race ;
Called a blessing to inherit, called to holiness and grace ;
Called to fellowship with Jesus, by the Ever-Faithful One ;
Called to His eternal glory, to the kingdom of His Son.

Whom He calleth He preserveth, and His glory they shall see ;
He is faithful that hath called you ; He will do it, fear not ye !
Therefore, holy brethren, onward ! thus ye make your calling sure ;
For the prize of this high calling, bravely to the end endure.

For New Year's-Day.

"FROM GLORY TO GLORY."

2 CORINTHIANS iii. 18.

“**F**ROM glory unto glory!” Be this our joy-
ous song,
As on the King's own highway we bravely march
along!
“From glory unto glory!” O word of stirring
cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad
New Year.

Our own belovèd Master “hath many things to
say;”
Look forward to His teaching, unfolding day by
day;
To whispers of His Spirit, while resting at His feet,
To glowing revelation, to insight clear and sweet.

“From glory unto glory!” Our faith hath seen
the King,
We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly we
sing:
But He hath more to show us! O thought of
untold bliss!
And we press on exultingly in certain hope to
this:—

FOR NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

To marvellous outpourings of His "treasures new
and old,"
To largess of His bounty, paid in the King's own
gold,
To glorious expansion of His mysteries of grace,
To radiant unveilings of the brightness of His
face.

"From glory unto glory!" What great things
He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs
He hath won!
We marvel at the records of the blessings of the
year!
But sweeter than the Christmas bells rings out
His promise clear—

That "greater things," far greater, our longing
eyes shall see!
We can but wait and wonder what "greater
things" shall be!
But glorious fulfilments rejoicingly we claim,
While pleading in the power of the All-prevailing
Name.

"From glory unto glory!" What mighty bless-
ings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own
so freely down!

FOR NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

Omnipotence to keep us, Omniscience to guide,
Jehovah's Triune Presence within us to abide !

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our
way ;
The fulness of His promises crowns every bright-
ening day ;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fulness of
His love.

“ From glory unto glory ! ” Without a shade of
care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every burden
bear ;
Because we trust Him fully, and know that He
will guide,
And know that He will keep us at His beloved
side.

“ From glory unto glory ! ” Though tribulation
fall,
It cannot touch our treasure, when Christ is all
in all !
Whatever lies before us, there can be naught to
fear,
For what are pain and sorrow when Jesus Christ
is near ?

FOR NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

"From glory unto glory!" O marvels of the
word!

"With open face beholding the glory of the
Lord,"

We, even we (O wondrous grace!) "are changed
into the same,"

The image of our Saviour, to glorify His Name.

Abiding in His presence and walking in the light,
And seeking to "do always what is pleasing in
His sight,"

We look to Him to keep us "all glorious within,"
Because "the blood of Jesus Christ *is cleansing*
from all sin."

The things behind forgetting, we only gaze before,
"From glory unto glory," that "shineth more
and more,"

Because our Lord hath said it, that such shall be
our way,

(O splendour of the promise!) "unto the perfect
day."

"From glory unto glory!" Our fellow-travellers
still

Are gathering on the journey! the bright elec-
tric thrill

Of quick instinctive union, more frequent and
more sweet,

Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and
tender beat.

FOR NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

And closer yet, and closer the golden bonds shall
be,
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity ;
And wider yet, and wider shall the circling glory
glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty
love to know.

O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith and
love,
Come up into the sunshine, so bright and warm
above !
No longer tread the valley, but clinging to His
hand,
Ascend the shining summits, and view the glo-
rious land.

Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet-
tones more clear,
Our anthems ring so grandly, that all the world
must hear !
Oh, royal be our music, for who hath cause to
sing,
Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the Children
of the King !

Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and
life are one !

THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

And let our consecration be real, and deep, and true ;
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful
vows renew !—

“ In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to
Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be !
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine
alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth
be Thine own ! ”

Now, onward, ever onward, from “ strength to
strength ” we go,
While “ grace for grace ” abundantly shall from
His fulness flow,
To glory’s full fruition, from glory’s foretaste
here,
Until his Very Presence crown our happiest New
Year !

The Ministry of Intercession.

THERE is no holy service
But hath its secret bliss :
Yet, of all blessèd ministries,
Is one so dear as this ?

THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

The ministry that cannot be
A wondering seraph's dower,
Enduing mortal weakness
With more than angel-power;
The ministry of purest love
Uncrossed by any fear,
That bids us meet At the Master's feet,
And keeps us very near.

God's ministers are many,
For this His gracious will,
Remembrancers that day and night
This holy office fill.
While some are hushed in slumber,
Some to fresh service wake,
And thus the saintly number
No change or chance can break.
And thus the sacred courses
Are evermore fulfilled,
The tide of grace By time or place
Is never stayed or stilled.

Oh, if our ears were opened
To hear as angels do
The Intercession-chorus
Arising full and true,
We should hear it soft up-welling
In morning's pearly light ;
Through evening's shadows swelling
In grandly gathering might ;

THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

The sultry silence filling
Of noontide's thunderous glow ;
And the solemn starlight thrilling
With ever-deepening flow.

We should hear it through the rushing
Of the city's restless roar,
And trace its gentle gushing
O'er ocean's crystal floor :
We should hear it far up-floating
Beneath the Orient moon,
And catch the golden noting
From the busy Western noon ;
And pine-robed heights would echo
As the mystic chant up-floats,
And the sunny plain Resound again
With the myriad-mingling notes.

Who are the blessèd ministers
Of this world-gathering band ?
All who have learnt one language,
Through each far-parted land ;
All who have learnt the story
Of Jesu's love and grace,
And are longing for His glory
To shine in every face.
All who have known the Father
In Jesus Christ our Lord,
And know the might And love the light
Of the Spirit in the Word.

THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

Yet there are some who see not
Their calling high and grand,
Who seldom pass the portals,
And never boldly stand
Before the golden altar
On the crimson-stainèd floor,
Who wait afar and falter,
And dare not hope for more.
Will ye not join the blessèd ranks
In their beautiful array?
Let intercession blend with thanks
As ye minister to-day!

There are little ones among them,
Child-ministers of prayer,
White robes of intercession
Those tiny servants wear.
First for the near and dear ones
Is that fair ministry,
Then for the poor black children,
So far beyond the sea.
The busy hands are folded,
As the little heart uplifts
In simple love, To God above,
Its prayer for all good gifts.

There are hands too often weary
With the business of the day,
With God-entrusted duties,
Who are toiling while they pray.

THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

They bear the golden vials,
And the golden harps of praise,
Through all the daily trials,
Through all the dusty ways.
These hands, so tired, so faithful,
With odours sweet are filled,
And in the ministry of prayer
Are wonderfully skilled.

There are ministers unlettered,
Not of Earth's great and wise,
Yet mighty and unfettered
Their eagle-prayers arise.
Free of the heavenly storehouse!
For they hold the master-key
That opens all the fulness
Of God's great treasury.
They bring the needs of others,
And all things are their own,
For their one grand claim Is Jesu's name
Before their Father's throne.

There are noble Christian workers,
The men of faith and power,
The overcoming wrestlers
Of many a midnight hour;
Prevailing princes with their God,
Who will not be denied,
Who bring down showers of blessing
To swell the rising tide.

THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

The Prince of Darkness quaileth
At their triumphant way,
Their fervent prayer availeth
To sap his subtle sway.

But in this temple service
Are sealed and set apart
Arch-priests of intercession,
Of undivided heart.
The fulness of anointing
On these is doubly shed,
The consecration of their God
Is on each low-bowed head.
They bear the golden vials
With white and trembling hand;
In quiet room Or wakeful gloom
These ministers must stand,—

To the Intercession-Priesthood
Mysteriously ordained,
When the strange dark gift of suffering
This added gift hath gained.
For the holy hands uplifted
In suffering's longest hour
Are truly Spirit-gifted
With intercession-power.
The Lord of Blessing fills them
With His uncounted gold,
An unseen store, Still more and more
Those trembling hands shall hold.

THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

Not always with rejoicing
This ministry is wrought,
For many a sigh is mingled
With the sweet odours brought.
Yet every tear bedewing
The faith-fed altar fire
May be its bright renewing
To purer flame, and higher.
But when the oil of gladness
God graciously outpours,
The heavenward blaze, With blended praise,
More mightily upsoars.

So the incense-cloud ascendeth
As through calm, crystal air,
A pillar reaching unto heaven
Of wreathèd faith and prayer.
For evermore the Angel
Of Intercession stands
In His Divine High Priesthood,
With fragrance-fillèd hands,
To wave the golden censer
Before His Father's throne,
With Spirit-fire intenser,
And incense all His own.

And evermore the Father
Sends radiantly down
All-marvellous responses,
His ministers to crown ;

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

The incense cloud returning
As golden blessing-showers,
We in each drop discerning
Some feeble prayer of ours,
Transmuted into wealth unpriced,
By Him who giveth thus
The glory all to Jesus Christ,
The gladness all to us!

The Voice of Many Waters.

FAR away I heard it,
Stealing through the pines,
Like a whisper saintly,
Falling dimly, faintly,
Through the terraced vines.

Freshening breezes bore it
Down the mountain slope ;
So I turned and listened,
While the sunlight glistened
On the snowy cope.

Far away and dreamy
Was the voice I heard ;
Yet it pierced and found me,
Through the voices round me—
Song without a word.

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

All the life and turmoil,
All the busy cheer,
Melted in the flowing
Of that murmur, growing,
Claiming all my ear.

What the mountain message
I could never tell ;
Such Æolian fluting
Hath no language suiting
What we write and spell.

Rather did it enter
Where no words can win,
Touching and unsealing
Springs of hidden feeling
Slumbering deep within.

Voice of many waters
Only heard afar !
Hushing, luring slowly,
With an influence holy,
Like the Orient star.

Following where it leadeth,
Till we stand below,
While the noble thunder
Wins the hush of wonder,
Silent in its glow.

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

Light and sound triumphant
Fill the eye and ear,
Every pulse is beating
Quick, unconscious greeting
To the vision near.

Rainbow flames are wreathing
In the dazzling foam,
Fancy far transcending,
Power and beauty blending
In their radiant home.

All the dreamy longing
Passes out of sight,
In a swift surrender
To the joyous splendour
Of this song of might.

Self is lost and hidden
As it peals along;
Fevered introspection,
Paler-browed reflection
Vanish in the song.

For the spirit, lifted
From the dulling mists,
Takes a stronger moulding,
As the sound, enfolding,
Bears it where it lists.

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

Voice of many waters !
Must we turn away
From the crystal chorus
Now resounding o'er us
Through the flashing spray ?

Far away we hear it,
Floating from the sky ;
Mystic echo, falling
Through the stars, and calling
From the thrones on high.

There are voices round us,
Busy, quick, and loud ;
All day long we hear them,
We are still so near them,
Still among the crowd.

Yet amid the clamour
Falls it, faint and sweet,
Like the softest harp-tone
Passing every sharp tone
Down the noisy street.

To the soul-recesses
Cleaving then its way,
Waking hidden yearning,
Unwilled impulse turning
To the Far-away.

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

Far away and viewless,
Yet not all unknown—
In the murmur tracing
Soft notes interlacing
With familiar tone.

So we start and listen
While the murmur low
Falleth ever clearer,
Swellleth ever nearer
In melodious flow.

Voice of many waters
From the heights above !
Hushing, luring slowly
With its influence holy,
With its song of love.

Following where it leadeth,
Pilgrim feet shall stand,
Where the holy millions
Throng the fair pavilions
In the Glorious Land ;

Where the sevenfold " Worthy "
Hails the King of kings,
Blent with golden clashing
Of the crowns, and flashing
Of cherubic wings ;

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

Rolls the Amen chorus,
Old, yet ever new ;
Seal of blest allegiance,
Pledge of bright obedience,
Seal that God is true.

Through the solemn glory
Alleluias rise,
Mightiest exultation,
Holiest adoration,
Infinite surprise.

There immortal powers
Meet immortal song ;
Heavenly image bearing,
Angel-essence sharing,
Excellent and strong.

Strong to bear the glory
And the veil-less sight,
Strong to swell the thunders
And to know the wonders
Of the home of light.

Voice of many waters !
Everlasting laud !
Hark ! it rushes nearer,
Every moment clearer,
From the Throne of God.

“Free to Serve.”

SHE chose His service. For the Lord of Love
Had chosen her, and paid the awful price
For her redemption; and had sought her out,
And set her free, and clothed her gloriously,
And put His royal ring upon her hand,
And crowns of lovingkindness on her head.
She chose it. Yet it seemed she could not yield
The fuller measure other lives could bring;
For He had given her a precious gift,
A treasure and a charge to prize and keep,
A tiny hand, a darling hand, that traced
On her heart's tablet words of golden love.
And there was not much room for other lines,
For time and thought were spent, (and rightly
spent,
For He had given the charge,) and hours and
days
Were concentrated on the one dear task.

But He had need of her. Not one new gem,
But many, for His crown;—not one fair sheaf,
But many, she should bring. And she should
have
A richer, happier harvest-home at last,
Because more fruit, more glory, and more praise.
Her life should yield to Him. And so He came,
The Master came Himself, and gently took
The little hand in His, and gave it room

"FREE TO SERVE."

Among the angel-harpers. Jesus came
And laid His own hand on the quivering heart,
And made it very still, that He might write
Invisible words of power—"Free to serve!"
Then through the darkness and the chill He
sent

A heat-ray of His love, developing
The mystic writing, till it glowed and shone
And lit up all her life with radiance new,—
The happy service of a yielded heart.
With comfort that He never ceased to give
(Because her need could never cease) she filled
The empty chalices of other lives.
And time and thought were thenceforth spent
for Him
Who loved her with His everlasting love.

Let Him write what He will upon our hearts
With His unerring pen. They are His own,
Hewn from the rock by His selecting grace,
Prepared for His own glory. Let Him write!
Be sure He will not cross out one sweet word
But to inscribe a sweeter,—but to grave
One that shall shine for ever to His praise,
And thus fulfil our deepest heart-desire.
The tearful eye at first may read the line
"Bondage to grief!" but He shall wipe away
The tears, and clear the vision, till it read
In ever-brightening letters "Free to serve!"
For whom the Son makes free is free indeed.

COMING TO THE KING.

Nor only by reclaiming His good gifts,
But by withholding, doth the Master write
These words upon the heart. Not always needs
Erasure of some blessèd line of love
For this more blest inscription. Where He finds
A tablet empty for the "lines left out,"
That "might have been" engraved with human
love
And sweetest human cares, yet never bore
That poetry of life, His own dear hand
Writes "Free to serve!" And these clear characters
Fill with fair colours all the unclaimed space.
Else grey and colourless.

Then let it be
The motto of our lives until we stand
In the great freedom of Eternity,
Where we "*shall* serve Him" while we see His
face,
For ever and for ever "Free to serve."

Coming to the King.

2 CHRONICLES ix. 1-12.

I CAME from very far away to see
The King of Salem; for I had been told
Of glory and of wisdom manifold,
And condescension infinite and free.

COMING TO THE KING.

How could I rest, when I had heard His fame,
In that dark lonely land of death from whence I
came?

I came, (but not like Sheba's queen,) alone!
No stately train, no costly gifts to bring;
No friend at court, save One, that One the
King!

I had requests to spread before His throne,
And I had questions none could solve for me,
Of import deep, and full of awful mystery.

I came and communed with that mighty King,
And told Him all my heart; I cannot say,
In mortal ear, what communings were they.
But wouldst thou know, go too, and meekly
bring
All that is in thy heart, and thou shalt hear
His voice of love and power, His answers sweet
and clear.

O happy end of every weary quest!
He told me all I needed, graciously;—
Enough for guidance, and for victory
O'er doubts and fears, enough for quiet rest;
And when some veiled response I could not read,
It was not hid from Him,—this was enough in-
deed.

COMING TO THE KING.

His wisdom and His glories passed before
My wondering eyes in gradual revelation ;
The house that He had built, its strong foundation,
Its living stones ; and, brightening more and more,
Fair glimpses of that palace far away,
Where all His loyal ones shall dwell with Him
for aye.

True the report that reached my far-off land
Of all His wisdom and transcendent fame ;
Yet I believed not until I came,—
Bowed to the dust till raised by royal hand.
The half was never told by mortal word ;
My King exceeded all the fame that I had heard !

Oh, happy are His servants ! happy they
Who stand continually before His face,
Ready to do His will of wisest grace !
My King ! is mine such blessedness to-day ?
For I too hear Thy wisdom, line by line,
Thy ever brightening words in holy radiance
shine.

Oh, blessed be the Lord thy God, who set
Our King upon His throne ! Divine delight
In the Beloved crowning Thee with might,
Honour, and majesty supreme ; and yet

COMING TO THE KING.

The strange and Godlike secret opening thus,—
The kingship of His Christ ordained through
love to us!

What shall I render to my glorious King?
I have but that which I receive from Thee;
And what I give, Thou givest back to me,
Transmuted by Thy touch; each worthless
thing
Changed to the preciousness of gem or gold,
And by Thy blessing multiplied a thousand fold.

All my desire Thou grantest, whatsoe'er
I ask! Was ever mythic tale or dream
So bold as this reality,—this stream
Of boundless blessings flowing full and free?
Yet more than I have thought or asked of Thee,
Out of Thy royal bounty still Thou givest me.

Now I will turn to my own land, and tell
What I myself have seen and heard of Thee,
And give Thine own sweet message, "Come
and see!"
And yet in heart and mind for ever dwell
With Thee, my King of Peace, in loyal rest,
Within the fair pavilion of Thy presence blest.

2 SAM. xv. 21.—"Surely in what place my Lord the King shall
be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be."

JOHN xii. 26.—"Where I am, there shall also My servant be."

Far More Exceeding.

2 COR. iv. 17.—*καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν.*

“FROM glory unto glory!” Thank God, that
even here

The starry words are shining out, our heaven-
ward way to cheer!

That e'en among the shadows the conquering
brightness glows,

As ever from the nearing Light intenser radiance
flows.

“From glory unto glory!” Shall the grand pro-
gression fail

When the darkling glass is shattered as we pass
within the veil?

Shall the joyous song of “Onward!” at once for
ever cease,

And the swelling music culminate in monotone
of peace?

Shall the fuller life be sundered at the portal of
its bliss,

From the principle of growth entwined with
every nerve of this?

Shall the holy law of progress be hopelessly re-
pealed,

And the moment of releasing see our sum of
glory sealed?

FAR MORE EXCEEDING.

The tender touch of moonlight, with an orbit
quickly run,
The lustre of the planet, circling slowly round the
sun,
The mighty revolutions of its million-heated
blaze,
"From glory unto glory" lead our far-expanding
gaze.

Then onward, ever onward, through the unex-
plored abyss,
(Dark barrier between the suns of other worlds
and this,)
Until the measure-unit mocks the grasp of hu-
man thought,
And space and time commingle while the clue is
feebly sought.

Till, in that wider ocean, deep calleth unto deep,
Star-glories with attendant worlds, forth-flashing
as they sweep
Around their unseen centre, that point of mystic
power,
In unimagined cycles, where an age is but an hour.

Then! onward and yet onward! for the dim re-
vealings show
That systems unto systems in grand succession
grow,

FAR MORE EXCEEDING.

That what we deemed a volume but one golden
verse may be,
One rhythmic cadence in the flow of God's great
poetry.

That what we deemed a symphony was one all-
thrilling bar
Through aisles of His great temple resounding
full and far ;
That what we deemed an ocean was a shallow by
the shore !
Then! onward yet, in eagle flight, through the
Infinite we soar—

"From glory unto glory," till the spirit fails; and
then
Illimitable vistas still opening to our ken,
Mysterious immensities of order and of light,
Stretch far beyond our farthest thought, as
thought beyond our sight.

But the starting-point in heaven shall be no
"glory of the moon,"
No planet gleam, no stellar fire, no blaze of tropic
noon ;
From "glory that excelleth" all that human
heart hath known,
Our "onward, upward," shall begin in the pres-
ence of the Throne.

FAR MORE EXCEEDING.

"From glory unto glory" of loveliness and light,
Of music and of rapture, of power and of sight,
"From glory unto glory" of knowledge and of
love,
Shall be the joy of progress awaiting us above.

"From glory unto glory" that ever lies before,
Still wondering, adoring, rejoicing more and more,
Still following where He leadeth, from shining
field to field,
Himself the goal of glory, Revealer and Revealed!

"From glory unto glory" with no limit and no
veil,
With wings that cannot weary and hearts that
cannot fail;
Within, without, no hindrance, no barrier as we
soar;
And never interruption to the endless "more and
more"!

For infinite outpourings of Jehovah's love and
grace,
And infinite unveilings of the brightness of His
face,
And infinite unfoldings of the splendour of His
will,
Meet the mightiest expansions of the finite spirit
still.

"THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD'S WILL."

O Saviour, hast Thou ransomed us from death's
unknown abyss,
And purchased with Thy precious blood such
everlasting bliss?
Art Thou indeed preparing us, with love exceed-
ing great,
And preparing all this glory in such "far exceed-
ing weight" ?
Then let our hearts be surely fixed where truest
joys are found,
And let our burning, loving praise, yet more and
more abound ;
And, gazing on the " things not seen," eternal in
the skies,
" From glory unto glory," O Saviour, let us rise

"The Splendour of God's Will."

I N the freshness of the springtime,
In the beauty of the May,
When the swift-winged breezes carolled,
And the lambs were all at play,
And the birds were blithe and busy,
Upon her couch she lay.

Like a lily bruised and drooping,
Before its early flower
Had fully opened to the sun,
Or reached a noontide hour ;

"THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD'S WILL."

Broken and yet more fragrant
For the heavy-beating shower.

It was not the first springtime
Passed without one glad sight
Of a starry primrose growing,
Or a brooklet swift and bright,
And without one bounding footstep
On a field with daisies white.

It was not the first springtime ;
And it might not be the last
In weariness and suffering
Thus to be slowly passed ;
For when the young feet cannot move
Months do not travel fast.

And yet she saw what others
Have never sought or seen,
A splendour more than spring-light
On fair trees waving green,
And more than summer sunshine
On Ocean's silver sheen.

Her pencil, tracing feebly
Words that shall echo still,
Perchance some unknown mission
May joyously fulfil :—
"I think I just begin to see
The *splendour* of God's will!"

'THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD'S WILL.'

O words of golden music
Caught from the harps on high,
Which find a glorious anthem
Where we have found a sigh,
And peal their grandest praises
Just where ours faint and die !

O words of holy radiance
Shining on every tear,
Till it becomes a rainbow,
Reflecting, bright and clear,
Our Father's love and glory
So wonderful, so dear !

O words of sparkling power,
Of insight full and deep !
Shall they not enter other hearts
In a grand and gladsome sweep,
And lift the lives to songs of joy
That only droop and weep ?

For her, God's will was suffering,
Just waiting, lying still ;
Days passing on in weariness,
In shadows deep and chill ;
And yet she had begun to see
The splendour of God's will !

And oh, it is a splendour,
A glow of majesty,

"THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD'S WILL."

A mystery of beauty,
If we will only see ;
A very cloud of glory
Enfolding you and me.

A splendour that is lighted
At one transcendent flame,
The wondrous Love, the perfect Love,
Our Father's sweetest name ;
For His very Name, and Essence,
And His will, are all the same.

A splendour that is shining
Upon His children's way,
That guides the willing footsteps
That do not want to stray,
And that leads them ever onward
Unto the perfect day.

A splendour that illumines
The abysses of the Past
And marvels of the Future,
Sublime and bright and vast ;
While o'er our tiny Present
A flood of light is cast.

No twilight falls upon it,
No shadow dims its ray,
No darkness overcomes it,
No night can end its day ;

"THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD'S WILL."

It hath unending triumph
And everlasting sway.

Blest will of God ! most glorious,
The very fount of grace,
Whence all the goodness floweth
That heart can never trace—
Temple whose pinnacles are love !
And faithfulness its base.

Blest will of God ! whose splendour
Is dawning on the world,
On hearts in which Christ's banner
Is manfully unfurled,
On hearts of childlike meekness,
With dew of youth imperaled.

O Spirit of Jehovah,
Reveal this glory still !
That many an empty chalice
Sweet thanks and praise may fill,
When, like this "little one," they see
"The splendour of God's will" :

That faith may win the vision
That hers hath early won,
And gaze upon the splendour,
And own the cloudless sun,
And join the seraph song of love,
And sing "Thy will be done !"

The Two Paths.

VIA DOLOROSA and VIA GIOJOSA.

[Suggested by a Picture.]

MY Master, they have wronged Thee and Thy
love!

They only told me I should find the path
A Via Dolorosa all the way!

Even Thy sweetest singers only sang
Of pressing onward through the same sharp
thorns,

With bleeding footsteps, through the chill dark
mist,

Following and struggling till they reach the
light,

The rest, the sunshine of the far beyond.

The anthems of the pilgrimage were set

In most pathetic minors, exquisite,

Yet breathing sadness more than any praise;

Thy minstrels let the fitful breezes make

Æolian moans on their entrusted harps,

Until the listeners thought that this was all

The music Thou hadst given. And so the steps

That halted where the two ways met and crossed,

The broad and narrow, turned aside in fear,

Thinking the radiance of their youth must pass

In sombre shadows if they followed Thee;

Hearing afar such echoes of one strain,

THE TWO PATHS.

The cross, the tribulation, and the toil,
The conflict, and the clinging in the dark.
What wonder that the dancing feet are stayed
From entering the only path of peace!
Master, forgive them! Tune their harps anew,
And put a new song in their mouths for Thee,
And make Thy chosen people joyful in Thy love.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast trodden once for all
The Via Dolorosa,—and for us!
No artist power or minstrel gift may tell
The cost to Thee of each unfaltering step,
When love that passeth knowledge led Thee on,
Faithful and true to God, and true to us.

And now, beloved Lord, Thou callest us
To follow Thee, and we will take Thy word
About the path which Thou hast marked for us.
Narrow indeed it is! Who does not choose
The narrow track upon the mountain side,
With ever-widening view, and freshening air,
And honeyed heather, rather than the road,
With smoothest breadth of dust and loss of view,
Soiled blossoms not worth gathering, and the
noise
Of wheels instead of silence of the hills,
Or music of the waterfalls? Oh, why
Should they misrepresent Thy words, and make
“Narrow” synonymous with “very hard”?

THE TWO PATHS.

For Thou, Divinest Wisdom, Thou hast said
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all
Thy paths are peace ; and that the path of him
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness
Is as the light that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day. And Thou hast given
An olden promise, rarely quoted now,*
Because it is too bright for our weak faith :
“ If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend
Days in prosperity, and they shall spend
Their years in pleasures.” All because Thy days
Were full of sorrow, and Thy lonely years
Were passed in grief’s acquaintance—all for us !

Master, I set my seal that Thou art true,
Of Thy good promise not one thing hath failed !
And I would send a ringing challenge forth,
To all who know Thy name, to tell it out,
Thy faithfulness to every written word,
Thy lovingkindness crowning all the days,—
To say and sing with me : “ The Lord is good,
His mercy is for ever, and His truth
Is written on each page of all my life ! ”
Yes ! there *is* tribulation, but Thy power
Can blend it with rejoicing. There *are* thorns,
But they have kept us in the narrow way,
The King’s highway of holiness and peace.

* Job xxxvi. 11.

DAILY AFTERWARDS.

And there *is* chastening, but the Father's love
Flows through it; and would any trusting heart
Forego the chastening and forego the love?
And every step leads on to "more and more,"
From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass and
sing

The praise of Him who leads them on and on,
From glory unto glory, even here!

Daily Afterwards.

FROM F. R. H. TO K. T.

"**T**HERE is no 'afterward' on earth for
me!"

Beloved, 'tis not so!

That God's own "afterwards" are pledged to
thee,

Thy life shall show.

No "afterward" indeed of great things wrought,
By willing hands and feet;

No sheaf is thine, from wider harvests brought,
With singing sweet.

Fair flowing years of ease and laughing strength,
With cloudless morning skies,

Sweet life renewed, and active work at length,
His love denies.

DAILY AFTERWARDS.

But living fruit of righteousness to Him
His chastening shall yield,
And constant "afterwards," no longer dim,
Shall be revealed.

Is it no "afterward" that in thy heart
His *love* is shed abroad?
And that His Spirit breathes, while called apart,
The *peace* of God?

That *joy* in tribulation shall spring forth
To greet His visits blessed,
Whose wisdom wakes the south wind or the north
As He sees best!

Shall not *longsuffering* in thee be wrought,
To mirror back His own?
His *gentleness* shall mellow every thought,
And look and tone.

And *goodness!* In thyself dwells no good thing,
Yet from thy glorious Root
An "afterward" of holiness shall spring—
Most precious fruit!

The trial of thy *faith* from hour to hour
Shall yield a grand increase;
He shall fulfil the work of faith with power
That cannot cease.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

And all around shall praise Him as they see
The meekness of thy Lord ;
Thus, even here and now, how blest shall be
Thy sure reward !

This pleasant fruit it shall be thine to lay
At thy Belovèd's feet,
The ripening clusters growing day by day
More full and sweet.

If at His gate He keeps thee waiting now
Through many a suffering year,
Watch for His daily "afterwards," and thou
Shalt find them here :

Till, as refined gold, in thee shall shine
His image, no more dim ;
Then shall the endless "afterward" be thine
Of rest with Him.

Sunday Night.

REST him, O Father ! Thou didst send him
forth
With great and gracious messages of love ;
But Thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
In sending him ; and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And Thine upholding right encircle him,

SUNDAY NIGHT.

And, underneath, the Everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care;
And so give Thy belovèd sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.
Now fill *his* chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be Thou
His ministrant to-night; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
Oh speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to “rise and
shine.”

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—
“Our Comforter!” As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain.
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

Memorial Names.

THE High Priest stands before the Mercy Seat,
And on his breast bright mingling jewel-
flames
Reflect Shechinah light; twelve patriarch
names
Flash where the emerald and sapphire meet
Sardius and diamond. With softer beam,
From mystic onyx on his shoulder placed,
Deep graven, never altered or erased,
The same great names, in birthday order, gleam.
May each name written here be thus engraved,
Set in the place of power, the place of love,
And borne in sweet memorial above,
By Him who loved and chose, redeemed and
saved.
Be each dear name, the greatest and the least,
Always upon the heart of our High Priest.

Precious Things.

I.

O WHAT shining revelation of His treasures
God hath given!
Precious things of grace and glory, precious
things of earth and heaven.
Holy Spirit, now unlock them with Thy mighty
golden key,
Royal jewels of the kingdom let us now adoring
see!

PRECIOUS THINGS.

II.

1 PET. ii. 7.—“Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious.”
Christ is precious, oh most precious, gift* by God
the Father sealed ;†
Pearl‡ of greatest price and treasure,§ hidden, yet
to us revealed ;|
His own people’s crown of glory, and resplendent
diadem ;¶
More** than thousand worlds, and dearer†† than
all life and love to them.

* John iii. 16 ; 2 Cor. ix. 15. † John vi. 27. ‡ Matt. xiii. 46.
§ Matt. xiii. 44. | Gal. i. 16 ; John xiv. 21. ¶ Isa. xxviii. 5.
** Phil. iii. 7, 8. †† Matt. x. 37-39.

III.

1 PET. ii. 6.—“Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect,
precious.”
Marvellous* and very precious is the Corner Stone
Elect :
Though rejected† by the builders, chosen‡ by the
Architect.
All-supporting,§ all-uniting, and all-crowning,
tried| and sure ;
True Foundation,¶ yet true Headstone** of His
temple bright and pure.

* Ps. cxviii. 23. † Ps. cxviii. 22 ; Isa. liii. 3. ‡ 1 Pet. ii. 4.
§ Eph. ii. 20-22 ; iv. 15, 16. | Isa. xxviii. 16. ¶ 1 Cor. iii. 12.
** Zech. iv. 7.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

IV.

1 PET. i. 18, 19.—“Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.”

Now, in reverent awe and wonder, touch the
theme of deepest laud,*
Precious blood of Christ that bought† us and hath
made us nigh‡ to God!
His own§ blood, O love unfathomed! shed for
those who loved Him not;||
Mighty fountain always open,¶ cleansing** us
from every spot.

* Rev. v. 9. † Acts xx. 28. ‡ Eph. ii. 13. § Heb. ix. 12.
|| Rom. v. 10. ¶ Zech. xiii. 1. ** 1 John i. 7.

V.

Ps. cxxxix. 17.—“How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!”

Oh how wonderful* and precious are Thy thoughts
to us, O God!
Outlined in creation, blazoned on redemption's
banner broad;
Infinite and deep† and dazzling as the noontide
heavens‡ above;
Yet more wonderful to usward are Thy thoughts
of peace§ and love.

* Ps. xl. 5, 17. † Ps. xcii. 5; Rom. xi. 33, 34. ‡ Isa. lv. 8, 9.
§ Jer. xxix. 11.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

VI.

2 PET. i. 4.—“Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature.”

Then, exceeding great and precious are Thy
promises Divine;
Given* by Christ, and by the Spirit sealed with
sweetest “All† are thine!”
Precious in their peace and power,‡ in their sure§
and changeless might;
Strengthening,|| comforting,¶ transforming; **
suns by day and stars by night.

* John xvii. 14; 2 Cor. i. 20. † Compare 1 Cor. ii. 12. and iii. 21.
‡ 1 Thess. ii. 13. § Heb. x. 23; Matt. xxiv. 35. | Matt. iv. 4.
¶ Rom. xv. 4. ** 2 Pet. i. 4.

VII.

2 PET. i. 1.—“To them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

Precious faith our God hath given: rich* in faith
is rich indeed!
Fire-tried† gold from His own treasury, fully
meeting every need:
Channell‡ of His grace abounding; bringing peace§
and joy and light;
Purifying,|| overcoming;¶ linking** weakness
with His might.

* Jas. ii. 5. † Rev. iii. 18. ‡ Heb. xi. 33; Rom. v. 2. § Rom.
v. 1, 2. | Acts xv. 9. ¶ 1 John v. 4. ** Isa. xxvii. 5; 2 Cor. xii. 9.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

VIII.

Ps. cxxxiii. 2.—“The precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments.”

Precious ointment, very costly,* of chief† odours
pure and sweet,‡
Holy gift for royal priesthood,§ thus for temple-
service meet;
Such the Spirit's precious unction,|| oil of glad-
ness¶ freely** shed,
Sanctifying and abiding†† on the consecrated
head.‡‡

* John xii. 3. † Exod. xxx. 23. ‡ Exod. xxx. 34, 35. § Exod. xxx. 30; 1 Pet. ii. 9. || 1 John ii. 20. ¶ Isa. lxi. 3. ** Titus iii. 5, 6. †† 1 John ii. 27. ‡‡ Lev. viii. 12.

IX.

Ps. xxxvi. 7; Isa. liv. 8, 10.—“How excellent (*marg.* precious) is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.”

Who shall paint the flash of splendour from the
opened casket bright,
When His precious loving-kindness beams upon
the quickened sight!
Priceless jewels ever gleaming with imperish-
able* ray,
God will never take it from† us, though the
mountains‡ pass away.

* Ps. xxv. 6. † Ps. lxxxix. 33. ‡ Isa. liv. 10.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

X.

JOB xxviii. 16, 18.—“It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.”

Far more precious* than the ruby, or the crystal's†
rainbow light,
Valued not with precious onyx or with pearl and
sapphire bright,
Freely‡ given to all who ask it, is the wisdom
from above,
Pure and peaceable and gentle,§ full of fruits of
life and love.

* Prov. iii. 15; xx. 15; xxiv. 4. † Job xxviii. 17. ‡ Jas. i. 5.
§ Jas. iii. 17.

XI.

DEUT. xxxiii. 13-16.—“Blessed of the Lord be his land for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth.”

Nor withhold we glad thanksgiving for His mercies
ever new,*
Precious things of earth and heaven, sun and
rain and quickening dew;
Precious fruits and varied crowning† of the year
His goodness fills,
Chief things of the ancient mountains, precious
things of lasting hills.

* Lam. iii. 23. † Ps. lxx. 11.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

XII.

JER. xv. 19.—“If thou take forth the precious from the vile,
thou shalt be as My mouth.”

Such His gifts : but mark we duly our responsibility
Unto Him whose name is Holy, infinite in
purity ;
Sin and self no longer serving, take the precious
from the vile,
So His power shall rest upon thee, thou shalt
dwell beneath His smile.

XIII.

LAM. iv. 2.—“The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine
gold.”

Sons of Zion, ye are precious in your heavenly
Father's sight,*
Ye are His peculiar† treasure, ye His jewels‡ of
delight ;
Sought§ and chosen, cleansed and polished,¶ pur-
chased with transcendent cost,¶
Kept** in His own royal casket, never, never†† to
be lost.

* Isa. xliii. 4. † Ps. cxxxv. 4. ‡ Mal. iii. 17. § Isa. lxii. 12.
¶ Ps. cxliv. 12. ¶ Matt. xiii. 46 ; Gal. i. 4. ** 1 Pet. i. 5. †† John
x. 28.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

XIV.

1 PET. i. 7.—“That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.”

Precious, more than gold that wasteth, is the
trial of your faith,
Fires* of anguish or temptation† cannot dim it,
cannot scathe!
Your Refiner‡ sitteth watching till His image§
shineth clear,
For His glory, praise and honour, when| the
Saviour shall appear.

* 1 Pet. iv. 12. † Jas. i. 12. ‡ Mal. iii. 3; Zech. xiii. 9. § Rom. viii. 29. | 1 Pet. iv. 13.

XV.

Ps. cxvi. 15.—“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.”

Precious, precious to Jehovah is His children's
holy sleep;*
He is with them in the passing† through the
waters cold and deep:
Everlasting‡ love enfolds them softly, sweetly to
His breast,
Everlasting love receives§ them to His glory and
His rest.|

* 1 Thess. iv. 14. † Isa. xliii. 2. ‡ Jer. xxxi. 3. § Ps. lxxiii. 24.
| Isa. xl. 10 (*marg.*).

PRECIOUS THINGS.

XVI.

REV. xxi. 10, 11.—“ He showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God : and her light was like unto a stone most precious ; even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.”

Pause not here—the Holy City, glorious in God’s
light, behold !
Like unto a stone most precious clear as crystal,
pure as gold :
Strong foundations* fair† with sapphires, sardius
and chrysolite,
Blent with amethyst and jacinth, emerald and
topaz bright.

* Rev. xxi. 19, 20. † Isa. liv. 11.

XVII.

HEB. xi. 10.—“ A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”

Glorious dwelling of the holy, where no grief* or
gloom of sin†
Through the pure and pearly portals‡ evermore
shall enter in :
Christ its light§ and God its temple,|| Christ its
song¶ of endless laud !
Oh, what precious consummation of the precious
things of God !

* Isa. xxxv. 10. † Isa. li. 1 ; Rev. xxi. 27. ‡ Rev. xxi. 21.
§ Isa. lx. 19, 20 ; Rev. xxi. 23. || Rev. xxi. 22. ¶ Ps. cxviii. 14 ;
Rev. v. 9-14.

Cling Tokens.

THE murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall :—
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule,
Such music is not understood
By any school :
But when the brain is overwrought,
It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power,
To make it well.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,

THE TURNED LESSON.

The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means " I cannot speak,
But I have heard !"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word :—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry ;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy ;
But, when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well !

The Turned Lesson.

" I THOUGHT I knew it !" she said,
" I thought I had learnt it quite !"
But the gentle Teacher shook her head,
With a grave yet loving light
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
As she gave the book
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

" I thought I knew it !" she said ;
And a heavy tear fell down,
As she turned away with bending head,
Yet not for reproof or frown,

THE TURNED LESSON.

Not for the lesson to learn again,
Or the play hour lost ;—
It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
But her Teacher understood,
As God understands the chirp of the birds
In the depth of an autumn wood.
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
Was quite enough ;
No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
“ Now I will try you again ! ”
And the lesson was mastered—every word !
Was it not worth the pain ?
Was it not kinder the task to turn,
Than to let it pass,
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn ?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
That it was not quite “ by heart ” ?
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,
That lesson again
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only, stay by His side
Till the page is really known,

THE TURNED LESSON.

It may be we failed because we tried
 To learn it all alone.
And now that He would not let us lose
 One lesson of love
(For He knows the loss)—can we refuse ?

But, oh ! how *could* we dream
 That we knew it all so well !
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
 What we could not even spell !
And, oh ! how could we grieve once more
 That Patient One
Who has turned so many a task before !

That waiting One, who now
 Is letting us try again ;
Watching us with the patient brow
 That bore the wreath of pain ;
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach,
 Line upon line,
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts "be still,"
 Though our task is turned to-day.
Oh, let Him teach us what He will,
 In His own gracious way.
Till, sitting only at Jesu's feet,
 As we learn each line,
The hardest is found all clear and sweet !

Reality.

"FATHER, WE KNOW THE REALITY OF JESUS CHRIST."—
*Words used by a workman in prayer, October 14th, 1875.**

REALITY, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !
From the spectral mists and driving clouds,
From the shifting shadows and phantom crowds,
From unreal words and unreal lives,
Where truth with falsehood feebly strives ;
From the passings away, the chance and change,
Flickerings, vanishings, swift and strange,
I turn to my glorious rest on Thee,
Who art the grand Reality.

Reality in greatest need,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art indeed !
Is the pilot real, who alone can guide
The drifting ship through the midnight tide ?
Is the lifeboat real, as it nears the wreck,
And the saved ones leap from the parting deck ?

* At another prayer-meeting on the same day a young Christian who had been witnessing for this "reality" among those who called religion a "phantom" and a "sham" prayed earnestly, "Lord Jesus, let Thy dear servant write for us what Thou art—Thou living, bright Reality!" And, urging His plea with increasing vehemence, he added, "and let her do it *this very night*." That "very night" these verses were flashed into my mind; while he was "yet speaking" they were written and *dated*. Does not this show the "reality of prayer"?

REALITY.

Is the haven real, where the barque may flee
From the autumn gales of the wild North Sea?
Reality indeed art Thou,
My Pilot, Lifeboat, Haven now.

Reality, reality,
In brightest days art Thou to me!
Thou art the sunshine of my mirth,
Thou art the heaven above my earth,
The spring of the love of all my heart,
And the Fountain of my song Thou art;
For dearer than the dearest now,
And better than the best, art Thou,
Belovèd Lord, in whom I see
Joy-giving, glad Reality.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus, Thou hast been to me,
When I thought the dream of life was past,
And "the Master's home-call" come at last;
When I thought I only had to wait
A little while at the Golden Gate,—
Only another day or two,
Till Thou Thyself should'st bear me through.
How real Thy presence was to me!
How precious Thy Reality!

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!

REALITY.

Thy name is sweeter than songs of old,
Thy words are better than "most fine gold."
Thy deeds are greater than hero-glory,
Thy life is grander than poet-story :
But Thou, Thyself, for aye the same,
Art more than words and life and name !
 Thyself Thou hast revealed to me,
 In glorious Reality.

 Reality, reality,
 Lord Jesus Christ, is crowned in Thee.
In Thee is every type fulfilled,
In Thee is every yearning stilled
For perfect beauty, truth, and love ;
For Thou art always far above
The grandest glimpse of our Ideal,
Yet more and more we know Thee real,
 And marvel more and more to see
 Thine infinite Reality.

 Reality, reality,
 Of grace and glory dwells in Thee.
How real Thy mercy and Thy might !
How real Thy love, how real Thy light !
How real Thy truth and faithfulness !
How real Thy blessing when Thou dost bless !
How real Thy coming to dwell within !
How real the triumphs Thou dost win !
 Does not the loving and glowing heart
 Leap up to own how real Thou art ?

•

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Reality, reality!
Such let our adoration be!
Father, we bless Thee with heart and voice,
For the wondrous grace of Thy sovereign choice,
That patiently, gently, sought us out
In the far-off land of death and doubt,
That drew us to Christ by the Spirit's might,
That opened our eyes to see the light
That arose in strange reality,
From the darkness falling on Calvary.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
My glorious King, my Lord, my God,
Life is too short for half the laud,
For half the debt of praise I owe
For this blest knowledge, that "I know
The reality of Jesus Christ,"—
Unmeasured blessing, gift unpriced!
Will I not praise Thee when I see
In the long noon of Eternity,
Unveiled, Thy "bright Reality!"

A Song in the Night.

[Written in severe pain, Sunday afternoon, October 8th, 1876, at
the Pension Wengen, Alps.]

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand,

•

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need ;

That Thou, my Good Physician,
Art watching still ;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus ;
What Thou dost choose
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse.

It is not for the first time
I trust to-day ;
For Thee my heart has never
A trustless " Nay ! "

I take this pain, Lord Jesus ;
But what beside ?

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.

In every hour of faintness
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift ;
And true though tremulous praises
I now uplift.

I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,
Thou art so near !

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
For evermore.

And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me !

What will you Do without Him ?

I COULD not do without Him !
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
Of earth could ever be.
But the more I find Him precious—
And the more I find Him true—
The more I long for you to find
What He can be to you.

You need not do without Him,
For He is passing by,
He is waiting to be gracious,
Only waiting for your cry :
He is waiting to receive you—
To make you all His own !
Why will you do without Him,
And wander on alone ?

Why will you do without Him ?
Is He not kind indeed ?
Did He not die to save you ?
Is He not all you need ?
Do you not want a Saviour ?
Do you not want a Friend ?
One who will love you faithfully,
And love you to the end ?

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITHOUT HIM?

Why will you do without Him ?
The Word of God is true !
The world is passing to its doom—
And you are passing too.
It may be no to-morrow
Shall dawn on you or me ;
Why will you run the awful risk
Of all eternity ?

What will you do without Him,
In the long and dreary day
Of trouble and perplexity,
When you do not know the way,
And no one else can help you,
And no one guides you right,
And hope comes not with morning,
And rest comes not with night ?

You could not do without Him,
If once He made you see
The fetters that enchain you,
Till He hath set you free.
If once you saw the fearful load
Of sin upon your soul ;—
The hidden plague that ends in death,
Unless He makes you whole !

What will you do without Him,
When death is drawing near ?

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITHOUT HIM?

Without His love—the only love
That casts out every fear ;
When the shadow-valley opens,
Unlighted and unknown,
And the terrors of its darkness
Must all be passed alone !

What will you do without Him,
When the great white throne is set,
And the Judge who never can mistake,
And never can forget,—
The Judge whom you have never here
As Friend and Saviour sought,
Shall summon you to give account
Of deed and word and thought ?

What will you do without Him,
When He hath shut the door,
And you are left outside, because
You would not come before ?
When it is no use knocking,
No use to stand and wait ;
For the word of doom tolls through
your heart,
That terrible “ Too late ! ”

You cannot do without Him !
There is no other name
By which you ever *can* be saved,
No way, no hope, no claim !

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITHOUT HIM?

Without Him—everlasting loss
Of love, and life, and light !
Without Him—everlasting woe,
And everlasting night.

But with Him—oh, *with Jesus!*
Are any words so blest ?
With Jesus, everlasting joy
And everlasting rest !
With Jesus—all the empty heart
Filled with His perfect love ;
With Jesus—perfect peace below,
And perfect bliss above.

Why should you do without Him ?
It is not yet too late ;
He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you !—hush ! He calls you !
He would not have you go
Another step without Him,
Because He loves you so.

Why will you do without Him ?
He calls and calls again—
“Come unto Me ! Come unto Me !”
Oh, shall He call in vain ?
He wants to have you with Him ;
Do you not want Him too ?
You cannot do without Him,
And He wants—even you.

In Reply
Yours
A. S. H.

New Year's Wishes.

WHAT shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the spring-time,
Pleasures and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear;
These shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

"FORGIVEN—EVEN UNTIL NOW."

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance
Radiant and sweet,
Joy in His presence !
Christ ever near !
This will ensure thee
A Happy New Year !

"Forgiven—even until Now."

NUMBERS xiv. 19.

FOR NEW YEAR'S-DAY, 1879.

"THOU hast forgiven—even until now !"
We bless Thee, Lord, for this,
And take Thy great forgiveness as we bow
In depth of sorrowing bliss ;
While over all the long, regretful past
This veil of wondrous grace Thy sovereign hand
doth cast.

"Forgiven until now !" For Jesus died
To take our sins away ;
His blood was shed, and still the infinite tide
Flows full and deep to-day.
He paid the debt ; we own it, and go free !
The cancelled bond is cast in Love's unfathomed
sea.

MATTHEW XIV. 23.

“Forgiven until now !” For God is true ;
Faithful and just is He !
Forgiving, cleansing, making all things new !
“Who is a God like Thee ?”

O precious blood of Christ that saves and heals,
While all its cleansing might the Holy Ghost re-
veals.

Yes, “even until now !” And so we stand,
Forgiven, loved, and blessed,
And, covered in the shadow of God’s hand,
Believing, are at rest.

The one great load is lifted from the soul,
That henceforth on the Lord all burdens we may
roll.

Yes, “even until now !” Then let us press
With free and willing feet
Along the King’s highway of holiness,
Until we gain the street
Of golden crystal, praising purely when
We see our pardoning Lord ; forgiven until then !

Matthew xiv. 23.

IT is the quiet evening time, the sun is in the
west,
And earth enrobed in purple glow awaits her
nightly rest ;

MATTHEW XIV. 23.

The shadows of the mountain peaks are lengthening
o'er the sea,
And the flowerets close their eyelids on the shore
of Galilee.
The multitude are gone away, their restless hum
doth cease,
The birds have hushed their music, and all is
calm and peace ;
But on the lonely mountain side is One, whose
beauteous brow
The impress bears of sorrow and of weariness e'en
now.
The livelong day in deeds of love and power He
hath spent,
And with them words of grace and life hath ever
sweetly blent.
Now He hath gained the mountain top, He standeth
all alone,
No mortal may be near Him in that hour of
prayer unknown.
He prayeth. But for whom ? For Himself He
needeth nought ;
Nor strength, nor peace, nor pardon. where of
sin there is no spot ;
But 'tis for us in powerful prayer He spendeth
all the night,
That His own loved ones may be kept and
strengthened in the fight ;
That they may all be sanctified, and perfect made
in one ;

MATTHEW XIV. 23.

That they His glory may behold where they shall
 need no sun ;
That in eternal gladness they may be His glo-
 rious bride :
It is for this that He hath climbed the lonely
 mountain side.
It is for this that He denies His weary head the
 rest
Which e'en the foxes in their holes, and birds
 have in their nest.
The echo of that prayer hath died upon the
 rocky hill ;
But on a higher, holier mount that Voice is
 pleading still ;
For while one weary child of His yet wanders
 here below,
While yet one thirsting soul desires His peace
 and love to know,
And while one fainting spirit seeks His holiness
 to share,
The Saviour's loving heart shall pour a tide of
 mighty prayer ;
Yes ! till each ransomed one hath gained His
 home of joy and peace,
That fount of blessings all untold shall never
 never cease.

Matthew xxvi. 30.

“And when they had sung an hymn they went out.”

THE sun hath gilded Judah's hills
With his last gorgeous beam ;
Ghostlike the still grey mists arise
From Jordan's sacred stream.
The stars, bright flowers of the sky,
Unfold their beauties now,
And gaze on Salem's marble fane,
By Olivet's dark brow.
In David's city sound is hushed
And tread of busy feet,
For solemnly his sons have met
The paschal lamb to eat.
But list ! the silence of the hour
Is broken ; the still air
A melody hath caught which far
Its viewless pinions bear.
Unwonted sweetness hath the strain,
And as its numbers flow,
More tender and more touching yet
Its harmony doth grow.
Not royal David's tuneful harp
Such thrilling power had known
To wake deep echoes in the soul,
As its scarce earthly tone.

MATTHEW XXVI. 30.

Within an "upper room" are met
A small, yet faithful band,
On whom a deep yet chastened grief
Hath laid its softening hand.
Among them there is One who wears
A more than mortal mien,
'Tis He on whom in all distress
The weary one may lean.
Mysterious sadness, on that brow
So pure and calm, doth lie ;
And untold stores of deepest love
Are beaming from His eye.
What wonder if the strain was sweet
Above all other lays ?
Seraphic well might seem the hymn
Which Jesu's voice did raise,
The angels hush their lyres and bend
To hear the thrilling tone,
And heaven is silent,—with that song
They mingle not their own.
The sorrowing ones around have heard
Their blessed Master tell,
That He with them no longer now
As heretofore may dwell.
And they have sadly shared with Him
The last, last evening meal,
And heard the last sweet comfort which
Their mourning hearts may heal.
They do not know the fearful storm
Which on His head must burst ;

MATTHEW XXVI. 30.

They know not all,—He hath not told
His loving ones the worst.
How could He ? E'en an angel's mind
Could never comprehend
The weight of woe 'neath which for us
The Saviour's head must bend ;
Ere long the voice, which waketh now
Such touching melody,
Shall cry, " My God, My God, oh, why
Hast Thou forsaken me ?"
The hour is come ; but ere they meet
Its terrors,—yet once more
Their voices blend with His who sang
As none e'er sang before.
Why do they linger on that note ?
Why thus the sound prolong ?
Ah ! 'twas the last ! 'Tis ended now,
That strangely solemn song.
And forth they go :—the song is past ;
But, like the roseleaf, still,
Whose fragrance doth not die away,
Its soft low echoes thrill
Through many a soul, and there awake
New strains of glowing praise
To Him who, on that fateful eve,
That last sweet hymn did raise.

He Hath Done It!

ISA. xlv. 22, 23.—“I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee. Sing, O heavens; for the Lord hath done it.”

ECCLÉS. iii. 14.—“I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it.”

SING, O heavens! the Lord hath done it!

Sound it forth o'er land and sea!

Jesus says, “I have redeemed thee,

Now return, return to Me!”

Oh return, for His own life blood

Paid the ransom, made us free

Evermore and evermore.

For I know that what He doeth

Stands for ever, fixed and true;

Nothing can be added to it,

Nothing left for us to do;

Nothing can be taken from it,

Done for me and done for you

Evermore and evermore.

Listen now! the Lord hath done it!

For He loved us unto death;

It is finished! He has saved us!

Only trust to what He saith.

He hath done it! Come and bless Him,

Spend in praise your ransomed breath

Evermore and evermore.

THE KEY FOUND.

Oh believe the Lord hath done it !
Wherefore linger ? wherefore doubt ?
All the cloud of black transgression
He Himself hath blotted out.
He hath done it ! Come and bless Him,
Swell the grand thanksgiving shout
Evermore and evermore.

The Key Found.

THERE is a strange wild wail around, a wail of
wild unrest,
A moaning in the music, with echoes uncon-
fessed,
And a mocking twitter here and there, with small
notes shrill and thin,
And deep, low shudd'ring groans that rise from
coves of gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies of
God,
And still the wailers wander thro' His fair lands
rich and broad ;
Grave thought-explorers swell the cry of doubt
and nameless pain,
And careless feet among the flowers trip to the
dismal strain.

THE KEY FOUND.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless
search for truth,
They may squander in the quest all the freshness
of their youth,
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's
unresting sleep,
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's
unfathomed deep.

But they wait and wail and wander in vain and
still in vain,
Though they glory in the dimness and are proud
of every pain ;
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime
mistake,
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they
cannot, will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest ! The Deliverer is
near !
Arise, go forth to meet Him ! Bow down, for
He is here !
Ye shall count your true existence from this first,
blessèd tryst,
For He waiteth to reveal Himself, the Very God
in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incom-
plete,
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence
calm and sweet,

THE KEY FOUND.

And the earthlights never lead us beyond the
shadows grim,
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth
rest in Him.

Do ye doubt our feeble witness? Though ye
scorn us, come and see!
Come and hear Him for yourselves, and ye shall
know that it is He!
Ye shall find in Him the Centre, the Very Truth
and Life,
Resplendent resolution of the endless doubt and
strife.

Ye shall find a perfect fitness with your highest,
deepest thought,
In Him, the fair Ideal, that so long ye vainly
sought,
In Him the grand Reality ye never found before,
In Him the Lord that ye must love, the God ye
must adore.

Ye shall find in Him the filling of the "aching
void" within;
In Him the instant antidote for anguish and for
sin;
In Him the conscious meeting of the soul's un-
uttered need;
In Him the *All* that ye have sought, the goal of
life indeed.

THE KEY FOUND.

As the light is to the eye, with its sensitive array
Of delicate adjustments with their finely balanced play,
With its instinct of perception, and its craving
for the light,
So is Jesus to the spirit, when He gives the inward sight.

As the full and clear translation of some characters of fate,
With their sybilline enfoldings, of dim mysterious weight,
And a haunting terror lest the real be darker
than the guessed !
So is Jesus to the questions and enigmas of the breast.

As the key is to the lock, when it enters quick and true,
Fitting all the complex wards that are hidden from the view,
Moving all the secret springs that no other finds or moves,
So is Jesus to the soul, when His saving power He proves.

As the music to the ear, when the mightiest anthems roll,
With its corridors conveying every echo to the soul,

THE KEY FOUND.

With its exquisite discernment of vibration and
of tone,
So is Jesus to the heart that is made for Him
alone.

No need to prove the sunshine when the eye re-
ceives the light !
When the cipher is deciphered we know the clue
is right ;
The key is known by fitting the strange intricate
wards ;
And the ears must own the music when they
recognise the chords.

No need to prove a Saviour, when once the heart
believes
And the light of God's own glory in Jesus Christ
receives !
No need for weary puzzle, with heart-lore strange
and dim,
When we find our dark enigmas are simply solved
in Him !

We cannot doubt our finding the very Key indeed,
When Jesus fills up every void, responds to every
need,
When all the secrets of our hearts before Him
are revealed,
And all the mystery of life, alone with Him, un-
sealed.

"THE SCRIPTURE CANNOT BE BROKEN."

We cannot doubt, when once the ear of listening
faith has heard,
With all-responsive thrill of love, the music of
His word!
He gives the witness that excels all argument or
sign,—
When we have heard it for ourselves we *know* it
is Divine!

And then, oh then the wail is stilled, the wan-
dering is o'er,
The rest is gained, the certainty that never
wavers more;
And then the full, unquivering praise arises glad
and strong,
And life becomes the prelude of the everlasting
song!

"The Scripture cannot be Broken."

JOHN x. 35.

UPON the Word I rest,
Each pilgrim day;
This golden staff is best
For all the way.
What Jesus Christ hath spoken,
Cannot be broken!
Upon the Word I rest,
So strong, so sure,

NOTHING TO PAY.

So full of comfort blest,
So sweet, so pure !
The charter of salvation,
Faith's broad foundation.
Upon the Word I stand !
That cannot die !
Christ seals it in' my hand,
He cannot lie !
The Word that faileth never !
Abiding ever !

Chorus :

The Master hath said it !
Rejoicing in this,
We ask not for sign or for token :
His word is enough for our confident bliss,
The Scripture *cannot* be broken.

Nothing to Pay !

NOTHING to pay ! Ah, nothing to pay !
Never a word of excuse to say !
Year after year thou hast filled the score,
Owing thy Lord still more and more.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay !
Ruined, lost, art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt."

Nothing to pay ! the debt is so great ;
What will you do with the awful weight ?

"HE SUFFERED."

How shall the way of escape be made?
Nothing to pay! yet it must be paid!
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
All has been put to My account,
I have paid the full amount."

Nothing to pay; yes, nothing to pay!
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free!
Now I ask *thee*, lovest thou ME?"

April, 1879.

"He Suffered."

"HE suffered!" Was it, Lord, indeed for me,
The Just One for the unjust; Thou didst
bear
The weight of sorrow that I hardly dare
To look upon, in dark Gethsemane?
"He suffered!" Thou, my near and gracious
Friend,
And yet my Lord, my God! Thou didst not
shrink
For me that full and fearful cup to drink
Because Thou lovedst even to the end!

BEHOLD YOUR KING.

“He suffered!” Saviour, was Thy love so vast
That mysteries of unknown agony,
Even unto death, its only gauge could be,
Unmeasured as the fiery depths it passed?
Lord, by the sorrows of Gethsemane
Seal Thou my quivering love for-ever unto Thee.

1879.

Behold your King.

LAM. i. 12.—“Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto
My sorrow.”

BEHOLD your King! Though the moonlight
steals

Through the silvery sprays of the olive tree,
No star-gemmed sceptre or crown it reveals,
In the solemn shade of Gethsemane.

Only a form of prostrate grief,
Fallen, crushed, like a broken leaf!

Oh, think of His sorrow! that we may know
The depth of love in the depth of woe!

Behold your King! Is it nothing to you,

That the crimson tokens of agony

From the kingly brow must fall like dew,

Through the shuddering shades of Geth-
semane?

Jesus himself, the Prince of Life,

Bows in mysterious mortal strife;

Oh, think of His sorrow! that we may know

The unknown love in the unknown woe!

AN EASTER PRAYER.

Behold your King, with His sorrows crowned,
Alone, alone in the valley is He !
The shadows of death are gathering round,
And the Cross must follow Gethsemane.
Darker and darker the gloom must fall,
Filled is the Cup, He must drink it all !
Oh, think of His sorrow ! that we may know
His wondrous love in His wondrous woe !

Good Friday, 1879.

An Easter Prayer.

OH let me know
The power of Thy resurrection ;
Oh let me show
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection ;
Oh let me soar
Where Thou, my Saviour Christ, art gone before ;
In mind and heart
Let me dwell always, only, where Thou art.

Oh let me give
Out of the gifts Thou freely givest ;
Oh let me live
With life abundantly because Thou livest ;
Oh make me shine
In darkest places, for Thy light is mine ;
Oh let me be
A faithful witness for Thy truth and Thee.

EASTER DAWN.

Oh let me show
The strong reality of gospel story ;
Oh let me go
From strength to strength, from glory unto glory
Oh let me sing
For very joy, because Thou art my King ;
Oh let me praise
Thy love and faithfulness through all my days.

Easter Dawn.

[Written in pencil the early dawn of her last Easter Day, April,
1879.]

I T is too calm to be a dream,
Too gravely sweet, too full of power,
Prayer changed to praise this very hour !
Yes, heard and answered ! though it seem
Beyond the hope of yesterday,
Beyond the faith that dared to pray,
Yet not beyond the love that heard,
And not beyond the faithful word
On which each trembling prayer may rest
And win the answer truly best.

Yes, heard and answered ! sought and found !
I breathe a golden atmosphere
Of solemn joy, and seem to hear
Within, above, and all around,
The chime of deep cathedral bells,
An early herald peal that tells

HOPE.

A glorious Easter-tide begun ;
While yet are sparkling in the sun
Large raindrops of the night storm passed,
And days of Lent are gone at last.

Hope.

WHAT though the blossoms fall and die ?
The flower is not the root ;
The sun of love may ripen yet
The Master's pleasant fruit.

What though by many a sinful fall
Thy garments are defiled ?
A Saviour's blood can cleanse them all ;
Fear not ! thou art His child.

Arise ! and, leaning on His strength,
Thy weakness shall be strong ;
And He will teach thy heart at length
A new perpetual song.

Arise ! to follow in His track
Each holy footprint clear,
And on an upward course look back
With every brightening year.

Arise ! and as thy future way
His blessing with thee be !
His presence be thy staff and stay,
Till thou His glory see.

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