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THE BROOK IN THE WAY.



# The Brook in the Way:

ORIGINAL HYMNS AND POEMS.

BY

ANNA SHIPTON.

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“*Whispers in the Palms*;” “*Precious Gems for the Saviour’s Diadem*;”

“*Tell Jesus, or Recollections of Emily Gosse*;”

“*The Cottage on the Rock*,” &c., &c.

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“HE SHALL DRINK OF THE BROOK IN THE WAY: THEREFORE  
SHALL HE LIFT UP THE HEAD.”

*Psalm cx. 7.*

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1862

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MORGAN AND CHASE, 40, LUDGATE STREET.



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## P R E F A C E .

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“I stretch forth my hands unto Thee.”—Ps. cxliii. 6.

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**T**WO streams flowed from the threshold of Eden,—the river of life and the fountain of tears. The bitter wave of one whispers, “The sorrow of this world worketh death;” while the sweet voice of many waters breathes blessing,—singing for ever, “Drink, and thirst no more.”

The mighty power and wisdom of God are witnessed on every side, in the gracious acceptance of the meanest ministry. So I comfort me in remembering that the dream of an enemy was blessed to the strengthening and refreshing of a mighty man of valour, and the rustling in the leaves of the mulberry trees for the discomfiture of an host.\*

And now I pray the same Lord to bless the

\* Judges vii. 9-15; 2 Samuel v. 24.

murmur of "The Brook in the Way," though but a faint echo through the bruised reed upon its margin. May His Spirit give it speech and language, and its music shall make glad the city of my God.

Hereafter, some halting, weary soul may declare, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying; for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." To Him, my heavenly Father, and His Holy Spirit, I commit my pilgrim songs.

A. S.

*October, 1864.*





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## The Brook in the Way.

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### THE OFFERING.

“Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.”  
1 COR. vi. 19, 20.

**N**O more my own, Lord Jesus ;  
Bought with Thy precious Blood,  
I give Thee but Thine own, Lord,  
That long Thy love withstood.

I give the life Thou gavest,  
My present, future, past ;  
My joys, my fears, my sorrows,  
My first hope and my last.

I give Thee up my weakness,  
That oft distrust hath bred,  
That Thy indwelling power  
May thus be perfected.

*The Brook in the Way.*

I give the love the sweetest  
Thy goodness grants to me ;  
Take it, and make it meet, Lord,  
For offering to Thee.

Smile ! and the very shadows  
In Thy blest light shall shine ;  
Take Thou my heart, Lord Jesus,  
For Thou hast made it Thine.

Thou know'st my soul's ambition,  
For Thou hast changed its aim ;  
(The world's reproach I fear not,)  
To share a Saviour's shame ;

Outside the camp to suffer ;  
Within the Vail to meet,  
And hear Thy softest whisper  
From out the Mercy-seat.

Thou bear'st me on Thy bosom,  
Amidst Thy jewels worn,  
Upon Thy hands deep graven,  
By arms of love upborne.

Rescued from sin's destruction,  
Ransomed from death and hell ;  
Complete in Thee, Lord Jesus :  
Thou hast done all things well !

Oh deathless Love that bought me !  
Oh price beyond my ken !  
Oh Life, that hides my own life  
E'en from my fellow-men !

Now fashion, form, and fill me  
With light and love Divine ;  
So, ONE with Thee, Lord Jesus,  
I'm Thine—for ever Thine !



## CONFLICT.

“Behold, O God, our Shield, and look upon the face of Thine Anointed.”—  
PSALM lxxxiv. 9.

“He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come  
forth as gold.”—JOB xxiii. 10.



ORD! my soul is burdened

By a weight of care,

And my foot is taken

In the fowler's snare;

Darkness gathers o'er me,

I shall fall, or flee;

Helper of the helpless,

Rise and succour me!

Dangers seem to threaten,

'Tempters' wiles assail,

In Thy light I see them,

Yet I weakly quail.

Strange unholy terrors

In my bosom rise,

What distrustful language,

Heavy groans and sighs!



Thoughts of sin's defilement,  
Born of faithless mood,  
Hosts of unclean devils,  
Guests of hell's dark brood,  
Leave me lame and mourning,  
Blind to seek and trace  
All the glorious beauty  
Of Immanuel's face.

Look, oh! look upon me,  
See my wounds! and hear  
In my soul's veiled chambers,  
What dishonouring fear!  
Withered arms for service,  
And a palsied frame  
That hath scarce a heart-throb  
At Thy precious name.

Touch me, cleanse me, heal me!  
Thou didst give me life;  
Speak the word and save me  
From this deadly strife.  
Thine is full salvation,  
And the gift is free,  
Helper of the helpless,  
Rise and succour me!

*The Brook in the Way.*

Hast thou cast me from Thee?  
Well Thou may'st. Ah, no!  
Hold me fast, sweet Jesus!  
Whither should I go?  
Should I seek to hide me  
In some desert spot,  
Earth no cavern holdeth  
Where my God is not.

Could I rise to heaven,  
(Thus by fears oppressed,)  
There art Thou! Descending  
To the grave's dark breast,  
Even there Thou reignest;  
And the shades of night  
Open lie as noon-day,  
To Thy piercing sight!

Wherefore am I thus, Lord?  
I, who fain would show  
To the thirsty pilgrim  
Where the waters flow:  
Where the milk to nourish,  
Where the wine of home,  
Are so freely offered  
Unto all that come.

Father! may I call Thee  
Abba—Father—*mine*?  
Dost Thou look upon me  
And still own me Thine?  
Ah! Thy Spirit shews me  
Christ, my Priest and King:  
Sinless, Stainless, Perfect,  
Is my offering.

Look on Thine Anointed,  
Let my tongue be mute,  
While we gaze together  
On my Substitute.  
Thou art full well pleaséd  
With Thy spotless Lamb;  
And Thy Spirit tells me  
What, O God, I am!

Lost, abhorred, and loathsome,  
Leprous and unclean,  
Yet, enrobed in Jesus,  
I am spotless seen.  
Oh! the weight of glory  
It is mine to share!  
Even now He calls me  
“Altogether fair.”

*The Brook in the Way.*

Lo ! I see Thee, Jesus,  
Ransom of my soul !  
Hast Thou not redeemed me ?  
Let the thunders roll.  
Can the Law convict me ?  
Thou hast set me free !  
Back, thou wily Tempter,  
Jesus died for *me*.

Bend, oh ! bend my will, Lord,  
This—my only aim ;  
For in light or darkness  
Thou art still the same.  
Give me, or withhold then,  
What Thou seest best ;  
Not upon Thy gifts, Lord—  
On Thyself I rest.

Did He say, “To-morrow  
I will hear thee” ? Nay !  
Full and free the fountain  
Floweth every day.  
Holy Dove, oft grievéd,  
Ere my tears were dried,  
To my listening spirit  
Thy still voice replied.

“ Child ! *My* child, be patient,  
I thy sins have borne ;  
I have marked the conflict,  
And the scoffer’s scorn.  
I have seen the sorrows  
Of thy broken heart,  
And in thy afflictions  
Borne a brother’s part.

“ Wouldst thou fear the darkness,  
Didst thou hate the light?  
Would thy sin displease thee,  
Were thy sin delight?  
Evil would be welcome,  
Wert thou of the earth ;  
Child, look up to heaven,  
Whence thou hadst thy birth.

“ Put thy heel on Satan,  
Draw the Spirit’s sword ;  
Prove thy holy breast-plate,  
Take Me at my word.  
Am I not thy Fortress ?  
Wherefore fall or fly ;  
Grasp thy palm, rejoicing  
In *My* victory.

“’Tis the lowliest conquers ;  
’Tis by might of love  
That the weakest soldier  
Doth the bravest prove.  
Rest thee, weary trembler !  
Was the strife unsent ?  
Nay! thy King was with thee ;  
Not a bow was bent,

“ But thy Lord who loves thee  
Guided every dart ;  
See! they only sent thee  
Nearer to my heart.  
At thine hands upraiséd,  
Half thy foes withdrew ;  
Forward ! I have conquered,  
Thou shalt conquer too.

“ Child ! in Me abiding,  
Nought thy foot shall move ;  
Fear not ! I will help thee,  
Mine is changeless love.  
Take my yoke upon thee,  
Learn the way from *Me* ;  
I am meek and lowly,  
Meek and lowly be.

“Take my yoke—I bore it,  
Lean upon my breast;  
I have fought thy battle,  
Share with Me my rest.  
Soon the plains of glory  
Sinless thou shalt tread;  
My right hand upholds thee,  
Rise—be undismayed.

“Trust Me—only trust Me !  
Wherefore shouldst thou quail ?  
Can a weapon prosper,  
Shall a foe prevail,  
'Gainst the Lord's Anointed ?  
He hath set their bounds;  
While thy faith, though feeble,  
Loving-kindness crowns.”



## SEEK HIS FACE CONTINUALLY.



TRUST in the Lord ! yea, trust in Him,  
 Renew thy strength again ;  
 For He, from whom thy faith was born,  
 That faith will still sustain.

Commit thy way to Him, to whom  
 Thou dost commit thy soul ;  
 He sees the path by thee unseen :  
 On Him thy burden roll.

Wait thou on Him, His time is best,  
 His wisdom shall declare ;  
 Wait thou in patient hope, and trace  
 A Father's tender care.

Rest upon Him, on Him, thy Lord,  
 Till thou canst see His face ;  
 Folded within each purpose lie  
 Deep mysteries of grace.



He nourishes the comfortless ;  
He sends thee gloomy days  
To train thy soul for nobler flight,  
And give thee themes for praise.

He sends the blast, He bids the storm  
Sweep o'er His richest land,  
To prove the trees of righteousness  
Are planted by His hand.

He lets the tear-mist float above  
The valley's fairest spot ;  
And the budding grass is greenest where  
Our earthly joys are not.

He sends His springs among the hills,  
When other streams decline ;  
And where the flowery gourd has drooped,  
He trains His fruitful vine.

Whoso is wise, and all His works  
With watchful care discern,  
The loving-kindness of the Lord  
They, even they, shall learn.



## THE FOURTH WATCH.

"Many waters cannot quench love; neither can the floods drown it."  
SOL. SONG viii. 7.



He walketh on the waters,  
Calm in the midnight storm;  
The seething billow beareth  
That mild, majestic form.  
The wind is but His chariot,  
Obedient to His word:  
Who knows the path Thou takest?  
Creator! Jesus! Lord!

He walketh on the waters,  
He ruleth wind and wave,  
The storm-tossed bark He steereth,—  
He watches but to save.  
In His right arm is safety;  
With Him is life and light;  
Wait for Him, though He tarry  
Till the fourth watch of the night.

Distrust meets no upbraiding,  
All terror is allayed ;  
"Be of good cheer," He whispers,  
" 'Tis I ; be not afraid."  
Hark ! as the sweet assurance  
Breaks gently on the ear,  
Each sinking heart respondeth—  
" 'Tis He ! be of good cheer !"

'Tis He who cleansed the leper,  
The evil one cast out,  
'Tis He who fed the hungry,  
Ye loved ones, can ye doubt ?  
Who, 'neath the vault of heaven,  
E'er yet the waters trod,  
Or quenched their foaming fury,  
Save Christ, the Son of God ?

Ah ! while on earth they wandered,  
Those often weary men,  
Forgot they e'er that whisper  
That stole upon them then ?  
With every stormy breaker  
The Master still was near ;  
His love upheld His weak ones,  
" 'Tis I ; be of good cheer."

*The Brook in the Way.*

Oh ! Son of Man ! still sleepless,  
When others toil or weep,  
Thou, 'midst the wildest tempest,  
Dost ceaseless vigil keep.  
Come, Lord ! our fourth watch waneth ;  
Come Thou—deliv'rance bring ;  
Of Thy little band the Brother,  
The Bridegroom, and the King.

Far o'er the world's wide waters  
Thy open door is seen :  
Thy dove, with white wings weary,  
Prays Thee to take her in.  
There 's light upon the billow  
As the wild blast sweepeth by ;  
We hear the heavenly message,  
“ Be not afraid, 'tis I.”

Oh ! chase away the shadows,  
We long to see Thy face ;  
Each lonely hour has brought us  
Nearer to Thine embrace.  
Come, Lord, we wait Thy coming ;  
With Thee is joy and light ;  
Sweet hope ! soon, soon shall vanish  
The fourth watch of our night !

PRAISE FOR ALL!

“All things are yours.”—1 COR. iii. 21.



RAISE, my soul, the love that sought thee!  
Praise the Lord, whose blood hath bought  
thee!

Praise for all!

“Ye are Christ’s.” Can any sever  
Christ and thee? Nay; then for ever  
Praise for all!

Praise for triumph, or for trial,  
Prayer swift answered, or denial—  
Praise for all!

Praise for friends, best loved and loving;  
And the Love in all removing:  
Praise for all!

For the days of health and gladness,  
And the nights of weeping sadness:  
Praise for all!

Tears, though wept for others' sorrow,  
Or the joy that flies to-morrow:

Praise for all !

For the path made plain before thee,  
For the dark cloud lined with glory:

Praise for all !

For the sickness sent to chasten,  
And the chariot home to hasten :

Praise for all !

For *the* hope that waneth never,  
For thy rest beyond the river :

Praise for all !



THE PRICELESS GIFT.

“I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.”—JOHN x. 28.



ESUS! Thou Son of God Most High,  
I hear Thee! Thou art passing nigh:  
Look on me, Lord, or else I die!

Behold a leper, lost, defiled,  
By Satan's every lure beguiled;  
Lord, speak! for I would be Thy child.

Give me another heart, behold  
I nothing offer, yet am bold;  
Thou hast no price, I have no gold.

Give me Thy Spirit,—make me clean,  
And where this heart of flesh hath been,  
Thy heavenly image shall be seen.

Fill it with Love, and Light, and Praise,  
To worship Thee through endless days,  
While I upon Thy glory gaze.

\* \* \* \*

'Tis mine ! Press on, O feeble one !  
For thee the work of grace is done,  
He takes away my heart of stone !

Tears flow ; but they are sweeter far  
Than all my earthly pleasures were,  
And none my priceless joy can mar.

Thorns wound, but soon they 'll wound no more,  
For Faith points to the open door,  
And Christ hath trod the path before.

Away, ye foolish dreams of earth !  
Farewell, false joys and madder mirth :  
I tasted you, and know your worth.

I ask not labour, Lord ; for me,  
Full well Thou know'st how sweet 't would be ;  
But oh ! I ask to follow Thee,

To walk with Thee, be glad and meek,  
And list the word my Lord shall speak ;  
None other lord henceforth I seek.

And if my foot should lag behind,  
Look on me, and that look shall bind  
A ready foot to willing mind.



Keep me abiding all the day  
With Thee my Life, in Thee my Way,  
Then none can lead my steps astray.

And sin in every shape abhorred,  
Christ shall the choicest food afford,  
And my soul taste His sweet reward.

So now I drink the flowing stream,  
And now I bask in glory's beam,  
JESU'S eternal love my theme.

Come, sinners all, there's room for you!  
Come in, poor wanderers!—if you knew  
The Love of Christ, you'd all come too!



## THE NEW-YEAR'S GUEST.

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.”—REV. iii. 20.



ARK! at your door a Stranger knocketh,  
 Will you not rise and let Him in?  
 A New-year's Guest! and keep Him waiting  
 An entrance at your house to win!

“A Stranger!” Yea, despised, rejected,  
 Bowed with a burden meekly borne;  
 Up, then, thou sluggard! bid Him welcome,  
 Open to Him, this New-year's morn.

Still sleeps the door upon its hinges,  
 And drowsily a voice replies,  
 “I know Him not, nor wish to know Him!”  
 And entrance to the Lord denies.

The Stranger onward moves, and lingers  
 Where His own Book arrests the eye,  
 And doctors, wise in worldly wisdom,  
 Search in its hidden mystery.

He waits without, whose love designed it;  
If thoughts of Him their hearts engage,  
His glorious Spirit shall unfold it,  
And shed His light o'er every page.

Discord and anger swell the tumult,  
Untoward passions madly rise,  
Drowned is that voice of sweet persuasion,  
And Christ is hidden from their eyes.

\* \* \* \*

'Tis night! and in a lordly mansion  
Light flashes on the pictured pane,  
Where Art, in rainbow hues, pourtrayeth  
The anguish of the Lamb once slain.

The tapers gleam on sparkling crosses,  
'Mid tissues rich and tracery fair;  
On costly garb, on books and carving—  
Not such the badge *His* followers bear!

Surely within He will find welcome?  
Behold, He knocketh! "Ope to Me,"  
He saith, in tones of tender pity,  
"I will come in and sup with thee."

"Who art Thou?" "Who? The Man of Sorrows!  
Thorn-crowned, and wounded, and betrayed;  
Slain for thy sins, bruised and afflicted:  
Open to Me; be not afraid!"

“ I have my friends and children with me :  
 A face so scarr'd by sorrow's stain  
 Would mar our mirth. Not now—to-morrow,  
 Stranger, perhaps you'll call again.”

\*            \*            \*            \*

“ Our custom is, this merry-making,  
 Sad thoughts would dull life's pleasant chime ;  
 'Tis well for Saint-days, or for Sunday,  
 In sickness, or in dying time.

“ But I have health, and wealth, and leisure,  
 And songs of gladness round me swell ;  
 I have no room for Christ to enter ;  
 There's time enough to think of hell !

“ Associations and committees  
 Will feed the hungry, clothe the poor ;  
 And sure, enough is paid for praying ;  
 Why should I rise and ope the door ?”

Leisure and room for friends and children,  
 The gifts of God's long-suffering grace ;  
 But for the Son who died to save them—  
 For Thee, Lord Christ, there is no place.

On, on He goes, and now He pauses ;  
 At a low doorway see He stands,  
 The glory from His brow descending  
 Shows in the gloom His piercéd hands.

He knocks. No festive songs are rising  
In that drear hovel ; by the grate,  
Where the last embers faintly glimmer,  
Kneeleth a woman—desolate !

Mem'ries of other days flit o'er her—  
New years and old years, black with sin ;  
Oh ! tarry there, Thou lovely Stranger,  
She may have time to let Thee in.

“Lost, lost for ever !” Hark ! she wailleth ;  
“Sin was too sweet, and did betray  
My wandering footsteps downward, downward !  
I have *no* hope, O Christ ! to-day.

“My sin !—my sin ! its fetters bind me,  
Haunting my soul with dreams of hell :  
By day, by night, I read my portion  
Written in flames unquenchable !

“Oh ! the dread past, and darker future,  
God's mercy trampled on, and I,  
Afraid to live, with guilt o'erburdened,  
And yet more fearful still to die !

“O Lord ! long left, and sorely wounded !  
Canst Thou receive the lost once more ?  
Thy Blood can save me !” Heavenly Stranger,  
Thou knockest at the outcast's door !


“Open to Me !” He saith. She opens !  
’Tis the same Friend of bygone years.  
The crucified, betrayed, forsaken,  
Stoopeth to dry the sinner’s tears.

Angels rejoicing o’er that dwelling  
Behold the sinner’s New-year’s Guest.  
He enters ? Who ? The King of Glory !  
The wanderer sups on Jesus’ breast.



THE SINNER SAVED.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—MATT. xi. 28.

“ELL me, happy Pilgrim,  
How you sought and found  
All your peace and gladness  
On this barren ground.  
Why are all our pleasures  
Dull and tame to you,  
And your anxious hours  
Seem so far and few?”

“Not from Earth or Nature,  
Stranger, doth it spring ;  
Birds that build the lowest,  
Soar aloft to sing.  
So my strain is gladdest  
When aloft I rise,—  
Farthest from my earth-nest,  
Nearer to the skies !

“Once, like you, I questioned :  
Life seemed nothing worth ;—  
Death, a gloomy vision !—  
And I wandered forth,  
Seeking something better  
Than the worldling’s lot ;—  
Rest, and peace, and pardon ;  
But I knew not what.

“Thus I worked and fretted,  
Strove to keep God’s law ;  
Vows new-made, and broken,  
All the fruit I saw.  
Then I heard of Jesus !  
And, while drowned in tears,  
He drew gently near me,  
Quieting my fears.

“‘Come,’ He said, ‘poor sinner,’  
(Oh ! that welcome word  
Seemed the sweetest message  
My poor heart had heard,)  
‘Come ! My work is finished,  
And thy labour lost ;  
See, thy soul’s redemption,  
And the price it cost.’



“Then I told Him over  
All my life of sin ;  
‘Now,’ I said, ‘or never,  
Will He let me in !’  
Not one thought I’d given,  
All those long years past,  
To the dear Redeemer  
I had found at last.

“So I spoke, all trembling,  
‘Lord ! it is not fit  
That a ragged beggar  
At Thy table sit.  
I would mend my garments,  
And would fitted be  
For the King’s own presence,  
Who takes heed of me.’

“Soft He spake, so sweetly,—  
‘Seek no other dress ;  
Not a thread is lacking  
In *My* righteousness.  
I a mantle give thee  
None beside hath wove ;  
Take it—be partaker  
Of My Father’s love !

“ ‘All the wrath—thy portion—  
 I have borne from God ;  
 From thy sins I wash thee  
 In my cleansing Blood.’  
 Then I cried, ‘O Saviour !  
 In Thy boundless grace,  
 For the chief of sinners  
 Thou hast found a place.’

“ From that day I knew Him,—  
 Christ ! my Priest and King !  
 Father ! Friend ! Physician !  
 Can I cease to sing ?  
 Nay, until He call me  
 From my work below,  
 I will tell His praises  
 Wheresoe’er I go.

“ Enter, stranger ! Welcome !  
 See ! the way is clear !  
 ’Tis the Friend of sinners  
 That awaits thee here.  
 Come ! believe, and trust Him !  
 Grace He’ll ne’er deny,  
 Since He saved a sinner,—  
 Such an one as I !”

HE LOVETH ME.

“Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”—GAL. ii. 20.



HENE'ER my faithless footsteps stray,  
I miss my Lord upon the way,  
And then—how hard it is to say,

“He loveth me.”

Wild sounds the tempest in my ear,  
Nor sun, nor stars, for days appear,  
And yet my Jesus still is near,

He loveth me.

All other love can soon forget ;  
Estranged, where once the firmest set !  
Wand'ring and weak I am, and yet

He loveth me.

How can I doubt Him? for my name  
Is graven on His breast! He came  
To bear for me my sin and shame!

He loveth me.

Upon the Cross I see Him bleed—  
Mocked with a crown and broken reed !  
Made sin for me! Oh! soul, indeed

He loveth me.

When, drooping, on my way I go,  
That sweet assurance can bestow  
Peace in the darkest hour ; I know

He loveth me.

It smoothes for me the roughest road,  
It bears me o'er the rising flood,  
All things together work for good.

He loveth me.

It is the shadow from the heat,  
It is the star to guide my feet,  
My pillow, and my night-song sweet,

“He loveth me.”

When clouds upon my spirit fall,  
And sins affright, and fears appal,  
Up, sinking heart, and tell Him all !

He loveth me.

He loveth me ! That thought hath flung  
A joy and gladness o'er my song,  
Its burden echoes all day long,

“He loveth me.”

He loveth me ! Take courage, ye  
Who sigh for Him you cannot see ;  
Sure, none should ever hopeless be !

He loveth ME.

REVIVAL HYMN.

“Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power.”—Ps. cx. 3.



WHO is willing? These are willing, children looking for their Lord,  
Springing to the arms of Jesus, at His first endearing word ;

Let them come, the Shepherd sought them, He has called them, they are blest ;  
Feed His lambs, His blood has bought them, and He bears them on His breast.

Who is willing? Weeping sinners; broken-hearted, see they come!

Lo! behold the dead arising from the darkness of the tomb!

Blind, they grope amid the shadows; waiting by the way, they cry,

“Give us Light, O Lord, to see Thee, for we hear Thee passing by.”

Who is willing? These are willing; children of the  
Light, they bring  
Water for the thirsty strangers, sparkling from the  
eternal spring ;  
On! O little flock! press onward, shew the Light,  
and point the Way,  
Grace, free grace, in love proclaiming, heralds of a  
brighter day.

Are ye willing, slumbering servants? Ah! but faithless  
watch ye keep,  
Wake! the midnight cry arises, and the foolish virgins  
sleep!  
Vain ye plead prophetic knowledge, or the marvels ye  
have done  
In the mighty name of Jesus, when your day of grace  
is gone.

Are ye willing, careless daughters? Not a sigh to  
heaven ye raise ;  
Whilst the publicans and sinners enter through the  
gates of praise,  
Ye, without, are rocked in pleasures, that shall fade  
when Christ appears ;  
Then, your scoffs will turn to terrors, and your smiles  
shall change to tears.

Come! the Lord Himself is willing; He hath died  
that you may live,  
Still the waters of salvation full and freely He will  
give;  
For the fountain ever floweth from the Saviour's  
piercé side;  
Are ye willing? Christ is willing! Sinners, hear it far  
and wide!



## MY GARDEN-GROUND.

“My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.”—SOL. SONG vi. 2.



GOD granted me a garden-ground  
 Within this desert land,  
 And thorns bloomed in the wilderness  
 By heavenly breezes fanned.  
 A brook ran rippling by the way,  
 And made sweet music there;  
 The fairest vineyard of the South  
 Seemed never half so fair.

One came, when barren lay the field,  
 Of gracious speech was He;  
 As mother to her listening child,  
 Thus spake my Lord to me:  
 “I am the Husbandman, and thou  
 From me this land dost hold;  
 More precious is the smallest blade  
 Than Ophir’s purest gold.



“Work for me, work thy one brief hour,  
For Me, thy Friend, and ne'er  
Dread thou the drought, or fear the cloud,  
But cast on Me thy care.  
Far on the breeze, each wingéd germ  
May mock thine anxious gaze:  
Thou'lt find it in the fatherland,  
The growth of many days.

“Raise thou the bruised and broken plants  
The storm may bend around;  
Shelter for me the tender vine  
Within thy garden-ground.  
Let not the lack of harvest fruit  
Thy heart's allegiance move;  
My hand deals forth the best for thee,  
And all is done in love.

“'Tis not for thee to judge the need  
Of watching, tears, and toil;  
A fairer clime awaits thy plants,  
Now in a foreign soil.  
And see! to cheer thy path awhile,  
This crystal brook shall run;  
Its voice shall chime in happy praise  
With thine, my lonely one!”

I answered, "Lord, how good it is !  
How great Thy mercies be !  
Yes, I will keep this garden-ground,  
And tend it but for Thee.  
*All Thine!* for ever, Lord, all Thine !  
The stream, the flowers, the fruit;  
Such love beams in Thy gifts to me—  
My tongue hath long been mute.

"Now I can only say, 'Tis Thine !'  
Ask what Thou lovest best,  
And I will cull my first-ripe fruit,  
For Thou my hand hast blest."  
So day by day I worked and sang,  
Though many a night I wept  
To see the blight or weed arise,  
But still my watch I kept.

Brightest beside my purling brook  
My buds of promise grew ;  
I loved the sunshine on the wave,  
And the sparkling spray it threw.  
I saw reflected in its face  
Our April's changing sky,  
The glory of the sunset eve,  
And night's fair canopy.

No message came for fruit or flower:  
But, as I passed along  
At noon, I missed the warbling brook  
That cheered me with its song.  
I cried, "Oh, anything but this  
Hadst Thou but chosen, Lord!  
That brook had sweeter songs for me  
Than any summer bird."

He chided not, that Husbandman,  
But whispered, while I mourned,  
"Only believe!" and then I thought  
My little brook returned.  
It soothed me with an angel tongue,  
And stilled my falling tear:  
"Oh, dear one!" thus it seemed to sing,  
"Rejoice I am not here!

"My voice rings in thy future home,  
And Jesus loves the strain.  
Oh, never, never wish me back  
'Mid earthly scenes again.  
No summer heat can reach me there,  
No winter's frost or snow;  
And radiant in the light of life  
My rippling wavelets flow.

“Not lost for thee the silver stream,  
Not dumb my summer song ;  
Beyond the Jordan’s wave it flows  
Far fairer fields among,  
Praising the love that marked the path  
That once was blindly trod ;  
Thus we together still make glad  
The city of our God.”

So comforted, my sorrowing head  
Bowed to the silence there ;  
But still I said, “No other brook  
Was ever half so fair.”  
But I will now but deeper drink  
From whence its source began ;  
Deep from the rivers of Thy love,  
Whence, Lord, my brooklet ran.

Still worked I in my garden ground,  
And autumn days drew nigh,  
And then the Husbandman returned—  
He passed my ripe grapes by ;  
He gathered not the pom’granate,  
Nor bent the green fig’s bough ;  
Soft breathing o’er the beds of spice,  
His voice hath found me now.

Close at my side a lily grew,  
A fragile bud so small ;  
None marked it, but I cherished it  
The dearest of them all.  
He paused beside my flower awhile,  
My heart grew faint and cold ;  
I cried, " Lord, wait, that little one  
Will fairer hues unfold."

He heeded not, He plucked my bud,  
And, smiling on me, said,  
" I planted it, and it shall bloom  
In Paradise instead ;  
For it this clime is all too cold ;  
But there, 'mid Eden's bowers,  
Thy lily-bud will grow to be  
The fairest of my flowers.

" Weep not ! I am not grieved with thee,  
Though I thy treasures cull,  
'Tis but to give them back again  
More richly beautiful.  
I lent them to thy loving heart,  
And soon thy Lord shall say,  
' Thy work is done, thy crown is won,  
Rise up and come away.'

“Still tend for me one fleeting hour  
This garden of thy care,  
Days there will be when thou wilt miss  
Thy bud and streamlet there ;  
Look to the plains of Paradise,  
Where joys immortal beam,  
There thou wilt find thy bud a flower,  
Thy rippling brook a stream.

“One flows in anthems rich in praise  
In heaven’s eternal rest ;  
Thy folded bud will blossom fair  
On Jesu’s tender breast.  
Soon shall the singing of the birds  
Rejoice thy listening ear ;  
The shadows lengthening in the sun  
Disclose the dawn is near.”

Now on I go, and bless the spot  
Where once the brooklet ran,  
And trace the wisdom and the love  
That led the Husbandman  
To lend awhile the pleasant plant  
That graced my garden ground,  
And those, the dearest to my heart,  
Christ hath the fairest found.

THE FINGER OF GOD.

“For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world ; but that the world through Him might be saved.”—JOHN iii. 17.

“Never man spake like this man.”—JOHN vii. 46.



HE stooped, and wrote upon the ground—  
No sound the silence breaks ;  
Quick-heaving breasts and clouded brows  
Proclaim that conscience wakes :  
Men feel that God Himself is there,  
Beneath whose sight the soul lies bare.

We know not what that finger traced  
To meet each downcast eye,  
What long-forgotten sins arise  
In slumbering memory ;  
In darkness veiled—to men unknown ;  
But seen by God, by God alone.

He reads their thoughts, deceitful all ;  
Clear to His sight they shine :  
Lust, av'rice, murder, serpent's guile,  
And last—their dark design.  
He bids the sinless cast the stone ;  
And lo, they go forth, one by one !

He stooped and wrote ! Oh, tender still  
To them His pure eyes scanned !  
Each reads the mystic sign aright,  
None else may understand.  
The silent witness on the ground  
Tells not the tale to ears around.

O thou sad woman ! bowed in shame,  
Shalt thou e'er rise again ?  
Behold, the helpless stands before  
The righteous Judge of men !  
And now, thy last accuser gone,  
The sinless One may cast the stone.

And doth He cast it ? Lifting up  
Himself, He gazed around :  
Alone with Jesus ! leave her there,  
She hath the Refuge found.  
Her life, her guilty life is o'er,  
He bids her "go, and sin no more."

Thus to the sinner speaks He still,  
Thus doth He speak to me,  
"From the dark thralldom of thy sin  
I come to set thee free."  
Saviour and sinner stand alone—  
Oh ! let the Sinless cast the stone.



Not for dread condemnation here  
Hath Christ this dark world trod ;  
The holy Saviour, perfect Man,  
The spotless Lamb of God,  
Came but a pardon free to give,  
And bid the weeping sinner live.

O loving, tender Son of Man !  
More light and life be mine ;  
Teach me Thy finger, Lord, to trace  
In every mystic sign  
Writ on Thy spangled heavens above,  
And earth's dark pages, "God is love."

And when my secret sins arise  
With fierce confounding might,  
And Satan, with malicious rage,  
Darkens my day to night ;  
Shall my accuser then be found ?  
Nay : grace, Thy grace, shall more abound.

Yea, let me be alone with Thee,  
That Thou my soul mayst scan ;  
Better the chastening hand of God  
Than tenderest love of man.  
Thy blood shall then my soul restore,  
And bid me "go, and sin no more."

## EXPERIENCE OF PSALM XCI.

**I**N the secret place abiding,  
 By the Great Jehovah's grace,  
 Safe 'neath His Almighty shadow  
 I have found a dwelling-place.

God my refuge is, my fortress ;  
 None shall pluck His weak one hence,  
 Safely guarded from the fowler,  
 And the noisome pestilence.

Hidden 'neath His wings' soft feathers,  
 I no fiercer weapon wield  
 Than to make His truth my buckler,  
 And lie fearless 'neath my shield.

Thus I dread not midnight terror,  
 Nor the shaft that quivereth by,  
 Nor the noonday sickness, wasting ;  
 None my hiding-place come nigh.

Thousands at my side are falling,  
Tens of thousands cease to be ;  
But Jehovah, as He promised,  
Surely hath delivered me.

Here no evil can befall me,  
Here no plague disturbs my days ;  
Holy charge He gives His angels,  
And they guard me in my ways.

In their viewless hands they bear me,  
Lest a stone my foot should meet ;  
Thus the lion and the adder  
I may trample 'neath my feet.

He hath set His love upon me,  
(O my soul ! thou know'st not why,)  
He the captive hath delivered,  
And the beggar set on high.

I have called, and He hath answered,  
Ever faithful doth He prove ;  
He hath shewn me His salvation,  
And a life-time of His love.

## THE MORNING CLOUD.

“Who maketh the clouds His chariots. . . . He watereth the hills from His chambers.”—Ps. civ.



STORM cloud rose from its ocean-bed,  
And as slowly it sailed along,  
No rest it found on the beautiful earth,  
It dimmed the smile of the morning's mirth—  
The joy of the July song.

It seemed to mourn that the fair must fade  
In the glow of the summer day;  
It wept o'er the beauty it could not share,  
Then on to the heavens, its home was there,  
Its dark wings bore it away.

Over the meadow, and over the hills,  
Where many a shadow had flown,  
There swept the cloud, with its gathering wreath,  
Borne wildly along by the wind's wild breath,  
Alone—and a lonely one!

Its soft tears fell o'er the new-mown grass,  
And brighter the green that it wore ;  
The water-lily her blossoms outspread,  
And the drooping daisy upraised her head,  
Refreshed from that heavenly store.

The parched earth drank up the crystal drops ;  
While the brook, with its gurgling rills,  
Proclaimed that the cloud had not wept in vain ;  
For down in the valley it wandered again,  
To sing of the God of the hills.

Then warbled the joyous birds in the brake,  
For the shower so soft and cool ;  
The panting cattle, that seemed to sink  
In the noontide stillness, have stooped to drink,  
Mid-way in the glassy pool.

The wild goat browsed on the herbage scant,  
Where seldom a foot had trod ;  
In their rocky home gambolled the conies grey,  
For the heaven-sent cloud had passed that way,  
And they found their food from God.

The moistened herb breathed its fragrant breath,  
Where a traveller paused to gaze ;  
The dark cloud borrowed a light from the sky ;  
O'er the path where its shade had passed mournfully,  
There echoed a song of praise.

The black pall rolled o'er the rocky coast,  
And parted before his eyes,  
At the sunset hour; as flowers may bloom  
From unsightly roots in the earth's dark womb,  
It spread o'er the western skies.

It gathered the rose of the ruby's rays,  
And the violet's amethyst shade;  
Then wrapped the hills in its amber fold,  
And robed the valley in garments of gold,  
By the sun's last beams arrayed.

And the traveller sighed for the cloudless land,  
Till the glory of earth was dim;  
Most precious of all in his home above  
The Son of the Father, whose boundless love  
Gave the Lord of that glory to him.

His soul sped on to his Father's house  
Afar—to the City of Light,  
With its fair foundations and pearly gates,  
Where Christ in the mansion His loved one waits,  
In the day that hath no more night.

He blessed the sorrow that darkened his day,  
The cross it was his to bear;  
It lifted from earth each low desire,  
As the cloud of the morn was a chariot of fire,—  
The fairest, where all is fair.

The cloud *must* come, and the tears will fall,  
As God sendeth forth the rain ;  
The shadows are weaving the rainbow's zone,  
And each bright ray is a lonely one,  
Till gathered to heaven again.



## THE BROKEN SLUMBER.

“Woman! why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?”—JOHN XX. 15.

“I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my Beloved  
that knocketh, saying, Open to me.”—SOL. SONG V. 2.



AS the mourning bride, awaking  
From her slumber, wandered forth;  
Weeping for her Lord departed,  
Dwelling on His matchless worth,

Till Jerusalem's careless daughters  
Listen'd to her wail of woe,  
Crying, “Who is thy Beloved,  
That thou weep'st His absence so?”

Thus I comfort me, recounting,  
Lord, Thy wondrous works of old,  
When Thy voice that woke the tempest  
Ruled the waves that o'er me rolled.

I Thy mercies will remember,  
As my soul desponding lies,  
And their memory shall upbear me  
O'er the earth-mists to the skies.



By the sleeper ceaseless watching,  
When temptation's hour was nigh,  
I declare how faithful Thou, Lord,  
And Thou know'st how faithless I.

Could I dwell on Thy perfections,  
Tell how fair Thy features be,  
Men would leave their senseless pleasures,  
And go seek my Lord with me.

Yet the lost light, sore lamented,  
Could alone the shadow give ;  
If it flee not at my pleading,  
Sure some blessing it will leave.

Like the day-clouds, dark with showers,  
That with spring-tide duly come,—  
As the sunny harvest season  
Ere the grain is gathered home ;

So my winter and my summer,  
Night and morn, and twilight days,  
Raging heat, and tempest thunder,  
Shall unite to sing Thy praise !

Lord ! it is Thyself I sigh for,  
And I count past joys my pain ;  
Thoughts of Elim's wells and palm trees  
Only make me thirst again.

Oh! dull heart! and couldst thou slumber  
When thy Lord was at the door?  
And His locks, with night dews heavy!  
Had He never watched before?

Was there not a lonesome garden?  
There that head was bowed for thee!  
Where the myrrh and wormwood mingled  
'Neath the mystic olive tree.

When His fond hand gently beckoned,  
Didst thou mark no murderous sign?  
And His footprints—hast thou traced them?  
Did the track resemble thine!

Heart of love, so pierced and broken!  
Ah! though fierce the soldier's spear,  
Yet its thrust was ne'er so cruel  
As my own reluctant ear.

Where was sorrow like His sorrow?  
Nay! not since the world began  
Was there one to bear the burden  
That He bore—the Sinless Man!

Soul! if at thy door He speaketh,  
Wilt thou rise and open now?  
Though the thorn-wreath be the glory  
Of that bruised and bleeding brow!

Wouldst thou?—'tis the risen Jesus!  
Answer'st thou with closed door,  
When He comes in love to seek thee,  
Where so oft ye met before?

Wilt thou find excuse to linger?  
Or, with listless, dull delay,  
Greet the voice that longs to whisper,  
“Rise, my love, and come away.”

Rather—up, and gird thy garment!  
Fear not that thy feet be soiled!  
He who watcheth by thy lattice  
Calls thee His—the undefiled!

Canst thou hear a Saviour suing?  
Wilt thou let Him call in vain!  
And, thy peace and joy forsaking,  
Only wake—to sleep again?

Oh! Thy blood, sweet Lamb, hath power:  
In Thy righteousness complete  
I would hide me! Blessed Jesus,  
I behold Thy hands—Thy feet!

By Thy grace, Thy love, I triumph;  
And my praise shall fuller be,  
While I tell how rich Thy mercy  
Unto me, Lord—yea, to me!

## THE PRAYER VESSEL.

I PETER ii. 5.

“He that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.”—MATT. xxv. 16.



O God's divinest blessings,  
 O child, thou art the steward !  
 Send forth thy prayer-girt vessel,  
 By Faith's strong hand secured ;  
 Chartered by Christ's own promise,  
 Thy cargo cannot fail,  
 And if becalmed it tarry,  
 Thy breath may swell the sail.

Bear thou thy brother's burden ;  
 The tear by pity stirred  
 Begets the sigh for succour—  
 The cheering wayside word.  
 Fast are the seasons passing ;  
 Each garnered grain may be  
 Seen in the Land of Glory,  
 In some celestial tree.

If the red gold thou hast not,  
Nor precious things of Earth,  
Thou hast unfailing riches  
Where gold is nothing worth ;  
Thou'lt have some garden spices,  
Though thy land seem bleak and bare,  
For 'mid the many mansions  
There blooms a garden fair.

Send forth thy heart-store bravely,  
No prayer hath e'er been lost ;  
Thy tears and sighs are numbered ;  
Thy Father knows the cost.  
With loving heart devising  
Burdens for every breeze,  
Trust thou the wealth to meet them  
In God's rich granaries.

Send it !—in worldly blindness  
If men should mock thy trade,  
God's blessings rest upon thee,  
Lade on !—be not afraid ;  
Mean unto them thy measure—  
The prayer of patient years,  
Or thy heart's secret service,  
That Jesus' smile endears.

*The Brook in the Way.*

Thy track may seem all shadow,  
And hope be lost to sight ;  
Fear not—trust on—the darkness  
To Christ, the Lord, is light ;  
He guards thy Love-sent vessel,  
And rich He counts thy store,  
Thy cargo bears no sorrow  
Back from the unseen shore.

Thy wealth upon the waters  
Cast thou—and tremble not,  
In angel habitations  
No prayer will be forgot ;  
So speed—speed forth thy vessel  
Upon the trackless main !  
The breeze that wafts thy treasures  
Will blessings bring again.

When from the safe “ hereafter ”  
Thou ponderest o’er the past,  
Thou’lt own *Who* ruled the waters  
On which thy bread was cast ;  
For never yet confounded,  
Since flowed Time’s changeful flood,  
Was the merchantman who trusted  
His goodly store to God.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.



HAVE faith in God ! for He who reigns on high  
Hath borne thy grief and hears the suppliant's  
sigh ;

Still to His arms, thine only refuge, fly.

Have faith in God !

Fear not to call on Him, O soul distressed !  
Thy sorrow's whisper woos thee to His breast ;—  
He who is oftenest there is oftenest blest.

Have faith in God !

Lean not on Egypt's reeds ; slake not thy thirst  
At earthly cisterns. Seek the kingdom first.  
Though man and Satan fright thee with their worst,

Have faith in God !

Go ! tell Him all ! The sigh thy bosom heaves  
Is heard in heaven. Strength and grace He gives,  
Who gave Himself for thee. Our Jesus lives.

Have faith in God !

## THE LIVING SAVIOUR.

“I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen, as He said.”—MATT. xxviii. 6.

“Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.”—JOHN xx. 20.



WEPT beneath the Cross that bore  
 The Lamb for sinners slain;  
 And oft I wandered, oft returned,  
 To gaze on Him again.  
 My soul had scarce a gleam of hope,  
 Though 'neath the Cross I stood;  
 Yet I could say that Jesus died,  
 And life is in His blood.

But when the quickened pulse began  
 In this dull heart to move,  
 I had no rest till I beheld  
 The Object of my love.  
 I longed to know the spotless Man  
 Who bore my sin for me,  
 Who burst the bonds of death and hell,  
 To set the prisoner free.



The cravings of my restless soul  
Of Christ Himself were born :  
Like Mary, at the empty grave,  
That resurrection morn,  
So, in the shadowy twilight, I  
Still sought Him, far and wide,  
Nor knew the One who led me on  
Was Christ the Crucified.

I thought the Lord, enthroned above,  
Would take no heed of me ;  
And death indeed were gain, if I  
My risen Lord could see.  
And yet He guided every step,  
Else had I never known  
*His* love that, for my waiting soul,  
Hath rolled away the stone.

I thought but of His bleeding brow,  
His wounded hands and feet ;  
I sought Him with the multitude,  
But Christ I did not meet.  
Some said, "The Saviour dwelleth here,  
And only here is He ;"  
And others said, "Nay, come with us,  
Or Christ you cannot see."

“Come forth and serve, and be content,”  
Some busy labourer cried.  
I sadly answered, “Nay, I seek  
The Lord I crucified!  
How can I tend your vineyards, how  
Scatter the seed around,  
Until the Master of the field,  
The living Lord, be found.

“My vine would bear no fruit for Him,  
Though rich might be the leaves;  
And though in weeping I may sow,  
I still should find no sheaves.  
I sigh for God, the living God;  
For Him my soul doth wait;  
None tell me where He dwells, and I  
Am sad and desolate.”

Lo here, lo there! I sought Him far,  
The Bearer of my sin;  
I missed the kingdom of His grace,  
And sought it not within.  
Shrouded in daily circumstance,  
I little knew Him then,  
Or that my Lord's delights were still  
Among the sons of men.

Sickness and sorrow came at length,  
And closed my chamber door;  
My Lord! then wast Thou found of me,  
And my long search was o'er.  
And since the day Thou bad'st me cast  
Each rising care on Thee,  
Thou hast made in this wilderness  
A well of peace for me.

Not only had the dying Lamb  
Washed all my sins away,  
But Jesus, Son of God and Man,  
Arose for me that day.  
Dark clouds, all glory-lined, revealed  
The way my Saviour came;  
And forth He bade His happy child  
The glorious news proclaim.

“The Lord is risen indeed,” and now  
Our Kinsman He appears;  
He walks beside us on the road,  
And shares our smiles and tears;  
And still, in love omnipotent,  
Before our Father's face,  
He pleads the open door of hope  
For every heir of grace.


Long time I mused upon my sins—  
Ah! well might I be sad!  
But, like Thy dear disciples, Lord,  
I saw Thee, and was glad.  
My hope Thou art—upon the Cross,  
My strength—upon the Throne;  
Thy death my life, Thy pain my peace—  
Thrice blessed Three in One!

What though the fig-tree blossom not,  
Nor vine its fruitage yield,  
The promise of the olive fail,  
The harvest from the field,  
The fair flock perish from the fold,  
And from the stalls the herd,  
Shall I not trust in God my strength,  
And rest upon His Word?

*He* is my portion! He hath taught  
My murmuring lips to praise;  
And He will guide my feeble feet  
In His most holy ways.  
Lord! search my heart with jealous love,  
And reign Thou there alone;  
For Thou art mine, and I am Thine,  
Eternally Thine own!

THE WANDERER RETURNED.

“He hath remembered His covenant for ever.”—Ps. cv. 8.

“PEN the gate to me, Blessed Redeemer!  
Safe on the Rock of Thy Promise I stand;  
Open the gate to me! darkness surroundeth me,  
Sure is Thy Covenant graved on Thine Hand!”

“Who art thou, Stranger, that knockest so fearlessly?”

“Lord! Thou hast known how my foot was  
beguiled:

Thou from death’s penalty safely delivered me,  
Love’s condescension hath called me Thy Child.”

“Thou hast denied, and betrayed, and forsaken Me;

Hast thou not feared lest my faithfulness fail?

Long did I wait at thy door, and it opened not,

Why should the cry of the truant prevail?”

“Yea, Lord! too true, in the sunshine I slumbered,

Oft from Thy warning voice turned me away,

Hard was my heart when Thou chast’nedst in ten-  
derness,

Yet, wilt Thou look on me, Saviour, to-day!

“Dost Thou not meet all who seek Thee confidingly?  
 My need is my plea, and my hope is Thy word ;  
 I rest on Thy Promise, Thy love, and Thy faithfulness,  
 Still in the darkness I ’ll wait for my Lord !

“Friendless, forsaken, with sorrows unspoken,  
 Thou—Thou hast watched o’er me, my sin Thou  
 hast known ;  
 ‘*Only trust,*’ Thou hast said, and Thou never hast  
 failed me,  
 I rest on the Rock of Redemption alone !”

Long seemed the silence—it was but a moment ;  
 Away passed the shadows like mists of the morn ;  
 Angels have stooped o’er the threshold to listen  
 To a voice beyond music at midnight upborne.

Sweeter than Seraph-songs sounds the glad welcome—  
 “Since thou hast believed, as thou wilt, let it be ;  
 Thy face, oh ! poor wanderer, come hide in My  
 bosom ;  
 Faith, tried in the furnace, rests still upon Me.

“Bring forth the best robe, and the new wine of  
 gladness !  
 Oh ! weak one, still trusting alone on my Word,  
 Enshrouded no more in the shadows, behold Me,  
 And enter, beloved, the joy of thy Lord !”

THE STARLESS NIGHT.

“Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.”—Ps. xxxi. 24.

**B**Y a way I know not Thou dost guide,  
Barren it seems, and shadowed o'er;  
Oh! keep me close to Thy dear side,  
I have not trod it heretofore.  
Jesus! though dark the way and rough—  
If Thou dost share it—'tis enough!

I would believe in Thee, my Lord,  
And taste Thy guiding hand of love,  
Relying on Thy holy Word  
That I shall read it all above.  
Now waiting for that heavenly light,  
I bless Thee for this starless night.

I see not; but Thine eye doth run  
Still to and fro, my feet to guide;  
And He who gave His only Son  
Will for His ransomed ones provide.  
Jesus! shall one Thou lov'st repine?  
Thy will be done, O Lord—not mine!

Sweeter, one smile of Thy dear face,  
    Than all earth's treasures here below ;  
Better, one whisper of Thy grace,  
    That Thou in darkness canst bestow,  
Than walk by sight, and fail to see  
The Hand of Love upholding me.

Thou dost uphold me ! Clear and bright  
    Thy promises, like stars, appear.  
Thou giv'st me songs to cheer the night,  
    The mountain pathway to endear.  
Welcome the midnight as the day,  
Father ! it is *Thy* will—*Thy* way !





WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT  
PRICE.

AN INVITATION.

“Let him that is athirst come.”—REV. xxii. 17.



COME to Jesus! Are you lonely?  
Solace sweet He will afford.  
Lean on Jesus—Jesus only!  
Come, and find a loving Lord!

Are your trials past the telling?  
Are your sins as crimson dye?  
Jesus sees your sad heart swelling  
'Neath accusing Memory.

He is waiting—will you leave Him  
Pleading at your heart in vain?  
He is willing, oh! believe Him;  
He may never call again.

He hath never yet forsaken  
One who trusts alone in God ;  
He your life-long debt hath taken,  
And hath paid it with His Blood.

From your sins He waits to cleanse you,  
You ! the slave by Satan bound,  
Messages of love He sends you—  
Where can such a Friend be found ?

Are you sick ? His word can heal you.  
Are you weary with the strife ?  
Are you hungry ? He can fill you  
With the heavenly Bread of Life.

*Now !* it is the time to try it :  
Test Him by His written Word ;  
Come ! for He will ne'er deny it ;  
Come to Christ the Risen Lord !

Do you fear His sharp reproving  
That you did not go before ;  
That you left Him—so unloving—  
Waiting long time at your door ?

He will only smile and greet you,  
Chasing shadows from your brow ;  
He will surely run to meet you,  
Saying, 'Thou art welcome now !'


By still waters He will lead you,  
In green pastures you shall rest ;  
And the piercéd hands that freed you,  
Bear you on His tender breast.

Come, oh ! come, this day, and try it ;  
Jesus' words are proved and true ;  
Take His gift, you cannot buy it—  
He hath waited long for you.



## THE WAYSIDE WATCHER.

“Thou shalt know that I am the Lord; for they shall not be ashamed that wait for Me.”—ISA. xlix. 23.

“LL the day you sit here idle,  
 And the Master at the door!  
 The fields are white to harvest,  
 And our labour almost o'er.  
 You are dreaming, you are dreaming!  
 Time is gliding fast away;  
 See! the eventide is waning,  
 Soon shall break eternal day.”

“Brother, my hand is feeble,  
 My strength is well-nigh spent:  
 I saw you all at noon-day,  
 And I marked the way ye went.  
 I cried, ‘God’s blessing on them,  
 What a favoured band they be!  
 But I’ll watch upon the highway,  
 God may find a work for me.’”

“Yet you tarry, yet you tarry,”  
Said the labourer again,  
“You may idle on the highway,  
And wait all day in vain.  
'Tis easy labour ‘waiting ;’  
On the dusty road we tread  
To toil within the vineyard :  
Go out and work instead.”

The watcher smiled and answered,  
“My brother, is it so ?  
Who waiteth on the Master,  
The Master’s will shall know.  
He hath taught me one sweet lesson,  
I have learnt it not too late,  
There is service for the feeblest  
That only stand and wait.”

I sat me by the hedge-row,  
No burden could I bear,  
But I often thought, How blessed  
In the field to have a share !  
The loving Master whispered,  
Through the often lonely day,  
“Still wait on Me, thou weak one,  
The lame shall take the prey.”

*The Brook in the Way.*

Not long I tarried watching :  
A wayfarer drew nigh,  
He was weary, sad, and hungry,  
For the glowing sun was high.  
His foot lagged faint and fainter,  
His eyes were downward cast,  
That labourer by my lattice  
At early morn had passed.

I drew him 'neath the trellis  
Of the vine's inviting shade,  
Down by the soft green pasture  
Our Shepherd's love hath made.  
I fetched him from the streamlet  
Fresh water for his feet,  
I spread the bread before him,  
And bade him rest and eat.

He bathed in the bright fountain,  
And then, refreshed and strong,  
He journeyed on rejoicing :  
You could hear his happy song.  
Where, on the dusty wayside,  
The traveller had been,  
Stood One, in heavenly beauty,  
With more than regal mien.

“I thank thee,” said the Stranger,  
“For all thy cares afford,  
For rest, and food, and welcome,  
Beside thy simple board.”  
“Nay, Lord,” I said, “what succour  
Have I bestowed on Thee?”  
“Thy service to my servant  
Hath all been done to Me.”

Oh ! it was well worth watching,  
A summer's day alone ;  
Well worth the weary waiting,  
To hear His sweet “Well done !”  
Is it too small a matter,  
That in man's foolish pride  
He scorns one heart to gladden  
For which the Saviour died ?

Oh, ever blessed Master !  
The harvest-field is fair,  
And Thou hast better servants,  
Than Thy weak one, everywhere.  
Thou never hast forsaken  
One waiting by the way ;  
Still meet me with a promise,  
That the lame shall take the prey.

From the tangled thicket near me  
I heard a mournful cry ;  
A little child had wandered  
From the sunny path hard by :  
His hands were torn with briers,  
His hot tears fell like rain ;  
And he wept, lest he should never  
See his father's face again.

Close to my heart I drew him,  
And pointed to the sky ;  
I showed him how the dark clouds,  
So slowly sailing by,  
But veiled the bright sun's radiance  
From valley and from hill ;  
For the faithful sun was shining  
In all his glory still !

He ceased to weep, and listened ;  
I soothed his childish woe ;  
Then on the way I led him,  
And soon beheld him go  
Back through the green fields singing :  
Sweet was the joyful sound,  
That told the father's welcome,  
And the little wanderer found !



Then on the highway, near me,  
I saw the Stranger stand—  
Stranger no more! He guided  
The fair child by the hand.  
“I thank thee,” said He softly,  
“Thou hast not watched in vain  
Behold my child returned  
Safe to my arms again.”

What grace is thine, O Master!  
For work so poor and scant;  
How glorious is the guerdon  
My loving Lord doth grant.  
I only saw a nursling  
Was wandering astray:  
Oh! it is worth cross-bearing  
To wait for Thee one day.

Have ye known the shadows darken  
On weary nights of pain,  
And hours that seem to lengthen  
Till the night comes round again?  
The folded hands seem idle:  
If folded at His word,  
'Tis a holy service, trust me,  
In obedience to the Lord.

Ye know the joy of labour  
    Within the busy field ;  
But there are deeper pleasures  
    A faithful heart may yield.  
To willing ones that suffer,  
    And listen at His feet ;  
From the far-off land God giveth  
    The fruit of life to eat.

Brief is my hour of labour :  
    My Lord my lot hath cast ;  
He giveth royal wages,  
    To the first-called as the last.  
I have seen Him in His beauty,  
    While waiting here alone—  
I know Him ever near me,  
    For He cannot leave His own.

None e'er shall lack a service,  
    Who only seek His will ;  
And He doth teach His children  
    To suffer and be still.  
In love's deep fount of treasures  
    Such precious things are stored,  
Laid up for you, O blessed,  
    That wait upon the Lord.

“HOME! LIGHT! HOME!”

“ . . . ‘Good bye.’ The words had hardly fallen from his lips when an expression of intense joy kindled in his face, his eyes beamed with rapture, and his eager hand pointed to the glory on which he was entering: he uttered an exclamation of delight,—“*Light!—Home!—Light!*” See *Memorial of a Ragged School Boy* in “PRECIOUS GEMS FOR THE SAVIOUR’S DIADEM.”



HOME! Light! Home!” The light of a cloudless day;

It breaks o’er the City whose builder is God,  
and never shall fade away:

No sun, nor moon, nor stars, o’er the mansions of  
rest may reign,

For the Lamb is the Light of that golden land,  
the Light is the Lamb once slain.

“Light! Light! Home!” With the Friend that can  
never change!

Midst the boundless stores of a Saviour’s love,  
unfettered and free to range.

He waits with Him there on high, who watched for  
Him here before;

And the tide of praise that knoweth no ebb swells  
sweet on the stormless shore.

“Home! Light! Home!” A home ’mid the ransomed band,  
Drinking of fountains that never fail, led by a  
Saviour’s hand.  
Never to hunger nor thirst, never to faint or fear;  
Only to live in the light of His smile that guided  
his footsteps here.

“Light! Home! Light!” The combat on earth is  
done;  
The labourer wrought for a few short hours, and  
home to his rest is gone.  
A robe like the driven snow, a place in the glory  
fair!—  
Oh! who would not follow the freed young soul  
that basks in the brightness there!

“Home! Home! Light!” Light in the shadow of  
death;  
Light in the soul from the “Light of the world,”  
light on the path beneath.  
A light that for sinners shall shine, as he shouts in  
his triumph—‘Come!’  
He tells of the Light of the Lamb once slain, and  
points to his glorious home.

Light! Lord! Light! Thou callest alone to bless!  
Oh! shed on the spirits held captive by sin the Sun  
of Thy righteousness.

Give light to our waiting souls some gleams of Thy  
glory to see,

And help us to trust in the Faithful and True, for our  
strength and our rest are with Thee.

“Home! Light! Home!” Do *you* look to a Father’s  
home?

Do *you* point to the light that has gladdened *your*  
path, and cry to the wanderer, “Come?”

Do *you* dwell on a Saviour’s truth? Do *you* yearn  
o’er the blind man’s night?

Go! seek ye the souls that are sinking in death,  
and tell them of Home and Light!



## THE OFFERING.

“Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.”—PSALM ciii. 13, 14.



NOT within thine heart's best chamber,  
 In fond mem'ry's fragrant amber,  
 Hoard the treasure God hath given;  
 For the moth of time will fray it,  
 And the rust of earth decay it:  
 Lay thy loved one up—in heaven.

He who lent it sure can keep it;  
 While He sees thee over-weep it,  
 Will He spurn thy sob of sorrow?  
 Tenderly He bendeth o'er thee;  
 Forty-fold He will restore thee,  
 In the cloudless land to-morrow.

Up the mountain—slowly—slowly;  
 For the sacrifice is holy:  
 Doth He call dead hearts to follow?  
 Nay, but living ones, well knowing  
 That the life-tide overflowing,  
 Pays no tribute cold and hollow.

Clings the sick child, faint and ailing,  
Doth the mother mock its wailing,  
    Feeble though the hands that hold it?  
Closer—closer to her bosom  
Will she clasp the fading blossom,  
    And in deeper love enfold it.

Lay it down—thy heart's best treasure ;  
Christ alone the pang can measure.  
    Doth He count thee an offender,  
For the trembling hand that brings it,  
Or that sigh when sorrow wrings it,  
    O'er that love so true and tender?

Through the falling tears, bedewing  
All the piled wood of thy doing,  
    He His loving heart revealeth :  
Every silent pang is needed,  
Not a tear-drop falls unheeded ;  
    He His sweet acceptance sealeth.

Wilt thou trust Him, though He gather  
Back thy loved one? 'Tis thy Father,  
    And He knows thee sad and lonely.  
Up the mount! One standeth near thee,  
And thy sorrows more endear thee ;  
    Journey on with "Jesus only."

Wait not—thy warm breath may mar it,  
Loving bonds but bind and bar it  
    From a higher, holier soaring ;  
Now upon God's altar lay it :  
Canst thou trust Him ? Will He slay it ?  
    He may prove thee by *restoring*.

Love, His love doth mark thy going,  
With compassion overflowing ;  
    Hark ! He whispers, " I am with thee,  
*I* upheld thy first faint struggle ;  
Child, I will reward thee double,  
    And thy treasure back will give thee."

Lay it down—beyond the river  
Thou shalt praise anew the Giver ;  
    Through a life of endless glory  
Trace the path by which He brought thee,  
Sing the melodies He taught thee,  
    Tell to angel-host thy story.

Faint thy whispered love is spoken ;  
Ah ! thy words sound cold and broken  
    Unto hearts less fond and fervent.  
Christ hath caught the sob that mourned it,  
And His smile to prayer hath turned it,  
    While He saith, " My faithful servant !"



Lay it down ! Ah ! thou hast laid it,  
Oh, how fair hath love arrayed it !  
    Yet 'twill fairer be, and never  
Shall the dust becloud its sweetness ;  
But, transformed to heavenly meetness,  
    Thou mayst call it THINE FOR EVER.



## THE PLANT OF RENOWN.

“It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.”—COL. i. 19.



CHRIST is my Rock, from Him my honey floweth ;  
He is my Fountain, whence my fresh springs  
rise ;

He is my Guide in paths that no man knoweth ;  
He is my Shield, whence every arrow flies.

He is my Light, and when my soul, arisen  
From its death slumber, felt a Saviour nigh,  
I knew the Friend whose strong arm burst my prison,  
The Brother born for drear adversity.

He is my Shepherd, in His arms He bears me ;  
He is my King, I own His gentle sway ;  
My Advocate, upon His breast He wears me ;  
My Judge, who swept the judgment far away.

He is my Refuge, when the storms awaken ;  
He is my Keeper, when the snare is nigh ;

My Captain in the fight my place hath taken ;  
And is my Fortress from the enemy.

He is my mighty Counsellor,—He heareth  
The plaints I bring ; He guides my feet below :  
He is my great Physician, and endeareth,  
With His soft touch of love, the wounds of woe.

He is my Strength, when to the fight He calls me ;  
He is my Peace, the peace none else can give ;  
He is my Righteousness, whate'er befalls me ;  
He is my Life, in Him alone I live.

He is my Priest, whose office faileth never ;  
He is my Ransom, all my debt is paid ;  
He is my Sacrifice, once made, for ever :  
The Lamb of God, on whom my sin was laid !

He is my Sun, o'er Bethel's mountains streaming  
In His eternal splendour ; and afar  
My soul looks, longing for the first ray beaming,  
To herald Him I wait, my Morning Star !

He is my strong Deliverer, my Salvation,  
My Hiding-place, safe sheltered 'neath His wings ;  
He is my Everlasting Habitation,  
Where my rejoicing soul her anthem sings.

He is the Rose of Sharon, sweetness shedding ;  
The Apple-tree, the fairest of the wood ;  
The fruitful Vine, though once the winepress treading ;  
The Vale's meek Lily, 'mid the herbage rude.

Reveal Him, O Thou Comforter beloved !  
When shadows on the mountain pathway fall,  
'Mid earth's contentions keep my soul unmoved,  
And shew me Christ my Lord is all in all !



GOD'S MESSENGER.

“Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.”—MATT. xiii. 9.



GAZED around my lonely room,  
Then on the city's street,  
Where, one by one, accustomed sounds  
Died in the noontide heat.  
The whitened pavement glaringly  
Gleamed 'neath the sultry sky,  
And, from the view within—without,  
My heart turned wearily.

The holy page upon my knee  
Was silent, and I sighed :  
I seemed within a prison cage,  
Freedom and flight denied.  
Earthward I gazed, and missed the hand  
Whose faithful love had shewn  
Its tenderness in leading on  
By paths I had not known.

Dulled was the faith that once descried,  
When all was dark below,  
'Twas fair above—but never yet  
Had life seemed drear as now.  
O Lord, how oft I questioned of  
Thy ever-watchful care !  
Yet, what on earth were left for me,  
If Thou hadst failed me there ?

The tempter came, with wandering thoughts  
In wily guise arrayed :  
I pined for other, fairer paths,  
Than heavenly wisdom made ;  
For strength to nerve my helpless hand,  
My feeble frame to brace,  
For wider spheres of usefulness,  
And richer gifts of grace :

Nor rested there. The Evil One  
Sought every sense to please,—  
Imaged the woodlands green, and brought  
The happy hum of bees :  
The river seemed to flow along  
The flowery bank I trod,  
And every sigh for things of earth  
Withdrew my heart from God.

No vision of my Father's house  
Upon the shadows stole;  
Earth, with its pictured beauty, held  
Captive my willing soul.  
"O for the bird's free wing!" I sighed,  
"And those fair fields of ours!"—  
Hark! from the street a low voice cries,  
"Buy Everlasting Flowers!"

As sunbeams in the Lapland sky  
Disperse the nights of gloom,  
A strange sweet gladness echoed in  
That solitary room.  
Sweeter than singing bird or bee,  
Amid earth's fading bowers,  
Awoke the echo in my heart,  
"Sweet Everlasting Flowers!"

"Buy, buy!" and as it rose again,  
The stranger's plaintive cry,  
Another voice seemed whispering,  
"The wine and milk, come, buy.  
Come without money, without price,  
The peerless boon secure;  
With pastures green, and flowing streams,  
And raiment white and pure.

“Why waste thy thought on fleeting joys?  
Why droops thy heavenly wing?  
Let birds and foxes make their homes  
Where all is perishing;  
But look to thine inheritance—  
Fear not these days of gloom;  
The thorns that wound thee sore to-day  
With fadeless fruit shall bloom.

“An everlasting rest is thine,  
With everlasting love;  
Safe in thy Father’s house, thy foot  
No chance or change can move.  
With Christ dwells everlasting joy  
In Heaven’s perennial bowers;  
Then wait, and weave a glory wreath  
Of ‘everlasting flowers.’”

I saw no more the sultry street,  
Nor heard the city’s din;  
Nor echo of the hurrying feet  
Awoke sad thoughts within.  
To the bright haven of the blest,  
Where broods no fear nor pain,  
The Shepherd in His sheltering arms  
Brought back His own again.



All things are His, and all obey  
His wonder-working will;  
E'en common things have life and speech,  
And His commands fulfil.  
From buried seeds, awhile entombed  
In these dead souls of ours,  
The sun and storm shall cherish buds  
Of fair, immortal flowers.

Oh! let me learn the lesson, Lord,  
And live it and be true,  
Waiting in patience at Thy feet  
Thy holy will to do.  
Resting in Thee confidingly,  
Trusting in Thee always,  
And finding every hour unfold  
Some secret cause for praise.



## REST AT NOON.

“O my Dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see Thy countenance, let me hear Thy voice; for sweet is Thy voice, and Thy countenance is comely.”—SOL. SONG ii. 14.



HE Lord thy Shepherd is! dread not, nor be  
dismayed ;  
He leads thee on through thorny paths by ways  
His hand hath made ;  
The stormiest wind He rules, the wildest wave He  
binds ;  
Thou hast “the secret of the stairs,” for to His heart  
it winds.

Green pastures wait for thee, and when thou needest  
rest,  
Beside the softly flowing stream He'll bear thee on  
His breast ;  
Trust Him whate'er betide, on Him cast all thy care,  
The wilderness hath pleasant spots, and He will guide  
thee there.

Oh, watch we by the way! The Bridegroom soon  
shall come,

And the silver trumpet's joyful shout shall call His  
loved ones home.

Oh! watch we by the way, and all His footsteps trace,  
Keep close beside Him, hear His voice; we soon  
shall see His face.



## THE DOOR OF THE SEPULCHRE.

“Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.”—Ps. lxxxix. 15.



BEYOND the stars that shine in silvery glory,  
 Beyond the calm, sweet moon,  
 Up the bright ladder saints have trod before  
 thee:  
 Soul! thou shalt venture soon.

Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning,  
 Safe in His arms of love,  
 Thou shalt exchange thy midnight for the morning,  
 And thy fair home above.

Oh! it is sweet to watch the world's night wearing,  
 The Sabbath morn steal on;  
 Sweeter it were the vineyard labour sharing,  
 Sweetest the labour done.

All finished! all—the conflict and the sorrow—  
 Earth's anguished dream is o'er;  
 Deathless there dawns for thee a nightless morrow  
 Upon a stormless shore.

Patience, then, patience! soon the pang of dying  
    Shall all forgotten be ;  
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing, flying  
    Beyond the waveless sea,

Shalt see that way where now thy Lord doth lead thee,  
    His darkest dealings trace,  
And by those fountains where His love will feed thee,  
    Behold Him face to face.

Then bow thine head, and God shall give thee meekness  
    Bravely to do His will.  
So shall arise His glory in thy weakness :  
    Oh, struggling soul, be still !

Dark clouds are His pavilion, shining o'er thee ;  
    Thine heart must recognize  
The veiled Shekinah moving on before thee,  
    Too bright to meet thine eyes.

Behold the wheel that straightly moves, and fleetly  
    Performs the sovereign word.  
Thou know'st His suffering love : then, suffering meetly,  
    Follow thy loving Lord.

Watch on the tower, and listen by the gateway:

Fear not to wait alone.

Take thou thy spices, and some angel straightway

Shall roll away the stone.

Go to thy brethren, say thy Lord hath risen,

And risen but to save;

Tell of the might that breaks the captive's prison—

Of life beyond the grave.

Tell how He met thee, all His radiance shrouded;

How in thy sorrow came

His pitying voice, breathing, when faith was clouded,

'Thine own familiar name.

So at the grave's dark portal thou mayst linger,

And hymn thy happy strain:

The passing world may mock the feeble singer—

Heed not, but sing again.

Thus wait, thus watch, till He the last link sever:

And soon that day shall be,

When in His beauty thou shalt bask for ever,

For Christ hath made thee free!

JEHOVAH - NISSI.

“All things are ready: come unto the marriage.”—MATT. xxii. 4.



COME to the Fountain that floweth for ever,  
Drink of the waters, and thirst not again,  
He who hath conquered is strong to deliver;  
None ever sought for the Saviour in vain.  
We bear you the message—the Lamb's invitation,  
The rude world's loud clamour it floateth above,  
Oh, join the sweet song—the glad song of Salvation,  
And rest 'neath His Banner—the Banner of Love.

Partake of our joy, and reject not the blessing,  
Once gaze on the Cross, and your burden lay down;  
Though poor in all else but His peace, yet possessing,  
In yon land of promise, a throne and a crown.  
Let not the weight of your dark sins affright you,  
His word of free pardon all doubts shall remove,  
Jehovah Himself through the valley shall light you,  
And show you, 'mid shadows, the Banner of Love.

Fear not, though a little band, exile and stranger,  
The promised inheritance keeping in view,  
Onward we march 'mid the tumult and danger,  
Our Shield is our Captain, the faithful and true !  
What though we combat 'mid sneers and 'mid scorn-  
ing,  
And the rough way be weary, and scoffers reprove,  
We gird up our loins, and we watch for the morning,  
That brings us the Victor whose Banner is Love.

Forward, my comrades ! press forward the faster ;  
If hard be the fare that our foes may afford,  
Shall the Soldier fare better in fight than his Master,  
Shall the servant be honoured, where suffered his  
Lord ?  
Though the prince of the power of the air shall  
assail us,  
And the kingdoms of earth shall reject us—we'll  
prove  
One reigns over all—and He never can fail us ;  
We march 'neath His Banner—the Banner of Love !

Oh ! then, wave the palm that the Conqueror bought  
us,  
And gather the spoils that are safely our own ;



We wear the fair robe the Redeemer hath wrought us,  
And raise our thanksgivings before the white  
throne.

While safe on the Rock—on the Rock of Salvation,  
At rest on the promise that nothing can move,  
We proclaim unto sinners the sweet invitation,  
And point to our refuge—the Banner of Love!



## THE LOAN TO THE LORD.

"As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 SAM. i. 28.



ESUS! bless our little one  
 With the shining hair!  
 We would hold our treasure safe  
 'Neath a Father's care.  
 Seal her, Saviour, as Thine own  
 In her childhood's days;  
 Let her feeble footsteps move  
 In Thine holy ways.

Boldly to Thy Throne we come,  
 Trusting to Thy Word,  
 As we give our little one  
 To Thy keeping, Lord.  
 Speak, and let her lisping tongue  
 Tell Thy mercies sweet;  
 Let her sing her happy song  
 At her Saviour's feet.

Take, oh ! take her in Thine arms,  
As in days of old ;  
Mark her as Thy precious Lamb,  
Keep her in Thy fold.  
Put Thine hand upon her brow,  
Let her walk with Thee,  
And Thy minister of love  
Let our darling be.

O'er the road where dangers lurk,  
See His arms out-spread ;  
Angels keep their ceaseless watch,  
Bending o'er thy bed.  
Jesus loves thee with a love  
None on earth can tell ;  
Wilt thou love Him, little one ?  
Wilt thou love Him well ?

He hath died upon the Cross,  
He hath borne thy shame ;  
For this sinful child of dust  
He a babe became.  
Once He left His Father's throne,  
And His home on high ;  
For the lost the Holy One  
Laid His glory by.

Oh ! love Him, little one  
With the shining hair ;  
Give Him all thy childish heart,  
Not a little share.  
Jesus whispers, " Let her come !"  
Shall we say Him nay ?  
Lord, take our loan to Thee,  
For ever, and to-day.



A WORD IN SEASON.

To a Pilgrim and a Stranger.

“Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you.”—2 COR. vi. 17.

“Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”—1 JOHN ii. 15.



WORD! whithersoever Thou goest I'll follow, for  
great is Thy fame,—

The blind, and the halt, and the leper Thy might  
and Thy marvels proclaim:

The truth of the prophets Thou provest; Thou'rt  
He that from David should spring,

The Branch that should come forth of Jesse, our  
long-promised Israel's King.

“Good Master, I fain would inhabit the house where  
Thy wonders are known,

I would learn the deep things of Thy kingdom, and  
share in the state of Thy Throne.”

“The fox hath his hole in the covert, the bird on the  
bough hath her nest,

The Son of Man, homeless and weary, hath here not  
a pillow of rest.”

The Holy One answered him gently,—the thoughts  
of his heart He discerned :  
And again to the world and its traffic the stranger  
looked back, and returned.  
Wouldst follow Him, friend, to that city whose maker  
and builder is God ?  
Seek thou for the foot-prints of Jesus, and walk in the  
path He hath trod.

He sought not for place nor for power,—for Him the  
world's welcome was death :  
For its own are its gifts and its guerdons, and not for  
the children of faith.  
E'en blossoms that bloomed on the mountain the  
thorns for His chaplet supplied,  
The tree that His hand had created—the Cross where  
its Maker hath died !

Wouldst follow ? Then walk not with worldlings, nor  
covet the praise they award ;  
Shun counsel that waits to betray thee, while feignéd  
lips utter, “ Lord, Lord.”  
Sit not in the seat of the scorner, though earth name  
him noble and wise ;  
Can those who make light of thy Master find favour  
and grace in thine eyes ?

Shall love-ties, in tenderness granted, make Christ,  
the sweet Giver, wane dim ?

Oh ! friend, is it joy thou art seeking ? Thou'lt find  
all its fulness in Him.

Betrothed to thy heavenly Bridegroom, what priceless  
adornments are thine !

He offers thee manna from heaven—wilt stoop to eat  
husks with the swine ?

Thou hast peace that the blind cannot fathom ; and  
riches, they know not their worth.

Wouldst build with the birds in the branches, and  
burrow with foxes in earth ?

Oh ! follow the Master who calls thee, He leadeth by  
paths thou shalt tread ;

Leave the world's tinselled falsehoods behind thee,  
and let the dead bury the dead.



## THE EXCHANGE.

“Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name’s sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”—MATT. xix. 29.



HAVE no land to lose for Thee,  
 No kindred, fame, nor home, nor gold;  
 Yet, Lord, in Thy dear love to me  
 My gain is still an hundredfold.  
 Thy ways are wondrous, sweet, and strange:  
 For rags I have a regal dress,  
 And sin and judgment I exchange  
 For Jesu’s perfect righteousness.

For death, eternal life I claim;  
 For sorrow, joys that still increase;  
 A home of love in Christ’s dear name,  
 And the child’s portion—perfect peace.  
 What need I, that Thou wilt not give—  
 My Heritage—my Friend—my God?  
 Each hour new blessings I receive,  
 The purchase of Thy precious blood.



Earth's joys no pleasure can afford,  
I ask for Thee and Thine alone;  
I have no throne to lose, dear Lord!  
But would I lose Thee for a throne?  
What were the wide world's power and wealth,  
If lost Thy smile upon my way;  
What were unbroken days of health,  
Without Thy strength to be my stay?

Life were a long and starless night,  
The past a drear, uncloséd tomb;  
And in the future—fearful sight—  
Hell's hopeless gulf, the sinner's doom.  
What poor return Thou meet'st from me,  
Yet hast Thou claimed me for Thine own!  
No throne or crown I leave for Thee—  
Lord, come and make my heart Thy throne!

Each costless gift, for Thy name's sake,  
In Thy remembrance safe is kept,  
And Thou dost holy record take  
Of every tear Thy saints have wept.  
All, all—free grace! free love! free gift!  
Friend, wealth, and heritage, and home!  
Thrice blest in Thee, howe'er bereft,  
And wealth in heaven for life to come!

Eat, drink, be merry, O my soul !  
Safe from the waste of time and tears,  
Let everlasting ages roll,—  
Food is laid up for countless years,  
The gift of Jesus. O, dear Lord !  
Behold I nothing leave for Thee ;  
But where my treasure safe is stored,  
There shall my heart for ever be.



“LACKEST THOU ANYTHING?”



HAT lack I, Lord, that Thou hast taken,  
That Thou Thyself shouldst dearer be?  
The loss of all no sigh can waken,  
Now lack I nothing, having Thee.

Fairer than all that earth can proffer,  
Brighter than all that love can boast;  
Poor the best gift the world can offer,  
And worthless all that I have lost.

What lack I, Lord, Thou hast not given,  
To bid my prisoned soul be free?  
A citizen of Thine own heaven,  
And lacking nothing, having Thee.

Thy promise standeth firm for ever,  
Thy love no change nor shade can know,  
And none my happy soul shall sever  
From Thy sweet fellowship below.

Soon to share with Thee in Thy glory,  
Soon at Thy blessed feet to be,  
And, knowing all love's blissful story,  
Lack nothing, Lord, beholding Thee.



THE TOUCH OF FAITH.

“Sin shall not have dominion over you.”—ROM. vi. 14.



HIGH in the heaven of heavens above,  
Before the great eternal throne,  
Christ hears thy half unspoken prayer,  
As though thou wert His only one.

As though *thy* sorrow filled His heart,  
As though for *thee* alone He died,  
As though o'er *thee* His joy was full,  
And there was none on earth beside.

He shall anoint thy weeping eyes,  
Thou shalt behold Him where He stands:  
To save thee, see His bleeding feet;  
To bless thee, see His piercéd hands.

One glance at Him—thy sinking heart  
Would marvel at its treacherous fears;  
For, touching but His garment's hem  
Will staunch the fountain of thy tears.

## COME TO JESUS.



COME to Jesus! Ye who wander  
 Far from hope, and peace, and rest,  
 Scorned, neglected, and forsaken,  
 Sorrowful and sore distress:  
     Come to Jesus!  
 Ye of sin and fear opprest.

Come to Jesus! Ye who never  
 Listened to His Word before,  
 Hear His loving invitation  
 Sounding on the Red Sea shore,—  
     Come to Jesus!  
 And behold your sins no more.

Come to Jesus! Egypt's chariots  
 And her horsemen may pursue,  
 But the arm revealed to save him  
 Bears the feeblest trembler through.  
     Come to Jesus!  
 For His love is tried and true.

Come to Jesus! He hath loved you  
With a deep abounding love,  
And His heart, of tenderest pity,  
Needs no sacrifice to move.  
Come to Jesus!  
And His free salvation prove.

Come to Jesus! Canaan's country  
Is the pilgrim's happy home;  
Linger not in Egypt's bondage,  
Sharer of the sinner's doom.  
Come to Jesus!  
Hark, the Spirit whispers, "Come!"

Come to Jesus! Cast behind you  
Filthy shreds that form your dress;  
And the King shall then array you  
In His perfect righteousness.  
Come to Jesus!  
Hungering in your nakedness.

*Thee*, poor sinner, hath He loved;  
*Thee* He welcomes; yea, He gave  
His own life, the costly ransom,  
To redeem thee from the grave.  
Come to Jesus!  
For He calleth but to save.

*The Brook in the Way.*

Come, put on the wedding garment;  
See the feast for *thee* outspread.  
Sinner, 'tis for *thee* provided,  
And the price hath all been paid.  
Come to Jesus!  
He—the Lamb—hath died instead.

Come, oh! come, the Master waiteth.  
“Come,” the longing Bride doth say;  
Come, He tarries whilst we linger;—  
He hath borne our sins away.  
Come to Jesus!  
“Come,” the Spirit cries, “*To-day.*”





THE SHEEP-TRACK.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."—JOHN xiv. 6.



TWO ways: only two. One leadeth  
Home to the land of rest,  
And the Good Shepherd guides the flock He  
feedeth,  
The road He knoweth best.

The feeble lamb, within His bosom hiding,  
Is precious as the strong;  
The sick He tends: in sweet compassion guiding  
The weary one with young.

He leads them forth, He goeth out before them;  
And where the two ways meet,  
They look to Him, whose eye is watching o'er them,  
To guide their wavering feet.

They own a mark by which the Master claims them,  
    Though oft the sign seems dim;  
And well they know the Shepherd King who names  
    them—  
    They hear and follow Him.

Sweet sounds His voice. All other calls unheeding,  
    They watch where He may lead;  
And in His face of love His wishes reading,  
    The flock that track will tread.

Narrow it is, and rough, and often lonely,  
    Upon the mountain steep:  
There's room for Jesus, and for Jesus only,  
    And for His timid sheep.

Around spread flowery fields where in their blindness  
    The careless ones would roam:  
Sharp seems the Shepherd's rod that falls in kindness  
    To bring the wanderers home.

Fierce howls the wolf, and adders creep around them;  
    But succour He will send;  
For He who in the wilderness first found them  
    Will keep them to the end.

Two ways : only two. The other bendeth  
Down unto hell beneath !  
Broad is the gate, and frantic mirth ascendeth  
From crowds that rush to death.

No heavenly friend will soothe their hopeless sorrow,  
No arm their burden bear ;  
No fold of rest awaits them on the morrow,  
No Shepherd King is there.

For *them* death's bondage, and a night of weeping  
That hath no dawn of day.  
Oh, Christ! who o'er Thy flock Thy watch art keeping,  
Thou art the Truth, the Way!



## THE HEAVENLY FRIEND.



HAVE a Friend! a precious Friend, unchanging,  
wise, and true,

The chief among ten thousand!—Oh! I wish you  
knew Him too.

Encompassed with a host of foes, weary in heart and  
limb,

I know who waits to soothe my woe—have you a  
Friend like Him?

He comforts me—He strengthens me; how can I  
then repine?

He loveth *me*! This faithful Friend in life and death  
is mine.

I have a Father true and fond, He cares for all my  
needs,

His patience bore my faithless ways, my mad and  
foolish deeds;

To me He sends sweet messages,—He waiteth but  
to bless:

Have you a Father like to mine, in such deep tender-  
ness?

For me a kingdom doth He keep, for me a crown  
is won;

I was a rebel once—He calls the rebel child His son.

I have a proved unerring Guide, whose love I often  
grieve,

He brings me golden promises my heart can scarce  
receive;

He leadeth me, and hope and cheer doth for my  
path provide,

For dreary nights and days of drought;—have *you* so  
sure a Guide?

Quench not the faintest whisper that the heavenly  
Dove may bring,

He seeks with holy love to lure the wanderer 'neath  
His wing.

I have a Home—a home *so* bright, its beauties none  
can know;

Its sapphire pavements, and such palms—none ever  
saw below;

Its golden streets resound with joy, its pearly gates  
with praise;  
A temple standeth in the midst, no human hands  
could raise.  
And there unfailing fountains flow, and pleasures  
never end:  
Who makes that home so glorious? It is my loving  
Friend.

My Friend, my Father, and my Guide, and this our  
radiant home,  
Are offered you—turn not away! *to-day*, I pray you,  
“Come.”  
My Father yearns to welcome you, His heart, His  
house, to share;  
My Friend is yours—my home is yours—my Guide  
will lead you there:  
Behold One altogether fair, the Faithful and the  
True,  
He pleadeth with you for your love—He gave His  
life for *you*.

Oh! leave the worthless things you seek, they perish  
in a day;  
Serve now the true and living God, from idols turn  
away.

Watch for the Lord, who comes to reign; enter the  
open door;

Give Him thy heart—thy broken heart—thou'lt ask  
it back no more.

Trust Him for grace, and strength, and love, and all  
thy troubles end:

Oh, come to JESUS! and behold in Him my loving  
Friend.



## COMING UP FROM THE WILDERNESS.

“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.”

HEB. xiii. 8.



LEANING on Thee, O Beloved !

'Tis blessed to be

Alone in the wilderness walking,

While leaning on Thee !

Thy voice, Lord, allured me to hasten

From tempest and storm ;

I have found me a covert to rest in,

Safe sheltered from harm.

Ceaseless praise unto Thee for Thy mercy

For ever belongs,

And the courts of Thy house shall re-echo

My wilderness songs.

As the sea-bird, secure in her dwelling,

Beholds the storm come,

And cares not, though breakers may threaten

Her rock-girdled home :



So, safe in my haven of refuge,  
I too, Lord, would hide;  
No shaft of destruction can enter  
Thy love-riven side.

Then welcome the thorns and the briers—  
They crowned Thee before;  
Still lingers a balm on the chaplet  
The Holy One wore.

I can drink of the cup of His sorrow,  
Who drank it for me;  
Can partake of Thy baptism, Jesus,  
While leaning on Thee!

Day breathes on the mountain of spices—  
Oh! fragrant the breath.  
The day-star rides high in the heavens  
O'er shadows of death.

Why tarry the wheels of Thy chariot?  
Oh! hasten to come,  
And carry Thy bride of the wilderness  
Tenderly home!

O lone one, press onward: no melody  
Sweeter is heard  
Than the song of the midnight, awaked by  
The wilderness bird.

Thy soul in its fulness respondeth—  
    “’Tis blessed to be  
Alone in the dark valley walking,  
    Lord! leaning on Thee.”

Each snare for thy weakness, O trembler,  
    He traceth its source!  
Though devious thy steps on the mountain,  
    He knoweth thy course.

No sigh o’er that slumber so careless  
    That let Him depart,  
But sweeter than angel-song soundeth  
    To *His* loving heart.

Oh! stand not without, sadly weeping,—  
    Re-enter the veil!  
Shall the incense which His love hath perfumed  
    Now cease to prevail?

Wouldst thou lean on a reed plucked from Egypt,  
    O wilderness Child?  
Or follow some star of the desert,  
    By beauty beguiled?

Thy hand freshly pierced shall remind thee  
    Of Him who was slain,  
Who died that His lost and His banished  
    Be brought home again.

Hast thou drunk from a cistern of Edom ?

It mocketh thy thirst.

And turned from the fount of sweet waters

For thee once accursed ?

Hast thou basked in the smile of the creature,

And made it thy day ;

And awhile from the true light that shineth

Hast wandered away ?

Turn again ! 'tis thy High Priest awaits thee ;

Oh ! banish thy fears ;

Those feet, sorely pierced, fly to meet thee,

Go ! wash them with tears.

'Tis He who was tempted in all things,

Who knoweth thy frame ;

Though sore are the sorrows that bruise thee,

He suffered the same.

The sigh of thy soul's smothered anguish

Compassion doth move ;

The pulse of the heart thou hast wounded

Beats only with love ;

That sob of contrition shall whisper,

“Thy feeble one see,

Still leaning on Thee, O Beloved,

Still hoping in Thee.”

Oh, lost ones! return ye, return ye;  
    Ah! why will ye die?  
One wilderness opens around you,  
    A darker is nigh.

No light in death's shadow awaits you,  
    No peace reigneth there!  
No balm for your wound or your weakness,  
    No rest for your care!

Ye lone ones! ye sad ones! ye lost ones!  
    The night wanes apace;  
Dark terrors have gathered around you:  
    The message of grace

That had cheered you, and wooed you, and  
    Is offered no more;                   [won you,  
The Lord of the feast is uprisen,  
    And closed is the door.

Afar off..... afar.....He beholdeth  
    That one glance above;  
Break, break, stubborn heart; it awakens  
    Swift answers of love.

Through heaven's happy court is resounded,  
    "The captive is free:"  
Go! lean on the heart that was broken,  
    Yea, broken for thee!

PSALM CXVI.

“Praise ye the Lord.”—Ps. cxvi. 19.



LOVE Thee! Thou my voice hast heard  
In supplication, gracious Lord.  
Because Thine ear inclined to me,  
Lord, while I live I'll call on Thee.

Death's sorrows compassed me around,  
Hell's anguish in the depths I found;  
Then unto Thee my grief I brought,  
Deliverance for my soul I sought.

Gracious the Lord, and righteous He!  
I was brought low, He helped me.  
My soul, return thou to thy rest:  
God hath the simple saved and blest!

Delivering me from all my fears—  
My soul from death, mine eyes from tears,  
My feet from falling—that I may  
Walk in the living light of day.

What shall I render, Lord, to Thee,  
For all Thy benefits to me?  
Salvation's cup I take, and prize  
The fulness of the sacrifice.

If precious in Thy sight doth prove  
The death of them whom Thou dost love;  
Now let me die to sin's delight,  
And live for ever in Thy sight.



THE PEARL-DIVER.

“I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord; thoughts of peace, and not of evil.”—JER. xxix. 11.

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.”—Is. xliii. 2.



DOWN 'neath the wave the venturous diver sinks,  
And while the eddying currents round him whirl,  
Air from the crystal heavens he panting drinks,  
And risks his being for a precious pearl.  
Eager and breathless, as each rough-cast shell  
Gives up its treasure, none on earth may know  
What his pale cheek to loving hearts might tell—  
What visions of the wild deep come and go!  
Enough for him a costly pearl is won—  
The king has smiled on him—the gloom is gone!

Long days have passed, and fled the last dark night;  
And in a crown, in fairest lustre, glow  
What once unlovely caskets hid from sight—  
Pearls for a diadem—a goodly row:  
Resplendent jewels of each brilliant hue,  
And fashioned by the Master's hand, are there.  
ONE knows where each bright gem in darkness grew—  
The slimy serpent's trail, the scorpion's lair—

HE knows the diver's way, and He alone.  
He sees *thy* way. Be brave, my friend, press on!

And such *thy* prize, pearl-seeker! Though the light  
Upon thine head once shining is withdrawn,  
Though the dark shadows gather on thy sight;  
The midnight is the herald of the morn.  
God led thee here, to trust, and hope, and learn,  
Among the mists of earth: it must be so:  
His hand in all thy wanderings to discern,  
To testify of that which thou dost know.  
When hath He left His tempted ones alone?  
Veiled in the cloud behold Him! Friend, press on!

Ah! what avails the fleeting happiness  
Bestowed by human heart, so dull to see  
Its fondest love is foolishness to bless?  
And none had chosen thy dark path for thee:  
None but the God-man, who Himself hath trod  
The way He leads thee, can thy portion choose.  
No heart can shelter, save the heart of God,  
That thou no ray of glory hence may lose.  
A little while—and then His sweet "Well done"  
Awaits thee. Watch and hope, and still press on.

Thy God smiles on thee! Though we cannot raise  
Our summer songs as when our day shone bright,  
He counts submissive sighs as sweet as praise:  
Our morning's His,—His, too, the darkest night.



Sure that, 'mid all, He keeps thy name engraved  
Deep on His loving heart. Soon shalt thou own  
That all thy wandering way with love was paved,  
Through the dark waters to the great white throne.  
Count up the stars that on thy midnight shone,  
And bless His hand in all. Oh, friend, press on!

The angel of His presence is with thee,  
And wondrous things thou canst not now divine  
Are born from these lone watches. Shall not He  
Gather His myrrh-dew with His spice and wine?  
He does not call for songs in winter time  
From frozen waters, waveless at His word,  
Nor ask for flowers in a sunless clime,  
Nor lordly pæans from the unstrung chord.  
Thou *dost* remember Him, though joy hath flown.  
Better than wine His love. Be brave—press on!

There was an hour—all storm-cloud, and no cheer—  
When from Gethsemane's dark grove was heard  
The supplicating cry; ere, drawing near,  
An angel strengthened his suffering Lord.  
No angel comes to thee; but He who kept  
That vigil, with His heart-blood measuring forth  
The depth of untold anguish, while there slept  
Close by His side the dearest friends of earth.  
His arm encircles thee—trust Him alone:  
The dawn *is* breaking—falter not, press on!

## THE GOODLY HERITAGE.

“The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.”—Ps. xvi. 5.



CHRIST hath said He will receive me,  
 Sure the message soundeth sweet ;  
 I, a sinner, Lord, believe Thee,  
 Lo ! I cast me at Thy feet :  
 Bid my feeble faith increase,  
 I await Thy “Go in peace.”

I no costly unguents offer,  
 What have I wherewith to part ?  
 Nothing, but the wocs I suffer,  
 And a bruised and broken heart ;  
 Not the tears that dew Thy feet  
 Make me for Thy mercy meet.

All I have—my sins—I lay them  
 At the cross where Thou hast died,  
 Nor with frail excuse array them,  
 They my Christ have crucified !  
 Sins that long Thy love withstood—  
 Blot them, Saviour ! with Thy blood.

“Go in peace!” Oh! who shall sunder  
My glad heart from that behest?  
Let the cold world scoff and wonder  
That the scorned is loved and blest,  
Nought my weary soul alarms,  
It is safe in Jesu’s arms.

He hath snatched me from my prison,  
Shall I mourning pass my days?  
Nay, I know that Christ is risen,  
And my tongue shall tell His praise;  
He hath wiped my streaming eyes,  
By His life I too shall rise.

He the wolf-torn lamb hath taken  
From the deep pit dark and drear;  
Father, mother, had forsaken,  
But the Shepherd still was near,  
And He cleansed the stained fleece,  
Yea, He bade me “Go in peace.”

Peace! Thy peace! the blessed portion  
That Thy purchased ones receive,  
Peace amid earth’s tribulation,  
Rest! that Thou alone canst give:  
Mine inheritance I see,  
Peace on earth, and Heaven with Thee!

Thou, Redeemer ! Father ! Spirit !  
Let me 'neath Thy wings abide,  
And Thy promised grace inherit,  
Gazing on Thy bleeding side:  
Sin and woe for me shall cease,  
Thou hast bade me "Go in peace !"



THE VACANT PLACE.

“ Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am ; that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me.”

JOHN xvii. 24.



H, blessed boon ! God gave us tears  
To meet these mournful times ;  
But let no bitterness be there  
To jar the heavenly chimes

Of angels' voices, as they ring,  
Nearer than we can say ;  
But let us bless the hand that gave,  
The hand that takes away.

If Thou dost call our loved ones home,  
Shall we Thy claim deny ?  
But, gracious Lord, now give us more  
Of Thy sweet company.

And though we sorrow for the dead,  
Let not our grief be loud,  
That we may hear Thy loving voice  
Within the light-lined cloud.

They rest with Thee, and shall our praise  
Be silent while they sing?  
Nay, cloud and rain, and biting blast,  
But summer fruit shall bring.

The vacant place reminds us now  
Of what Thy love bestowed:  
The message and the messenger  
Were sent alike by God.


He bids us gird us for the fight,  
And, as we heavenward tread,  
Remember in the darkest hours  
What He, the Lord, hath said.



THE PROMISE.

“My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.”

Ex. xxxiii. 15.

“Y presence shall go with thee.” Tis enough ;  
Lead on, my heavenly Guide. Though dark  
and rough,

Through deepening shadows I must walk alone,  
If 'Thou couldst e'er forsake Thy wandering one.  
More, Lord, I ask not; less I could not bear,  
Than tread this desert land and know Thee there.  
Enough for faith to hear Thy voice, and see  
Thy own right hand in love upholding me.  
And should my spirit fail, let me retrace  
Thy faithfulness in other days—the grace  
That guided every step—till I can say,  
“God changeth not, He is the same to-day.”



## THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD.

“The living God is among you.”—JOSHUA iii. 10.



WITHIN a humble manger  
 The Holy Babe is laid,  
 The herd and hinds surround Him  
 Whom angels homage paid.  
 The voice that ruleth nations  
 Is changed to human wail;  
 The glory of the Godhead  
 Enshrouded 'neath a veil!

The young Child softly slumbers  
 On a village maiden's breast;  
 Earth to the Lord Creator  
 Affords no place of rest;  
 No shelter for the homeless,  
 Beyond a stable-shed,  
 No place, O heavenly Stranger,  
 Where Thou canst rest Thy head!



The lowly shepherds round Him  
In worship bend the knee;  
The host of heaven, amazéd,  
Gaze on the mystery.  
See ! frankincense and spices,  
The gifts the wise men bring,  
Myrrh for the death that waits Him,  
And fine gold for the King !

In this cold heart, my Saviour,  
No place for Thee is found ;  
Amidst the world's wild clamour,  
Thy still, sweet voice is drowned.  
Oh, give Thy Holy Spirit ;  
Thy temple, Lord, prepare ;  
Cast out the thieves and merchandize  
That crowd Thy house of prayer.

These, in the dark recesses,  
Have kept my Lord afar ;  
He doth withhold His presence  
Where the money changers are.  
What buying, and what selling,  
What idols are within !  
What strange and vain oblations  
Are on Thine altar seen !

There is no silent chamber  
 Where love its peace can bring,  
 No place, O Dove the spotless,  
 Where Thou canst rest Thy wing.  
 Gold may be there, and spices,  
 Yea, and the bended knee;  
 And wiser than the Holiest  
 Earth's wise men now would be.

Forbear to smite, O Father—  
 Thou'lt not forbear to save;  
 I cast me on the Sacrifice  
 Thy tender mercy gave:  
 Upon the "young Child" Jesus,  
 Born in a stable-shed;  
 On Him, the scorned and crucified,  
 As dying in my stead;

Upon my Priest Anointed,  
 Thy well-belovéd Son;  
 For *me* reviled, accursed—  
 Jesus, the Risen One;  
 Jesus, the King with many crowns,  
 In kingly might adored;  
 Jesus, the Sun of this dark world,  
 Of heaven and earth the Lord!

Dispel, Lord, by Thy Spirit,  
    Bewildering snares of sin;  
Enter Thy holy temple,  
    And ever dwell within.  
Thus safe in Thee abiding,  
    Rejoicing in Thy light,  
My rescued soul shall praise Thee,  
    And serve Thee day and night.



## THE RIVER OF GOD.

“Unto the rest beyond the river, Peace.”—EZRA iv. 17.



THE crystal river,  
 That flows for ever,  
 Bears on its bosom no earthly store;  
 But, gently moving,  
 Unites the loving  
 On the bright strand of the stormless shore.

Oh! there no sorrow  
 Can dim the morrow,  
 Nor cloud the dawn of the day begun;  
 No heart regretting  
 One bright hope setting:  
 Death is defeated, the victory won!

The crystal River  
 No soul can sever,  
 Nor fairer freight can it bear away,  
 Than saints uprisen  
 From death's dark prison,  
 To wait with their Lord for the dawning day.

THE AVENGER.

“ Mine eye also shall see my desire on mine enemies, and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.”

PSALM xcii. 11.



YEA, though I wait for weary days, and seem to pray in vain,  
Strong in Thy faithfulness, O Lord, I come to Thee again.

My foes are Thine; and I, bowed down, upon Thy promise rest—

The hope of all who trust in Thee—the God of the opprest.

Thine is the sword—Thou bad'st it smite; this blunts its edge for me;

And I, through Him for sinners slain, shall more than conqueror be.

Fight against them that with me strive; plead Thou my cause, O Lord;

And on the battle-field be Thou my Buckler, Spear, and Sword.

Thou mightiest to save ! to Thee all grace, all power  
belong !  
Thou hast my many sins forgiven ; forgive, O Lord,  
my wrong.  
Thy murderers, in hate arrayed, did first Thy pity  
meet,  
And I my enemies would bring as trophies to Thy  
feet.

Forgive ! For them on Calvary's mount Thy precious  
blood was spilt ;  
From Sinai's thunders save them yet, and cancel all  
their guilt.  
Forgive !—for, oh ! one glance of Thine the hardest  
heart can move ;  
Draw them beneath the quenchless beams of one  
sweet look of love.

Each hand, in fierce array opposed, shall strike but  
at Thy will ;  
The words that wound, the storms that burst, Thy  
wise decrees fulfil.  
As the frail bulrush to the breeze its spear-like beauty  
bends,  
So let Thy Spirit o'er them sweep, and change my  
foes to friends.

O Lord, the night is waning fast; the dawn comes on  
apace;  
Not shortened is Thine arm to save, nor past the day  
of grace :  
Grant broken, bleeding, contrite hearts to all who  
'gainst me rise,  
So let me see my heart's desire upon mine enemies.



## THE UNANSWERED PRAYER.

“I called Him, but He gave me no answer.”—SOLOMON’S SONG v. 6.



OTH the Saviour answer not?

Hath He then His own forgot?

Who prescribes for Him the way

He shall answer when we pray?

Leave to Him the means, the hour:

He is Wisdom, Love, and Power.

His the glory, with the might

Of resources infinite!

Onward! then, faint-hearted. See,

Christ with every breeze for thee—

In the rough wave, in the sky,

In the fierce blast sweeping by—

All His gracious hand controls

Tenderly for waiting souls.

Hath He ever left thee yet?

Ah! the mother may forget

All the tender hopes that rest

Round the babe upon her breast.



But will He forsake His own,  
Who to Him for help have flown?  
O'er this dark, tempestuous sea  
Moves the Ark of Galilee.  
Gazing only on the storm,  
Thou hast missed the beautiful Form  
Gliding o'er each foaming height,  
Leaving darkest billows bright,  
Cheering with some whispered word:  
Ah! thou know'st Him—" 'Tis the Lord!"

Up, thou trembler! He will guide  
Thy lone bark to yonder side,  
Where no stormy breakers rise,  
Hiding Jesus from thine eyes:  
Thou shalt see this storm hath driven  
Thy poor heart the nearer heaven.



## WAITING.

“Behold, I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”  
REV. xxii. 20.



I AM waiting as the day wanes, waiting  
The light of the coming dawn to see:  
As the weary child lies watching for its mother,  
I am longing, oh! my Lord Christ, for Thee.  
Down here, the shadow and the sadness,  
The conflict with the foe in fierce array;  
Up there, the joy of sinless service,  
Never to pass away!

I am waiting in the noontide, waiting  
A gleam of the promised cloud to see,  
That shall bring to us the brightness of Thy glory—  
I am longing, oh! my Lord Christ, for Thee.  
Down here, the tempter still accusing,  
And wiles that unwary feet betray;  
Up there, the smile of my Belovéd,  
Never to pass away!

I am waiting, oh ! my loved Lord, waiting ;  
How manifold Thy mercies unto me !  
My weary eyes would gaze upon the Giver—  
I am waiting, oh ! my Lord Christ, for Thee.  
Up there, the everlasting morning,  
With delights that never can decay ;  
Down here, the scoffing and the scorning,  
Soon, soon to pass away !

I am longing to behold Thee in Thy beauty,  
And soon shall the evening shadows flee ;  
I trace Thee in the way that I am going,  
But, oh ! my spirit pineth, Lord, for *Thee*.  
Tune Thou my harp to songs of holy gladness ;  
Thy coming turns my midnight into day ;  
The weeping, and the waiting, and the watching  
Soon, soon shall pass away !



## THE NAME OF THE LORD.

“Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.”

Ps. lxi. 3.



**L**ORD! great is Thy glory!  
 Thy name is revealed—  
 The “I AM” for ever!  
 In faithfulness sealed.  
 Though oft I’ve forsaken Thee,  
 Thou art the same—  
 Blessed, thrice blessed, be Christ’s holy name.

Great are the pleasures, Lord,  
 Thou hast laid up,  
 And mixed are Thy mercies  
 In life’s bitter cup;  
 Thou never hast left me  
 To sorrow or shame—  
 Blessed, thrice blessed, be Christ’s holy name.

Thou bad’st me draw nigh Thee;  
 How could I depart,  
 Though Sinai’s thunder  
 Spake death to my heart?

But Thy still voice of love, Lord,  
It followed the flame,  
Proclaiming the shelter of Christ's blessed name.

Oh, what could I offer,  
Thy favour to win?  
I brought to the Cross but  
My burden of sin!  
The portionless beggar,  
With nothing to claim,  
Hath entered the fortress of Christ's blessed name.

My sadness was hopeless,  
And senseless my mirth,  
And the fool's laugh made sadder  
The falsehoods of earth,  
When the Light of the World  
To my dark dwelling came,  
Revealing the shelter of Christ's blessed name.

The world's richest treasures  
I valued no more,  
Thy smile had left worthless  
What dazzled before.  
Now loosen my tongue, Lord,  
And let me proclaim  
The glories enfolded in Christ's blessed name!

## THOUGHTS OF HOME.

“It is a good land which the Lord our God doth give us.”

DEUT. i. 25.



LORD, 'twas Thine to labour and wear the thorns  
for me ;

Thou sharest all my sorrow ; Thou knowest what  
'twill be

To see the Father's glory, to hear Thy welcome there,  
Where never cross or burden remains for us to bear.

I seem to pace the glittering street, and hear the harps  
of gold,

The echo of the new song that never groweth old ;  
I hear Thy praise, Lord Jesus, my Life, my Lord, my  
King,

Until my worn heart pineth the strains of heaven to  
sing.

Safe in the better country my loved ones I shall find,  
And some in that bright multitude I feared were left  
behind;  
Then loud shall sound our praises within the jasper  
wall,  
As cherubim and seraphim before the Holiest fall.

With folded wings, expectant, the angel bands will  
come,  
To listen to the tale of grace that wooed the children  
home;  
And, sitting at Thy feet, Lord, my joyful lips shall tell  
How much He hath forgiven who "doeth all things  
well."

Thou blessed Spirit! cheering this valley-land for me,  
With glimpses of the glory of that which soon shall be;  
Each harp-string, dull and broken, Thy gentle breath  
awaits,  
Then let me sing of JESUS up to the golden gates.



## THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED.

“The Master is come, and calleth for thee.”—JOHN xi. 28.

**T**IS the voice of my Beloved !  
 He doth gently call me hence,  
 Till the shadows flee for ever  
 O'er the hill of frankincense.

I will get me to the mountain,  
 From the busy field away,  
 And wait with my Beloved  
 For the dawning of the day.

He has called: I cannot tarry,  
 I have heard His voice before,  
 For it broke upon my slumber  
 When He waited at my door;

I have heard it gently chiding  
 Thoughts of mine on folly bent;  
 I have wept its mournful silence—  
 To my heart like banishment.



In the north blast He rebuked me,  
And I knew the message well;  
In the soft south wind He whispered—  
Ah! that sweetness who can tell?

Even now again I hear Him,  
I shall soon behold Him nigh,  
Soon shall touch that hand of mercy  
For me once pierced on Calvary.

Be ye mute, earth's loving voices,  
And allure me not to stay;  
'Tis the voice of my Beloved,  
"Rise, my fair one, come away."



## THE COVENANT.

“Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.”—Ps. xxxvii. 4.



HOW mighty was Thy love, Lord, that drew me first  
to Thee;

How precious was Thy blood, Lord, that set my  
spirit free.

Like cordial to the fainting this promise of Thy word;  
To me, who in Thyself delights, fulfil the promise,  
Lord.

Lead me to follow on, where Thy Spirit bids me go,  
To do Thy work, not mine, Lord: yea, light and  
strength bestow,

That in the path appointed Thy presence I may meet:  
Or let me sit in silence a listener at Thy feet,  
Partaking of the joy, Lord, of those who watch and  
wait,

Content for one sweet whisper to listen at Thy gate.

Will He who spake with Abraham speak with His  
people yet?

Hear all their sad complainings, their faithless ways  
forget?

Yea, even with the Holiest shall feeble man prevail.

Behold his Elder Brother High Priest within the veil!

The turtle's song of summer hath sounds that never  
reach

The ear attuned only to the worldling's pleasant  
speech.

Thus in Thy love rejoicing, my soul shall wander  
free,

Blest in Thy gracious counsel, "Delight thyself in  
Me."

In the secret of Thy presence I shall learn Thy will  
aright—

Grant Thou my heart's desire, Thou art my heart's  
delight.



## THE LOVING CUP.

“The cup which my Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?”

JOHN xviii. 11.



COME, drink ye, drink ye, all, of it,  
 Pale children of a King;  
 No poison mingles in the draught,  
 So, while ye suffer, sing.  
 'Tis Love's own Life hath won it us,  
 Christ's lip hath pressed the brim,—  
 Come, drink ye, drink ye, all, of it,  
 In fellowship with Him.

Oh, shun not thou the Loving Cup,  
 Nor tremble at its hue;  
 There is no bitter in the bowl,  
 But Jesus drank it too.  
 He counts thy tears, and knows thy pain,  
 Yea, every woe is weighed;  
 And not a cross He bids thee bear,  
 But once on Him was laid.

Come, drink thou of the Loving Cup !  
Thou wouldst not pass it by ?  
'Tis kept for every chosen one  
Of God's dear family:  
Nor, unbelieving, turn aside ;  
The Lord the cup bestows ;  
And oh ! His face, above thee bent,  
With love and pity glows.

Those hands, once bleeding on the Cross,  
Are now outstretched to bless ;  
He draws thee closer to His heart  
For that draught's bitterness ;  
He hears thy faintly-sobbing breath,  
He marks each quivering limb ;  
He drank a cup for thee alone—  
Child ! drink it now with Him.

Let earth bring forth her bitter herbs,  
Soon all their power shall cease ;  
Come tribulation if it will,  
With Christ's abiding Peace.  
I take the cup—the Loving Cup,  
Thrice blesséd shall it be ;  
I would not miss one gift, O Lord,  
Thy Blood hath bought for me.

## A WILDERNESS SONG.

“The Lord thy God, He is God, the faithful God.”—DEUT. vii. 9.  
 “He is thy praise, and He is thy God, that hath done for thee these great  
 and terrible things, which thine eyes have seen.”—DEUT. x. 21.



MUSE upon Thy changeless love,  
 And mourn, Lord, o'er my own ;  
 What tenderness hath marked the path  
 That none beside have known !

Let me remember all the way  
 Thou hast the wanderer led,  
 Since in this howling wilderness  
 Thy little one was fed.

How Thou hast wrought deliverance  
 Within the lion's den ;  
 Blessing the soul that trusts in Thee  
 Before the sons of men.

Though the wild waters round me raged,  
 No wave hath o'er me rolled ;  
 I walked through furnace fires unscathed,  
 Thy Hand the flames controlled.

And ever hast Thou succoured me  
When help seemed far away,  
And changed my sorrow into song,  
My darkness into day.

These marvels mock my feeble ken,  
As through the past I range;  
I trace Thy love, whose ceaseless flow  
Knoweth no ebb nor change.

And pressing closer to Thy side  
As I the past retrace,  
The Holy Comforter reveals  
The glory of Thy grace.

Prepare me to receive the form  
Thy seal shall give the wax:  
Thy fire can raise a fragrant cloud,  
E'en from the smoking flax.

Use me! and let my weapon be  
The clear brook's polished stone;  
The weakness of the work be mine,  
The glory all Thine own.

Teach me the "secret of the stairs,"\*  
And let me walk in white;  
Feed me with hidden manna; make  
Thy law my chief delight.

\* Solomon's Song ii. 14.

And if my eyes are inward cast,  
Show me the Refuge nigh,  
And point me to the healing Blood,  
My soul's security.

Thus keep me by Thy wounded side,  
Thy wondrous work to trace;  
To sing Thy matchless faithfulness,  
And Thine abounding grace.

Thy radiant footsteps everywhere  
Make sunshine on my road:  
Oh! may I learn to trust Thy love,  
Thou spotless Lamb of God!

Uphold me, Lord, with Thy right hand,  
So prone am I to flee;  
My Father! glorify Thyself—  
Do what Thou wilt with me!





LOVE'S MINISTRY.

“ There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.”

PSALM xix. 3.



HEARD the wavelet kiss the shore,  
Ere lost within the sea,  
And the ripple of the silvery tide  
Seemed as a psalm to me :  
Contented with God's holy will,  
Its feeble voice to raise,  
To hymn His glory and be lost,  
Nor thirst for human praise.  
Lord, make me like the ocean's voice,  
Obedient to Thy will,  
Thy purpose work as faithfully,  
And at Thy word be still.

A breeze that filled a drooping sail,  
Bore to one sorrowing breast  
A promise from the Lord of Life,  
And sank again to rest.

Brief was its service, few the words  
    It wafted to the shore,  
But they nestled in a mourner's heart,  
    And the west wind's task was o'er.  
I, like the sea-breeze swift and true,  
    Thy messenger would be,  
And bear, Lord, to some burdened soul,  
    A word of peace from Thee.

I marked the soft dew silently  
    Descend o'er plain and hill;  
On each parched herb and drooping flower  
    The heavenly cloud distil.  
As noiseless as the sun's first beams  
    It vanished with the day,  
But the waving fields told where it fell  
    When the dew had passed away.  
Lord, make me like the gentle dew,  
    That other hearts may prove,  
E'en through Thy feeblest messenger,  
    Thy ministry of love.

THE EVERLASTING.

“A morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth  
by clear shining after rain.”—2 SAM. xxiii. 4.



H for my home of glory, that death's dark veil  
enshrouds,

It gleams in beauty o'er me, as day dawns from  
the clouds!

Bright are the hopes we borrow from joys that cannot  
wane—

To-day we weep, to-morrow brings sunshine after rain.

It is the *Everlasting* makes fair the grave's dark walls,  
A rainbow radiance casting where many a tear-drop  
falls.

We image our immortals in robes time cannot stain,  
Till through the pearly portals breaks sunshine after  
rain.

There grace proclaims her story, each harp strikes  
one sweet chord,  
Safe in their rest of glory the ransomed of the Lord:

No more a night watch holding, 'mid sorrow, sin, and  
pain,  
Their paths in light unfolding, in sunshine after rain.

Oh, thou blest habitation ! who formed thee so fair ?  
'Twas Christ, my hope's foundation ; He fills the glory  
there !

His faithfulness, His power, these shall my soul sustain,  
Through every fleeting hour, in sunshine and in rain.

My soul is often weary, weary of self and sin ;  
Often the way seems dreary, oft sinking fears within.  
But while on Jesus gazing, each fiery dart is vain ;  
My soul alike is praising, for sunshine or for rain.


But let the way be lonely, and fiercest foes appal,  
One glimpse of "Jesus only" will make amends for all.  
Shall earth's joys win me ? Never ! Shall sin my soul  
detain,  
When waits for me for ever sweet sunshine after rain ?



THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

“And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.”—JOHN xvi. 32.

“Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?”—LUKE xxiv. 38.

“LONE! alone!” I heard the plaint  
From the pilgrim’s path ascend.  
Hath Jesus left you comfortless?  
Or is He changed, my friend?

Responsive to a smile of love,  
Soul unto soul replies,  
When thrills the link of brotherhood,  
Which pilgrim strangers prize.

But He—the truest, fondest Friend,  
That man can call his own—  
Well may He question, “Lov’st thou Me?”  
To hear the cry, “Alone!”

Why are ye troubled, wherefore thus  
Discouraged on the way?  
The Traveller to Emmaus yet  
Journeys with you to-day.

The silence of your lonely heart  
Jesus Himself will break,  
Of His Divine companionship  
Ye also shall partake.

No gentler heart of human mould  
Scorned and reviled could be,  
Than His; He trod the way alone,  
To-day to strengthen thee.

With wild beasts in the wilderness,  
By hosts of hell assailed,  
*Alone* in His great agony,  
When fondest friendship failed;

And then, uplifted on the Cross,  
That one heart-rending moan  
Tells us our sins' appalling shroud  
Hath left the Lamb—alone!

Friends! have ye followed Him thus far,  
Through the dark way He trod,  
Distrusting still the daily care  
Of Christ the living God?

He tasted death for every man,  
And every grief hath known,  
And now before our Father's face,  
He beareth us—alone.

Oh, tarry not, but prove the balm  
In Jesu's sympathy;  
The loneliest heart can find its mate  
In His of Calvary.


He comes—He comes to call His Bride  
To share His heavenly throne,  
Then cease thy murmurings, O my friend,  
He leaves thee not alone!



## FRUITLESS TOIL.

“Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me: he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me.”—Ps. ci. 6.

“He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.”—Prov. xxii. 11.

“ORD, I have toiled all night,  
And still unblessed my hand;  
Yet I will launch into the deep  
Once more at Thy command.

“I hear triumphant songs  
Swell from the banks around,  
Each answering each with joyful cry,  
But *I* no spoil have found.

“Fruitless is all my toil,  
Through long night watches past,  
My heart is sick with hope deferred;  
But Thou art come at last.”

The fisher's hands hung down;  
Dull was his heart, and faint,  
When a heavenly voice the silence broke,  
And answered his complaint.



- “When have I left thee, son,  
That thou shouldst droop with fear?  
When hast thou sought my sympathy,  
And hast not found Me near?
- “Not fruitless is thy toil,  
If thou my cross wouldst bear;  
I do but ask thy willing heart,  
To grave my image there.
- “For each net vainly cast  
Stronger thine arm will prove;  
The trial of thy patient hope  
Is witness of thy love.
- “The time, the place, the way  
Are open to mine eye;  
I sent thee—not to gather spoil—  
To labour patiently.
- “My son! was not thy cry,  
‘Increase my faith, O Lord—  
More of Thyself, and more like Thee’?  
Behold, thy prayer is heard.
- “Oh, trust Me with thy crown,  
’Tis hidden safe with Me;  
A little while, and where I am,  
There shall my servant be.

“Bright seems thy brother’s lot;  
But, child, is *thine* so dim?  
*The King, thy Friend, hath asked of thee*  
*To watch one hour with HIM.”*



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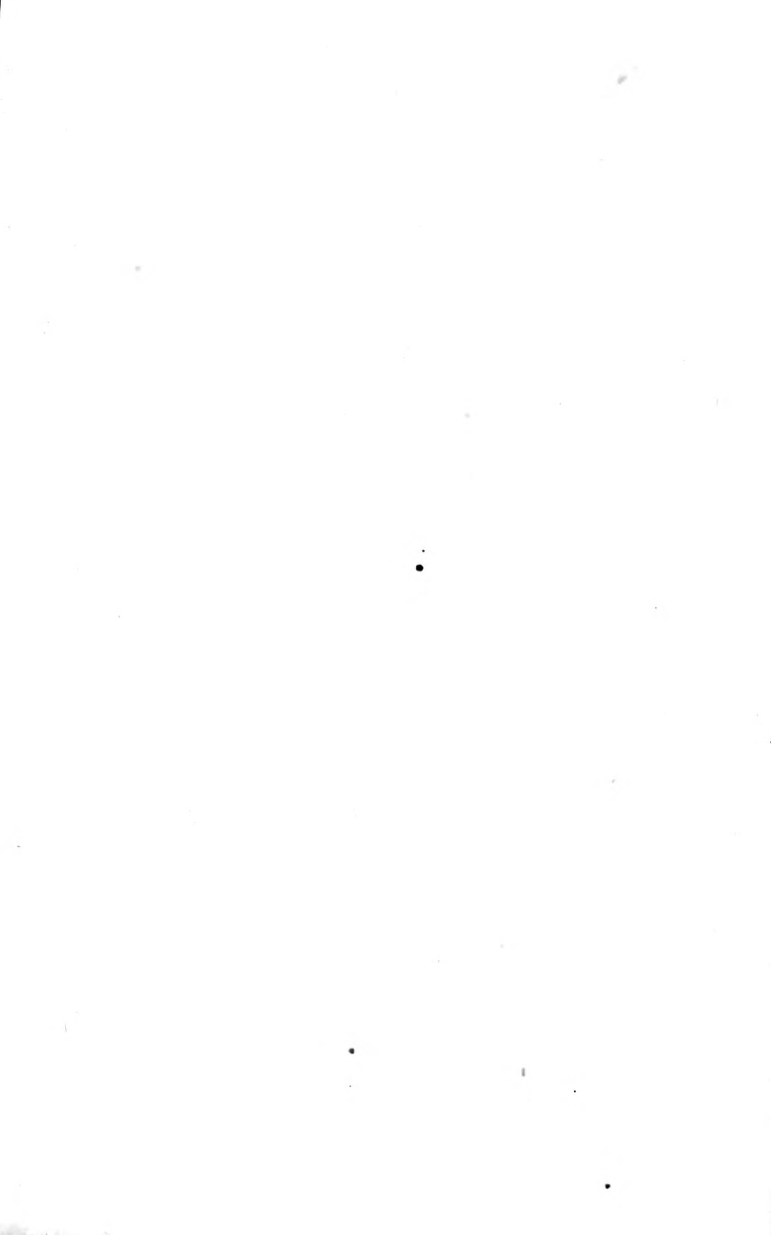
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