

DEVOTIONAL POEMS

FOR THE

QUIET HOUR

EUGENE B. READ





Class PS 3535

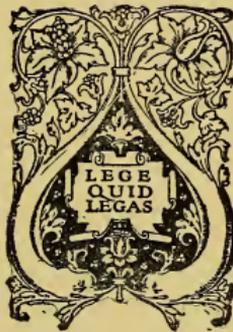
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DEVOTIONAL POEMS
FOR
THE QUIET HOUR

BY
EUGENE B. READ



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FOREWORD

Man has been defined as a religious animal and the definition (if correct) implies universal religious instinct.

They tell us that the lowest tribes of men possess this instinct. Among intelligent people the instinct is re-enforced by reason, and although occasionally men profess to disbelieve the existence of the Deity, occasional glimpses (like Ingersoll at his brother's grave) reveal the fact that deep in the heart the instinct is there.

But be this as it may, Christian people universally recognize God, not only as Almighty, all wise and all present, but the hearer of prayer—and it is to this class that the contents of this little book is especially addressed. The author hopes that it will prove to be a real help in “the silent hour.”

He suggests that a portion of scripture be read first, then one of the little poems, and then speak low to God.

Speak low, for God is here,
His spirit whispers, “Come
All ye who will, draw near
And make in Me your home.”
Speak low,—speak low.

FOREWORD

Draw near to God, all ye
Who would his friendship know;
And you shall truly see
What God alone can show.
Draw near—draw near.

He'll show you love and peace,
And what His power can do,
Till stormy doubt shall cease,
And joy shall live with you.
Draw near, draw near.

Oh sinner, saved by grace—
Oh prisoner set free,
Fill now this holy place
With shouts of victory.
Praise God, praise God.

Yes, praise Him in the inner chamber of
your soul—praise Him in your home, in that
quiet spot at the silent hour, in the secret inner
room.

Oh, have a solitary place—
A place of secret prayer,
Where God will manifest His grace,
And though you cannot see His face,
You know that He is there.

Ah yes, Faith *knows* that He is there;
She's sure as she can be,
She *knows* He always answers prayer,
She *knows* that He is everywhere,
She does not care to see.

FOREWORD

So let us never walk by sight;
By faith is far the best;
For prayer will then be a delight,
Our secret place, too, will be bright,
A blessed time of rest.

Ah, yes, it will be a blessed place, for God
will meet you there.

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THE SECRET PLACE

“ He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”—*Ps. 91: 1.*

OH, BLESSED is the quiet place,
The place of secret prayer,
Where God will manifest His grace,
And all your burdens bear.

And in that place of secret prayer,
Where you rejoice to go;
You gladly meet your Saviour there,
And tell Him all you know.

Yes, tell Him all you know of peace,
That flows from sins forgiven;
That makes the love of earth to cease,
And brings the breath of heaven.

And tell Him, too, of joy and love,
And fellowship as well,
And consecration, that will prove
For more than words can tell.

And pray that others, too, may know
His love, and trust His grace;
That they may likewise seek to show
Their love for such a place.

And in that blessed place of prayer,
Far from the world apart,—
A holy temple rises there,—
A consecrated heart.

And in that temple, grand and fair,
The Holy Spirit's shrine,—
The Tree of Life is blooming there,
With luscious fruit divine.

The fruit of love and righteousness,
That all the world can see;
And "healing leaves" the world to bless,
Outgrowth of Calvary.

Have you a place of secrecy,
A chamber such as this?
If not, I tell you honestly,
You know not what you miss.

PRAYER

“ Lord teach us to pray.”—*Luke 11 : 1.*

LORD, teach me how to pray,
To lift my heart to Thee,
To realize from day to day
All that Thou art to me.

Help me Thy word to believe,
Thy promises to prove,
Thy Holy Spirit to receive,
And realize Thy love.

Help me to make Thy word
So personal and real,
That Thine will be the counsel heard,
And Thine the truth I feel.

So shall Thy world of light,
In all its grandeur, be
The world is which I take delight—
The real world to me.

PRAYER

THE night was chill on Tabor's hill,
The dew lay damp and cold.
The Saviour of the world was there,
He sought the solitude for prayer,
More precious far than gold.
He loved the silent, quiet hour,
He felt its grace, He knew its power.
'Twas early evening, when He trod
That solitude, to talk with God.
The midnight came—He still was there
Engaged in earnest, secret prayer.
The morning found Him praying still,
In loving converse on the hill.
His mighty Father met Him there
In loving fellowship through prayer.
And shall not we the lesson see,
And practice it as well?
And have a solitary place,
Where we shall seek the Saviour's face,
And all our secrets tell?
He loves our confidence to gain,
To have us tell Him of our pain,
Our sorrows, trials, hopes and joys,
The thing that pleases or annoys;
In short, He loves to meet us there,
In loving fellowship and prayer.
Then why not have a secret place,
Where He will manifest His grace,
And we with Him shall ever be
In perfect, loving harmony?

HOLY SPIRIT

HOLY Spirit, God of Love,
Reigning in the realms above,
Thou didst come to earth to prove
Thou canst love a sinful race,
Cleanse it of its foul disgrace
By the workings of Thy grace.
Thou canst set the pris'ner free
From his chains of infamy,
Pointing him to Calvary.

Holy Spirit, God of Light,
Shining with effulgence bright
In the darkness of the night.
Teach my heart to love Thy ways,
Teach my lips to speak Thy praise,
Teach my will to spend my days
In Thy service, till for me
Earthly life shall come to be
Merged into eternity.

Holy Spirit, Friend of mine,
With that gentle touch of Thine,
Thou didst show me Love divine.
Thou didst make my heart to see
Greater love there could not be
Than was shown on Calvary.
Thou didst make my heart to say,
Hour by hour and day by day,
I will follow and obey.

THE SHEPHERD AND I

“THE Lord is my Shepherd,” and I am His
sheep;
I’m thoughtless and often am tempted to
stray;
But He’ll guard me, and guide me, and val-
iantly keep
The dogs and the wolves of temptation away.
He guards me by night, and He guides me
by day.

“The Lord is my Shepherd,” and I am His
sheep;
He sought me and bought me on Calvary’s
hill;
But the devil is wary, his pitfalls are deep,
And a service he wickedly claims from me
still,
Although I was purchased on Calvary’s hill.

“The Lord is my Shepherd,” and I am His
sheep;
He leadeth to high lands where “green pas-
tures” grow;
And the road to those high lands is rocky and
steep,
But the Shepherd says “Come,” and so up-
ward we go,
Where the “green pastures” lie, and the
“still waters” flow.

“The Lord is my Shepherd,” and I am His
sheep.

If I am His sheep, why then nothing I own.
And if nothing I own, then naught can I keep:

From my head to my feet, all my flesh, fleece
and bone;

All—all must belong to my Shepherd alone.

PRAISE

PRAISE ye the Lord Jehovah, let us raise
To Him our hearts' sincerest songs of praise.
He is the Lord of all, and only He
Supernal happiness can give to me,
And He shall truly have my loyalty.

But what am I? A little blade of grass,
To live an hour or so, and then to pass
From earth, forgotten save by just a few
Who truly know me well, and love me too ;
I prize their love and friendship. Wouldn't
you?

But what am I, that I should lift my song
Where angel voices notes of praise prolong?
Yes, what am I, that I should praises bring
When all the hosts of heaven join and sing
Their heartfelt praises to their God, the
King?

Oh, God, the King! The stars are all His own ;
The earth, the universe, is His alone.
Then what am I? A creature of His power,
A feeble plant, to last perchance an hour,
And yet the perfume will survive the flower.

The perfume,—yes, ah, yes, the flower will
die,—
The perfume will ascend to God on high,

To live with Him and hallelujahs raise
To Jesus' name, and through the endless
days
To spend eternity in songs of praise.

Think then of God the mighty,—God the
great,—

Supreme in His illimitable state.

He thinks of me and offers me a place
Where I shall gaze upon His august face;
An atom—yet an angel by His grace.

Think then of me, and what my Lord hath said
Shall surely come to pass; when I shall tread
The golden streets on that celestial shore,
He'll own me as a son forevermore,
And I shall praise His goodness and adore.

And as I thus shall praise Him in the sky,—
Shall chant celestial praises by and by,—
I know He will accept me as I bow
In humble gratitude, and teach me how
To render praises and thanksgiving now.

I, therefore, lift my voice in songs of praise,
For God's great goodness beautifies my days.
His gracious presence fills my heart with
peace,
His loving kindness bids my joy increase,
And so my songs of praise shall never cease.

COME HOLY SPIRIT

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Thy sovereign power display,
And make in me Thy home,
And drive all sin away.
Create in me the heavenly birth
And wean me from the love of earth.

Come Holy Spirit, now
Thy wondrous love reveal,
And teach my will to bow,
My torpid heart to feel
The holy promptings of that love,
To fix my mind on things above.

Come Holy Spirit, here
Thy love and power make known,
That I may feel Thee near
And claim Thee as my own,
Because my Lord on Calvary
The ransom paid that set me free.

Free from the law of sin,
Free from the blight of doubt;
The love of sin within,
The show of sin without,
Dead to the law, and therefore free,
Because my Saviour died for me.

And so I live to God,
His spirit in me lives;
The path I formerly trod
No longer pleasure gives.
I live for God—He lives in me;
His Holy Spirit makes me free.

THE MINISTRY OF GRACE

JESUS, Thou art heaven's King,
All the angels tribute bring,
All their voices praises sing.

What am I, that Thou shouldst call
One so weak, and one so small,
Oh, Thou mighty Lord of all?

Thou art self-existent; I,
Born to live, but born to die,
Cannot lift my thought so high.

Thou, Creator, art of Light,
I, a creature of the night,
Cannot scale Thy lofty height.

Cannot lift my thought to see
What that life above may be,
Cannot solve the mystery.

Thou, Creator, art of Love;
What am I? How can I prove
I appreciate Thy love?

Only as I seek Thy might,
Only as I follow Light,
Only as I do the right.

What am I then, Lord, to Thee?
What canst Thou behold in me
Worth Thy care and ministry?

That Thy Spirit yearns to write,
Through Thy grace and through Thy might,
In Thy book my name in white?

Help me then, Thine own to be,
Cleansed from all iniquity
Through Thy work on Calvary.

Help me live as in Thy sight,
Choosing good and seeking light,
Doing only what is right.

Hiding thus my life in Thine,
Thou in me will grandly shine,
Leading souls to Love Divine.

A MEDITATION

How wonderful God's providence,
How comforting to know,
That He who is my sure defense
Can guard His children so.

Almighty Love Himself provides
Me friends, and food, and place,
And then Almighty Love abides,
With peace, and joy, and grace.

He leads, He plans, He guards, He guides,
He points the way to go.
What He decrees—what He decides,
Is all I care to know.

And so this transient mortal night
(That I by faith can see
So radiant with God's own light)
Is wonderful to me.

And thus I walk by day and night,
God's goodness shining o'er me,
A Shield, a Guide, a Guard, a Light,
That brightens all before me.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE

“Thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep.”—*John 4: 11.*

“THE well is deep,” we cannot understand
The providence of God that hedges in,
Surrounds, and binds, as with an iron band
The human race within this world of sin.
We cannot reconcile the love of God
With all the sorrow, misery and woe;
We cannot see affection in a rod.
Because “the well is deep,” we cannot know
How God can love, and yet no pity show.

We have “naught to draw with, and the well
is deep,”

And so we cannot see the Hand above.
The punished child may cry aloud and weep,
And doubt, yes more than doubt, his father's
love.

So you and I are little children, too,
For earth is home to us, and so we keep
Our hearts upon it, and the grand and true
Are hidden from us, and we lie and sleep,
For we have “naught to draw with, and the
well is deep.”

THE MAGIC LOVE OF JESUS

Oh, the magic love of Jesus,
How it brightens all within,
As we realize it frees us
From the slavery of sin.
How it magnifies the duty
That would terminate all strife,
As it glorifies the beauty
Of a consecrated life.

Oh, the magic love of Jesus,
When we claim it as our own,
And the Holy Spirit sees us
Seeking Him and Him alone.
How it grows upon us clearly,
As we realize His smile,
That the love of Jesus really
Is the only thing worth while.

Oh, the magic love of Jesus,
How it beautifies the earth,
How it changes life, and frees us
From the things so little worth.
How it brightens up the morrow
With anticipated bliss,
As it soothes the brow of sorrow
With alleviating kiss.

Oh, the magic love of Jesus,
'Tis a pearl beyond all price,
'Tis the talisman that frees us
When the things of earth entice ;
'Tis a benefaction purely
Of incomparable worth ;
For the love of Jesus surely
Is the greatest thing on earth.

“IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND”

How blest to rest contentedly,
To hear God's stern command
To flee from sin,—and hide within
The hollow of His hand.

How sweet to greet confidingly,
How blessed the command,
To enter in, and rest within
The hollow of His hand.

How dear to hear rejoicingly
His comforting command
The prize to win, and live within
The hollow of His hand.

Ah, blessed is the one whose hand
Is in the hand of God,
Who listens to his Lord's command
And walks the path He trod,

And in the “secret place” abides
Where God reveals His face,
His life in Christ's own life he hides,
And glories in His grace.

THE COMING OF THE LORD

HE is coming, He is coming, let all the angels
sing;

And the saints on earth be jubilant, and halle-
lujahs bring;

For He's coming now in glory,
As He came before so lowly,
He is coming in the glory of the King.

He is coming, oh ye people, He is coming, it is
plain,

For He promised when He left us He would
surely come again.

And no word that He has spoken,
Yes, no word was ever broken,
So I know that He is coming here to reign.

He will reign the Lord of glory, He will reign
the King of kings,

He will banish from the earth the sin, and all
the evil things,

And the sighing, and the lying,
And the dying, and the crying,
And the poison of the viper with his stings.

So be ready, oh my people, for the coming of
your God;

He will know His people only as they pass
beneath the rod.

He will welcome those who've shown Him
By their attitude they've known Him,
As they tread the narrow pathway that He trod.

So we're looking, and we're watching, and we
patiently can wait,
He will come when He is ready, be it early, be
it late.

He has given us the token
In the word that He has spoken,
So we're waiting, and we're watching while we
wait.

PRAISE

OH, GOD, how wonderful Thou art
In all Thy vast infinity.
Thou knowest the secrets of my heart
Before its thoughts are known to me.

The million rolling orbs of light
In all their grand immensity,
That beautify the hours of night
Proclaim Thy greatness unto me.

The utter boundlessness of space,
Incomprehensible to me;
Within whose outline Thou canst trace
The all of heaven's geography.

These all attest in voiceless ways,
And yet so loud that all can hear,
The silent music of their praise
Resounding in the spirit's ear.

Oh, may the heart its rapture tell,
Oh, may the soul its music sing,
Till man shall swell the song so well
That all the earth shall praises ring.

And I with them shall lift my voice,
And I with them the song shall sing,
And I with them shall show my choice,
And sing the praises of the King.

And you my neighbor, you whose eyes
Are earthward bent, will you not see
The King eternal, and arise
And lift a song of praise with me?

THE VICTORY

THIS world is a wilderness ruined by sin,
There's a conflict without, and a conflict within,
But those who can trust in a promise shall win.
Hallelulah.

For the promise of God is a promise to be
The Helper, and Strength, who shall render us
free.

I will battle for Him, He will battle for me.
Hallelulah.

And so on the help of the Lord I rely,
And trusting in Him I can Satan defy,
Can joy and rejoice in His service, and cry
Hallelulah.

And so I rejoice as I journey along
In the strength of the Master to whom I belong,
And this is my story, and this is my song,
Hallelulah.

I've conquered through grace and the blood of
the Son,
My conflict is over, my battle is done.
The Lord is the Conqueror—Victory is won.
Hallelulah.

THE LOVE OF JESUS

JESUS, you did show your love
When you left your throne above;
When in humble Bethlehem—
When in proud Jerusalem—
When you taught beside the sea—
When you walked in Galilee —
Greater love there could not be
Than was shown on Calvary.
Jesus loves His people yet,
Love like His can ne'er forget.

Jesus loves, but how may you
Show you love the Saviour too?
Man will know it when your days
Correspond to Jesus' ways.
Man will know it when your thought
Shows you weigh the words, "I ought."
God will know it when you pray
Hour by hour, and day by day,
"Help me love Thyself, and then
I will love my fellow men."

I love Jesus—but I know
Words alone can never show
That I love Him, for I must
Show I love Him by my trust,
Show I love Him every day
By what I do, and what I say.
I would love that day by day
Others, seeing me, would say:
"You love Him, and He loves you,
I would love the Saviour too."

A SONG OF GRACE

IF ANGEL voices sing a song
As that they sang at Jesus' birth,
Why cannot I a strain prolong
To reach the Saviour from the earth?

Their song came down from heaven to earth,
My song from earth shall reach the sky;
And though theirs was of heavenly birth,
They had less cause to sing than I.

Their song the sweetest ever heard
Showed love for all the human race.
My humble song shall every word
Proclaim the power of saving grace.

With hearts responsive to their king
Who came from heaven to earth to die,
'Twas not surprising they should bring
Their hallelujahs from the sky.

And shall not mine responding too
To love embracing all the race,
Lift high my voice, both strong and true,
And sing the song of saving grace?

And shall not man the notes prolong
Till strife and wickedness shall cease?
And multitudes shall learn the song
Of love, and universal peace.

And thus shall heaven and earth unite,
And adoration daily bring,
Till earth shall sing, both day and night,
The song the angels used to sing,

The song they sang at Bethlehem,
The glory song to God most high,
With peace on earth, good will toward men,
And love, that brought it from the sky.

And love!—It is a mighty thing,
How it can change man's very face,—
'Twas love that made the angels sing,
And love is brother unto grace.

And love shall grow until 'tis plain
The moving power in all the earth,
Till angel voices sing again
The song they sang at Jesus' birth.

HYMN

JESUS, Saviour, Thou art mine,
Thou didst give Thyself to me
As a substitute Divine
On the cross of Calvary.

How Thou lov'st me none can show
Who Thyself hast never seen;
Only those who love can know
What the love of God can mean.

Oh, Thou great, almighty Friend,
Who can measure grace like Thine?
Who Thy work can comprehend?
Who can fathom Love divine?

Help my heart Thy heart to know,
Help my love Thy love to own,
Help my life Thy life to show,
Serving Thee and Thee alone.

Thus shall all my moments be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
And the world shall truly see
Thou art everything to me.

HOLY SPIRIT

BLEST Holy Spirit, Lord of all,
By whom we live, and move,
We thank Thee for the gracious call
That manifests Thy love.

We thank Thee for Thy gentleness,
We thank Thee for Thy grace.
The love that seeks our souls to bless
Would all the world embrace.

But man is worldly as a race,
Nor seeks the life above,
He proudly spurns Thy proffered grace,
And tramples on Thy love.

And yet with grace that never fails,
And love that never tires,
Redeeming mercy yet avails,
If man for life aspires.

But what can love and mercy do
If man rejects their plea?
There's naught remains for man in view
But hopeless misery.

MY FRIEND

I HAVE a Friend—a great, almighty Friend,
A Friend who died to welcome me on high,
Whose constant love will guide, protect, defend,
And give me life eternal in the sky.

As Enoch walked with God three hundred
years,

And Moses talked with Him on Pisgah high,
So shall I leave some day this vale of tears
To walk with Him forever in the sky.

Oh, what an outlook at the journey's end,
To stand like Moses on the mountain height
And trust myself to this Almighty Friend
To bear me through the darkness into light.

As grand Elijah, in the olden days
Shot skyward in his glory-flaming car,
So I, with bursting heart, and songs of praise,
Shall upward fly to where the angels are,

And lay my heart upon the altar there,
In humble gratitude for all the ways
He led me through an atmosphere of prayer
To endless service, and eternal praise.

CONVERSION

THERE WAS a gloomy time that I remember,
Faith's sun was hidden by a big black cloud,
For unbelief had brought her chill December
To weave for faith a black and dismal
shroud.

Poor faith lay silent in her confined bed
And I was unconcerned that she was dead.

Yes, I was well contented for a while,
And did not care what other men believed,
Their weak credulity provoked a smile,
And scornful pity they were so deceived.—
It now seems strange that I could ever look
Upon God's Word as just a common book.

So time went on, and I grew bolder still,
For there were certain things I thought I
knew,—
We had no revelation of God's will,
Man's reason, only, taught us what to do,—
It seems so strange that such a one as I
Could lift my feeble intellect so high.

And what was stranger still, I could not see
That faith in God was tangible and real;
Nor could I comprehend how faith could be
A light to truth, that reason did not feel,
For I was blind, and would not brook control.
God knows I did my best to lose my soul.

One day a mighty miracle occurred
So wonderful, so altogether new,
For in my inmost soul a voice I heard
That plainly said to me: "The Bible's true."
Amazed I heard, and skepticism fled,—
The voice of God had spoken to the dead.

And then a change occurred, a mighty change,
A miracle it surely seemed to be,—
The things I thus far sought (it seemed so
strange)
No longer proved a pleasure unto me.
The Bible, too, was changed, 'twas strangely
new,
And, stranger yet, I *knew* that it was true.

And then to God my contrite heart went out
In earnest prayer for pardon, and to be
Delivered from the fierce assaults of doubt,
And made a member of His family.
And oh, He heard my prayer, and Love divine
Has made me wholly His, and He is mine.

JESUS LIVES

You ask me how I know the Bible's true,
And how I know that Jesus really lives,
And how I know the orthodox church view
Of what the Bible teaches, is the true
Interpretation that the Spirit gives.

These questions may be hard to those who seek
Salvation through the intellect alone:
Because the Holy Spirit will not speak
Unto the proud and haughty, but the meek
Who truly seek a Saviour of their own.

We cannot come to God through intellect;
The finite mind of man can ne'er extend
To grasp the thought of God. Let man inspect
Creation, and he only sees effect:
The first great Cause he cannot comprehend.

And so we cannot come to God through mind.
Mind has no avenue that leads to Him,
And he who seeks Him thus, will surely find
His search will be the gropings of the blind,
His theories mere shadows, false and dim.

The only road to God is through the heart,
And so the Bible says, "Turn you about,"
"Repent," "Confess," "Believe," and do your
part.

Seek God with all your soul—with all your
heart,

And you shall know the truth without a
doubt.

Then when with sins forgiven, you rest in
peace,

Rejoicing in the grace the Spirit gives,
Your reason will concur, for doubt shall cease,
And faith, and love, and knowledge will increase
And you will say you know that Jesus lives.

THE INDWELLING

“ Because I live ye shall live also.”—*John 14 : 19.*

YES, Jesus lives, the evidence
Is seen not only in God's Word,
But in the Spirit's immanence,
Through which His voice is heard.

A gentle, quiet, wooing voice—
A silent whisper in the soul—
A thought that guides you in your choice
And holds you in control.

We gladly seek the Spirit's power,
To Him we give ourselves away;
And thus we trust from hour to hour,
And so from day to day.

We ask Him for His guidance true
To lead us in His path of light;
And thus we know He helps us do
The thing we know is right.

And so we know that Jesus lives,
And so we know the Spirit's thought,
We freely take what Jesus gives,
And do the thing we ought.

And thus in me my Saviour lives,
His Word and Spirit both agree,—
By this I know that Jesus gives
Eternal life to me.

Oh ye who walk the paths of sin,
And cannot hear the Spirit's voice,
Will you not let the Spirit in,
And make His paths your choice?

GIVE YOURSELF TO JESUS

GIVE yourself to Jesus, He will take your gift
And keep you in the hollow of His hand,
He will guide your footsteps, every burden lift,
And bless you more than you can understand.

Chorus—Oh, give yourself to Jesus right away,
And do it now, don't wait another
day;
You'll lose your soul perhaps if you
delay;
So give yourself to Jesus while you
may.

Give yourself to Jesus fully every day,
And He will prove to be a Friend indeed;
Cast your care upon Him wholly, as you may,
And He will give you everything you need.

Chorus:—

Give yourself to Jesus wholly every hour,
And He will surely claim you as His own;
You shall feel His presence, you shall know His
power,
And you will live for Him, and Him alone.

Chorus:—

Give yourself to Jesus, count it only gain,
Throw pleasures of a worldly life away;
Walk the path of duty, He will make it plain,
And you shall walk with Jesus every day.

Chorus:—

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

YES, Thou art the Shepherd, and we are the
sheep,

And the pasture so fragrant and green is
Thy word,

And the mountains are high, and the valleys
are deep,

And the echo the sweetest that ever was
heard,

For call and believe without doubting or fear
And the answer comes quick, for the Shepherd
is near.

Oh, that beautiful country, those pastures so
sweet,

Those marvellous mountains of promise so
high,

Those valleys of peace, where the still waters
meet,

Reflecting the light and the tints of the sky.

The pastures are green, and the valley is dear,
And the sheep are secure, for the Shepherd is
near.

Yes, those mountains of promise they reach to
the sky,

And those valleys of peace are so quiet and
deep,

And the echo, the voice of the Shepherd on high,

Responding in love to the bleat of the sheep,
And the river of life, where the still waters be,
Forever flows on to eternity's sea.

HYMN

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the sky,
And all the countless worlds of light,
Thy power created them on high,
And lighted them at night.

Thy glory brightens all below,
Reflected from those worlds afar,
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"
Cries every twinkling star

But greater glories shine above,
Reflected from the Saviour's face,—
The wonders of redeeming love,
The miracles of grace.

When will the world this truth perceive,
When will the love of evil cease,
When will the nations too believe
And trust the Prince of Peace?

THE COMING OF THE LORD

OH, THE grace of God to me
Is so wonderful to see,
I could hide me in the hollow of His hand,
For I cannot tell the ways
That He brightens up my days,
As He leads me like a shepherd through the
land.

Yes, He leads me through the land
Till I on the mountain stand,
And the Jordan valley stretches far away,
And the valley all is bright,
For the hills are flecked with light
From the glory of the everlasting day.

Oh, how blessed 'tis to wait
Just outside the golden gate
While the blessed Lord my "mansion" doth
prepare.

Ah, that city I shall see,
He is coming soon for me,
He will come—and I shall meet Him "in the
air."

And the pearly gates will be
Opened wide for Him and me,
And the ransomed of the Lord will then appear;
They will hallelujahs raise,
They will shout my Saviour's praise,
And the singing of the angels I shall hear.

And then before the Throne
He will claim me as His own.
And the Father's smile I certainly shall see,
And the dear ones gone before,
I shall know forevermore;
And the angels will be brothers unto me.

So I'm watching as I stay,
And I'm waiting day by day
For the coming of my Saviour from above;
He will surely come to me
And I certainly shall be
Transfigured in the fulness of His love.

MY HEAVENLY FATHER

WHEN I consider what my Father is,
Omnipotent—Omniscient,—and I see
That universal ownership is His,
How wonderful it is He thinks of me,—
A little, willful, weak, rebellious man,—
And takes me into His redemption plan.

When I remember what my Father is,—
The reigning Monarch of the universe,—
And I consider that the right is His
To reign supreme, it seems presumption,
worse
Than crime, to even wish my will be done
Instead of His,—the great, Almighty One.

When I consider what my Father is,—
So great—so grand—so wonderfully wise,—
And I remember that the right is His
To reign, I'm filled with wondering surprise
To think I'd ever dare to disobey,
And turn from Him, that I might have my
way.

When I remember what my Father is,—
So wonderfully great and yet so kind,
So loving, that He sent that Son of His
To be the Saviour of the world and bind
In bonds of love repentant souls like me,
Who otherwise would die eternally,—

When I remember this, and then forget
So soon, the grace that Thou hast shown to
me,
Ashamed—abashed—I stand condemned, and
yet
Thou knowest, Lord, that I would follow
Thee.

Help me to walk, I cannot walk alone;
I need Thy strength, I have none of my own.

And yet I know that I shall see Thy face,
For Thou wilt strengthen me to do Thy will;
And I shall be a miracle of grace,
For Thou wilt all Thy promises fulfill.
I know I have no merits of my own,
I'm saved by grace,—the grace Thy love has
shown.

ASPIRATIONS

“Oh God, show me Thy Glory.”—*Moses*.

THY glory Lord, Thou can'st not show to me
While feeble Hope maintains her timid sway.
I only ask that I may plainly see
The path Thy grace would have me walk
today,
Till budding Hope to fruitful Faith be grown,
And I shall truly know as I am known.

I only ask today that I may see
Thy sixty shining minutes of each hour.
And conscious of Thy Presence, may I be
Filled with Thy Spirit—strengthened by
Thy Power,
And timid Hope to stalwart Faith shall grow,
And change a weak “I hope,” to strong “I
know.”

Then shall I see as Thou would'st have me see,
Then shall I seek as Thou wouldst have me
seek,
Then shall I be what Thou wouldst have me be,
Then shall I speak what Thou wouldst have
me speak,
Till budding Hope in other hearts shall grow
To the grand triumph of the glad “I know.”

“I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER
LIVETH”

LIVETH! Ah yes, though I know that He died,
I know He was beaten and crucified,
I know He was pierced by a spear in His side
 In that far away time
 And that far away clime;
And I know that He died for me.
I was in prison,—He set me free
With the ransom He paid on Calvary.

And I know though He died, that He rose from
 the dead
And the powers of darkness about Him fled.
I ought to have died,—but He died instead
 My living Redeemer to be,
 His love was so great for me.
For He was the bright and morning Star,
And I was a broken earthen jar,
'Twas strange that His love reached down so
 far,

But it did! it did! and He made me whole,
He mended the break and restored my soul;
He saved, yes He freed me from sin's control.
 And now I can say
 He's my Saviour today,
For the treasures of God to me belong,
And so I am singing the whole day long,
And grace,—the marvel of grace,—is my song.

WHAT THINK YE?

NIGHT is the time for sleep, and sleep for
dreams;

Dreams may be idle fancies of the brain,
And yet, strange as it seems,
The Lord has spoken in dreams,—
Maybe He will again.

If He should come to me as I tonight
Shall sleep, and in a dream should talk with
me,
And I should see His light
Illumining the night,
What would He say, think ye?

Think you a revelation He would give?
Another path to walk, or truth to know?
Another way to live?
Another gospel give?
Another road to go?

Or would He emphasize the same old truth
That He for ages has been telling men,—
To consecrate their youth
To righteousness and truth,
And they shall live again?

I really think that He would say to me:
"You've all the light and knowledge that
you need.
'Tis Christ that sets you free,
He only leads to Me,
And makes you Mine indeed."

And so my Bible here is God's own book,
Revealed to me in His peculiar way.
And oh, I love to look
Within this blessed book
To hear what He will say.

THE LOVE OF JESUS

JESUS, Thou art the Son of God,
 Begotten from eternity;
A dazzling throne, and sceptered rod
 Proclaim Thy majesty.

But through Thy condescending love,
 That shunned no loss nor misery,
You left that radiant throne above
 A lowly man to be.

How great that love no one can tell,
 The angels even cannot know,
How God can love a race that fell
 From Eden's heights so low.

There is no soul on earth so low—
 So steeped in sin and misery, —
But Thy dear Spirit yearns to show
 How grace can set him free.

Oh, can we not with soul contrite
 Turn from our downward path of sin,
Open our hearts to all that's right
 And let His Spirit in?

And shall we not accept His grace,
 And do the work He'd have us do,
Believe His gospel, seek His face,
 And learn to love Him too?

God give us grace and victory.
 God give us resolution too,
And ears to hear, and eyes to see,
 And hearts to dare and do.

CO-WORKING

“We are laborers together with God.”—*Ist Cor.*
3 : 9.

THE golden sun has gone to bed,
The stars are shining overhead,
And night has sable curtains spread
O'er all the earth.

I lift a loyal heart to Thee,
My God and Saviour, for the worth
Of all that I have done today
Was due to Thee, and to the way
Thy Holy Spirit guided me.

How kind Thou art, Almighty Friend,
To think and care for me, and send
Thy Holy Spirit to defend
From all that's wrong,
To dwell with me and make me true,
And helping hourly make me strong,—
Strong in the sense of what is right.
Strong to maintain with all my might
Whatever God would have me do.

Thus day by day will show to me
The power of Thy ministry,
That works, and makes me one with Thee
Almighty Friend.
And others too will seek the light,
And learn to trust, and to depend
Upon Thy guidance, thus to be
In loving, loyal sympathy
With what they know is right.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING

OH JESUS, I would love Thee more and more
Till all forgetfulness of Thee is o'er,
Till every fierce temptation is removed,
And I am living in my Well Beloved.
Oh, what a life! To have but one desire,
And burn the rest in sacrificial fire,
Till every monument of pride shall fall,
And Jesus be enthroned as Lord of all.
Oh, what a treasure is Thy Holy Word,
So rich with promises:—Ear never heard
Such precious words as Thou dost say to me
Out of that volume, given by Thee to be
A solid bridge to guide my footsteps o'er
Death's chilly waters to the other shore.
Oh, wondrous bridge,—a miracle of grace,
Built on the Rock, secure in every place,—
How glad I am that Thou hast said to me,
Walk on this noble bridge, and come to Thee.
To the bright City with its walls so fair,
The throne of God, and all the glories there,—
The pearly gates, the streets of burnished gold,
And all the beauties that you there behold.
The mansions Jesus promised to prepare,—
Come enter in, and live forever there.
I thank Thee, Lord, for all the love and grace
That gives to me so freely such a place.
I am so glad that Thou hast said to me
With voice as sweet as heaven's melody

“All this and more is Mine, forever Mine,
I freely give it thee,—now it is thine.”
I am so glad that Thou hast said to me,
And to my race, and millions yet to be,
Come unto me, all ye by sin oppressed, —
“Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”

HIS GRACE IS SUFFICIENT

I WAS a rebel, a wanderer from home,
A stranger to God, and the heavenly birth,
I cared not for Jesus, I gloried to roam
A wanderer from God on the face of the
earth.

But Glory to God, He has led me to see
His grace was sufficient even for me.

An atheist blatant, an infidel bold,
Self-righteous, ungodly, and proud of the
day

When turning from Jesus, I recklessly sold
The devil my soul in the infidel way.

But glory to God, He has led me to see
His grace was sufficient even for me.

I was so ignorant, I was so weak,
I was rebellious, and chafed at control;
I never would listen when conscience would
speak

Of duty, and heaven, and God, to my soul.

But glory to God, He has led me to see
His grace was sufficient even for me.

Yes, glory to God, He has saved me I know;
His "yoke it is easy," His "burden is light;"
Oh, take Him, ye burdened ones, take Him to
show

His wonderful grace, and His mercy tonight.

Yes, glory to God, if this you will do,
His grace you will see is sufficient for you.

TOO LATE

“ Behold I stand at the door, and knock.”

A MARBLE mansion and a fastened door,
A man within in rich, embroidered clothes,
A golden treasure piled upon the floor,
A heart within the man that hardly knows
The meaning of that blessed word, repose,
But counts and counts again his golden store.

Without the barred and fastened door there
stands

A patient Stranger in a humble guise,
With thorn-pierced head, and bleeding feet
and hands,
And saddened countenance, and downcast
eyes.

He knocks, and knocks again; but none re-
plies,
None deign to hear, and answer His demands.

The day is passing,—Night is drawing near,—
The growing gold is piled against the door;
The man within is deaf,—he will not hear,
But counts his money over as before.

The Stranger, loth to leave, still at the door
Is knocking, knocking, knocking loud and clear.

The day is gone,—the dark and gloomy night
Is come, a long, dark night without a
morn,—

The house is also dark, there is no light,
The man within, affrighted and forlorn,
Opens the door, but He who knocked has
gone,

And left the careless soul in saddest plight
To think, alas, too late, and look into the night.

MATTHEW XI. 28-30

“COME unto Me.” It is the Saviour’s voice,
Calling to have me seek the very best ;
Urging so earnestly: “Make me your choice.”
“Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”

All ye that “labor” with a weight of care,
All “heavy laden” ’neath a load of sin,
“Come unto Me,” for I will gladly bear
Thy heavy load, if thou wilt let Me in.

“Take My yoke upon you,” “easy” you will
find it,
Take “My burden” also, you will find it light,
Lay your care upon Me, little will I mind it,
Trust Me to the utmost, I will guide you
right.

Oh, my loving Saviour, I will gladly “come,”
Take Thy “yoke” and “burden” thankful as
I may,
Trusting Thee to guide me safely to Thy home
Through this world of shadows to eternal
day.

A PRAYER

OH, FATHER, teach my heart to pray,
To hold communion with Thee here,
To talk with Jesus every day,
And realize that He is near.

Teach me to pray in Jesus' name,
And understand what that may be,
And really know the Spirit came
To give me fellowship with Thee.

Give me a faith so strong and true
That Thou my God shall ever be
Present to help in all I do
And truly conscious unto me.

Give me a heart so free from doubt,
So sensitive to all that's sin,
That right shall rule the life without
And love shall rule the life within.

Thus shall my life and lips confess
My sole dependence upon Thee,
Till others seek Thy righteousness
Because of what they see in me.

And so may every act reflect
My Saviour's image every day,
That none, through me, shall Christ reject,
Because of what I do, or say.

WATCH AND PRAY

FATHER, whene'er at eventide
I backward look upon the day,
And see how selfishness and pride
And worldliness has marred the way,
What can I do, but look to Thee
With sincere penitence, and say,
Oh, Lord, forgive disloyalty,
And help me both to watch and pray.

And now has come another morn
With rosy paintings of the sky,
The darkness and the night are gone,
The duties of the day are nigh.
And as the day succeeds the night,
So may Thy presence drive away
The moral gloom, and bring the Light
To help me both to watch and pray.

To watch that sin shall never seize
And hold the heart's domain; and then
To watch for opportunities
To lift and help my fellow men.
To pray for strength to do the task
The Father gives to me today,
And grace to dare, to do, to ask,
For grace,—and thus to watch and pray.

A RAMBLE

A COUNTRY road, a hill, a wood,
A silent little solitude,
But peopled thick with creatures of its own.
I take a walk and climb the hill,
Find a cool shade and set me still,
And for a time I seem to be alone.
But soon a cricket, far away,
Addressed me with his shrill "Good day."
And overhead in yonder tree
A squirrel talked so rapidly,
I couldn't understand the words I heard;
And then a rabbit, with his great round eyes,
Looked up at me in evident surprise,
Just as o'erhead a cunning little bird
Saluted me, in just the sweetest words
That ever came to man from little birds;
And as he jumped upon another limb,
He sang to God a lovely little hymn.
It made me realize that God was there,
And filled my heart with joy, my lips with
prayer.
And all the earth around was hushed and still
While God was with me on that wooded hill.
And then the squirrel, and the little bird
Joined in a prayer, the sweetest ever heard.
And when I came away, I felt 'twas good
To meet the little creatures of the wood,
And lay aside, like them, all worldly cares,
And talk with God,—my friend, as well as
theirs.

YEARNINGS

COME to my consciousness, oh Lord, of all
Thou art to me,
Reveal to my beclouded mind Thy sweet identity,—
So shall my sluggish heart perceive Thy loving ministry.
So shalt that heart, confiding say, Lord, Thou art all to me,
And all I am, or have, or do, I give that all to Thee.

How strangely perverse is the man, who will not see Thy hand
In all Thy providential care, so wonderfully grand,
That guided with unerring skill from infancy our land,
And gave to us our liberty, a unique, special brand.
Pity the man—the foolish man, who will not understand.

And when I count the blessings o'er that I enjoy today,
And note how I receive them in a cold and formal way,
As tho' I had a right to them, and knew that they would stay

To comfort my ingratitude, what can I do but
pray:

Lord, open my blind eyes to see and know Thee
as I may.

And help my bandaged heart to feel, my blinded
eyes to see,

That when Thou gave Thyself to man, Thou
gave Thyself to me,

In all the fulness of Thy love to all eternity.

So shall my heart confiding say, Lord, Thou
art all to me,

And all I am, or have, or do, I give that all to
Thee.

HOW WONDERFUL

How wonderful, that God should give
A volume such as this,
That teaches us how man should live
To gain eternal bliss.

How wonderful, that God should plan
That Jesus from above
Should take the nature of a man
To manifest His love.

How wonderful that He should live
Like other men; and He,—
The Son of God,—a ransom give
To set the sinner free.

How wonderful that God is here,
And there, and everywhere;
The Spirit whispers, He is near
To comfort, and to care.

How wonderful, when we believe,
We *know* that He is near,
And knowing, love, when we receive,
And loving, we revere.

THE BLIND GIRL'S DOXOLOGY

THEY tell me that the sky is blue,
The rose is red, the lily white,
And that the stars come peeping through
The sable curtains of the night.

I cannot see them; for to me
There is no sky, no lily white,
No ruby rose, no star to see
The gloom and darkness of my night.

There is no day for me. The night,
The changeless night is all I see;
And you who know the lily's white
Know not how long that night can be.

But hope a torch is holding high,—
Hope born of faith in Calvary,—
That in those mansions in the sky
These sightless eyes at length shall see.

And so a pæan of delight,
A shout for blessings yet to be,
Salutes the solitude of night
With faith's devout doxology:

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,”
Praise God that sightless eyes shall see.
Praise God that darkened souls shall know
The glories of eternity.

CONSECRATION

“GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.”

Let all the nations spread abroad His fame,
Let prayer ascend, and holy hands be raised
To laud, and praise, and glorify His name.

My soul rejoices in Thy glory, Lord,
My heart, sincere and loyal to the core,
Would serve Thee well, and lovingly accord
The highest praises now and evermore.

Yet would I serve Thee better Lord,—would be
So humble, earnest, gentle, meek, and mild,
So like Thyself, that I would render Thee
The loving service of a little child.

And I would be a valiant soldier too,
And battle for my Saviour everywhere,
Satan defy, and all his wicked crew,
And fight the fight of faith with earnest
prayer.

Thus would I live, devoted, Lord, to Thee,
Sustained by grace, and strengthened by
Thy might.

Thus would I live, a little child to be,
And yet a valiant soldier for the right.

A MEDITATION

OH, GOD, how wonderful Thou art
In all Thy boundless majesty;
My intellect cannot explore
The vastness of the mystery
That hides in Thy Infinity;
Yet through the loveliness of grace,
I, even I, can lift my face
In wonder, and adore.

“The heavens declare Thy glory,” Lord,
The vast and countless worlds of light,
Upheld and guided by Thy hand,
In uniforms of dazzling white,
Proclaim Thy majesty and might;
With lightning speed they make their way
In trackless orbits day by day,
Sustained by Thy command.

Yet the infinitesimal,
The wondrous animalcule,
Life without brain, or flesh, or heart,
To whom a drop is as a sea,
Speak unmistakably of Thee.
These all proclaim both near and far,
From speck to speck, from star to star,
How wonderful Thou art.

Thy very name is wonderful,
In all Thy wisdom, skill, and might,—
Thou mad'st the animalcule,
And fashioned all the stars of light,
And hurled them round in hasty flight.
But greater wonder than them all
Is grace, that bids the rebel call,
And sets the sinner free.

And Thou art Omnipresent, Lord,
'Tis more than wonderful to me,
I surely cannot understand
How Thou at once can truly be
In heaven above, and here with me.
So Thou canst reign with might and grace,
In all Thy million worlds in space,
Unutterably grand.

And Thou art, Lord, Omniscient too ;
All nature tells me Thou art wise,—
How wise, words cannot tell. The sun,
The moon, the earth, the skies,
Proclaim Thy wisdom, and arise
To sing Thy fame, and chant Thy praise,
In beauteous nights, and wondrous days.
Thy wisdom saw them all in thought,
And then Thy word creation wrought,
And spake, and it was done.

But this is not Thy glory, Lord,—
Although 'tis wonderful indeed,
Exceeding all the powers of thought,
Exceeding all that men concede
To be the very highest meed
Of lofty praise; exceeding far,
As the bright sun the faintest star,
All that all else have wrought.

This is Thy greatest glory, Lord,—
The patient loveliness of grace
That calls and waits, and calls again
The sinner from his danger place,
Where he in vain would hide his face,
Unmindful of Thy providence,—
Thy tender, loving, strong defence,—
Thy patient call to men.

How great Thy glory was to see,
When Thou didst send Thine only Son
A sacrifice for sin to be.
And when that gracious work was done,
Thy Spirit's reign of grace begun.
And oh, how great that grace was shown,
When Thou didst claim me as Thine own
And thus adopted me.

MEMORY

THIS is the bonny month of May,
And mystic thought goes back today,
Brings out the pictures stored away
 In Mem'ry's magic hall,
And with an artist's touch divine
Revivifies them till they shine,
 And hangs them on the wall.

So bright, and yet subdued they seem,
Like shade and sunshine on a stream,
Or vivid fancies in a dream,
 That are, and yet are not.
A few may shine in memory clear,
While others dark and dim appear,
 A shadow, or a blot.

How very strange is memory,—
The million things we hear and see,
That make our real biography,
 The atoms of our years,
Are dead, at least they seem to be,
While but a small minority
 In Memory appears.

And why is this? Ten thousand things
Of real worth have taken wings,
While hundreds more that carry stings
 Have hurt us many a day.

But Memory strangely makes her choice,
Selects a scene, an act, a voice,
And throws the rest away.

It matters not how we may shrink,
She'll have her way, whate'er we think;
She'll somehow with the future link
An act that gave us pain;
While memories we would retain,
Like straws, she'll scatter o'er the plain,
Forgotten in the main.

And yet forgotten in the main,
A certain thing may make them plain,
And strangely bring them forth again,
And resurrection give,
To cheer the present with a hoard
Of things forgotten but restored,
And make the dead to live.

So Memory revives the years,
Brings forth the joy, recalls the tears,
The cherished hopes, the buried fears,
That Time would try to hide.
And as she drags them to the light,
She dresses them in garments bright,
That otherwise had died.

And what does Memory recall?
What mystic figures through the hall?
What voices through the vista call?
Renewing former days?
What lovely mystic visions thrill
The heart with joy, and peace, until
It scintillates with praise?

Ah, who with Memory aglow,—
Recalling those we used to know,
And places where we loved to go,
The music and the flowers,—
Would not desire again to see
The things that live in Memory,
That sanctify the hours.

Ah, yes, they sanctify the hours.
They bloom again like withered flowers,
Recalled to life by summer showers
Descending from the sky.
So Memory shows what God can give,
To make the past again to live,
That otherwise would die.

How thankful then we all should be,
That God has given Memory
With all its blessedness to be
The guardian of the past.
That pictures with a Master's hand
The good, the beautiful, the grand,
And makes the painting last.

But conscious evil too may be,
With all its weight of infamy,
Stamped on the page of memory
 With lasting grief and shame.
So while a rose may perfume give,
An evil odor too may live
 And herald whence it came.

How courteous and gentle then
Should be our fellowship with men,
For man is only happy when
 He's truly right within.
For cursed by God and man is he,
Who only stores his memory,
 With images of sin.

Ah me, the images of sin,
How deep their blot, how foul their kin,
How sad the words, "It might have been."
 Lord, wash their stains away,
And give us strength to do the right,
That memories may be delight,
 And life a summer day.

THE TRANSIENT LIFE

WHAT is this life of prose and rhyme,
That flits along so rapidly?
The present is a point of time,
The rest is memory.

And life is like a single year,
Its childhood is the budding spring.
A cry—a joy—a smile—a tear—
And it has taken wing.

Then comes the summer of our youth,
So full of hope, so glad and gay,
With lots of sunshine, but in truth
Sometimes a rainy day;

Sometimes a day of cloud and gloom,
But mostly days of sunny light;
Sometimes the journey ends,—the tomb
Shuts all things out of sight.

Then comes the fall of middle age,
The autumn of maturer years,
With shortening the pilgrimage,
And may be pains and tears.

But may be what we call success,
With energy, and longing heart,
Earth's transient treasures to possess,—
To win, and then to part;

But sometimes seeds of better things
That should have blossomed in our youth,—
The tree of righteousness that springs
Alone from God's own truth.

Happy the man whose autumn days
Reflect his Saviour's heart of love;
Trusted by all, because his ways
Point to the home above.

Then comes the winter's shortening days,
The frost or snow is on the brow,
The heart is full of love and praise,
For heaven is nearer now.

For when the winter days are gone,
Another spring will surely come,
And usher in the lovely morn
Of our eternal home.

THE LIFE I SHOULD LIVE

WHAT is the life that God would have me live?
And what the motives that should govern me,
And what the evidence that I should give
That I desire, oh Lord, to follow Thee?

Has God a test by which my life must square,
A set of rules or laws that I must keep,
If I the fold of God would enter, where
The great "Good Shepherd" safely keeps
His sheep?

Yes, and yet no,—God has His moral code,
But God is perfect in His attributes,
And all who in this way reach His abode
Must show perfection also in their fruits;

And this no man can do. And so that road
To God is closed. Man cannot, will not,
keep
The strict and stern requirements of the code
Which says, "The seed we sow we also reap."

And so morality is not God's law
By which He saves the human race from sin.
A lovely vase is ruined by a flaw
And man has flaws without, and flaws within.

Three things alone does God require, oh man,
Three golden fruits your tree of life must
bear—

To change your heart, your motives, and your
plan
Of life,—true faith, pure love, and earnest
prayer.

True faith in God, and in His Holy Word,
True faith in Jesus as your Saviour King,
True faith that every promise you have heard
From God, God must and will the answer
bring.

Then love for God, and love of all He is,
Pure love for Jesus,—Prophet, Priest and
King,—
Pure love for all who count themselves as His,
Pure love that yearns to Christ all souls to
bring.

And Prayer that recognizes God is near,
Prayer that can ask, and wait and wait again,
True Prayer that never doubts that God will
hear,
True, faithful prayer that asks, and works
for men.

This is the life that God would have you live,—
This life of faith and love and earnest
prayer,—
For then your very soul to God you'll give,
And God will own, and use you everywhere.

NAMES

EARTH hath her names—and names their mystery,—

We cannot penetrate from whence they came;

A fog surrounds their early history,

I ask in vain, from whence my father's name.

Did it from honor grow, or was it crime

That stamped its seal upon the family line

In the dim morning of the ancient time,

And giving it my father, made it mine?

And yet, why should we think of origin?

Each man's the builder of his own fair name,

And he who longest will be known of men,

Is he whose noble deeds deserve the same.

And yet 'twould be a pleasant thing to know

That noble deeds had been a family trait,

And down the ages, since the long ago,

That noble deeds had made the family great.

But this, alas, is very seldom true

For many a field of wheat grows thorns and weeds,

And shamed we'd doubtless be if we but knew,

How thick the past is sown with evil deeds.

How foolish then, this boasted family pride,

That's born of ignorance, and cannot see

That though a dozen sires were true and tried,

One cut-throat knave would spoil the family tree.

But there's a better name than family name,
 Though family name may worldly honor
 bring,
This better name exceeds all earthly fame,
 For earthly fame's a very transient thing.
This name is highest that is known on earth,
 And one that God provided through His Son,
For when a man *in fact* through second birth
 Becomes a Christian, then men call him one.
But there are counterfeits of that high name,
 As there are counterfeits of all that's fair,
And though 'tis wicked for a man to claim
 A name he has no legal right to bear,
Still men are found of high and low degree,
 From king to peasant,—they are all the
 same,—
Who confidently Christians claim to be,
 Yet have no valid title to the name.
For no one yet possessed that name divine
 By right of worldly station, power, or birth.
It doth not follow any earthly line,
 Nor place its signet on the great of earth.
No, for as man must take his father's name,
 A simple present—absolute and free,
So God the Father always does the same,
 And makes us Christians from eternity.
He gives the name before the child is born,
 Because He knows the end of all the race,
For no one ever yet that name has borne
 Who did not get it as an act of grace.

But there's a grander name than aught of earth
Connected only with the heavenly home;
No human mind can comprehend its worth,
None can receive but they who overcome,
Not in the strength of native human will,
Not in the power that works in man alone,—
They work with God who overcome, and still
They use with all their might, strength of
their own.

But never till this earthly life is o'er,
And they have reached the mansions of the
blest

Do they receive this name that evermore
Will be the symbol of eternal rest.

So here's a name that only those can know
Who overcome because they work with God,
Who count but little worth the things below,
And walk by faith the path that Jesus trod.
And so the Father counts them as His own,
And calls them by the name that Jesus wears,
His own "New Name," whose worth alone is
known

By him who thus the name of Jesus bears.
Oh, ye who bear the name of Christian now,
Will ye not work with God? and it shall be
That He will place the crown upon your brow,
And call you by His name eternally.

THE MORAL CONFLICT

WHAT fruit of life does God indeed demand?
And what the motive that should govern me?
In life's great battle what decisive stand
Should I present against iniquity?

Is it enough to just commend the right,
And likewise passively condemn the wrong,
In the great moral conflict shun the fight,
And pass responsibility along?

Is this what God would have me do and be?
Is this what Jesus says is all I owe?
Is this what righteousness expects of me?
Is this the road that love would have me go?

Ah, surely not! In this great fight with sin
I needs must be, as soldier of the cross,
In the dire conflict where the smoke and din
Is thickest, be it earthly gain or loss.

Pity the man who, claiming Christ's own name,
Skulks in the battle with a coward's heart;
Pity the man who for earth's gain or fame
Would dare to shirk, or fail to do his part.

Is there a Christian worthy of the name
That would not follow Jesus anywhere,—
Be it gain and honor, be it loss and shame,
Yes, be it even death that he must bear?

How is it, brother, are you in the fight?
Does Christian mean to you a fight with sin?
Is the battle real? Is your armor bright?
And are you in the fight to stay and win?

In this moral conflict, why not be a man?
Why not stand for something in the fight?
Why not be a leader, doing what you can,
Valiantly upholding what is right?

Many there will be that will choose the wrong,
But there are others that will follow you
If you will follow Jesus with a song,—
A triumph song,—and do what you can do.

TWO HOMES

A LOVELY home the Lord has given me
In this our favored land of liberty ;
His loving kindness, boundless as the sea,
Has given much, but promised more to me ;
While gentle peace, and blessed charity,
And sweet content, keep company with me.
Oh, how I praise Him for the constancy
That never wearies in its ministry,
But fills the garner full, till all can see
In present grace the pledge of grace to be,
While grace bestowed, and hope of grace to me,
Sing songs of praise, and shouts of victory.

A lovelier home the Lord has *promised* me.
A royal mansion, beautiful to see ;
Its gates are pearls, emblems of purity,—
For none may enter there, but those set free
By Him who shed His blood on Calvary.
Its snow-white walls,—emblems of charity,—
Rise from the golden floor of constancy ;
For all shall know, and truly all shall see,
Who walk the New Jerusalem with me,
God's promise is as sure as certainty.
Its light refulgent, bright as bright can be,
Shines from the Lamb who died on Calvary ;
And lovely pictures of the land and sea,—
Once a great joy, and comfort unto me,
(All the good thoughts and works of charity,

All that my Lord enabled me to see,
All that was best that He could make in me)
Adorn the mystic hall of memory
In that blest home where many mansions be,
While songs of praise from angel minstrelsy
Fill all the air with sweetest harmony,
And prayer, and praise, and worship all shall
 be
A work of love,—a joyful ministry
By me, and mine, and all that company,
Throughout the ages of eternity.
Oh, what a blessed joy His face to see,
Oh, what a rapturous shout of victory,
When I, translated and transformed, shall be
In that bright home that God has promised me!

THE OLD AND THE NEW

THE OLD

A SAVIOUR to worship, a Saviour to love,
A Saviour to rescue my soul,—
This, this would I welcome, and welcoming
 prove,
I surrender to Him my control.
A Bible for sinners, a gospel for men
Repentant for what they have been,
Who turn from their sin to their Saviour, and
 then
Rejoice in forgiveness of sin.

THE NEW

A teacher to follow, a teacher to love,
A teacher to show how to live,
A teacher to honor, and honoring prove
That moral allegiance I give.
A Bible to question, a gospel to doubt,
To look to the future with dread;
To turn the old faith of the church inside out,
And put ethical culture instead.

REMARKS

Oh, tell me, can ethical culture, alone,
Deliver from sin and the grave?
Can only example and precept atone
For sin, and be able to save?

No! man needs redemption, salvation from sin,
A Redeemer, almighty to save,
To change his affections from what they have
been
And make a free man of a slave.

Judge, oh ye men, 'twixt the old and the new,
Which is the false, and which is the true.

LIFE

WHAT is it that I am? A living soul,
Yes, yes—but what is that? a Mystery,
A vital thing, and yet invisible;
And more than that, incomprehensible,
To run a race, but for a hidden goal
Whose outcome comprehends eternity.

When I survey the earth, and ask of her
What is this life—this animating breath,
In animal, from man down to a gnat,
In vegetable, so different from that?
Her only answer is, They minister
One to the other, feeding life by death.

And as the earth to me an answer gives
Of what I am, or what this life may be,
I turn away from earth, and ask of Thee
Oh, Thou Creator from eternity;
What is it that I am? What in me lives
That moves, and loves, and thinks—and
makes it me?

And lo, a whispered answer thrills my soul,
And solves in part at least the mystery,—
Life is God's gift, from Him alone can
spring
Life for the greatest, or the smallest thing.

And so God gives and takes—but the control
That seems to make it mine, He leaves with
me.

But oh, the great responsibility,
How will I ever walk this life alone?
You need not—God will help, trust to His
grace,
He'll lead you step by step, from place to
place,
In fellowship and loving harmony,
For you will live God's life and not your own.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

“The Lord is my Shepherd.”

THE Lord is my Shepherd, and I am His sheep,
He owns me, and knows me as His.
The fold is secure, and the Shepherd will keep
It forever as safe as it is.

“I shall not want.”

No, nothing I'll want, for the Lord will supply,
His grace will provide all I need,
And if there are pleasures His love would deny,
They'd prove to be evil indeed.

“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.”
Yes, the pasture is green and the herbage is
sweet,
And to lie on His bosom and rest,
Gives comfort and peace that is more than
complete,
And blessing that's surely the best.

“He leadeth me beside the still waters.”
The waters are quiet, the waters are wide,
I drink of the life-giving stream,—
That water of life that my Shepherd supplied
His wandering ones to redeem.

“He restoreth my soul.”

Like a building decayed, like a toppling wall,
My soul was by sin so disgraced,
It needed the skill of the Lord of the hall
To restore what had thus been defaced.

“He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for
His name’s sake.”

My Shepherd in paths of the righteous He
leads,
In peace, and in purity’s vale;
The flock in the valley of happiness feeds
Where evil ones never assail.

“Yea, tho I walk thro the valley of the shadow of
death.”

The valley of death with its shadow so deep,
Its walls all so sombre and drear,
Its floor without herbage, its pathways so steep,
I will walk without tremor or fear.

“I will fear no evil.”

No evil shall touch me, no trouble prevail
My Shepherd will guard all the way.
His love will protect me, His power assail
The terrors by night and by day.

“For Thou art with me.”

Thy goodness shall comfort, Thy Presence shall
cheer,

Thy converse shall give me delight.

Ah, who can molest me when Thou art so near,
What danger can give me affright?

“Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.”

His rod and His staff they shall comfort His
own,

Though He chasten, He ever will bless.

And my soul shall rejoice in my Shepherd alone,
And respond to His loving caress.

“Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of my enemies.”

A bountiful table the Lord will prepare,

A soul feast of all that is good.

His bountiful word is the finest of fare,

His promises nourishing food.

“Thou anointest my head with oil.”

Thou anointest my head with the oil of Thy
love,

Thou dost make me a prince and a king.

There is nothing denied me in heaven above,

For in Thee I possess everything.

“My cup runneth over.”

My cup—yes, my cup, through Thy love, run-
neth o'er,

Pure love and sweet peace fill it up.

The joy is complete, and I want nothing
more,—

The blessing flows over the cup.

“Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life.”

Yes, goodness and mercy shall follow me fast,

For the Lord shall direct all my ways,

His bountiful love and His godness shall last

And cheer to the end of my days.

“And I will dwell in the house of the Lord.”

I shall dwell in a mansion,—a haven of rest,—

In the glorified home I shall be.

And the joy, and the peace, and the comfort so
blest

Shall be shared by my Shepherd and me.

“Forever.”

No end shall there be to the book that records

Affection so lovely to see.

The wonderful goodness and grace is the
Lord's,

But the blessing belongs unto me.

THE WALK AT SUNSET

THE road is short,—it surely is not long,
It only reaches through a single day,
A life long day, with cheerfulness and song,
And God's rich grace to beautify the way.
There is no rain, there are no cloudy days,
God's goodness fills them all with love and
praise.

The road, though short, is narrow, but the gate
Through which my feet must pass stands
open wide.

My Saviour bids me enter ere 'tis late,
And He Himself will travel by my side.
Oh sweet it is to walk with Him alone,
And know He surely claims me as His own.

“Lo, I am with you always,” is His word,—
A precious truth I cannot doubt, and so
More precious words were surely never heard;
More gracious help no one could ever know.
I thank Thee, Lord, for all the blessed way
You've led and guided me to endless day.

To endless day—oh, how the journey ends,
How bright the road in which I travel now,
As evening's golden sunshine glory lends
To all the sky, I on the mountain's brow
Look down the charming vista far away
And see the glories of eternal day.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

FAITH is that quality of mind
That trusts the Lord to save,—
Assured that in His power we find
Deliverance from the grave,—
Believes His word, yes, knows it's true,
That treads the path He trod,
Does what he thinks his Lord would do,
And humbly walks with God.

That's Faith.

Hope stands upon the mountain height,
And looks with longing eyes
To what Faith sees exceeding bright
Illumining the skies,
And looks with great expectancy,
That almost claims to own
The treasure Faith so plain can see
Belongs to her alone.

That's Hope.

Love is a shining golden cord,
A thing of heavenly birth,
That binds the creature to the Lord,
And weans him from the earth,
That so transforms him by its might
That self is crucified.
And like the sun, so warm and bright,
The life is glorified.

That's Love.

Oh, for a Faith sublime, complete ;
 Hope clear as summer skies,
Love all-embracing, gentle, sweet ;
 The gift that God supplies.
Yes, give me Love, my Saviour's love,
 That child of heavenly birth,
That treasure all things else above,
 The greatest thing on earth.

THE LORD'S DAY

THIS is a sacred day,
The day of days, when my Redeemer rose,
And conquered death, and scattered all His
foes,—

A time to lay away
All thoughts of earth's affairs, and gladly seek
To consecrate the first day of the week
As monumental day.

This is my triumph day,
The day of all the days in which to sing
The praises of my resurrected King,
The day to roll away
The heavy stone of every worldly care,
And bring sweet spices to anoint Him there,
My Saviour and my King.

This stone of worldly care
Would hide us from the sepulcher, and we
Our resurrected Lord would never see.
We'd think Him buried there,
And we, with all our worldliness and sin,
Would never hear Him in the cold world's din,
For dead to us He'd be.

But God has rolled away
The stone of unbelief and worldly care,
And lo, the sepulcher is empty there,

And resurrection day
With all its restfulness has come to be
A joy,—the very gate of heaven to me
Would all its peace might share.

So on this blessed day
We love to worship Him with one accord,
And bring sweet spices to our risen Lord,
Sing hymns, and praise, and pray,
And talk of all His wonder-working ways,
And mingle thus sweet spices with our praise
On resurrection day.

Why should we not, on this
Glad resurrection day,—one day in seven,—
Remember Him who turns our thoughts to
heaven.

If we forget, we miss
His fellowship, and missing, fail to bring
A consecrated service to our King,
And forfeit all the bliss.

And so we will today
Remember Him who died and rose again;
And tell the story of His love for men,
And caution them away
From shameless sin and all its deadly ill,
And tell them, that the Saviour loves them still
On resurrection day.

THE FATAL CHOICE

“COME unto Me,” oh, what an invitation
For God to give to all the human race.
It is indeed a royal proclamation,
That God will give to man a full salvation,
If he will seek His face.

Do you not hear God's voice in conscience
pleading—
You who have known the bitterness of sin;
You who have felt temptation strongly leading?
And you go onward to the end, unheeding
The protest from within.

There might have been a glorious exaltation
Flowing from faith, forgiveness, joy and
peace;
Repentance would have brought a visitation
Of God's own Spirit, with a full salvation,
And trouble then would cease.

But you reject,—God's word your spirit
tiring,—
You wish no good but what the world can
give,—
Its joy, its fame, its riches all conspiring
To rob your soul of all that's worth desiring,
That you indeed might live.

The time will come when tears all unavailing
Will flow unchecked, and you will see your
sin
A hateful monument of ill, entailing
Companionship with souls forever wailing,
“Alas, it might have been.”

It might have been! But oh, the fearful ending,
The life misspent, the chances thrown away;
To face a fate so terribly heartrending,
And know that night, black night, is now de-
scending,
A night that knows no day.

Is there no hope? Oh, yes, that Voice is calling:
“Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”
Oh, come today,—the shades of night are fall-
ing,—
Turn from a fate so terribly appalling,
And you shall yet be blest.

Why don't you come to God when He invites
you?
Why don't you come to Jesus when you can?
Is sin so sweet that it alone delights you?
Cannot the wish for better things invite you
To try to be a man?

THE BLIND GIRL

You tell me that the sun is shining bright,
And there are beauties you profess to see.
What is this wonder thing you call your sight?
And why was it not given unto me?

It may be what you say to me is true,—
I cannot understand how it can be,
Nor why the day is given unto you
And only night is given unto me.

And yet I dreamed one night that I could see,—
At least it seemed to me it must be sight
That filled my soul with such an ecstasy,
Such overwhelming rapture of delight.

But on awaking in the early morn,
Remembering that wonder working thrill,
All the bright radiance of the dream was gone,
And darkest darkness was my portion still.

But if 'tis true, I know that God will say
Some day to me, "Your eyes shall see the
light,
And all the glories of eternal day
Shall grandly burst on your bewildered
sight."

For God is good, and in His own good way,
He'll do for me what I shall know is best;
For in my darkness I have heard Him say,
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

THE NEW BIRTH

God loves the human race in spite of sin,
In spite of all the wickedness within,
In spite of greed, and selfishness, and pride,
And all his hate and cruelty beside.
And God would save him from his low estate,
And lift him up and make him truly great.
But how? The only answer, it is plain,
Is Jesus' words, "Ye must be born again."
But how? Would we with Nicodemus ask,
Is this for God too marvellous a task?
No, no—'Tis certain the old life must die;
'Tis plain that sin can never reach the sky.
Sin is too mean, too low to mount up high;
It creeps—it crawls—it was not made to fly.
And so, forsooth, the man of sin must die,
And a "New" man from a new birth must grow,
A birth of love to God and man,—and so
Another man inhabits the old shell,—
His motives right, his life reflecting well
His Saviour's walk, and conversation too;
His firm resolve close to the line to hew,
And always do what God would have him do,
And always say what He would have him say,
And follow in His footsteps every day.
Thus by his life his neighbors all can see
He's not the worldly man he used to be.
Thus a "New Creature" is the man within,—
This is the way that God would save from sin.

SAILING ON THE RIVER

WHITHER art thou going, friend
In thy frail canoe,
Floating down the stream, whose end
Disappears from view
Just beyond the river's bend
Where the fearful rapids lie,
And the cataract is nigh,
And the pit is yawning there
In the region of despair?

Why not take the Gospel boat?
It can breast the tide;
Better thus to go, than float
On the waters wide.
All your chances are remote
If you stick to your canoe,
All the work that you can do
Will but bring you sure and fast
To the yawning gulf at last.

Take the Gospel vessel then,
It is staunch and true,
It has carried other men,
It will carry you
Safely up the river, when
Simple faith directs your way.
Love is all you have to pay;
You can work your passage then
Influencing other men.

THANKSGIVING DAY

I WONDER if Thanksgiving day
Is what its name implies,
If we are thankful for the way
God leads us on from day to day.
If thus we truly recognize
God's agency, or otherwise.

I wonder if the people know
How freely God bestows ;
That every blessing here below,
Like air, and light, and rain, and snow,
Descends from Him, who only knows
The benefactions He bestows.

I wonder if our people, great
As they have grown to be,
Are mindful that their happy state,
So grandly prosperous of late,
Is sent from God that all may see
The precious boon of liberty,—

The precious boon of liberty,
God's evidence of grace,
Bestowed on those who truly see
The blessedness of being free ;
And yet the thought shall grow apace,
Till it shall dominate the race.

But free from what? From every wrong,
From tyranny and hate,
Till human life becomes a song
Of praise to God, and every wrong,
However small, however great,
Is banished from the heart and state.

I wonder if our people will,
On this Thanksgiving day,
The cup of adoration fill
To Him who truly loves them still.
I wonder if they'll truly say,
God gives me all I have today.

Well, when the people *all* shall raise
Their gratitude on high,
When *every soul* shall spend his days
In acts of love, and hymns of praise,
You too must know that from the sky
Your blessings come—and *so must I*.

I wonder if *you* feel today
The gratitude you ought;
I wonder if your heart will say,
God truly leads *me* all the way;
And every blessing *I* have sought,
(If I received it) God has brought.

I wonder if *my* heart can say
To all God gives to *me*,—

I thank Thee Father for the way
You lead me on from day to day,
The blessedness of being free,
The joys of perfect liberty.

Then let us each most gladly raise
On this Thanksgiving day,
From hearts of love, the voice of praise,
Till life shall be throughout its days
One thankful song; till all shall say,
Praise God for life's thanksgiving day.

THE NEW YEAR

ANOTHER year is added to the past,
Another year of worldly care;
As things move on I shall get home at last,
And find it restful there.

This world has been a happy world to me
In spite of all its rush and grime;
But oh, that other home I long to see,
Beyond the stretch of time.

In thought I stand upon the river's brink
And see the gleaming on the other side;
The stream is not so very deep, I think,
Nor yet so very wide.

And well I know my Saviour there will meet me
And help me o'er the rolling tide,
And dear ones gone before be there to greet me
Upon the other side.

And then with gratitude I'll tell the story
In that most holy place,
Of how I came from this poor earth to glory,
A sinner saved by grace.

And then the voice of triumph we will raise
While all the holy angels sing,
Ascribing all the glory and the praise
To our eternal King.

SALVATION BY GRACE

How wonderful it is that God should be
So highly interested in the case
Of every penitent on earth, that He
Should send His Son from heaven and agree
To save that man by grace.

How wonderful the Son,—so great, so high,—
A bloody sacrifice for sin should be,
That He might bring a full salvation nigh
The hopeless, chain-bound sinner, doomed to
die,
And thus should set him free.

How wonderful that God, the Spirit, may
Follow persistently the human race,
Seeking to turn them from their sin away,
And lacerating conscience every day,
That He might save by grace.

How wonderful—when man's experience shows
He cannot fully keep himself from sin,
And God alone can rescue him he knows,
And yet the man, as human nature goes,
Won't let the Spirit in.

How wonderful that man,—poor fallen man,
A slave, so low, so hopeless, and so base,—
Will not take freedom when he really can,
But turns from God, and so rejects His plan,
And won't be saved by grace.

My brother, won't you turn away from sin,
And truly seek today your Saviour's face?
Renounce the world,—don't let the devil win,—
But let the Holy Spirit enter in,
And so be saved by grace.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN

THE widow bowed her head in prayer ;

Her only son was dead :—

Her sole support, how could she dare
To look upon her future there ?

Appalled, she bowed her head.

In agony of soul she prayed

For strength to bear the load,

The heavy burden on her laid,

“Oh, give me strength and grace,” she said,

“To walk the lonely road.”

* * * * *

The saddest hour of life has come,

The hour of mortal gloom ;

The city gathers at her home,

With tearful sympathy they come

To bear him to the tomb.

As through the city gates they go

A Stranger meets them there

Whose every act and word would show

That He could sympathize with woe

And every sorrow share.

“Weep not,” He to the widow said,

In gentle, loving tone ;

And silently approached the dead

So gently that it seemed instead

A sorrow of His own.

“Young man,” He said to him, “arise.”
The dead awoke,—and fear,
And awe, and wonderful surprise
Fell on them all, as each one cries,
“The Lord is surely here.”

Oh ye, who hold your cherished dead,
Forget your grief and woe,
Remember Him whose thorn-crowned head,
And piercé hands and feet have bled
That you His love might know.

Remember Him, and let your heart
Respond to Love divine;
His tenderness can ease the smart
If you will give Him all your heart,
And make Him wholly thine.

REDEMPTION

“COME unto Me,” it is the Saviour’s voice,
“Come unto Me,” and make my paths your
choice ;
“Come unto Me,” all ye by sin oppressed,
“Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”

He came, a most unhappy, sin-sick soul,
He came, a wreck,—a ship without control,
He came, a famished one, his thirst to quench,
He came, a galley slave, chained to his bench.

He found forgiveness for his sin forlorn,
He found his ship restored,—his wreck was
gone,
He found a stream of life and purity,
He found the wretched galley slave was free.

Oh ye, who daily walk the ways of sin,
Will ye not let the Holy Spirit in?
He’ll prove to be the very Friend you need,—
A Guide, a Stay, a Comforter indeed.

FORGETFULNESS

WE do not think of God when with the crowd
We rush along the dizzy heights of trade,—
So self-assertive, and so proud,
So sure of self,—we're not afraid
To face the devil there
And hear him say, "The world alone,
(This world of trade) is all your own."
But it were well to lift the heart in prayer,
And realize that God is also there.

We do not think of God when on the street
We meet another, stranded, tempest tost;
We do not stop to ask why we should meet,
Nor how it happened he was lost.
We somehow do not care
To ask what we for other men should do,
For we are rushed and worldly-minded too.
Were it not well the other's load to share
By sympathy, and earnest, thoughtful prayer?

My brother, we who believe that God is here,
How is it that He seems so far away?
How is it we forget that He is near?
Is it that we forget to pray?
And willing not to see
The duty, and the open door?
Is it that we regard far more
The world, and seek it more, and heaven less,
And so we cultivate forgetfulness?

A LITTLE THING

How dare you call it a little thing

When it touches the life of another soul?

It may carol an anthem that angels may sing,
Or may foster a thought from which vipers may
spring,

When it passes your control.

Is the love of sin such a little thing

When it's sowing the seed of an endless pain,

When it's sowing the deed, that will surely
bring

The scorpion woe with his deadly sting,

And regret will be in vain?

Is the love of gold and the thirst of greed,

That grows and grows like a poisonous weed,

Staying the hand of the kindly deed,

And weaning the heart from those in need,

A little thing indeed?

For we grow by the use of little things

And upward or down, as the case may be;

The good and the true bear us up as wings;

While the bad and the false are heavy things

That drag to infamy.

And the downward road is so easy to take

If we follow the bent of the natural heart;

But better be drowned in the deepest lake,

Better to sleep and never awake,
Than on that road to start.

The drunkard begins with a few small drinks,
But he welds a chain that shall bind him fast;
And though it is heavy, he never thinks
As little by little he forms the links
That make the chain at last.

Can a glass of beer, with results so dire,
Be thought for one moment a little thing?
A match may soon start an enormous fire,
And murder may grow from a single desire,
Corrupt and festering.

There are little helps on the upward road,—
Sweet words of comfort, warm promptings of
love.
Little they seem, but they lighten the load,
And they follow the steps that Jesus trod
To the blessed home above.

Oh, the blessings that flow from the faithful
word
To the lost and neglected one spoken in love!
How the innermost fountains of hope were
stirred,
How the life was changed by the simple word
That led to the home above!

There are *no* little deeds, though we call them
so,

For the end of their influence no one can see,
Life's acts overlap, and the little may grow
Into the greater, so no one can know

Which the greater may be.

How thoughtful, how careful we each one
should be

To watch what we call little things every day,
For the links of their chain may be golden, and
we

May tarnish their brightness, and cause them to
be

A shame and disgrace alway.

Oh, polish your life with the "little things,"

Make your life vocal in all its parts
With the kindly acts, and the voice that rings
Peace, and goodwill, and joy, that brings
Sunshine to other hearts.

MYSTERY

BEHOLD a marvellous mystery,—
God in His redemption plan
Infinity, Humanity
Conjoined in the "Son of Man."

Who can grasp the work of Jesus?
Who can comprehend, and see
How from sin and death He frees us
By the cross of Calvary?

Only those who trust His merit
Truly realize His love;
Only those,—they shall inherit
Everlasting life above.

Who can comprehend the story
Of a Saviour crucified?
Who would think the Lord of glory
Came to earth, and lived and died?

Only those who know can love Him,
Only those who trust can know;
Only those who see can prove Him
God incarnate here below.

Dying, and behold He liveth;
Living, and behold Him Lord,—
Lord of heaven, and He giveth
Life eternal through His word.

AN APPEAL

SHOW me a man who shrinks from the command
Of God, to hate the wrong and do the right,
And I will show you one who loves to stand
Much more in moral darkness than in light.

Show me a man who does not comprehend
The beauty of God's law of love for all,
And I will show you one whose thought of
friend,
And debt to neighbor is exceeding small.

Show me a man who does not care to know
The preciousness and fulness of God's grace,
And I am very sure that I could show
One in whom peace has no abiding place.

Oh, why not take a broad and earnest view
Of life and death, of sin and righteousness;
Ask earnestly what God would have you do,
Then truly ask yourself, "Would I do less?"

Would I do less, than do what God commands?
Would I do less, than follow where He leads,
Love what He loves, and honor His demands?
No, surely no! my reason this concedes.

This do, and you will surely do the right,
And you will love, and wonder at its scope;
And grace and truth will give to you delight,
For faith in Christ will change your doubt to
hope.

And you will grow in hope, till faith shall bloom
Far fairer than the sweetest earthly flower,
And death will lose its fear,—the grave its
gloom,
And love of earth will strangely lose its
power.

NATIONAL HYMN

God of our native land,
Who first our freedom planned,
Help us to understand
 What we should be.
Help us to emulate
All that is good and great
That we may consecrate
 All things to Thee.

And as our Flag we view,—
See God in every hue,
Of the Red, White and Blue,—
 Oh, what a boon.
Red teaching Calvary,
White perfect purity,
Blue heaven's canopy,
 Freedom's triune.

Help us Thy hand to see
Guiding our infancy,
Giving us victory,
 Over the foe.
Help us to be a light,
Too great and good to fight,
Only to do the right,
 True courage show.

Oh, what a people we,
Guardians of liberty,
With such a past should be,—
 So good and strong,
God's truth by all confessed,
Love strong in every breast,
Our children all impressed
 To hate the wrong.

So shall our land possess
Treasures of righteousness,
And all the world shall bless,
 Teaching it peace;
And o'er the earth shall roll
Blessing from pole to pole;
Love shall have full control;
 So war shall cease.

Then shall our people see
Just what we ought to be,
And songs of victory
 To Thee we'll bring.
True gratitude we'll show,
And all the world shall know
How much to Thee we owe,
 Great God our King.

OUR CHOICE

It is not well to think too much of earth,
And underestimate the life above,
To love the world, and magnify its worth,
And quite forget the things we ought to love.
Ah, no, it is not well.

It is not wise to cultivate a love
For things that perish in the use of them,
And jeopardize our interests above,—
Exchanging for a toy, a diadem.
Ah, no, it is not wise.

Today is grander than eternity
If we today shall truly hear His voice,
And truly hearing it, resolve that He
Shall be our final and eternal choice.
Then why not choose today?

THE INVITATION REJECTED

THE INVITATION. Isa. 55:1-3.

“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come
Buy wine and milk,” so free;
’Twill cost you naught but faith and love
To all eternity.
“Incline your ear and come to me,”
“Hear, and your soul shall live,”
A “covenant” I make with thee
And “living water” give.

THE ANSWER

I need no water, milk, nor wine,
I do not need to drink,
I thirst not for the things divine,
I’ve all I want, I think.

THE INVITATION REPEATED. Matt. xi, 28-30

“Come unto Me,” ye laborers,
All ye by sin oppressed,
“And take my yoke and learn of Me,”
“And I will give you rest.”
For I am meek and lowly too,
“My yoke,” “my burden’s light.”
My invitation is to you,
Oh “come” ere it is night.

SATAN TALKS

There's time enough to come, my friend,
Don't settle it today;
The world will laugh you may depend,
Think what the world will say.
And then again, the world is bright,
And you are young and gay,—
And furthermore, you are not right,
You could not come today.—
You'd better wait awhile, and think
Of what you want to do,—
I would not answer it too quick,
I'd wait, if I were you.

THE INVITATION AGAIN REPEATED. Rev. 22: 17

“The Spirit and the bride say come,”
And “whosoever will,”
“Come,” oh, ye wanderers, come home,
Your Saviour loves you still.

THE FINAL ANSWER

No, not today—I'll wait, and say
Tomorrow I will come.
I'll love and serve the world today,
And then I'll start for home.

TOMORROW

“Lord, let me in, I near forgot;
I could not come before.”
The answer comes, “I know you not,
Depart forevermore.”

REJECTION AND REJECTED

How strange it is that man can live
This life in careless occupation,
Content to live, and never give
A passing thought to his salvation.
Go where you will, north, south or west,
You'll find men very much the same,
Neglecting what they know is best
And choosing that will bring them shame.
You'd think it surely cannot be
They believe in immortality;
And yet they'll tell you that they do,
And say they believe the Bible too.

'Tis passing strange,—how can it be,
Sin has such fatal fascination?
'Tis plain to see they are not free,
But slaves to sin's infatuation.
They see their fellows pass away
In Christian faith, or pagan fear,
And surely know that any day
Their final summons they may hear.
And yet they indolently wait,
To hear the dreadful word, "Too late;"
And finally with dread despair
They meet eternal judgment there.

And when we think of Jesus' love,
And all the Bible exhortation
That goes to prove a home above
Is sure to those who seek salvation,
And Jesus' resurrection too,
And His ascension into glory,
And all the Spirit's work with you
Who turn away, and doubt the story,
And say, like blind men in the night,
There is no day, I see no light,—
I say, how strange they cannot see
The light that shines from Calvary.

THE SKEPTIC ADVISED

You say, my friend, you doubt the Bible story
That Jesus suffered death upon the tree,
And rose again, and entered into glory,—
A sacrifice to set the sinner free.

You say the Bible has been changed some-
what,—
Enlarged, curtailed, and altered here and
there,—
But when 'twas done, by whom, or where, you
know not,
And furthermore, you say, you do not care.

You say a miracle is foolishness,—
You'll only believe what reason says you may.
And yet the things you understand, are less
Than those you don't, though met with
every day.

What makes the tender grass to grow,
To sleep all winter in its frozen bed?
And when the spring draws near, and zephyrs
blow,
What makes it then to waken from the dead?

How is it that the little chicken grows
In the dark dungeon of its brittle shell?

Whence comes its skeleton and flesh? Who
knows?

Its organs and its feathers? Who can tell?

'Tis foolishness to balk at God's decrees,

For half the world you do not understand,—
Whence comes the salt that flavors all the seas?

Whence come the scents that perfume all
the land?

Explain the miracles that nature shows

Before you doubt God's written word, and so
If nature's hidden secrets no man knows,

Where is the man eternal things can know?

If God has given to man a revelation,

He'll keep His message pure, you may de-
pend,

And those who juggle it find condemnation,

As surely as they'll finally reach their end.

The Power that showed itself in the creation,

Can keep the Bible message as He gave it;

And you who doubt will meet the condemnation

As truly as today you try to brave it.

I fear your wish is father to your thought,

I fear from God you've wandered far away,
His word condemns you, and you know you
ought

To seek salvation for your soul today.

Then why not seek the light that God has
given?

Study the Bible, and forsake your sin,
Purge truly from your heart the earthly
leaven,

And gladly let the Holy Spirit in?

And He will tell you of a Saviour's love,

And that He died upon the cross for you.

Point confidently to a home above,

And tell you that the Saviour's words are
true.

And you will believe it, for the promise is,

That they who seek shall find, and you shall
"know

The doctrine," and the truth, and you will
miss

The doubtings, that have troubled you, and
so

Your inward joy will be a fountain deep,

For God's own Spirit will be given you;

And Faith, and Love, your company will keep;

And thus you'll find you'll know the Bible's
true.

EVOLUTION AND "HIGHER
CRITICISM"

They tell us "Eden is an allegory,"

"There is no Satan" and "no sin," they say,
And all the miracles of Bible story

"Are myths and fables of that early day;"
For man had just escaped from "monkey-
hood,"

And needed "fishy" food on which to grow,
And allegories vague he understood,

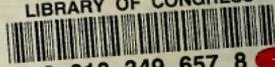
But commonsense of course he didn't know.

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