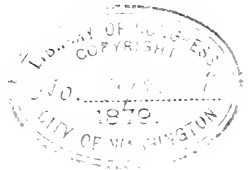


THE GARLAND.

SELECTIONS FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

BY
E. P. GURNEY.



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THE GARLAND.

HE HATH SPOKEN.

“What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light.”

MATT. x. 27.

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

He hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of thy grief,

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

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

TEACH ME THY LESSONS, LORD.

“We know that all things work together for good to them
that love God.”

TEACH me Thy lessons, Lord, in Thine own
way,

From day to day ;

The changings and the turnings in my lot
Are not forgot ;

And though the winding path be hid from me,
Yet Thou canst see ;

Thou know'st each stone, each thorn, upon the
road,

Thou know'st the load ;

If 'tis too heavy, Thou wilt bear a part
Upon Thy heart.

Sometimes the sunshine on my path is seen,
And all is green :

Will it last long? I may not seek to see ;
'Tis known to Thee.

Sometimes a river dark and wide appears,
 And wakes my fears ;
And oft I linger weeping on the brink,
 Dreading to sink ;

But then thy voice sounds gently at my side :
 “ Fear not the tide :
Though deep the waters run, far off the shore,
 I'll bear thee o'er.”

No longer, then, I'll yield to doubt and sin,
 But will step in :
Though wide the flood, yet wider is Thy love,
 Which oft I prove ;
Though it be deep, Thine arms are still beneath
 To save from death.

Thus let me journey on with trustful mind,
 Leaving behind
The wondrous labyrinth through which I've gone,
 But not alone.

The rocks and briers I thought it hard to meet,
 Wounding my feet ;
The burning plain, where not a shadow lay
 To break the way ;

The dark bewildering forest, where no light
 Could pierce the night ;

And that green vale, where flowers covered fair
The hidden snare,—
Through all Thou leddest me, wilful and weak,
And oft didst seek,
And bring Thy wandering child, so prone to stray,
Back to the way.
Then teach and lead me, Lord, in Thine own way,
From day to day—

In thine own way, through all my wanderings
here,
So Thou be near—
In Thine own way, to my dear home above
Of perfect love.

MY HEART IS RESTING.

“The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I
hope in Him.” LAM. iii. 24.

MY heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill,
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet ;

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see ;
But the Hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest—
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best ;

A prayer reposing on His truth
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,
For want and toil and loss—
For the death that sin makes hard and slow,
Upon my Saviour's cross—
Thanks for the little spring of love
That gives me strength to say,
If they will leave me part in Him,
Let all things pass away.

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,
But it will not come too late—
And the songs of patient spirits rise
From the place wherein I wait ;
While in the faith that makes no haste,
My soul has time to see
A kneeling host of Thy redeemed,
In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around
Responsive to my prayer ;
I hear the voice of my desire
Resounding everywhere.

But the earnest of eternal joy,
In every prayer I trace ;
I see the glory of the Lord
On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,
Those spirits have been sent
To share the travail of my soul,
Or show me what it meant !
And I long to do some work of love
No spoiling hand could touch,
For the poor and suffering of Thy flock
Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now
With the thankful song I sing ;
For Thy people know the secret source
Of every precious thing.
The heart that ministers for Thee
In Thy own work will rest ;
And the subject spirit of a child
Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on Thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see—

The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.
My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care—
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
“Thou art my portion,” saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN GRACES.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardships, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Nor wish my sufferings less.
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the depth on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name :
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word,
Thy promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

ARE YOU TIRED ?

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

ARE you tired of laboring, servant of Christ?
Do you wish that the work were done?
Are you weary beneath the heavy load,
And faint in the mid-day sun?

Are you tired of laboring so oft in vain
For the souls you seek to win?
Is the harvest white? Are the laborers few?
Is your spirit worn within?

Are you tired of daily eating cares,
Traveller on life's long way?
Of the daily cup, and the daily cross,
Which return with each opening day?
Of the vexing thoughts which dimly hover
Over your sleeping brain,
Which muster with the morning's light
A long bewildering train?

Are you tired of pain, poor suffering one?
Are you weary both day and night?
Have the hopes of health oft hovered in view,
But to vanish again out of sight?
Poor prisoner of feebleness and pain,
Inactive without repose,
Do you long to break from this perishing shell,
Your suffering day to close?

Are you tired, poor wandering, restless soul,
Of this world and its ceaseless strife?
Have you worshipped its idols and found them
clay?
Say, are you tired of life?

Have you tasted the bitter, bitter grief,
When hope's bright sun is set?
Is your life's past scene but a tear-stained map
Of weariness and regret?

There's One who wept to dry your tears,
Who was tired to give you rest:
There's One who suffered to heal your woes,
All ye with grief opprest:
There's One who was poor to make you rich—
Was wounded to make you whole,
Who fought that you might the battle win,
Who bled to cleanse your soul.

There's One who died that you might live,
Who put on this mortal clay,
To clothe you in robes of righteousness,
And a body without decay:
Then come to Jesus, for He it is
Who suffer'd thus and died—
Yes, come unto Him, and you shall live
At the feet of the Crucified.

Yes, come to Jesus, ye tired ones,
Of labor, and pain, and grief,
And lay on Jesus your heavy load,
And you shall find relief:

Yes, you shall find a holy calm—
 For your weary spirit rest,
 And a glimpse of the light that shines above
 In the mansions of the blest.

SERVING THE LORD.

'TIS sweet to work for Jesus
 In this life's little day ;
 To spread around "the joyful sound,"
 As those forgiven may ;
 To tell His loving kindness,
 His promises so true ;
 To urge the young, that they may come,
 And trust this Saviour too.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
 For Him who loved, and gave
 Himself for us, an offering thus
 Our ruined souls to save.
 Glad service we would render
 For grace so rich and free ;
 Yet, Lord ! we mourn that we have borne
 So little fruit to Thee.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,—
 Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still, to do His will,
 Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
 No work of love too small ;
If Christ but lead, we may indeed
 Well follow such a call.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
 While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, safe sheltered there,
 And with His presence blest.
In such calm happy moments,
 No greater joy we know ;
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
 To whom our all we owe.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
 Oh ! weary not of this,
But onward press with cheerfulness,
 Though rough the pathway is.
Hold on unmoved and patient,
 Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand,
 To serve before the throne.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Occasioned by the sudden death of _____.

“SERVANT of God! well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master’s joy.”
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield;
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment at command
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it smote between :
'Twas death to sin ;—'twas life
To all that mourned for sin ;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid resistless in his course
The alien armies low :
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
“ To meet thy God prepare !”
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Burst its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A beauteous ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS.

ISAIAH xxvi. 4.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not?

Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Leave to His sovereign sway
• To choose and to command ;
So shalt thou wondering own His way
How wise, how strong His hand !

Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

COLOSSIANS i. 19.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,—
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

THE CHAMBER OF SICKNESS.

CHAMBER of sickness ! much to thee I owe,
Though dark thou be ;

The lessons it imports me most to know

I owe to thee ;

A sacred seminary thou hast been,

I trust, to train me to a happier scene.

Chamber of sickness ! suffering and alone,

My friends withdrawn,

The blessed beams of heavenly truth have shone

On me forlorn

With such a hallowed vividness and power

As ne'er was granted to a brighter hour.

Chamber of sickness ! 'midst thy silence oft

A voice is heard ;

Which, though it falls like dew on flowers so soft,

Yet speaks each word

Into the aching heart's unseen recess,

With power no earthly accents could possess.

Chamber of sickness ! In that bright abode

Where there is no more pain,

If, through the merits of my Saviour God
 A seat I gain,
 This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft lays,
 That in *thy shelter* passed so many days.

I VENERATE THE MAN.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and
 whose life,
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.

* * * * *

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve and
 own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed

Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

“THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL
FIND ME.”

COME, while the blossoms of thy youth are
 brightest,
 Thou careless wanderer in a flowery maze—
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
 And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thy ways :
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds
 unfolding,
 Waken rich feelings in the careless breast ;
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is
 holding,
 Come, and secure interminable rest.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing—
 Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee
 throwing
 Fade like the crimson from a sunset sky.

Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
 That lights the future with a fadeless ray ;
 Come, touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven,
 Then turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence
 Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul—
 And shining brightly in the forward distance,
 Will of thy patient race appear the goal ;
 Home of the weary, where, in peace reposing,
 The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
 While o'er his dust the curtained grave is closing,
 Who would not early choose a lot like this ?

FATHER ALMIGHTY AND FOUNTAIN OF
 LIGHT.

FATHER Almighty and Fountain of Light,
 Chase from our spirits the shadows of night ;
 Give us, in Jesus, Thy glory to see ;
 Endless existence from Thee we derive,
 Grant us by faith in the Saviour to live,
 Join us for ever and ever to Thee.

Closed be the breach that transgression hath made,
 Jesus, our Surety, the ransom hath paid ;
 Save us, adopt us, Thou glorious “ I Am ;”

Bow we before Thee in reverent awe,
Holy Thy nature, and holy Thy law,
Blest be Thy name for the blood of the Lamb.

Out of the fulness that in Thee doth dwell,
Succor us, Jesus, and all will be well ;
Boundless resources of wisdom divine,
Beauty and strength that descend from above,
Goodness and grace and ineffable love,
Truth undefiled, are eternally Thine.

“ Pearls of the ocean and gems of the mine,”
Gather them for us and bid them to shine ;
Israel’s Anointer and Prophet and King,
Open in Scripture the treasure untold,
Brightest of jewels and finest of gold ;
Teach us Thy mercy and merits to sing.

Wave Thy light pinion, celestial Dove,
Patron of truth and Inspirer of love ;
Move, gently move, o’er the ocean of night ;
Thine is the power that alone can impart
Light to the intellect, sense to the heart,
Holy Ghost, breathe on us, Let there be Light.

Cleanse us with hyssop, and wash us within,
Strongly prevail o’er the motions of sin ;
Search us and prove till Thy temple be pure ;

Gladden us then with the oil and the balm,
 Spread o'er our spirits a heavenly calm,
 Give us to feel our inheritance sure.

Come and develop the covenant plan,
 Glory to God and salvation for man ;
 Hear us, the Father, the Spirit, the Son ;
 Gladly to Thee our thanksgiving we raise,
 Worthy art Thou of all glory and praise,
 Verily Three—indivisibly One.

ON SILENT WORSHIP.

LET deepest silence all around
 Its peaceful shelter spread,
 So shall that living word abound,
 The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord
 In stillness and in prayer !
 What though no preacher speak the word,
 A minister is there—

A minister of wondrous skill
 True graces to impart ;
 He teaches all the Father's will,
 And preaches to the heart.

He dissipates the coward's fears,
And bids the coldest glow ;
He speaks, and lo, the softest tears
Of deep contrition flow.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,
He bows the loftiest soul ;
O'er all we think and all we feel
How matchless His control !

And ah ! how precious is His love,
In tenderest touches given !
It whispers of the bliss above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind in streams of joy
The holy influence spreads ;
'Tis peace, 'tis praise, without alloy,
For God that influence sheds.

Dear Lord, to Thee we still will pray,
And praise Thee as before ;
For this Thy glorious gospel day,
Teach us to praise Thee more.



BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

2 THESSALONIANS iii. 13.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strong-
est ;

Watch for day, Christian, when the night's long-
est ;

Onward and onward still be thine endeavor ;
The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian ; Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian ; heaven is before thee ;
He who hath promised faltereth never ;
The love of eternity flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it repositeth ;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever ;
Mount when thy work is done,—praise Him for
ever.



SOON AND FOR EVER THE BREAKING OF
DAY.

ROMANS xiii. 12.

SOON and for ever the breaking of day
Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow away ;
Soon and for ever we'll see as we're seen,
And know the deep meaning of things that have
been,—

Where fightings without, and conflicts within,
Shall weary no more in the warfare with sin,—
Where tears, and where fears, and where death
shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be soon and for ever.

Soon and for ever the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won ;
Soon and for ever the soldier lay down
The sword for a harp, the cross for a crown.

Then sink not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near,
When—blessed reward for each faithful en-
deavor !—
Christians with Christ shall be soon and for ever.

"THE LITTLE WHILE."

OH for the peace that floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
 Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for
 ever"

Amid the shadows of earth's "little while"!

"A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
 To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
 "A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-
 song!

"A little while" to wear the robe of sadness,
 To toil with weary step through miry ways;
 Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
 And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise!

"A little while," 'mid shadow and illusion,
 To strive, by faith, Love's mysteries to spell;
 Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
 Whilst meekly owning "He doth all things
 well!"

“A little while” the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed,
Where the cool lip, its thirst for ever slaking,
May taste the fulness of the Fountain-head!

“A little while” to keep the oil from failing,
“A little while” faith’s flickering lamp to trim!
And then, the Bridegroom’s coming footsteps
 hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn!

And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad “for ever”
Will light the shadows of the “little while”!



THE LORD OUR REFUGE.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee when sorrows rise,
On Thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pang I feel.

But oh when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where should I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat ;—
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

TWILIGHT HOURS.

THIS is the hour when Memory wakes
Visions of joy that could not last ;
This is the hour when Fancy takes
A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind
The hallowed scenes of earlier years,
And friends who long have been consigned
To silence and to tears.

The few we liked—the one we loved—
A sacred band, come stealing on,
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone.

Friendships that now in death are hushed,
And young Affection's broken chain,
And hopes that fate too quickly crushed,
In memory bloom again.

Few watch the fading gleams of day
But muse on hopes as quickly flown ;
Tint after tint, they die away,
Till all at last are gone.

42 *THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.*

This is the hour when Fancy wreathes
Her spell round joys that could not last ;
This is the hour when Memory breathes
A sigh to pleasures past.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not
deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the
tomb ;
Thy Saviour hath passed through its portals before
thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold
thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side ;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold
thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has
died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansion forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,

And the song which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,

And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died.



TO A MISSIONARY.

GO, take the wings of morn,
And fly beyond the utmost sea ;
Thou shalt not feel thyself forlorn,
Thy God is still with thee,
And where His Spirit bids thee dwell,
There, and there only, thou art well.

Forsake thy fatherland,
Kindred, and friends, and pleasant home ;
O'er many a rude, barbarian strand
In exile though thou roam,
Walk there with God, and thou shalt find
Double for all thy faith resign'd.

Launch boldly on the surge,
And in a light and fragile bark
Thy path through flood and tempest urge,
Like Noah in the ark.
Then tread like him a new world's shore,
Thine altar build, and God adore.

Leave our Jerusalem,
Jehovah's temple and His rest ;
Go where no Sabbath rose on them
Whom pagan gloom oppress'd,
Till bright, though late, around their isles
The Gospel dawn awoke in smiles.

Amidst that dawn, from far,
Be thine expected presence shone ;
Rise on them like the morning star
In glory not thine own,
And tell them, while they hail the sight,
Who turned *thy* darkness into light.

Point where His hovering rays
Already gild their ocean's brim,
Ere long o'er heaven and earth to blaze ;
Direct all eyes to Him,
The Sun of Righteousness, who brings
Mercy and healing on His wings.

Nor thou disdain to teach
To savage hordes celestial truth,
To infant tongues thy mother's speech,
Ennobling arts to youth,
Till warriors fling their arms aside,
O'er bloodless fields the plough to guide.

Train them by patient toil
To rule the waves, subdue the ground,
Enrich themselves with Nature's spoil,
With harvest trophies crown'd,
Till coral reefs, 'midst desert seas,
Become the new Hesperides.

Thus, then, in peace depart,
And angels guide thy footsteps:— No!
There is a feeling in the heart
That will not let thee go:
Yet go,—thy spirit stays with me;
Yet go,—my spirit goes with thee.

Though the broad world, between
Our feet, conglobes its solid mass;
Though lands and oceans intervene,
Which I must never pass;
Though day and night to thee be changed,
Seasons reversed, and climes estranged,—

Yet one in soul, and one
In faith, and hope, and purpose yet,
God's witness in the heavens, yon sun,
Forbid thee to forget
Those from whose eyes his orb retires,
When thine his morning beauty fires!

When tropic gloom returns,
Mark what new stars their vigils keep,
How glares the wolf—the phoenix burns,
And on a stormless deep
The ship of heaven, the patriarch's dove,
The emblem of redeeming love.*

While these enchant thine eye,
Oh think how often we have walked,
Gazed on the glories of *our* sky,
Of higher glories talked,
Till our hearts caught a kindling ray,
And burned within us by the way.

Those hours, those walks, are past ;
We part, and ne'er again may meet :
Why are the joys that will not last
So perishingly sweet ?
Farewell—we surely meet again
In life or death ;—farewell till then.

* The Cross, the Dove, the Ship, the Phoenix, and the Wolf are southern constellations.



THE WEARY, WAYWORN TRAVELLER.

“ I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.”

JOHN xiv. 18.

THE weary, wayworn traveller weeps on the
 roughen'd sod,
 And sometimes in his aching heart arise hard
 thoughts of God ;
 But the Saviour's promise comforts him : Ye shall
 not be alone ;
 And his step resumes its buoyancy, his heart its
 lightest tone ;
 For the *companionship of Christ* is peace, and
 joy, and rest,
 And a radiance from above shall gild the path-
 way He has pressed.

The sad and sinking sufferer, on his bed of wast-
 ing pain,
 How prays he for the gladsome time when life is
 full again !

But oh how soft the soothing words fall on the
heated head,
“I will not leave you comfortless” ! And round
the weary bed
Come music-strains, and cooling breeze, and life-
words from above,
And the faint heart is strong again in Jesus’
strength and love.

The mourning mother’s wild lament—what agon-
izing cries
From the deep, surcharged heart ascend, and
pierce the o’erhanging skies !
Her empty arms she upward lifts in groans of
deep despair ;
But Jesus hears and understands th’ unspoken
anguished prayer.
He does not leave her comfortless ; He heals the
broken heart ;
He tells her they will meet again—*meet*, but shall
never *part*.

“I will not leave you comfortless !” Dear Sa-
viour, Thou hast not ;
The promise spoken long ago is not e’en now
forgot ;

Whatever grief befalls us, still Thou com'st to
us in love ;
And life, with all its din and woe, is like our
home above.
Oh, when the load is heaviest, let us for ever flee
To the long-trusted Comforter — O Saviour,
Friend, to Thee !

THE NEGLECTED CALL.

WHEN the fields were white with harvest, and
the laborers were few,
Heard I thus a voice within me, "Here is work
for thee to do ;
Come thou up and help the reapers, I will show
thee now the way ;
Come and help them bear the burden and the
toiling of the day."
"For a more convenient season," thus I an-
swered, "will I wait,"
And the voice reproving murmured, "Hasten,
ere it be too late."

Yet I heeded not the utterance, listening to lo,
here! lo, there!
I lost sight of all the reapers in whose work I
would not share;
Followed after strange devices—bowed my heart
to gods of stone,
Till, like Ephraim, joined to idols, God wellnigh
left me alone;
But the angel of His patience followed on my
erring track,
Setting here and there a landmark, wherewithal
to guide me back.

Onward yet I went, and onward, till there met
me on the way,
A poor prodigal returning, who, like me, had
gone astray,
And his faith was strong and earnest that a
Father's house would be
Safest shelter from temptation for such sinful
ones as he;
“Read the lesson,” said the angel, “take the
warning and repent;”
But the wily Tempter queried, “Ere thy substance
be unspent?”

“Hast thou need to toil and labor? art thou fitted
for the work?

Many a hidden stone to bruise thee in the har-
vest-field doth lurk;

There are others called beside thee—and per-
chance the voice may be

But thy own delusive fancy, which thou hearest
calling thee—

There is time enough before thee, all thy foot-
steps to retrace;”

Then I yielded to the Tempter—and the angel
veiled her face.

Pleasure beckoned in the distance, and her siren
song was sweet :

“Through a thornless path of flowers, gently I
will guide thy feet;

Youth is as a rapid river, gliding noiselessly
away,

Earth is but a pleasant garden, cull its roses
whilst thou may;

Press the juice from purple clusters, fill life’s
chalice with the wine,

Taste the fairest fruits which tempt thee, all its
richest fruits are thine.”

Ah! the path was smooth and easy, but a snare
was set therein,
And the feet were oft entangled in the fearful
mesh of sin,
And the canker-worm was hidden in the rose-leaf
folded up,
And the sparkling wine of pleasure was a fatal
Circean cup;
All its fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempting only
to the sight,
Fair, yet filled with dust and ashes,—beautiful,
but touched with blight.

“O my Father!” cried I inly, “Thou hast
striven—I have willed,
Now the mission of the angel of Thy patience is
fulfilled;
I have tasted earthly pleasures, yet my soul is
craving food,
Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy harvest
be renewed;
I am ready now to labor—wilt Thou call me
once again?
I will join Thy willing reapers as they garner up
the grain.”

But the still small voice within me, earnest in its
truth, and deep,
Answered my awakened conscience, "As thou
sowest thou shalt reap ;
God is just, and retribution follows each neg-
lected call ;
Thou hadst thy appointed duty taught thee by
the Lord of all ;
Thou wast chosen, but another filled the place
assigned to thee ;
Henceforth in my field of labor thou mayst but a
gleaner be.

"But a work is still before thee—see thou linger
not again ;
Separate the chaff thou gleanest, beat it from
among the grain ;
Follow after these my reapers, let thy eyes be on
the field,
Gather up the precious handfuls their abundant
wheat-sheaves yield ;
Go not hence to glean, but tarry from the morn-
ing until night—
Be thou faithful, thou mayst yet find favor in
thy Master's sight."

THE BORDER LAND.

These lines were sent by a lady to a friend who wrote to know "where she had been for several months, that she had not written to her." In the interval her friend had been brought to the gates of the grave by a long and severe illness.

I HAVE been to a land, a Border Land,
Where there was but a strange dim light ;
Where dreams and shadows, a spectral band,
Seemed real to the aching sight.
I scarce bethought me how there I came,
Or if thence I should pass again ;
Its morn and night were marked by the flight,
Or coming, of woe and pain.

But I saw from this Land, this Border Land,
With its mountain-ridges hoar,
That they looked across to a wondrous strand,
A bright and unearthly shore.
Then I turned me to Him, the Crucified,
In penitence, faith, and prayer,
Who had ransomed with blood my sinful soul,
For I thought He would call me there.

Yet nay, for a while in that Border Land
He made me in patience stay,
And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand,
While He chased its glooms away.
He has led me amid those shadows dim,
And shown that bright world so near,
To teach me that childlike trust in Him
Is "the one thing needful" here.

And so from the Land, the Border Land,
I have turned me to earth once more ;
But earth and its works were such trifles, scanned
By the light of that radiant shore,
That, oh should they ever possess me again
Too deeply in heart and hand,
I must think how empty they seemed and vain
From the heights of the Border Land !

The Border Land had depths and vales
Where sorrow for sin was known ;
Where small seemed great, as weighed in scales
By the hand of God alone.
'Twas a land where earthly pride was not,
Where the poor were brought to mind,
With their scanty bed, their fireless cot,
And their bread so hard to find.

But little I heard in the Border Land
Of all that passed below ;
The once loud voices of human life
To the deafened ear were low.
I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet-call,
Nor heeded its gibe or its sneer ;
Its riches were dust, and the loss of all
Would then have scarce cost me a tear.

I met with a Friend in this Border Land
Whose teachings come with power
To the blinded eye and the deafened ear
In affliction's loneliest hour.
"Times of refreshing" to the soul,
In languor oft He brings,—
Prepares it then to meditate
On high and glorious things.

O Holy Ghost ! too often grieved
In health and earthly haste,
I bless those slow and silent hours
Which seemed to run to waste ;
I would not but have passed those depths,
And such communion known
As can be held in the Border Land,
With *Thee*, and *Thee alone* !

I have been to a Land,—a Border Land,—
 May oblivion never roll
 O'er the mighty lessons which there and then
 Have been graven on my soul !
 I have trodden a path I did not know,
 Safe in my Saviour's hand ;
 I can trust Him for *all the future*, now
 I have been to the Border Land !

THE HOPE BEYOND.

“ And the soul of the people was much discouraged because
 of the way.”—NUMBERS xxi. 4.

HOW often, forgetting the crown,
 And the palm, and the victor's array,
 In sackcloth we choose to sit down,
 “ Discouraged because of the way !”

Disheartened because of the foe,
 And weary of bearing the cross,
 Cast down when the brooks cease to flow,
 And the gold is obscured by its dross !

Then the cross is a burden and grief,
And the yoke is a toil and a care ;
Though 'tis only our own unbelief
Which makes them so heavy to bear.

How often to Marah we flee,
And there pitch our tent in the waste,
Forgetting that marvellous "Tree,"
Which maketh it sweet to the taste !

We pine for the blessings foregone,
While still beside Marah we dwell,
Though to Elim we ought to press on,
And be counting each palm tree and well.

Soon the shoes shall be loosed from the feet,
And the staff shall be dropped from the hand,
And the wilderness manna, so sweet,
Shall be changed for the "corn of the land."

Then grace shall with glory be crowned,
And night shall dissolve into day :
Oh, the country for which we are bound
Is worth all the griefs of the way !



WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN?

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

When first before the mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

Did ever trouble yet befall
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

* * * *

He who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through,
And give thee daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.

Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God ;
Then count thy present trials small,
For Heaven will make amends for all.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?—
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days !

Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine.
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright morning-star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;
And oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !



LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

GO NOT FAR FROM ME.

“Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.”—Ps. xiii. 7, 8.

GO not far from me, O my Strength,
 Whom all my times obey ;
 Take from me anything Thou wilt,
 But go not Thou away,—
 And let the storm that does Thy work
 Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress ;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear—
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace ;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood
That casts my soul on Thee ?
Who would not suffer pain like mine
To be consoled like me ?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay ;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day. .

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish show,
The love that in their hours of sleep,
Unthanked may come and go.
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn, in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech—
Peace, that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified.
And it is *fellowship with Him*
That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength—

My heart is strong to bear ;

I will be joyful in Thy love,

And peaceful in Thy care.

Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,

According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,

How blest soe'er it be,

Yet may the chastened child be glad

His Father's face to see ;

And oh, it is not hard to bear,

What must be borne in Thee.

It is not sad to bear by faith,

In Thy own bosom laid,

The trial of a soul redeemed,

For thy rejoicing made.

Well may the heart in patience rest,

That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,

Almighty to restore—

Borne onward—sin and death behind,

And love and life before—

Oh, let my soul abound in hope,

And praise Thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call, but I
 With peaceful heart will say,
 Thy loving-kindness has a charge
 No waves can take away ;
 And let the storm that speeds me home
 Deal with me as it may.

PRAISE.

“O Lord, I know that in very faithfulness thou hast
 afflicted me.”

FOR what shall I praise Thee, my God and
 my King !

For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
 Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health, or
 for ease?

For the spring of delight, or the sunshine of
 peace?

Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloomed on
 my breast,

For joys in perspective or pleasures possessed?

For the spirit that heightened my days of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I praise Thee ; but, if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss.
I thank Thee for sorrow, for sickness, for care ;
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears.
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil Thy hand hath bestowed.

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is
flown ;
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and
gone ;
The thorn, it was poignant, but precious to me :
'Twas the *message of mercy* ; it led me to Thee.

THE SURE PILOT.

HE sitteth o'er the water-floods,
And He is strong to save ;
He sitteth o'er the water-floods,
And guides each drifting wave.

Though loud around the vessel's prow
The waves may toss and break,
Yet at His word they sink to rest,
As on a tranquil lake.

He sitteth o'er the water-floods,
When waves of sorrow rise ;
And while He holds the bitter cup,
He wipes the tearful eyes.

He knows how long the wilful heart
Requires the chastening grief,
And soon as sorrow's work is done
'Tis He who sends relief.

He sitteth o'er the water-floods,
As in the days of old,
When o'er the Saviour's sinless head
The waves and billows rolled.

Yea, all the billows passed o'er Him ;
Our sins, they bore Him down ;
For us He met the crushing storm,
He met th' Almighty's frown.

He sitteth o'er the water-floods ;
Then doubt and fear no more,
For He who passed through *all* the storms
Has reached the heavenly shore.

And every tempest-driven bark,
With Jesus for its guide,
Will soon be moor'd in harbor calm,
In glory to abide.



FAITH.

OH the things of time, the things of time, how
they steal the heart away
From the lowly walk, and the humble trust, and
the spirit's steadfast stay!
We strive and seek, and we long to keep the
door of the inner part,
But the tempter waits, and offers his baits, and
betrays the yielding heart.
Then what will keep—oh what will keep in temp-
tation's bitter hour,
When the willing soul would fain resist, but the
flesh hath not the power?
Say, what will keep from the downward path
and the error the Spirit hates—
From the things we would not, and yet we do—
the sorrow that sin creates?
Oh, there is a faith ('tis the gift of God) which
can fetter the stoutest will—
Which can ever break the tempest's might and
the rising tumult still;

It is not in pomp, it is not in words, it is not in
sounding deed,
But it cometh in secret power to aid the soul in
its greatest need ;
It is when, apart from all human trust, we sink
in contrite prayer,
And ask of the Father of Spirits His help : our
staff of support is *there* ;
And it anchors the soul when its strength is small,
and it feels no might of its own ;
For it shows us indeed, that our safety and light
must come from Heaven alone.
Then the things of time, the things of time, *will*
not lead the heart away
From its steadfast love and its humble hope, and
its trust in God its stay ;
But its idol gifts and its dearest joys will be
laid in meekness down,
And the incense shall rise from the altar of Faith
before the heavenly throne.



FLEEING TO GOD.

UNDER the shadow of Thy wings, my Father,
Till these calamities be overpast !
In that sure refuge let my spirit gather
Strength to look calmly upon the past.

Be merciful to me ! for thoughts that crush me
Lie like an incubus upon my breast ;
Only Thy voice, Omnipotent, can hush me
Into the quiet e'en of seeming rest.

Thou know'st—Thou only—the dark chain that
binds me,
The heavy chain that eats into my soul ;
The links of adamant that have entwined me,
Binding each feeling in their chill control.

Oh ! what is life but one long, long endurance
Of this dull heavy weight on heart and brain ?
Speak to my spirit—speak the strong assurance
That nothing Thou ordainest is in vain.

Trembling amid the turmoils of existence,
Oh! let me grasp a more than mortal arm;
Father! my Father! be not at a distance
When earth's dark phantoms Thy weak child
alarm.

Under Thy shadow! Fear cannot appall me
If in the Rock of Ages surely hid;
Under Thy shadow! Harm cannot befall me
If Thou—All-wise! All-merciful!—forbid.

Nearer to Thee!—My Saviour! my Redeemer!
In earth or heaven whom hath my soul but
Thee?

Though for an instant, as some feverish dreamer
Grasps at the treasures which he seems to see,

I, too, have dreamed, and waked to find “illu-
sion”

Inscribed on all I sought to make my own;
And, turning from my idols in confusion,
I dedicate my life to Thee alone.

Under the shadow of Thy wing abiding,
Close to a sympathizing Saviour's side,
In the sure promise of His love confiding,
Why should I shrink, though earthly ills betide?

Oh! if the soul grew strong through suffering only,
 If but through trial it may reach its goal,
 I will rejoice, although my way be lonely,
 And all Thy waves and billows o'er me roll.

Yes! I will praise Thee! though my tears are
 falling
 Upon the trembling harp-strings as I sing:
 Am I not safe, though grief my soul is thralling,
 Under the shadow of my Father's wing?

LO! WE HAVE LEFT ALL AND FOLLOWED
 THEE.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow Thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be;
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and Christ are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may scorn me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright !

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure !
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain !
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain !
I have called Thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather ;
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to save thee :
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there !
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



MARAH AND ELIM.

THREE long days of desert sunshine, toiling
'neath those scorching beams,
Three long nights of heavy silence, gladdened by
no sound of streams.

Hear the waters flow around us, see them spark-
ling in the sun !
Surely now our trial ceaseth ! surely now our goal
is won !

Lips long parched and sealed in silence press the
joyous waves to kiss,
Eyes whose tears were dried by anguish overflow
with tears of bliss ;

Toilworn men, themselves untasting, leave to
dearer lips the prize,
Drinking draughts of deeper pleasure from the
smile of grateful eyes.

But a moment ! but a moment may the rapturous
dream remain ;

But a moment ! from the nation bursts a sob of
wildest pain.

Children dash the bitter waters from them with a
moaning cry ;

Mothers by the mocking fountains lay their little
ones to die.

Hearts that bore the trial bravely with this shat-
tered hope have burst ;

Streams for which we prayed and waited, bitter
streams, but mock our thirst.

Was it but for this the ocean, parting, bent our
feet to kiss,

Fiercely then our foes o'erwhelming? Were our
first-born spared for this?

Better to be slaves in Egypt, better to have per-
ished there,

Better ne'er a hope have tasted, than to sink in
this despair !

Israel ! Israel ! hush thy murmurs ; hide thy
guilty head in dust !

He who is the joy of heaven feeleth grief in thy
distrust.

Gently to thy wails He answers, "I am He that
healeth thee ;"

E'en to-day the streams thou loatest shall thy
best refreshment be.

And to-morrow, but to-morrow, He thy sins so
often grieve,

Trains thee for, and storeth for thee, joys thy
heart can scarce conceive.

Coollest waters leaping, gushing, 'neath the shade
of many a palm !

Let no memory of murmurs mar for thee that
blessed calm.

So thy Marah shall be Elim, and thy Elim know
no fears,

For the fount of deepest gladness springeth near
the place of tears.



HE IS THE FREEMAN.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a
chain

That bitterest foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his ;
His the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpretentious eye,
And smiling say, " My Father made them all !"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man ?

REJOICE, MY FELLOW-PILGRIM.

“For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.”

ROM. xiii. 11.

REJOICE, my fellow-pilgrim, for another stage
is o'er

Of the weary homeward journey, to be travelled
through no more ;

No more these clouds and shadows shall darken
all our sky ;

No more these snares and stumbling-blocks across
our path shall lie.

Rejoice, my fellow-soldier, for another long cam-
paign

Is ended, and its dangers have not been met in
vain ;

Some enemies are driven back, some ramparts
overthrown,

Some earnest given that victory at length shall
be our own.

Rejoice, my fellow-servant, for another year is
 past ;
The heat and burden of the day will not for ever
 last ;
And yet the work is pleasant now, and sweet the
 Master's smile,
And well may we be diligent through all our
 “little while.”

Rejoice, my Christian brother, for the race is
 nearly run,
And home is drawing nearer with each revolving
 sun ;
And if some ties are broken here of earthly hope
 and love,
More sweet are the attractions of the better land
 above.

The light that shone through all the past will
 still our steps attend ;
The Guide who led us hitherto will lead us to
 the end ;
The distant view is brightening, with fewer clouds
 between—
The golden streets are gleaming now, the pearly
 gates are seen.

Oh for the joyous meetings there, to meet and
part no more ;
For ever with the Lord, and all the loved ones
gone before ;
New mercies from our Father's hand with each
new year may come,
But that will be the best of all, a blissful welcome
home.

KNOW WELL, MY SOUL.

KNOW well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest ;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth ;
And not a blind and aimless way
The Spirit goeth.

Nothing before, nothing behind ;
The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The Rock beneath.

The present, the present, is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing ;
Like the Patriarch's Angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

And in life; in death, in dark, in light,
All are in God's care ;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep night,
And He is there !

Leaning on Him, make with reverend meekness
His own thy will ;
And with strength from Him shall thy utter
weakness
Life's tasks fulfil.

And that cloud itself, which now before thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
Be stricken through.

And like the meadow-mist through autumn's
dawn
Uprolling thin,
Its thickest folds, when about thee drawn,
Let sunlight in.

"ALL, ALL IS KNOWN TO THEE."

MY God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee Father — sweet, endearing
name !

The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel ;
But oh ! the thought does tranquillize and heal—
All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din—
All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little sleep can take,
This brief appeal submissively I make—
All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned—
 Each drop that fills my daily cup ; Thy hand
 Prescribes for ills none else can understand ;
 All, all is known to Thee.

The effectual means to cure what I deplore ;
 In me Thy long'd-for likeness to restore ;
 Self to dethrone, never to govern more—
 All, all are known to Thee.

And this continued feebleness, this state
 Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,
 Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await :
 That can I leave to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
 When I recall the Son of Thy dear love ;
 The cup Thou wouldst not for *our* sakes remove,
 That cup He drank for *me*.

He drank it to the dregs—no drop remain'd
 Of wrath for those whose cup of woe He drain'd ;
 Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contain'd—
 All, all is known to Thee.

And welcome, *precious*, can His Spirit make
 My little drop of suffering for His sake.
 Father, the cup I drink, the path I take,
 All, all is known to Thee.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

When earth recedes before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and fears and sorrows
 flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee ;
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee—
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee ;
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.



WAIT ON THE LORD.

“Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick.”—JOHN xi. 3.

ONE touch from Thee—the Healer of diseases ;
One little touch would make our brother
whole ;

And yet Thou comest not ; O blessed Jesus !
Send a swift answer to our waiting soul.

Full many a message have we sent, and pleaded
That Thou wouldst haste Thy coming, gracious
Lord !

Each message was received, and heard, and
heeded,

And yet we welcome no responsive word.

We know that Thou art blessing whilst with-
holding ;

We know that Thou art near us, though apart ;
And though we list no answer, Thou art folding
Our poor petitions to Thy smitten heart.

A bright and glorious answer is preparing,
Hid in the heights of love, the depths of grace ;
We know that Thou, the Risen, still art bearing
Our cause as Thine, within the holy place.

THE SURE REFUGE.

OH I know the hand that is guiding me
Through the shadow to the light !
And I know that all betiding me
Is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread
Is ruled with a golden line ;
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread,
The brighter the rich design.

When faints and fails each wilderness hope,
And the lamp of faith burns dim,
Oh I know where to find the honey drop—
On the bitter chalice brim.
For I see, though veiled from my mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete ;
Though the darkness at present be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet.

I can wait till the day-spring shall overflow
 The night of pain and care ;
 For I know there's a blessing for every woe,
 A promise for every prayer.
 Yes, I feel that the hand which is holding me
 Will ever hold me fast ;
 And the strength of the arms that are folding me
 Will keep me to the last.

 IN THE MID SILENCE.

IN the mid silence of the voiceless night,
 When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers
 flee,
 Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
 O God, but Thee ?

And if there be a weight upon my heart,
 Some vague impression of the day foregone,
 Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
 And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
 In token of anticipated ill,
 My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
 Since 'tis Thy will.

For, oh, in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with Thee !

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee ?

PRESS FORWARD AND FEAR NOT.

PRESS forward and fear not ; the billows may
roll,
But the power of Jesus their rage can control ;
Though waves rise in anger, their tumult shall
cease ;
One word of His bidding shall hush them to peace.

Press forward and fear not ; though trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge—whom, then, shall we
fear ?

His staff is our comfort, our safeguard His rod,
Then let us be steadfast, and trust in our God.

Press forward and fear not ; be strong in the
Lord,
In the power of His promise, the truth of His
word ;
Through the sea and the desert our pathway may
tend,
But He who has saved us will save to the end.

Press forward and fear not ; we'll speed on our
way ;
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dis-
may ?
We tread but the road which our Leader has
trod,
Then let us press forward and trust in our God.



MY GOD, MY FATHER.

MATT. vi. 10.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
“Thy will be done.”

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
“Thy will be done.”

E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee ;
“Thy will be done.”

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
“Thy will be done.”

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
“ Thy will be done.”

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
“ Thy will be done.”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.”



RESIGNATION.



WE will not weep, we will not sigh,
God bids us suffer patiently ;
He wills it, and we know not why,
But bless His name.
He in His love is always nigh,
Always the same.

Whate'er the cup Thy hand shall fill,
 Father, we own Thy goodness still ;
 Though pain and woe the spirit chill,
 Though one by one
 Our dearest hopes decay,
 Thy will, not ours, be done.

Teach us Thy mandates to revere,
 Wean the weak soul from things too dear,
 And if still rise the struggling tear
 At Thy decree,
 Oh, let the spirit, *wearied* here,
 Find *rest* in Thee.



THEY LEFT ALL AND FOLLOWED HIM.



WHAT poor despisèd company
 Of travellers are these
 That walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along that rugged maze ?
 Ah, these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King,

Heirs of immortal crowns divine ;
And lo, for joy they sing !

Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despised ?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.

But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread ;
Yet they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open way to hell.

But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze ?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod ;
They love to keep his ways.

What ! is there, then, no other road
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God ;
No other can be found.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly :
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.



WALKING WITH GOD.



OH for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill !

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast !

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.



THE PURE HEART.

OH for a heart to praise the Lord—
A heart from guilt set free—
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek—
My dear Redeemer's throne—
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus dwells alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new best name of love.

SOW YE BESIDE ALL WATERS.

SOW ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall ;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee—
One wore the thorns for thee—
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer ;
Name Him whose hands uphold thee,
And sow ye everywhere.
Sow when the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray,
For the rain of heaven descendeth
When the sunbeams pass away.

Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days may break,
And the seed in darkness nourished
A goodly plant may make.
Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land ;
And when the evening falleth,
Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow though the rock repel thee
In its cold and sterile pride ;
Some cleft there may be riven
Where the little seed may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish,
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the scatter'd grain be found.

Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on ;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the laborer's work is done.
Watch not the clouds above thee,
Let the wild winds round thee sweep ;
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.

Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb ;
Thou knowest not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripen'd grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest, coming,
In the harvest-sheaves may bind.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not in mournful numbers
“ Life is but an empty dream ! ”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest, ”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main—
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother—
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

"We would see Jesus."—JOHN xii. 21.

"WE would see Jesus" — for the shadows
lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life ;
"We would see Jesus," our weak faith to
strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

"We would see Jesus"—for life's hand hath
rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and
brow ;
And tho' our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

"We would see Jesus"—the great Rock-founda-
tion
Whereon our feet we've set, by sovereign grace ;
Not life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thus remove us, if we see His face.

"We would see Jesus"—other lights are paling,
 Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
 The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing—
 We would not mourn them, for we go to
 Thee.

"We would see Jesus"—yet the spirit lingers
 Round the dear object it has loved so long;
 And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its
 fingers;
 Our love to Thee makes not this love less
 strong.

"We would see Jesus"—sense is all too blind-
 ing,
 And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
 We would see Thee to gain a sweet reminding
 That Thou hast promised our great debt to
 pay.

"We would see Jesus"—this is all we're need-
 ing—
 Strength, joy, and willingness come with the
 sight;
 "We would see Jesus"—dying, risen, pleading;
 Then welcome, day, and farewell, mortal night!

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

I'M kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and
sore,

Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the
door—

Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and
come

To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of
His home !

A weary path I've travell'd, 'mid darkness, storm,
and strife ;

Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life ;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon
be o'er—

I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the
door !

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they
stand

Singing in the sunshine in the far-off, sinless land ;

Oh, would that I were with them, amid their
shining throng,

Mingling in their worship, joining in their song !

The friends that started with me have enter'd
long ago ;

One by one they left me struggling with the foe ;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph
sooner won ;

How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is
done !

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief
or sin,

I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.

O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure—Thy time and way
are best ;

But I'm wasted, worn, and weary—O Father, bid
me rest !



ONLY WAITING.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight, soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gather'd home ;
For the summer time is faded—
For the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers—gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is wither'd,
And I hasten to depart !

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,

At whose feet I long have linger'd,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear Thy footsteps,
And their voices far away ;
If they call me, I am waiting—
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.



PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword in the hour of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer !

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

In prayer on earth the saints are one
In word, in deed, in mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way—
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod—
Lord, teach us how to pray !



DIFFICULTIES.

“THIS cannot be the rightful path,” a youthful pilgrim said,
As, resting on a wayside stone, she bowed her
aching head ;
“So rough and toilsome an ascent, where thorns
distress my feet,
And where unlooked-for obstacles at every turn I
meet—
Where no green pastures glad the eye, nor cooling
waters flow,
And where no friendly guide-post marks the road
which I should go,
But all around looks strange and wild, untrodden
save by me.
Is this the path that leads me home? Oh no, it
cannot be !”

As thus she mournfully complained a cheering
voice was heard,
Soothing and gentle as the breeze with which the
leaves are stirr'd ;

“ O sorrowing maiden, lift thy head, repress thy
burning tears,
And hush for ever in thy heart these sad com-
plaints and fears.
Footsore and faint thou sittest here, dishearten'd
and dismay'd
By just those very aspects which, with keener
glance survey'd,
Would stimulate thy languid march, and freshen-
ing hopes excite,
For difficulties in thy path betoken thou art
right ;

“ Because the only path to peace through care
and conflict lies ;
Undaunted those must onward press who hope
to win the prize.
Hard seems the struggle now, but know that
discipline like this
Develops and augments thy powers, and height-
ens future bliss.
Rise, be courageous ! force thy way through all
that may oppose,
And soon the rest thou longest for, thine arduous
race shall close ;

And with surprise thou then wilt read, in bygone
toil and strife,
The presage of serener hours, with joy and glad-
ness rife."

Was it an angel form which in that maiden's
path appear'd ?

Was it an angel voice which thus her downcast
spirit cheered ?

It matters not ; I only know no angel could have
brought

A happier message than the truth thus oppor-
tunely taught ;

And she, with lightened heart and step, and fail-
ing strength renew'd,

O'er rugged roads and mountain-steeps her pil-
grimage pursued,

Content—nay, glad—to toil and climb, though
oftentimes oppress'd,

Since she was in the path that led to victory and
rest.



THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE IN SORROW.

SAVIOUR, in this my day of pressing need
 I fly to Thee for shelter and support ;
 I know Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
 Nor spurn me from Thy presence. Thou hast
 taught
 The weak and desolate to seek relief in prayer,
 And in this hour of grief I look to find it there.

I dare not cease to hope when Thou art near,
 Though earthly happiness seems past and
 gone—
 Though now the world looks like a desert drear,
 And I am left to find my way alone.

Alone! It cannot be, dear Lord, if I have Thee,
 For Thou art better far than all the world to me.

Forgive me, Lord—forgive me for the sin
 Which caused this heavy chastisement to fall!
 A weak idolater I own I've been—
 I own my “wanderings have procured” it all;
 And, though my fondest hopes lie buried in the
 dust,
 I can but bow, O Lord, and feel the sentence just.

Better, far better, Thou shouldst punish me,
Than leave me still unheeded to go on,
And madly wander more and more from Thee,
Till every thought of heaven at last were gone.
Better, O Lord, I own, to suffer tenfold grief,
Than Thou shouldst leave me thus alone in un-
belief.

But, Saviour, though Thou hast recall'd Thy
child,
And led me trembling to Thy cross once
more—
Though Thou hast made me hear Thy accents
mild,
And, for a time, my wanderings are o'er—
Yet oh be pleased to hold me firmly in Thy way,
Or soon again I feel my treacherous heart will
stray.

I cannot keep myself from idols, Lord ;
They rear their heads on every side around ;
And Thou hast taught me from Thy holy word
That in the heart they are too often found ;
In mercy, Saviour, from these idols set me free,
And give me grace and power henceforth to live
to Thee !

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS,

“ My meditation of Him shall be sweet.”—Ps. civ. 34.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away ;

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;

Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own ;

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid ;

Sweet on His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quickening breath ;

Sweet on His faithfulness to rest
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend ;

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand
And know no will but His ;

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed
And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disimprison'd soul
View Jesus and adore—
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What rapture must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know !

If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the Fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from Thee !

Oh may the unction of these truths
 For ever with me stay,
 Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
 My spirit flies away !



GRIEF FOR DEPARTED FRIENDS.



IT is not when the parting breath we watch
 with anxious heart,
 It is not in the hour of death, when those we
 love depart ;
 Nor yet when, 'laid upon the bier, we follow
 slow the corse,
 Which leads us to their dwelling low, that most
 we feel their loss.

When past the last and solemn rites, and dust
 to dust hath gone,
 And in its wonted channel'd course the stream
 of life flows on,

Ah, who can tell how drear the space once held
by those most dear,
When well-known scenes which they have loved,
and all but they, are here !

This deep, this heartfelt loneliness, this quietness
of grief,
Falls heavier on our hours of joy than tempests
strong but brief.

Though whirlwinds tear the blossoms fair, yet
still the stem may thrive,
While a cold season's withering blight scarce
leaves the root alive.

But as our earthly pleasures fade, if plants of
heavenly peace
Spring in our bosom's wilderness and, nurtured
there, increase ;

In humble hope and holy fear our minds will
learn to prove
That "smitten friends are angels sent on errands
full of love."

Then seek not hours of sober grief or sorrowing
thought to shun,
Until our hearts are brought, in truth, to say,
"Thy will be done !"

And grateful love for strokes like these our hearts
 to God may warm—
 Perhaps He saw the gathering cloud, and housed
 them from the storm.

If in His own good time and way He shelter
 these from ill,
 And in His mercy bless the blow to those re-
 maining still,
 May we not hope to join in heaven the song the
 blessed raise?—
 Almighty God and King of Saints, how just and
 true Thy ways !

EXTRACT.

“ **W**HATEVER passes as a cloud between
 The mental eye of faith and things un-
 seen,
 Causing that brighter world to disappear,
 Or seem less lovely, or its hope less dear,—
 This is our world, our *idol*, though it bear
 Affection’s impress or devotion’s air.”

FINISH THY WORK.
.

FINISH thy work ; the time is short
The sun is in the west,
The night is coming down ; till then
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest ;
Till then, rest never ;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest for ever.

Finish thy work ; then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil,
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work ; then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work ; then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won ;
Hear from the throne thy Master's voice :
“ Well done ! well done ! ”

Finish thy work ; then take thy harp—
Give praise to God above ;
Sing a new song of thankful joy
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy path below,
Who made thee faithful to the death,
And crowns thee now.



BROTHERLY LOVE AND UNITY.



JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace—
Bid our jars for ever cease.

By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear—
Come and spread Thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,—
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
To Thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

Let us, then, with joy remove
To the family above ;
On the wings of angels fly ;
Show how true believers die.

GOD THE PROVIDER.

“My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

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

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

Through the whole of life's long way,
Outward, inward need we trace—
Need arising day by day—
Patience, wisdom, strength, and grace.
Needing Jesus most of all,
Full of need, on Him we call ;
Then how gracious His reply,
“ God shall *all* your need supply ” !

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

Yet we often vainly plead
For a fancied good denied—
What we deemed a pressing need
Still remaining unsupplied.
Yet, from dangers all conceal'd,
Thus our wisest Friend doth shield ;
No *good* thing will He deny—
God shall all your *need* supply.

Can we count redemption's treasure,
Scan the glory of God's love ?
Such shall be the boundless measure
Of His blessings from above.
All we ask or think—and more—
He will give in bounteous store ;
He can fill and satisfy—
God shall all your need *supply*.

One, the Channel, deep and broad,
From the Fountain of the Throne—
Christ the Saviour, Son of God—
Blessings flow through Him alone.
He, the Faithful and the True,
Brings us mercies ever new,
Till we reach His home on high—
God shall all your need supply.



THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

TO weary hearts and mourning homes
God's meekest angel gently comes.
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet in tenderest love our dear,
Our heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance ;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
What ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,

He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resign'd ;
Bear up, bear on ; the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well !"

SOURCE OF MY LIFE'S REFRESHING
SPRINGS.

"Thou maintainest my lot."—PSALM xvi. 5.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs—
Whose presence in my heart sustains me—
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,—
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And, in Thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe, as light we see ;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

*"COULDEST THOU NOT WATCH WITH
ME ONE HOUR?"*

THE night was dark ; behold, the shade was
deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that still voice awoke the weary sleeper :
“ Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with
Me ?”

O thou so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
And count all earthly things a gainful loss ?

What if thou always suffer tribulation,
 And if thy Christian warfare never cease?
 The gaining of the quiet habitation
 Will gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lowly
 The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone;
 Watch thou in patience thro' this one hour only—
 This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
 The soldier sleep before his plumèd crest,
 And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
 But thou, O Christian, may'st not take thy
 rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
 With Him who trod the wine-press all alone;
 Thou may'st not find one human hand to aid
 thee,
 One human soul to comprehend thy own.

Heed not the images that may be thronging
 From out the foregone life thou livest no more;
 Faint-hearted mariner! still art thou longing
 For the dim line of the receding shore?

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God—

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living to that high faith, to thee so dim,
Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee, because so near to Him?

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription?—
“Behold, we count them happy which endure.”

What treasure wouldst thou in the land Egyptian
Repass the stormy waters to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious promise
For the poor fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us,
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor wandering soul! I know that thou art
seeking

An easier way, as all have done before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy to the outward measure,
The way too narrow for thy inward pride ;
Thou canst not lay thy intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh that thy faithless soul but one hour only
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect
life—

Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lowly,
Yet calmly pressing upward in its strife !

For poverty and self-renunciation
The Father yieldeth back a thousand-fold ;
In the calm stillness of regeneration
Cometh a joy they never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher
The weary soul can only find its peace,
Seeking no aid from any human creature,
Looking to God alone for its release.

And He will come in His own time and power,
To set His earnest-hearted children free ;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

THE CHILD OF THE LORD.

HOW bless'd is the child of the Lord
When taught of the Father to run,
When led by the light of His word,
And cheer'd by the beams of His sun !

He listens with fear and delight
To hear what the Master shall say ;
He sleeps in His bosom all night,
And walks in His love all the day.

Though terrors may compass him round,
And wildly the tempest may blow ;
He fears not ; the Rock he has found—
That Rock he will never forego.

'Tis true that his pilgrimage here
Is checker'd with sorrows and fears ;
'Tis true that the cross he must bear,
And weep in this valley of tears :

But patience, submission, and love
Can sweeten the bitterest hours ;
And hope, from the heaven above,
Still shines when the hurricane lowers.

Temptation, 'tis true, will assail,
And trial without and within,
And deeply his soul must bewail
For inward corruption and sin ;

But the rags he once counted his own
Are consumed in celestial flame,
And a mantle is over him thrown,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb.



"WE ARE SURE THOU KNOWEST ALL
THINGS."

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and
sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest—
Cares for to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confess'd ;
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet. Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past—how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost sheep had
strayed ;

How the Good Shepherd followed, and how
kindly

He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And heal'd the bleeding wounds and soothed
the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength
again.

Thou knowest all the present—each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;

All to myself assigned of tribulation,
 Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear ;
 All pensive memories, as I journey on ;
 Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future—gleams of gladness
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
 Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
 And the dark river to be cross'd at last.
 Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
 To tread that path but this: Thou knowest, Lord !

Thou knowest not alone as God, all-knowing ;
 As man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;
 On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
 O Saviour, Thou hast wept and Thou hast
 loved ;
 And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
 And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
 And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
 On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete ;
 Then, rising and refresh'd, I leave Thy throne,
 And follow on to know as I am known !

LOVING AND FAITHFUL.

Written after witnessing Friends' marriage ceremony.

LOVING and faithful, even unto death !
Well may it falter,
The lip, this solemn promise as it saith
Before that altar,
Where, o'er the trembling covenanters, lean
Recording Angel and High Priest unseen.

Loving and faithful, what is it to be,
Now and for ever ?
The heart is asking as it puts to sea,
To turn back never,
If it *can* keep the promise of to-day
In its full meaning—sacred and always.

Loving and faithful, while a boundless reach
Of spotless azure
O'erarches hearts too full for common speech
Their bliss to measure ;
Loving and faithful, when the first clouds lie
In rolls of silver'd fleece along the sky.

Loving and faithful, while existence fills
 With joy o'erflowing,
While in their faces sweet airs from the hills
 Of morn are blowing ;
And when loud storm-winds have their own wild
 will,
Wrapping their vow around them closer still.

Loving and faithful, through the common lot,
 Rejoicing, weeping—
Whether in palace home or humble cot
 Their high trust keeping,
And when life's daily wear to life shall bring
The spots that round poor human nature cling.

Loving and faithful, through the spirit's strife,
 On heights, in hollows,
In lonely by-ways, struggling for its life
 Where no eye follows ;
In earnest wrestling with its household foes,
How many, and how strong, One only knows.

I had been reading in the life of two—
 A sire and mother—
Whom change and care and sorrow nearer drew
 To one another—

Closer and closer, till the winter sod
Lay on his breast whose soul went up to God.

They shared together many a bitter cup
 And tear-wet pillow,
But each the other's sinking head bore up
 O'er wave and billow ;
For they had pitched their tent with faith-lit eyes,
One window opening toward Paradise.

And there they often sat at eve, and read
 Alone together,
Or watching, when dark days were overhead
 And stormy weather,
The far blue hills which earth and heaven divide,
Tipp'd with the glory of the inner side.

They had their sunny days, and simple joys,
 And fireside pleasures,
And gifts of merry-hearted girls and boys
 For household treasures.
These grew and left them. Children's children
 came
Back, with the mother's looks and father's name.

Then tiny feet went pattering all about
 The empty places—

Recover'd sunbeams, peeping in and out—
 Their sweet round faces,
And loving ways, and little clinging arms,
To care and toil perpetual counter-charms.

They had their friends—the warm, the tried, the
 true—

 Some great, some lowly ;
Their unassuming goodness round them drew
 The pure, the holy ;
Sweet singers came, and saints' ascending prayers
Their low-roof'd dwelling filled with odorous
 airs.

Their hearthstone was a broad and pleasant space
 Where many mingled,
Where none for honor and the highest place
 Apart were singled ;
This their example has bequeathed for others—
The children of one Father, all are brothers.

And as their souls' lives glided into one,
 The tie that bound them
Seem'd lovelier with each day's duty done,
 To those around them ;

The bridal-ring grew brighter and more bright,
As on they journeyed with the sons of light.

They had the Christian's fare—hard, rugged
steeps

To travel over ;

But He, whose faithful ones He ever keeps

Safe under cover,

Shook down upon them from its crystal lining
The healing of His wings, above them shining.

Age brought them sicknesses and silver hairs,

But morn and even

Still found them higher up the narrow stairs

That wind to heaven.

Just at the landing they miss'd one another :

God parted them, the father and the mother.

From the hush'd chamber where the dying lay

Sweet rose their hymning ;

The tears from her meek eyes he wiped away,

His own fast dimming :

“ We thank Thee, Father, that our souls can see

No shadow on the path that leads to Thee.”

By the sick father sat the aged mother,

Watching and bending

O'er him with love he counted like no other,
To the still ending.
It found them, with clasp'd hands and mingling
breath,
Loving and faithful, even unto death.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought of these as given to me
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear !

“Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see ;
Oh, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.”

A solemn silence reign'd on all around ;
E'en Nature's voices utter'd not a sound ;
The evening shadows seem'd of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beam'd full upon my wondering, raptur'd sight ;
Angels on silvery wings seem'd everywhere,
And angels' music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—
One to whom all the others bow'd the knee—
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And “Follow Me,” He said ; “I am the Way.”

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beautiful to behold—
A little one, with jewels set in gold.

Ah, this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook ;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

“ This may not be ! ” I cried, and looked again,
To see if any there could ease my pain ;
But one by one I pass'd them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwin'd,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering I gazed, and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have pass'd it o'er.

But oh, that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me ;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair ;
Sorrowing I said, “ This cross I may not bear. ”

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my need could there be found ;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my guide gently said, “ No cross, no crown. ”

At length, to Him I raised my sadden'd heart—
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart ;
“ Be not afraid,” He said, “ but trust in Me ;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.”

And then, with lighten'd eyes and willing feet,
Again I turn'd my earthly cross to meet—
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide ;

And there, in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was *good* for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confess'd,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest ;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again !

But oh how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learn'd its preciousness to see !

No longer could I unbelieving say,
 "Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no ! henceforth my one desire shall be,
 That He who knows me best should choose for
 me ;

And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
 I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

BE THOU CONTENT.

"Therefore, take no thought, saying, What shall we eat,
 or what shall we drink? . . . for your heavenly Father
 knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

BE thou content ; be still before
 His face, at whose right hand doth reign
 Fulness and joy for evermore,

Without whom all thy joy is vain.
 He is thy living Spring, thy Sun, whose rays
 Make glad with life and light thy dreary days ;
 Be thou content !

In Him is comfort, light, and grace,
 And changeless love beyond our thought ;

The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,
If He be there, shall harm thee not ;
He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,
And calm thy fears—nay, death is in His hands.
Be thou content !

Or art thou friendless and alone ?
Hast none in whom thou canst confide ?
God careth for thee, lonely one,
Comfort and help He will provide ;
He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief.
Be thou content !

Thy heart's unspoken pain He knows,
Thy secret sighs He hears full well ;
What to none else thou dar'st disclose,
To Him thou may'st with boldness tell ;
He is not far away, but ever nigh,
And answereth willingly the poor man's cry.
Be thou content !

Be not o'er-master'd by thy pain,
But cling to Christ—thou shalt not fall ;
The floods sweep over thee in vain—
Thou yet shalt rise above them all ;

For when thy trial seems too hard to bear,
Lo, God thy King hath granted all thy prayer !
Be thou content !

Why art thou full of anxious fear
How thou shalt be sustain'd and fed ?
He who hath made and placed thee here
Will give thee needful daily bread.
Canst thou not trust His rich and bounteous hand
Who feeds all living things on sea and land ?
Be thou content !

He who doth teach the little birds
To find their meat in field and wood,
Who gives the countless fields and herds
Each day their needful drink and food,
Thy hunger too will surely satisfy,
And all thy wants in His good time supply.
Be thou content !

Say'st thou, "I know not how or where—
No help I see where'er I turn " ?
When of all else we most despair,
The riches of God's love we learn ;
When thou and I His hand no longer trace,
He leads us forth into a pleasant place.
Be thou content !

Though long His promised aid delay,
At last it will be surely sent ;
Though thy heart sink in sore dismay,
The trial for thy good is meant.
What we have won with pains we hold more fast—
What tarrieth long is sweeter at the last.
Be thou content !

Lay not to heart whate'er of ill
Thy foes may falsely speak of thee ;
Let man defame thee as he will—
God hears, and judges righteously.
Why shouldst thou fear (if God be on thy side)
Man's cruel anger or malicious pride ?
Be thou content !

We know for us a rest remains,
When God will give us sweet release
From earth and all our mortal chains,
And turn our sufferings into peace.
Sooner or later death will surely come
To end our sorrows and to take us home ;
Be thou content !



 THINE IS A GRIEF.

 TO JOSEPH STURGE, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

THINE is a grief the depths of which another
 May never know ;
 Yet o'er the waters, O my stricken brother !
 To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding
 Thy hand in mine,
 With even the weakness of my soul upholding
 The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed ;
 I stood not by
 When in calm trust the pure and tranquil-hearted
 Lay down to die ;

And on thy ear my words of weak condoling
 Must vainly fall ;
 The funeral-bell which in thy heart is tolling
 Sounds over all.

I will not mock thee with the poor world's common
 And heartless phrase,
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman
 With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction
 God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
 The soul sits dumb.

Yet I would say what thy own heart approveth :
 Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,
 Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought ;
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
 The good die not !

God calls our loved ones ; but we lose not wholly
 What He hath given :
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
 As in His heaven.

And she is with thee. In thy path of trial
 She walketh yet :
Still with the baptism of thy self-denial
 Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother ! lo, the fields of harvest
 Lie white in view !
 She lives and loves thee, and the God thou
 servest
 To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle ! England's toil-worn peasants
 Thy call abide ;
 And she thou mourn'st — a pure and holy
 presence—
 Shall glean beside !

WILLIAM FORSTER.

L AID to thy rest amid the mighty mountains
 That, calm and stable, symbolize thy soul ;
 Sleeping in peace, where streams from living
 fountains—
 Types of thy spirit—in their clearness roll ;

Leaving life's labor for its full fruition,
 Still bearing meekly in thy faithful hand
 The high credentials of thy human mission,
 Whose glorious ending is the better land,—

Thine earnest pleading for the bound and broken
Falleth like music on that other sphere ;
Half on the earth and half in heaven 'twas spoken,
Bringing the bondsman and the angels near. .

Slowly receding, in thine act of pleading,
From the poor sufferers whom thou sought to
save,
Their blessing, resting on thy interceding,
Hangs like a halo o'er thy lonely grave,

And, streaming onward through the narrow portal,
Breaks like the morning in the shadowy tomb,
Lighting the first steps of thy march immortal
To joy and triumph from the chill and gloom ;

While from the verge of earth loved voices
ringing
Far through the valley, luminous as day,
Herald thy coming to the angels' singing,
Whose strains of welcome meet thee half the
way.

There they shall greet thee whom thy labors lifted
From the low places of their human life,
Who but for thee o'er the wild seas had drifted
Outward afar, or perished in the strife,—

The lone Pariah round the true Shekinah,
With the poor toilsman of thy native land,
The Slavic serf, the slave of Carolina,
Waiting to meet thee in a shining band.

Passing in love and power, thy soul's transition
Is but ascension to a higher height,
Where all around thee in thy new condition
Life's mysteries open in celestial light,

Viewing for ever in calm contemplation
The widening circles of each duty done,
And, through all cycles of thy elevation,
Ascending nearer to the Heavenly One.

"PRAY AND WAIT."

IN days of trouble and of care
I sought a message from above ;
Brief was the answer to my prayer,
Few were the words, but full of love.
Ye who mourn an adverse fate,
Hear the message : " Pray and wait."

Pray—the Lord is ever nigh,
Ready still with open ear ;
Wait—and He will yet supply
Hope and strength for every fear.
Pilgrim, weeping at the gate,
Hear his message, “ Pray and wait.”

Pray—He knows thy every thought,
Understands thy secret grief ;
Wait—He sends it not for naught,
He will surely bring relief.
Seeing all thy troubled state,
Still He whispers, “ Pray and wait.”

Does the way seem long and drear
To thy sad bewilder'd sight ?
Pray—and thou wilt see Him near ;
Wait—He'll lead thee to the light.
Seek Him early, seek him late ;
Fear not, doubt not, “ Pray and wait.”

Dost thou long the day to see
When thy Saviour shall appear ?
Pray—that thou may'st watchful be ;
Wait—the day is dawning near ;
Joyfully thou'lt then relate
'Twas not in vain to “ Pray and wait.”

Weeping prayers are heard no more
 From that home of endless joy ;
 Days of waiting all are o'er,
 Songs of praise each tongue employ :
 They who enter Zion's gate
 Need no more to " Pray and wait."



THE WATER AND THE FLOWER.



ONE quiet eve, in years gone by, whilst linger-
 ing by a stile
 That stood across the wayside path, to watch the
 clouds a while,
 Ere thought had lifted from my heart the shadow
 of her wing,
 I saw a child—a little girl—returning from the
 spring.
 Her well-fill'd pitcher lightly press'd her curls
 of silken hair,
 Supported by a tiny hand ; and she was very
 fair,

With something in her sunny face pure as the
sky above,
And something in her gentle eye that guardian
angels love.

A little flower, blossoming a step or so aside,
This happy child of innocence with sudden joy
espied ;
Then, letting down her pitcher, with the same
sweet, joyous song,
She water'd it, half laughingly, and gayly tripp'd
along.

The flower seem'd to raise its head, bowed by a
summer's sun,
And smiled beneath the act which she uncon-
sciously had done,
While, wandering on with fairy tread, as merry
as before,
I saw her pass the garden-gate and close the
cottage-door.

Oh, often when this little scene has crossed my
thoughts again,
I've wonder'd if, with all the love that warm'd
her spirit then,

This little girl has tripp'd through life as joyous
to the last,
Refreshing all the weary hearts that met her as
she pass'd—
If with unconscious tenderness her heart has
paused to bless
The poor amid their poverty, the sad in their
distress ;
Still following up God's teachings day by day
and hour by hour,
Foreshadow'd in that simple scene—the water
and the flower ;

If, with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has
hush'd to rest
The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden
breast ;
If to the wayside wanderer, where'er her steps
have led,
The pitcher hath been lower'd ever kindly from
her head.
O holy, happy Charity, how many pleasures,
lost
By those who have not known thee, had been
worthy of the cost !

How many heads a blessing from a better world
had borne
Whilst lowering the pitcher to the weary and the
worn !

Thou who hast stood beside God's springs of
blessings day by day,
To fill the pitcher of thy wants and carry it
away,
The poor and the dejected, whom God hath
will'd to roam,
Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to thy
home ;
Oh let thy heart beat ever quick in actions kind
to be ;
Remember Him whose bounty has at all times
followed thee,
And deem it not a trouble, in the wayside or the
town,
To linger where the weary are, and let the
pitcher down.



 "BE OF GOOD CHEER."

"Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down."—HEBREWS xii. 11, 12.

OH cheer thee, cheer thee, suffering saint !
 Though worn with chastening, be not faint !
 And though thy night of pain seem long,
 Cling to thy Lord, in Him be strong ;
 He marks, He numbers every tear,
 Not one faint sigh escapes His ear.

Oh cheer thee, cheer thee ! now's the hour
 To Him to lift thine eye for power,
 His all-sufficiency to show,
 Now in extremity of woe ;
 While in the furnace to lie still,
 This is, indeed, to do His will.

Then cheer thee, cheer thee ! though the flame
 Consume thy wasting, suffering frame,

His gold shall suffer harm nor loss—
 He will but purge away the dross,
 And fit it, graced with many a gem,
 To form His glorious diadem.

And He will cheer thee, He will calm
 Thy pain intense with heavenly balm—
 Show thee the martyrs’ white-robed throng,
 Thy place prepared that host among ;
 That weight of glory will o’erpower
 The anguish of life’s suffering hour.

Yes, He *will* cheer thee ; He will prove
 The soul, encircled by His love,
 Can meekly, ’mid her anguish, say,
 “ Still will I trust Him, though He slay ;”
 And He will make His words thy own ;
 “ Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.”



A NEW YEAR'S MORNING SONG.

“He hath put a new song in my mouth, even thanksgiving
unto our God.”—PSALM xl. 3.

THANKSGIVING and the voice of melody
This New Year's morning call me from my
sleep ;

A new, sweet song is in my heart for Thee,
Thou faithful, tender Shepherd of the sheep !
Thou knowest where to find and how to keep
The feeble feet that tremble where they stray ;
O'er the dark mountains, through the whelming
deep,
Thy everlasting mercy makes its way.

The past is not so dark as once it seemed,
For there Thy footprints, now distinct, I see ;
And seed in weakness sown, from death redeem'd,
Is springing up and bearing fruit in Thee.
Not all that hath been, Lord, henceforth shall be—
A low, sweet, cheering strain is in mine ear ;
Thanksgiving and the voice of melody
Are ushering in from heaven a blest New Year.

With voice subdued my listening spirit sings,
As backward on the trodden path I gaze ;
While ministering angels fold their wings,
To fill with lowly thoughts my song of praise.
The shadow of the past on future days
Will make them clear to my instructed sight ;
For the heart's knowledge of Thy sacred ways,
Even in its deepest, darkest shades, is light.

I am not stronger, yet I do not fear
The present pain, the conflict yet to be ;
Experience is a kind voice in mine ear,
And all my failings bid me lean on Thee.
No future suffering can seem strange to me,
While in the hidden part I feel and know
The wisdom of a child, at rest and free
In the tried love whose judgment keeps him
low.

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody—
Oh to my tranquil heart how sweet the strain !
Father of mercies, it arose in Thee,
And to Thy bosom it returns again.
There let my grateful song, my soul, remain,
Calm in the risen Saviour's tender care ;
And welcome any trial, any pain,
That serves to keep Thy faithful children there.

Thoughts of Thy love—and oh how great the
sum !

Enduring grief, obtaining bliss for me !—
The world, life, death, things present, things to
come,

All swell the New Year's opening melody.
Past, present, future—all things worship Thee ;
And I, through all, with trembling joy be-
hold—

While mountains fall and treacherous visions
flee—

Thy wandering sheep returning to the fold.

I THOUGHT THAT I WAS STRONG.

“ And you hath He quickened, who were dead in tres-
passes and sins.”—EPHESIANS ii. 1.

I THOUGHT that I was strong, Lord,
And did not need Thine arm ;
Though troubles throng'd around me,
My heart felt no alarm.

I thought that I was rich, Lord—
That all good things were mine ;
And earth and all its pleasures
Did my vain heart entwine.

I thought I nothing needed—
Riches, nor dress, nor sight ;
And on I walk'd in darkness,
And still I thought it light.

But Thou hast broke the spell, Lord,
And waked me from my dream ;
The light has burst into my soul
With bright, unerring beam.

Now I know that I am weak, Lord—
That nothing is my own ;
But Thou wilt make me strong, Lord,
Leaning on Thee alone.

I know that I was poor and blind—
I did not see Thy light ;
But now my eyes are open'd,
For Thou hast given me sight.

Oh, Thou hast given me sight, Lord,
And I can see within ;
I see that all my heart is dyed
With deepest stain of sin.

But with this bitter grief there comes
A rush of joy untold,
Like sunrise on the mountain-tops,
Flooding their heights with gold.

For I know Thy blood has cleansed my soul,
And I know that I'm forgiven ;
And all the roughest paths on earth
Will surely end in heaven ;

For I know that I am Thine, Lord,
And that none can pluck away
The feeblest sheep that ever yet
Did make Thine arm its stay.

My soul, it slept the sleep of death,
But Thou hast given it life ;
And, with a spirit strong in Thee,
I'm ready for the strife—

Ready for pain and sickness,
Ready for care and grief,
For I know I have in Thee, Lord,
An ever-sure relief ;

Ready to work and suffer,
To love, and hope, and pray ;
Ready to go to Thee, Lord,
When Thou shalt call away.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL
BE PROUD ?

FAVORITE LINES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scatter'd around, and together be laid ;
And the young and the old, and the low and the
high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved ;
The mother that infant's affection who proved ;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in
 whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those who loved her and
 praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the
 steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold—
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream and view the same
 sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
 think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers
 would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorn'd, but the heart of the haughty is
 cold ;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers
 will come ;
They joy'd, but the tongue of their gladness is
 dumb.

They died, ay, they died ; and we things that
 are now—
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode—
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage-
 road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smiles and the tears, the songs and the
dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the
shroud ;—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

WHEN FIRST THY EYES UNVEIL.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts then ; so shalt thou
keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up : prayer should
Dawn with the day ; there are set awful hours
'Twi'x heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sunrising ; far day sullies flowers ;
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is
shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. There's not
a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I Am. Canst thou not
sing ?

Oh leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto Him ; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries : the first, world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud

Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light,
truth,

Is styled their star, the stone, and hidden food.
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move ; they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper ; mix not with each
clay ;

Despatch necessities ; life hath a load

Which must be carried on, and safely may ;
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

MY PILGRIMAGE.

TRUSTINGLY, trustingly,
Jesus, to Thee
Come I ; Lord, lovingly
Come Thou to me.
Then shall I lovingly,
Then shall I joyfully,
Walk here with Thee.

Peacefully, peacefully,
Walk I with Thee ;
Jesus, my Lord, Thou art
All, all to me.
Peace Thou hast left to us,
Thy peace hast given to us ;
So let it be.

Whom but Thyself, O Lord,
Have I above ?
What have I left on earth ?
Only Thy love !
Come, then, O Saviour, come ;
Come, then, O Spirit—come,
Heavenly Dove !

Happily, happily,
Pass I along ;
Eager to work for Thee,
Earnest and strong.
Life is for service true,
Life is for battle too,
Life is for song.

Hopefully, hopefully,
Onward I go ;

Cheerfully, cheerfully,
Meet I the foe.
Crowns are awaiting us,
Glory prepared for us,
Joys overflow.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

“ Watchman, what of the night ?”—ISAIAH xxi. 11.

“ But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.”—I THESS. v. 4.

“ And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.”—MARK xiii. 37.

WHAT of the night, watchman, what of the
night ?

The wintry gale sweeps by,
The thick shadows fall, and the night-bird's call
Sounds mournfully through the sky.
What of the night, watchman, what of the night ?

The night is dark—it is long and drear ;
But who, while others sleep,
Is that little band who together stand
And their patient vigils keep ?

All awake is the strained eye,
And awake is the listening ear ;
For their Lord they wait, and watch at the gate
His chariot-wheels to hear.

Long have they waited, that little band,
And ever and anon
To fancy's eye the dawn seem'd nigh,
The night seem'd almost gone.

And often through the midnight gale
They thought they heard at last
The sound of His train; and they listen'd again,
And the sound died away on the blast.

Ages have roll'd, and one by one
Those watchers have pass'd away :
They heard the call on the glad ear fall,
And they hasten'd to obey.

And in their place their children stand,
And still their vigils keep ;
They watch and pray for the dawn of day,
For this is no time to sleep.

What of the night, watchman, what of the night?
Though the wintry gale sweeps by,
When the darkest hour begins to lower,
We know that the dawn is nigh.

Courage, ye stewards of the Lord !
 The night is almost o'er ;
 Your Master will come and call you home,
 To weep and to watch no more.

I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

I PETER ii. 25.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controll'd.

I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice—
 I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
 *O'er desert, waste, and wild.

They found me nigh to death—
Famish'd, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

They wash'd my filth away,
They made me clean and fair ;
They brought me to my home in peace—
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is ;
'Twas He that loved my soul ;
'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controll'd,
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,
I once preferr'd to roam ;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home !

PILGRIM OF EARTH.

“ Discouraged because of the way.”—NUMBERS xxi. 4.

PILGRIM of earth, who art journeying to
heaven,

Heir of eternal life, child of the day,
Cared for, watched over, beloved, and forgiven !
Art thou discouraged because of the way ?

Cared for, watched over, though often thou
seemest

Justly forsaken, nor counted a child—
Loved and forgiven, though rightly thou deemest
Thyself all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

Weary and thirsty, no water-brook near thee,
Press on, nor faint at the length of the way ;
The God of thy life will assuredly hear thee ;
He will provide thee with strength for the day.

Break through the brambles and briers that obstruct thee,

Dread not the gloom and the blackness of night ;

Lean on the Hand that will safely conduct thee,

Trust to His eye to whom darkness is light.

Be trustful, be steadfast ; whatever betide thee,

Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord—

Grace to go forward wherever He guide thee,

Simply believing the truth of His word.

Still on thy spirit deep anguish is pressing—

Not for the yoke that His wisdom bestows ;

A heavier burden thy soul is distressing—

A heart that is slow in His love to repose ;

Earthliness, coldness, unthankful behavior ;

Ah, thou may'st sorrow, but do not despair ;

Even this grief thou may'st bring to thy Saviour,

Cast upon Him e'en this burden and care.

Bring all thy hardness—His power can subdue it ;

How full is the promise ! the blessing how free !

“ Whatsoever ye ask in My name I will do it ;”

“ Abide in My love, and be joyful in Me.”

" APPROVED IN CHRIST !"

" Salute Apelles, approved in Christ."—ROM. xvi. 10.

" APPROVED in Christ !" and is this all the
 Bible says of thee ?
 Well, 'tis enough ! Would that of us such words
 might spoken be !
 How sweet the blessed, holy thoughts which
 cluster round a name
 So dear to an apostle's heart, so little known to
 fame !
 Thy friends, like thee, were firm in faith and
 steadfast in their love ;
 They sought not the applause of men — their
 record is above ;
 And when our work on earth is done, be this our
 bless'd reward,
 To be as Paul's Apelles was—" approved " of
 the Lord !

ALONE WITH THEE!

ALONE with Thee, my God, alone with Thee!
Thus wouldst Thou have it still, thus let it
it be.

There is a secret chamber in each mind
Which none can find
But He who made it; none besides can know
Its joy or woe.
Oft may I enter it, oppress'd by care,
And find Thee there;
So full of watchful love, Thou know'st the why
Of every sigh:
Then all thy righteous dealings I shall see—
Alone with Thee, my God, alone with Thee!

The joys of earth are like a summer's day,
Fading away;
But in the twilight we may better trace
Thy wondrous grace.
The homes of earth are emptied oft by death
With chilling breath;

The loved departed guest may ope no more
 The well-known door ;
Still in that chamber seal'd Thou'lt dwell with
 me,
And I with thee, my God—alone with Thee !

The world's false voice would bid me enter not
 That hallow'd spot,
And earthly thoughts would follow on the track
 To hold me back,
Or seek to break the sacred peace within
 With this world's din ;
But by Thy grace I'll cast them all aside,
 Whate'er betide,
And never let that cell deserted be
Where I may dwell alone, my God, with Thee !

The war may rage ; keep Thou Thy citadel,
 And all is well.
And when I learn the fulness of Thy love
 With Thee above—
When every heart oppress'd by hidden grief
 Shall gain relief—
When every weary soul shall find its rest
 Amidst the blest,—
Then all my heart, from sin and sorrow free,
Shall be a temple meet, my God, for Thee !

JUST AS I AM.

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind—
Yea, all I need in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down ;
 Now to be Thine—yea, Thine alone—
 O Lamb of God, I come !



THANKSGIVING.



BATHED in the shoreless ocean of God's love,
 My spirit sits in happy peace above—
 Above the cares of earth, above her darkest days,
 And in a Saviour's listening ear sings the "new
 song" of praise—

Praise for the gift of gifts—Himself the cruci-
 fied ;
 Praise for the love that *so* loved us,—*for* us He
 came, He died ;

Praise that our restless souls at last have found
repose in Thee,

Praise for the goodness that hath set our earth-
bound spirits free ;

Praise for the trials of the way, praise for the
“ broken nest,”

Praise for the token and the sign that this is not
our rest ;

Praise that our restless hearts at length have
found repose in Thee,

Praise for the goodness that hath set our earth-
bound spirits free ;

Praise that Thy hand hath planted us within Thy
house, O Lord ;

Praise that by grace we daily come into Thy
courts, O God ;

Thanksgiving that we know full well each earthly
fetter broken,

Thanksgiving that no human spell, no human
language spoken,

Can for one moment come between

Our souls and Thine, Thou Nazarene !

THE BEST PROTECTION.

WHY those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship,
Spreads the sails that catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Could we stay where death is hovering?
Would we rest on such a shore?
No; the awful truth discovering,
We could linger there no more;
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.

Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone,
And to Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
Led by that, the storm defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

Render'd safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste ;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last,
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

Oh, what pleasures there await us !
There the tempests cease to roar,
There it is that those who love us
Shall rejoice with us once more.
Parting ceases
On that happy, happy shore.



MY MISSION HERE.

“**W**HAT is it?” asked a youth on whom the
light of genius shone,
Who had a form of strength and health and
vigor for his own ;
Who had a power to move and guide the in-
tellects of men,
A mighty influence over all who came within his
ken.

“Work,” was the answer, “with thy might ;
thy God requires of thee
That all thy powers at His command shall ever
ready be.”

“What is it?” asked a fragile girl ; and o’er her
eyes there stole
A thickening mist, that seem’d to shut the light
out from her soul ;
And all her life was mark’d by hours of agoniz-
ing pain,
And none was near to soothe and cheer and
bring the smile again.

“To suffer,” was the answer; and she calmly
took the cup,
And from a Father’s chastening hand drank all
its bitters up.

“What is it?” asked another; and he seem’d
to have a life
Of waiting for the answer. His was not the
battle’s strife;
He was not call’d to labor nor to suffer, as are
some:
Calmly or tranquilly his years would pass away
or come.
He only had to *live* and meet the *little* ills of
time,
With patience and contentment try to make *his*
life sublime.

“My mission?” ’Tis to do whate’er my Heav-
enly Father sends;
To fulfil the present duty with the present
strength He lends.
It may not be just what I wish, but then, since
He knows best,
Oh, let me strive to do His will, and leave with
Him the rest,

Assured that if He gives a life of labor or of
pain,
So it be sanctified by Him, I cannot live in vain.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have ever been before ;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne ;
Nearer the crystal sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross ;
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith ;
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shores of death ;

Let me feel Thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink,
For it may be I am nearer home—
Nearer now than I think.

THY WAYS, O LORD.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design
Are framed upon Thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of Thy love.

With feeble light and half obscure
Poor mortals Thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious, just and true.

Thy flock, Thy own peculiar care,
 Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
 They best and safest may abide.

They neither know nor trace the way,
 But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

My favor'd soul shall meekly learn
 To lay her reason at Thy throne ;
Too weak Thy secrets to discern,
 I'll trust Thee for my guide alone.

GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given,
And glows once more with angel-steps
 The path which reaches heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
 Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn-time
 Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarn'd us of decay ;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of the setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seem'd,
Eternal as the sky,
And like the brook's low sound her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deem'd she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a Shining One
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew,
And good thoughts, where her footsteps press'd,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look,

We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book ;

The measure of a blessed hymn
To which our hearts could move,
The breathing of an inward psalm—
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer
And by the hearth-fire's light ;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good-night."

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers—
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled,
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong ;

And grant that she, who trembling here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

TO JESUS, THE CROWN OF MY HOPE.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne !

My Saviour, whom, absent, I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power !—

Dissolve, then, these bonds that detain
My soul from its portion in Thee,
And strike off this adamant chain,
And set me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
When, array'd in Thy beauties, I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline,—

Oh then shall the veil be removed,
And round me new glories be pour'd !
I shall meet Thee whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored ;

And then nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which sadden this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose ;

Or, be they remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They'll be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Then the stroke that from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
That binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

BIRDS HAVE THEIR QUIET NESTS.

BIRDS have their quiet nests,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves to slumber o'er the voiceless deep ;
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep ;

The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed ;
All have their rest from care,
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

When, then, am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?—
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head!

Oh why sho 'd I have peace?
Why, but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not, cease
Until it made me heir of joys above?

Yes; but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face
That once was pale and agonized for me!

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour; in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head!

Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lovest—within
A heart that for Thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

“ All things work together for good to them that love God.”

HOW weary and how worthless this life at
times appears!

What days of heavy musings! what hours of
bitter tears!

How dark the storm-clouds gather along the
wintry skies!

How desolate and cheerless the path before us
lies!

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us
from above—

They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness
and love:

They come to teach us lessons which bright ones
could not yield,

And to leave us blest and thankful when their
purpose is fulfill'd.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and
our God,
More earnestly to seek His face, to listen to His
word,
And to feel, if now around us a desert land we
see,
Without that Star of Promise, what would its
darkness be !

They come to lay us lowly and humbled in the
dust,
All self-deception swept away, all creature hope
and trust ;
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness, to
own,
And flee for hope and refuge to Christ, and
Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain
us fast,
And force our long reluctant hearts to fly to
heaven at last,
And brighten every prospect of that eternal
home,
Where grief and disappointment and fear can
never come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary
heart, away,
But meekly journey onward through the dark
and cloudy day ;
E'en now the bow of promise is above thee
painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning will dissipate the
night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and, when He
sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee
bowers of rest ;
And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrim-
age is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys for
evermore.



BEREAVEMENT.

FLOW on, Thou fountain of my joy,
Through all the wilderness !
Thou seest what will work for good,
Thou knowest how to bless.
Get Thyself glory, O my God,—
Be praised in my distress !

Oh let Thy true, refining love
Its utmost pleasure see,
And lift not up Thy faithful hand,
Whate'er my cry may be,
Till I am strong for Thy renown,
And pure for use to Thee.

I know Thine eye has weigh'd the path
To Thy lost creature's bliss ;
No comfort could supply the need
Of grief so sore as this,
No joy could wake my heart so well
To Thy full preciousness.

Thou wast the Source of all that love
Which makes me glad no more,
And Thou hast taken to Thyself
What was Thine own before ;—
Thine and mine too, O good to give !
O faithful to restore !

That loving spirit is withdrawn
From every shade of sin,
And I, in sympathy with her,
A holier life begin.
Yes, to her new delight in Thee,
I, Lord, can enter in.

She with Thee, wheresoe'er Thou art,
In fellowship untold ;
She in Thee, living by my Bread,
My hope, my heart's stronghold !
Oh, 'tis a song for days of grief,
Whate'er their depths unfold !

As one whose mother comforts him,
I will lift up my head ;
No wound of Thine shall take the life
From words which Thou hast said,
And in the fulness of Thy truth
I *shall be* comforted.

THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fever'd brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm ;
Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name ;

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir ;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear ;—

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain ;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.



THE RESOLVE.

“Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward
receive me to glory.”—PSALM lxxiii. 24.

YES, Thou shalt guide me, kind and gentle
Father,

Through all this desert wild ;
I ask not for its brightest joys, but rather
That I may be Thy child.

I cannot go alone, unloved, untended,
Through life's untrodden way,
For oft into forbidden paths I've wended,
And still may go astray.

My future journey looks so dark and dreary,
Its hills so steep and long,
But oh, 'tis sweet, when very faint and weary,
To lean upon the Strong !

And though I cannot see a step before me,
Though clouds my pathway hide,
I fear not, while Thy love is shining o'er me,
My kind, unerring Guide !

And so I close my ear to other voices,
And hearken unto Thine ;
My spirit drinks Thy counsel and rejoices,
Tasting of life divine.

Earth's storms my fragile leaning-trusts are
flinging
Far from my grasp away,
But, closely to the "Rock of Ages" clinging,
My soul feels no dismay.

Then lead me on, dear Saviour, in thy kindness,
Through paths Thy feet have worn,
Unspotted by the world's deep sin and blindness,
Unto that glorious bourn

Where seraphs, crown'd with glory, will receive
me,
And take me to Thy breast,
No more to disobey, forget, or grieve Thee,
But bathe in perfect rest.



"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

NOT here ! not here ! not where the sparkling
waters

Fade into mocking sands as we draw near,
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters.

"I shall be satisfied," but oh not here !

Not here, where all the dreams of bliss deceive
us,

Where the worn spirit never gains its goal,
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve
us,

Across us floods of bitter memory roll !

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-toss'd currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the far country where our hearts abide ;
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us
Than these few words : "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied ! satisfied ! The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,
The silent love, that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds,—

Shall they be satisfied ? The soul's vague
longing,

The aching void, which nothing earthly fills ?
Oh, what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills !

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending ;
Saviour and Lord, with Thy frail child abide !
Guide me toward home where, all my wandering
ending,

I shall see Thee, and “ *shall be satisfied !* ”

ONE LONG, LONG DAY OF TOIL.

ONE long, long day of toil,
And a joy which will ne'er decline ;
One dark, dark night of storm,
And a sun which will never shine ;

One wide, wide sea to cross,
 To land on a glorious shore ;
One winter of frost and snow,
 And a spring that fades no more ;
One fierce, fierce war to wage,
 A victory sure to gain ;
One deep, deep river to pass,
 And the glorious gates attain.

No end to the toilsome day,
 Nor morn to the long dark night,
Would the weary pilgrim know,
 But for One who is *life* and *light*.
But for One who walk'd the sea
 When the stormy billows rose,
He never would gain the shore,
 Nor find the long-wish'd repose.
Unchanging, and still, and cold
 The winter of death would reign,
But for One who brought new spring
 And broke that icy chain.

The war which man must wage
 Is with enemies fierce and fell ;
The strong would yield but for One
 Whose arm can shield him well.

That arm of love and power
Bore the burden and heat of the day,
And pass'd through the night of storm,
To open the heavenward way.

OUR DAILY PATHS.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but
our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things and through
their lowly guise.
We may find it where a hedge-row showers its
blossoms o'er our way,
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last
red light of day.
We may find it where a spring shines clear be-
neath an aged tree,
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass borne
downward by the bee,
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen
stems is thrown,
As a soft wind, playing, parts the leaves in copses
green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they
 cross the cold blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencill'd
 shadows lie ;
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy
 frost-work bound,
Where the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of
 crystals to the ground.

Yes, beauty dwells in all our paths, but sorrow
 too is there,
And oft some cloud within us dims the bright,
 still summer air,
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the
 joyous things
That through the leafy places glance on many-
 colored wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy
 woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us
 in the glades ;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an
 echo's plaintive tone
Of voices and of melodies and of silvery laughter
 gone.

But are we free to do e'en thus—to wander as we
will,
Bearing sad visions through the grove and o'er
the breezy hill?
No; in our daily paths lie cares that ofttimes
bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden
day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts and
violet dingles back,
And from all lovely sounds and gleams in the
shining river's track;
They bar us from our heritage of spring-time,
hope, and mirth,
And weigh our burden'd spirits down with the
cumbering dust of earth.

Yet, should this be? Too much, too soon, de-
spondingly we yield—
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the
field—
A sweeter by the birds of heaven, which tell us
in their flight,
Of One that through the desert air for ever
guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts and bid
our conflicts cease ?

Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy
hours of peace,

And feel that by the lights and clouds through
which our pathway lies,

By the beauty and the grief alike, we are train-
ing for the skies !



MY SAVIOUR, ON THY WORD OF TRUTH.



MY Saviour, on Thy word of truth
In earnest hope I live ;
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.
I look for many a lesser light
About my path to shine,
But chiefly long to walk with Thee,
And only trust in Thine.

In holy expectation held,
Thy strength my heart shall stay,

For Thy right hand will never let
My trust be cast away.
Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet
In many a deadly strife,
By the stronghold of hope in Thee—
The hope of endless life.

Thou knowest that I am not blest
As Thou wouldst have me be—
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in Thee ;
And still I seek, 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexpress'd,
The comfort of Thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.

It is not as Thou wilt with me—
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust ;
Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,
The lowly and the meek,
That fulness which Thy own redeem'd
Go nowhere else to seek.

O THOU WHOSE GENTLY CHASTENING
HAND.

JOB x. 2.

O THOU whose gently chastening hand
In mercy deals the blow,
Make but Thy servant understand
Wherefore Thou lay'st me low !

I ask Thee not the rod to spare,
While thus Thy love I see ;
But oh let every suffering bear
Some message, Lord, from Thee !

Perhaps an erring wish I knew
To read my future fate,
And Thou wouldst say, "Thy days are few,
And vain thy best estate !"

Perhaps Thy glory seem'd my choice,
Whilst I secured my own ;
And thus my kind Reprover's voice
Tells me He works alone.

Oh, silence Thou this murmuring will,
Nor bid Thy rough wind stay,
Till with a furnace hotter still
My dross is purged away.

FATHER, I KNOW.

“My times are in Thy hand.”—PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord, on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful not to *serve* Thee *much*,
But to *please* Thee *perfectly*.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free,"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.



MILTON'S PRAYER.

I AM old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not that I no longer see ;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme ! to Thee.

All-merciful One !
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near ;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown ;

My vision Thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been ;
Wrapp'd in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen !

Visions come and go ;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture ; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit ; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

SAY, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter,
And oft I fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walk'd in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble;
They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie
With their white, pleading faces turned upward
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted—
We behold them anear and afar—
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

I think, were they trimm'd night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
The winds were all blowing about.

If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory should shine !

How all the dark places would brighten !
How the mists would roll up and away !
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millennial day !

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother ?
I pray you look quickly and see ;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beam would fall bright upon me.

UNCLE ISHAM,
A CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

ONE less is left to love us here—the good old
man is gone ;
But still he points us to the Rock he loved to
rest upon ;
One less to warn us what to do and what to leave
undone,
But still he animates our souls the Christian race
to run.

Through years he loved to labor as a happy child
loves play—
He loved the garden, loved the corn, and loved
the new-mown hay ;
He made a pet of everything by Nature's bounty
given ;
He look'd on Nature as herself the work and gift
of Heaven.

Through years we saw him daily fed by his own
household band,
His head stoop'd low to meet the cup in loving
childhood's hand ;
And by this utter helplessness we saw him sorely
tried,
Yet bow'd in sweet humility before the Cruci-
fied.

We saw him robed in holiness, we saw him fill'd
with love
For all who dwell beneath the skies, for Him
who reigns above.
Oh, how his soul was feasting on the bread of
life divine,
And drinking of the blessed cup that flows with
heavenly wine !

We saw him silent, fearing still to speak the
holy Name ;
But when the Spirit bade him spread abroad the
Saviour's fame,
We saw his wither'd arms upraised, we heard his
earnest prayer
That every soul upon the earth his Saviour's
grace might share.

We heard his gospel messages, we heard his
glorious psalm
Of "Praises! praises evermore to God and to
the Lamb!"
And in his silent ecstasies we saw the tear-drop
stand
In those dim eyes he could not reach with his
poor palsied hand.

His God has wiped those tears away; that hand
has power to hold
The waving palm of victory, the thrilling harp
of gold;
The brow that look'd all meekness here, now
wears a radiant crown,
That evermore before the throne of Glory boweth
down.

We miss him when we seem to tread the narrow
path alone,
We miss his fitly-spoken words, we miss their
touching tone;
For every chord within his breast was so attuned
by love,
We miss the music of his voice as we would miss
a dove.

We miss him when a blessing comes we wish
with him to share,
And when a fiery trial comes we miss his fervent
prayer ;
But, Saviour, when we draw toward *Thee*, his
words salute our ear :
“ We cannot get too near the Lord—we cannot
get too near ! ”

So, like some sweet, confiding child, he loved
on Thee to rest,
With Thy own robe of righteousness so folded
round his breast
That even Death's dread arrow fell so harmless
by his side,
We think of him as one who *lives*, and not as
one who died.

And when before the mercy-seat we sometimes
dare to kneel,
So poor in spirit that a sense of want is all we
feel,
The quickening Spirit bids us ask, “ Dear
Saviour, let us be
Still more like him, and then we shall be more
and more like Thee. ”

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow ;
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath roll'd and left its stain.

I have found the joy of heaven,
I am one of the angel band ;
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learn'd the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath made free,
And the glorious halls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin—no grief—no pain—
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all dead, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.
O friends of my former years,
The trusted and the true !
You're walking still in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Oh no !
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below
Till they meet and touch again.
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do ye mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky ?
Do ye weep when the voice of war
And the rage of conflict die ?
Then why should your tears roll down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven ?

WHAT THEN?

WHAT then? Why, then another pilgrim
song,
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long!),
And then a brook just where it is most
wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent,
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and
thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind;
A feverish sleep, a heart oppress'd and aching;
And then a little water-cruise to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire ;
I know there will be tears, and fears, and
sorrows,
And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, " I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins His pardoning
grace,
For all my wants and woes His loving kind-
ness ;
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my
blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim,
And then a deep and darkly-rolling river ;
And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile for ever and for ever.



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