



LIGHT
AT
EVENTIDE

The image features a highly decorative title 'LIGHT AT EVENTIDE' centered on a dark, textured background. The text is rendered in a classic serif font. 'LIGHT' is on the top line, 'AT' is in a small circle in the middle, and 'EVENTIDE' is on the bottom line. The text is framed by an intricate, symmetrical design. At the top, a floral garland with five-pointed flowers and leaves arches over the text. Below the text, two large, vertically oriented, almond-shaped medallions with internal geometric patterns flank a central circular element containing the word 'AT'. The bottom of the design is also adorned with floral motifs, including a central five-pointed flower and smaller ones on either side. The entire composition is framed by a decorative border with small, pointed ends.

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VOLUMES UNIFORM WITH

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

BY THE SAME EDITOR.

CHIMES FOR CHILDHOOD.

A Collection of Songs for Little Folks; with twenty Illustrations by MILLAIS, BIRKET FOSTER, and others. Cheap edition, 75 cts.; fine edition, on tinted paper, cloth, bevelled edges, \$1.50; full gilt, \$2.00.

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c.924A-

IGHT AT VENTIDE.

A COMPILATION OF CHOICE

RELIGIOUS HYMNS AND POEMS.

BY THE EDITOR OF

"CHIMES FOR CHILDHOOD," "ECHOES
FROM HOME," ETC.

BOSTON:

LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK:

LEE, SHEPARD AND DILLINGHAM.

PR1191
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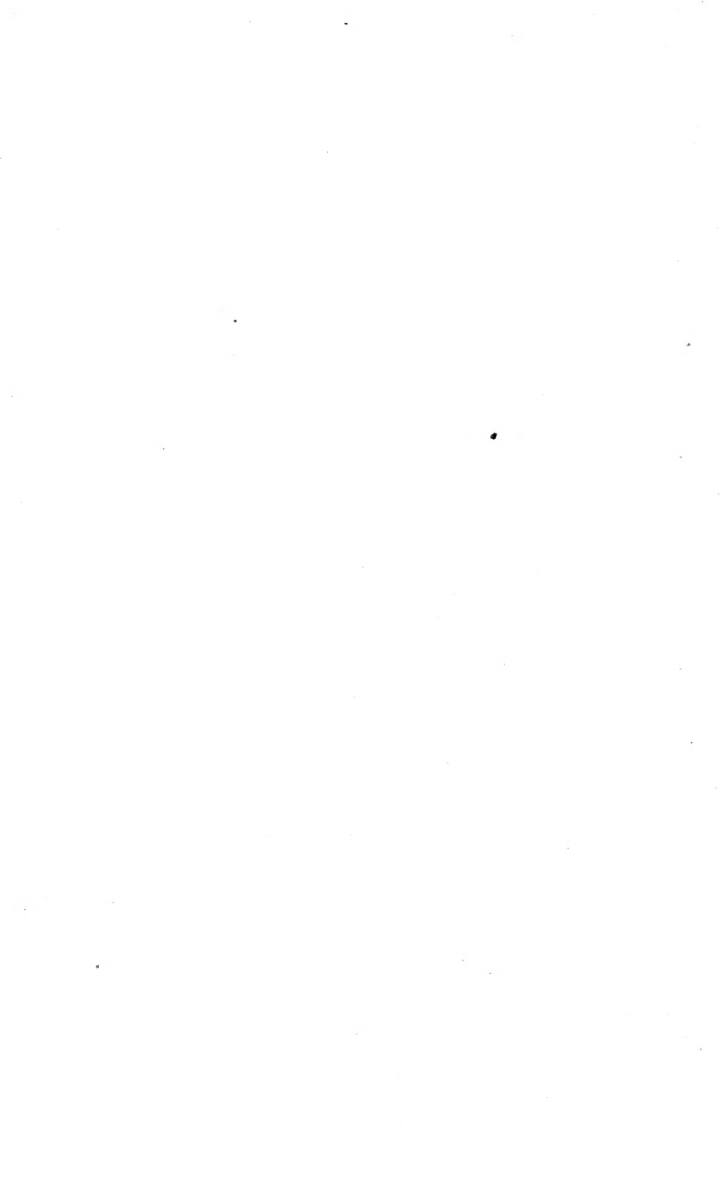
TO

MY MOTHER,

AND TO

MRS. DANIEL WILLIAMS,

WHO BY HER ADVICE AND COUNSEL IN GREAT MEASURE
SUPPLIED THE PLACE OF MOTHER TO ME, WHILE
ABSENT FROM HOME, AND SURROUNDED
BY THE TEMPTATIONS TO WHICH
YOUTH ARE SUBJECT.
MAY THE EVENTIDE OF THEIR LIVES BE ILLUMINED
BY THE LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE
WHO ALONE GIVETH PEACE.



PREFACE.

THE favor with which "CHIMES FOR CHILDHOOD" and "ECHOES FROM HOME" were received by the public and the press of the country, has induced the editor to add another volume to the series, hoping thereby to make the set a welcome guest at any fireside to which it finds its way. The editor has conscientiously endeavored to bring into the series something of interest and profit to all the members of the family, from the youngest to the oldest; and he hopes that the volume here offered may be of some use to those in the "eventide of life," by directing their thoughts to Him who is the "Light of life."

He would acknowledge his indebtedness to those who have allowed him to insert copyright pieces; and would state that where pieces have been selected from newspapers and magazines, in some cases he has been unable to find the names of the authors.

DANA ESTES.

DORCHESTER, 1870.

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LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

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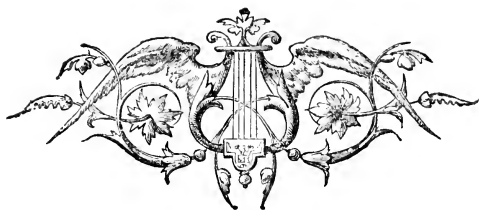
WHEN our aged sight is fading,
As from sky the light of day,
Comes the fear that, blindly groping
In the dark, we lose our way.

But when outward sight fast fails us,
Light of faith shall brightest glow,
And the soul that, sees the Father
Never more shall darkness know;

Never darkness, never doubting,
As we near the promised land;
Never fear lest we shall stumble
While He holds us by the hand;

Only peaceful, quiet waiting
For the rest in heavenly place,
And to see with sight perfected
Glory of the Father's face.

Louise Reid Estes.



THE RIVER PATH.



NO bird-song floated down the hill ;
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew ;
We felt the falling of the dew ;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side,
We saw the hill-tops glorified, —

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom ;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;



While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon, or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine
showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

“And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father! let thy light break through!

“So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

“So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth!

“And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!”

J. G. Whittier.

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.

* A very aged Christian, who was so poor as to be in an almshouse, was asked what he was doing now. He replied, “*Only waiting.*”



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

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose foot I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the 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 gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.



EVENING LIGHT.



BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The vesper-star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.



But soon the morning's happier light
 Its glory shall restore,
 And eyelids that are sealed in death
 Shall wake to close no more.

W. B. O. Peabody.



BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.



THE time for toil is past, and night is
 come, —

The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
 Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
 Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
 Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
 Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
 That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
 As with a heaviness of heart and brain; —
 Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless — yet their trifling
 weight
 Through all my frame a weary aching
 leaves;

For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
 And staid and toiled till it was dark and late —
 Yet these are all my sheaves!



Full well I know I have more tares than
wheat —

Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and
withered leaves ;

Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,

“ Master, behold my sheaves ! ”

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily

With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility, —

Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew ;

For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do —

And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Hymns of the Ages.



STARS OF THE NIGHT.



WHEN I behold the stars of night
That stud the sky with golden light,
Serene delight from heaven distils,
And peace divine my bosom fills.

And when their loving eyes meet mine,
I fain would rise to where they shine,
Behold their glory face to face,
And run with them their nightly race.

The moon, a beauteous silver boat,
On seas celestial seems to float ;
While marshalled hosts their order keep
To waft her through the silent deep.

Like watchmen, marching to and fro,
Around the world they gladly go ;
To souls distressed a comfort given,
To hopeful hearts a type of heaven.

But farewell now, ye stars of night,
In watch so true, in sheen so bright ;
While you aloft your vigils keep
I softly close my eyes in sleep.

William Arnot.



I LOVE THEE, O MY GOD!



I LOVE Thee, O my God! but not
For what I hope thereby;
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

I love Thee, O my God! and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because, my God, Thou art
Who first hast lovéd me!

For me, to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace;
For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself—all, all for me!
For me, Thine enemy!



Then shall I not, O Saviour mine!
 Shall I not love Thee well?
 Not with the hope of winning heaven,
 Nor of escaping hell;
 Not with the hope of earning aught,
 Nor seeking a reward;
 But freely, fully, as Thyself
 Hast lovéd me, O Lord!

So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
 And in Thy praise will sing;
 Solely because Thou art my God,
 And my eternal King.

St. Francis Xavier.



LIGHT THROUGH THE MIST.



NO sunset closed the dim gray day;
 The mist swept upward from the sea,
 And shrouded all things drearily;
 The light died down without a ray,
 And the night mingled with the mist,
 And there was darkness ere we wist.



And, as we went upon our way,
We could not see each other's face;
The homeward path we could not trace,
Though straight before our feet it lay;
It seemed (things loomed so strange and
vast)
An unknown land through which we
passed.

Still, step by step, we homeward drew,
And though I could not see Thy smile,
Yet beaming down on me the while,
Thy tender smile was there I knew,
And in the light of home anon,
Into my gladdened heart it shone.

Even so the mists of fear and doubt
Come sweeping upward from the sea
Of fathomless eternity,
Blotting earth's fairest features out,
And deepening with their blinding breath
The darkness of the night of death.

Yet, when the awful shadows loom,
When fades the Saviour's face of love,
When from our Father's house above
No home lights lead us through the gloom,
Still, step by step, in faith we fare;
The light we see not still is there.

I. C. Knox.



EVENTIDE LIGHT.



EARTH'S day is neither dark nor bright —
Now shining sun, now lowering sky ;
But on the promise I rely,
"At evening-time it shall be light."

When cherished stars are lost from sight,
How can I read amid the gloom
Which hovers darkly o'er the tomb,
"At evening-time it shall be light!"

Yes! for, methinks, I seem by night
To hear sweet music from afar,
Floating — as if, from vanished star —
"At evening-time it shall be light!"

And when dull faith is changed to sight,
When "dark" and "light" their conflict
cease,
Then shall I *know* these words of peace,
"At evening-time it shall be light!"

J. R. Macduff, D. D.

JESU! THE VERY THOUGHT OF
THEE.



JESU! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

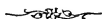
But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

Trans. by Rev. E. Caswall.

EVENING HYMN.



SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

—
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

—
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 on 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.
O! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

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

A moment's pause — and then a heavenly
 light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured
 sight,
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see —
One to whom all the others bowed 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 my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous 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 there was any here could ease my
 pain ;
 But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
 Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form en-
 twined,
 And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
 Wondering, I gazed ; and still I wondered
 more
 To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But O! 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 saddened
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 lightened eyes and willing
feet,

Again I turned, 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 confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And, as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.



But O! how different did it seem to be
 Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
 No longer could I unbelieving say,
 Perhaps another is a better way.

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

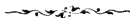
And so, what'er His love sees good to send,
 I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.



PER PACEM AD LUCEM.



I DO not ask, O Lord! that life may be
 A pleasant road;
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
 Aught of its load;
 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet;
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.
 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I plead:
 Lead me aright —
 Though strength should falter, and though
 heart should bleed —
 Through Peace to Light.



I do not ask, O Lord! that Thou shouldst
shed

Full radiance here ;

Give but a ray of Peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see, —

Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day, but Peace Divine
Like quiet night.

Lead me, O Lord! till perfect Day shall
shine,

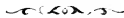
Through Peace to Light.

Adelaide A. Proctor.





AFTER CHASTENING COMETH
REST.



ALL can remember dark gloomy days,
When through the clouds ne'er pierced
the sun's rays
Until the hours of day were far spent ;
When it in glory behind the hills went.

All see around the dark dreary life
Of souls who toil 'mid sorrow and strife,
Whom God hath chastened, with troubles
sore,
Lives that with sadness seem brimming o'er.

E'en till the hours of life are all spent, —
Yet their dead faces beam with content :
Lit up by glimpses of angels blest, —
After the chastening cometh sweet rest.

Louise Reid Estes.

THE PRIDE OF LIFE.



O WHY should the spirit of mortal be
proud?

Like a fast-flitting meteor, or fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall
fade,

Be scattered 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 child whom a mother attended and loved ;
The mother that infant's affection who proved ;
The husband that mother and infant who blest,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow,
on whose eye,

Shone beauty and pleasure — her triumphs
are by ;

And the memory of those who loved her and
praised,

Are alike from the mind of the living erased.



The hand of the king who the sceptre hath
borne,
The brow of the priest who 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
to 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 and the
weed,
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even these we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.



For we are the same that our fathers have
been :

We see the same sights that our fathers have
seen, —

We drink the same stream, we feel the same
sun,

And we run the same course that our fathers
have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers
would think ;

From the death we are shrinking they too
would shrink ;

To the life we are clinging they too would
cling ;

But it speeds from the earth like a bird on
the wing.

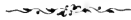
They loved, but their story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is
cold ;

They grieved, but no wail from their slumber
may come ;

They joyed, but the voice 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 dwellings a transient
abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrim-
age road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure
and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, and the song
and dirge,
Shall 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,
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud !





ABIDE WITH ME.



ABIDE with me! Fast falls the even-
tide ;
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, 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 !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me !

Come not in terrors as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea :
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with
me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse mean-
while,

Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, 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, O, abide with
me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy
victory?

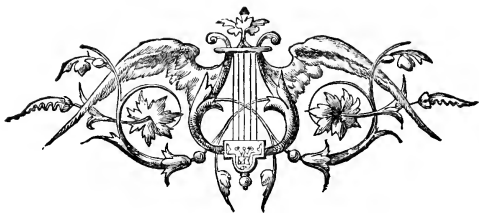
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies :

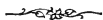
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

Henry Francis Lyte.



NEVER, NEVER.



EVENING shades fall fast around me ;
Cherished ones no more surround me ;
Gone forever ! —
“ I will never,
Never leave Thee, nor forsake ! ”

Voices hushed that once spoke gladness ;
Must I float in lonely sadness
Down Time's river ?
“ I will never,
Never leave Thee, nor forsake ! ”

Earth's most treasured joys may perish
From each gourd I fondly cherish,
Death may sever —
“ I will never,
Never leave Thee, nor forsake ! ”

F. R. Macduff, D. D.



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 travelled, '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 blesséd as
they stand,
Singing in the sunshine in the far off sinless
land :



O, 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 entered
long ago ;
One by one they left me struggling with the
foe ;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph
surer won,
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my
toil is done!

With them the blesséd 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 !

Dr. Thomas Guthrie.



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.



NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethels I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

And when, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

PECCATOR AD CHRISTUM.

MY spirit longeth for Thee
 To dwell within my breast,
 Although I am unworthy
 Of so divine a Guest !

Of so divine a Guest,
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet hath my heart no rest
 Until it come to Thee !

Until it come to Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found!

No rest is to be found,
But in thy bleeding love;
O, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

Brydges.

LABOR AND REST.

“**T**WO hands upon the breast,
And labor's done:
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won:
Two eyes, with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease:
Two lips, where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace.”
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

—
“Two hands to work addrest

Aye, for His praise :

Two feet that never rest,

Walking His ways :

Two eyes that look above

Still, through all tears :

Two lips that breathe but love,

Nevermore fears.”

So cry we afterwards, low on our knees

Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear
these !

Mrs. D. Mulock Craik.

—
CHRIST AT EMMAUS.
—

SWEET was your converse by the way,
Ye friends, and bright the Sabbath-day,
When, to Emmaus journeying on,
Ye met the Lord, though yet unknown.

Too soon drew near the Sabbath eve,
But still to Him ye fondly cleave,
Till, in the stranger at your board,
Your eyes behold the risen Lord.



Far spent is now the Sabbath-day,
 The shadows lengthen on the way;
 Draw near, O Lord, at eventide,
 And with me as my guest abide.

O lonesome is each way to me,
 If on that way I find not Thee,
 And dark the day that does not leave
 Some memories of Thy love at eve.

I know that Thou might'st stand aloof,
 Nor deign to come beneath my roof,
 Yet Thou at prayer's appeal wilt turn
 And make my heart within me burn.

Come to me, Lord, at eventide,
 Show me Thy piercéd hands and side,
 Thy vision shine upon the night,
 And be with me till morning light.



MODESTY OF LOVE.



WHEN Nature tries her finest touch
 Weaving her vernal wreath,
 Mark ye how close she veils her round,
 Not to be traced by sight or sound,
 Nor soiled by ruder breath?



Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair, —
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and, lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray —
A brighter star, a richer bloom,
Than e'er did western sky illumine
At close of summer day.

'Tis Love, the last best gift of Heaven;
Love, gentle, holy, pure;
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse rude earth;
How then should rash, intruding glance
Break in upon *her* sacred trance
Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least knows its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen —
As when, triumphant o'er His woes,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
By all but heaven unseen :

So, truest image of the Christ,
Old Israel's long-lost son,*
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He called his conscious brethren near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight —
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasure of delight?

No — let the dainty rose a while
Her bashful fragrance hide ;
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her, in her own soft noon,
To flourish and abide.

John Keble.

* Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother; and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber and wept there. — Gen. xliii. 30.



AT EVENTIDE.



THOU Infinitely Merciful!
Thy garment's hem in prayer we pull;
Bringing our burdens on our knees,
We take the hand that lends release:
Turn on us one forgiving look
Before this day shall close its book.

So yearningly we seek Thy face
When darkness is our dwelling-place.
Our foolish hearts, that daily roam,
Would nightly nestle with Thee at home.
Be with us here, and grant that we,
Hereafter, Lord, may be with Thee!

Father! our inmost parts lie bare
To Thine own purifying air;
We spread our stains out in Thy sight;
O, Sun of Purenness, turn them white:
And make our spirits clear as dew
For Thine own Self to lighten through.

Send down the Comforter, we plead,
For all who are in bitter need ;
Let homeless Hagar find, we pray,
Some well of succor by the way :
With the Angel of Thy Presence bless
Poor wanderers in the wilderness.

God keep our darlings safe this night,
Though scattered, *one* still in Thy sight !
Lead on by many ways, and past
All perils, till we join at last :
With us the broken links ; with Thee
The circle perfect endlessly.

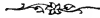
Now take us, Father, to Thy breast,
And still all troubled thoughts to rest ;
Thy watch and ward about us keep,
That tired souls may smile asleep,
And, having been in heaven a while,
May wake to-morrow with Thy smile !

Gerald Massey.





HYMN FOR NIGHT.



AFTER labor sweet is rest;
Gently the wearied eyelids close;
As an infant sleeps on his mother's breast,
The child of God may in peace repose.
Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.

He to whom darkness is as light,
Tenderly guards His slumbering sheep;
The Shepherd watches His flock by night,
The feeble lambs He will safely keep.
Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.

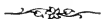
Death's night comes, — it may now be
near; —

Lord! if our faith be fixed on Thee,
O, how calm will that rest appear!

O, how sweet will the waking be!
Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.

A. L. O. E.

DAY BY DAY.



EVERY day has its dawn,
Its soft and silent eve,
Its noontide hours of bliss or bale, —
Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face
As beautiful as near;
Because it is so small a face
We will not see it clear:

We will not clasp it as it flies,
And kiss its lips and brow;
We will not bathe our wearied souls
In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain:
Though we would give our lives for it,
It never comes again.



Yet every day has its dawn,
 Its noontide and its eve;
 Live while we live, giving God thanks —
 He will not let us grieve.

Mrs. D. Mulock Craik.



EVEN ME.



LORD, I hear of showers of blessings
 Thou art scattering, full and free;
 Showers the thirsty soul refreshing —
 Let some droppings fall on me,
 Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father!
 Lost and sinful though I be;
 Thou mightst curse me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to Thee;
 Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
 When Thou callest, call for me,
 Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me,
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O, forgive and rescue me!
Even me.

Love of God! so pure and changeless;
Love of Christ! so rich and free;
Grace of God! so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even me.

Pass me not, Almighty Spirit!
Draw this lifeless heart to Thee;
Impute to me the Saviour's merit;
Blessing others, O, bless me!
Even me.



GETHSEMANE.



OVER Kedron Jesus treadeth
To his passion for us all;
Every human eye be weeping,
Tears of blood for Him let fall!
Round His spirit flock the foes,
Place their shafts and bend their bows,
Aiming at the Saviour solely,
While the world forsakes Him wholly.

David once, with heart afflicted,
Crossed the Kedron's narrow strand,
Clouds of gloom and grief about him,
When an exile from his land.
But, O Jesus! blacker now
Bends the cloud above Thy brow,
Hasting to death's dreary portals
For the shame and sin of mortals.

See how, anguish-struck, He falleth
Prostrate, and with struggling breath
Three times on His God He calleth,
Praying that the bitter death
And the cup of doom may go,
Till, replacing inward woe,
Angel comforts round Him gather —
"Not *My* will, but *Thine*, O Father!"

See how, in that hour of darkness,
 Battling with the evil power,
Agonies untold assail Him,
 On His soul their arrows shower ;
All the garden-flowers are wet
With the drops of bloody sweat
 From His anguished frame distilling —
 World's redemption thus fulfilling !

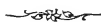
But, O flowers, so sadly watered
 By this pure and precious dew,
In some bless'd hour your blossoms
 'Neath the olive-shadows grew !
Paradise's gardens bear
Naught that can with you compare,
 For the blood thus sprinkled o'er ye
 Makes my soul the heir of glory.

When as flowers themselves I wither,
 When I droop and fade like grass,
When the life-streams through my pulses
 Dull and ever duller pass,
When at last they cease to roll,
Then, to cheer my sinking soul,
 Grace of Jesus, be Thou given ; —
 Source of triumph : pledge of heaven.

Bishop Thos. Kingo.



PATIENCE.



WHEN my heart is sore within
Through a hope of joy deferred,
When I cannot conquer sin,
Or my heart with pride is stirred,
Mix for me the needful cup,
Watch me till I drink it up.

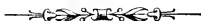
If this stubborn will of mine
Will not bow itself to Thee,
And I struggle and repine
At the yoke imposed on me,
Do not let me have my way ;
Kindly, firmly, say me nay.

And if patience may not come,
But through pain, and toil, and strife ;
If it be denied to some
Till the evening of their life,
Let me suffer what I may,
Still for patience will I pray.



Patience, Lord, is all I ask,
 Only give me rest in Thee!
 Here is strength for every task,
 This the life of liberty!
 As we trust Thee here below,
 Will our weight of glory grow.

A. W. T.



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 arméd 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 day begin again.

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

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour 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.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

CALLED BEFORE.



THE sound of weeping is silenced,
One by one the mourners have gone;
I am here alone in my chamber,
But my spirit maketh no moan.

From the pillow's departed the silver,
Of the lovely, soft, faded hair,
And flown is the radiance tender,
That dwelt on the face rested there.

This day the years have been sixty,
Since the radiance came to my life,
Begun with thee at God's altar,
With thee, — my God-given wife.

The full happy years have been sixty,
And my spirit maketh no moan,
That He who gave them hath called thee,
To come and dwell with His own.

The years of my life have been many,
And they cannot be many more,
So even though they be lonely,
I'm glad He hath called thee before.



For heaven holdeth more treasure,
 Than for me it e'er held of yore;
 And at its theshold thou'lt meet me,
 So I'm glad He hath called thee before.

Louise Reid Estes.



MY SOUL DOTTH WAIT.



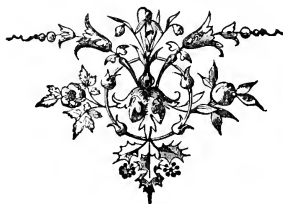
AS those that watch for the day
 Through the restless night of pain,
 When the first faint streaks of gray
 Bring rest and ease again, —
 As they turn their sleepless eyes
 The eastern sky to see,
 Long hours before sunrise,
 So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day
 Through the long, long night of grief,
 When the soul can only pray
 That the day may bring relief,
 When the eyes with weeping spent
 No dawn of hope can see,
 But the heart keeps watch intent,
 So waiteth my soul for Thee!

As those that watch for the day
Through that deepest night of all,
When trembling and sin have sway,
And the shades of Thy absence fall,
As they search through clouds of fear
The Morning Star to see,
And the Light of life appear,
So waiteth my soul for Thee !

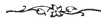
As those that watch for the day
And know the day will rise,
Though the weary hours delay,
And they pass under midnight skies,
Though the Sun of Righteousness
Only faith's clear eye can see,
Because Thou hast promised to bless,
Lord Jesus, I wait for Thee !

Christian Lyrics.





NEVER HASTING, NEVER RESTING.

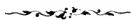


NEVER hasting, never resting,
With a firm and joyous heart,
Ever onward slowly tending,
Acting, aye, a brave man's part.

With a high and holy purpose,
Doing all thou hast to do ;
Seeking ever man's upraising,
With the highest end in view.

Undepressed by seeming failure,
Unelated by success ;
Heights attained, revealing higher,
Onward, upward, ever press.

Slowly moves the march of ages,
Slowly grows the forest king,
Slowly to perfection cometh
Every great and glorious thing.



Broadest streams from narrowest sources,
Noblest trees from meanest seeds,
Mighty ends from small beginnings,
From lowly promise, lofty deeds.

Acorns which the winds have scattered,
Future navies may provide ;
Thoughts at midnight whispered lowly,
Prove a people's future guide.

Such the law enforced by nature
Since the earth her course began ;
Such to thee she teacheth daily,
Eager, ardent, restless man.

"Never hasting, never resting,"
Glad in peace, and calm in strife ;
Quietly thyself preparing
To perform thy part in life.

Earnest, hopeful, and unswerving,
Weary though thou art, and faint,
Ne'er despair, there's One above thee
Listing ever to thy plaint.

Stumbleth he who runneth fast,
Dieth he who standeth still ;
Not by haste, nor rest can ever
Man his destiny fulfil.



“ Never hasting, never resting,”
 Legend fine, and quaint, and olden,
 In our thinking, in our acting,
 Should be writ in letters golden.



EVENING.



THE day, O Lord, is spent;
 Abide with us and rest;
 Our hearts' desires are fully bent
 On making Thee our Guest.

We have not reached that land,
 That happy land, as yet,
 Where holy angels round Thee stand,
 Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now;
 Our day is almost o'er;
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore.

John Mason Neale.

IS THIS ALL?



SOMETIMES I catch sweet glimpses of
His face,

But that is all.

Sometimes He looks on me and seems to
smile,

But that is all.

Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace,

But that is all.

Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice

Upon me call.

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke :

“Come unto me”?

Is there no deeper, more enduring rest,

In Him for thee?

Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?

O, come and see!

O, come and see! O, look, and look again!

All shall be right;

O, taste His love, and see that it is good,

Thou child of night.

O, trust Him, trust Him in His grace and
power,

Then all is bright!



Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy
thoughts,

But love His love!

Do thou full justice to His tenderness,

His mercy prove;

Take Him for what He is; O, take Him all,

And look above!

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage

And steadfast peace;

Thy love shall rest on His; thy weary doubts

Forever cease.

Thy heart shall find in Him, and in His
grace,

Its rest and bliss.

Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all

Forevermore!

Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways

Forevermore!

Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled
soul

Forevermore!

Bonar.



RECONCILED.



O YEARS gone down into the past,
What pleasant memories come to me,
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours of almost ecstasy!

Yet I would have no moon stand still,
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie;
Nor wheel the planet of the day
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though, when youthful pleasures died,
My youth itself went with them, too;
To-day, ay! e'en this very hour,
Is the best hour I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me
More blessings than in days gone by,
Dropping in my uplifted hands
All things for which I blindly cry;

But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim;
And where I cannot understand,
I trust the issues unto Him.



And spite of many broken dreams,
This have I truly learned to say —
Prayers which I thought unanswered once
Were answered in God's own best way.

And though some hopes I cherished once,
Perished untimely in their birth,
Yet I have been beloved and blest
Beyond the measure of my worth.

And sometimes in my hours of grief
For moments, I have come to stand
Where, in the sorrows on me laid,
I felt the chastening of God's hand; —

Then learned I that the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms;
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the shepherd's arms.

And, sitting by the wayside blind,
He is the nearest to the light,
Who crieth out most earnestly,
"Lord, that I might receive my sight!"

O feet grown weary as ye walk,
When down life's hill my pathway lies,
What care I while my soul can mount,
As the young eagle mounts the skies?



O eyes, with weeping faded out,
What matters it how dim ye be?
My inner vision sweeps untired
The reaches of eternity !

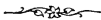
O death, most dreaded power of all,
When the last moment comes, and thou
Darkenest the windows of my soul,
Through which I look on nature now ;

Yea, when mortality dissolves,
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed?
My house eternal in the heavens,
Is lighted by the smile of God !

Phæbe Cary.



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 O! 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.

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.

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*.

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.

Adelaide L. Newton.

COMFORT BY THE WAY.



I JOURNEY through a desert drear and
wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts be-
guiled
Of Him on whom I lean — my strength and
stay —
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love ! the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-
place ;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more
bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears !
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and patient grace
I love again, and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of His glory ! on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays ;
Beacon of hope ! which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed
eye.



Thoughts of His coming! For that joyful
 day
 In patient hope I watch, and wait, and
 pray;
 The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows
 flee,
 And what a sunrise will that advent be!

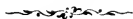
Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
 My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
 Of Him on whom I lean — my strength, my
 stay —
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.



SWEET IS THE SOLACE.



SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
 My heavenly Friend, to me,
 As through the hidden way of faith
 I journey home with Thee,
 Learning by quiet thankfulness
 As a dear child to be.



Though from the shadow of Thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away ;
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beside Thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith,
And feel my safety in Thy hands
From every kind of death.

Lord, there is nothing in the world
To weigh against Thy will ;
E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil,
And when the pleasant morning dawns
I find Thee with me still.

No other comforter I need,
If Thou, O Lord, be mine ;
Thy rod will bring my spirit low,
Thy fire my heart refine,
And cause me pain that none can heal
With other love than Thine.



Thus in the secret of my soul,
 Though hosts my peace invade,
 Though through a waste and weary land
 My lonely way be made,
 Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me,—
 I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
 I would a while abide;
 Till with the solace of Thy love
 My heart is satisfied,
 And all my hopes of happiness
 Stay calmly at Thy side.

Miss A. L. Waring.

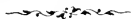


COME UNTO ME.



ART thou weary? art thou languid?
 Art thou sore distress?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
 Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him?
 If He be my guide,
 "In His hands and feet are wound-prints,
 And his side."



Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Tending, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,
Answer, YES!"

Stephen the Sabaite.



THE LIFTING OF THE VEIL.



BETWEEN the *here* and the *hereafter*,
Heaven's repose and earthly strife,
Hangs a mystic screen dividing
Soul from soul and life from life.
Soft as dew falls on the waters,
Or the mist o'er mount and dale,
Soundless as the buds unfolding,
Is the lifting of the veil.

When we pine with restless yearning,
Some long vanished form to view,
Seems the veil a luminous ether,
Saintly faces shining through.
We can almost catch the whispers,
Sweet as sighs of summer gale,
Almost see the beckoning fingers
And the lifting of the veil.

Yet when all the soul is weary
Of life's turmoil, pain, and whirl,
Till we strive to rend the curtain
Lo! we beat but walls of pearl.



We have missed the crystal doorways,
Or the keys celestial fail;
And we stand without, impatient
For the lifting of the veil.

When the face we love grows pallid,
Purer, clearer, day by day,
Till we see the Spirit's lustre
Shining through its tent of clay;
When the jewel leaves the casket,
How we shudder, weep, and wail
At the angels' noiseless beckoning,
At the lifting of the veil.

To the Infinite Creator
The grand universe is one;
For blue corridors are linking
Sea, and sky, and stars, and sun;
It is all the Father's mansion,
And the loved our hearts bewail,
Did but reach an *inner* chamber
At the lifting of the veil.

Though we may not hear their footsteps,
As they journey to and fro
Through the hidden, shining chambers
Noiseless as the fallen snow;
Though we may not see their vestments,
Silvery pure as moonbeams pale,
We shall meet them, fair as morning,
At the lifting of the veil.



With His visible works so mighty,
 With such splendors spread abroad,
 What must be the *secret places*
 Of this palace of our God?
 Not with anguish, not with weeping,
 But with rapture should we hail
 Every beckoning of the angels,
 Every lifting of the veil.

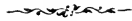


SUNDAY.



O DAY most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with His blood;
 The couch of time; care's balm and bay:
 The week were dark but for Thy light,
 Thy Torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one man; whose face Thou art,
 Knocking at Heaven with thy brow;
 The worky-days are the back part;
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,
 Till thy release appear.



Man had straightforward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which Heaven's palace archéd lies;
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room, with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders,
In God's rich garden, that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His;
That, as each beast His manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.



The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove,
With the same shake, which at His Passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our
salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence ;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
And where the week days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth ;
O, let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to Heaven !

George Herbert.



THE WAY IS DARK, MY FATHER.



THE way is dark, my Father! cloud on
cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom,
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight

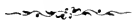
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Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,  
 Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,  
     And from the night .  
     Lead up to light  
     Thy child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night  
 Darker to me than day? In me is light!  
 Keep close to me, and every spectral band  
 Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,  
     And through the night  
     Lead up to light  
     My child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul  
 Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:  
 While yet I journey through this weary land,  
 Keep me from wandering. Father, take my  
     hand;  
     Quickly and straight  
     Lead to heaven's gate  
     Thy child!

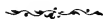
The way is long, my child! But it shall be  
 Not one step longer than is best for thee;  
 And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt  
     stand  
 Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,  
     And quick and straight  
     Led to heaven's gate  
     My child!



The path is rough, my Father! Many a  
thorn  
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn  
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy  
command  
Bids me press forward. Father, take my  
hand;  
Then, safe and blest,  
Lead up to rest  
Thy child!

The path is rough, my child! But O! how  
sweet  
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,  
When thou shalt reach the borders of that  
land,  
To which I lead thee as I take thy hand,  
And, safe and blest,  
With me shall rest  
My child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne  
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn  
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land  
Where crowns are given. Father, take my  
hand,  
And, reaching down,  
Lead to the crown  
Thy child!

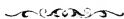


The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was  
 One  
 Who bore a heavier for thee, my Son,  
 My well beloved! For Him bear thine;  
 and stand  
 With Him at last, and from thy Father's  
 hand,  
 Thy cross laid down,  
 Receive a crown,  
 My child.

*H. N. C.*



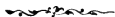
## NOTHING BUT LEAVES.



**N**OTHING but leaves: the spirit grieves  
 Over a wasted life.  
 Sins committed while conscience slept;  
 Promises made, but never kept;  
 Hatred, battle, and strife —  
 Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves: no garnered sheaves  
 Of life's fair ripened grain;  
 Words, idle words, for earnest deeds.  
 We sow our seed — lo! tares and weeds:  
 Go reap with toil and pain  
 Nothing but leaves.





Nothing but leaves : memory weaves  
No veil to sever the past ;  
As we return our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day,  
We find sadly, at last,  
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,  
Bearing our withered leaves?  
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit :  
We stand before Him, humbled, mute,  
Waiting the word He breathes —  
Nothing but leaves.



COMETH SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.



COMETH sunshine after rain ;  
After mourning, joy again ;  
After heavy, bitter grief,  
Dawneth surely sweet relief :  
And my soul, who, from her height,  
Sank to realms of woe and night,  
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

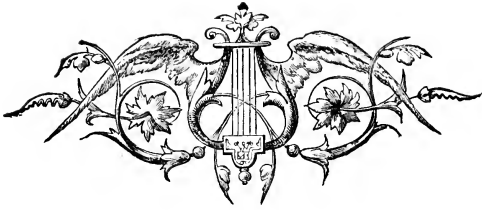


He, whom this world dares not face,  
Hath refreshed me with His grace,  
And His mighty hand unbound,  
Chains of hell about me wound;  
    Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,  
    Since His mercy, like a flood,  
    Poured o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,  
Keen regret my heart hath torn,  
Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,  
Satan blinded me with lies:  
    Yet at last am I set free;  
    Help, protection, love, to me  
    Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,  
Ne'er with shame was turned away,  
He who gave himself to God,  
And on Him had cast a load;  
    Who in God his hope hath placed,  
    Shall not life in pain outwaste;  
    Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

*Paul Gerhardt.*

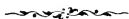


GOD IS LOVE.

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**L**OVE in all its depth and height,  
I will sing and never weary —  
Love which maketh life so bright,  
And the drooping heart so cheery —  
Love whose fountain is with God,  
And whose streams in Christ descending,  
Flow where'er His footsteps trod,  
With all human blessings blending.

Sunbeams dancing on the sea,  
South wind blowing o'er the meadow,  
Bird and blossom on the tree,  
Summer shine and summer shadow —  
Outward glancings of the Love  
That within in fadeless beauty  
Lights and leads my steps above,  
Up the rugged paths of duty.



Love! my God and King Thou art!  
 Ever will I bow before Thee:  
 Ever shall this grateful heart  
 Own Thy kingdom and adore Thee;  
 Neither life nor death can e'er  
 From Thy love, my Saviour, sever;  
 Love hath made the sinner dear,  
 And that love endureth ever.



## NEAR SHORE.



**T**HE seas of thought are deep and wide;  
 Let those who will, O friend of mine,  
 Sail forth without a chart or guide,  
 Or plummet-line;

A blank of waters all around, —  
 A blank of azure overhead, —  
 An infinite of nothing found,  
 Whence faith has fled.

The Name that we with reverence speak,  
 Echoes across those wastes of thought;  
 But they who go far off to seek,  
 They hear it not.

The shores give back its sweetest sound  
From rivulet cool, and shadowed rock,  
And voices that calm hearths surround  
With friendly talk.

Earth is our little island home,  
And heaven the neighboring continent,  
Whence winds to every inlet come  
With balmiest scent.

And tenderest whispers thence we hear  
From those who lately sailed across ;  
They love us still ; since heaven is near,  
Death is not loss.

From mountain slopes of breeze and balm,  
What melodies arrest the ear !  
What memories ripple through the calm !  
We'll keep near shore.

By sweet home instincts wafted on,  
By all the hopes that life has nursed,  
We hasten where the loved have gone,  
Who landed first.

If God be God, then heaven is real ;  
We need not lose ourselves and Him  
In some vast sea of the ideal,  
Dreamy and dim.

He cheats not any soul. He gave  
Each being unity like His  
Love, that links beings, He must save ;  
Of Him it is.

Dear friend, we will not drift too far  
'Mid billows, fogs, and blinding foam,  
To see Christ's beacon-light — the star  
That guides us home.

Moving toward heaven, we'll meet half-way  
Some pilot from that unseen strand ;  
Then, anchoring safe in perfect day,  
Tread the firm land.

Then onward and forever on  
Toward summits piled on summits bright.  
The lost are found, and we have won  
The Land of Light !

God is that country's glory : He  
Alike the confidence is found  
Of those who try th' uncertain sea  
Or solid ground.

Yet we, for love of those who bend  
From yon clear heights, passed on before  
To wait our coming — we, dear friend,  
Will keep near shore.

*Lucy Larcom.*

COME, JESUS, WITH THE COMING  
NIGHT.



COME, Jesus, with the coming night,  
Refresh and cheer my weary heart;  
At evening-time it shall be light,  
If Thou art near, though day depart.

Welcome this shade that brings release  
From hurrying labor's noise and strife;  
That calls from restless thought to cease,  
And calms the throbbing pulse of life.

From tedious toil, from anxious care,  
Dear Lord, I turn again to Thee;  
Thy presence and Thy smile to share,  
Makes every burden light to me.

With Thee, of all sad thoughts beguiled,  
Peace nestles in my tranquil breast;  
And like a pleased and happy child,  
In Thy kind arms I sink to rest.

Till night's dark watches all are gone,  
O faithful Shepherd, guard my sleep;  
And, when yon mountains greet the dawn,  
Give strength my heavenward way to keep.

*Ray Palmer.*

## BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.



**B**EYOND these chilling winds and gloomy  
skies,

Beyond death's cloudy portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies,  
And love becomes immortal, —

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,  
Whose fields are ever vernal ;  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
But bloom for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,  
How bright and fair its flowers ;  
We may not hear the songs that echo there,  
Through these enchanted bowers ;

The city's shining towers we may not see  
With our dim earthly vision ;  
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key  
That opes the gates elysian ;

But sometimes when adown the western sky  
The fairy sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by silent fingers.





And while they stand a moment half ajar,  
 Gleams from the inner glory  
 Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,  
 And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!  
 Father, all-wise, eternal,  
 Guide, guide these wandering, wayworn feet  
 of mine  
 Into those pastures vernal.

*N. A. W. Priest.*



## THANKFULNESS.



**M**Y God, I thank Thee who hast made  
 The earth so bright;  
 So full of splendor and of joy,  
 Beauty, and light;  
 So many glorious things are here,  
 Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
 Joy to abound;  
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
 Circling us round,  
 That in the darkest spot of earth  
 Some love is found.



I thank Thee *more* that all our joy  
Is touched with pain ;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;  
That thorns remain ;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
Yet all with wings,  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things !

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store ;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more ;  
A yearning for a deeper peace  
Not felt before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest—  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesu's breast.

*Adalaide A. Proctor.*



## THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.



**T**HE Shadow of the Rock!  
Stay, Pilgrim, stay!  
Night treads upon the heels of day;  
There is no other resting-place this way.  
The Rock is near,  
The well is clear—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!  
The desert wide  
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,  
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.  
The sun is gone,  
Thou art alone—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!  
All come alone;  
All, ever since the sun hath shone,  
Who travelled by this road have come alone.

~~~~~

Be of good cheer —
A home is here —
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
Night veils the land ;
How the palms whisper as they stand !
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand !
Cool water take
Thy thirst to slake —
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
Abide ! Abide !
This Rock moves ever at thy side,
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.
Ages are laid
Beneath its shade —
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
Always at hand,
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.
It comes in sight
Only at night —
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
'Mid skies storm-riven



It gathers shadows out of heaven,
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.

Through the charmed air

Dew falls not there —

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

To angels' eyes

This Rock its shadow multiplies,

And at this hour in countless places lies.

One Rock, one shade,

O'er thousands laid —

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

To weary feet,

That have been diligent and fleet,

The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.

O weary, rest !

Thou art sore pressed —

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

Thy bed is made ;

Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid

This night beneath the self-same placid shade.

They who rest here

Wake with Heaven near —

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !



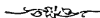
The Shadow of the Rock !
 Pilgrim ! sleep sound ;
 In night's swift hours with silent bound,
 The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,
 Gaining more way
 By night than day —
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !
 One day of pain,
 Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,
 Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain,
 And only wake
 In Heaven's daybreak —
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

Faber.



HE GIVETH HIS BELOVÉD SLEEP.



OF all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward into souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if there any is,
 For gift or grace surpassing this —
 "He giveth His belovéd sleep"?



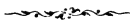
What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake :
He giveth His belovéd sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the heavy slumber when
He giveth His belovéd sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delvéd gold, the wailer's heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovéd sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap ;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His belovéd sleep.

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,



And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear o'er her must fall!
 'He giveth His belovéd sleep.'"

Mrs. E. B. Browning.



THY WAY, NOT MINE.

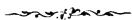


THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.



Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

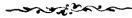
H. Bonar.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



INTO a desolate land,
White with drifted snow,
Into a weary land
Our truant footsteps go :
Yet doth Thy care, O Father,
Ever Thy wanderers keep ;
Still doth Thy love, O Shepherd,
Follow Thy sheep.



Over the pathless wild,
 Do I not see Him come?
 Him who shall bear me back,
 Him who shall lead me home?
 Listen! between the storm-gusts
 Unto the straining ear,
 Comes not the cheering whisper,
 "Jesus is near"?

Over me He is bending!
 Now I can safely rest,
 Found at the last, and clinging
 Close to the Shepherd's breast:
 So let me lie till the fold-bells
 Sound on the homeward track,
 And the rejoicing angels
 Welcome us back.

W. E. Littlewood.



ADORATION.



I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
 For I have none to give;
 I love Thee, Lord; but all the love is Thine,
 For by Thy life I live.



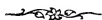
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside ;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the blest abide, —
Fountain of life, and all-abiding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

Madame Guyon.



CHRIST THE REFUGE.



TOSSING in dreamy sleep,
Rocked on the foam,
Sad and sick, weak and worn,
Far from his home,
Sighs the lone wanderer,
Seeking, in vain,
Rest from his weariness,
Ease from his pain.

So Christ, the sinner's friend,
Mighty to save,
Slumbered once, wearily,
Tossed on the wave,

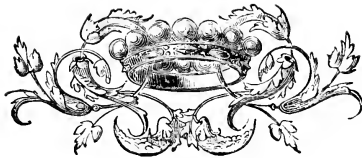
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Slept as the innocent  
Only can sleep, —  
Slept till the wind arose  
O'er the wild deep.

Then, from His slumber roused,  
Calmly He spoke,  
While o'er the vessel's deck  
Rude billows broke.  
"Wild winds and stormy waves,  
Peace, peace, be still," —  
Wild winds and stormy waves  
Bowed to His will.

We are the wanderers,  
Rocked on the foam,  
Sad and sick, weak and worn,  
Far from our home,  
Sighing and lonely,  
Seeking in vain  
Rest from our weariness,  
Ease from our pain.

Speak to our troubled hearts,  
Saviour divine,  
Say to the tired and weak,  
"Peace, thou art mine."  
Glad, to this sheltering Rock,  
Dear Lord, we flee.  
None ever sought in vain  
Refuge in Thee.



## CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.



**H**OPE of those that have no other,  
Left for life by father, mother,  
All their dearest lost or taken,  
Only not by Thee forsaken ;  
Comfort Thou the sad and lonely,  
Saviour dear, for Thou canst only.

When the glooms of night are o'er us,  
Satan in his strength before us ;  
When despair, and doubt, and terror  
Drag the blinded heart to error ;  
Comfort Thou the poor and lonely,  
Saviour dear, for Thou canst only.

By Thy days of earthly trial,  
By Thy friend's foreknown denial,  
By Thy cross of bitter anguish,  
Leave not Thou Thy lambs to languish :  
Comforting the weak and lonely,  
Lead them in Thy pastures only.



Sick with hope deferred, or yearning  
 For the never-now-returning,  
 When the glooms of grief o'ershade us,  
 Thou hast known, and Thou wilt aid us!  
 To Thine own heart take the lonely,  
 Leaning on Thee, only, only.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*



## THE GUIDING HAND.



**I**S this the way, my Father? 'Tis, my  
 child;  
 Thou must pass through this tangled, dreary  
 wild,  
 If thou wouldst reach the city undefiled,  
 Thy peaceful home above.

But enemies are round! Yes, child, I know  
 That where thou least expect'st thou'lt find a  
 foe;  
 But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below,  
 Only seek strength above.

My Father, it is dark! Child, take my hand,  
 Cling close to me; I'll lead thee through the  
 land;

Trust my all-seeing care ; so shalt thou stand  
'Midst glory bright above.

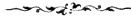
My footsteps seem to slide ! Child, only raise  
Thine eye to me, then in these slippery ways  
I will hold up thy goings ; thou shalt praise  
Me for each step above.

O Father, I am weary ! Child, lean thy head  
Upon My breast. It was My love that spread  
Thy rugged path ; hope on, till I have said,  
"Rest, rest for aye, above."

  
A PRESENT HELP.

**W**E may not climb the heavenly steps  
To bring the Saviour down ;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depth can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He ;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.



The healing of His seamless dress  
 Is by our beds of pain ;  
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
 And we are whole again.

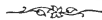
Through Him the first fond prayers are said  
 Our lips of childhood frame,  
 The last low whispers of our dead  
 Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all !  
 Whate'er our name or sign,  
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
 We test our lives by Thine.

*John G. Whittier.*



## VESPER HYMN.



**A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,  
 We gather in these hallowed walls ;  
 And vesper hymn and vesper prayer  
 Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release  
 Here find the rest of God's own peace ;



And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,  
Lay down their burden and their care!

O God, our light! to Thee we bow;  
Within all shadows standest Thou;  
Give deeper calm than night can bring,  
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,  
We cannot at the shrine remain;  
But in the spirit's secret cell  
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

## LAND OF BEAUTY.

THERE'S a land of peerless beauty,  
And of glory all untold,  
Where no shadow ever falleth,  
Where no sunny face grows old;  
Where the crystal river floweth,  
With the tree upon its banks,  
And with love each bosom gloweth,  
In the bright celestial ranks.



O, to reach that land of gladness,  
Be it all my soul's desire!  
Amid scenes of joy or sadness,  
Upward still I would aspire.  
Brief the pang my heart that rendeth,  
Brief the joy that swells it here;  
But the rapture never endeth,  
Of that pure and blesséd sphere.

There is Jesus, my Redeemer,  
With the many crowns He wears,  
And the scars of earthly wounding,  
Precious tokens which He bears;  
There the angels, all so glorious,  
In the outer circle stand,  
While the souls by faith victorious,  
Are a nearer, dearer band.

Then, while months and years are taking  
Like a dream their flight away,  
If they bring me but the breaking  
Of the one eternal day,  
I will not regret their fleetness,  
Nor hold fast to things below;  
I will only ask a meetness  
For the bliss to which I go.

## THE WAY IS LONG AND DREARY.



**T**HE way is long and dreary,  
The path is bleak and bare;  
Our feet are worn and weary,  
But we will not despair.  
More heavy was Thy burden,  
More desolate Thy way;  
O Lamb of God, who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Have mercy on us!

The snows lie thick around us,  
In the dark and gloomy night;  
And the tempest wails above us,  
And the stars have hid their light;  
But blacker was the darkness  
Round Calvary's Cross that day.  
O Lamb of God, that takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Have mercy on us!

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,  
Heavy and hard to bear;  
For we dread the bitter morrow,  
But we will not despair:  
Thou knowest all our anguish,

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And Thou wilt bid it cease, —
 O Lamb of God who takest
 The sin of the world away,
 Give us Thy peace!

Adelaide A. Proctor.

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THE LOT OF LIFE.

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I KNOW not if the dark or bright
 Shall be my lot;
 If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain;
 Or day and night my meat be tears,
 On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee;
 Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine,
 And on the helm there rests a Hand
 Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land:
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

Dean Alford.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows
low;
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely
know,
Who would not go?

— — — — —

Might we but hear
 The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
 Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and
 clear,
 One radiant vista of the realm before us —
 With one rapt moment given to see and
 hear,
 Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
 To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
 Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
 To gaze in eyes that here were love-lit only —
 This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
 Who would endure?

Edmund C. Stedman.

— — — — —

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

— — — — —

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

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
 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 O! in spite of past or present care,
 Or anything beside — how joyfully
 Passes that silent, 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?



“THY WILL BE DONE.”



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

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still, and murmur not;



And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I have but yielded what was Thine.
"Thy will be done!"

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Let 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 mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

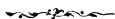


“TAKE UP THY CROSS, AND
FOLLOW ME.”



THE way seems long, dear Leader, and
my feet
Are weary, pressing oft these thorns; 'twere
sweet,
Methinks, to rest, — this heavy cross remove.
“Thou surely need'st not thus My love to
prove.
Rest not, weak heart, nor lay thy burden
down,
For earth's short rest, wouldst lose thy heav-
enly crown?”

The way is dark, dear Leader; mists arise
That hide Thy blesséd presence from my
eyes;
I stumble on this lonely mountain wild:
O loving Father! spare me, spare Thy child.
“Dost hear My voice? Then follow as I
bade:
Thou'rt safe, if firm on Me thy trust is
stayed.”



But I am faint, dear Leader, and I sink ;
 "My steps are well nigh gone;" upon the
 brink

I helpless fall, — put forth Thy mighty power,
 And save me, loving Father, in this hour.

"Drink freely of the brook that floweth by,
 Then lift thy head, thy Leader still is nigh."

And must it thus, dear Leader, ever be?

And may we here no resting-place e'er see?
 Though faint and weary, light or dark the
 way,

Press forward e'er, to reach heaven's blesséd
 day?

"Enough that, as the Master, thou shouldst
 live;

Faithful to death, thou shalt the crown re-
 ceive."

Onward, dear Jesus! safely by Thee led,

"Faint, yet pursuing," still the path I'll tread ;
 Gird me with strength, then e'er my prayer
 shall be,

"Father, e'en so it seemeth good to Thee ;"

"And as thy days thy strength shall ever be,
 While heaven's eternal glory waiteth thee."

F. R. Whiton.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I
GLORY.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

H. Bonar.

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.



BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is
strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's
longest ;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor,
The rest that remaineth will be forever.

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 forever.

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

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.*

“BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK!”

KNOCKING, knocking, ever knocking!
Who is there?

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly;
Never such was seen before;
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder
Undo the door.

No! that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
Bid Him go.

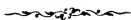
Wherefore, with that knocking dreary,
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
Say Him — no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
What! Still there?

O, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crownéd hair;
And those eyes, so strange and tender,
Waiting there.

Open! Open! Once behold Him —
Him so fair!

* Suggested by Hunt's picture of the "Light of the World."



Ah, that door! Why wilt Thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many-fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years, and years before,
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking, knocking! What? Still knock-
ing,
 He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning—
In my heart a drear complaining,
 And a chilly, sad unrest!
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
 Give me rest:
 Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure—
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure—
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping;
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over,—
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
 So, as wondering we behold,
 Grows the picture to a sign,
 Pressed upon your soul and mine;
 For in every breast that liveth
 Is that strange mysterious door;
 The forsaken and betangled,
 Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
 Dusty, rusty, and forgotten,
 There the piercéd hand still knocketh,
 And with ever patient watching,
 With the sad eyes true and tender,
 With the glory-crownéd hair, —
 Still a God is waiting there.

H. Beecher Stowe.

MIDNIGHT WORSHIP.

“O UNSLEEPING! ever keeping
 Faithful watch about my bed,
 O'er me bending, and defending
 From all ill my weary head;
 Now each restless thought composing,
 And in peace these eyelids closing,
 Father, keep my soul,” I said.



Thou didst hear me, Thou art near me,
Waking at this midnight hour;
Changing never, loving ever,
Thou art my defence, and tower;
Thoughts of Thee dispel all sadness,
Thoughts of Thee give strength and glad-
ness,
And I rest upon Thy power.

Purely glowing, stars are throwing
Glad rays through the solemn night,
Ever gleaming, as if beaming,
With Thy glory on my sight,
By their order and their beauty,
Thou dost teach me love and duty,
Bid me shine with virtue's light.

Praises bringing, upward springing,
Mounts my quickened soul to Thee;
Hope fulfilling, passion stilling,
Thou dost come, my God, to me!
And in holy, sweet communing,
All my noblest powers attuning,
Thou dost teach me Thine to be.

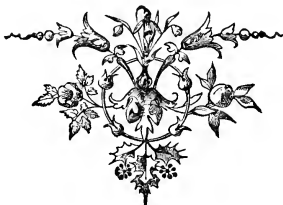
Nightly waking, from me shaking
Slumbers soft, I will arise;
Bowing lowly, O Most Holy,
I will lift to Thee mine eyes;
So shall speed my warm devotion,
Winged by tender, pure emotion,
Upward through the midnight skies.

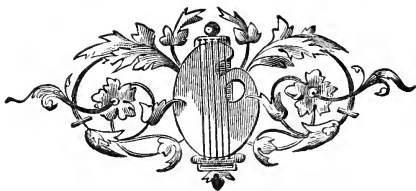


Ever living, ever giving
Life and joy to all Thine own;
Interceding as once bleeding,
Priest and Lamb, before the throne;
Thou my prayer presentest ever,
Thou my praise refusest never:
Christ, I trust *in* Thee alone.

So while praying, calmly saying,
"Father, bless me from above!"
So believing and receiving
Gifts of grace and smiles of love,
I again my eyelids closing,
And till dawn in peace reposing,
All thy faithfulness shall prove.

Ray Palmer.





THE DAY OF REST.



A FRESH, bewildering sweetness
Is floating in the air ;
A hush, a holy stillness,
Is reigning everywhere ;
The flowering trees and blossoms
Send incense, O Most High !
And over all there bendeth
Summer's deep blue sky.

It must be God is sending
His holy blessing down,
Power to mortals lending,
To struggle for His crown ;
He knoweth, ah, He knoweth,
And doeth all things best ;
He made for weary hearted
This sacred day of rest.

It shall make strong the weary,
Who lay their burdens down.
Though life looks sad and dreary,
If they kneel before His throne,

Asking with hearts repentant,
That by Him they be blest,
To them He'll make this Sabbath
A holy day of rest.

It must be that God's blessing,
Filling with peace the earth,
To bird, to tree, to flower,
To all things that have birth,
Has given will and power
To do their very best,
Or could they so beguile us
To pause, to linger, — rest?

Let not the incense holy,
From Nature's heart alone,
Be wafted, peaceful, slowly,
Unto the Father's throne;
But let His children many,
With loving, pious zest,
Raise thankful hearts and lowly
On each sweet day of rest.

Let us not make Him weary,
By heeding not His good;
He ever maketh query,
Is His will understood?
To know His will and do it,
Will make us His own blest,
Will make the long hereafter
Like sweetest days of rest.

And when the Sabbath's chiming
 Rings clear upon the air,
 Let grateful souls responding,
 Seek peace and strength in prayer ;
 The hearts of all His children
 Unite, though care-oppressed,
 To praise Him, call Him Father,
 On His glad day of rest.

Louise Reid Estes.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

I SEE them far away,
 In their calm beauty, on the evening skies ;
 Across the golden west their summits rise,
 Bright with the radiance of departing day.
 And often, ere the sunset light was gone,
 Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,
 As with new strength, all weariness and pain
 Forgotten in the hope those blissful heights to
 gain.

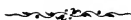
Heaven lies not far beyond,
 But these are hills of earth ; our changeful air
 Circles around them, and the dwellers there
 Still own mortality's mysterious bond.

The ceaseless contact, the continued strife,
Of sin and grace, which can but close with
 life,
Is not yet ended, and the Jordan's roar
Still sounds between their path and the celes-
 tial shore.

But there, the pilgrims say,
On these calm heights, the tumult and the
 noise
Of all our busy cares and restless joys
 Has almost in the distance died away ;
All the past journey " a right way " appears,
Thoughts of the future wake no faithless fears,
And through the clouds, to their rejoicing eyes,
The city's golden streets and pearly gates arise.

Courage, poor fainting heart !
These happy ones, in the far distance seen,
Were sinful wanderers once, as thou hast been,
 Weary and sorrowful, as now thou art.
Linger no longer on the lonely plain ;
Press boldly onward, and thou, too, shalt gain
Their vantage-ground, and then, with vigor
 new,
All thy remaining race and pilgrimage pursue.

Ah ! far too faint, too poor
Are all our views and aims — we only stand
Within the borders of the promised land ;
 Its precious things we seek not to secure ;

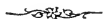


And thus our hands hang down, and oft un-
 strung
 Our harps are left the willow-trees among.
 Lord, lead us forward, upward, till we know
 How much of heavenly bliss may be enjoyed
 below.

H. L. L.



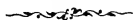
GOD IS LOVE.



I CANNOT always trace the way
 Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move ;
 But I can always, always say,
 That God is love.

When Fear her chilling mantle flings
 O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
 As to her native home, upsprings,
 For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
 I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove :
 In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
 That God is love.



Yes, God is love ; a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.



THE UNSEEN FRIEND.



O HOLY Saviour ! Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may
lean ;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !

Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt ; shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found a place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee !



Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my recompense be this,
 Each hour to cling to Thee !

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
 Still would I cling to Thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
 Whispers, " Still cling to me ! "

Though faith and hope a while be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The soul that clings to Thee !

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save ;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
 Because they cling to Thee !

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appall,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
 Saviour, I cling to Thee ?

Charlotte Elliott.

CHRIST EVER NEAR.



O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

JESUS, MY ALL.



JESUS, my Saviour, look on me !
For I am weary and oppressed ;
I come to cast my soul on Thee ;
Thou art my rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak ;
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek ;
Thou art my strength.

I am bewildered on my way ;
Dark and tempestuous is the night :
O, shed Thou forth some cheering ray ;
Thou art my light.

I hear the storms around me rise,
But when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies ;
Thou art my rock.

When the accuser flings his darts,
I look to Thee, — my terrors cease ;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;
Thou art my peace.

—❧—

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous, latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
 Thou art my life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
 E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
 Through life, in death, eternally,
 Thou art my all.

F. R. Macduff, D. D.

—❧—

LEANING ON THEE.

—❧—

L EANING on Thee, my Guide and Friend,
 My gracious Saviour! I am blest;
 Though weary, Thou dost condescend
 To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,
 To Thee the future I confide;
 Each step of life's untrodden path
 Thy love will guide.



Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with
heat;
Thy will has now become my own;
That will is sweet.

Leaning on Thee, 'midst torturing pain
With patience Thou my soul dost fill;
Thou whisper'st, "What did I sustain?"
Then I am still.

Leaning on Thee, I do not dread
The havoc that disease may make;
Thou who for me Thy blood hast shed
Wilt ne'er forsake.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak:
"Be of good cheer."

Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel "the everlasting arms;"
I cannot sink.



THE SECRET.

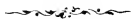
“THOU SHALT KEEP THEM IN THE SECRET OF THY
PRESENCE FROM THE STRIFE OF TONGUES.”

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper
ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commo-
tion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows Thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore ;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in Thee.



O Rest of rests, O Peace, serene, eternal,
 Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never ;
 And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
 Fulness of joy, forever and forever.

H. B. Stowe.



I AM HIS, AND HE IS MINE.



LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
 Far did I rove, and found no certain
 home ;
 At last I sought them in His sheltering breast
 Who opes His arms, and bids the weary
 come ;
 With Him I found a home, a rest divine ;
 And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine ; and nought of earthly things,
 Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or
 power,
 The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
 Could tempt me to forego His love an hour.
 "Go, worthless world," I cry, "with all that's
 thine !
 Go ! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine."



The good I have is from His stores supplied ;
The ill is only what He deems the best ;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;
And poor without Him, though of all pos-
sessed.

Changes may come ; I take or I resign ;
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is
seen ;

A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines.
All may depart : I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every
foe,

Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

Henry Francis Lyte.

INCOMPLETENESS.



NOTHING resting in its own complete-
ness

Can have worth or beauty ; but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweet-
ness,

Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours ;
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the Summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair, because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light ;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow
From strife, that in a far-off future lies ;
And angel-glances (veiled now by life's sor-
row)

Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above ;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.



Learn the mystery of progression duly ;
Do not call each glorious change, decay ;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away ;

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incomplete-
ness ;

In that want their beauty lies ; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweet-
ness,

Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

Adelaide A. Proctor.



“I AM NOW READY TO BE
OFFERED.”



RESTING on the Rock of Ages,
Safe above the billowy tide,
Sheltered from each rushing current,
I have all life's storms defied.
Now I watch the slanting sunbeams,
As they redden in the west,
Life's long labors calmly leaving
For the glorious land of rest.



Ready now to spread my pinions,
Glad to wing my flight away
From the gloom that hovers round me
To the realms of endless day.
Ready to be washed and pardoned,
Ready to be pure from sin,
Ready to complete the conflict,
Ready heavenly joy to win.

Ready to be freed from sorrow,
Tears and partings, toil and pain,
Ready for the heavenly mansion, —
Life is dear, but death is gain.
Ready to forsake the shadows
Of the night, so dim and long;
Ready for the harp of glory,
Ready for the angels' song.

Ready, with salvation's banner,
To ecstatic joy to rise;
Ready for the glad hosanna
In the heavenly Paradise.
Ready with the just made perfect,
Clothed in robes of light, to be
Swelling the enraptured chorus, —
Singing joy and victory.

Ready to behold the Saviour,
With His likeness satisfied;
Christ's alone, and Christ's forever;
Christ my portion, Christ my guide;



In His righteousness accepted,
Ready at His feet to fall,
Saved by grace, a worthless sinner,
Nothing I, — Christ all in all.

Heavenly messengers are round me :
Hark, their voices bid me come, —
“ Earth and time too long have bound thee ;
Waiting spirit, welcome home.”
Glad I go, — my toil is finished, —
Broke at last each earthly spell ;
Upward now my soul is tending ;
Earth, and time, and death, farewell.

As the bird with warbling music
Soars above our feeble sight,
Singing still, and still ascending,
Melting in heaven's glorious light, —
So the dying saint, departing,
Joyful took his heavenward way ;
Life, and time, and gladness blending
In the light of perfect day.

S. F. Smith.



LEAVE ME NOT NOW.



LEAVE me not now, while still the shade
is creeping
O'er the sad heart that longs to rest in Thee ;
Hear my complaint, and while my soul is
weeping,
Breathe Thou the holy dew of sympathy.

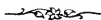
Leave me not now, Thou Saviour of compas-
sion,
While yet the busy tempter lurketh near ;
Lord, by Thine anguish and Thy wondrous
passion,
Do I entreat Thee now to linger here.

Jesus, Thou soul of love, Thou heart of feel-
ing,
Let me repose the weary night away
Safe on Thy bosom, all my woes revealing,
Secure from danger, till the dawn of day.

Then leave me not, O Comforter and Father,
Parent of love ! I live but in Thy sight ;
Good Shepherd, to Thy fold the wanderer
gather,
There to adore Thee, morning, noon, and
night.



TRUST.



THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He hath no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not need;
By flowing streams or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

Isaac Williams.

JESUS MY LORD.



THOU, blesséd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus my Lord!

O, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus my Lord!

When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus my Lord!

What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thóu art ever near?
Jesus my Lord!

Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus my Lord!

Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus my Lord!

NOT AS I WILL, BUT AS THOU
WILT.



I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blesséd rule
Of Jesu's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His Heart
Those three and thirty years.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear the blesséd Will, —
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little that I can,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I have no cares, O blesséd Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.



Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
 Thou glorious Will! ride on;
 Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
 The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who rides with God;
 To him no chance is lost;
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And noblest good is ill;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet Will!

Faber.



“MY STRENGTH AND MY HEART
 FAILETH.”



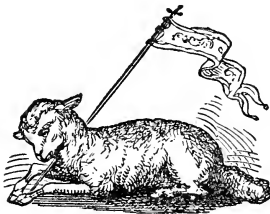
IN weakness at Thy feet I lie;
 Thine eye each pang hath seen;
 Scarce can I lift my heart on high;
 Yet, Lord, on Thee I lean;—

Lean on Thy sure, unfailling word,
Thy gentle "It is I,"
For Thou, my ever-living Lord,
Know'st what it is to die.

Thou wilt be with me when I go;—
Thy life my life in death;
For, in the lowest depths, I know
Thine arms are underneath.

'Tis not the infant's feeble grasp
Which holds the mother fast;
It is the mother's gentle clasp
Around her darling cast.

Just so Thy child would cling to Thee,
Knowing Thy pity long:
For feeble as my faith may be,
The hand I clasp is strong.



FRIEND OF ALL.



FRRIEND of all who seek Thy favor,
Us defend
To the end —
Be our utmost Saviour!

Us, who join on earth t' adore Thee,
Guard and love,
Till above
Both appear before Thee!

Fix on Thee our whole affection —
Love divine,
Keep us Thine,
Safe in Thy protection!

Christ, of all our conversation
Be the scope —
Lift us up
To Thy full salvation!

Bring us every moment nearer;
Fairer rise
In our eyes —
Dearer still, and dearer!



Infinitely dear and precious,
With Thy love
From above
Evermore refresh us!

Strengthened by the cordial blessing,
Let us haste
To the feast,
Feast of joys unceasing!

Perfect let us walk before Thee —
Walk in white
To the sight
Of Thy heavenly glory.

Both with calm impatience press on
To the prize —
Scale the skies,
Take entire possession —

Drink of life's exhaustless river —
Take of Thee
Life's fair tree —
Eat, and live forever!

Charles Wesley.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.



ALL in weakness, all in sorrow,
O my God, I come once more,
Lifting up the sad petition
Thou hast often heard before,
In the former days of darkness,
In the time of need of yore.

For a present help in trouble,
Thou hast never ceased to be,
Since at first a weeping sinner
Fell before Thee trustingly;
And Thy voice is ever sounding,
"O ye weary, come to me!"

Lord, Thou knowest all the weakness
Of the creatures Thou hast made,
For with mortal imperfection
Thou didst once Thy glory shade;
Thou hast loved, and Thou hast sorrowed,
In the veil of flesh arrayed.

Thus I fear not to approach Thee
With my sorrow and my care;
Hear my mourning supplication,



Cast not out my humble prayer!
Lay not on a greater burden
Than Thy feeble child can bear!

Earth has lost its best attractions,
All the brightest stars are gone, —
All is clouded now and cheerless,
Where so long a glory shone;
Where I walked with loved companions,
I must wander now alone.

All is dark on the horizon,
Clouds returning after rain; —
Faith is languid, Hope is weary,
And the questions rise again,
"Doth the promise fail forever?
Hast Thou made all men in vain?"

O my God, rebuke the tempter;
Let not unbelief prevail!
Pray for me, Thy feeble servant,
That my weak faith may not fail,
Nor my hope let go her anchor,
When the waves and storms assail!

All these passing, changing shadows,
All these brief, bright joys below, —
Let me grasp them not so closely,
Nor desire, nor prize them so!
Nor endure this bitter anguish
When Thou bidd'st me let them go!



O Redeemer, shall one perish
Who has looked to Thee for aid?
Let me see Thee, let me hear Thee,
Through the gloomy midnight shade;
Let me hear Thy voice of comfort,
"It is I; be not afraid!"

For when feeling Thou art near me,
All my loneliness is o'er,
And the tempter's dark suggestions
Can oppress my soul no more;—
I shall dread the path no longer
Where Thyself hast gone before.

And the lights of earth all fading,
I can gaze on tearlessly,
When the glory that excelleth,
When the light of life I see.
Whom beside, in earth or heaven,
Should my heart desire, but Thee?

Fane Borthwick.





“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”



FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned 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 thankful 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,



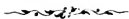
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of holy love to do
For the Lord, on whom I wait.

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 filled the more
With grateful love to Thee —
More careful than to serve Thee much,
To please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a crook in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer ;
But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.



In a service that Thy love appoints,
 There are no bonds for me,
 For my secret heart is taught the truth
 That makes Thy children "free;"
 And a life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty.

A. L. Waring.



IN THE OTHER WORLD.



IT lies around us like a cloud—
 A world we do not see;
 Yet the sweet closing of an eye
 May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
 Amid our worldly cares
 Its gentle voices whisper love,
 And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,
 And palpitates the veil between
 With breathings almost heard.



The silence — awful, sweet, and calm —
They have no power to break ;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely, and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Rapt in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that — from this ;

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us ! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

—❧—

Let death between us be as nought ;
 A dried and vanished stream :
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

H. Beecher Stowe.

—❧—

M A R A H .

—❧—

GOD sends us bitter, that the sweet,
 By absence known, may sweeter
 prove ;
 As dark for light, as cold for heat,
 Brings greater love.

God sends us bitter, as to show
 He can both sweet and bitter send ;
 That both the might and love we know
 Of our great Friend.

He sends us bitter, lest too gay
 We wreath around our heads the rose,
 And count our right, what Heaven each day
 As alms bestows.



God sends us bitter, lest we fail
That bitterest grief aright to prize
Which did for all the world avail
In His own eyes.

God sends us bitter, all our sins
Embittering; yet so kindly sends,
The path that bitterness begins
In sweetness ends.

He sends us bitter, that heaven's sweet,
Earth's bitter o'er, may sweeter taste;
As Canaan's ground to Israel's feet,
For that great waste.

Our passions murmur and rebel,
But Faith cries out unto the Lord,
And prayer by patience worketh well
Its own reward.

For, if our heart the lesson draws
Aright, by bitter chastening taught,
To keep His statutes and His laws,
Even as we ought,

He openeth our eyes to see
(Eyes that our pride of heart had sealed)
The sweetness of Life's heavenly Tree
And grief is healed.

And, lo! before us in the way

We view the fountains and the palms,
And drink, and pitch our tents, and stay
Singing sweet psalms.

Charles Lawrence Ford.

HE LEADS US ON.

HE leads us on,
By paths we did not know ;
Upward He leads us, though our steps be
slow ;
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the
day,
Yet when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years ;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts,
and fears



He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
 Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
 We know His will is done ;
 And still He leads us on.

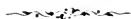
 And He, at last,
 After the weary strife —
 After the restless fever we call life —
 After the dreariness, the aching pain,
 The wayward struggles which have proved
 in vain,
 After our toils are past —
 Will give us rest at last.



THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.



UP and away, like the dew of the morning,
 That soars from the earth to its home
 in the sun, —
 So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
 Only remembered by what I have done.



My name, and my place, and my tomb all
forgotten,

The brief race of time well and patiently
run,

So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,

Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,

Up to the crown that for me has been won,
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,

Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,

That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes
on ;

So be my life, — a thing felt but not noticed,

And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in fresh-
ness,

When the flowers it came from are closed
up and gone,

So would I be to this world's weary dwellers.

Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written
record,

The name and the epitaph graved on the
stone?



The things we have lived for, — let them be
 our story,
 We ourselves but remembered by what we
 have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been
 bearing
 (As its Summer and Autumn moved silent-
 ly on)

The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its
 season ;
 I shall still be remembered by what I have
 done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
 To reap down those fields which in Spring
 I have sown ;
 He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed
 by the reaper,
 He is only remembered by what he has
 done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have
 spoken,
 Not myself, but the seed that in life I have
 sown,
 Shall pass on to ages, — all about me forgot-
 ten,
 Save the truth I have spoken, the things I
 have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying ;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown ;
Upraised and unmissed, I shall still be re-
membered ;
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

H. Bonar.

THE HOUR OF JOY.

ALL things to mine eyes are bright ;
Throbs my heart with deep delight ;
Birds pour forth delicious notes,
Fragrance on the air still floats,
Earth and heaven seem full of gladness,
And my soul forgets all sadness,
Glow and quivers with the thrill
Of the joy that it doth fill.

Swift-winged thought exults to range ;
Fancy, as with magic change,
Makes e'en ugliness look fair,
Finds fresh beauty everywhere ;
Life itself is one pure pleasure,
Tasted without mete or measure ;
Of whate'er could make her blest,
My glad soul seems now possessed.



Upward, upward, strong and free,
Borne on wings I seem to be ;
Unconfined by earthly bars,
Soars my spirit to the stars !
E'en beyond the starry regions,
Filled with orbs in countless legions,
Mounts she with untiring wings—
Mounts, and evermore she sings.

Whence this ecstasy divine?
Why so rapt this soul of mine?
O, my God, with warm desire
Thou didst set my heart on fire !
Then Thy love and goodness showing,
And Thy light around me throwing,
Thou didst give Thyself to me ;
Thou hast made me glad in Thee.

Thou art of all joy the crown ;
Thou with joy canst sorrow drown ;
Let me drink forevermore
At the well-spring running o'er ;
In Thy smile is sadness never,
In Thy smile is gladness ever ;
To Thy child, O Father, give
Ever in Thy love to live.

Ray Palmer.



THE HEART'S SONG.



IN the silent midnight watches,
List — thy bosom-door !
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating ;
'Tis thy heart of sin ;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise and let Me in !

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut ;
Think you death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth ;
But thy door is fast !
Grieved away, the Saviour goeth :
Death breaks in at last.



Then 'tis thine to stand, — entreating
 Christ to let thee in ;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
 Hast thou then forgot ?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 But he knows thee not !

A. C. Coxe, D. D.



THE EVENTIDE IS PAST.



THE eventide is past ;
 Past is life's sunset hour ;
 No more do tempests lower,
 No more are skies o'ercast.

Thenceforth the Lord shall be
 Thine everlasting light ;
 Before His sunshine bright
 The mists of earth shall flee.



The vale of sorrow trod,
The Shepherd ever nigh,
The flock shall pasture high
Upon the hills of God!

No more shall wane thy moon,
Nor pale thy sun its light;
In day which knows no night,
One everlasting noon.

J. R. Macduff, D. D.

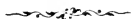


WEARINESS AND REST.



SAVIOUR, I come to Thee,
A weary child, with pain and care
oppressed;
O, let me lean this aching, burdened heart
Upon Thy loving breast!

The way is very dark;
I cannot see it, Lord, through these my
tears;
Take Thou my hand, and draw me up to
Thee,
Through all the lonely years.



I have no strength, dear Lord ;

O let me lie where I can touch Thy feet,
And gaze up from the dust into Thine eyes,
That are so true and sweet.

And come, O come to me !

And raise me to Thine arms, and teach me
there
The strange, deep secrets of Thy love, and
bend
To listen to my prayer.

Speak to me soft and low :

My spirit yearneth for one little word
To cheer the still, sad silence of my life —
One word from Thee, my Lord.

Speak to me, O my God !

There are sweet voices falling on my ear,
Long known, long loved ; but in my inmost
soul
Their tones I cannot hear.

But Thou wilt speak to me ;

And, as the river falls into the sea,
And sinks to sleep, so this my wearied heart
Shall find its rest in Thee.

“JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.”



JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into Thy haven guide —
O, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none —
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone —
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want —
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name —
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am —
Thou art full of truth and grace.

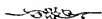


Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound—
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art—
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.



VEXILLA REGIS.



THE royal banners forward go,
 The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
 Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
 Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst He hung, His sacred side
 By soldier's spear was opened wide,
 To cleanse us in the precious flood
 Of water mingled with His blood.

Fulfilled is now what David told,
 In true prophetic song of old,
 How God the heathen's King should be,
 For God is reigning from the tree.



O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those Holy Limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood !

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of His prey.

Venantius Fortunatus. Trans. by Dr. Neale.



STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

“NOW THERE STOOD BY THE CROSS OF JESUS HIS
MOTHER.”

AT the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord ;
For her soul of joy bereavéd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievéd,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

O, how sad and sore distresséd
Now was she, that mother blesséd
Of the sole-begotten One ;
Deep the woe of her affliction
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.



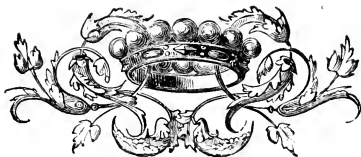
Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
 Pierced by anguish so amazing,
 Born of woman, would not weep?
 Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
 Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
 Would not share her sorrows deep?

For His people's sins chastiséd,
 She beheld her Son despiséd,
 Scourged, and crowned with thorns
 entwined,
 Saw Him then from judgment taken,
 And in death by all forsaken,
 Till His Spirit He resigned.

Jesus, may such deep devotion
 Stir in me the same emotion,
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
 That my heart, fresh ardor gaining,
 And a purer love attaining,
 May with Thee acceptance find.

Jacobus de Benedictis.
Trans. by Rev. E. Caswell.





JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.



JESUS! The very thought is sweet!
In that dear name all heart-joys meet:
But O, than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

Jesus! the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, O, how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find!



No tongue of mortal can express,
 No pen can write the blessedness;
 He only who hath proved it knows
 What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

O Jesus, King of wondrous might!
 O Victor, glorious from the fight!
 Sweetness that may not be expressed,
 And altogether loveliest!

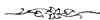
Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
 Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray;
 And with Thine own true sweetness feed
 Our souls from sin and darkness freed.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

Trans. by Dr. Neale.



LONGINGS FOR LOVE DIVINE.



O LOVE divine! how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me!

Stronger His love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

Forever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Thy only love do I require ;
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above ;
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go ;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love.

Charles Wesley.

JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.



JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Rev. Geo. Rundell Prynne.

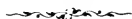
SAVIOUR, BLESSÉD SAVIOUR.



SAVIOUR, blesséd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,



Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

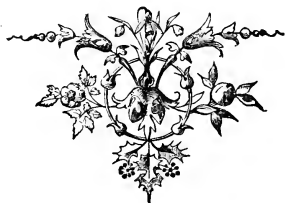
Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast:
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigné,
Love that never dies.

Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven:
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Brighter still and brighter
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done:
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past;
May we, blesséd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.

Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where, in joys unheard of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.



LEAD THOU ME.

“ IN THE DAYTIME, ALSO, HE LED THEM WITH A CLOUD, AND ALL THE NIGHT THROUGH WITH THE LIGHT OF FIRE.”

L EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the gairish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost a
while.

“AT EVE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.”



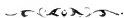
OUR pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our sky with clouds o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last:
Not to the last! God's word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
O pilgrim! lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light!

Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path a while,
God's blesséd word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust, in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease.
Then keep we on, with hope unchilled,
By faith, and not by sight,
And we shall own His word, fulfilled, —
At eve it shall be light.

Bernard Barton.

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS.



WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,



Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

And, ah, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, — for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant.



STILL WITH THEE.



STILL, still with Thee, when purple morn-
ing breaketh,

When the bird waketh and the shadows
flee ;

Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-
light,

Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I am with
Thee !*

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,

The solemn hush of nature newly born ;

Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,

In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast!

Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born
morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blesséd consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and
heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershad-
ing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee
there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows
flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, *I am with
Thee.*

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



MEMORIES.



WHEN fall the evening shadows, long
and deep, across the hill;
When all the air is fragrance, and all the
breezes still;

When the summer's sun seems pausing above
the mountain's brow,
As if he left reluctantly a scene so lovely
now;

Then I linger on the pathway, and I fondly
gaze, and long,
As if reading some old story those deep pur-
ple clouds among;

Then Memory approaches, holding up her
magic glass,
Pointing to familiar figures, which across the
surface pass.



And often do I question, as I view that phan-
tom train,

Whether most with joy or sadness I behold
them thus again.

They are there, those scenes of beauty, where
life's brightest hours have fled,
And I haste, with dear companions, the old
paths again to tread ;

But, suddenly dissolving, all the loveliness is
flown,
And I find a thorny wilderness, where I must
walk alone.

Thou art there, so loved and honored, as in
each former hour,
When we read thine eye's deep meaning, when
we heard thy words of power ;

When our souls, as willing captives, have
sought to follow thine,
Tracing the eternal footsteps of Might and
Love Divine.

But o'er that cherished image falls a veil of
clouds and gloom,
And beside a bier I tremble, or I weep above
a tomb.



And ever will the question come, O Memory !
again,
Whether in thy magic mirror there is most of
bliss or pain?

Would I not wish the brightness were for-
ever hid from view,
If but those hours of darkness could be all
forgotten too?

Then, weary and desponding, my spirit seeks
to rise
Away from earthly conflicts, from mortal
smiles or sighs.

I do not think the blesséd ones with Jesus
have forgot
The changing joys and sorrows which have
marked their earthly lot ;

But now, on Memory's record their eyes can
calmly dwell ;
They can see, what here they trusted — God
hath done all things well ;

And vain regrets and longings are as old
things passed away ;
No shadows dim the sunshine of that bright
eternal day !

HE KNOWETH ALL.



THE twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad a while to tread
This path, since Jesus knows!

And He has loved me! All my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
 As nightly shadows fall,
 And lean, confiding, on His breast,
 Who knows and pities all!

R E S T .

I REST with Thee, Lord! Whither should
 I go?

I feel so blest within Thy home of love!
 The blessings purchased by Thy pain and
 woe,

To Thy poor child Thou sendest from
 above;

O, never let Thy grace depart from me;
 So shall I still abide, my Lord, with Thee.

I rest with Thee! Eternal life the prize
 Thou wilt bestow, when faith's good fight
 is won;

What can earth give but vain regrets and
 sighs,

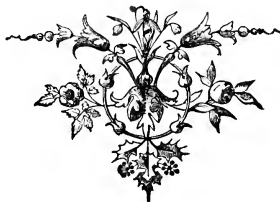
To the poor heart whose passing bliss is
 done?

For lasting joys I fleeting ones resign,
 Since Jesus calls me His, and He is mine.

I rest with Thee! No other place of rest
 Can now attract, no other portion please;
 The soul, of heavenly treasure once pos-
 sessed,
 All earthly glory with indifference sees.
 Poor world, farewell! thy splendors tempt no
 more —
 The power of grace I feel, and thine is o'er.

I rest with Thee! with Thee, whose won-
 drous love
 Descends to seek the lost, the fallen to
 raise.

O, that my whole of future life might prove
 One hallelujah, one glad song of praise!
 So shall I sing, as time's last moments flee,
 Now and forever, Lord, I rest with Thee.



COME TO ME!



WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper — Come to Me!

It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding — Come to Me!

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents — Come to Me!

When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me — Come to Me!

When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters — Come to Me!



Come, for all else must fail and die;
 Earth is no resting-place for thee;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
 I am thy portion — Come to Me!

O voice of mercy, voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above,
 And gently whisper — Come to Me!

Charlotte Elliott.



RESTING WHOLLY ON CHRIST.



I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accurséd 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 sorrow 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.

H. Bonar.

THE VOICE OF JESUS.



I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest:
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

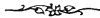
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar.



SUBMISSION.



SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be.

When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He!

Know His love in full completeness,
Feel the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand

Leave whatever things thou canst not
Understand.

Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.



Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand,
Child-like, proudly pushing back
The proffered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear;
In His love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not!
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway:
Crown of sorrows gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

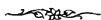
To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length:

~*~

Weakest lambs have largest share
 Of the tender Shepherd's care.
 Ask Him not, then, "When, or how?"
 Only bow.



THE CROSS.



I SAW the cross of Jesus
 When burdened with my sin;
 I sought the cross of Jesus
 To give me peace within:
 I brought my sin to Jesus;
 He cleansed it in His blood;
 And in the cross of Jesus
 I found my peace with God.

I love the cross of Jesus;
 It tells me what I am—
 A vile and guilty creature,
 Saved only through the Lamb.
 No righteousness, no merit,
 No beauty can I plead;
 Yet in the cross I glory,
 My title there I read.



I clasp the cross of Jesus
In every trying hour ;
My sure and certain refuge,
My never-failing tower.
In every fear and conflict,
I more than conqueror am ;
Living I'm safe, or dying,
Through Christ, the risen Lamb.

Sweet is the cross of Jesus !
There let my weary heart
Still rest in perfect peace,
Till life itself depart.
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing Thy wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

F. Whitfield.





GOD KNOWS IT ALL.



IN the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber,
Is there some hidden grief thou mayst
not tell?

Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember
His pitying eye, who sees and knows it
well, —

God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And wouldst do good, but evil still prevails?
O, think, amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge
fails,

God knows it all!

And dost thou sin, thy deed of shame con-
cealing,

In some dark spot no human eye can see —
Then walk in pride, without one sign revealing
The deep remorse that disquiet thee?

God knows it all!



Art thou oppressed, and poor, and heavy-
hearted,

The heavens above thee in thick clouds
arrayed,

And well nigh crushed, no earthly strength
imparted,

No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid"?
God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear-drops
flowing

For one so early lost to earth and thee?

The depth of grief no human spirit knowing,
Which moans in secret like the moaning

sea, —

God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?

Forward, and tremble for thy future lot?

There's One who sees the end from the be-
ginning;

Thy tear of penitence is unforgot.

God knows it all!

Then go to God! Pour out your hearts be-
fore Him;

There is no grief your Father cannot feel, —

And let your grateful songs of praise adore
Him —

To save, forgive, and every wound to heal!

God knows it all!

“UNDER THE CLOUD.”



UNDER the cloud! but so was He
Who suffered and died on Calvary :
O, the weight of the cross He bore,
And the scourge His sacred flesh that tore,
And the cruel crown of thorns He wore!

Under the cloud! but so were they,
Heroes and martyrs passed away :
O, the tortures of rack and flame,
Hunger, weariness, scorn, and shame!
O, the terrors without a name!

Under the cloud! but so are *all*
Daring to stand where others fall,
Choosing, rather, to brave disgrace
Than clasp the Wrong in a foul embrace —
Keeping Honor, though losing Place!

Under the cloud! O, Christ of God!
Martyrs who close in His steps have trod!
Still on the Good the Evil preys;
Still, for us, in these latter days,
The cruel thorns and the lighted blaze!

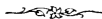


Under the cloud! but let us trust!
 Wrong is mighty, but God is just.
 O, Most Merciful! hear our prayer—
 Strengthen us what we must to bear,
 And the residue kindly spare!

Caroline A. Mason.



SUNSET.



THE earth in breathless silence waits
 The promise of Night's soft caress;
 For Day hath closed the amber gates
 Behind him, and with regal grace,
 In robes of royal splendor dressed,
 Walks slowly down the glowing west.

The vapory clouds dissolve in flecks,
 Like waifs borne upward by the breeze,
 And strew the purple heaven like wrecks
 Of phantom ships on shoreless seas,
 Which plunge and float as fitful gales
 Play wanton with their rifted sails.

A filmy veil hangs lightly o'er
 The tranquil surface of the stream,
 Which gives the outline of the shore

The shadowy vagueness of a dream,
Blending in soft obscurity
The placid, deep, and bending sky.

Weird, ghostly spectres moan along
The darkening arches of the wood,
And sudden bursts of jocund song
Steal out amid the solitude,
Borne onward with the ebb and flow
Of winds that idly come and go.

And down among the garden-beds,
The languid blossoms, dew-besprent,
Bow sleepily their shining heads .
Beneath the arching firmament,
As though its vast and starlit dome
Was but a curtain for their home.

Sweet summer eve, so clear and calm !
Bright sunset hues, so warm and fair !
Fresh falling dew and breath of balm,
Diffused like incense through the air !
Deep sky, with bright stars studded o'er,
What can I ask or wish for more ?

O, heart of mine ! from thee must come
The answer which my lips deny.
O, vacant places in my home !
O, loving voices hushed for aye !
I do not ask or wish — I know
This balmy air, this sunset glow,



The slumberous voices of the night,
 The insect's hum, the wood-bird's strain,
 The cheery smile of morning light
 Can never gladden these again ;
 And, therefore, in my soul must be
 A void earth cannot fill for me.

Cynthia Henshaw.



“COME UNTO ME.”



“**C**OME unto me !” O, bidding sweet with
 sweeter promise wed !
 This were enough, if this were all the loving
 Christ had said,
 When, by divine compassion moved, to His
 all-suffering breast
 He drew the tossed and troubled soul with,
 “I will give you rest !”

This were enough ; for where are they, se-
 curely glad and strong,
 Who know no need, and unto whom no baffled
 hopes belong ;



Who are not tempted, overcome, nor sorrow-
ing, nor oppressed,
Nor ever crave the something hid in that be-
stowal, "rest"?

"Come unto me," the Saviour calls; "all
things shall yet be thine;"

And where is he that saith, "Enough already,
Lord, is mine"?

"Come unto me," He pleads again; and who
can answer back,

"My hands are clean, my heart is pure; what
shall the righteous lack"?

"Come unto me!" O, who can say, "My
yoke is easy now;

Beneath the heaviest cross I bear, behold, I
never bow!

My thirst the world doth satisfy; my hunger
earth can stay;

My mortal courage and my strength suffice
me for my day"?

Needy alike both weak and strong, the lowly
and the great;

Jesus! Thy tender bidding comes to all with
equal weight;

Our summons, and our answer, too; for ev-
ery human breast,

Through sin, or grief, or wrong, or loss, cries
out to heaven for "rest"!



“O LORD! THOU KNOWEST.”



THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and
sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for
rest ;

Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be con-
fessed,

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 wanderer
strayed ;

How the good Shepherd followed, and how
kindly

He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,



And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed
the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength
again.

Thou knowest all the present: each tempta-
tion,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved 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 glad-
ness,
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sad-
ness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last:
O! what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this — *Thou knowest,*
Lord!

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-know-
ing;
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 refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known!



THE ELEVENTH HOUR.



FAINT, and worn, and agéd,
One stands knocking at a gate,
Though no light shines in the casement,
Knocking, though so late.
It has struck eleven
In the courts of heaven,
Yet he still doth knock and wait.

While no answer cometh
From the heavenly hill,
Blesséd angels wonder
At his earnest will.



Hope and fear but quicken
While the shadows thicken :
He is knocking, knocking still.

Grim the gate unopened
Stands with bar and lock :
Yet within the unseen Porter
Hearkens to the knock.
Doing and undoing,
Faint, and yet pursuing,
This man's feet are on the Rock.

With a cry unceasing,
Knocketh, prayeth he :
"Lord, have mercy on me
When I cry to Thee."
With a knock unceasing,
And a cry increasing :
"O my Lord! remember me."

Still the Porter standeth,
Love-constrained He standeth near,
While the cry increaseth
Of that love and fear :
"Jesus, look upon me —
Christ, hast Thou foregone me? —
If I must, I perish here."

Faint the knocking ceases,
Faint the cry and call :
Is he lost indeed forever,
Shut without the wall?

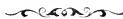


Mighty Arms surround him,
 Arms that sought and found him,
 Held, withheld, and bore through all.

O, celestial mansion!
 Open wide the door:
 Crown and robes of whiteness,
 Stone inscribed before,
 Flocking angels bear them,
 Stretch thy hand and wear them;
 Sit thou down forevermore.

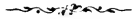


“ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.”



WHEN no kind earthly friend is near,
 With gentle words my heart to cheer,
 Still am I with my Saviour dear:
 “Alone, yet not alone.”

Though no loved forms my path attend,
 With tender looks o'er me to bend,
 Yet am I with my unseen Friend:
 “Alone, yet not alone.”



When sorely racked with pain and grief,
Here I can find a sure relief;
And I rejoice in the belief:

“Alone, yet not alone.”

'Tis on His strength that I rely,
And doubts and fears at once defy,
So happy, so content am I,

“Alone, yet not alone.”

E'en when with friends my lot is cast,
And words of love are flowing fast,
Still am I, when those hours are past,

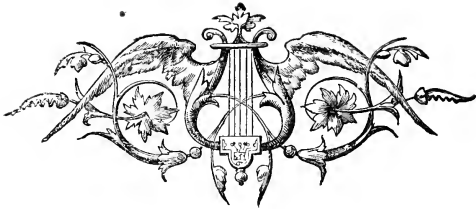
“Alone, yet not alone.”

If all my earthly friends remove,
My fondest wishes empty prove,
Still am I with my Saviour's love

“Alone, yet not alone.”

Whate'er may now to me betide,
I have a place wherein to hide
By faith; 'tis e'en at His blest side:

“Alone, yet not alone.”



WE STOOD BESIDE THE RIVER.



WE stood beside the river,
Whence all our souls must go,
Bearing a loved one in our arms,
Our hearts repeating the alarms
That came across the river;
And saw the sun decline in mist,
That rose until her brow it kissed,
And left it cold as snow.

Watching beside the river,
With every ebb and flow,
Fond hopes within our hearts would spring,
Until another warning ring
Came o'er the fearful river.



We saw the flush, the brightness fade,
The loving lips look grieved and sad,
The white hands whiter grow.

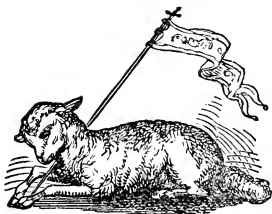
Watching by the river,
With anguish none can tell,
And trembling hearts and hands, we strove
To save the darling of our love
From going down the river!
O, powerless, but to weep and pray,
And grieve for one, who, far away,
Had said his last farewell!

Weeping by the river,
There came a blesséd time,
A solemn calm spread all around,
Making it seem like holy ground,
Beside the silent river!
The world receding from our eyes,
Caught gleams of that dear land which lies
In Canaan's happy clime!

And there, beside the river,
Came lessons strange and sweet,
The perfect work of patience done,
The warfare finished, victory won
With weak hands by the river!
The child-like fear, the clinging love,
The darkness brightened from above,
The peace at Jesus' feet!

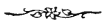
Waiting by the river,
Through mingled night and day,
Sweet memories round our hearts we bring,
Of Jesus' love and Heaven we sing,
To soothe her by the river ;
And wept for one whose heart would break,
Be pitiful for Jesus' sake,
Father in heaven, we pray !

Standing by the river,
We closed the weary eyes,
In Jesus' arms we laid her down,
A lovely jewel for His crown.
He bore her through the river,
And clothed her in a robe so white,
Too beautiful for mortal sight,
And took her to the skies !





ONWARD.



TRAVELLER, faint not on the road,
Droop not in the parching sun ;
Onward, onward with thy load,
Till the night be won.
Swerve not, though thy bleeding feet
Fain the narrow path would leave ;
From the burden and the heat
Thou shalt rest at eve.

'Midst a world that round thee fades,
Brightening stars and twilight life ;
When a sacred calm pervades
All that now is strife ;
Rich the joy to be revealed
In that hour from labor free,
Bright the splendors that shall yield
Happiness to thee.



Master of a holy charm,
Yet be patient on thy way ;
Use the spell, and check the harm
That would lead astray.
From the petty cares that teem,
Turn thee, with prophetic eye,
To the glory of that dream
Which shall never die.

By the mystery of thy trust,
By the grandeur of that hour
When mortality and dust
Clothed eternal power ;
By the purple robe of shame,
The mockery, and the insulting rod,
By the anguish that o'ercame
The incarnate God :

Faint not ! fail not ! Be thou strong,
Cast away distrust and fear ;
Though the weary day seems long,
Yet the night is near.
Friends and kindred wait beyond —
They who passed the trial pure :
Traveller, by that holy bond,
Shrink not to endure.

H E A V E N .



O, HEAVEN is nearer than mortals
think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is near us; the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we cannot see the angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly
world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And those smiling faces will greet us there
Which on earth we have valued most.



Yet oft in the hours of holy thought
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of
sense,
To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall,
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realms of endless day



STRENGTH ACCORDING TO THY
DAY.

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord;
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word, —
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace, —
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief, —
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure, —
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

A LITTLE WHILE.



A LITTLE while, and every fear
That o'er the perfect day
Flings shadows dark and drear,
Shall pass like mist away.
The secret tear, the anxious sigh,
Shall pass into a smile;
Time changes to eternity;
We only wait a little while.

A little while, and every charm
That steals away the heart,
And earthly joys that warm,
And lure us from our part,
Shall cease our heavenly views to dim;
The world shall not beguile
Our ever-faithful thoughts from Him
Who bade us wait a little while.

A little while, and all around,
The earth, and sea, and sky,
The sunny light and sound
Of nature's minstrelsy,
Shall be as they had never been;
And we, so weak and vile,
Be creatures of a brighter scene;
We only wait a little while.

Greville.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.



INTO the Silent Land!
Ah, who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand:
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection, tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls, the Future's pledge and
band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

From the German of Von Salis.

Trans. by Henry W. Longfellow.

THE NEW JERUSALEM,

OR,

THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER HER HEAVENLY COUNTRY.*

“SINCE CHRIST'S FAIR TRUTH NEEDS NO MAN'S ART,
TAKE THIS RUDE SONG IN BETTER PART.”

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee,
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O, happy harbor of God's saints!
O, sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

* This song, it is believed, is the oldest of all the songs of the Christian Church. It is, by most hymnologists, attributed to St. Gregory, while some trace portions of it to St. Augustine. But all agree that it was written by some of the Fathers of the Church, the immediate successors of the apostles. The translation which we have used is commonly attributed to David Dickson, a Scotch divine of the early part of the seventeenth century. It is probable that it was translated at a much earlier period, as there exists in the British Museum a manuscript copy of a version resembling Dickson's, but bearing proofs of greater age. Want of space prevents the editor from inserting the entire hymn, but he believes the above portion will most interest Christians of the present day.



In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore ;
There is no death, nor ugly sight,
But life forevermore.
No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud, nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun —
For God Himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, thirst, or heat,
But pleasure every way.
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee !
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

No pangs, no pains, no grieving grief,
No woful night is there ;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard —
No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone ;
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon His throne.

O God ! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold !
For why ? the pleasures there abound
Which cannot here be told.



Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine —
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing, pure, and fine.

O, my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see —
The King sitting upon His throne,
And thy felicity?
Thy vineyards and thy orchards are,
So wonderfully rare,
And furnished with all kinds of fruit,
Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there are found.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to Thee;
O! print Thy name upon my forehead,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praises aye.



Jerusalem, thrice happy seat.
 Jehovah's throne on high!
 O sacred city, queen and wife
 Of Christ eternally!
 O comely queen, with glory clad,
 With honor, and degree,
 All fair art thou, exceeding bright—
 No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
 The comfort of us all;
 For thou art fair and beautiful—
 None ill can thee befall.
 In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
 No darkness dare appear—
 No night, no shade, no winter foul—
 No time doth alter there.

There love and charity do reign,
 And Christ is All in all,
 Whom they most perfectly behold
 In joy celestial.
 They love, they praise — they praise, they
 love;
 They "Holy, holy" cry;
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
 But laud continually.

Lord, take away my misery,
 That then I may behold
 With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,
 What here cannot be told;

And so in Zion see my King,
 My love, my Lord, my all—
 Where now as in a glass I see,
 There face to face I shall.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!
 Fetch me Thy fold unto,
 That all Thy angels may rejoice,
 While all Thy will I do.
 O mother dear! Jerusalem!
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again, I pray Thee, Lord,
 To quit me from all strife,
 That to Thy hill I may attain,
 And dwell there all my life—
 With cherubims, and seraphims,
 And holy souls of men,
 To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!
 Forever and amen.

Saint Gregory.





EVENTIDE PRAYER.



AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
O, in what divers pains they met !
O, with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near :
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;

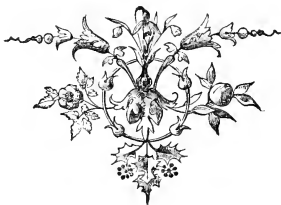
And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee ;



And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.



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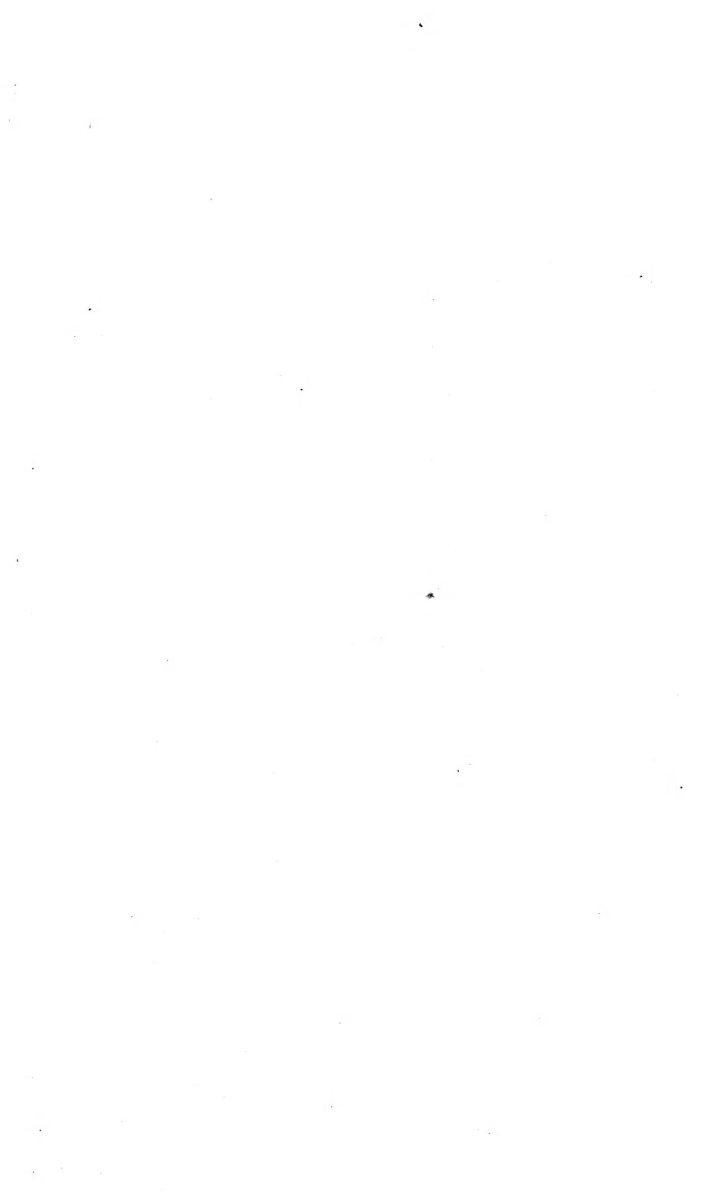


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