

SONGS FROM  
THE PARSONAGE



FRANCIS  
BOTTOME, D. D.

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SONGS FROM THE PARSONAGE

*And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.  
And let him that heareth say, Come. And let  
him that is athirst come. And whosoever  
will, let him take the water of life freely.*







SONGS FROM  
THE PARSONAGE

FRANCIS BOTTOOME

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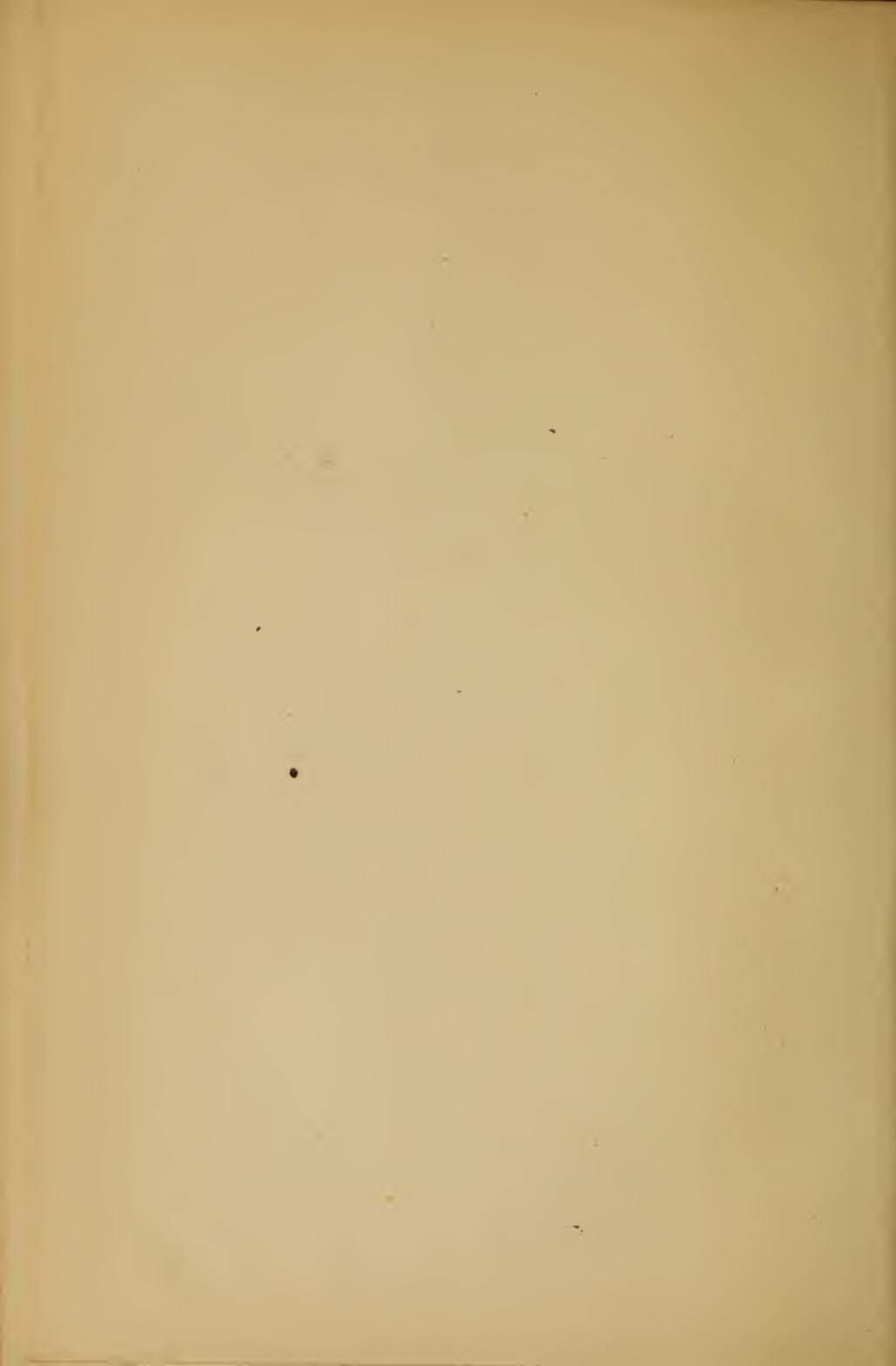
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## DEDICATION.

*This little book, echoes of a life that has passed into fuller life, will, I hope, prove grateful to the many friends to whom my husband wrote in the supreme moments of their joy and sorrow. I am sure many would have contributed to the volume had they been called upon to do so; but from my own collection I gladly share my mournful joy.*

MARGARET BOTTOME.



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FRANCIS BOTTOME.



FRANCIS BOTTOME was born in Belper, England, May 26,\* 1823. The changes in streets and buildings which have taken place in the last fifty years, in such a town, are not so striking as the change in the people, in their dress and manners and education. A beautiful miniature of his father and mother, in possession of his nephew, Mr. Henry Radford, gives evidence of the strength and culture of the stock from which he sprang. His mother was a silent, reserved woman; and a letter which he wrote to her in her old age is as respectful and courteous in tone as such letters were, early in the century. Children in those days honored and revered their parents. His father's lightest word was law. A beautiful boy, of poetic temperament and weakly physique, he shrank from the coarse sights and sounds of the town, — the carousing, bear-baiting, and unseemly

groups of men who fought and drank on the village green. He came under the religious influence of his superintendent, the village doctor, who, when my father was a lad of fifteen, gathered in his own house a number of young people, to pray for their neighbors and to set going influences for the betterment of the place. It sounds incredible, but I had the story from my father's own lips, that this little group of pious people were refused the Holy Communion by the vicar of the parish church, because they met together for prayer without his permission.

A reader of Tyerman's *Life of Wesley* will remember that in the early twenties this was the rule rather than the exception. So he was driven to worship with those who were leading godly, righteous, and sober lives, and he soon became prominent as a temperance reformer, writing temperance hymns, and speaking to the crowds collected on a Saturday afternoon at the public houses.

The following extract from the minute read before the Methodist Preachers' Meeting at its service memorial of my father, tells in brief the story of his life from that time of his early youth : —

“ When eighteen years old, he heard a sermon preached in the Wesleyan Chapel by an Indian missionary, the Rev. John Sunday. The truth of the text, ‘ Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,’ was proclaimed with such simplicity and power as to produce a profound impression on his mind. He yielded to the awakening summons of the Spirit, and soon after, at a Wesleyan cottage prayer-meeting, found the peace and hope of a joyous confession. His zeal instantly flamed out in every direction. People began to talk about him as of one certain to become a preacher. He felt in his soul what he himself characterized as the ‘ stirrings of a strange call which he could not and dared not interpret.’ While sorely perplexed as to what it all might mean, a Wesleyan preacher, W. T. Nelson, called to him suddenly across the chapel, one evening, ‘ Come up here, Brother Frank. Preach!’ Hardly knowing what he did or why he did it, but feeling he must obey, he came to the front, and poured

forth the emotions of his startled yet trusting spirit. When at the close of the service Mr. Nelson said to him, 'It will be at your peril if you do not follow the call of God and preach,' the warning was emphasized by his own deepest convictions.

"He put himself in training at the school of the Rev. Dr. Jackson, and forthwith took up the study of theology with great zest. Receiving a local preacher's license, he was put upon the plan of the Belper circuit, under the superintendence of the Rev. T. Rowell.

"He deliberately broke away from the traditions of his family. Moved by the influence of the great Indian missionary, he earnestly desired to preach the gospel to the American Indians, and leaving his native land, came to Guelph, Canada. He was soon assigned work on an immense circuit. Here he commended himself to all by his incessant energy and patient endurance of terrible hardships. At the end of one year his health was so broken he came to New York to again cross the sea that he might die on his native soil. On the day of his arrival he visited Bishop Janes, who became his dearest and intimate friend through all his ministry; and it was he who said the last prayer, as the pure spirit of the loved Bishop passed into the ineffable light.

“ In a way singularly and impressively marked by providential intervention, he was brought under the care of a skilful physician, who not only placed him on the road to recovery, but introduced him to the Rev. W. H. Norris, pastor of Sands Street M. E. Church in Brooklyn. He accepted the position of assistant proffered by Mr. Norris, and rendered most valuable service. Part of the work assigned him was to take charge of the minister’s class. Of that class one of the most devoted members was the daughter of a man conspicuous in the history of Brooklyn Methodism, William McDonald. Margaret McDonald was then arresting attention by her many gifts and loyal faith. . . . They were married in Sands Street Church by the Rev. Dr. Nathan Bangs, September 17, 1850. . . .

“ During part of the year 1849, at the suggestion of Bishop Janes, he took work under the presiding elder at Rahway, N. J. In the spring of 1850 he was admitted on trial in the New York East Conference, and sent to Southampton, Long Island. His successive appointments until 1870 were Saybrook, Meriden, Norwalk, Birmingham, Hempstead, Grand Street (Williamsburgh), Seventh Street (New York City), Bridgeport, and Beekman Hill (New York City). In 1870 he was transferred to the New

York Conference, and served the following churches: Yonkers, Seventh Avenue (New York City), Marlborough, Tarrytown, Tuckahoe, Asbury, Tremont, and Fordham. His ministry was accompanied by the most convincing demonstrations of God's favor. Thousands were led by him to their Saviour, and wherever he went the spiritually minded were refreshed by the draughts he brought them from the living fountains.

"In 1873 Dickinson College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

.....

"His love for his native land grew stronger with the increase of years. 'The older I get,' he said, 'the more I love the old country, and I often think I should love to finish my days in England.' How soon that yearning was to be satisfied! On the 20th of June, 1894, he sailed from our shores, accompanied by his eldest son and his family. On the 27th he arrived at Southampton; on the 28th he visited Exeter, where, listening to Evensong in the Cathedral, he found himself lifted to a peace and rest of soul, 'like Heaven,' he said. That evening he journeyed to Tavistock, where precious memories of those he loved filled his mind and found expression in his last beautiful letters. Early on the 29th he walked to Brook Cottage,

on a public footway skirting the Tavey and shaded with overhanging elms, the beautiful home of Sir Edwin Arnold's sister, a dear friend of his eldest son. On his return to the Bedford Hotel he wrote to a beloved member of his family: 'If I see no more of Old England, I have taken a morning's glory never to be forgotten.'

"Presently the cherished friend of his youth, the Rev. Edwin Orme, came to meet him. They walked together to the old churchyard, and gave themselves up for an hour to the communings of tender reminiscence, and the holy mysteries of spiritual experience. 'Then,' says Mr. Orme, 'we started for my home in Callington, Cornwall, as happy as any two men could be. . . . We jogged along, talking over the way the Lord had led us, when Dr. Bottome said, "But only think of all who await us! They are near even now, and in a short time we shall see them!"' Just then the pony stumbled and fell to his knees. Mr. Orme's attention was diverted. When he turned again, he saw that Dr. Bottome had fallen out of the pony-cart, having stood up as the pony stumbled, and being probably overcome by a sudden attack of vertigo. He was entirely unconscious, and in four hours was set free, —

"In conscious salvation to sing of His grace  
Who lifted upon him the light of His face.'

“ He was buried in the beautiful cemetery lately given by the Duke of Bedford to Tavistock. His body rests in English soil ; in Heaven his spirit awaits us.

. . . . .  
“ It was only the other day that he left us, and it is no effort to recall the traits of one so well beloved. Slight in physique, dressed in strictly clerical garb, dignified in bearing, disciplined in mind, scholarly in taste, spiritual in speech and tone, courteous to every one, ‘gentle and not fearful,’ firm in his convictions, courageous in utterance, steadfast in the loyalties of friendship, clear in the vision of faith, he emphasized and enforced the truths of the gospel he so loved to preach by the charm of a life harmless and undefiled.”

Only those who in their thirst dip in the cup and drink of the living water from the well, remember and appreciate its grateful nourishment. The rest pass on, and await their time of need, and another supply. Many who read these Poems will recall the hour when they spoke peace and comfort to their souls. They were gifts, my father’s way of giving joy. I know of those who

have treasured his verses written for their wedding-day, as if they had been a benediction. Others, when they were sad and would not be comforted, have re-read in after years verses which brought a ray of hope to their gloom.

There is an Eastern legend of a rich prince who dressed himself in mean attire, and going to the bazaar opened his box and spread out on the table costliest gems, shouting to the crowd that he would give them to any who would receive them. But no one came forward. No one believed they were real. It sometimes happens that a modest, simple, reserved character is so treated in the market-place; but it finds those who prize its gifts and love the giver in hours of personal communion. My father's loveliest hours, hours when the light was on his face, were spent at his desk writing to those he loved; and to his children, when far away, his letters invariably brought his spirit, — they were so full of love, so tender, so wise, so heavy with sympathy. And how

many have shared this generosity! Letters are gone out of fashion. Some of them are type-written, and have only a friend's hurried signature. But in the old-fashioned round style of handwriting, — every "i" dotted, every "t" crossed, — all my father's letters proved that he gave his time and skill to this labor of love. So it happened, because of this life-long habit of giving his best thoughts to those he loved, that in his last hours he wrote letters which those who received them will always prize, and, dying, leave as a rich legacy unto their issue.

It is our wish that when this little book, containing a few verses, the outcome of love, falls into the hands of old friends, they may catch his smile, and pass on, joyful in the recollection!

"For there are faces in the hurrying throng  
Which bless, and leave us grateful for their smile."

W. M. B.

*October, 1894.*

POEMS.



MAKE HASTE TO PRAY.



RISE, my soul, and sing  
To God, thy Saviour King,  
Thine early lay;

Rise on the wing of prayer,  
Thy waking thoughts to bear,  
And so with grace prepare  
The opening day.

While yet the purple light  
Fringes the robe of night,  
Haste to His throne;  
Before corroding thought  
Her baneful work has wrought,  
With earnest purpose fraught,  
Seek Him alone.

As He, the Son of Man,  
His daily work began,  
    So let my feet  
Some Hermon's dewy sides,  
Where solitude abides,  
And God alone resides,  
    Make swift retreat.

Wait on the Lord thy God,  
Lean on His staff and rod ;  
    And on thy head  
Shall more abundant grace,  
From His uplifted face,  
Like morning's purest rays  
    Be richly shed.

Prepare the altar fire  
With freshest, pure desire,  
    An incense sweet ;  
Bring with thee words and plead,  
And He will surely heed,  
And answer all thy need  
    In blessings meet.

Wait early on the Lord,  
Wait on His holy word,  
    At break of day;  
Lo, God is waiting there,  
Waiting His love to share,  
Waiting to hear thy prayer,—  
    Make haste to pray.

LOVE OF JESUS, ALL DIVINE.



LOVE of Jesus, all divine,  
Fill this longing heart of  
mine,

Ceaseless struggling after life,  
Weary with the endless strife.  
Saviour, Jesus, lend Thine aid,  
Lift Thou up my fainting head;  
Lead me to my long-sought rest,  
Pillowed on Thy loving breast.

Thou alone my trust shalt be,  
Thou alone canst comfort me;  
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace  
Be my shield and hiding-place: **;**

Let me know Thy saving power  
In temptation's fiercest hour;  
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side  
Let me evermore abide.

Thou hast wrought this fond desire,  
Kindled here this sacred fire,  
Weaned my heart from all below,  
Thee, and Thee alone to know;  
Thou who hast inspired the cry,  
Thou alone canst satisfy;  
Love of Jesus, all divine,  
Fill this longing heart of mine.

OH, SING OF HIS MIGHTY  
LOVE.



H, bliss of the purified! bliss  
of the free!

I plunge in the crimson tide  
opened for me!

O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I  
stand,

And point to the print of the nails in  
His hand.

Oh, sing of His mighty love, sing of  
His mighty love,

Sing of His mighty love, — mighty to  
save!

Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is  
mine,

No longer in dread condemnation I  
pine;

In conscious salvation I sing of His  
    grace  
Who lifteth upon me the light of His  
    face!

Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the  
    pure!  
No wound hath the soul that His blood  
    cannot cure;  
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly  
    find rest,—  
No tears but may dry them on Jesus'  
    own breast.

O Jesus the Crucified! Thee will I  
    sing!  
My blessed Redeemer! my God and  
    my King!  
My soul filled with rapture shall shout  
    o'er the grave,  
And triumph in death in the Mighty  
    to save.

## INVOCATION.

UTHOR and object of our faith,  
The sacred gift impart;  
And whatsoe'er the Scripture  
saith,  
Engrave it on the heart.

Remove from every soul, and mine,  
The heavy veil of sin;  
And by the power of grace divine  
Let there be light within.

Let there be light, that we may see  
The vision waiting long;  
And all Thy promises shall be  
The joy of every song.

Come as an all-consuming fire,  
Come as the rushing wind;  
Till, purged from every base desire,  
Sin leaves no trace behind.

Come as reviving breath of spring,  
Come as the gentle showers;  
And to our yielding spirits bring  
Young life's redundant powers.

Spirit of Faith! come down and bless  
Thy waiting saints to-day;  
And on Thy chosen witnesses  
Thy mighty love display.

Spirit of Faith! our faith command,  
And that shall honor Thee;  
And all the gifts in Thy right hand  
Shall our possession be.

BLESSED JESUS, LET THY  
PRESENCE.<sup>1</sup>

 BLESSED Jesus! let Thy pres-  
ence

Like a cloud of incense fall;  
Where Thy servants meet to praise  
Thee

Let Thy blessing crown us all;  
Come and bless us,  
While upon Thy name we call.

Here in life's young manhood gathered,  
Offering all our lives to Thee,  
Who for us, in early manhood,  
Gave Thy life upon the tree,  
Let our offering  
By Thy love accepted be.

<sup>1</sup> At a Y. M. C. A. reunion.

With Thy yearning pity, Jesus!  
With Thy love for human kind,  
Nerve our earnest hearts for labor,  
Gird us with Thy patient mind;  
    Never tiring  
In the work we daily find.

Then at last, when, life declining,  
As the shades of night appear,  
On Thy loving breast reclining,  
Find we rest from labor there;  
    And Thy blessing  
Be our bliss in heaven to share.

GOD OF OUR FATHERS, THEE  
WE PRAISE.<sup>1</sup>



OD of our fathers, Thee we  
praise,  
For all Thy mercies' store;  
And here our Ebenezer raise,  
And gratefully adore.

The long, long line of witnesses,  
Through sixty summers gone,  
With joyful heart and tongue confess  
The wonders Thou hast done.

Here at the altar where we kneel  
They found Thy saving grace;  
And still to us Thou dost reveal  
The shining of Thy face.

<sup>1</sup> Willet Street M. E. Church reunion, 1886.

Our fathers' God their children own  
Forevermore the same;  
And still to coming days make known  
The glories of His name.

The ensign lifted up of yore,  
Above our temple wave;  
And still our song forevermore  
Be Jesus' power to save.

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND  
LOWLY.



GENTLE Jesus! meek and lowly,  
Once a child in humble state,  
Hear us as we bow before Thee,  
Now upon Thy throne so great.  
Gentle Jesus!  
Let Thy meekness on us wait.

Gentle Shepherd! kind and tender,  
Come within our fold and rest;  
Lo! Thy people gladly render  
Unto Thee their first and best:  
Gentle Shepherd!  
Let Thy presence make us blest.

Gentle Saviour! pure and holy,  
To this earthly dwelling come;  
For a covering spread Thy glory  
O'er us like a circling dome;  
Gentle Saviour!  
Come to this our Sabbath home.

Gentle Master! take our service,  
Thou who countest deeds by love;  
Thine the goodness, Thine the merit,  
Ours the bliss the joy to prove:  
Gentle Master!  
Seal our offering with Thy love.

O LOVE OF GOD, THOU  
OCEAN VAST.



LOVE of God, thou ocean vast,  
Unfathomed, unconfined, and  
free,  
Unchanging through the ages past,  
The same through endless years to  
be!

We wait upon the boundless strand  
Till all our souls thy waves o'erflow,  
And eager stretch our human hand,  
Love's all resistless power to know.

Unmerited thy fulness lies,  
The gift unspeakable and free;  
Its source the only sacrifice, —  
The open wounds of Calvary.

By faith we plunge beneath the flood,  
And wash our guilty stains away;  
By faith we hide ourselves in God,  
And rise in Him to endless day.

Oh, let thy mighty billows roll  
In ceaseless, unexhausted grace,  
Till reaching every sinful soul  
It lifts to heaven a fallen race.

ENTER, LORD, THIS HOUSE OF  
PRAYER.



THOU whose temple all the  
space  
Of boundless infinite confines,  
We thank Thee for the matchless grace  
That still to human love inclines.  
While angel and archangel praise  
Thy glorious name in highest heaven,  
Thou dost not spurn the feebler lays  
From lips of sinful mortals given.

The gold and frankincense and myrrh,  
And rich men's gifts of after years,  
Compared not with the love of her  
Who washed the Saviour's feet with  
tears.

*Enter, Lord, this House of Prayer.* 45

So less may gilded fanes bespeak  
To gathering throngs Thy dwelling-  
place,  
Than where Thy fervent people seek,  
In humbler shrines, Thy sacred face.

But whether high or lowly roof,  
Or cedar wall, or meaner fir,  
Thou wilt not, heedless, stand aloof  
From any humble worshipper.  
Then enter, Lord, this house of prayer  
Which human hands have raised for  
Thee;  
Oh, let Thy love Thy people share,  
And here Thy grace and glory see.

ONE IN JESUS.



HOLY Dove! Thy wings expand  
ing  
Bend in mercy o'er us now;  
All our hearts Thy love commanding,  
Lo, before Thy throne we bow:  
One in Jesus,  
Let us only Jesus know.

Holy Ghost, Thy comfort bringing,  
Come to all with healing balm,  
As on Galilee the Master  
Hushed the tempest into calm.  
One in Jesus,  
Every hand should bear a palm.

Holy Spirit, fount of goodness,  
Let the purifying fire  
Kindle now our warm affections  
Till to Thee the flame aspire:  
    One in Jesus  
Shall be every soul's desire.

This our only bond of union,  
This our shibboleth of peace,  
At the cross in sweet communion  
Seek we only love's increase.  
    One in Jesus,  
He, the Lord, our righteousness!

O THOU EXALTED SON OF  
GOD.



THOU exalted Son of God,  
High seated on the Father's  
throne!

The gifts, the purchase of Thy blood,  
To us, Thy waiting saints, make  
known.

Come, Holy Ghost, all sacred fire!  
Come, fill Thy earthly temples now:  
Emptied of every base desire,  
Reign Thou within, and only Thou.

Thy sovereign right, Thy gracious  
claim,  
To every thought and every power, —  
Our lives, to glorify Thy name,  
We yield in this accepted hour.

Fill every chamber of the soul;  
Fill all our thoughts, our passions  
fill;  
Till under Thy supreme control  
Submissive rests our cheerful will.

'T is done! Thou dost this moment  
come:

My longing soul is all Thine own;  
My heart is Thy abiding home;  
Henceforth I live for Thee alone.

The altar sanctifies the gift;  
The blood insures the boon divine:  
My outstretched hands to heaven I lift,  
And claim the Father's promise  
mine.

Now rise, exulting rise, my soul!  
Triumphant sing the Saviour's  
praise;  
His name through earth and skies extol,  
With all thy powers, through all thy  
days.

## SWEET REST.



H, ye that are weary and laden  
of soul,  
Come, come to the fountain  
that maketh you whole.

There's peace in believing, there's rest  
in His name,

There's healing for all in the blood of  
the Lamb.

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest;  
In the bosom of Jesus there only is  
rest.

Oh, cease from your anguish, ye toilers  
for life,

For vain is your labor and fruitless  
your strife:

No hope can they bring you, no joy to  
your heart;

None, none but the Saviour can resting  
impart.

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest;  
In the bosom of Jesus there only is  
rest

Then come to the Saviour, ye weary  
and worn;

Your burdens and sorrows for you He  
hath borne.

No anguish that pierceth but pierced  
Him before,

No thorn is so sharp as the crown which  
He wore.

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest;  
In the bosom of Jesus there only is rest.

Rest, rest, blessed Jesus! oh, sweet rest  
at last,

Like calm on the ocean when tempest  
is past;

The morning light breaketh in joy from  
above,

And illumines my soul with His rain-  
bow of love.

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest;

In the bosom of Jesus there only is  
rest.

WE PRAISE HIM ON THE  
SEA.



ONE song of praise, one voice of  
prayer,  
To Thee, O God, be given  
Who reigneth over earth and sea,  
And in the highest heaven.

To-day the thousands on the land  
Before Thee bend the knee,  
And we Thy holy name revere  
Upon the mighty sea.

Thy love, so like the waters vast,  
Unmeasured, unconfined,  
Surrounds, upholds, and bears us all  
Through calm or stormy wind.

Before this wondrous page of Thine  
    How small our thoughts appear,  
Where every impress is divine,  
    Proclaiming God is near.

Here then we bow, and bless Thy name,  
    Our God, our Father, One;  
Our only creed, our only hope,  
    The merits of Thy Son.

And so as well on ocean paths  
    As on the land we sing,  
With holy psalm and sounding voice,  
    The praises of our King.

O THOU GOD OF GRACE AND  
GLORY.



THOU God of grace and glory,  
Robed in everlasting light,  
Lo! the seraphs bowed before  
Thee  
Veil their faces in Thy sight;  
How shall sinners  
Hope to worship Thee aright?

Dust and ashes, shame and sorrow,  
Well become our sinful state;  
Midnight darkness cannot cover,  
For, O Lord, our sin is great;  
But Thy mercy! —  
On Thy mercy, Lord, we wait.

56 *O Thou God of Grace and Glory.*

Lo! beside Thee, ever pleading,  
    Stands the Man of Sorrows there!  
There for sinners interceding,  
    See! His hands a ransom bear;  
        By that ransom  
We Thy holy presence dare!

Yea, Thou bid'st me come with bold-  
    ness  
    While the rainbow spans the throne.  
All is mercy now and goodness;  
    In the ever blessed Son  
        All is mercy,  
God in Christ and Love are one!

PRISONER, IN THY DUNGEON  
DREAR.



PRISONER, in thy dungeon  
drear,  
Sweetly, calmly, take thy rest ;  
Lo! thy great Protector near,  
Who thy slumber can molest ?

Clanking chains and bolting door,  
Vaulted cell and solid walls,  
Are but shadows on the floor  
Where the light of heaven falls.

Foes of God may join their hands,  
Princes proud their wrath declare,  
But no strong confederate bands  
Can withstand the breath of prayer.

58 *Prisoner, in thy Dungeon Drear.*

All night long, and through the day,  
Breathing in the ear Divine,  
Meet in Mary's house to pray  
Friends of Jesus and of thine!

Sleeper, lo! thy light has come;  
Lo, the Angel of the Lord!  
Hie thee to thy quiet home,  
Back to freedom and his word.

Vain the guardsman at thy side,  
Vain the prison walls to thee,  
Vain the keeper's watch and ward;  
Who can hold whom God sets free?

PRAISE YE THE LORD! YE  
SERAPHS, PRAISE!



RAISE ye the Lord! Ye  
seraphs, praise!

Ye Cherubim, with veiled face  
Prostrate his august throne before,  
Praise ye the Lord, — praise, and adore!

Praise Him, ye angels, praise the Lord!  
Ye swift-winged heralds of his word,  
Through all creation wide declare,  
Through earth and sky His praises  
bear!

Praise ye the Lord, ye saints in light!  
Ye blood-washed throngs in robes of  
white,  
Your victor palms in triumph raise,  
And fill the heavens with loudest praise!

Praise ye the Lord, ye saints below!  
From every lip His praises flow;  
Let heart and tongue and voices raise  
Through all the world one song of  
praise!

Let bird and beast and creeping thing,  
And all that breathe, in praises sing;  
Let earth with her ten thousand  
tongues  
Praise Him, to whom all praise belongs!

Praise ye the Lord, wind, sea, and air!  
All elements, His praise declare!  
All instruments in one accord,  
Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the  
Lord!

LORD OF HEAVEN, WHO ONCE  
IN MERCY.<sup>1</sup>



LORD of heaven, who once in  
mercy  
Didst on earth as man abide,  
Drawing close, by deeds of kindness,  
Wandering sinners to Thy side;  
Let Thy goodness  
On our gathering now abide.

By Thy blest example teach us  
Self and sin to crucify;  
Earnest workers in the vineyard,  
Where the fields all open lie,  
Let us follow  
In Thy path, to do and die.

<sup>1</sup> Y. M. C. A. Inaugural.

Arm us with Thy tender spirit ;  
Arm us with Thy loving zeal.  
We would all Thy love inherit ;  
We would all Thy pity feel, —  
All embracing,  
Sweeping to the gates of hell.

Seal, O Jesus! seal our mission,  
Send us forth with life divine ;  
This the seal of our commission, —  
Souls redeemed, forever Thine.  
Let Thy blessing  
Like a halo round us shine.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.



GOD, my God! for Thee I pine,  
For Thee my thirsty soul is  
faint;  
When wilt Thou cause Thy face to  
shine,  
And heal at once my sad complaint?

Bowed down with sin and shame I  
moan,  
Burdened with consciousness of guilt;  
I loathe myself, — a wretch undone! —  
Yet Thou canst save me if Thou wilt.

See where I lie in ashes low;  
Nor can I rise till Thou appear:  
I must be free, but cannot go  
Till Thou pronounce my pardon clear.

I do not, would not, hide from Thee!  
Thy searching glance has laid me  
bare;  
And yet for that I cannot flee,  
But still for this I make my prayer.

Oh, bitter sweet! this cup I drink  
Brings blessed healing while it kills,  
And, strangely rising while I sink,  
My soul with heavenly rapture thrills.

Low down where sin and judgment  
meet,  
I meet the ransom of my soul;  
While flowing from the mercy-seat  
The cleansing waters make me whole.

Abounding Grace! Oh, can it be  
That God and I are reconciled;  
That grace hath set my spirit free,  
And I, the ransomed, made His  
child?

O God, my Father, hold me fast,  
Nor let me from Thy grace remove;  
By day, by night, from first to last,  
Hold me in Thine eternal love.

## CONSECRATION.



EE, Lord, before Thine altar  
bowed  
Prostrate my humbled soul,  
Till from above the mercy cloud  
Thy voice shall speak me whole.  
Oh for descending fire,  
Oh for the hallowing flame!  
Come, Holy Ghost, my heart's  
desire;  
I plead in Jesus' name.

A willing sacrifice at last  
Myself to Thee I give;  
The weary, painful strife is past:  
I die that I may live.

I yield Thee all my hallowed powers,  
Thine only will I be;  
Contented if I may but know  
Thou giv'st Thyself to me.

Poor, sinful, vile, my offering lies,  
Yet is it all my store;  
Nor wilt Thou, Lord, the gift despise,  
Nor spurn the contrite poor.

Yet not for these, but for Thy Son,  
That better sacrifice!  
Oh, to my longing soul send down  
An answer from the skies!

Be hushed, my soul! a breath from  
Heaven,

Soft as the gentle breeze:  
"Thy prayer is heard, thy suit is given,  
And Jesus whispers peace."

Oh, purifying fire,  
Oh, sanctifying flame,  
Oh, Holy Ghost, my soul's desire,  
Now mine through Jesus' name!

JESUS WALKS THE WAVES  
TO THEE.



SUFFERER, tossed in mental  
anguish,  
Buffeted on life's dark sea,  
Oh, do not despairing languish!  
Jesus walks the waves to thee.

Toil in rowing through the midnight,  
Ply thy stroke with firmer hand;  
Not the billows' dread commotion  
Can His word of peace withstand.

Through the darkness thick with terror,  
Let not fear distress thee sore;  
What though evil spirits crowd thee,  
Christ is nearer evermore.

Still afraid and wonder-stricken,  
Do thine eyes to fear incline?  
Nay, what image wouldst thou liken  
To that human form divine?

Seems it strange that stormy billow  
At His presence should subside,  
Stranger than that at His bidding  
Loaves and fishes multiplied?

Nay, for shame, poor trembling weak-  
ness!  
He is nearer than thy fears;  
Stronger than thy doubts His meekness.  
Only thy distress He hears.

Sufferer, tossed in mental anguish,  
Buffeted on life's dark sea,  
Oh, do not despairing languish!  
Jesus walks the waves to thee.

THE KINGDOMS OF THE  
WORLD ARE THINE.



THE kingdoms of the world are  
Thine,  
The forces of the sea;  
And all the multitudes of men  
Belong, O Lord! to Thee.

Thy sovereign right far as the day  
Or night enwraps the earth,  
Wherever human heart can pray  
Or human life has birth.

Thy regal claim the world shall own,  
And every tongue confess  
That Jesus is the Lord alone,  
The King of righteousness.

*The Kingdoms of the World are Thine.* 71

Not long, O groaning earth, not long  
Ere He returns again,  
With all His Father's mighty throng  
In majesty to reign.

Till then let every bounding heart  
With ready sandalled feet  
Be swift as on the wings of love  
Its coming Lord to meet.

THOU WHO ONCE IN JORDAN'S  
WATERS.<sup>1</sup>



THOU who once in Jordan's  
waters  
Didst Thyself Thy mission  
seal,  
Grant to these, Thy sons and daughters,  
Thy blest presence to reveal.  
These, Thy tender love possessing,  
Turning from the paths of sin,  
Thee, their Lord and God, confessing,  
Wait till Thou shalt make them clean.

Following where Thy footsteps lead  
them,  
Plunging in the watery grave,  
By Thy resurrection glory  
Let them know Thy power to save.

<sup>1</sup> At a Baptism.

Let them rise to holy living,  
Put on Christ, their life divine,  
And henceforth, in glad thanksgiving,  
In Thy glorious image shine.

And on all Thy people waiting  
Send the Spirit from above;  
Every heart anew creating  
In the fervor of Thy love.  
While with one accord and spirit  
Comes before Thee one desire,—  
Of thy tender mercy hear it!  
Lord, baptize with holy fire.

## THE DAY OF GOD.



WILL it come, the day of God,  
When the curse shall be re-  
moved?

Will it bring the vengeful rod,  
Or the voice of the Beloved?

Sure as the eternal throne  
Stands the promise of His word:  
He shall make His glory known;  
All mankind shall hail Him Lord.

What doth hinder? — hate of hell,  
Strife of men, and greed of lust;  
But more wonderful to tell,  
Waits the Patience of the Just!

God's long suffering standeth still,  
    Mercy pleading with the foe!  
But who shall resist His will  
    When He lets His fury go?

Burning like a furnace flame,  
    Fed by wrath that cannot spare,  
See the glory of His name  
    Rising, spreading everywhere.

Oh, before that awful day  
    Let our dark rebellion cease;  
Let us meet Him in the way,  
    And His coming shall be peace.

FROM STRENGTH TO  
STRENGTH.

“ROM strength to strength,”  
He leadeth me,  
The manna falleth day by day;  
On angel's food He feedeth me,  
And guideth in the perfect way.

“From strength to strength,” I follow  
on,  
Not knowing what the day may bring;  
Content to say “Thy will be done,”  
I lift my cheerful voice and sing.

“From strength to strength,” what  
visions rise  
Of all the Father's boundless love!  
At every turn a new surprise  
Awaits me from my home above!

“From strength to strength,” what  
might is mine,

In every conflict, every fear;  
Clothed in the panoply divine,  
O'er all my foes I triumph here.

“From strength to strength,” till life  
is past;

“From strength to strength” in  
heaven above;

“From strength to strength” the first  
and last,  
Till glory crowns a life of love.

THY WILL BE DONE.<sup>1</sup>



THY will be done, O Lord divine!  
Thy will alone, and never mine,  
So shall my will be lost in Thine,  
Thy will be done.

I may not understand my prayer,  
What it may cost the flesh to bear,  
What love may seek, or faith may dare:  
Thy will be done.

Thy loving wisdom may conceal  
The secret purpose of Thy will;  
But satisfied, I answer still,  
Thy will be done.

<sup>1</sup> "September 5, 1890, — anniversary of my leaving Hayes in 1848."

I only ask Thyself to know,  
And then obediently I go  
Through fire, or floods that overflow:  
Thy will be done.

In life or death I ask no more  
But to obey Thee, and adore,  
And sing with angels evermore,  
Thy will be done.

WELCOME, GRACIOUS  
SAVIOUR.<sup>1</sup>



WELCOME, welcome, gracious  
Saviour,  
Welcome to our dwelling-place!  
Here, if we have found Thy favor,  
Let the smilings of Thy face  
Rest upon us,  
As a cloud of glorious grace.

Come as when to Martha's dwelling  
Thou didst seek a calm retreat,  
As when Mary, softly stealing,  
Sat in meekness at Thy feet:  
So in mercy,  
Bless us as we sit at meat.

<sup>1</sup> At a consecration.

And when round our altar bending  
Morn and eve Thy praise shall rise,—  
Young and old their homage blending,  
Wafting incense to the skies, —  
Let Thy pleading  
Mingle with their sacrifice.

And whene'er in life's employments  
Busy cares demand our thought,  
Then, as when in full enjoyments,  
Let our toil with Thee be fraught ;  
Let Thy blessing  
Ever rest upon our lot.

And when friendly feet or stranger  
Seek awhile a place of rest,  
Here, refreshed and free from danger,  
May their tarrying, Lord, be blest  
With Thy presence,  
As our fixed abiding Guest.

Welcome, welcome, gracious Saviour,  
Welcome to our dwelling-place!  
Here, if we have found Thy favor,  
Let the smilings of Thy face  
Rest upon us,  
As a cloud of glorious grace.

## I LONG FOR REST.



LONG for rest, for rest of soul,  
For something more than self-  
control;  
For something more than pride has  
sought  
In creed, or settlement of thought;  
For something more than art can teach,  
Or hand of cultured science reach:  
I long for rest; but find no goal  
Whereby to rest my weary soul.

I long for rest; yet not from strife  
With sin or weariness of life.  
My longing is a thirst that springs  
From tasting of diviner things;

It is as though some absent friend  
Should some endearing token send,  
Which sets me all aglow to see,  
And bring him face to face with me.

It is as when the moistened clay  
Upon the long-sealed eyelids lay;  
And to the opening vision light  
Brought sudden consciousness of sight,  
And men as trees went walking by.  
Trembling, I see the light; but cry,  
“Yet touch mine eyes again, I pray,  
And bring me into perfect day!”

I must have rest! but rest must be,  
O Christ, in knowing only Thee!  
Not heaven itself can satisfy,  
Nor yet Thy grace my want supply.  
Love seeks no gift that does not bring  
The giver with the meaner thing;  
I long for Thee, nor will I rest  
Until I lean upon Thy breast.

## THE COMFORTER.



O spread the tidings round,  
wherever man is found,  
Wherever human hearts and  
human woes abound ;  
Let every Christian tongue proclaim the  
joyful sound :  
The Comforter has come !  
The Comforter has come,  
The Comforter has come !  
The Holy Ghost from heaven,  
The Father's promise given.

The long, long night is past ; the morn-  
ing breaks at last ;  
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury  
of the blast,  
As o'er the golden hills the day advances  
fast !  
The Comforter has come !

Lo, the great King of kings, with healing  
in His wings,  
To every captive soul a full deliverance  
brings;  
And through the vacant cells the song  
of triumph rings:  
The Comforter has come!

Oh, boundless Love divine! how shall  
this tongue of mine  
To wondering mortals tell the matchless  
grace divine, —  
That I, a child of sin, should in His  
image shine!  
The Comforter has come!

Sing, till the echoes fly above the  
vaulted sky,  
And all the saints above to all below  
reply,  
In strains of endless love, the song that  
ne'er shall die:  
The Comforter has come!

SEARCH ME, O GOD.



SEARCH me, O God! my actions  
try,  
And let my life appear;  
As seen by Thine all-searching eye,  
To mine my ways make clear.

Search all my sense, and know my heart,  
Who only canst make known,  
And let the deep, the hidden part  
To me be fully shown.

Throw light into the darkened cells  
Where inbred passion reigns;  
Quicken the conscience till it feels  
The filth of sin's remains.

Search all my thoughts, the secret  
springs,  
The motives that control,  
The chambers where polluted things  
Hold empire o'er the soul.

Search, till Thy fiery glance has cast  
Its holy light through all ;  
And I by grace am brought at last  
Before Thy face to fall.

Thus prostrate, I shall learn of Thee  
What now I feebly prove,  
How God in Christ alone can be  
Unutterable love !

THE SURRENDERED POWERS.



COME, enter, Lord, and take Thy  
rest,  
Thou and Thy ark of strength ;  
And make the temple of my breast  
Thy dwelling-place at length.

My life, my goods, myself I yield  
A cheerful sacrifice ;  
No fond desire that lay concealed  
But on Thine altar dies.

I will be Thine with all my powers, —  
My memory, mind, and will ;  
And all my consecrated hours  
Thy blessed service fill.

I know how poor and worthless all,  
    How weak the hand I lift;  
But where the sprinkling blood shall fall,  
    It sanctifies the gift.

'T is done ! but wilt Thou condescend  
    To make my heart Thy home,  
Call me, a sinful worm, Thy friend?  
    O Jesus, quickly come !

SPECIAL SEASONS AND  
OCCASIONS.



## EASTER.



RISE and sing, O Christians,  
sing!

Christ is risen from the dead:  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
Where, O Grave, is now thy dread?  
Christ is risen;  
Christ is our triumphant head!

Rise and sing, O mourner, rise!  
Christ is risen; rise and sing!  
Dry the tears from weeping eyes, —  
Every lip its tribute bring:  
Christ is risen;  
Christ is our triumphant King!

Rise and sing, O penitent !  
Hear the glad absolving word ;  
See ! the prison doors are rent,  
Peace to guilty souls restored :  
Christ is risen ;  
Christ is our triumphant Lord !

Rise and sing, till earth and heaven  
Blend in one grand Easter psalm :  
Unto us a Son is given,  
Unto Him the Conqueror's palm !  
Christ is risen ;  
Christ is our eternal psalm.

HAIL THE BLESSED EASTER  
MORNING.



HAIL the blessed Easter morn-  
ing!

Hail the resurrection day!

Let the cavern ring with anthems  
Where the blessed Saviour lay.  
Shout His praises, saints in glory;  
Saints below, His praises sing!  
Men and angels, bow before Him,  
Christ, the everlasting King!

Hail the long-expected triumph!  
Hail the victory o'er the grave!  
Let the travail-bound creation  
Sing His mighty power to save.  
Vain the stone, the seal, the warden,  
Vain the hate of earth and hell;  
Lord of Life! His foes beneath Him  
His triumphal chorus swell.

Hail thee, Master! let our praises  
Be for plaited garland rare;  
Let our best accepted tribute  
Be the voice of humble prayer;  
And upon our waiting spirits  
All thy new-raised glory shine.  
Filling now these earthly temples,  
Make our Easter all divine.

## LOVE'S EASTER.



LOVE has an Easter all her own ;  
And on the margin of the  
tomb,  
Where Death his fatal work has done,  
Puts on her brow perpetual bloom.

Love conquers most when all is loss,  
Compelling victory from defeat ;  
The shame, the agony, the cross,  
Are throne-steps for the victor's feet.

Love sheds her tears that joys may flow,  
Holds closer bonds when friends  
depart ;  
Wards from her own the treacherous  
blow,  
And hides them in her constant heart.

Love smiles at wrong, though that may  
kill;

The strength of suffering is her boast;  
Supreme, she holds her sovereign will  
By yielding to the uttermost.

Love has an Easter all her own;  
And o'er the grave where darkness  
lay,  
Triumphant lifts her august throne,  
Resplendent in eternal day.

EASTER MORNING.



RISE, my soul! 't is Easter morn-  
ing!

Winter melting into spring!

Lo, the heaven and earth adorning

Shines the glory of our King!

Christ is risen!

Let the world His triumph sing.

All creation wakes to gladness,

Grateful odors fill the air,

Songs of praise dispelling sadness

Rise upon the breath of prayer!

Christ is risen!

Winds and waves the burden bear.

Saints your floral tribute bringing,  
Early at the altar bow,  
While the joyous bells are ringing,  
Lo, the grave is vacant now,  
Christ is risen!  
Put the crown upon His brow.

Crown Him, crown Him, King of glory!  
Seated on the Father's throne!  
First in all redemption's story,  
Men and angels make it known,  
Christ is risen!  
God and man in Christ made one.

IN HIS NAME.<sup>1</sup>



S in His name we meet to-day  
And in His name we part,  
We tarry at His feet, to say  
God keep us one in heart.

For He who bids His servants go  
Appoints to each his place ;  
Nor can we doubt or darkness know  
Beneath His smiling face.

So that the word of life is free,  
We gladly yield our own :  
Our only wish and boast to be  
That we may make it known.

<sup>1</sup> At a King's Daughters' meeting.

Obedient answer to His will  
Knows neither East nor West;  
So but His counsels we fulfil,  
Or here or there is best.

Then let us rise and bless the Lord,  
And face whate'er may come;  
It cannot be a doubtful word  
That brings us safely home.

## THANKSGIVING.



RAISE from the laughing vales  
arise,  
Praise from the fruitful hills,  
Praise from the tops that kiss the skies!  
His praise creation fills.

The seasons bless His holy name,  
His goodness crowns the year;  
Let every living thing proclaim  
His praises everywhere.

But most of all, great God! to Thee  
Let human praises rise,  
The incense of the bended knee,  
The grateful sacrifice.

More than Thy gifts to man Thou art,  
More than his daily bread;  
And more to Thee the human heart  
Than all Thy hands have made.

Then praise to Thee, Thou God of love,  
From every human tongue,  
Till all the sounding courts above  
Are filled with human song,

O THOU, OUR FATHER AND  
OUR FRIEND.



THOU, our Father and our  
Friend!

Our grateful thanks to Thee  
we bring ;

Thy name, on whom our souls depend,  
With cheerful voice we loudly sing.

We praise the Lord for all our good,  
For all the blessings of Thy grace ;  
For friends beloved, for home and food,  
For health renewed and length of  
days.

Thy hand hath blest the sower's toil,  
And filled our garners rich with grain ;  
Made kindly fruitful all our soil,  
Till hill and valley groan again.

106 *O Thou, our Father and our Friend.*

The merchant smiling speeds his way,  
And spreads our flag on every  
shore;  
While all the ocean owns its sway,  
And every nation feels its power.

And freighted rich, from every land  
Our vessels come, with plenty stored;  
As if in tribute to the hand  
That fights for freedom and for God.

Oh that no voice of fettered slaves  
Might rise to mock that boastful  
strain!  
Oh that where'er our banner waves  
It bore no self-polluting stain!

But gently, Father, gently deal,  
And spare us for the righteous' sake;  
Perchance thy gospel yet may heal,  
And Pharaoh's arm let go — or break!

But still, our Father, thou art good!

And Thee we praise for all Thy grace,  
For friends beloved, for home and food,  
For health renewed, and length of  
days.

1859.

## CHRISTMAS.



CHRIST is come, is come to earth !  
Low the manger, mean His  
birth;

Son of David, royal seed,  
None of David's children heed :  
Only shepherds wondering gaze,  
Only strangers seek His face.

Yet He comes of heaven adored,  
Hosts of angels chant Him Lord !  
Heaven's high arches swell the strain,  
" Jesus comes on earth to reign :  
Wake ye, mortals, wake and see  
Love's divinest mystery ! "

Lo! above, the wondrous star  
Guiding earnest feet afar,  
Shining clear, with cold, pale beams,  
O'er the humble stable gleams;  
Only wise men see its light  
Struggling through the murky night.

Gay and worldly see no sign  
In the infant face divine;  
Child of way-bound traveller there,  
Why should gay and courtly care?  
Yet the wise men bend the knee,  
In the babe Messiah see.

Haughty soul and lofty brow  
May not at the manger bow;  
Insentient pleasure may not wait  
Upon the stranger's mean estate;  
Yet to waiting souls the morn  
Joyful hails the Saviour born.

So He cometh, ever comes,  
To our hearts and to our homes;  
Unobserved of pomp and pride,  
To the contrite sinner's side;  
Smiles on those who eager seek,  
Makes His advent to the meek.

BRING GIFTS.



SAVIOUR! now in highest glory,  
Seated on Thy Father's throne,  
Help us as we sing the story,  
And Thy wondrous grace make  
known,  
When in meekness  
Thou didst come from glory down.

Holy Spirit! give Thy blessing,  
Show us all the Saviour's love,  
Who, the Father's love professing,  
Yet descended from above,  
Veiled in weakness,  
That His strength we all might prove.

Father, breathe Thy benediction,  
Let us see Thee in Thy Son ;  
Let us know Thy great salvation,  
God and man in Christ made one.  
With the Father,  
See the glorious work begun !

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
One in purpose, as in name ;  
Only one in grace and merit,  
To-day, as yesterday, the same :  
All the Godhead  
Meeting in the blessed Lamb !

Bending lowly by the manger,  
We would bring Thee gifts to-day ;  
Gladly hail the infant stranger,  
At His feet our homage lay.  
Blessed Jesus !  
Take our hearts, we humbly pray.

PEACE.



ARK! what mellow notes on  
high!

Peace, peace on earth!

Angels singing in the sky,

Peace, peace on earth!

Hushed the sound and din of war,

O'er our darkness, lo! the star

Shedding brightness from afar.

Peace, peace on earth!

God and man are reconciled,

Peace, peace on earth!

Through the Virgin's holy child,

Peace, peace on earth!

Let us o'er the world proclaim

Softest music in His name;

To bring peace on earth He came,

Peace, peace on earth!

Healing balm for all our woes,

Peace, peace on earth !

Weary wanderer's sweet repose,

Peace, peace on earth !

Soothing for the troubled breast ;

Oh, ye burdened and opprest,

Jesus comes to give you rest.

Peace, peace on earth !

Comes on earth to show us heaven,

Peace, peace on earth !

All our sins may be forgiven,

Peace, peace on earth !

The lion and the lamb lie down,

Every angry passion gone ;

Jesus comes to claim His own,

Peace, peace on earth !

## NEW YEAR.



YEAR of hope, O day of  
grace,  
I hail thy happy dawning ;  
I look into thy smiling face,  
And bless the New Year's morning.

The night has passed, the dreary night,  
The crucifixion ended ;  
I bathe in resurrection light,  
And rise with Christ ascended.

I lay aside the rugged cross,  
The badge of shame and sorrow,  
And take the anchor for my crest,  
The pledge of bright to-morrow.

Hope pierces through the mist and  
clouds,

And leads where reason fails us ;  
And o'er the tomb that doubt enshrouds,  
Her conquering vision hails us !

Then let her hand our footsteps guide,  
Her radiant smile beam o'er us ;  
With strength of heart no foot can slide,  
And such a face before us !

Thus, while the harmless billows roll,  
And tempest wild is screaming,  
Nothing shall shake my steadfast soul,  
On Hope's strong anchor leaning.

O year of hope, O day of grace,  
I hail thy happy dawning ;  
I look into thy smiling face,  
And bless the New Year's morning.

A PSALM OF PRAISE.



HY praise, O God, the new-born  
year

On every opening page shall  
bear,

And every day our song shall be  
A joyful anthem, Lord, to Thee.

We know not what may lie before,  
But simply trusting evermore,  
We take Thy hand, outstretched to save,  
And meet the storm or walk the wave.

Or should dismay our souls enshroud,  
We'll call to mind the moving cloud;  
And bending low beneath the blast,  
Be still, until the storm is past.

To-day as yesterday the same,  
The rolling years Thy truth proclaim;  
Nor can there be to-morrow's need,  
But Thou wilt give to-morrow's bread.

Be Thine to choose, and ours to say  
Amen, with each returning day;  
So joyful shall we daily raise  
Our Ebenezers to Thy praise.

## THE OPENING YEAR.



THEE first and last, my God, my  
King,

The opening year Thy praise  
shall sing;

And while I tune my harp again,  
My soul repeats her glad Amen.

I know not what may lie before,  
I only see an open door;  
I only feel a guiding hand  
As duty answers love's command.

Better to me than open skies  
That hope is veiled in dim surprise;  
Each day unfolding from above  
Some new, sweet mystery of Thy love.

What if my vision could command  
The prospects of the opening land ;  
Would then my soul so closely cling  
To Thee, my Father and my King?

Better my hand be still in Thine,  
Be lost my will in will divine ;  
Where can a child so safe abide  
As pressing to a Father's side?

Then, first and last, my God, my King,  
The opening year Thy praise shall sing ;  
And each succeeding day shall be  
A fresh memorial, Lord, to Thee.

MY SOUL LOOKS FORWARD TO  
THE HILLS.



MY soul looks forward to the hills,  
From whence my health and  
strength are given ;  
And as the rising vision fills,  
I rise into a present heaven.

The gulf of days or years between,  
Lies dark and low beneath my feet ;  
I look across the murky scene,  
And lo ! to faith the margins meet.

The world above and world below  
Are not divided by our years,  
But only severed as we throw  
The line between of guilty fears.

Life is not measured by its length,  
    But by the quality of life,  
And by the God-imparted strength  
    That always conquers in the strife.

The old is buried in the new ;  
    The new perennial as its spring,  
As clear as truth, as fresh as dew,  
    Proclaims the praises of her King.

The New Year dawns, the year of grace,  
    I answer with undaunted brow ;  
And smiling meet her face to face,  
    For love and duty ready now.

A SILVER-WEDDING SONG.



SONG of the olden time,

A song of the long ago ;

And the bells are ringing a  
silvery chime

As over the years they go.

A priest at the altar stands

A youth and maiden before,

So tremblingly, trustingly joining their  
hands

For weal or woe evermore.

The years flow on in their course,

(Oh the swiftly flowing years !)

And the measure is given for better or  
worse,

For the sunshine and the tears.

For life has no charmèd sail  
That may bribe the wind and tide,  
And only the heart of the brave may  
    prevail  
Where the fiercest currents glide.

Yet on through wind and sea,  
And on through the cloudy night,  
We have ploughed our way, and our  
    prow to-day  
Is toward the land of light.

We may have no silver sheen  
For our silver-wedding day;  
And the only crown that may crown us,  
    Queen!  
Are our locks of silver gray.

Yet the tide flows onward still,  
And our bark is gliding sure ;  
For our love is true and our trust is new  
As the day when we left the shore.

And life has not all been vain,  
Nor without their fruit the years ;  
The losses have ever been less than the  
    gain,  
And the smiling more than tears.

And our name has taken wing,  
And among the angel throng  
It is joyfully heard by the mighty King  
As he bends o'er Mamie's song.

And over the sea to-day  
Our noble son in his pride  
Stands, helm in hand, at the word of  
    command  
To launch his bark with his bride.

And for the rest, — one, two, three  
Olive boughs over the wall, —  
Can the home be poor, or be lone the  
    door,  
Where such green branches fall?

Then let us keep heart, dear wife!  
And sing if we cannot feast;  
Abundance of love is abundance of life,  
And most may be in the least.

We stood at the altar once,  
Let us stand there once again;  
“For better, for worse,” as we make  
    response,  
Let it be the old refrain.

We have crossed the silvery bar;  
Who knoweth what lies before?  
It is a long way yet to the golden star, —  
Perhaps not to the golden shore!

So let us keep close, good wife,  
Through calm or stormy weather;  
For nothing can part either hand or  
    heart  
Whom God hath joined together.

## A BRIDAL MEMORY.



THOSE marriage bells, how soft  
and slow  
The lingering echoes seem ;  
So long ago, so faint and low,  
Like murmurs of a dream.

Yet hark again ! on fancy's ears  
Comes up the old refrain ;  
We leap the intervening years,  
And love is young again.

And there we stand, while hand in hand  
The benediction falls ;  
The words are said, and we are wed,  
And life to duty calls.

September's sun in glory set,  
The twilight all aglow,  
As bride and bridegroom joyful met  
The call of long ago.

The intervening years are gone,  
The busy, crowded train ;  
But hand in hand we still are one  
For sunshine or for rain.

September's glory crowns the year,  
As crowned that joyful day :  
They say we're not so young, my dear,  
Not quite so fresh as May !

Or is it that the sward has lost  
Its springy tread of old ;  
Or that the mists of northern coast  
Have dimmed the burnished gold ?

Nay, not without are changes found ;  
We cannot cheat the truth ;  
There is no life elixir found  
To bribe perpetual youth.

“ Day unto day, and night to night,”  
The endless song is sung :  
Maybe they learn, who sing it right,  
The art of growing young.

Who meet the future day by day,  
With earnest hearts and true,  
Consult not milestones on the way,  
But good that they may do.

The marriage bells, how soft and low  
Their lingering echoes seem ;  
So long ago, — so faint, and slow,  
Like memories of a dream !

Yet hark again ! on fancy's ears  
Comes up the old refrain ;  
We leap the intervening years,  
And love grows young again.

1884.

THEY SAY I'M THIRTY-FIVE.<sup>1</sup>



HIS is my birthday, lack-a-day!

As sure as I'm alive!

And would you know my length  
of way?

They say I'm thirty-five!

I reckon too they're partly right,  
Though it is hard to see  
How one with youthful heart so light,  
So very old can be.

“So very old”! why, how you talk!  
I am no older now  
Than when in girlhood's heedless path,  
With sunshine on my brow.

<sup>1</sup> To M. B. on her birthday.

I'm sure I'm blooming just as fast  
As when the rosy blush  
In varying depth of crimson hue  
My maiden cheek would flush.

'T is true the bloom is not so red  
As bloom of former day ;  
The almond's springing up instead,  
And scattering silver spray.

And surely silver veins are more  
Than rose-leaves' fading hue, —  
Why, gold to-day is fifty-four,  
And silver fifty-two.

See how they shine, my hairs of gray,  
Just one, two, three or so ;  
Just like the flowers of early May,  
Or maybe — early snow.

Well, let it fall ; it falls so light,  
The snow of passing years ;  
And falling once, it lies so bright,  
And never melts in tears.

132    *They Say I'm Thirty-five.*

This is my birthday, lack-a-day!

As sure as I'm alive!

And would you know how old I am?

They say I'm thirty-five.

MEMORIAL AND OTHER  
VERSES.



## FADING FLOWERS.



HE young, the loved, the beautiful,  
Why must they pass away?  
Why must the flowers we love so well  
The earliest decay?

Why must the gentle and the good  
Retrace their steps so soon?  
Why must the morning-glory hide  
Before the midday sun?

Why must the balmy breath of spring  
The ruder breast elate  
With boisterous laughing health, but  
bring  
Death to the delicate?

Why must the loud winds' revel wild  
Add freshness to the cheek,  
And strength of limb to mountain child,  
But blanch the fair and meek?

The gentle, fair, and delicate,  
We love to have them so ;  
And yet for that we love them most  
They are the first to go !

Exotics of a fairer clime,  
They seek their native bed ;  
Too tender for a soil so hard  
As earth for them has spread.

Opening sweetly, gentle flowers !  
They catch the Master's eye ;  
And He, to bloom in heavenly bowers,  
Transplants them to the sky.

The young, the loved, the beautiful,  
They early pass away,  
Because they cannot bloom and shine  
Where death's chill breezes play.

O gentle Father! Master good!  
Help us to love and lose, —  
To trust Thee, when not understood;  
To acquiesce, not choose!

DEATH IS SO STRANGE.



THOU that countest not our  
days,  
Nor measurest life by length  
of years,  
Forgive our erring human ways  
If feeble trust is choked in tears.

We bow before Thy just decree ;  
We can but bow for very grief :  
We know Thee good, but cannot see  
How ill can bring the heart relief.

We cannot see the good from ill ;  
We cannot count the gain for loss ;  
And oh, forgive, if Thy sweet will  
Becomes to us our heaviest cross.

Death is so strange, we never grow  
Familiar with his silent tread;  
Oft as he comes, we never know  
The meaning to be written — dead!

We only know that one has gone,  
And comes not back for love or hate;  
And so we gather close, and mourn  
An absence that makes desolate.

Death is so strange! and yet with them  
Is no more death, nor grief, nor pain;  
Nor aught that marred life's fitful dream  
Can reach or trouble them again.

Oh for that touch of Thine, dear Lord!  
That gives the light to sightless eyes;  
Oh for that knowledge of Thy word  
Before which doubt or darkness flies!

We lift our bleeding hearts to Thee,  
And, weeping, still would say, Amen!  
What now we know not, we shall see  
Sometime, and we can wait till then.

MAKE ROOM, YE ANGEL  
THRONG!



MAKE room, ye angel throng!  
A servant at the gates,  
A child of sunshine and of song  
The Master's call awaits.

No alien from the throne,  
No stranger to your King;  
A veteran with his armor on:  
Let heaven with praises ring.

Laden with goodly spoil,  
No lingering on the way;  
Fresh from the conflict and the toil,  
He comes to endless day.

Strike high your glad refrain!  
You cannot strike a note,  
Nor sweep upon your harps a strain  
Which he remembers not.

Speak in your native tongue,  
Your speech will not surprise;  
For long his cultured soul has known  
The language of the skies.

Who, faithful unto death,  
Obedient lays him down,  
But changes, at his parting breath,  
His armor for his crown.

Then take him to your trust,  
The faithful and the tried:  
The ways of God are right and just;  
Let man be satisfied.

FIVE WATCHMEN FROM THE  
WALLS.



FIVE watchmen from the walls,  
Five workmen from the field,  
Five warriors at the trumpet's  
call,  
In death, obedient yield.

No murmur seals their breath,  
No dark, desponding word;  
But through the sounding courts of death  
They triumph in their Lord.

Brush back the falling tear,  
Beat down the heaving sigh;  
List! as they fall, what words of cheer:  
" Press on to victory! "

Close up the ranks, ye hosts!  
With quicker, firmer tread,  
Since these the stormy waves have  
crossed  
In safety with their Head.

We go from strength to strength,  
Each at his Master's will,  
But every one appears at length  
With Him on Zion's hill:

At morn or noon or eve,  
No matter which or where,  
So but the word the Master gives, —  
His glory crowns us there!

IN MAMIE'S MEMORY.



WE had a little pet, so bright and  
passing fair,  
To our devoted hearts so like  
a thing of air;  
We did not speak of her as of other  
earthly things,  
But called her "Little Angel, — our  
angel without wings."

She danced about our hearthstone, she  
dandled on our knee,  
Prattling from morn till night, brimful  
of childish glee:  
Her smile might be to others as other  
smiling things,  
But to us 't was as an angel's smile, —  
"our angel without wings."

There might not, to others, be wisdom  
in her words,  
Nor music in her voice, like the music  
of the birds;  
But to us that harp had tones unreached  
by other strings, —  
'T was our sweet angel harping, — “our  
angel without wings.”

We did not know the sound, but won-  
dered at the power  
Which struck the chords so deep in  
childhood's early hour;  
We clasped her to our bosom, with fear  
which fondness brings,  
And called her Angel baby, “our angel  
without wings.”

“Mamie get her wings, papa,” the angel  
said, one day;  
“Mamie be an angel, if papa go away!”

We clasped her to our bosom, as love  
in danger clings,  
“O God!” we cried, “preserve Thou  
our angel without wings.”

Trustfully we left her, with kisses to  
beguile,  
The bodings of our yearning hearts  
admonishing the while,  
As of careless hands unbidden, stirring  
secret springs;  
So, tremblingly, we left her, — “our  
angel without wings.”

Brightly as the sun shone, more brightly  
still she smiled;  
Happy was the livelong day, happier  
the child;  
Now weary with her gambols, still  
cheerily she sings,  
“I want to be an angel,” — “our angel  
without wings.”

Gentle spirits listen to songs of heaven  
on earth;

Gentle spirits came down to give her  
spirit birth;

So out upon the noonday her mortal  
robes she flings,

And Mamie is an angel, — our angel,  
now, with wings.

HEAVEN AND EARTH, HOW  
WIDE APART.

**H**EAVEN and earth, how wide  
    apart,  
And yet how close their gates;  
For all that links them is the heart,  
    And all that separates.

There come among us angel forms;  
    We know not till they go  
How much of Heaven is lost with them  
    How much is left below.

Their presence kindled in our hearts  
    A fire that cannot die;  
Their absence to that fire imparts  
    Fiercer intensity.

They came, they went; we follow on  
Where they have led the way;  
And we shall pass, as they have done,  
The open gates of day.

So let us weep, but weeping, keep  
The prize which love has given:  
What we are called to lose on earth  
We find again in heaven.

A BURNING AND A SHINING  
LIGHT.



BURNING and a shining light,  
A living record, known and  
read ;  
Though seeming quenched in mortal  
night,  
A holy life is never dead.

Elijah mounts his car of fire,  
But drops his mantle on his son ;  
And martyrs from the funeral pyre  
Shout from the flames the victory won.

Thick darkness fell upon the day  
Christ yielded up the ghost, and died ;  
But laughter turned to wild dismay  
As rose again the Crucified.

So, living in her holy deeds,  
So, living in our loving thought,  
Our sister rises from the weeds  
That weeping hands have round her  
wrought.

Her living faith, her burning words,  
Her pure desire, untouched by shame,  
Her love for souls, which, like her Lord's,  
Consumed itself in deathless flame, —

These all are ours; and ours to weep,  
But not as those whose hopes decay:  
We come with tears and smiles to keep  
A burial and a bridal day.

## THE EMPTY ROOMS.<sup>1</sup>



LITTLE Lulu came and went;  
Came, and brought us smiles  
for tears;  
Came when sorrow lowly bent  
O'er the grave of infant years.

Came, and opened in our hearts  
A room which none unlocked before,  
Occupied it all alone,  
Would not open Eddie's door.

Little Eddie, as he passed,  
Shut the door and turned the key;  
And it standeth ever fast:  
Little Lulu let it be.

<sup>1</sup> In memory of a friend's second child; both children died in 1861.

Little Lulu stayed awhile,  
    Strewed sweet rosebuds on the floor,  
Answered some one with a smile,  
    Then went out and shut her door.

Some one called, and Lulu rose ;  
    Was it little Eddie's hand,  
As we saw the shutter close,  
    Beckoning to the better land?

So they came, and so they went, —  
    Made us rich, but left us poor ;  
But the riches from us rent  
    Open wider heaven's door.

Now two rooms are vacant here,  
    None may enter either door.  
Love and Hope are wardens there,  
    Keeping vigil evermore.

PHILIP EMBURY.<sup>1</sup>



OD of our fathers, here we raise  
A monument of grateful praise,  
To bear his name who early  
bore  
The gospel message to our shore.

No priestly fingers pressed his head,  
Nor written parchments bade him speed;  
But from the throne of God there came  
Upon his breast a hallowed flame.

The will of God his sole desire,  
The souls of men his only hire,  
He sought his ministry to prove  
By deeds of all-constraining love.

<sup>1</sup> At the unveiling of a monument to Philip Embury at Cambridge, Mass., 1873.

And lo! to-day a countless throng  
Bear to the winds their joyful song;  
And while they march the paths he  
trod,  
They bless the name of Embury's God.

REST AWHILE.<sup>1</sup>

USY toiler, hark! the Master  
Bids thee come and rest  
awhile;

Eager feet will run the faster  
That have felt His cheering smile:  
Let His presence  
Every weary thought beguile.

Lo, the desert, like a garden,  
Buds and blooms with fruit and  
flower,  
While the song-birds watch and warden  
Keep through all the joyful hour;  
And the heavens  
Show the Father's love and power.

<sup>1</sup> At a meeting of City Missionaries at Forest House, near London, 1877.

Give the day to feast and singing,  
Give your hearts to joyful praise,  
Till through all the welkin ringing  
Rise and swell your roundelays :  
Who is joyful,  
If not he who works and prays?

Then away to love and duty,  
Where the weary waste of life  
Crushes everything of beauty  
In the race of sin and strife :  
Full of pity,  
Give them more abundant life.

Strength to-day for toil to-morrow,  
So the Master bids you go,  
Gaining health for healing sorrow,  
Gathering seed that you may sow :  
Toil or pleasure,  
Only Him on earth to know.

So at length, when, labor ended,  
Dawns the long unbroken rest,  
Shall the friendless and befriended  
Nestle close in Jesus' breast:  
As at even  
Seeks the weary bird its nest.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD LOCUST-  
TREE.



THEY are leaves from the bough  
of the old locust-tree,  
From the tree by the porch  
where the old door swung, —  
The door of the homestead that opened  
to me,  
And first with my laughter and merri-  
ment rung.

They are faded, you say, and seared in  
the book  
That presses them fondly as treasures  
untold;  
Ah, no! not to me has the freshness  
forsook,  
Nor dimness come over the finest of  
gold.

They lift the dark veil that falls over the  
past,  
And bring up anew the departed and  
lost,  
For memory has written in colors that  
last  
Every step that in childhood my  
dancing feet crossed.

I hear them, I see them, — loved voices  
and forms,  
Every room in the house as it used to  
be then,  
Ere the blight had come down, and the  
storm of all storms  
Had laid low the strongest and noblest  
of men.

Ah me! what a blight, as the silence of  
night  
Came down on my soul, and I knew  
the first pain,

As I crossed the broad sill and looked  
out with the fright  
Of a fatherless child and a desolate  
brain.

Do you chide me for weeping afresh as  
I see  
These fading reminders of days that  
are gone?  
There's healing, they say, in the tears  
that flow free;  
Then chide not their falling, but let  
them rain on.

The world cannot be what it once was  
again,  
But I would not forget even that which  
is lost;  
For I hold that a picture must ever  
remain,  
Where truth was the artist, and love  
was the cost.

I hold it, this branch of the old locust-  
tree,

As a friend holds the hand of a friend  
in his need.

'T is useless to say what its leaves are  
to me,

What meaning have words but to  
those who can read?

There are signs which none can inter-  
pret but love,

There are seals which no man can  
open but he

Whose own hand the mystery skilfully  
wove,

And alone knows the number that  
turneth the key.

So let me alone in my grief, if you  
please,

For grief has its pleasure which noth-  
ing else gives,

*Leaves from an old Locust-tree.* 163

And loss maketh lasting possession of  
these,  
And evergreen joy in my poor faded  
leaves.

THE BANNER OF THE KING.



THROW your banner "In His  
Name,"

Out upon the New Year's  
wing;

Far and wide your Lord proclaim,  
Sons and daughters of the King.

Bear your heads erect, and meet  
The rising day with open hand;  
Kind of speech and swift of feet,  
Scatter sunshine o'er the land.

Yours the broken heart to heal,  
Yours the load of grief to share;  
Who their neighbor's woe can feel,  
Find their mission anywhere.

Yours the wayward heart to win,  
Yours the outcast to reclaim;  
Yours to lift the child of sin  
From the burden of her shame.

Pure of heart and clean of thought, —  
Life without and life within, —  
Like a garment richly wrought,  
Fit for angels or for men.

Royalty in royal love,  
Royalty in loving deed;  
Show your lineage from above,  
In the broadness of your creed.

Catch the music of your song  
From the theme the angels sing:  
Fainter notes than they prolong  
Are unworthy of your King.

Free as air the hope you raise;  
Strong as light the truth you hold;  
Christ's the everlasting praise,  
One the flock, within one fold.

Bow the knee, exalt the Son!  
Wrong and hate before Him fall;  
Let His will on earth be done,  
God and Father over all!

Sons and daughters of the King,  
In the spirit of His word,  
Joyful on the New Year's wing  
Throw the banner of your Lord.









Callow  
Oct 1910  
t/h

