



ROYAL MUSINGS

CONCERNING THE KING

By

THE LATE A. M. HULL.

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Royal Musings

CONCERNING THE KING AND HIS WORK.

BY

✓

THE LATE A. M. HULL.

In Loving Memory of

THE WELL-KNOWN WRITER OF "THE LIFE LOOK,"

WHO IS NOW GONE INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

London:

JAMES E. HAWKINS, 36, BAKER STREET, W.;

AND 21, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.



PREFACE.



AS the subject is the same—Jesus, the one object ever before my beloved sister—Jesus, the Alpha and the Omega of all she wrote, and whether in utterances for believers, or in Gospel Hymns to bring sinners to Jesus, or when requested by friends to put striking incidents into verse, Jesus was the centre round which her thoughts gathered—I feel that I cannot do better than just give her own words as a preface to another little book, *Heart Melodies and Life Lights*, written some years ago, and make it her own preface to this memorial collection, thus linking her present ransomed spirit with her past work on earth.

“The key-note of this little book is Jesus—the ever worthy object of our praise—who is ‘the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ The changeless virtue of His life and death for us, the blessedness of His life for evermore, are the

PREFACE.

subjects of these pages. There are also life-lights for those who walk in darkness, and know not where they are going—notes of warning to the unsaved, and a distinct testimony to the precious truth, that ‘in Him was life, and that the life was the light of men.’

“May this little offering find acceptance with God’s dear children, and awake a song in hearts untuned to praise before.

“The ‘sweet Psalmist of Israel’ put his songs into the hands of the ‘chief musician,’ we put ours into the hands of the Chiefest, the subject of our song and the leader of our praises, who says, ‘In the midst of the Church will I sing praise unto thee.’

“His resurrection joy has broken forth in notes to which we do well to listen, that with more melody of heart we may sing ‘unto Him that loveth us, and has washed us from our sins in His own blood.’ To Him then, as to the Chief Musician, we commend this. To Him be glory for evermore. Amen.”





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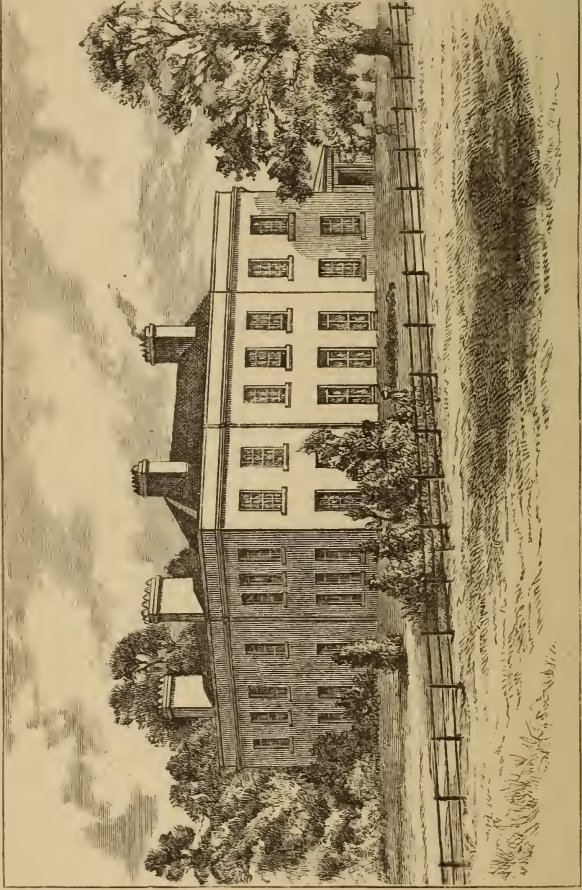
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MARPOOL HALL, the Early Home of the late A. M. HULL.



IN MEMORIAM.

*“Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation.
Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”*



OW emphatically may these words be applied to the beloved one who has lately put off her suffering earthly tabernacle to be for ever with the Lord! Who could be, even for the briefest season, in her company and not take knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus, or rather that He was with her—that she was sitting at His feet, hearing His words by faith, beholding Him, and changed into the same Image even as by the Spirit of the Lord!

“We see Jesus.” These words were written by her own dear hand in a book given to one broken down through much toil. She had “endured *as seeing* Him who is invisible;” and how well she had learned of Him

IN MEMORIAM.

to speak a word in season to him that is weary, would be testified with tears of thankfulness by many of the Lord's suffering ones, to whom the mention of her name will ever bring a sweet savour of Christ. Thousands who have never heard sweet words from her own lips will have cause for ever to bless the Lord for that which has been truly called her glorious hymn. "There is Life for a Look," sung throughout the world, not only wherein the English tongue is spoken, but, translated into other tongues, has been the message of salvation to many of other kindreds, and people, and nations, the foretaste of that new song which shall and will be sung around the throne. Truly by this hymn, even if no other ministry had been hers, has she been a "messenger of the glory of Christ to isles afar off." It was just before the time that those Spirit-inspired words had been given to her that the writer dates her first remembrance of this beloved handmaid of the Lord. Little did she then imagine how the form and words of A. M. Hull would be linked with memories of unceasing love and kindness for many following years.

It was long before this that she had learned to tread in the pathway of the suffering Son of God. It was just at the age when the world would have claimed her as one of its brightest ornaments; for her gracefulness of form and manner, and brilliancy of intellect, would have rendered her conspicuous anywhere.

IN MEMORIAM.

Just when the strong man armed must have thought her a captive well worth securing, just then that One stronger than he took from him the armour wherein he trusted. The spoil was won, and all the gifts by which she was so richly endowed were turned to the glory of Him who gave them. The victory was complete, but it was not without suffering. To one of her intensely sensitive nature, the cold averted looks and silence of those she loved were harder to bear than the prison or banishment would have been to many others. But she had set her face like a flint, and henceforward One alone was to rule every word and every action of her life, and how richly those words and actions were blessed the day will declare. By the wayside or in mothers' meetings—by the sick-bed of the rich or of the poor—her work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope, will ever be remembered, doing everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father by Him. Her intense sympathy led her to enter into the joys as well as the sorrows of others, and in much physical weakness, truly in weariness and painfulness, long walks, long journeys, would be undertaken if she could hope to give pleasure to any human beings. How welcome was her appearance always in the Home opened for young women in business by the Dowager Lady Rowley! The beloved foundress was not permitted long to continue her labours there or

IN MEMORIAM.

elsewhere in the East End of London ; but Miss A. M. Hull, though already occupied with many other calls in the Lord's vineyard, at once consented to the earnest entreaty for her presence and loving counsels in the Rowley Home, and warm was the welcome that always awaited her there. Her ministry of love was only ended with her natural life. She felt a deep interest in the children's services at Eastbourne, and had written for a supply of hymns to be used there ; but the service of song on earth, in which she had delighted so much, was now at an end. It was to be changed for the blessed service above. The joy of the Lord had been her strength through many of life's changes. Now there is no change—fulness of joy at His right hand, the perfect untroubled rest that remaineth.

CLARA M. S. LOWE.





BELIEVERS' HYMNS.



Rest and Refreshing.

"I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste."—CANT. ii. 3.



HERE is a place of sweet repose,
So dear to those who've found it,
That all their pleasure is to tell
What sacred charms surround it ;
What sweets to them the breezes bear,
While pleasant fruits they gather there.

'Tis there that Jesus, all in all,
Is seen, is thought of only ;
And there that strangership with Him
Seems neither drear nor lonely ;
While sounds of gladness pouring in,
Silence the knell of woe within.

REST AND REFRESHING.

Responsive to His voice of love,
With which He seeks to win us,
And make us know what grace He sees,
What spotless beauty, in us,
His loveliness becomes the song,
The note of praise our hearts prolong.

Yes, Thou art worthy, precious Lord ;
And this that 'Thou hast taught us
Makes so complete and full the rest,
To which Thy grace has brought us ;
Where "Thou hast loved us" is the strain
Which yet more sweetness seems to gain.

Thus filled with joy in His embrace,
Earth's joys and sorrows perish,
While all the fruits of faith and hope
His grace flows out to cherish,
Making the light of heavenly scenes
Break o'er the path which intervenes.

Then rest we there—in Jesus rest—
And fear lest we should lose it,
By listening to some stranger voice,
Which bids our hearts refuse it ;
But there beneath His shadow stay
Till He shall bid us "Come away."

The Homeless One.

"Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."—LUKE ii. 12.

"Every man went unto his own house."—JOHN vii. 53.

"Jesus went unto the mount of Olives."—JOHN viii. 1.



O room in the inn for the Saviour was found,
Though the world by His power was
made ;
No place but the manger prepared for
His birth,
Where the infant of Mary was laid.

No home but the mountain of Olives was His,
Though the bird of the air had its nest ;
No love but the Father's, whose bosom He left,
Could give Him refreshment and rest.

No comforters came when for comfort He looked,
No pity when pity He sought ;
Though wounded for sinners, and smitten of God,
Men hated and set him at nought.

Yet heaven was opened to give Him the praise
Denied Him by man on the earth,
And heavenly choirs broke forth in their songs
Of wonder and joy at His birth ;

THE HOMELESS ONE.

And angels, who ministered oft. to His need,
Were sent to His help from the throne,
When weary and weak in the bitterest hour
His people had left Him alone.

But now, from the manger, the cross, and the grave,
He has gone to the fulness of joy,
Where His worth is the theme in which heavenly hosts
Their rapturous praises employ.

He has entered the mansions of heavenly bliss,
And has room for His precious ones there ;
But for ever and ever the manger and cross
Will the saved in their memory bear.



Abiding in the Vine.

JOHN xv.



ABIDING in the Vine,
Father, I prove Thy care ;
And love Thee as the Husbandman
Who nourishes me there.

Abiding in the Vine,
The sweetness of the tree
Communicates its excellence
Abundantly to me.

Abiding in the Vine,
And deeper taking root,
Upward some clusters will be borne
Of ripe and pleasant fruit.

Abiding in the Vine,
My heart is satisfied,
No more I seek but this, that I
In Jesus may abide.

The Rent Veil.

“Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh.”

HEB. x. 19, 20.



HE veil has been rent ! Oh, see it with wonder !

Consider this workmanship riven in twain ;
Through the power of Heaven 'tis riven
asunder :

Oh, who shall presume to uprear it again ?

The veil has been rent, and the glory outshining,
My path, as a child to the Father, illumines ;
For o'er the Shekinah of glory is rising
The incense of grace in its richest perfumes.

“ Draw near ” is the word that invites me from Heaven,
“ Draw near ” is repeated again and again ;
'Tis the Son's invitation beseechingly given,
Oh, can I unmoved by His calling remain ?

And now having learnt that there's nothing against me,
And seen how the veil has been riven in twain,
Does fear still torment, as if sin could arraign me,
Or take I the place of the guilty again ?

THE RENT VEIL.

Oh no ! but as holy and blameless I enter,
And dwell in the region of glory and light ;
Assured of acceptance I fearlessly venture,
As consciously loved and approved in His sight.

The blood is my passport—it faileth me never—
There's not a partition my course can withstay ;
Though efforts of mine had been profitless ever
In the strength of the flesh to be forcing my way.

The Holiest opened ! its glory outbreaking !
Then boldly I enter, a privileged guest ;
For ever and ever in fulness partaking
The pleasures of love and the sweetness of rest.



Service.

“Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair.”—JOHN xii. 3.



LORD, among that faithful few
Who sought Thee for their guest,
More blest than all was one who knew
Thine inmost heart the best.

'Twas she who took the learner's place,
And listened to Thy voice ;
Which met her ear with words of grace,
Approving of her choice.

The knowledge of Thy fulness hers ;
Her grace from grace received ;
The wish to serve most sweetly stirs
The blest one who believed.

And, oh, what odours, Lord, are shed,
Around, above, below,
When love, by love refreshed and fed,
Has sweetly learned to flow !

SERVICE.

The waste of love, though some upbraid,
My lips shall own, O Lord,
To whom the offering is made,
On whom the ointment poured.

It shows what we have seen in Thee
In fellowship alone ;
When fresh, as having been with Thee,
We give Thee of Thine own.

It shows we've learnt with great delight
Thy resurrection power ;
And find in Thee the life and light
Of every passing hour.



The Morning and Evening Lamb.

NUMBERS xxviii. 3, 4.



HOSE spotless lambs, consumed of old,
Sweetly to us in type have told,
That newly, each returning day,
Was shadowed forth the living way.

Jesus, the Lamb of God, we find
The secret of the Father's mind,
Ere yet the Holy Victim came,
Himself to feed the altar's flame.

The Alpha in the morning Lamb,
In meekest form the "Great I Am ;"
Omega in the evening rite,
The First and Last of God's delight.

The constant holy savour rose
From early morn to evening close,
And thus unfailingly expressed
The worth of Him in whom we rest.

The altar never lacked its claim,
To witness of His precious name ;
But priestly hands, with constant care,
Failed not to lay the Victim there.

THE MORNING AND EVENING LAMB.

Nor could the fiery flame be spent,
Until His savour upward went,
Who once for all for sinners slain,
With joy returned to God again.

O precious Lamb ! accepted thus,
The one burnt-offering for us,
To Thine acceptance may we turn,
And in it all our blessing learn.

To us, oh, let it newly tell
That Thou didst please Thy Father well ;
And in the gladness of His heart,
Teach us our own, our happy part.



The Night of Weeping

AND THE MORNING OF JOY.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

PSALM xxx. 5.



CHRISTIAN, the night of weeping
Will soon be overpast,
And we in Jesus' blest embrace
Will find ourselves at last.

And now, with comforts many,
We wend our way along,
Learning to lighten present griefs
With notes of Zion's song.

Christian, the morning cometh ;
Oh, do we watch its break,
Letting each streak of light come in
Our souls from sleep to wake ?

For Hope will at its dawning
Her end, her all, discern ;
That Home to which the eye of Faith
Has often loved to turn.

THE NIGHT OF WEEPING.

'Tis that for which in oneness
The Spirit and the Bride,
Amid the dreary midnight gloom,
So longingly have cried.

Come, Jesus, haste Thy coming !
Oh, haste Thy Bride to greet,
With all the joy with which Thine heart
Its cherished one will meet !

Christian, the morning cometh,
And thou, a child of day,
Shalt see it shine without a cloud,
And never pass away.



Comfort in Sorrow.

"Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."—JOHN xi. 3.



HOW sweet the consciousness of love,
Which finds us free to send
The tidings of our weal or woe
In detail to a friend.

How sweet to lift our eyes to Heaven—
Whatever be our care—
And with undoubting hearts to say,
There's One who loves me there.

There's One who knows the full amount
Of every grief I feel ;
And tells me oft there's not a bruise
Too great for Him to heal.

Is it with sickness we are pressed,
Like Lazarus of old ?
Our burthen now, as his was then,
On Jesus may be rolled.

And oh, that record of His love
For us is surely kept ;
That as a Comforter He came,
To weep with those who wept.

COMFORT IN SORROW.

“If Thou hadst been here,” some may say,
“Our brother had not died ;”
But then God’s power had less been proved,
And faith had been untried.

Then let Him answer when we call,
Or let Him wait awhile :
From underneath the cloud of woe
His sunshine soon will smile.



The Lamb of God.

"An offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour."

LEV. i. 9, 12, 17; EPH. v. 2.



THOU pure and spotless Lamb of God !
Thou Holy One on high !
Whose precious blood, for sinners shed,
To God has brought us nigh ;
When taught of Thee we love to trace
Thy holy, spotless course,
And catch the precious streams of life
Which flowed from such a source.

To see that all the types of old,
To Thee alone referred ;
That all the firstlings from the flock,
The chosen from the herd,
Were but foreshewings of Thyself,
The Faithful One, and True,
Predicting what the Lamb of God
Would come in grace to do.

Sweet was the offering to God,
When Thou wast thus foreshewn ;
When they who brought their spotless lambs,
Their faith in Thee would own :

THE LAMB OF GOD.

Assured that on the Victim's head
Their trespasses were laid,
That straightway as the blood was shed
Their debt to God was paid.

But sweeter far the savour now,
When saints to God brought nigh,
In all the virtue of that blood
Which flowed from Calvary :
Their hearts relieved from sense of guilt,
Their conscience free from sin ;
And not a charge against them laid,
Whate'er they feel within.

It is Thy blood, Thou Lamb of God,
Has made us as *Thou* art ;
As nigh to God, as dear to Him—
The loved ones of His heart.
We are in Thee—the Risen One—
Accepted and complete :
A savour very sweet to God,
For His rejoicing meet.

No more then would we bring *ourselves*,
The blemished and defiled ;
No longer grieve the Father's heart,
With lispings from His child,
Of aught but what our Jesus is,
And what His precious name,
Which ceaseless blessing from our God,
Emboldens us to claim.

To a Friend going to a Distant Land.

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."

JOHN xiv. 15.



IN this word of truth confiding
Go in peace thine onward way ;
Draw, from comfort so abiding,
Strength and blessing day by day.

When oppressed and feeble-hearted,
Let the wings of faith unfold ;
When from friends and kindred parted,
Of such solace lay thee hold.

Think of Him who, now ascended,
Breathed the all-prevailing prayer,
And, with love and pity blended,
Poured out blessings there.

Who this gracious forethought showing
For His Church in sorrow here,
Drew in streams, which cease not flowing,
Joys which rise thy heart to cheer.

TO A FRIEND GOING TO A DISTANT LAND.

Take thee then in full the blessing ;
Straight from Him thy comforts get ;
Lack thou canst not, while possessing
Him whose love on thee is set.

Who, in scenes which lie before thee,
Can for comforts now resigned,
From His treasury restore thee
More than all that's left behind.

“ Fare thee well—and if for ever,
Say I now to thee, Farewell ”—
He, whose love will fail thee never,
Makes us know that all is well.

That the links of life and union
Are in Him for ever fast ;
Keeping us in sweet communion,
Till our pilgrim course is past.



The Great High Priest.

"Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession."

HEB. iv. 14.



HE Priest whom we look to is seated above,
Engaged in fulfilling His service of love,
Unweariedly doing the Advocate's part,
And bearing our burthens and names on
His heart.

No more is there need He should offer for sin,
Or seek for His people acceptance to win,
Since the Holy of Holies He entered in right
Of redemption *obtained* for the children of light.

The Priest by whose succour our souls are upheld,
Whose sympathy oft has their sorrow dispelled,
Is declared by God's word, and proclaimed by His oath,
As anointed to serve in the value of both.

Continuing ever—the work is His own,
For the flesh of His flesh, and the bone of His bone,
To comfort, to cherish, to strengthen each day,
And to minister help for the wilderness way.

THE GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

How sweet for the saints in their uttermost need,
When their cause before God they are helpless to plead,
To know that He pities, and will not condemn ;
That He liveth to make intercession for them.

O Jesus, how fully Thy priesthood's designed,
With the fruits of Thy death and ascension combined,
The past and the present of blessing to blend,
In the strength of that love which will love to the end.

How richly for all that we need it provides ;
How calmly the heart in its value confides,
That knows who it is that the title can claim
To cherish the Church which is called by Thy name.

That it's Thou who hast loved us and bought us with blood,
And presented us spotless as priests unto God,
Who art worthy alone of this holiest charge,
For Levitical service too precious and large.

'Tis Thee we consider, Thou blessed One, then—
The anointed of God, who wast once among men,
Being fitted through tears and temptations and woe,
For the service of Priest to His loved ones below.

No other than *Thou*, the Melchisedec Priest,
Whose compassions extend to the weakest and least,
Do we wait on, for blessing, for comfort divine,
For the ministry, still, of the bread and the wine.

Worship.

JOHN xvii.



WE worship Thee, the Father, now,
The Son and Holy Ghost ;
In all the blessings of whose love
We make our joy and boast.

And oh, with what acceptance, Lord,
Our Hallelujahs rise,
When every hope but in Thy word,
Each heart, each tongue denies.

When each uplifting of the voice,
In melody divine,
Is but the utterance of joy
Received in hearing Thine.

Thy voice in praise, Thy words of prayer,
Of pleading for Thy church ;
In these are found those depths of grace
The Spirit loves to search.

And thus it is, O Lord, we learn
What else had ne'er been known,
The deepest secret of thy soul,
Outpoured to God alone.

WORSHIP.

We listen to each precious word
In Thine accepted prayer,
And find Thy thoughts of love for us
Expressed with fervour there.

O Jesus, were Thy heart's desires
In resurrection met?
Then surely He who heard that prayer
Will ne'er Thy church forget.



The Bride.

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?"—CANT. viii. 5.



H, who is this, whose steps intent
Up from the wilderness are bent
To Canaan's happy land,
Along the intervening ground,
Where howling waste is all around,
And drought on every hand?

She does not tread this waste alone,
Nor meet with skilfulness her own
The dangers of the way ;
For on an all-sustaining arm
She leans, and is upheld from harm,
And finds her staff and stay.

Oh, who this weakling thus upborne,
When else her spirit faint and worn
This pilgrimage would cease ?
Oh, who this toilsome race can run
Because in company with One
Who paves her paths with peace ?

THE BRIDE.

It is that lost one Jesus found
By sin enslaved—in fetters bound,
Which only *He* could break ;
Who, seeing her unpitied case,
Came, in the riches of His grace,
Her sins on Him to take.

This fair espoused one of the Lord,
For whom His life-blood was outpoured,
Is thus a stranger here ;
But oh, the Father's house above
Is oft the Spirit's theme of love,
Her strangership to cheer.

Oh, happy bride ! what joy is thine
In that expression, " He is mine,
And I as surely His !"
How full of light and loveliness—
How beautiful in holiness—
Thy bridal calling is !

So fondly nourished day by day,
So soothed and cherished all the way,
Oh, what should check thy course !
For though with weakness much beset,
Thou hast in Jesus succour met,
Thy strength to reinforce.

THE BRIDE.

Thy tale of barrenness is true ;
But Jesus' fulness fills thy view
 While going Zionward ;
Unless in heart thou hast forgot
The weaker vessel's happy lot—
 Dependence on thy Lord.

Then speed thy way with vigour on,
His love the burthen of thy song,
 Who gave Himself for thee ;
Till in His fair and spotless bride
The Lamb once slain is glorified,
 And thou His joy wilt be !



Gethsemane.

“ *My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.*”

MATT. xxvi. 36, 45.



GETHSEMANE ! what didst thou hear
When Jesus' bitter cry
In deepest sorrow from thy midst
Ascended up on high ?

Gethsemane ! what didst thou see
When, falling on His face,
The form of One in agony
'Twas thine that night to trace ? •

Gethsemane ! what didst thou give
Of solace to Him then ?
And could the smitten one of *God*
Be comforted by *men* ?

No ! none but God could meet the need
Of His afflicted soul,
On whom the thunders of His wrath
So fearfully would roll.

All this among thy garden scenes
With wond'ring hearts we see,
When given grace our eyes to turn
Toward thee, Gethsemane !

“Make thy Petition Deep.”

(ISA. vii. 11, *marginal reading.*)

“If ye shall ask any thing in My name, I will do it.”—JOHN xiv. 14.



“MAKE thy petition deep,”
Since love, which knows no measure,
Invites thy soul to learn yet more
Of its unfolded treasure ;
The value of that Name of names,
The ceaseless blessing that it claims.

“ Make thy petition deep,”
If, in this desert dreary,
The sense of needing strength is thine
To help thy footsteps weary :
To guide thee in thy pilgrim track,
And check each thought of looking back.

“ Make thy petition deep,”
Whene'er thy heavenly calling
Is thought of with delight in Him
Who keeps thy feet from falling,
That more and more thy path may shine,
Lit up by rays of light divine.

"MAKE THY PETITION DEEP."

"Make thy petition deep,"
Whene'er thou hear'st Him saying
That, absent from the Church He loves,
He will not long be staying ;
And that His glory He defers
Till He can come and perfect hers. '

"Make thy petition deep,"
And deeper as thou knowest
The breadths and lengths, and depths and heights,
In Him to whom thou goest ;
And who to thee has blessing brought,
Far, far beyond thine utmost thought.

"Make thy petition deep,"
And let thy heart's desire
To God, the Fount of light and life,
Be ever rising higher,
Till, faultless in His presence found,
The note of praise has hushed the sound.



A Voice from the Altar of Burnt-offering.

The burnt-offering, or *זולה* (Holah), means in Hebrew,
“that which ascends.”

“*Thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.*”—ISA. vi. 6-8.



HAVE been at the altar, and witnessed
the Lamb
Burnt *wholly* to ashes for me,
And watched its sweet savour ascending
on high,
Accepted, O Father, by Thee.

And lo, while I gazed at the glorious sight,
A voice from above reached mine ears :
“By this thine iniquity’s taken away,
And no trace of it on thee appears.

“An end of thy sin has been made for thee here,
By Him whom its penalty bore :
With blood it is blotted eternally out,
I will not remember it more.”

O Lord, I believe it, with wonder and joy ;
Confirm thou this precious belief,
When daily I learn that I am in myself
Of sinners the vilest and chief.

What *Christ* is is now the unfolding to me
Of the wonder of grace that I am ;
And where He is seated, there also, I 'm told,
Is His loved one, the Bride of the Lamb.

Lord, send me on errands of mercy to those
Who henceforth my path shall surround ;
To tell them *that sin for which Jesus has died,*
May be sought for, but shall not be found.

That as far as the east is removed from the west,
So far shall *their* guilt be removed
Who have come to the altar, and learnt from Thee there
What the death of its Victim has proved.



The Holy Child Jesus.

"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."—LUKE ii. 52.



THAT Holy Child ! Oh, mark His ways !
Behold Him as He walks !
There 's grace in every word He says :
Oh, listen as He talks !
He 's with the doctors sitting now :

What is He doing there,
While those who sought, but found Him not,
Are filled with anxious care ?

The Father's business He 's about,
When only twelve years old ;
His opened ear has heard a voice,
Of which they were not told :
And thus He leaves His parents' side,
By heavenly guidance led,
To seek God's holy house of prayer,
And hear the Scriptures read.

The Paschal Lamb—He 's newly seen,
On Salem's altars slain :
Oh, is He from the earthly type
Intent some truth to gain ;

THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

Unfolding to His youthful heart
What He Himself would be,
When His appointed time had come,
To suffer on the tree?

Oh, yes ! the Holy One had stooped
To take the learner's place ;
And growth in wisdom marked the child,
Enriched with heavenly grace.
His ear is open to receive
Instruction from the Word ;
His heart delights to ponder truth
From Scripture records heard.

And thus, as each prophetic page
Is opening to His view,
Revealing that the altar deems
A heavenly victim due ;
His heart responds with, " Lo, I come—
Speak, Father—here I am—
To do Thy holy will and be
This spotless Paschal Lamb."

Oh, Holy Child ! with thoughts like these
Was not Thy visage marred,
Ere yet the terrors of God's wrath
Were pressing on Thee hard ?
E'en while at Nazareth, Thy years
In filial service past,
Made known that Thou wouldst please Thy God,
Where'er Thy lot was cast.

Communings by the Wayside.

"Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them."—LUKE xxiv. 15.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another."

MAL. iii. 16.



OW sweet to talk of Him we love,
As on our way we go ;
Desiring much in faith and love
As new-born babes to grow.

For, ever as we speak of Him,
Jesus Himself draws near,
To shed His comforts on our hearts,
And dissipate their fear.

'Twas thus He did with those of old,
Who toward the village went ;
The things of Christ—the wayside theme,
On which they were intent.

He hearkened, pitied, and rebuked
The doubtful thoughts they had ;
And did not leave them till he made
The wond'ring pilgrims glad.

Rejoicing that they'd seen the Lord,
And heard His voice declare,
That He who had been in the grave
Was now no longer there ;

That He of whom the prophets spoke—
The Lamb for sinners slain—
Who lived, and bled, and died for them,
Was then alive again.

Mosaic types and words fulfilled,
And David's psalms explained,
Which had to them, and all before,
As sayings dark remained.

Oh, let *us* now, who love the Lord,
Yet still so darkly see,
In His blest company delight
As listening ones to be,

Waiting to have unfolded more
What much we want to know ;
More of His person and His work
As heavenward we go.

Words in Season for the Weary.

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



IN this word of peace confiding,
Lord, I take the promised rest ;
And with quietude abiding,
Would repose upon Thy breast.

Once a conscience heavy laden
With the sense of sin was mine,
Till this resting-place was taken,
So immutably divine.

Now my soul, most sweetly rested,
Finds a balm for all its woes ;
Now, however much molested,
Get I solace and repose.

Thus, whenever danger fearing
In this land of drought and thirst,
Freshly I'm renewed by hearing
Words which gladdened me at first.

Ever, Lord, do Thou remind us
That for us they still remain ;
When the storms of life may find us
Needing oft Thy rest again.

Ever coming thus to Jesus,
We the word would echo too—
“Come, ye weary ones, and with us
Prove this word of blessing true.”

Keep us, Lord, this rest indwelling,
Sitting 'neath its pleasant shade,
From our happy refuge telling
How the storm to us is stayed.



Christ Our Life.

"I will not leave you comfortless."—JOHN xiv. 18.



JESUS, from out of this world
Thou hast gone to the Father again ;
And yet without comfort the while
Thou wouldest not have us remain.

We live by the life which Thou livest ;
We walk in the sound of Thy voice,
And find its sweet music of love
Enables us still to rejoice ;

And proving that, wayworn and spent,
We are weak for the race we would run,
Renewal we get through Thy grace,
While dwelling on all Thou hast done.

Thy promises never have failed ;
Thy countenance ever is seen,
Since the Holy of Holies unveiled,
Our place of admission has been—

CHRIST OUR LIFE.

There, there, in that region of light,
Where we Thy perfections can see,
The fullest outshining but proves
Our blameless acceptance with Thee.

How can we be comfortless, Lord,
With such a rich portion as this—
The pleasantest heritage ours,
And ours the foretaste of bliss?



Mercy.

*"But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy,
and not sacrifice."*—MATT. ix. 13.



ORD, we have learnt what mercy means,
And come afresh to Thee ;
Because with happiness we find
Its treasury in Thee.

In Thee we reach the home of love,
The element of grace,
So all-attractive to the soul
That needs a hiding-place.

There the most leprous soul may come
That cried, "Unclean, unclean,"
Ere yet in Christ, the Lamb of God,
The mercy-seat was seen.

There, nestled 'neath that wing of love,
That shelters day by day,
The weak one, safe from ills without,
In quietude may stay—

MERCY.

May stay and learn what mercy means,
And sing its praise anew,
Whene'er to true and faithful love
The heart has proved untrue—

May deeper learn the depths of love
Which pardons and restores,
When wand'rings from the peaceful fold
The failing one deplores.

And oh, the Father's house we know
Is tenanted by such,
As having had the sinner's claim,
Have been forgiven much.

We simply seek the debtor's place,
And having nought to pay,
We thus illimitably claim
Forgiveness day by day.

Seeking companionship with Him
Who can with sinners guest,
And thus continue day by day
His blessed Sychar rest.

The Cross and the Crucifix.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. vi. 14.



GLORY in the cross of Christ,
For there I got salvation,
And found my freedom there in full,
From sin and condemnation ;
To "look and live," I hear it call,
"And get forgiveness once for all."

I trample on the crucifix,
Of Popish craft the token,
And long to see its wretched spell
O'er blinded sinners broken :
Their souls by light and truth set free,
To turn, O lamb of God, to *Thee*.

I glory in the cross of Christ,
And stand in faith before it,
Rejoicing in the wondrous love
Of Christ, the Lamb, who bore it,
And on it hung my debt to pay,
While bearing all my sins away.

THE CROSS AND THE CRUCIFIX.

I spurn the wretched crucifix—
 A toy of man's creation—
Which is of Jesus' agony
 A hateful desecration ;
A useless oft-repeated sign,
Which does but sport with things divine.

But when I see the crucifix,
 And see how others view it,
"Away, away with it," I cry,
 And say "Nehushtan" * to it :
Away from souls immortal pass,
These paltry toys of wood and brass.

I gaze upon the cross of Christ,
 And, blest through it for ever,
I learn its curse, its weight was borne
 To be repeated never :
While ne'er for blood-bought souls shall cease,
Its fruits of life, and joy, and peace.

* When Hezekiah removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves, he also broke in pieces the serpent of brass which Moses made, because the children of Israel burned incense to it ; and he called it "Nehushtan" (a piece of brass). Let us do the same with the crucifix. It is not the *wood* of the tree, but Him who hung on it, that we adore.

Morning Hymn.

"My mercies are new every morning."—LAM. iii. 23.



WAKE, my soul, and with the light
That gently lifts the veil of night,
Unfold thy wings and break thy way
Through all that checks the breath of day.

Awake, awake, as one uproused
By Him to whom thou art espoused,
To get thy joy, thy strength renewed,
With early rain afresh bedewed.

His wakening voice thy heart would win
The holy place to enter in;
And words of peace to thee are borne;
And greet thee with each opening morn.

Unfolding as the light of day,
His light and love prepare thy way,
And make thy path reflect His own,
Bright from His radiancy alone.

He sends with mild yet mighty force
Those beams which cheer thine onward course,
And make thine armoury of light
Expulsive of the things of night.

MORNING HYMN.

Then rise, my soul, arise from sleep,
Thine early watch with joy to keep,
Lest 'neath another slighted ray
The morning's manna melt away.

Speed on thy way, and gather much
Of bread—too light for all to touch
But those whose souls, with heavenly taste,
Accept this food which spreads the waste.



Evening Hymn.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud."

PSALM lv. 17.



LORD, when day gives place to night,
And darkness mantles o'er the light,
I lift mine eyes to Thee,
And hail Thee gladly from afar,
Mine evening, as my morning star,
Which shines eternally.

No lesser light mine eye beholds,
Than when the morning light unfolds
The fulness of its rays ;
No beams of grace or glory less,
In all their forms of loveliness,
Thy countenance displays.

And in Thy face these glories shine,
To be the joy, the health of mine,
'Mid conflicts, Lord, and woes ;
For there unveiled I see expressed
The grace which consecrates my rest,
And deepens my repose.

EVENING HYMN.

And if ungirt with truth and light,
My garments are defiled this night,
O Lord, I look to Thee,
To make Thy precious cleansing blood,
Seen in the Holiest of God,
Discernible to me.

The evening Lamb to faith's review,
In ages past the altar's due,
Supplies me comfort yet ;
I find its antitype in Thee,
And in Thy spotlessness can see
Its purport more than met.

Thee, Thee I need from first to last,
For present help, for failures past,
And comfort every hour ;
To Thee alone, O Lord, I turn,
The way, the truth, the life to learn,
In resurrection power.

And now in calm and sweet repose,
As one whose happy spirit knows
Its every burthen borne,
I lay me down without a care,
Ready to meet Thee in the air,
Before another morn.

To a Friend in Deep Affliction.

"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."—MATT. xxvi. 39.



ORD, dost Thou give the painful wound?
And shall we turn away?
Nay, rather for the sorest stroke
The trusting heart would stay.

For faithful are Thy kindly wounds,
Though 'neath the bruise we bend;
Sweet is the secret of Thy love,
Unfolded in the end.

They deepen in our fickle hearts
The knowledge of Thy ways;
They put new songs within our lips,
And give new themes of praise.

And when Thy chastening is past,
More gladness far is ours,
Than when the sweets of earthly joy
Increased on us in showers.

TO A FRIEND IN DEEP AFFLICTION.

Then do for us, O blessed Lord,
Whate'er Thou thinkest well ;
Let sorrow sound upon our souls
Its deep, its dismal knell,

If but the music of Thy love
With soft, yet deeper tone,
Awakes the soul to find in Thee
Delights before unknown.



The Marriage of the Lamb.

"The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready."—REV. xix. 7.



HE marriage of the Lamb is come !
The happy bridal morning,
When she, the loved one of His heart,
The Bride of His adorning,
Hearing a voice—a shout from heaven—
Awakes from sleep to meet Him ;
And in the air, caught up in clouds,
Ascends with joy to greet Him.

Oh, happy day, and long desired,
When myriads of voices
Recount the glories of the Lamb,
In whom all heaven rejoices,
Proclaim that He who loved the Church,
And by His blood obtained her,
Has now for His completed joy
And ceaseless glory gained her.

"Let us be glad," they shout with joy,
And Alleluias ringing,
"The marriage of the Lamb is come,"
All heavenly hosts are singing :

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

Worthy the Lamb of all the praise,
Who meet for glory made her,
And in His spotless righteousness
And robes of white arrayed her.

The little while of woe is past,
The darksome night of sorrow,
In which her drooping heart was cheered
With prospects of the morrow ;
And now she 's where they weep no more,
Where sin can enter never ;
And where our God *Himself* shall wipe
Away her tears for ever.



The Bride of Christ.



RIDE of Jesus, heir of heaven,
Girt with beauty, robed in white,
Blest with blessings freely given,
Precious in the Father's sight,
In His presence
Dwell for ever with delight.

Through the desert safely guided,
In its drear and arid way,
Taste the streams of love provided,
In perpetual relay :
Fresh from Jesus
Draw the well-springs day by day.

He, of grace and peace the giver,
Will thy soul in peace sustain ;
Cause His pleasures, like a river,
Ever on thy heart to gain ;
Giving comfort
Where was bitterness and pain.

Hear then, hear His voice invite thee
To the banquet He has spread ;

THE BRIDE OF CHRIST.

In His wine and milk delight thee,
In His daily living bread ;
In the unction
Jesus oil of grace has shed.

All the joys of sweet communion,
With Himself and His are thine ;
All the links of living union
Round thy gladdened heart entwine,
With the rivet
Of a fellowship divine.

Own, then, with His blood-bought people,
Living oneness, happy Bride !
Ne'er the bond of love enfeeble,
Ne'er its golden chains divide,
Since to link them
Christ the Lamb of God has died.

Soon the raptured saints uniting,
Soon ascending in the air,
Each and all in Him delighting,
Will behold His glory there ;
Fair and spotless
In the white-washed robes they wear.

The Unshod Feet,

AND THE FEET WHICH ARE SHOD.



THOU hast given us beauty for ashes,
Yea, the robe which is spotless, O Lord;
And in hearts which were weary and broken
The oil and the wine have been poured;
So that they who were ready to perish

Thy preciousness now can proclaim,
And sing oft again, "Thou art worthy
Of the honours ascribed to Thy name."

For in life and in death Thou hast loved us,
And brought us as priests unto God,
To enter the Holy of Holies
With feet which are washed and unshod;
Where we, through the blood of atonement,
In assurance and gladness are found,
Though softly and solemnly treading
Such holy and heavenly ground.

And while hearing the voice which invites us,
In the boldness of faith to draw near,
We would heed what beside it may teach us,
With a wakened and welcoming ear.

THE UNSHOD FEET.

When He bids us go forth to the battle,
And girds us with strength for the fight,
Assured that, when bearing His banner,
We are strong in the Lord and His might.

Ne'er ashamed of the message we carry,
Nor marring the jubilant sound,
Never wearying of hearing its echoes
From the heralds of mercy around ;
When the Spirit and Bride are beseeching,
Whoever is willing to come,
And all in their turn who are wakened,
Are repeating the tidings to some.

Oh, then, for this service, Lord Jesus,
Endue us with all that is meet,
And the heavenly unction that's needed
For the paths of their beautiful feet,
Who go to the captives of Satan,
The souls from his thrall to release,
Well shod for the glorious mission
Of preaching the gospel of peace !



Hymns for the Church of God.

JOHN iv. 14.



LORD, the riches of Thy grace
Unweariedly we sing,
Because of all our joy and praise
Thou art the living spring.

Of Thee it comes that, day by day
Our thirsty souls bedewed,
The spring of joy, which else would fail,
Is blessedly renewed.

And freshly as we hear Thy voice,
Our hearts delight to tell,
That in us, as Thy gift of grace,
Abides the living well.

'Tis ever springing up to Thee,
From whom, O Lord, it came ;
It adds its tribute to Thy praise,
And magnifies Thy name.

And, oh, its hidden depth is such,
No draught our souls can know,
When learning what we have from Thee,
As heavenward we go !

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH OF GOD.

Thus as a fountain sealed by Thee
We entertain Thy love,
And let our joy and praise bespeak
The unction from above.

And when our joy, O Lord, is full,
Thine heart, refreshed the more,
Would bid us from Thy deepened joy
Still deeper draughts to draw ;

Would in the fulness of Thy love
Constrain us to abide,
That every joy of Thine might find
An answer in Thy Bride.



"THE COMFORTER."

JOHN xi. 3.



HOW sweet the consciousness of love,
Which finds us free to send
The tidings of our weal or woe
In detail to a friend !

How sweet to lift our eyes to heaven,
Whatever be our care ;
And with undoubting hearts to say,
"There's One who loves me there !

"There's One who knows the full amount
Of every grief I feel ;
And tells me oft there's not a bruise
Too great for Him to heal."

Is it with sickness we are pressed,
Like Lazarus of old ?
Our burthen now, as his was then,
On Jesus may be rolled.

And, oh, that record of His love
For us is surely kept ;
That as a Comforter He came,
To weep with those who wept.

“ If Thou hadst been here,” some may say,
“ Our brother had not died ;”
But then God’s power had less been proved,
And faith had been untried.

Then let Him answer when we call,
Or let Him wait awhile ;
From underneath the cloud of woe
His sunshine soon will smile.



LOOKING AT JESUS.

LAM. iii. 1.



LORD, our every look at Thee
An answer brings of blessing,
Our hearts more deeply with the sense
Of all Thy love impressing,
Which makes them ever entertain
The wish to look and look again.

For do we see Thee as the babe
Within the manger laying,
Or catch the earliest sound of words
Which sinners heard Thee saying,
As fruits of heaven, both great and small,
We lay them up, and feed on all.

Not only when Thy path on earth
In deepest woe was closing,
But in the griefs to which through life
We see Thyself exposing,
Art Thou revealed as making known
The fruit of all those griefs our own.

Thou wast the Man who, stricken much,
And ne'er from sorrow fleeing,

The blest results of all Thy woe
For us, Thy Church, wast seeing,
Knowing the record was on high
Of every grief, and groan, and sigh.

They're noted all, and when Thy Bride
Comes forth with Thee in glory,
The fairest witness *she* will be
Of all this wondrous story,
Whose hallelujahs, sounded there,
From heaven to earth Thy praise will bear.



Hymns of the Feasts of the Lord.

THE SABBATH.



SIX days shall work be done,"
The God of Israel said ;
"But on the seventh day shall none
The path of pleasure tread.

"My pleasure thou shalt do
On that most holy day ;
Have it as thy delight in view
To cheer thee on thy way.

"No burthens shalt thou bear,
No cattle shalt thou lade ;
For every man and beast shall share
The rest that I have made.

"The sabbath is a sign
'Twixt Israel and Me,
That they of all the earth are mine,
My family to be."

But broken sabbaths found
That man could not be blest
Until God's wounded love was bound
To give another rest.

The work that Christ has done,
The burthen borne for sin,
For us the blessed rest has won
To which He's entered in.

And we, if now possessed
Of Thy salvation, Lord,
Can love the happy sabbath rest
Redemption has restored.



THE PASSOVER.



THE month of Abib came,
And then the fourteenth day,
On which the Jews were bid
The Paschal lamb to slay ;
The self-same night its flesh to roast,
And keep the feast through all their coast,

That they might ne'er forget
What Israel's God had done,
When each Egyptian lost
His dear, his first-born son,
Passing *their* blood-stained houses by,
That not a soul within might die.

So thus they sought the place
Where God had set His name,
And yearly all their tribes
To blest mount Zion came
To keep the feast, and own His hand
Who brought them to that goodly land.

From bitter bondage freed,
From Egypt's land brought out,
Of God's exceeding grace,
They could not have a doubt,
And this their children's children knew,
While they to God's commands were true.

But they had hearts like ours,
And thus they oft forgot
That through the sprinkled blood
Their first-born perished not.
The year came round, but, oh, alas !
Without this feast they let it pass !

Another Passover have we,
Who've seen the cursed, the shameful tree
Bearing the Lamb of God ;
A new commandment we receive
Who now with childlike hearts believe
In Jesus' precious blood.

The type fulfilled, the shadow lost,
The better hope of ages past
In loving-kindness sent,
The blessed One 'tis life to know
Has come in grace and truth to show
What types and shadows meant.

His precious blood for sinners seen,
However guilty they had been,
However doomed before,
Causes the cry for blood to cease,
And sounds the blessed word of peace
At every sprinkled door.

THE FEAST OF UNLEAVENED BREAD.



THE Passover killed, there was straightway
begun

A new feast of blessing for every one ;
And bread without leaven, and herbs,
were prepared

For those whom the blood of atonement had spared.

In no house might bread with leaven be seen,
To show that from sin their redemption had been ;
That the bitter affliction and sorrow gone by
Was followed by blessing and gladness brought nigh.

This seven days' feast of that blessed One spoke
Who should come by-and-by, and break every yoke ;
Of his freedom from sin, and his holiness too,
As that which the eye of the Lord had in view.

It showed forth the bread that the sinner would need,
So suited the soul in its hunger to feed,
The bread to which God would the needy invite,
Because it was that in which He could delight.

But though this is past, there 's a feast that remains ;
And daily delight the believer obtains
While feeding on Jesus, and all that He is,
And knowing the Bread sent from heaven is his.

THE FEAST OF WEEKS.



THE sabbath that followed the Passover
o'er,
And a new thing unfolded, instructed us
more,
That ere Christ as the sent One on earth
was made known,

His person and work were in shadows foreshown.

On the first day which opened this seven weeks' feast
A sheaf of the first-fruits was waved by the priest
To the Lord of the harvest, an offering made
Ere aught from the field in the garner was laid.

No bread or green ears might an Israelite eat
Till God had received the first-ripe of the wheat ;
But the first-fruits accepted, each person might pull
The fruit and the corn, and eat bread to the full.

So Christ as the first-fruits from death must ascend,
The graves must be opened, the heavens must rend,
Before the full harvest of joy could begin,
Or the Husbandman gather His after-fruits in.

But this being done the first day of the week,
Of Christ's resurrection with joy we may speak ;
Of simply believing that where He is gone
His sheaves with rejoicing will also be borne.

PENTECOST.



THE weeks rolled on, the harvest past,
The seventh-day sabbath came at last ;
And then this after-day,
On which, by God's direct command,
His people in the goodly land
Another law obey.

Unleavened loaves they must prepare,
And each one from his dwelling bear
A gift to God again,
To prove that since the sheaf was waved
The first-fruits of the field are saved,
And safely housed the grain.

They offered from the *field* before,
But now the *house* can yield the store
Which God has made its own,
As now by faith it is believed
That all in Jesus are received,
And not Himself alone.

That since the first-fruits went on high,
The Church of Christ, to God brought nigh,
In Christ is safely kept ;

And all the precious fruits of praise,
Though mixed with sin, she seeks to raise,
The Father can accept.

So fully come the looked-for day,
So open still the living way
Between the soul and God.
What precious gifts He sendeth down,
What mercies upon mercies crown
Those washed in Jesus' blood.



THE FEAST OF TRUMPETS.



THE seventh month came round,
And then the trumpets' sound,
That all may be bestirred,
Through Israel's coasts is heard,
Inviting all, with listening ear,
To catch the sounds of joy they hear.

While each repeated blast
Reminds of mercies past,
It tells of coming things,
And happy tidings brings,
Leading the heart to what's before,
To hope in mercy more and more.

That all may ready stand
For what is near at hand,
The great atonement day,
Which put their sins away,
And taught the slothful heart to heed
This yearly sign of yearly need.

Awake then, every heart,
Ere warning sounds depart,
To know your needy case,
To prize the day of grace,
Lest it should pass before you know
That without Christ your end is woe.

The Far-off Waded Nigh.

EPH. ii. 13.



YE that are washed in the blood of the
Lamb,
And brought into marvellous light,
Oh, know ye how nigh unto God ye are
made
In Jesus, the Father's delight?

Behold Him in faith seated down at His side,
In the joy of His presence above ;
From distance and darkness, from death and the grave,
Returned to the rest of His love.

For near in His nearness and precious ye are,
And bearing in oneness His name ;
Beloved of the Father as He is beloved,
And seen with acceptance the same.

Such fruit, for the travail of soul He endured
For the Bride of His heart, was His due ;
Such recompense His for the blood of the cross
From Him who is faithful and true.

Oh, can we forget? our God never can !
Nor ever for us shall there fail
The voice of His love, or the power of His blood,
Or the entrance He made through the veil.

Waiting for the Coming of Christ.

I COR. i. 7.



WAIT for the day of gladness,
When Christ will claim His own,
And take them to be with Him,
His Bride to share His throne.

Yea, wait, although He tarry,
And oft thou cry, "How long
Before this night of weeping
Be changed to endless song?"

Oh, give no place to slumber,
But for the Master's sake
Heed the loud cry resounding,
"He comes! Awake, awake!"

And if the oil is failing,
And thy lamp burning dim,
Oh, see to its renewal
Immediately from Him!

Rise up from what enthrals thee,
The watch of hope to keep;
And whilst so many round thee
Are sunk in slothful sleep,

Re-echo oft the watchword,
Such lethargy to shame,
"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!
Awake, Bride of the Lamb!"

The Lord is coming quickly
To hush creation's groan,
To fill our hearts with gladness,
Responsive to His own.

For though the shadows thicken
Before the dawn of day,
Thy morning, by its gladness,
Shall chase them all away.

'Twill banish e'en from memory
The sorrows of the past,
When Christ, so long expected,
Comes for His Church at last!



“Behold My Servant.”

ISAIAH xlii. i.



HAVE I gazed on that object of wonder and
love
Which the Father beholds with delight?
Have I heard Him beseech me again and
again
To return and consider the sight?

To receive of the fulness which dwelleth in Him,
Be enriched with the riches of grace,
And rejoice in the truth of acceptance in Him
Who has stood in the substitute's place?

Oh, yes, blessed Lord! I have seen, I have heard,
And have followed Thee oft and again,
From Bethlehem's manger, to Calvary's tree,
Where the Lamb on the altar was slain.

Thy words and Thy ways are the food of my soul,
Thy *silence* has language for me,
As it shows that Thy grief found expression to Him
Who was secretly solacing Thee.

“BEHOLD MY SERVANT.”

And, oh, Thou wast heard in the days of Thy flesh,
And the voice of Thy crying and woes ;
As perfume most precious and fragrant to God,
From the shade of mount Olivet rose.

Thou wast heard from the cross in that bitterest cry,
Which Thy Spirit had ever poured forth,
And help and deliverance came to Thee then,
From the hour and power of death.

Thy sacrifice offered, and peace being made,
The work of redemption was done,
Its savour of sweetness ascended on high,
And the Father could smile on His Son.

Proclaim it, proclaim it, ye heavens and earth—
For *sinnners* the news is sublime—
That this is the day of salvation for them ;
And now the acceptable time.



Faith's Altar.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."—2 COR. v. 7.

"We have an altar."—HEB. xiii. 10.

"We have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens."
HEB. iv. 14.



AWAY with altars reared by man,
And holy places too ;
Away with all that would becloud
What faith delights to view—
The One who made an end of sin,
Who rent the veil and entered in,
To be our Altar now.

No more of sacrificing priests,
And ceremonial rites ;
We have a Great High Priest above
In whom our God delights ;
And who in service for us still
Our hearts with gladness loves to fill,
Yea, lives to bless us now.

We have an Altar where we feed,
Not as on Sinai's brow ;
A place of worship where our souls
In adoration bow !

FAITH'S ALTAR.

What ask we then, what need we more,
Of shadows, such as went before,
Of Him our Altar now ?

The precious food is Christ Himself,
The True and Living Bread ;
The food of God—the sacrifice
On which the altar fed ;
When all our sins on Him were laid,
And He as one accursed was made,
To bring us nigh to God.

'Tis He who washed away our sins,
And made us priests to God ;
Whose presence ever speaks for us
In lieu of Aaron's rod ;
A ministry of greater worth
Than that of those who served on earth,
Where there's no altar now.



Christ for Us.

“For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.”—HEB. ii. 10.



LOVE to come to Thee, my God,
And speak of Christ, Thy Son—
Of all He is, and was for us,
Of all that He has done.

To tell Thee of His spotless course,
Who did Thy will below,
And trace Him in His wondrous path
Of suffering and woe.

Each gracious word, each breathed-out sigh
Of sympathy and love,
Each work in which He proved Himself
The sent One from above.

The years of grief, the nights of prayer,
The days in service spent,
In which a savour sweet was found,
As up to God it went.

Well might the opening heavens own
That He was God's delight,
That all He did on earth for us
Was precious in His sight.

All, from the manger to the cross,
And upward to the throne ;
All that the altar's fragrant fumes
In shadow had foreshewn.

To us pertains whate'er was Thine,
Thou blessed Lamb of God ;
The precious fragrance of Thy life
In virtue of Thy blood ;

Since Thou hast offered up Thyself,
The spotless One for us,
And made the Church which Thou hast loved
As fair and spotless thus.



Written to Sheer a Friend in Trial.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

JOHN xiv. 27.



LORD, with joy we treasure
This sweet, this precious word,
And while to thrills of pleasure
Our list'ning hearts are stirred,
To Thee, whose word it is, we turn,
Its deep intent in us to learn.

We see in it a token
Of love's endearing power,
Greeting each action spoken
Prospective of that hour
When o'er Thine own afflicted soul
The thunderbolts of death would roll ;

When, earth and hell uniting
To fill that bitter cup,
That soul so sorely blighting
Which Thou didst offer up,
Thou, while Thou stood'st on Jordan's brink,
Of Shiloh's streams for us could think.

WRITTEN TO CHEER A FRIEND IN TRIAL.

Those streams so softly flowing,
Once opened for Thy Church,
Thy saints *their* virtues knowing,
For others need not search,
Who hear the Spirit's voice invite
To Christ, the source of full delight.

The word of peace when needing,
For needy we remain,
From Christ is oft proceeding
To comfort us again ;
And to its melody divine
We still our list'ning souls resign.

Assured that it can reach us,
Though many a knell around
With ringing force beseech us
To listen to its sound,
And fain would from our hearts recall
That note of heaven which drowns them all.

If faint, yet still pursuing,
Dear tried one, day by day,
Christ's voice thy strength renewing,
Will cheer thee on thy way,
And make thee keep Him much in view
Who says, " My peace I give to you."

The "I Am."

"I said, Behold Me, behold Me."—ISAIAH LXV. 1.



“BEHOLD Me, behold Me!” that Blessed
One cries,
Who has life everlasting to give ;
“Thy sorrows, poor sinner, thy sins,
I have borne ;
Behold Me, behold Me, and live.”

“I sank in deep mire, forsaken of God,
To set thee a saved one on high ;
And over me passed all the waves of His wrath,
That thee they might never come nigh.

“On Me then, when looking in faith, thou shalt find
That the light of His countenance shines ;
That there uncloudedly love is displayed,
A sunbeam that never declines.

“For that is the light which shall lighten thy soul,
And make all My blessedness thine ;
As anguish, and terror, and darkness were once
For all thine iniquities Mine.

“Then blessed, thrice blessed, are they that believe ;
Who look unto Me and are saved ;
Because they have on them the mark of the blood,
The seal of salvation engraved.”



GOSPEL MELODIES.



The Sinner Received and Blest.

LUKE vii. 37-50.

"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

MATT. ix. 13.



IN search of Jesus, lo! *she* came
Who only had the sinner's claim
Upon the Saviour's heart ;
And well she knew that He whose grace
Was opening wide a hiding-place,
Would never say, "Depart."

'Twas *hers* the mercy-seat to touch ;
'Twas *hers* to weep and love Him much,
And all His words to store :
'Twas *His* to bid her go in peace,
To give her sin-bound soul release,
And life for evermore.

THE SINNER RECEIVED AND BLEST.

Oh, what a heavenly note is here,
But only falling on the ear
Of *sinner*s such as she !
And none but such in truth are found
Giving their welcome to the sound
Of life and liberty !

The virtue of His grace, denied
And scorned by Pharisaic pride,
Is sweetly known to some ;
For when its fragrancy invites,
And presses souls to its delights,
The broken-hearted come.

These know His blessed person theirs ;
For love unscrupulously dares
To take the nearest place :
E'en on His bosom they have lain,
Whose souls were fouled with deepest stain,
And plunged in sin's disgrace.

While others frigidly perform
The cold servilities of form,
'Tis theirs in heart to serve ;
To pour the ointment on His head,
And all the sweets of love to shed
With grateful unreserve.

THE SINNER RECEIVED AND BLEST.

Such precious fruits we 're brought to bear,
The more we know how vile we were
 When strangers to His love ;
And by-and-by the happy boast,
That we have been forgiven most,
 Shall swell our songs above.



2

The Christian's Birthplace :

CALVARY.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN iii. 7.



AND must I, Lord, be born again,
As one who, dead in sin,
Has not the faintest gleam of light
Or spring of life within?

Oh, yes, it must be ! Thou hast said
(And, Lord, I own it true),
That though it's *life* I need to get,
I nought *for* life can do.

But am I left in gloom like this
To wither as the grass?
And may I not from death to life
By some blest passage pass?

Oh, yes ! for He in whom is life
Has bid me look and live,
And says He came on earth and died
Eternal life to give ;

THE CHRISTIAN'S BIRTHPLACE: CALVARY.

That e'en as Moses lifted up
The serpent on the pole,
So He Himself hung on the cross
To heal the sin-sick soul.

Ah! this is news my heart receives,
A voice from heaven indeed ;
It takes me to the cross at once,
And meets my utmost need.

No more at self I look at all,
But on the cross I gaze,
And on the wonder-working sight
That Calvary displays.

Healed as I look, and saved and blest,
I say to others, "Look !
Look, look at Him, who on the cross
Our sins and sorrows took !"



The Touch of Faith.

"If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole."

MATT. ix. 21.



HE *touch* of faith from Jesus drew
Such healing to my soul
As made me feel with great delight
That He had made me whole ;
That straight from Him the virtue flowed
Which has on me such grace bestowed.

The *look* of faith has shown me why
The Lamb of God has died,
And how His lifting up proclaims
Salvation far and wide ;
Gives pardon, and the name of sons,
To leprous souls and ruined ones.

The *word* of faith assures my heart
Of all that makes it glad ;
That nothing to the finished work
Can earth or heaven add
Of Him who, rising from the grave,
Was proved the mighty One to save.

THE TOUCH OF FAITH.

Oh, precious faith in Christ my Lord,
Which makes His beauty mine,
And all the preciousness in Him
My own by grace divine ;
Since all that He is, I am too,
Myself in Jesus hid from view !

Oh, blessed Jesus, can I fix
My gaze on aught but Thee ?
Or look at self with any hope
Of worthiness to see ?
Since seeing Thee, the Lamb once slain,
To life and glory raised again ?



Galvary.

"There they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left."—LUKE xxiii. 33.



F all that earth presents to view,
There is a wondrous sight,
More meet than all to fill my soul
With sorrowful delight.

'Tis that of Jesus on the cross,
The Holy One of God,
Bearing the fierceness of His wrath,
The smittings of His rod.

Between transgressors hanging there,
Besought Himself to save ;
And prove that He could keep the life
Which He to others gave.

But in the darkness of that hour
To Him a sinner turns,
And all the mystery of love
In His salvation learns—

Beholds Him there to save the lost,
The Paschal Lamb to be ;
The shedding of whose precious blood,
All Heaven looked on to see.

CALVARY.

And oh, what notes of melody
Break on the Saviour's ear—
Fruit of the travail of His soul,
Joy by His cross brought near—

When dying lips proclaimed *Him* King,
The mocked and scourged of men ;
And witness bore to Him as Lord,
And King of Glory then.

O Jesus, in Thy dying hour
Was solace to Thee brought
By him, who having learnt Thy love,
Fresh tokens of it sought ?

Thy words to him are sounding still
From the accursèd tree,
“ To-day I 'll take thee with myself
In Paradise to be.”



The Door of Mercy.

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

JOHN x. 9.



HE door of mercy's open still,
And Jesus cries, "Whoever will,
By Me may enter in.
I am the door, and I have died
Salvation's door to open wide,
For sinners dead in sin."

Then, if the door is open wide,
And none were ever yet denied
Who sought to enter in,
Oh, could the very weakest say,
"I'm trying hard to find the way,
But cannot get within"?

Oh, no! for through this open door
Are countless numbers seen to pour,
Of sinners great and small;
And what Christ opens, none can close,
Or send away the one that goes,
Obedient to His call.

THE DOOR OF MERCY.

But when this open door is shut,
Or when the silver cord is cut,
 On which life hangs to-day,
The cry will be, "Too late ! too late !"
For all who through the narrow gate
 Would wish to force their way.

The Master of the house will rise—
The same who now in mercy cries—
 And close it once for all ;
Then those who knock will knock in vain,
The door unopened will remain ;
 He will not hear their call.

But while the door is open still,
And Jesus cries, "Whoever will,
 By Me may enter in,"
Come, sinner, come, without a doubt,
Nor ever fear His casting out
 The souls He seeks to win.

Come, saying, "Lord, I'm very weak,
And could not now Thy blessing seek,
 Unless Thou soughtest me ;
But, drawn by that inviting word,
Which I have often read and heard,
 I cast myself on Thee."

The Life Book.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

ISA. xlv. 22.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

JOHN i. 29.



HERE is life for a look at the Crucified
One,
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be
saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Oh, why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid ?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid ?

It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the Blood, that atones for the soul :
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen ?
His cry of distress hast thou heard ?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to thee be deferred ?

THE LIFE LOOK.

We are healed by His stripes—wouldst thou add to the
word?—

And He is our righteousness made :
The best robe of Heaven He bids thee put on :
Oh, couldst thou be better arrayed ? .

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,
There remaineth no more to be done ;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting He gives ;
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
And know thyself spotless as He.



U

A New Year Hymn :

THE AWAKENING.

"This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you."—EXODUS xii. 2.



WHEN hearing of lost ones God is gathering in
To the sheltering fold of His love,
And hear that they speak of the pardon
of sin,
As those that are born from above ;

The wish to be like them possesses my soul,
To be pardoned and happy as they,
My burden on Christ, the sin-bearer, to roll,
Without any doubt or delay.

And then what a year of new life would be mine,
Or beginning of months it would be,
If now I should pass o'er the boundary line
Which kept me, O Jesus, from Thee ;

And find me so sheltered and safely shut in,
With the blood on my door-post displayed,
That no imputation or charges of sin
Against me could ever be made.

A NEW YEAR HYMN: THE AWAKENING.

The stillness of midnight is surely broken
By a solemn and heart-stirring cry,
Announcing the times of which prophets have spoken,
That the Bridegroom Himself draweth nigh.

Bidding all who are ready His coming to greet,
And their newly-trimmed lamps to prepare ;
Since, clothed in his beauty, they're ready to meet
Their Bridegroom and Lord in the air.

O Lord, may this message the slumberer stir ;
May this cry of awakening reach *me* ;
Which warns all who hear it, no more to defer
Laying hold of salvation in Thee.



The Well of Sychar.



HE well was deep, its water pure,
The spot of olden fame,
When Jesus on His lonely way
All worn and weary came.

But though He saw the rest was good
That Sychar's well supplied,
Far deeper springs of joy in God
Were known to Him beside.

And oh, how solaced was his soul—
How cheered—how strengthened then,
When communing alone with God,
And separate from men.

When joy its utterance could find,
And sorrow be expressed,
In that unbroken, holy calm,
And consecrated rest.

But soon these treasured moments pass ;
The solitude—it ends ;
And one who drew from Sychar's spring
Her way toward it bends.

THE WELL OF SYCHAR.

She comes a stranger to His love,
Who sat beside the well ;
She goes away enriched and blest,
Of new found joys to tell.

O Lord, this passing rest of Thine
Had lasting joys for her,
And oft to it in sorrow now
Our drooping hearts refer.

When most the sense of need is ours,
We turn to Sychar's well,
And catch the words once uttered there
As freshly as they fell.



Victory.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

I JOHN i. 7.



UNTIL I saw the Blood
'Twas hell my soul was fearing,
And dark and dreary in mine eyes
The future was appearing ;
While conscience told its tale of sin,
And caused a weight of woe within.

Until I saw the Blood,
For mercy I was crying,
As if to move the heart of God,
Or win His favour trying ;
But all the seeking seemed in vain ;
The wished for peace I could not gain.

But when I saw the Blood,
And looked at Him who shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once,
And I with transport read it :
I found myself to God brought nigh,
And " Victory " became my cry.

VICTORY.

My joy was in the Blood,
The news of which had told me
That, spotless as the Lamb of God,
My Father could behold me ;
And all my boast was in *His name*,
Through whom this great salvation came.

The fear of death was past,
The sense of sin had vanished,
And all my misery of soul
Was now for ever banished
By that blest truth which entered in—
That Christ had washed me from my sin.

My hope was through the Blood
Of being soon in glory,
And learning in a brighter scene
The fulness of that story
Which made my new-born spirit cry,
And shout with rapture, " Victory !"

And when with golden harps
The throne of God surrounding,
The white-robed saints around the throne
Their songs of joy are sounding,
With them I'll praise that precious Blood
Which has redeemed our souls to God.

The Death Look.

“ Not inward, but upward, thine eye must be set ;
From Jesus, not self, thy salvation to get.”



HERE'S death in each look at my sin-
bitten soul,

At the wreck and the ruin that's there ;
The sight of it fills me with sorrow and
shame,

And weighs my heart down with despair.

But yet from this sorrow no profit has come,
As my wounds are not only unhealed,
But seem to appear more incurably bad,
As the depth of their nature's revealed.

Is no balm in Gilead? I hopelessly cry ;
No healing, no help, to be found?
Are there no cleansing waters with virtue enough
To make the poor leprous one sound?

Oh yes ; at Siloah such waters there are,
And so softly and freely they flow,
That those most oppressed and defiled with disease
Get soundness the moment they go.

THE DEATH LOOK.

Ah, these are the streams which are suited to me ;
Which will heal me, all vile as I am ;
And this is the message which bids me behold,
Not myself, or my sins, but the Lamb.

The Lamb who has opened that fountain of life,
Which none ever sought for in vain,
Although red as scarlet his sins may have been,
And deeper than crimson their stain.



The Tye Taken.

"And she bound the scarlet line in the window."—JOSHUA ii. 21.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—EXODUS xii. 13.



WHY do the priests their trumpets blow,
And round and round the city go ;
While those who bear the Ark of God
Follow the track which they have trod,
And silently a message bear
Of wrath and judgment brooding there ?

Because our God is slow to wrath,
And never pours His judgments forth
Before He seeks with warning word
To make His voice in mercy heard,
Saying to souls, "Why will ye die,
And madly pass the refuge by?"

The morrow comes—and, hark ! a shout,
Which no more leaves the heart in doubt,
Whose voice it is that rends the air,
And fills the sinner with despair ;
While down all Satan's strongholds fall,
And death becomes the lot of all.

THE TRUE TOKEN.

And yet not all ; for there's a spot,
Which God in grace has not forgot ;
It is a house which has a sign—
Oh, look ye—'tis the scarlet line !
By God esteemed a token true,
Which *must* with favour meet His view.

Oh, who is she that there abides,
And in the word of grace confides,
That none her shelter shall invade,
Or make her feel of death afraid,
Because the token will be seen
By Him in whom her faith has been ?

It is a stray, a lost one found,
Whose ear had heard the far-spread sound,
The true, yet terrible report
Of what by Israel's God was wrought ;
Which true report her heart believed,
When she with peace the spies received.

Rahab, a sinner much despised
By Him whom she believes, is prized,
Who owns her faith, and lets her call
In freest love her kindred all,
The shelter of her house to share,
And find escape from judgment there.

THE TRUE TOKEN.

Oh, happy souls! how blest your lot
Who prove that death can touch you not;
While those who've not your token known,
Find all their hopes of life o'erthrown;
Their works, though much esteemed by men,
Displayed in all their vileness then.

And say, poor sinner, where art thou?
Oh! know ye what's the token now,
And what for you in grace divine
Now answers to the scarlet line,
To make your fears and terrors cease,
And cause your soul to rest in peace?

The Blood—the Blood—from Heaven cries
The Lamb (who was the sacrifice),
“My Blood to thee may be the sign
More precious than the scarlet line,
That death shall ne'er thy portion be,
If but its mark is seen on thee.”

And when the Lord Himself descends,
And with His shout the gravestone rends,
Making that blessed secret known,
That He has come to claim His own,
With joy He'll meet them in the air,
And greet them as His loved ones there.

The Fountain.

"And many of the people believed on Him."—JOHN vii. 31.



THE Fountain's open still,
And "whosoever will,"
The weakest and the worst,
May come and quench their thirst ;
Their large or little vessel bring.
And fill it from this living spring.

The Fountain flows to-day,
And bids without delay
Poor thirsty souls to get
What's freely offered yet,
Lest if from day to day they wait
They find at last they've come too late.

Jesus, the Lamb of God,
Has marked the way with blood.
He hushed the lion's roar,
Which shut us out before ;
And tells us none in truth can say
There is not now an open way.

Oh, thirsty sinner, haste,
These living streams to taste !
Pass not these waters by,
Or else you'll surely die ;
But freely drink as those who know,
Jesus, the Fount from whence they flow.

The Preaching of the Cross.

"If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?"—2 KINGS v. 13.



"WASH, and be clean," I hear it cried ;
And some with joy obey,
While others, filled with sinful pride,
Are seen to turn away.
But open, Lord, mine eyes to see
Those precious streams of life in Thee,
In which there's cleansing e'en for me,
The outcast leper.

"Wash, and be clean,"—the words are sweet,
And suited to a child !
And each the offer may repeat
To such as are defiled ;
For all who wash, for God are fit ;
The Blood, it cleanseth every whit,
E'en me, if I am washed in it,
The outcast leper.

"Wash, and be clean"—the stream is nigh,
I have not far to go ;
For though the Saviour is on high,
I have His word below ;

THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS.

And oft it bids me not refuse
To hear and love the happy news,
That Jesus cleanses and renews
The outcast leper.

“ Wash, and be clean,”—’tis quickly done,
So simple is the way !
One look of-faith at God’s dear Son
Would cleansé this very day ;
And I, without a spot of sin,
To Paradise might enter in,
And sing His praise who came to win
The outcast leper.



Immediate Healing.

"And immediately the man was made whole."—JOHN v. 9.



WHILE I am coming, Lord, I find
I have no strength at all ;
That I so stricken am, and lame,
So ruined by the fall,
That if one step before me lies,
That step I cannot take :
I try to reach the healing fount,
Yet no advance can make.

But what a precious truth is this,
That Christ has come to me—
The better than Bethesda's pool,
For stricken ones to be ;
To see me as I helpless lay,
To prove His pity stirred,
And power to make me whole at once,
By His almighty Word.

Oh, blessed Jesus ! who but Thou,
The mighty one to save,
Such gracious wonders ever wrought,
Or instant healing gave ?

IMMEDIATE HEALING.

Who but Thyself to broken hearts
Can speak the word of peace?
Or who, omnipotent, command
The prisoned one's release?

Oh, may I hear Thy voice, and go,
In Thy life-giving power,
A witness to the boundless grace
Of this accepted hour,
Which brings salvation to the lost,
And seeks the stray one out,
Who o'er earth's desert scenes in sin
Is wandering about.



The Good Samaritan.

LUKE x. 30-37.



O ! who lies there ? a wounded one,
With misery and need undone,
Whom wayside passers seem to shun
With cold averted face.

A solemn priest is passing by,
He 'll surely come in mercy nigh,
Some timely succour to supply :
He *looks*, but that is all.

A Levite then draws nigh to see
His suffering neighbour's misery ;
From which, well pleased that he is free,
He quickly turns away.

But, oh ! here's one with tender heart -
Who comes to do the neighbour's part ;
And will not on his way depart,
Until the man is saved.

Oh, see the flowing out of grace,
Of tender care, to meet his case,
Where'er of need he finds a trace,
Or sorrow still unmet !

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

With skilful hand he finds a way
To help and soothe without delay,
And bind his wounds up where he lay,
 Unaided and alone.

The help, the balm, the oil, the wine,
Poured in with tenderness divine,
Exhaust not yet his full design,
 To show what mercy means.

For deep the fountain whence it flows,
And in its course of blessing shows,
The riches of the soul that knows
 Its fulness and its power.

Oh, happy soul, where'er thou art,
Who, taught of sin to feel the smart,
Hast found that from the Saviour's heart
 Confession freely flows ;

That, more than priests and Levites, HE
Is God's anointed one, to be
The good Samaritan to thee,
 Robbed and undone by sin.

To seek thee in thy outcast state,
Nor leave thee to thy hapless fate ;
Nor even for thy cry to wait,
 Ere He should make thee whole.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

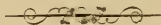
And more than that, He gently leads
The weak one to the rest he needs,
And favour for him intercedes,
Till He returns again.

When aught of love and kindness shown,
To each beloved one of His own,
He will not fail in making known,
As precious to Himself.

O Jesus, Saviour ! who but Thou,
Our all and in all, knowest how
To meet our need as sinners now,
And bless us evermore.

Who but Thyself hast found the art,
Of taking out the venom'd dart,
And binding up the broken heart,
While pouring comforts in.

Then on Thee, Lord, our cares we cast,
And hold Thy strength and succour fast,
Till every danger over-past,
Thou, Lord, shalt come again.



The Right of the Poor.

"And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor and to the stranger."—LEV. xxiii. 22.

"Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."
REV. xxii. 17.



HERE the reaper's hand has been,
Thither, stranger, go and glean ;
All that 's left is left for you :
Take it as the stranger's due.

"Whosoever" you may be,
You can have no better plea,
If you wish your portion sure,
Than that you are very poor.

Never fear that you 'll be stopped
Picking up what mercy dropped ;
Though so much to you may fall,
Scarce your hands can carry all.

And when homeward you return,
Let the poor you meet with learn
That the word "*whoever will*"
Echoes from the wheat-field still.

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“ All that Believe are Justified from
all things.”

ACTS· xiii. 39.

“ One word only, that *are*, did it.” This was the joyful testimony of a dying young lady to a servant of God who had read it to her.



ONE word oft availeth
The sinner to reach,
Which alike both the lowest
And highest will teach ;
That from death in a moment
To life they may pass,
As the wind in its swiftness
Sweeps over the grass.

To this word let us listen,
For in it is *life*,
And it ends, as we hear it,
The struggle and strife
Between Christ and His fulness
With feelings and frames,
Which may for acceptance
Have put in their claims.

Thus grasping the life-belt
We won't let it go,
As it raises the wretched
From ruin and woe ;

"ALL THAT BELIEVE."

And with trumpet-note clearness
The news shall resound,
That life through BELIEVING
In Jesus is found.

All transgressions forgiven,
All sins blotted out,
And the previous life ended
Of darkness and doubt ;
There's now a beginning
Of heavenly days,
And a life which out-gushes
With gladness and praise.

One word only did it,
And proved not in vain ;
So its note we re-echo
Again and again—
That BELIEVING in Jesus,
With faith will come sight,
As we pass in a moment
From darkness to light.

To see Him who loveth
And calls us His own,
In glory now seated
With God on the throne ;
Thence freely dispensing
The blessings received,
For the comfort of those
Who in Him have believed.

The Wedding Garment.

REV. xix. 8.

“And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment.”—MATT. xxii. 11-13.



LAS for him amongst those guests
Of beauteous garb and bearing,
Who is not like all else around
A wedding garment wearing ;
But madly thought that he might sit
A guest among the many,
Arrayed in garments of his own,
And differ from any.

But blest are they who have through faith
A righteousness imputed,
Instead of garments of their own
All filthy and polluted ;
Who having learnt of Christ the Lord,
Have fled in haste to meet Him,
And be as those whom God could see
All fair and spotless in Him.

Such at the supper of the Lamb
Shall hear the voice that greets them,
And see the One whose loving eye
With gaze delighted meets them ;
For in those robes of spotless white,
Which lose their beauty never,
They'll prove the virtue of His blood,
And righteousness for ever.

The Blood.

"It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul."

LEV. xvii. 11.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—EXOD. xii. 13.



IT is the BLOOD, it is the BLOOD,
Which has atonement made ;
It is the BLOOD which once for all
Our ransom price has paid.

It was the BLOOD, the mark of BLOOD,
The people's houses bore ;
And when the mark by God was seen,
His angel passed the door.

Not *water* THEN, nor *water* NOW,
Has ever saved a soul ;
Not Jewish rites, but Jesus' stripes,
Can make the wounded whole.

"I see the BLOOD," "I see the BLOOD,"
A voice from heaven cries ;
The soul that owns this token true,
And trusts it, never dies.

For He who suffered once for all,
That we might life obtain,
Will never leave His Father's throne,
To shed that BLOOD again.

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A Look Can Save a Soul.

“When he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.”—NUM. xxi. 9.

“Look unto Me, and be ye saved.”—ISA. xlv. 22.



LOOK, a look ! Oh, can it be
A look can save a soul ;
A look at Christ, the Lamb of God,
Immediately make whole ?

Oh, yes ! for myriads have looked,
And found it even so ;
That those whose sins as scarlet were
Are now made white as snow.

This is the preaching of the cross,
For ages past the same ;
The well-spring of eternal love,
Through Calvary it came.

Poor dying ones, oh, does it seem
As foolishness to you ;
Because no labour it prescribes,
And no great thing to do ?

Oh, look away from self, and see
The great thing *He has* done ;
At what a cost the Lamb of God
Has life for sinners won !

A LOOK CAN SAVE A SOUL.

Oh, see the anguish of His soul,
The blood-stream from His side ;
The life He spent in grief for us,
The death of shame He died !

Then deem it not an easy way,
Nor count the medium small,
By which when sinners look at Him
He giveth life to all.

Sing, O ye Heavens ; shout your joys,
O earth, from pole to pole ;
Rejoice, rejoice, that still a look
At Christ will save the soul.



The Faithful Saging.

“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”—I TIM. i. 15.



'VE glorious tidings of mercy to tell,
A message of life to the *dead*,
From one who for sinners has put away
sin
By the blood of atonement He shed.

Herein is the Father commending His love
To the wretched, the ruined, and lost,
Who when without strength have been ransomed with
blood,
And redeemed at such marvellous cost.

It pleased Him for us His beloved One to bruise ;
To put Him to bitterest grief ;
To give Him no succour, no shelter from wrath,
When upward He looked for relief.

That we by His stripes might for ever be healed,
And be saved from the sins which He bore,
To live in the joy of the word which declares
That He will not remember them more.

Oh, these are the tidings of marvellous grace
Ungodly ones have to receive ;
And this is the message which God has declared,
'Tis life from the dead to believe.

“ To Him.”

“ To Him give all the prophets witness.”—ACTS x. 43.



OF Jesus all the prophets spoke—
The promised One to come ;
Of Him did types and shadows tell
Rejoicingly to some.

For Him the blood-stained altar raised
Its daily cry to God ;
As daily lambs foreshewed *the* Lamb,
And His most precious blood.

Of Him did names and places too
Send forth a pleasant sound,
As types of Him in Solomon
And Bethlehem were found.

Of Him did John the Baptist cry—
“ Behold the Lamb of God ;”
While making glad with goodly news,
The wilderness he trod.

Of Him alone apostles preached,
By grace made very bold,
To cry aloud, “ He is the One
Whom prophets all foretold.”

Where then, oh where, but unto Him,
For refuge should I flee,
Who cried to heavy-laden men,
“ Oh, come ye all to Me ” ?

My Plea.



Am I a lost one? Oh, what joy,
That Jesus loveth such!
That I may be as those who came,
His garment's hem to touch,

And need not wait to mend my case,
Or better make my plea,
Since He who came to save the *lost*
I know will welcome me.

I see the traces of His love
In all He did and said;
The tokens of His quickening power,
In raising up the dead.

But more than all, the cross reveals
His love who suffered there—
The depth of love which made Him come,
Himself our sins to bear.

Why did it please the Holy God
That blessed One to bruise?
And why His cry from Calvary
In righteousness refuse?

MY PLEA.

Oh, was it not that He might save
The serpent-bitten soul ;
That through the judgment poured out there
His stripes might make us whole ?

And seeing wrath expended thus
Brings life and peace to me ;
I see my title in the blood,
I read it on the tree.



The New Robe.

JER. xxiii. 6.

"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."—ISA. lxi. 10.

"All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."—ISA. lxiv. 6.



HAVE done with the *rags*, for I've taken
the *robe*,
And thrown all my patchwork away ;
With Christ and His righteousness I am
content,
To have done with my doings to-day.

His beauty and comeliness now are made mine ;
Oh, why did I tarry so long,
Ere taking the glorious gift of His grace,
And making its riches my song ?

I was "going about" with a Pharisee's zeal,
To work out a web of my own ;
The rags of self-righteousness seeking to mend,
Which were fit for the dung-hill alone.

With something of Christ, and yet more of myself,
I thought I should surely succeed ;
Till Christ and the blood of His cross were revealed,
As meeting my uttermost need.

THE NEW ROBE.

A blood that could cleanse, and a covering too—
A righteousness God could accept.
Should this be *refused* in the *pride* of my heart,
And *my own*—all in tatters—be kept.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
And the Father by whom He was sent ;
A choice which in madness would else have been mine,
His love was put forth to prevent.

Away then with rags, for I've taken the robe
My Father beholds with delight ;
In which without blemish I ever shall stand
Beloved and approved in His sight.



The Hearing of Faith.

GAL. iii. 2.

"Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

ROM. x. 17.



THE faith which comes by *hearing*,
That precious faith is mine ;
Which links me with the Saviour,
And light and life divine.

And thus to me the transfer
Immediately was made ;
Of all that precious Christ is,
On whom my sins were laid.

Oh, wonderful transition !
Oh, gift of grace how vast !
My soul, as in a moment,
From death to life has passed !

For, listening to the message
By God to sinners sent,
I see myself the lost one
For whom the news is meant ;

THE HEARING OF FAITH.

That Christ the work has finished,
And left me nought to do ;
That God's most blessed record,
For me, e'en me, is true.

What can there be to wait for,
Since all the work is done ;
And life to me is given
In God's beloved Son ?

I only have to take it,
Not thinking how I feel,
Nor waiting till the Saviour
My evil heart should heal.

But seeing that He loves me,
Whom I by faith behold ;
My heart, so soon made happy,
Returns His love untold.



“ He hath Done this.”

PSALM xxii. 31.

*“ After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished,
that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst.”*

JOHN xix. 28.



UT one thing more, and all was done
That Jesus had to do ;
One Scripture more must be fulfilled,
And He that Scripture knew.

So thus obedient to the end,
As holy at the first,
He raised to those who watched him there
The plaintive cry, “ I thirst.”

His cry to God had not been heard,
How would it be with men ?
Oh, would they be with pity stirred
To soothe His anguish then ?

It must not be that aught should come
His sorrow to assuage ;
There could not be one broken word
In God's prophetic page.

"HE HATH DONE THIS."

One drop of bitterness remains,
To fill His bitter cup ;
Before to Him from whom He came
He gave His spirit up.

And thus the vinegar they gave,
Accomplishing the word,
To which He in His dying hour
Of agony referred.

Then "It is finished" was His cry,
His work on earth was done ;
All that obedience unto death
Has wrought for us was won.

And thus the Blessed Lamb of God
Was on the altar laid ;
That He who sin was made for us,
Our Righteousness was made.



Grace.

“And if by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace.”—ROM. xi. 6.



HE tells me WORDS whereby I'm saved,
He points to something *done*,
Accomplished on Mount Calvary,
By His beloved Son ;
In which no works of mine have place ;
Otherwise grace were no more grace.

Believing this, how can I wait,
And ask what I shall *do*
To make His gift more sure to me,
His loving words more true?
Since works of mine have here no place
Otherwise grace is no more grace.

Ah, no, it is His *finished* work
On which my soul relies ;
And if my unbelieving heart
Its preciousness denies,
That works of mine might have a place,
Then grace *with works* were no more grace.

GRACE.

But in that *He* is raised on high,
Who came our sins to bear ;
I know that I am seen of God,
In oneness with Him there ;
Where not a spot His eye can trace,
Or aught that mars His work of grace.

Oh, wondrous WORDS ! Oh, precious work,
By which the soul is saved !
And Thou who didst it, blessed Lord,
Hast in my heart engraved
A name which must all names displace,
With me a lost one, saved by grace.



The Record.

"His record is true: and He knoweth that He saith true, that ye might believe."—JOHN xix. 35.



AST thou beheld the Lamb of God
Outstretched upon the tree,
And gazed at Him as One who hung
A victim there for thee?

Oh, hast thou seen His wounded side,
And learnt what it reveals?
The blood which flowed from it for sin,
The leprous sinner heals.

A loved disciple saw it flow,
And knew that what he saw
Would give eternal life to all,
Whom Jesus died to draw.

Then listen to the wondrous news,
And prove the "record" true,
That "he who hath the Son hath *life*,"
And oneness with Him too.

Dead though thou art, the sight of Him
At once shall give thee birth ;
A look of faith at Him whose blood
Is of unfathomed worth,

Shall pluck thee as a burning brand
From the destroyer's power ;
And prove salvation to thy soul,
Its resurrection hour.



GOSPEL BALLADS.

Real Incidents.



H, listen to a tale of truth,
Which may for age as well as youth
Have some attractive power,
Leading perchance some thoughtless one
To look and see what Christ has done,
Ere comes his dying hour.

For He who sits enthroned above
A message oft of saving love
Sends through the things of time,
E'en when the scythe-stroke's rapid pass
A sweeping makes (like mowing grass)
Of childhood in its prime.

REAL INCIDENTS.

In glad companionship one day
Two boys at Bridgnorth found their way
 To where there stood a church,
And where (like others of their kind)
The frolic they rejoiced to find
 Of which they were in search.

This church was needing some repair,
And therefore scaffolding was there,
 On which these playmates went ;
From height to height well pleased to go,
With neither timid steps nor slow,
 To reach the highest bent.

Rejoiced to find themselves so high
(A church height nearer to the sky),
 They scramble to and fro,
When suddenly a rafter fell,
And, oh, what tongue and pen can tell
 The change from joy to woe !

Precipitated from their height,
The hapless boys, o'erwhelmed with fright,
 Their downward course begun,
When, lo ! an intervening beam,
Which gave to hope a distant gleam,
 Became a hold for one.

REAL INCIDENTS.

The other boy, without this hold,
To seize his friend was promptly bold
 With such tenacious grasp
As only they can understand
Who feel that instant death's at hand
 If they but lose their clasp.

Suspended thus they both remain,
With how much peril, how much pain !
 Yet hopefulness intense
That peradventure in their need
Some passer-by, some friend indeed,
 Might rescue them from thence.

The one on whom the other hung
(Who closely to the rafter clung)
 Said to his friend at last,
"I cannot hold much more, I fear ;
I'm feeling almost spent. Oh dear,
 My strength is failing fast !"

The other answered thus : "And what
If I were off you? Could you not
 Hold on till help is nigh?"
"I think I could," the other cried.
"God bless you then !" his friend replied,
 And down he dropped to die !

REAL INCIDENTS.

Farewell, dear boy ! We shall not see
Perhaps on earth the like of thee—
 A victim for thy friend,
The one whose life seemed linked with thine,
For whom thou couldst thine own resign
 To this untimely end !

Over thy grave our hearts could weep,
And mark the spot where thou dost sleep,
 While he, thy friend forlorn,
Will deem it to thy memory due
That he should go there oft anew,
 Thine early death to mourn.

But have we seen the cross, the grave
Of Him who lost ones came to save,
 And felt our hearts unmoved,
Though not for *friends*, but wretched *foes*
His heart's love, through His life-long woes
 And cruel death, was proved ?

Oh, have we e'er to Calvary been,
And witnessed that astounding scene
 Of which the prophet sung ?
Beheld transgressors hanging there,
And He who came our sins to bear
 Between those sinners hung !

REAL INCIDENTS.

Himself the sinner's ransom price,
Himself the spotless sacrifice,
And His that precious blood
Which should eternally avail,
When brought by Him within the veil,
To make our peace with God.

From going down into the pit
We are delivered, made to sit
With Jesus Christ above,
Because Himself went down for us,
Whom He has raised to glory thus,
To heights of bliss and love.

Oh, listen to this wondrous tale,
Which, when believed in, will avail
Eternal life to give !
'Tis God's own great and ceaseless call
To dying sinners, great and small,
"Look, look to Him, and live !"

That you might live through Him, He died ;
He rent the veil, and opened wide
The new and living way :
Then, hearing what the Spirit saith,
With but a step 'twixt you and death,
Come, enter in to-day ! (Heb. iii. 7.)

Saved at the Bottom of the Sea.

PSALM cxi. 2.



OW by means ever wondrous and varied,
Yet all underneath His control
Who forgets not the need of a sparrow,
Much less the concerns of a soul,

Is unfolded each purpose of blessing
Which the word of His mouth can command,
Or else is prepared by His footsteps
Alike on the sea or the land :

So that those who observantly note them
With the wisdom which is from above,
See displays of His greatness and power
In the strength of omnipotent love,

Which impel them to join with the psalmist
In extolling His works and His ways,
And the manifold proofs of His goodness,
Which are vocal each day of His praise.

Above all when in those who were aliens
A work by His grace has been wrought,
And those who were lately in darkness
Into marvellous light have been brought.

SAVED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Thus with pleasure we tell of a diver
Who was saved in the depths of the sea,
Where he had in pursuit of his calling
And wanted vocation to be ;

But was in a moment arrested
By a sight unexpected and new,
To which his eternal salvation
And rescue from darkness was due,

As he glanced on a rock in the ocean,
Over which many billows had passed,
A tract in the shell of an oyster,
And held there tenaciously fast ;

But which, when detaching it quickly,
With amazement he eagerly read ;
For it came as a message of mercy,
Bringing life to the soul that was dead,

Through the truth of a present salvation,
Which was plainly declared in the tract,
And that he might immediately get it
By faith in the glorious fact,

That Christ, through the blood of atonement,
Had brought it in freeness to us ;
And to him in the depths of the ocean
Had made it acceptable thus,

SAVED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

By means which compelled him to welcome
The mercy he slighted before,
And to grasp with unquestioning gladness
The life which was his evermore.

Some ravens brought food to Elijah
When the prophet abode by the brook ;
But of what he secured from an oyster
The diver with pleasure partook ;

For Christ to his soul became precious
Through the tract he had found in the rock,
Which for him in his need had been able
The fountain of life to unlock.

So that straightway with joy and thanksgiving
He could give of its life-giving streams,
With the joy of which (if we could see him)
His lighted-up countenance beams.

That he treasured it then can we wonder,
Or that home with the shells it was borne,
To be of God's love a reminder,
And his mantelpiece there to adorn ?



The Storm.



THE roar of wind around us
Has recently been heard,
By which all hearts with terror
Were tremulously stirred.
We knew not what was coming,
So awful was the crash
Of chimney-pots and windows,
So terrible the smash.

Some hearts were sadly anxious,
And doubtless much in prayer,
For loved ones on the ocean,
Perhaps in danger there,
With thoughts of waves like mountains,
In awful majesty,
Threat'ning the wreck or damage
Of gallant ships at sea.

Alas for boats and boatmen,
Who, in their craft engaged,
Were perilously helpless
To stem the storm that raged ;

THE STORM.

So ceased from further efforts
To row against the tide,
And made the Lord their refuge,
Whose will they would abide.

He can the fiercest outbreak
Of storms and tempests still ;
The roar of raging billows
He hushes at His will :
Feels for the wives and children
Of fishermen ashore ;
Pities their woes in fearing
They 'll never see them more.

The storm is stilled, but others
Are coming soon, they say ;
So while we have the sunshine
And stillness day by day,
Make fast and firm your dwellings
Against another night
(Which may be near) of hailstorms
And terrible affright.

Make sure, make sure your refuge ;
In Jesus let it be—
The precious blood of sprinkling,
His righteousness, your plea.

THE STORM.

Your helplessness, as sinners,
Your sin, your need, your woe,
Be that which unto Jesus
Compelleth you to go.

The Rock, the Rock of Ages,
Which never can be moved,
To myriads and myriads
A hiding-place has proved.
And though the surging billows
All others may alarm,
They have beneath its shadow
Immunity from harm.

And there, oh there, what shelter
And safety you will find,
From fear of death what freedom,
With peace and joy combined ;
For all that He has promised
He's able to perform,
Who is to us a refuge,
And "covert from the storm."



A Telegram from Heaven.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—JOHN i. 29.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace."—EPH. i. 7.



HAVE heard of a man so desponding in soul,
Who sought not salvation before,
That while in his Telegraph Office engaged
God's mercy he oft would implore.

"Oh, what must I do to be saved?" was his cry,
"And the pardon I'm longing for get?
I'm owing so much, and I've nothing to pay,
And daily I add to my debt.

"To me, as a sinner, be merciful, Lord,"
In the depth of his sorrow he cried ;
Yet fearing he had not been earnest enough,
To be *more* so he zealously tried ;

As if his "much speaking" with God would avail,
Or His heart be made pitiful thus ;
(When in truth He's beseeching us ever to hear
What in love He is speaking to us,

That His arm is not shortened, but mighty to save,
That attent to our cry is His ear ;
And with promises we are too feeble to grasp,
The mourner is waiting to cheer.)

A TELEGRAM FROM HEAVEN.

But the burdened one, though he continued his prayer,
Remained unrelieved and unsaved ;
For memories more of himself than of Christ
In his sorrowing heart were engraved.

Thus day after day he went out to his work,
And returned home unsoled and sad ;
Though a " Life Look " at Him who on Calvary bled,
Would have made him unspeakably glad.

At last a day came when, though sorely depressed,
To the office he had to repair,
To attend to his duties, and spend the long hours
In deep heartfelt misery there.

For mercy he secretly pleaded with God,
From the depths of his sorrowing soul,
As he felt that a burden, too heavy for him,
On another he needed to roll.

When, lo ! in a moment the Telegraph Clock
Announced that a message had come,
With the wire vibrations familiar to him,
Bearing tidings of import to some.

But little he thought that to him they would prove
A sweet saving message of peace ;
To bring him at once into marvellous light,
And from anguish to give him release.

A TELEGRAM FROM HEAVEN.

This message, which early from Windermere came,
With feelings of wonder he read ;
Who sent it? for lo ! it consisted of words
Which God by His Spirit had said.

By the pen of the loving disciple St. John,
And his faithful ambassador Paul,
Who to Ephesus wrote for the saints he loved there
What is worth the acceptance of all.

Of redemption by blood it most blessedly spoke,
The blood of the Lamb that was slain :
By which *the forgiveness of sins*, through His grace,
Believers in Jesus obtain.

Oh, was it a dream, or a wonderful fact,
His heart was disposed to enquire,
That such peace-speaking words, so in season to him,
Had come by the Telegraph Wire !

It was not an illusion, he clearly could see ;
For the glad proclamation was there ;
And it came, as from heaven, to lighten his soul,
And bid away all its despair.

Yet it seemed an enigma which he could not solve,
But waited for time to explain,
How the knowledge of glorious salvation through Christ,
He could by a telegram gain.

A TELEGRAM FROM HEAVEN.

Nor did he wait long ; for to him it was told
That a servant, when deeply depressed,
To her brother had written, and earnestly asked
How she might get pardon and rest.

As he was in service, and could not find time
In the writing of letters to spend,
He thought that an answer from God's blessed book
He would as a telegram send.

But little *he* thought of a double result,
Or of him whom the words would first teach,
Before, having given relief to one soul,
His sister they also should reach.

But God, who has numbered the hairs of our head,
And answers ere ever we call,
Was touched with the grief of the heart-broken clerk,
And had graciously ordered it all.

This telegram story when any shall read,
And ask if it really be *true*,
Let them know that *it is* from beginning to end,
Though conversion by telegram's new.

I saw it in prose, but I put it in verse,
And write it that others may read ;
If perchance it may not only interest some,
But their hearts to a resting-place lead.

ON

Finding the word 'Girl' in the Bible.

*"And they have cast lots for My people and sold a girl
for wine that they might drink."*—JOEL iii. 3.



OW many, how many we know not
Are brought by omnipotent love,
To receive in a manner unthought of
The message of peace from above.

As with him who found grace in the desert,
To whom Philip from Antioch was sent,
And knew not until he arrived there
What the wonderful embassy meant.

But this case of a lodging-house keeper,
Of God's methods in saving tells more,
As he sought not, but hated instruction,
When a visitor knocked at the door.

He heard the appeal for admission,
And loudly roared out, "Who is there?"
While a woman with vicious demeanour
At the door stood, his entrance to dare.

“ Oh, let him come in and we ’ll see him,”
The speaker said roughly again,
“ And know what of us he is wanting,
That an entrance he seeks to obtain.”

The stranger then, bowing politely,
Like an angel appeared on the scene,
And with ruffians around him was seated,
Where never a Christian had been ;

To be rudely addressed by the landlord,
Who would question his visitor more,
With a manner and tones as defiant
As those that had reached him before.

“ Are you with the mission connected,
And the men who are going about ? ”
He asked in a way which betokened
That he of the fact had no doubt.

“ I am,” he replied, with composure,
And a happily confident tone,
As one who was proud of his calling,
And his mission was thankful to own.

“ Then a question I ’ll ask from the Bible,”
His rough interrogator said,
Which he thought would his visitor puzzle,
And test both his heart and his head.

“ And if I shall find you are able
To answer my question aright,
Your visits to me and my lodgers,
For reading and prayer I'll invite.

“ But if you should answer me wrongly,
From this house you shall make your retreat,
And your clothing from you shall be taken,
Whom we'll turn neck and heel on the street.

“ My decision then mark, for I tell you
That I am a man of my word ;
And all I have promised shall happen,
Of the evil or good you have heard.”

The listener replied, “ I will take you ;”
And while waiting the question to hear,
The wisdom he needed was seeking,
And the faith which could free him from fear.

“ Can you find the word ‘ Girl ’ in the Bible,
And prove it by showing us where ;
And if more than once its occurrence,
Will you give us the evidence there ? ”

“ I can,” said the stranger, referring
To a passage in Joel, the third :
“ But there and there only you'll find it,
And never again in the Word ! ”

The landlord, dismayed and astonished,
At once said, "Then I am dead beat,
For you, I had fully expected,
This question of mine would defeat."

The Christian then instantly told him
That God as the hearer of prayer,
Had answered his earnest petition,
And an entrance obtained for him there ;

As daily he made supplication
That for him God would open the door ;
To enter the dwelling so dreaded
Which he'd passed oft in sorrow before,

Being told that his life would be perilled
If within he should venture to go ;
As the ways of the desperate inmates
All the neighbours around seemed to know.

But still on his heart as a burden,
Their case was increasingly laid,
So that more on God's power reliant
In faith and with fervour he prayed ;

But could not have yesterday answered
The question put to him that day,
Till when with his family gathered,
As was his habitual way,

He was reading the Bible that morning,
And in course came to Joël, the third,
He felt somewhat astonished at meeting
With a rather unbiblical word ;

And took from the shelf a concordance,
Turning over its pages with care,
To find out the word that he looked for,
Which once, and once only, was there.

“ I see then,” he solemnly added,
“ What God’s wondrous power has wrought,
Not only for my, but your welfare,
To whom blessing to-day has been brought.”

The lodging-house people who listened
Were dumb-struck with wonder and awe,
At the proof of Divine intervention,
For the faithful disciple they saw,

Whom God had most graciously cared for,
And shielded from danger so great,
When they on his person had welcomed
The occasion of showing their hate.

The landlord, his wife, and two lodgers,
New creatures in Jesus became,
Being led by their loving instructor
To know and rejoice in His name.

ON FINDING THE WORD 'GIRL' IN THE BIBLE.

And the faithful evangelist's visits
Were often and often renewed,
And the first favoured day that they saw him,
With thankfulness ever reviewed.

Can we wonder that God's beloved servant
Rejoiced in the glorious sight
Of those who were children of darkness
Being brought into marvellous light ?



THE
French Soldier and the Colporteur.



OW oft, as by some trumpet-note, we are
cheered
And gladdened by incidents told
Of those who are brought from their
wandering paths
To the shelter and peace of the fold !

And such a glad story I now can record,
A passage from darkness to light,
Which the happy evangelist welcomed as fruit
His labours of love to requite.

A colporteur, one of a God-serving band,
To a soldier the Testament gave,
Through which he got saved in a wonderful way,
And went resting in Christ to the grave.

Though he cared for it naught when the gift was obtained,
Having asked for it only in jest,
As with neither its value nor that of his soul
Was he at that period impressed ;

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AND THE COLPORTEUR.

And to those who at Toulon had witnessed the joke
(A joke of a sorrowful type),
He said that the book which so kindly was given,
Would be useful for lighting his pipe.

Thus, though solemnly warned, he went mocking away,
But was thought of with pity and prayer
By him who had thus been unworthily duped :
He was one of the Fusiliers there,

And pretended his heart had been wondrously touched
By his words in the barracks that day,
And that much he desired the book to possess,
Though he had not a "centime" to pay.

But soon, with his comrades, he went from the port
To the country for which they were bound,
When sore hardships, of perils and toils not a few,
In the dreaded Crimea they found.

Yet oft as the pipe had been lit by the book,
From which leaves very many were torn,
No light on his still darkened soul had been shed,
Or a word to awaken it borne,

Till the day which preceded a battle arrived,
And the hour for fighting drew near,
When thoughts of the bloodshed and death there might be
Occasioned much anguish and fear.

But, lo ! as the hero of Toulon at night
In unrest and uneasiness lay,
As on what was before him he pondered so much,
That slumber went wholly away.

Some words which the faithful colporteur had said,
Like a thunderclap came to his mind,
And, aroused and alarmed, to his knapsack he went
For the book he was eager to find ;

Which might lighten his heart in that terrible hour,
When all was so dreary and dark,
If perchance from the pages which yet remained there
He might get of comfort a spark.

Amazed was the man, and delighted, to find
What sweet words of love they contained,
So fitted to bind up the broken in heart,
Who else in despair had remained.

As he saw that the Father had not sent His Son
The world for its sin to condemn,
But that Jesus for sinners had laid down His life,
That He might *give* life unto them ;

And that those in the kingdom of darkness before,
By sin and by Satan enslaved,
When believing in Jesus, and cleansed by His blood,
Through grace are eternally saved.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AND THE COLPORTEUR.

And the sweet invitation, "Oh, come unto Me,
All ye that are weary, for rest!"
Brought repose to the soul that was troubled before,
And the comfort of peace to his breast.

Thus the words so in season, and suited to him,
He continued with gladness to read,
Till the morning drum sounding, compelled him to stop,
And prepare for the battle with speed.

He went, and he fought; he was wounded, and fell,
With many besides, in the field,
Who, with much self-devotion, surrendered their lives,
The victims of other men's greed.

But the words he had read abode with him still,
And were able his heart to sustain,
When, from all the results of that terrible war,
He was suffering weakness and pain.

And after a year and a month had expired—
The last in a hospital spent—
As one with whom all things had now become new,
To the home of his childhood he went;

Not far from the port whence his comrades and he,
As a scoffer, embarked for the war,
To meet, in his weakness, the parents and friends
He had left in such vigour before.

And throughout the six weeks which remained of his life
He ceased not to show them the way
By which he had passed from death unto life,
And was therefore more happy than they ;

Entreating them also to come as they were
Unto Jesus for pardon and peace,
And thus from all efforts at saving themselves
Be contented for ever to cease.

And the day that they laid him with grief in the grave,
Who was deeply lamented by all,
The colporteur, who daily continued his work,
And made many and many a call,

In the evening, when weary, arrived at the inn
Where the sorely-bereaved ones abode,
Desiring rest and refreshment awhile,
And also relief from his load.

When he saw that the inmates were saddened with grief,
Through which newly they seemed to have past ;
As all in the parlour and kitchen as well
Were in countenance greatly o'ercast ;

And the landlady, sitting in woe by the fire,
His tenderest sympathy stirred,
So that he was impelled to address her at once
With a kindly inquiring word.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AND THE COLPORTEUR.

Which was answered with tearful expressions of grief
Ere its cause she had time to explain,
And tell of the loved one whose death was their loss,
But his great and unspeakable gain.

And when she related that him they had borne
But a little before to the grave,
Who was, as a son, so devoted to them,
As a soldier, so noble and brave,

The visitor, taking his Testament out,
From some verses endeavoured to show
What the purpose of God in afflicting us was,
And chastening His children below,—

Whose sorrows and griefs, whate'er they may be,
His heart can with sympathy touch,
Who, knowing their need, as the living High Priest,
Ever makes intercession for such.

Thus much for her solace, in pitying love,
To the sorrowing mother was said,
When she saw that the Testament, still in his hand,
From which words for her comfort were read,

Resembled the one which was left her by him
Who his pipe with its pages had lit,
And in folly and recklessness formerly thought
Alone for this purpose were fit.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AND THE COLPORTEUR.

So she went from the kitchen to fetch it in haste,
In spite of the traces it bore, ·
That, true to his word, he had slighted it much,
And greatly misused it before.

Amazed and delighted the colporteur was,
When he saw that the book, once despised,
And whence, sadly indeed, many pages were torn,
But which, later, was equally prized,

Had in it the name of its owner inscribed,
And that of the regiment too,
With the day of the month when the gift was bestowed,
To which his conversion was due.

As with lightning-flash power there came to his mind
The painfully sad barrack scene,
When he at Toulon, with his Bibles and tracts,
Had the jest of the Fusiliers been.

And much he rejoiced that his prayer had been heard
For the then unregenerate heart,
Which his earnest remonstrance and warnings had reached,
And pierced, as it were, with a dart,

Ere the scoffer, enlightened, converted, and blest,
To Jesus was savingly led
By the sweet words of truth which he from the book
In the grey of the morning had read.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER AND THE COLPORTEUR.

And the love of His Heavenly Father was felt,
Who His children delights to sustain,
By making those know who are sowing in tears
That their labour has not been in vain ;

And that also His word of rich life-giving power
Will never return to Him void,
But shall in due season be prospered with those
For whose blessing the means were employed.



LONDON: JAMES E. HAWKINS, 36, BAKER STREET, W. ;
AND 21, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

22

July 7th
1895

3231 Woodstock.



