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Scripture tests of Christian
discipleship ..





SCRIPTURE TESTS

OF

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLESHIP.

BY HARRIET MALLARD.

TITUS, II: 11-14. —“ For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men,

“ Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world ;

“ Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ;

“ Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.”

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BY HARRIET MALLARD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the District of Massachusetts.

INTRODUCTION.

“ Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they that testify of me.”

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES! You will see
They fully testify of me.
’Tis there you hope the “ Pearl,” to find,—
The life, for you, that heaven design’d.
Then search the volume richly stored
With types and shadows of your Lord,—
And gem’d with promises most sweet,
Where truth and grace in beauty meet.

When morning stars together sung,
And yonder azure arch was hung,
And studded with those brilliant rays,
I was the “ Ancient,” then, of days;
I counsel’d then the beauteous plan,
And fashioned Eden’s bower for man.

And when his Paradise was lost,—
Of sin the fearful, fearful cost,—
’Twas then in mercy render’d plain
The spoiler should be bruised and slain;
And there, in living lines, you’ll see
They early testify of me.

And when the seventh, the day of rest,
Was given, and sanctified, and bless’d,
You’ll see a token of that Sabbath peace
For *you*, in ME, when types and shadows cease.

Search where the righteous Abel lies,
The heaven-accepted sacrifice,
With offering there which faith had brought,
A type of me, the Christ was fraught.

Search all the ancient Scripture ground
 Where faith, or trembling hope, hath found
 An alter, where the typic flood
 Hath brought the sinner near to God,
 Who by his everlasting love
 Looked on the spotless lamb — the dove, —
 Each bleeding victim, brought and given,
 Through which to crave the grace of heaven.

I am that Rock by Moses named —
 The same that David blessed and claimed —
 The Rock of Ages, — which they tried
 And found no saving help denied.
 The shadow in the weary land, —
 The “ wall of fire ” — the shelt’ring hand —
 The “ Corner Stone,” eternal laid
 In Zion, for thy trust alone ;
 No other name is given, — is known,
 Whereby ye may be saved — be shriven, —
 I am the “ Door ” — the way to Heaven.

Oh ! Thou, the Christ, thus typified,
 Thou art the Fount of Life, supplied
 By love’s immortal springs, that rise
 In the unfading Paradise ;
 The River, flowing pure and clear, —
 The throne of God, forever near, —
 Immanuel, — Saviour — Prince of Peace, —
 Now shadowy forms forever cease !

The Scriptures — record of thy power
 And grace divine, for mortal dower —
 Are conduits from that heavenly sea,
 Filled by the co-eternal Three
 Thy holy Book — Thy heavenly word —
 ’Tis filled with Thee, my Saviour, Lord.

Guide me, Thou Spirit of Almighty Grace,
Illumine as the sacred page I trace ;
This, this, blest Jesus, lights the lines so fair,
I read thy tokens, types, and shadows there.
And where no symbol points direct to thee
I trace some beautiful analogy.
The Ark — when rising on the flood,
And bearing high the church of God —
Speaks thy redeeming power to save,
To ransom from the tomb, the grave.

This holy type attracts me most : —
The Paschal Blood-besprinkled post ;
Of all with which thy book is stored,
This speaks the plainest of my Lord.
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Whose tokens ne'er were set in vain,
That time and death shall not remove
The gift divine of saving love ;
The seal of sanctifying grace,
Impress that sin may not efface.

And where thy people, safe, and free
From bondage, pass the swelling sea, —
I read a glorious token there,
That thou wilt evermore prepare
A way, — the way I must pursue,
And bear the fearful surges through ;
All who in true contrition see
Their perishing — their need of Thee.

And when but bitter waters found —
A barren waste, extending round, —
The cry of faith was sent to Heaven,
How soon the sweet'ning branch was given ;

So may each wave of care or grief
Drive me to Thee, for sweet relief, —
And find the manna scattered near
Both daily bread, and grace to cheer.

There, where the water from the rock,
Burst full and clear, to bless thy flock —
The smitten rock to symbolize
The river that thy love supplies —
It followed them the desert through,
The path thy hand in wonders drew,
And there refreshed, at weary night,
Led by the fiery pillar's light ;
O ! glorious imagery of heaven,
What proof of love to sinners given !

Thy Word, my faith, my love refines,
I read thy name in mystic lines ;
There, where the fragrant incense rise
With the Mosaic sacrifice,
I read, enwrapt with awe profound ;
I trace the consecrated ground
Where Thy redeeming, gracious power
Supplied the heaven-built, glorious bower —
Pavilion for thy shelter'd flock,
O, Thou, the Christ — the Heavenly Rock.

There, where prophetic, melting fire,
Has strung to heavenly strains the lyre,
My trusting spirit joys to see,
And hails each note that sings of Thee,
That psalmist sweet of Israel's,
My soul with hope and rapture fills ;
His kingly harp, of thrilling lays,
Is set to my Redeemer's praise

THE SPIRIT BIRTH.

“ Ye must be born again.”

WITHOUT this new, this Spirit birth,
Lost, fallen child of sin, of earth,
Thy soul must meet a fearful dearth,
 “ Ye must be born again ;”
Be born of God — born from above ;
To Christ must yield thy heart, thy love,
By faith must come, no more to rove,—
 All other trust is vain.

Thy heart, upon his altar laid,
A free-will offering must be made,
To Him who hath thy ransom paid,
 Would you His peace partake ;
To find the safe abiding place —
Pavilion of the heavenly grace —
Lit by His own life-giving face,—
 Thy sins ye must forsake.

Discipled, then 'tis not in vain,
Thy hope to reach the blissful plain —
The heavenly kingdom to obtain,
 And favored thou may'st *“ test,”*
If heart and mind are thus renewed,
And fully with His love imbued,
And seeds of charity are strewed,
 Thy call to lasting rest.

HEAVENLY PITY.

“ Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.”

THE tenderest pulse that pity moves,
 Where love paternal reigns,
 And binds the filial, fostered band
 In fondest, tenderest chains,
 Is but an emblem, shadowy, faint,
 Of that sweet, sacred tide,
 That flows for those that fear the Lord,
 The Tree of Life beside.

Divine compassion — peace and love,—
 Garnered in heavenly store —
 For all that trust, that seek His face,
 Through Christ, the only Door,—
 Dispensed by the Almighty Hand,
 When Faith with upward wing,
 Approaches near the mercy seat,
 Ventures the heart to bring.

Then children, heirs of Him, our God,
 Within the walls are found,
 Of that pavilion of His grace,
 Built on Immanuel's ground ;
 Where the parental heart of Heaven
 Immortal food supplies,
 Water from Mercy's lasting fount,
 That wastes not — never dies !

“ THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN THEE.”

IF drops of contrition
 Now truly attest,
 That light of the Spirit
 Hath entered thy breast,
 Dispelling the darkness
 That mantled so deep,
 The heart, that, now broken,
 Can tenderly weep.

Then joy thee, sad mourner
 Thy penitent tears
 Are treasured in heaven ;
 Now banish thy fears,—
 Thy pardon most freely,
 Most fully, is given,
 Now rest thee securely,
 Thou art saved — thou’rt shriven.

Thy sins are forgiven thee,
 And angels employ,
 They tune their glad harps
 To anthems of joy ;
 They hailed the blest hour
 That gave thee new birth,—
 They’ll watch thee, and guide thee,
 Once lost one of earth.

WHO IS THIS?
—

Who is this, before whose power
Death, disease, and sin retires,
While his word a heavenly dower,
Hope of lasting life inspires ?

Who is this, that bids the tempest
Cease,— that bids the waves be still,—
Speaks to humble spirits pardon,—
Deigns with joy the soul to fill ?

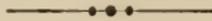
Who is this, whose word is melting
Hearts that long were hard and sear ?
While the promise of salvation,
Sorrows darkest hour can cheer.

Who is this, thus claiming honors,
Praise, and worship — clothed in power ?
Who is this, thus speaking blessings,
Shedding mercy's heavenly shower ?

'Tis the Prophet, meek and lowly,—
He that dwelt in Galilee,—
Jesus Christ, whom God anointed,
With the Holy Spirit free.

'Tis the Lamb of God,— behold Him,
Sent of heaven, strong to redeem ;
He whom all the angles worship,—
Lovest thou the incarnate theme ?

All ye sick, and sad, and weary,
Perishing, and poor, and blind,
When ye humbly thus receive Him,
You the bread of life will find.



“IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.”



ONCE, upon the raging billow,
Rocked a trembling fisher's bark ;
Unbelief, sad, doubting, fearful,
Row'd and toiled, the night was dark.

Walking on the waters — heaving
Mountains high — a form appears,
Spirit-like, the crew surprising ;
But a voice — 'tis heavenly, cheers !

“It is I,” fear not, beloved,
“It is I,” and what shall harm ;
It is Jesus,— they receive him,
And forget their wild alarm.

Still this glorious friend, the Saviour,
Seeks the sorrowing, fainting heart—
Meets it on life's troubled ocean,
Peace eternal to impart.

Pilgrim! hath thy weary spirit
 Sin sick turned, his hand to greet,
 He will lead thee, guide and shelter,
 Till in heaven ye find a seat.



“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?”

WHAT think ye of Christ,
 Frail children of earth?
 What think ye of Jesus,
 His mission, His birth,
 His love, and His mercy,
 His power, and His grace;
 Oh! have ye beheld Him,—
 The light of His face?

What think ye of Jesus?
 Know ye his glad voice?
 Is he now your portion,
 Your hope, and your choice;
 And is he beloved,
 And is he adored;
 Have you thus received Him,
 Your Saviour and Lord?

What think ye of Jesus?
 For if you believe,
 Rich blessings and mercies,
 With Him ye receive,

Thy Faith is the anchor
By which ye may "Test,"
If moorings are shelter'd
For the heavenly rest.

What think ye of Jesus?
Whose favor is heaven,
Whose grace, and whose mercy,
Most freely are given.
'Tis heaven to regard Him,
The Eternal One,
And Father and Spirit,
Accept in the Son.



"TAKE UP THY CROSS AND FOLLOW ME."

If you would find a portion there,
Where saints his face behold,
The dear Redeemer, glorious, fair,
That "treasure" must be sold!
That cherished idol, self,— or pride
Or passion,— wealth, or power,
May not with heaven thy heart divide,
If you would gain its bower.
Of everlasting rest and life,
Where all is new and pure,
Ye must renounce the hidden strife,
And make your calling sure.

Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
And follow Christ, the Lord ;
Count earthly good as sold, as loss,
And keep his ways, his word.

Obeys his voice, obey his will,
And set before thy sight,
And by his gracious help fulfil
His precepts pure and right.

Oh ! follow in his steps, they lead
Where fruits of love abound,—
Where pity's charms, and kindly deeds,
Where sacred things are found.



A THIRST FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.



*“ Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness
for they shall be filled.”*

If sad the soul, and heavenly joy
Has fled the stricken heart ;
If trembling fears thy hopes destroy,
And faith no light impart ;

Still, if thy hungry spirit pant
For perfect righteousness,
God will to thee most freely grant
His saving, quickening grace.

He fills, with his indwelling peace,
 The humble minds that know
 Of true contrition's gushing tears
 From wounded breasts that flow.

Opprest with conscious guilt and sin,
 With threatenings of the word,
 Fear not, the prize you yet shall win,
 Through Him, your Saviour, Lord.

The first desire that heavenward turns,
 Is kindled to a flame,—
 The feeblest prayer, God never spurns
 If offered in His name.



LEARN OF ME.



“ Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.”

WHEN Mary chose the better part,
 She took the learner's seat,—
 She gave to Thee her broken heart,
 And worshipped at Thy feet.

Like Mary, I would come to Thee —
 Would wait to know thy voice ;
 O ! blest Redeemer, say to me :
 “ 'Tis yours, the better choice !”

And then the powers of death, of earth,
Shall never snatch away,
My portion fair, of priceless worth,
Which ne'er shall know decay.

The cank'ring cares of life, I know,
The weeds — the choking thorn —
In all my chequered path below,
Of strength they will be shorn.

While pleasures, riches, dazzling lure,
Shall pass unheeded by,
O! Thou, my Saviour, holy, pure,
Be Thou forever nigh.

Disciple, if thy contrite heart
Is bow'd before the Throne,
He will not bid thee hence depart,
Jesus thy name will own.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO.

“ Lord, to whom shall we go, thou hast the words of eternal life.”

To whom, Lord Jesus, shall we go,
If we from Thee depart,
When hopes of heaven are ebbing low,
When crushed and broke the heart.

Where is the staff, so firm, or reed
On which to lean for rest,
That shall not break, and leave to bleed
The pierced and wounded breast.

If to thy holy law, so pure,
Our naked spirits turn,
'Tis vain we seek that place for cure,
Its flames before us burn.

Sinai, her tablet, lucid, bright,
No sceptre holds of grace,
It flashes on our trembling sight,
Its frowns we may not face.

Oh, Thou, who hast of life the word
Eternal, deign to spread
Thy cloud of mercy now, to guard
Each weary, fainting head.

Thy robe of righteousness complete,
Alone it can defend ;
Oh! hear us, from thy mercy seat,
Great Mediator — Friend.

Oh! shelter us, thou mighty rock,
Here in this desert land,
Great shadow, Shepherd of the Flock,
And hold us by thy hand.

Forbid, by thy Almighty Name,
 That we depart from Thee,
 Thou Son of God, who willing came
 From sin and death to free.



THE SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS.



“And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord lay not this sin to their charge.”

THE throne of the eternal God
 Dissolving clouds revealed,
 Above the stained, beflooded sod,
 On which the martyr kneeled.

Jesus, the glorified, appears
 At the right hand of power,
 And faith, now changed to sight, it cheers
 The saint's expiring hour.

That spirit which the holy dove
 Had made its dwelling place,
 Before it wing'd its flight to prove
 Redemption's full embrace,—

Though visions of immortal gain,
 They fill the raptured sight,
 And from the bonds of flesh, of pain,
 The suffering soul invite,—

It lingers on the earthly shore —
Its mission incomplete —
It waits one ardent prayer to pour
Before the mercy seat.

Is it with supplicating voice,
Which death it hastes to stay ?
For such as Christ hath made their choice,
He tarries now to pray.

Is it for brother, kindred, friend,
The persecuted pleads,
Or those whose kindly tear-drops blend,
That now he intercedes ?

The murderous horde,—for mentally blind —
For perjured, guilty foe,—
That such may life-repentance find —
May God and mercy know.

Oh, Christian! bring thy walk, thy life,
Here for a scripture test!
Can love for hatred, wrong, and strife,
Prevail, and rule thy breast ?

CHRIST THE RESURRECTION.

“ *I am the resurrection and the life.*”

CHRIST is the Resurrection ;
All who through grace believe,
Though death presume to triumph,
With Him they'll rise to live.

He is the Resurrection,—
And death shall own his power,
And yield to Him the victory
In his appointed hour.

He is the way — the fountain
Of life, of endless bliss ;
Dismiss thy trembling fears
If thou believest this.

He is the Resurrection ;
All who obey — believe —
Earnest of life eternal
From Him they here receive.

Weep not for Him that sleepeth,
For he shall rise again ;
Christ is the resurrection,
The tyrant's bars are vain.

Believest thou this mourner ?
Then let thy tears be dried,
He'll own thee his Disciple,—
Jesus, the glorified.

THE PERFECT GIFT.

—
“ *Thy faith hath saved thee.*”

THY faith hath saved thee. Go in peace ;
Thou 'rt washed, thou 'rt cleansed, forgiven.
Lord, grant to all like precious faith,
This “ perfect gift ” of Heaven.

Dark ! dark, indeed, life's stormy sea,
All tempest-tost and driven,
But for this gift, this glorious gift,—
Blest, “ perfect gift ” of Heaven.

The purest light the spirit cheers,
Wanes like the queen of even ;
And flowery hopes they die away,
Without this gift of Heaven.

From waves of death and dire despair,
We've else no sheltering haven,—
But wings of faith bear us away,
Quite near the gate of Heaven.

By faith we view the mansions fair,
Where Righteous Robes are given,—
By faith we know we'll wear one there —
Our faith will end in Heaven.

AND THEY FORSOOK'ALL AND FOLLOWED HIM.

“And when they had brought their ships to land they forsook all and followed him.”

THEIR ships they anchor'd by the strand,
Asked not the scathe or loss ;
They left, at Jesus' high command,
And learned to bear the cross.

Won by his love, — the Spirit's voice —
Forsook their earthly gain,
And made the yoke of Christ their choice
A Kingdom to obtain ;

Where all is righteousness and peace,
And heavenly armies boast, —
Where perfect bliss shall never cease, —
Joy in the Holy Ghost.

They followed not for golden lure,
But for the bread of heaven, —
Of life the water, blessed, pure,
So freely, fully given.

They learned to find their drink, their meat,
Food for the immortal part,
While list'ning at the Saviour's feet,
With undivided heart.

If you would his Disciple be,
 Presume not to divide,
 That heart which he demands of thee,
 And will not be denied.

• • •

UNION WITH CHRIST.

“Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things have passed away, behold all things have become new.”

UNION with Christ, the living vine,
 Whose reconciling grace
 Renews and sanctifies the soul,
 For heaven’s entire embrace,
 Admits not of the former flower,
 The bud or poisonous root,
 The bitter germ of sin must die —
 The vile, unholy shoot.

That life is now the breath of heaven,
 With aspirations new ;
 The vision cleared from films of death
 Hath glorious things in view ;
 Now love, and joy, and righteousness,
 And faith, with heavenward wing,
 Around the spirit born of God,
 What blessedness they bring.

Supplanting every former growth,
 Luxuriant that was found,
 Where angel — fallen — lost and driven —
 Smiled on the fruitful ground,
 Prolific with the harvest dire
 Of most unholy grain,
 Rip'ning for death and dark despair,
 Sorrow and lasting pain.



SANCTIFICATION OF THE SPIRIT.

—

“But ye are not in the flesh, but the spirit, if so be the spirit of God dwell in you. Now, if any man hath not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.”

WHERE Heaven its love hath shed abroad,
 Spirit of saving grace,
 There is a Temple built for God,
 A consecrated place.

Law of the Spirit, — Law of Life —
 In Christ hath made it free,
 From law of sin, and death, and strife,
 Though strong their bondage be.

Spirit of Him who raised the dead,
 By his life-giving word,
 Jesus, the Lamb, who suffered, bled —
 The Son of God, our Lord.

Spirit of Life, it dwells with you —
 You, who are called and led
 By Him, the righteous, pure and true,
 The Saviour, Living Head.

Spirit of Faith, adoption clear,
 By which we “ Father ” cry, —
 Spirit of “ Abba, Father, ” here,
 And hope above the sky.

The saving hope — the sanctified,
 And sanctifying dower —
 Fruit of renewing grace allied
 To upper Eden’s bower,

Where heirs of God are glorified,
 With Jesus Christ, the Son,
 Redeemed, and blessed, and justified,
 With Him forever One.



FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.



“ *For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth.* ”

WHERE Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace,
 Is loved, and served, and known,
 The goodly seeds of righteousness
 For heavenly fruit are sown.

Fruits of the Spirit, truth sincere,
 With every kindred grace,
 In beauteous clusters now appear,
 And fill the sacred place.

That "Temple of the Holy Ghost"—
 The soul that's born an heir,
 With Christ, and with the ransomed host,
 To mansions high and fair.

And all who now receive this word—
 The indwelling power of grace—
 Adorn the doctrines of the Lord,
 His holy footsteps trace.

Where God, the Spirit, sets the seal
 Of consecrating love,
 Fruits of immortal worth reveal
 The presence of the "Dove."



THE BREAD OF LIFE.



"I am that bread of life."

I **AM** the life, the living bread,
 For your salvation given,—
 A portion for the hungry soul,
 The bread that came from heaven.

Partakers of this holy food,
Shall live forevermore ;
My flesh is meat,— except ye share,
You're famishing and poor.

These words I speak, of flesh, of bread,
They're spirit, they are life :
Ye must receive this gift in faith,
With blessedness most rife.

Given for the world a sacrifice,
That ye may never die,—
To all that eat believingly,
My grace is ever nigh.

As by my Living Father, God,
I live — with Him abide —
So you, who eat by faith this bread,
With me are firm allied.

To whom, oh, Saviour, should we go,
To find eternal rest ?
Thou Son of God, the bread of heaven,
To which he doth attest.

The Spirit — blessed comforter —
The Witness with the Son —
And with the Father, Mighty God,
Now and forever One.

COME TO THE ALTAR.

“The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.”

COME to the altar of the Lord,
And hear his faithfulness record ;
Ye shall of loving kindness sing,
When contrite, you, this offering bring.

A heart with true repentance broke,
That comes His spirit to invoke,
Shall hear His pardoning, saving voice,
And in His righteousness rejoice.

He'll sanctify thy waiting soul —
Thy trembling fears and doubts control —
Will make thee purer, far, than snows,
And lead to where the fountain flows,

The Fount of Life — the “smitten rock” —
To Christ, the Shepherd of that flock
That feed in valleys, heavenly sheen,
“Beside deep waters” — ever green.

THE PURE IN HEART.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

WOULD you walk with God below —
Would you His presence share ;
His love and peace and favor know,
And go and see him there
Where life immortal, righteousness,
Forever shall endure,
And songs divine shall never cease,—
In heart ye must be pure ;
Be pardoned, cleansed, and sanctified,
By Faith, that works by Love,—
Deceit and guile may not divide
The soul born from above.
Heirs to that heavenly heritage,
Where sin is never known,
And harps and robes of light are given,
Around the Eternal Throne,—
They will be humble, holy, mild,
Meek charity impart,
With heart and spirit undefiled,
They will be “Pure in heart.”

CHASTE CONVERSATION.

“Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth.”

THE lips that pay devotion's vow
In mention of that Name,
That fills the ransomed throng above
With love's undying flame,
May not their consecrated breath
Lend to unholy themes,
Nor yield at sinful passion's shrine
The powers that heaven redeems.

The heart that cleansing, saving grace,
Has rendered meet for heaven,
Will not commune with evil thought —
Will fear the poisonous leaven,
Malign and dark, insidious, deep,
That would ferment the soul
To dire pollutions fearful maze,
When given to its control.

The altar, where the living coal
Has owned the sacrifice,
Acceptance of forbidden things
For evermore denies ;
But fruits of purity and peace,
With humble hands are brought,
Where God, the Spirit, sets the seal,
And life divine hath wrought.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

“ But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.”

WHAT heavenly fruits of life abound,
Where'er thy shadowing wing is found,
Thou holy, sanctifying dove,
Ambassador from courts above.

Sent of the Father, source of light,
The hapless sinner to invite
To Christ, the fount of joy and peace,
And hope, and lasting blessedness.

Dispenser of Almighty Grace,
Goodness and Faith, their steps we trace ;
Where Thou hast consecrated ground,
Thy heavenly light is shed around.

Long suffering, truth, and gentleness,
The temple of the heart possess,
Where Thou hast fixed thy sure abode,
Blest, Holy Spirit of our God.

Meekness and temperance unite
With charity, so pure and white,
And bring their fragrance to that shrine
To speak thy mission, all divine.

TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

“ And Thomas answered and said, my Lord and my God.”

DISCIPLE, now 'tis not by sight,
The way we find to heaven ;
'Tis faith that must thy soul incite,
A grace most freely given.

Where saving Faith hath set its seal
On the renewed soul,
Indwelling love will soon reveal
Its reign, its blest control.

Then hope and trust expression find
In “ *Abba*,” filial word,
That heart-affections all combined
In God,— my Saviour,— Lord.

The faith that “ *Abba, Father*,” cries,
It hath a welcome voice,
A melody for upper skies —
It speaks the “ better choice.”

Dost Thou believe ? the promised grace,
Is thine, of life, of rest ;
Dost Thou believe ? although his face
Ye see not, that shall test,

Thy title to that name desired,
 Disciple of the Son ;
 Such faith it is of heaven inspired —
 The crown it shall be won.



THE PAVILION OF GRACE.



“Thou art my portion, oh, Lord.”

THOU art my portion, my hope and my trust,
 My God, my salvation, Thou Gracious and Just,
 In thee, the great giver, the faithful and kind,
 A refuge, a shelter, a Father I find.

O, thou, in the highest ; thou great King of kings,
 I find a pavilion beneath thy kind wings,
 'Tis wall'd and surrounded, and evermore shaded ;
 And with thy blest presence most sweetly per-
 vaded.

This heavenly pavilion is paved with thy grace,
 'Tis richly illumin'd with smiles of thy face,
 'Tis ruled with the strength, — the strength of
 the arm
 That curtained the heavens, I fear no alarm.

My portion ! my portion ! inheritance fair !
 Come all and most freely this wealth you shall
 share.

You'll find my Redeemer a portion indeed,
Believe him and trust him, you never shall need.

Believer, it is not, the spirit of earth
That brought thee to glory in this, the new birth;
'Tis but the Disciple, by Faith that has known,
And held sweet communion with him on the
throne.



LIGHT AND JOY.



“Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart.”

LIGHT, life, and joy, and holy peace,
Abundantly are sown,
For heirs of heavenly righteousness —
They who approach the Throne.

The mercy-seat where God will hear
The upright when they pray, —
For Jesus' sake dispel their fear,
And take their sins away.

The spirit of renewing grace,
With sanctifying power,
Seals for the rest, the glorious place
For that unfading bower, —

Where Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 Beatitude will shed,
 On the enraptured, ransom'd host,
 They who by faith have fled,
 For refuge to that hope divine —
 To Christ the only door ;
 The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
 For them forever more.

CHRISTIAN AFFINITY.

“ We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.”

IF fear and unbelief obscure
 Our trembling hopes of heaven,
 And sin, temptation, pleasures lure,
 Our storm-rocked bark have driven ;
 If sad despair, with murkey sail
 Is hovering near the breast,
 This verdict clear must still prevail —
 This holy “ Scripture Test.”

If melting love the heart can warm,
 For every name and shade,
 For highest, lowest, humblest form,
 If with this charm arrayed,

The halo of redeeming grace —
 The Spirit of the throne —
 Assimilation to his face,
 Who as our Lord is known.

We then may say, to doubt and strife,
 “ Our anchor is secure ;
 Our passport to eternal life
 Is now forever sure.

We know we love our Saviour, Lord,
 In those who are born of heaven ;
 We now may lean upon his word,
 And bless our sheltering haven.”



THE KEY OF THE GARNER.



“ *Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*”

A PRECIOUS boon of Heaven —
 This gift divine of love —
 The faith, which makes the mountains
 Of doubt and fear remove ;
 This faith, the gracious channel
 Through which our souls are fed,—
 The key of the rich garner,
 Of life’s immortal bread.

A holy, worthy portion —
'Tis justifying power,—
That lends the peace of Heaven
To sorrow's bitterest hour,
By which we look to Jesus,
Our hope, our life, the way,—
The lack of sight supplying,
It leads to endless day.

By faith, we know our Saviour,
Is the " Anointed One ;"
By faith, we trust his promises,
The Father's equal Son ;
Relying on his mercy,
Receiving Him, our Lord,
We " test " our hopes eternal,
By His most sacred word.

" Now, you shall never perish,
You, who believe in me,—
The life is everlasting
That I award to thee ;
Through me ye have salvation,
You who my name have known,
And by your love, your charity,
True faith in me have shown."

LOVEST THOU ME.

—
 “*Lovest thou me.*”

Lov'st thou me? you who are called
 By my name, the “Christ of God;”
 Lov'st thou me? ye that are ransomed,
 Washed and saved, “redeemed with blood;”
 Lov'st thou me? then love my people,
 Love my cause, and feed my sheep, —
 Give my lambs their needful portion,
 I, a watch will round thee keep.

I am the Almighty Shepherd;
 I have sheep of other fold, —
 Sheep and lambs in other pastures,
 Some are wounded, grieved and sold;
 Lov'st thou me? for these I suffered,
 Offer them the “Living Bread,”
 I, the Master, will be with you,
 I will blessings on thee shed: —

Some are scattered on the mountains,
 Others famished on the plain,
 Craving the life-giving water, —
 Shall they ask it still in vain?
 Go and bless them — go and feed them, —
 Haste and call them in my name:
 Tell them Jesus will receive them, —
 Gather weary, blind and lame;

Lo ! the ready, waiting harvest,
 For the gospel laborer white,
 Go "attest" thy love, thy pity,
 Where yon foreign fields invite ;
 Count thy life not dear unto thee,
 So the Gentile may be blest, —
 You shall have a heavenly treasure,
 Share my own Eternal Rest.



THE SPIRIT OF PROMISE.



"After ye believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise."

You that believe and trust his word,
 The gospel of his grace,
 Receive this "seal" of Christ, our Lord,
 That ne'er shall be effaced,
 Earnest of the inheritance —
 Possession — heavenly ground —
 "The everlasting recompence,"
 Where springs of life abound.

"Belief," the faith that "works by love,"
 And purifies the soul,
 And wings for glorious flights above
 Sorrow and sin's control,

On airy pinions borne away,
 Forgets the scenes of earth —
 Beholds a rapturous, joyful ray
 Of light of purer birth.

Oh! precious, saving, gracious seal,
 Hope of immortal day,
 That can such blessedness reveal
 And banish fear away ;
 “ Spirit of promise,” holy, pure,
 Given, that we here may “ test,”
 If we “ election, calling sure,”
 Have made for “ perfect Rest.”

—•••—
 UNDIVIDED PRAISE.
 —

“ I will praise the Lord with my whole heart.”

WITH this heart entire, and spirit,
 I will praise thee, O, my God !
 Called thy kingdom to inherit —
 Leaning on thy staff, thy rod ;
 I will praise Thee, I will trust Thee,
 Giver of almighty grace,
 I will never more distrust thee,
 Let me still behold thy face.

Reconciled, that look bestow me,
Dear Redeemer of my soul,
Look of love, that saith, "I know thee,"
Look, that shall my fears control ;
Countenance, with mercy lighted,
Radiant with the life of heaven,
For the weary, sad, benighted, —
Light that speaks my sins forgiven :

God, the Father, Son, and Spirit,
One eternal Lord of Love,
May I claim that pard'ning merit,
For the heirs of rest above ;
Where thy undivided glory,
Fills a vast, immortal sea,
May I hope to join that story,
" Christ, the Lamb, was slain for me !"



THE WELL OF LIFE



" Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

WHAT see'st thou in this Nazarene ?
Thou of the world caressed ;
What see'st thou, ye who fainting lean,
Still earthward seeking rest ?

Oh! is this Well of Life, of Light,
 A fountain ~~still~~^{well} unsealed,
 And to thy weary, thirsty sight,
 Remains it unrevealed?
 See ye no beauty to desire,
 Behold ye not the form
 So comely as may faith inspire,
 And thy glad spirit warm
 With love immortal — heavenly love —
 Thy silent harp to string,
 Thy melting gratitude to prove
 And plume the heavenward wing?

Then fearful, fearful, that unrest
 Thou find'st on earthy ground,
 Bewail the hours ye've walked unblest,
 Of life the "Pearl," unfound!

Is He to thy awakened sight,
 Of "thousands," first and "chief,"
 And altogether lovely too,
 Is this your firm belief?
 He is the Christ — anointed Son
 Of God,— the living Lord.
 If so thy claim, thy test is one
 That will thy name record,
 As one discipled, saved and sealed,
 His ransomed there to greet,
 Where untold glories are revealed,
 And find a ready seat.

THE PLENTEOUS REDEMPTION.

“ And with Him is plenteous redemption.”

WITH God, the high, the mighty God,
Who spread the spangled heaven's abroad,
That gave to every star, its name,
And lit the sun with brilliant flame,
With Him redeeming love is free,
More deep and boundless than the sea.

Redemption plenteous indeed,—
The ransom paid, the captive free'd,
The fountain pure, forever flows,
And there, too, Sharon's dewy Rose,
And Lily of the valley blend,
And round the desert waste they send
Their fragrance, not to be compared
With bowers that angels blest or shared ;
For angel harps though strung above,
Well tuned to harmony and love,
Have ne'er yet known the joys that rise
With broken-hearted sacrifice.
Repentant tears — they hail the prize,
And bear the gem to paradise ;
They joy to see one sinner turn,
But 'tis the soul that's newly born,
That knows the bliss of this Redemption
When Christ reveals his own Preemption.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

“ Go work to-day in my vineyard.”

THE car of life immortal
Sweeps o'er the barren field,
Before its gospel enginery
The powers of darkness yield.

Glory to God the Father,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit,
The gracious Three in One.

The chariot of salvation,
Its wheels they roll in light,
The films of sin and error
Retire before its sight.

Joy tunes each heavenly lyre,
That angel hand hath known,
As sinners saved and pardon'd,
Bend low before the throne.

And every true disciple,
His “meat,” his “drink,” is found,
Where he may toil and labor,
On hopeful harvest ground.

GOD AND MAMMON.

“Ye cannot serve God and mammon.”

DISCIPLES of this risen Lord,
Jesus the Lamb once slain,
Ye cannot serve this Holy One,
If earthly goods and gain
Have dragged thee to that graceless shrine,
Where mammon's golden wand,
Has paralyzed thy spirit's power,
In the enchanted land.

Where every giddy worshipper,
Led by unholy wiles,
To bowers where fearful, deadly, damp,
The sickly soul defiles ;
The hand that crowns its votaries
With flowers as fancies choose,
Plucks to bestrew that area,
The plants that Heaven bedews.

And fain would grasp, would bear away,
Would snatch the Immortal Prize,
Ye cannot serve this earthly God
And one above the skies ;
The Altar where the sacrifice
The fairest, first must be
Claimer, if thou art accepted there,
An offering pure of thee.

An undivided perfect heart,
 By faith and love renewed,
 With humble, holy charity,
 That heavenly grace imbued ;
 The world may mingle incense
 Before this idol's throne,
 But Christ, our Lord and Master,
 He will be served, Alone !



GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.



“ Give a portion to seven, and also to eight, for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.”

To every child of want and care,
 If seven, or eight, or more,
 That would the gathered fragments share,
 And crave them at thy door,—
 Refuse not of thy furnished board
 A portion to bestow,
 And for a lasting, heavenly hoard,
 In season ye may sow.

Thou knowest not what ruthless storm
 May wreck thy hopes of Earth,
 And every pictured joy transform,
 Of idol, cherished worth ;

To-morrow's dawn may see the wave
 Assail thy prosperous bark,
 While angry winds around thee rave,
 And skies are lowering, dark !

What measure now you deign to meet,
 You shall receive again,
 When summoned to the judgment seat,
 Award of joy or pain ;
 If trusting in his gracious word
 You Charity have shown,
 That " test " of our Redeemer, Lord,
 He then your name will own.



THE LAST SUPPER.



" This do in remembrance of me."

THE Lamb of God, in that sad hour,
 When sin in all its weight and power,
 O'er his devoted head was stay'd,
 And soon an offering to be made,
 He took the bread,— he bless'd and broke,
 And, Oh ! what tender words he spoke :

" This is my body, broke for you,
 A type — an emblem — symbol true —
 In mercy now, ordain'd to be,
 ' By this you shall remember me.'

The cup the Saviour took and bless'd,
What heavenly love he then express'd :

“ This is my blood, now shed for you,
A token of the covenant new,
And of the price — the ransom paid —
The sacrifice that I have made ;
This do in memory of my love,
When I am gone to reign above.

“ When you this bread, this cup receive,
Remember me, my words believe,
I'm with you till the world shall end ;
The Comforter I too will send,
To make a long abode with you,
The Holy Ghost, the Witness true.

“ My life for you is freely paid —
I am a willing offering made,—
'Tis mine the power to lay it down
To rise from death and wear the crown,
The victor's crown, the crown of heaven,
And then the vail, it will be riven.

“ Though dark this hour, you then will see
'The scriptures testify of me,'
What Prophets spoke and Moses wrote,
For you the Witness then shall quote,
And bring to your remembrance plain
That Christ should suffer ; should be slain.

“ Be made a sacrifice for sin,
 And from the grave the victory win ;
 Should life immortal bring to light,
 And Death and Hell should vanquish quite ;
 Remember me, my love my pain,—
 The blood of Christ flows not in vain.

Remember me, and keep my word,
 Keep the commandments of your Lord ;
 And oft as in my name this bread
 Ye break in faith, in me, your head,
 You show my death until I come
 To fetch my ‘ Dear Beloved home.’ ”



LOVE TO THE REDEEMER.



“ *If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathama maranatha.* ”

THE test of our discipleship,
 Of our immortal birth,
 Is not in joyous rapture,
 Nor deeds of dazzling worth ;
 No tythe, no golden offering,
 Conflicts this clause, this word,
 That every soul that’s sanctified
 Will love this Saviour, Lord ;

Will love his house, his kingdom,
His service, holy praise,
The place where heirs of Heaven
Unite in joyful lays ;
His altars, where the incense
Of faith and humble prayer,
The consecrated spirits
For heavenly draughts prepare.

Will love and hail the image
Of Christ, when dimly seen,
Worn by the high, the honored,
Or by the low and mean —
Mean in the world's esteeming,
But precious in the view
Of Him, the glorious Master,
The gracious, good, and true.

He came — the great anointed —
With tidings for the poor,—
To set before the captive
An ever open door,—
To loose the bonds, the fetters,
And let the oppress'd be free,—
To give to every people
A gospel jubilee.

All you that love the Father,
And Equal Son unseen,
Must love his church, his children,
Though shades may intervene,

Of calling, cast, or color
 Of name — if bond or free —
 Or fall beneath the blighting
 Of Heaven's Anathama!

• • •

THEY WALK BY FAITH.

“Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.”

THE heirs of faith how richly bless'd,
 Of glorious promises possess'd,
 They who “believe” in Christ, the Lord,
 Relying, leaning on his word.

“They walk by faith, and not by sight,”
 Led by the Spirit's gracious light,
 Though seen not here His lovely face,
 Yet still reflected by his grace.

All who his gospel now believe,
 New life, and hope, they shall receive,
 Their name in Heaven the Lamb will write,
 “They walk by faith and not by sight.”

By grace, through faith, in Him, the Son,
 They “know,” and trust the Holy One;
 Their faith will soon be lost in sight,
 And light immortal banish night.

In Heaven a costly brilliant crown,
 At Jesus' feet they'll cast it down,
 Will there the song of triumph sing,
 And see Him there—the Conquering King.

And there with joy forever see,
 And praise the Co-Eternal Three,
 On Christ, not seen with eyes before,
 Shall gaze eternal, and adore.



WILT THOU BE HEALED.



“ To obey is better than sacrifice.”

BESIDE the lucid, placid pool,
 Which bears, alas! no trace
 Of pitying angels healing wing,
 A cripple finds a place.

Alternate hope, and trembling fear,
 Bespeaks the tearful eye,
 That long has watched that coming hour,
 The visit from the sky.

The turbid waves of dire despair,
 That ventured near the soul,
 Met there a mighty talisman,
 That bade them backward roll.

Mysterious — earnest — mercy given,
 That Heaven a cure designed,
 That 'neath Bethsada's rippled wave,
 The balm he yet shall find.

“Wilt Thou be healed? Arise and walk;
 Arise and bear thy bed;”
 Then through the sad and sorrowing soul,
 The light of faith was shed.

Then on the stranger's lovely face,
 Of lineament like Heaven,
 He reads of pity, grace, and power,
 That sinners may be shriven.

Then fully trusting Him, the Lord,
 Though impotent so long,
~~He~~ believes, obeys, arises, walks,
 And Jesus is his song.



A DRAUGHT FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

“*But the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of living water springing up into everlasting life.*”

God, the Uncreated Son,
 Promised, great Anointed One;
 He to whom angelic bands
 Minister, with joyful hands,
 Here no house, no home, no bed
 Claimed, nor pillow for his head;

'Twas his meat, his drink, his rest
When he made the sorrowing blest.

Wings of everlasting love
Brought him willing from above, —
Mission of almighty grace,
Mercy for a fallen race, —
Bearing from the courts of light
Rays to cheer the darkest sight ;
Gifts for all that will receive
Heaven — to such as “ can believe.”

Wearing here our throbbing clay,
Sat him weary by the way,
Thirsty by the water side,
Fount by earthly spring supplied,
Hungry, fainting for the bread
That his heavenly hand had spread,
Like the manna sprinkled round,
Once upon the desert ground.

Works of love, his walks they fill,
Labor of his father's will ;
Angry storms, disease, and death,
Flee before his word — his breath,
And the tomb, deserted grave,
Speaks him Christ, the strong to save,
Godhead, veiled in mortal mould, —
Oh ! what glorious truths he told.

I that speak, I am the same,
Sent in God, the Father's name ;
Would you the Messiah see,
You behold him now in me ;
I have draughts divine to give,
Come, poor sinner, drink and live ;
Call thy kindred, they may share,
I will give them portions fair.

Living water I bestow,
Balm for every grief and woe ;
'Twill refresh thee all the day,
That ye thirst not by the way,
E'er attracted to that heaven
Where the holy drops were given,
Tending upward evermore
To that ocean running o'er.

You that drink, receive my word,
As I live, your Saviour, Lord,
You eternal life shall gain,
Mansions on the blissful plain ;
If I go I will prepare
Place for my disciples there ;
I will come again for you,
And my glory ye shall view.

I WOULD BE WHOLLY THINE.

—
“*Lord increase our faith.*”

I do believe thy word,
Thy face I hope to see,
But, Oh ! my faith increase, dear Lord,
Help me to rest in Thee.

Restore my wonted peace,
My fainting soul renew,
Bid every rising doubt to cease,
Thy glory let me view.

Blest Jesus, send a beam
Of light, renewing power,
To chase the false delusive dream
Of life's poor transient hour.

In vain the brightest rays of earth
To gladden or to cheer ;
The purest joys that here have birth,
Will quickly disappear.

But, Oh ! the beauties of thy name,
Are heavenly, all divinè ;
Oh ! come, my languid love inflame,
I would be wholly thine.

THE FULL ASSURANCE OF FAITH.

“And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life.”

WE know the Son of God is come
 With gifts divine of love ;
 With Him, the True, Eternal One,
 We know we'll dwell above.
 The understanding of His word
 'Tis soul-renewing power,
 A precious gift of Him, our Lord,
 A cherished, heavenly dower.

“ We know the Son of God is come,”
 His spirit He hath given,
 The earnest of eternal life,
 Foreshadowing breath of heaven !
 We know we are in him, “ The True,”
 The Christ, the Father's Son, —
 We know his mansion we shall view
 When life's poor day is done.

This is the true — the King of Kings,
 This Jesus we believe,
 Sustained by faith's ærial wings,
 That life we now receive,
 The fulness of abounding grace,
 Efficient, mighty, free,
 Light of the Reconciled Face,
 Oh glorious Trinity !

BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS.

“Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

THE Temple of the Holy Ghost,
The heart by grace renewed,
Is ever with this perfect love,
The love of peace imbued.

The heavenly, sanctifying Dove,
Where he has fixed his stay,
Malice and discord, war and strife,
Will ever die away.

The ever blessed comforter,
Has never yet been found,
Where envy, hatred, dare attest,
Claim to the field, the ground.

The sceptre of the heavenly hand,
Bids angry storms to cease;
It calms and smooths the turbid waves,
Swayed by the Prince of Peace.

Disciples of this Holy One,
The sinless Nazerene,
Reflected by their spirit here,
His image will be seen.

THE HOME OF THE SPIRIT.

“ I would not live away.”

I WOULD not live away !
Oh ! why should I stay,
From the home of the spirit,
Thus wandering away,
Alone on the mountains,
To danger a prey ;
The Shepherd is calling,
I hear him to-day.

I would not live away !
Most welcome his voice,—
'Tis music, 'tis rapture,
It fixes my choice ;
To join them, the harpers
Rapt choirs above,
Where swells the loud anthem
With chorus of love.

I would not live away !
The grave I would share,
Where slept the blest Saviour
Now gone to prepare
For me a glad mansion ;
I fain would be there,
And begin my new song,
In regions so fair.

I there would live alway,
 Where praises abound ;
 Where saints and bright angels
 In glory surround
 The Throne of the Lamb,
 The Eternal Son,
 The Father, the Spirit,
 The Great Three in One.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

“ Blessed is he that considereth the poor.”

THE heart that pity's gentle hand,
 Can move and mould at will,
 In sweet compassion for the poor,
 Heaven's choicest blessings fill.

Jesus, He chose the humble poor,
 The heirs of grace and faith,
 Joint heirs with Christ the Son of God,
 The Holy Scriptures saith.

Oh ! ye that make that lovely name,
 Your passport to the Throne,
 His spirit breathe, His image wear,
 He then your name will own.

He shed the balm of love divine,
O'er every form of grief,
And sorrow's child of want, in vain
Ne'er sought from Him relief.

If you would lend to be repaid,
Would seek to fill your store
With wealth for sorrow's coming hour,
Give to the sorrowing poor.

The cup of charity but fill'd
With water given in love ;
Like some fair gem of heavenly dye,
Is treasured up above.

'Tis treasured there a rich reward,
And Christ will say to Thee :
Fear not, I know your deed, your alms,
Your giving, gave to Me.

Come and inherit now with Me,
My kingdom, my abode,
The path of tender charity
It leads direct to God.

JESUS WEPT.

“ Weep with those that weep.”

JESUS wept ; the sympathizing flood
Was honor'd by the Holy Son of God ;
He wept, though soon to bring relief,
Almighty ! soon to calm the mourner's grief.

Yes, Jesus wept, he felt for mortal woe,
And o'er each sorrowing heart he deigned to
throw
The balm of heavenly tenderness and love
Denied to none ; all his compassion prove.

Oh ! Holy Saviour, ever gracious friend,
Jesus forbid we e'er refuse to lend
To all that claim the tribute of a tear,
That gift so precious — ever held most dear,
By sorrows child, by want or woe oppress.
O ! give us charity that may arrest
The tide of ills, and ever seek to heal,
And calm and soothe, and may we ever seal
Our title to be called the heirs of Heaven,
By sympathizing tears, like Jesus' given.

POVERTY OF SPIRIT. —

“Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

CHILD of earth, of sin, of care,
Heritor of grief and pain,
Have you portion treasure there,
Yonder, on the heavenly plain ;
There, where death is never known,—
There, where tear-drops never fall,—
Where He fills the immortal throne,
Jesus, and their crowns they fall ;
As they bow, the ransomed throng,
And repeat his worthy praise,
Giving by enraptured song,
Glory to redeeming grace.

Of an inheritance so dear,
Have you earnest day by day ?
Is thy faith so bright and clear,
As no storm may chase away ?
Army of the subtle foe —
Riches, pleasures, tempting lure,
Doubts and fears, the thorns that grow,—
Do you trust your calling sure ?

Have you now the fountain found,
Righteousness and peace and joy ;
Does your hope, your love abound,
Such as death may not destroy ?

Hail we, then, the saved and blest,—
Greet we then the heir of heaven,—
“ Poor in spirit,” ’tis thy rest
Which remains ; it shall be given
Unto thee, thou child of God,
Life with all its present things ;
Though beneath the chastening rod
Oft ye faint, the sheltering wings
Of the ever living dove,
Will a safe pavilion spread ;
Thou hast made the Lord thy love,
And for shelter, refuge, fled,
Shorn of all of earthward claim,
With thy spirit broken, poor,
Unto Him, the only name
Given, that ye may die no more,
You that kingdom shall obtain
Where no orbic rays they shine,
For his smile it lights the plain,
Sun of Righteousness divine.

LANGUAGE OF TRUST.

“ In the Lord put I my trust.”

I WILL not doubt thy faithful word,
My heavenly father, kind,
Within thy holy volume stored,
What promises I find.

'Tis there I see, in melting lines,
The record of thy grace,
And there my trusting spirit finds
A safe abiding place.

In thee, Oh! Lord, my hope is staid,
In thee alone I see
The port where storms may ne'er invade,
The soul — its rest in thee.

O, make my steadfast soul abide
Where dangers ne'er assail,
Till anchor'd there, the throne beside
Away within the veil.

SPIRIT OF SUBMISSION.

“ Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.”

FATHER, I would in faith
All to thy will resign,
Would come with undivided heart,
And bring this hope of mine.

Thou knowest, Heavenly Friend,
This struggle to be free,
To lay the cherished idol down,
And leave it here with Thee.

But, ah ! this false, deceitful heart,
Its pulses beat with pride,
And clings with lingering fondness yet,
To what thou hast denied.

I know thy all-sustaining grace,
It hath sufficed for me,
Thou art my only resting place,
Thy hand in all I see.

O ! may thy presence, ever near,
With joy my spirit fill ;
Thy name alone, O ! may I fear,
And learn and love thy will.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

“Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.”

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb!

Look, fallen soul, and see,
The all-sufficient sacrifice
That now appears for thee.

Through which you now may venture near
The late so awful throne,
The mediating Lamb of God —
The promised “Corner Stone.”

The Alpha of the written Word,
Of every typic flood,
Omega of each symbol brought,
Through which to look to God.

The “Ransom” which the Father found,
Before he bade thee “live,”
And look upon the paschal drops,
That may thy pardon give.

The Lamb of God, an offering made,
The curtain to remove,
Partition that hath frowned between
Thee and thy Father’s love.

'Twas through th' eternal Spirit's power —
Strength of the mighty God —
He bore the weight of sin to free
From the avenging rod.

Disciples of this spotless Lamb,
In him they joyful see
Salvation, wisdom, knowledge, light,—
Of life the heavenly tree.

The fount of love, of truth, and grace,
In him by faith they find,
And trusting his Almighty word,
They break from error's wind.

From snares of unbelief and pride,
Each guise of darksome lure,
That glad would rob the holy cross
Of its immortal cure.

GIVE THANKS.

“In every thing give thanks.”

WHEN hope her pictured bowers of joy
Are light, and fair, and nigh,
When favoring gales their power employ
To glad thy trusting eye,
Bring then an offering pure, of praise,
His holy altar near,
Who gently crowns thy blissful days,
And guards from harm and fear.

When angry winds and threat'ning storms,
Reveal to watchful sight,
The wreck that all of earth transforms,
And shrouds in fearful blight,
“Give thanks,” for on the troubled wave,
That now would thee o'erwhelm,
The heavenly Pilot walks to save,
Yield him thy barque — thy helm.

“Give thanks,” disciple, that thy heart,
From faithless hold is driven ;
“Give thanks,” though every joy depart,
Thy treasure is in heaven ;
“Give thanks,” if by the cheerless stream
Of death, no light allure,
Redeeming love will shortly beam —
God's Covenant is sure.

YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.
—

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”

YE are the light, if ye reflect
The rays that ever shine
From Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
The light of life divine.

Ye are the light, that must illumine
This desert dark and drear, —
The light to banish death and gloom,
And vales of sorrow cheer.

The spirit of almighty grace
Ordained that you should go
As heralds through this wilderness,
The immortal seed to sow.

Beside all waters cast it forth,
The word, the bread of heaven,
'Twill prosper, and 'twill fill the earth —
This promise, too, is given.

As water on the thirsty ground
Is gathered not again,
Shall spring to life, shall bud, and bloom,
Ripen to heavenly grain.

Reflectors of this gospel light,
 Now what expansive fields
 Are to the harvest sickle white,
 Haste where the tillage yields

Sheaves that may never know compare,
 With aught of earthly things,
 Of ransomed souls to cleave the air
 With more than angel wings.

PERSECUTION.

“Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

THE servants who the livery wear
 Of Christ the Prince of Peace,
 They wage an unremitted war,
 A strife that may not cease,
 With unbelief, the world and sin,
 And foes of every form ;
 And if the victory they would win,
 They, too, must breast the storm
 Of persecution, for the sake
 Of Him, their loving Lord ;
 His bitter cup they must partake,
 Such was his faithful word.

The world will love, will greet it's own,
 But you who know the voice,
 And walk the path by Jesus shown—
 Make him your highest choice ;
 Weep not if it withhold its smile,
 If it would rob thy rest,
 Suffer for righteousness awhile
 And be forever bless'd :
 Yours is the kingdom, the abode
 Of light, and life and joy ;
 God speed thee in this narrow road
 Where naught can e'er destroy.



HEREIN IS MY FATHER GLORIFIED.



“ Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples.”

I am the vine,” beloved,
 In me ye must abide ;
 My Father, heavenly husbandman,
 For culture hath supplied
 To every branch of promise,
 The nutrous, heavenly root,
 Watered for coming harvest,
 Of more abundant fruit.

Lord of this gospel vineyard,
He never will abide,
The branch whose fitful foliage
Is sin—scathed, withered, dried ;
Blossoms of seeming beauty,
That bloom but for a day,
The hand of faithful pruning
Will scatter, cast away.

To glorify my Father,
My word of truth and grace,
My holy, blest commandment
Must find the highest place
In hearts where perfect charity
True faith in me “attest” —
And God hath given an earnest
Of life — eternal rest.



THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

“He healeth the broken in heart.”

THE heavenly, great Physician,
Thy wounds will kindly heal, —
Come, child of sin and sorrow,
And at his altar kneel,
Where cherub wings extending,
They clasp the mercy seat ;
Haste, if thy heart be broken,
And bow at Jesus' feet.

If through thy troubled spirit
The shafts of grief have sped,
Or storms of persecution
Are bursting o'er thy head, —
Whate'er the pain or anguish
That now oppresseth thee,
Approach the blessed fountain,
The perfect cure is free.

Come, if with sin's dark shadow
Thy fainting heart is bound, —
Though fear, and doubt, and trembling
Have pressed thee to the ground ;
Arise, the Master calleth,
His grace he hath revealed,
Come, all ye heavy laden,
Come and be saved and healed.

Jesus, the mighty healer,
If to his melting word,
Thy spirit humbly turneth,
While trusting Him, your Lord,
He'll own thee his disciple,
And give thee here to "test,"
Thy calling and thy passport,
To his eternal rest.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

“Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”

SWEET sympathy, thou balm of love,
The law of Christ, our Lord, —
Thou min'string spirit from above,
There's music in thy word.

The dew of Hermon drops serene
From lips that breathe of heaven,
Where'er thy gentle steps are seen,
Thy mantle fair is given.

Bequeathed to wrap the Christian band,
Within its mystic fold,
Where pity, with her tender hand,
Applies the rule of gold.

The measurement of him who gave,
His life a sacrifice,
Who bore our sins, who came to save,
To ransom for the skies.

The burthen of our guilt was laid
On him who died for thee,
When he the mighty ransom paid,
Sinner, for thou and me.

GIVE HEED TO THE WORD.

—
“ *Order my steps in thy word.*”

FATHER, now look thou on my ways,
And deign my guide to be,
And may thy word, with melting rays,
Direct my steps to thee.

Order my ways, dear Saviour, here,
My heart renew by grace,
And let thy love my spirit cheer,
And bring me to thy face.

When washed and wholly sanctified,
And by thy will made meet,
For the divine inheritance,
O, grant me, then, a seat,—

A place in that blest high abode,
Where saints they dwell in light,
And let thy Spirit mark the road,
And order all aright.

May perfect faith and charity
Confirm my better choice,—
My tears of tend'rest sympathy,
Respond to sorrow's voice.

And as I hope, in Jesus' name,
 Pardon, and life and heaven,
 So must I every wrong and blame
 Forgive, to be forgiven.



PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.



“ Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.”

If Jesus, whom the heavens obey,
 While here in flesh, retired to pray
 Alone, upon the mountain's height,
 And importuned till morning light,
 Shall we, the creatures of a day —
 Like withering grass to pass away,
 The frail, the fading of an hour,
 Beset by strong temptation's power—
 Shall we now turn and shun the way
 That leads to God, forget to pray,
 To seek with undivided mind,
 In Christ our life, our all to find.

Almighty Saviour, thou the road,
 The living light that wins to God,
 Do thou our languid hopes inflame, —
 Are they not anchored in thy name.

When watching at the mercy seat,
 What joyful things our spirits greet ;

Our kindling faith may there behold,
 The blessed mansion's streets of gold ;
 The mental eye may raptured view,
 The city of our God — the New
 Jerusalem—the heavenly plain,
 Where reigns the Lamb that once was slain,
 But now he wears a starry crown,
 With ransomed jewels set around,
 The holy, happy, glorious place,
 Lit by the radiance of his face.

His Spirit here we all must share,
 If we would find a portion there ;
 They only know and keep the way
 Who walk by faith, — who watch and pray.



CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

“ Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days.”

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
 Give to him that lacketh meat,
 In due time you shall receive it —
 A rich harvest you shall greet.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 Late and early sow thy seed,
 Go to such as have no shelter,
 For the friendless outcast plead.

Cast thy bread upon the waters —
Bread of sympathy and love —
You shall find reward in heaven, —
Find all treasured up above.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
When the frost of night is keen,
Sow where none but mercy enters,
In the hovel low and mean.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
When the snow is falling fast,
Ne'er refuse it to the hungry,
Let no widowed poor be past.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, —
Cast it not with fear and doubt ;
Angels, they shall watch the germen,
Harvest-home with you they'll shout.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, —
Sow in hope and trust His word ;
Heaven is your eternal harvest, —
Full salvation of the Lord.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT RIGHTEOUSNESS.

“I will go in the strength of the Lord; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even thine only.”

O! thou, our life and righteousness,
What blessed hopes thy saints possess,
What precious faith, the gift of love,
And angel visits from above.

In mention of thy saving grace,
We venture near to seek thy face;
No other name — through Christ alone
May we approach the heavenly throne.

Where'er thou call or bid us go,
Thou great Redeemer, still we know
Thy arms are spread for our defence,
And naught shall dare to draw us hence,

Or drive us from thy shelt'ring wings,
Messiah, Prince, thou King of Kings,
O! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our joy and trust, our strength and boast.

WALKS OF HOLINESS.

“Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him.”

WALKS of holiness are found
 Narrow, — drawn on earthly ground;
 Though the seeds of sin abound
 Through the desert land;
 Faithful few have known the road,
 Walking with their Father, God,
 Where the gifts of love are strew'd,
 By his gracious hand.

Showers of mercy — showers of grace, —
 Smiles of the life-giving face —
 Arm divine to guard the place,
 And a shadow spread;
 “Wall of fire,” a “Pillar,” cloud,
 Raven's favoring wing, allow'd
 For his servant, sorrowing, bowed,
 Daily manna, “daily bread.”

From the cleft ^{ed} rock the stream,
 Pure, efficient to redeem,
 Speaking life's reviving beam,
 Following all the way;

Promises of strength renewed,
Favors new forever strewed,
And by faith a mansion viewed,
Not to know decay.

Speeded on their way to rest,
Where the ransomed shall be blest ;
And their joyful spirits dressed,
In that robe He gives ;
Robe of righteousness, his own,
Mediator, God the Son,
Filling the Eternal Throne —
His, that “ ever lives.”

His, the Hebrew captive found,
When on Chaldea’s idol ground, —
Heathen power his form had bound,
For the threaten’d flame ;
As the martyr’s prayers arise,
Son of God, from list’ning skies,
Walks with him, its rage defies, —
Ready martyr for his name.

Present helper, day by day,
Ever watchful by the way,
Scat’ring darkness’ clouds away —
Storms that gather fast ;

Speaking words, of heavenly cheer,
When his people draw them near —
They, in merey's sight most dear —
 He allays the blast.

Saith to "such as are oppressed,"
"All thy wrong shall be redressed ;
I, thy foe will soon arrest,
 In his mad career ;
I am mighty to requite,
Trust me, I thy wrong will right ;
You are precious in my sight,—
 You, my name who fear."

When by Jordan's flowing tide,
Earth with all her boast and pride —
Though her efforts all were tried, —
 Yet were poor and weak, —
They no saving help have shown,
Jesus, who that surge hath known,—
Leaves them not to walk alone —
 Comes their peace to speak.

Gives them his Almighty hand, —
Leads them to the "better land" —
Safely to immortal strand ;
 'Twas his blessed word :

“ I will ever be with thee,”
You, that here believe in me, —
You my glory too shall see,
 You, that love the Lord.

Enoch, who the word obeyed,
Ere he walked the gloomy shade
Where that reckless hand is laid,
 Pitiless of death,
Found his garment pure and white,
Bathed in resurrection light,
Veiled from all but heavenly sight,
 Gave to God his breath.

Christ, the spoiler of the grave,
Great Redeemer, strong to save,
He that step'd upon the wave,
 And the dead awoke, —
He will ransom from the tomb,
Banish all its fearful gloom,
Clothe in life's eternal bloom,
 He this word hath spoke.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

“Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.”

THIS is his new commandment,
That you should walk in love,
That deeds of kindly sympathy,
Your calling here should prove ;
If you would bear this title,
The “Friend of Christ,” the Lord,
Ye must regard this precept,
Of his most holy word.

Now, if you love each other,
By this the world shall know
That ye are his disciples ;
And while ye dwell below,
You’ll need this blessed panoply,
Fraternal love to shade,
Where thorns of sin and sorrow
The pilgrim path pervade.

As Christ your Lord and Master,
Has loved the precious flock,
And set their doubtful footsteps
On heaven’s eternal rock,
And laid his life an offering,
A willing sacrifice —
For you — for your salvation —
To bring you to the skies.

So love thy Christian brother,
 For his, your Saviour's sake,
 If you of grace and favor,
 Forever would partake ;
 To "test" thy heavenly calling
 To life, to worlds above,
 Ask of thy heart to witness,
 If dwelling now in love.



APOSTOLIC CHARITY.



" Only they would that we should remember the poor, the same which I also was forward to do." — ST. PAUL.

PLEGGED in blest sacred fellowship,
 These servants of the Lord,
 St. John, and James, and Cephas,
 Who listened to the word
 Of Christ, the gracious Master,
 Gladly obey'd his voice ;
 And made his name, his service,
 Their portion and their choice ;
 With Paul, the great Apostle,
 Who gloried in the cross,
 And riches, worldly honors,
 Counted as naught, as dross,

So he might win the immortal,
The prize by Jesus given,
And break to starving Gentiles,
The bread of life and heaven.

And Barnabas, recipient
Of the same glorious grace,
While hearts they blend in unity,
The poor they too have place
In this holy convocation,
Conferring in the name
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
Where love and zeal inflame,
Each heart to spread the story,
The gospel of his love,
And point the dying sinner
To Him who pleads above.

There, too, sweet heaven-born charity,
Finds most conspicuous seat, —
On mission of compassion
This union to complete,
Smiles heavenly benediction,
On this saintly brotherhood,
By whom her holy precepts
Are fully understood.

THE PURE IN HEART.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

THE heart that sanctifying grace,
Has made its long abode,
'Tis poor and lowly, meek and chaste,
And honored by our God.

A temple for the Holy One,
The Spirit, Heavenly Dove —
The rest of heaven is there begun —
It is the seat of love.

Love undissembled, true and pure,
Is ever to be found,
And deeds that speak the calling sure,
And charities abound.

Most blessed are the pure in mind,
Where the life-giving word,
Has heart and spirit well refined,
For they shall see the Lord.

THE FORGIVING SPIRIT.

“When you stand praying forgive if ye have aught against any, that your Father also which is in Heaven, may forgive your trespasses.”

WHEN to the temple of the Lord
Ye come to seek his face,
To learn his will, his ways, his word,
To ask his saving grace.

If shafts of injury and wrong,
Thy trembling heart hath riven,
Before thy offering, prayer, or song,
Forgive and be forgiven.

The spirit where malignant strife,
The injury would requite,
May not partake the hidden life,
s u r e i n g s i g h t.

It ventures not the vail to draw,
That fountain deep would hide, —
It shrinks before the perfect law
That Jesus has supplied.

With gifts of righteousness and love
With this unyielding test,
That none receive the heavenly dove
The messenger of rest.

But those who on the inmost mind
 Receive this stamp of heaven,
 That heirs of glory hath refined,
 When all, all were forgiven.



A BETHEL.



“ This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.”

PILGRIM, weary, sad, and lone,
 Cheerless, pillowed on the stone,
 Heaven hath deigned thy watch to be, —
 Angels minister to thee.

Ready on immortal wings,
 Visions bright to thee they bring
 Of the high, the blest abode,
 Presence of thy father's God.

Tidings at the gate of Heaven,
 Abraham's God to thee hath given,
 In promise, too, a gracious shower,
 Of earthly blessings, wealth and power.

Resting there thy weary head,
 Naught but earth thy welcome bed,
 Though unknown to hope or fear,
 God was most divinely near,

Near, thy slumbers to defend.

There, thy shelter, shepherd friend, —
 There, to make the ground ye press'd
 “The house of God,” a “Bethel” blest.

When the sorrowing on the road,
 Seek their rest in Jacob's God,
 They shall find a spirit guide
 Ever present at their side.



FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.



“*Now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is Charity.*”

WHAT art thou, Christian Charity,
 Thus throned above the rest
 Of heavenly, kindred grace,
 And made of all the “test?”
 What art thou? thus exalted,
 By sacred pen inspired,
 And who thy unique spirit,
 Below has yet acquired?

I am the living presence
 Of undissembled love,
 By whom the heirs of glory
 Their hopes immortal prove.

I am the sure abiding,
The indwelling Dove at rest ;
Ho ! all ye doubting, fearing,
And I will make thee blest.

Come to my perfect temple,
'Tis built on " holy ground,"
Where shoots and roots of bitterness
Presume not to be found ;
Where envy, wrath, and hatred,
Find no congenial place, —
And strife, and war, and tumult,
They die before my face.

My temple " hath foundation,"
And ever must endure, —
Known as the gate of Paradise,
Of heavenly cast and pure ;
I'll 'ray thee in my livery,
That you may there be known, —
There, with the washed and sanctified,
Before the Father's throne.

I fill, entire, the area
Of this divine abode,
And I from long eternity
Dwelt with my Author, God,
Rejoicing in His presence,
In His transcript, holy truth ;
I suffer long, compassionate,
I'm pitiful and ruth."

Oh! Heaven-born Christian Charity,
We hail thy lofty spire ;
'Tis blending with the heavens !
Pretences all retire,
Of faith, or hopes, or labors,
Of alms, of deeds, oh ! love,
Thou only art a passport
To blessedness above.

That Faith, no oil supplying
To feed thy lucid flame,
Is but a " tinkling cymbal,"
An empty, sounding name ;
And Hopes that bring no incense,
Around thy peaceful shrine,
Expire before thy radiance,
Sweet Charity, divine !

But all the blessed sisterhood,
Who watch the waving wand,
That Christ, the great Redeemer,
Bestowed thy tender hand,
Obey thy voice, thy bidding,
And listen to thy word, —
They are in truth and verity
Accepted of the Lord.

THE SHADOW IN THE WEARY LAND.

—
“ *The Lord is my Rock.*”

THE Lord He is a rock,
A safe abiding place,
A shadow in the weary land,
A wall of fire, of grace.

Abiding ever sure,
A Corner Stone well tried,
To build thy heavenly hopes upon —
What couldst thou ask beside ?

This Rock of Ages thine,
Forever shall endure —
'Twas smitten, and the water
Of life is flowing pure.

A river broad and deep,
Of healing power possessed,
The everlasting stream
It hath the desert blessed.

Around earth's barren waste,
Its power is to be shown
To every true Disciple,—
By faith, it here is known.

MERCY'S HOUR.

“And when he saw him he had compassion on him.”

A POOR wayfaring man, opprest,
Was suffering on the ground,
While in one priestly, flinty heart,
No pity could be found.

He viewed the stranger bleeding there,
But wends him on his way,
And left him lonely, fainting, where
To thieves he fell a prey.

He found him at the point to die,
A Levite in his pride,
Who casts on him a haughty eye,
Then passed the other side.

Oh! Mercy, pitying angel, send
Some token of thy care,
Some heavenly balm, some earthly friend —
Yield not to death — despair!

Lo! all compassionate and kind,
Samaria's son descends;
He seeks no plea — excuse to find,
But lovingly he bends.

He pours the oil in charity,
He soothes each throbbing wound,
And by his hand, most tenderly,
The bruises they are bound.

With needful wine his heart he cheers,
He bears him in his arms,
With holy, heavenly sympathy,
Allays his wild alarms.

Now, you who claim to love the Lord,
And neighbor, for his sake,
'Tis written in His holy word,
You here must sample take.

To every form of human woe,
That's found, the way beside,
Ye must the hand of help bestow,
Though by the world denied.

Though passed by Priest or Pharisee,
By all of state or power,
Ah! what is this, or that, to thee,
To see is Mercy's hour.

ALMS-DEEDS.

—
“ *Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry.*”

Now have you loaves, or have you none,
How many loaves have ye ?
Have you but one — one single one —
Or have you two or three ?

Is it for you the lot to share
Of those who ask for bread,
And make the scattered crumbs their care,
From mammon's table shed.

Fear not, the Hand that clothes the grass,
The lilies of the field,
Will not forget, and by thee pass,
This truth he hath revealed,

That all who serve and trust the Lord,
And ask for “ daily bread,”
In sweet obedience to his word,
They shall be blest and fed.

Are you of those who never knew
Of poverty's dark hour,
Around whom wealth and plenty strew
A golden, lavish shower ?

Do loaves in rich abundance crown
 Your lordly, queenly board ?
 Let sorrow's child ne'er meet thy frown —
 They're lent you by the Lord.

That God who claims a "tythe" of thee,
 Compassion, at thy door,
 Thy soul if barr'd to charity,
 Must be forever poor !

SAFE ANCHORAGE.

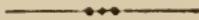
"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion."

YOU'RE anchored for eternity,
 Ye — bless'd and favored flock,
 No storms may loose thy moorings,
 Thou art cabled to the Rock ;
 Your trust the waves of sorrow
 And death, in vain assail,
 Your "anchor sure and steadfast,"
 Is cast within the "vail."

Firm as the lasting mountain —
 As "Zion's holy hill" —
 Your trust built on his mercy,
 All you, who do his will,

Abiding in his presence,
 Relying on his care,
 Ye fear no day of evil ;
 He has promised to prepare

For you a place in heaven —
 Your ever-gracious Lord,
 And bread a daily portion,
 According to his word ;
 Confiding in his power,
 And living in his love,
 Thou hast a safe Pavilion,
 And thou shalt ne'er remove.



LANGUAGE OF SUBMISSION.



“ Thy will be done.”

I NOW would say “ Thy will be done !”
 With every thought resigned, —
 Help me through faith in Christ the Son,
 This blessed way to find.

I know, O, God ! if I would see —
 Approach the “ Tree of Life” —
 Would rest beneath its shadow free,
 'Tis this must end the strife.

The waves of sin and unbelief,
 I fear their dread array, —
 Dear Father, send me quick relief,
 And help me now to say,

“Thy will be done,” thy righteous will,
 Most holy, just and pure ;
 With saving grace my spirit fill,
 And seal my “title” sure.

My “title” to that heavenly land,
 Grant I may see it clear,
 Led safely by thy gentle hand,
 May clouds all disappear.

And wilt thou banish all my fears
 Thou gracious Three in One, —
 I would forget my cause for tears,
 And say “thy will be done !”



SACRED MEMORIES.



“Therefore will I remember thee from the land of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.”

THEY say thy hand is icy,
 I, too, have called it cold,
 Forgive! forgive, sweet memory!
 ’Twas said at random — bold.

Thy ever active fingers,
 May turn a chilly page
Of thy book, all richly gilded,
 Our sorrows to assuage.

Thy cheerful hand, most willing,
 Unwearied wafts a leaf
Of thy volume, stored with treasures,
 And antidotes to grief.

Oh! precious, precious memories,
 Ye are a golden store,
Though here and there a cluster
 Of dark leaves turning o'er.

But they are only serving
 To make the stars more bright,
And round the brilliant pictures,
 To throw a softer light.

On pages clear and truthful,
 What records we behold, —
They're way-marks in the wilderness,
 All writ with burnished gold.

'Tis then we read with rapture,
 The witness of that hand
That cheered, that led, that guided,
 Thus far in desert land.

'Tis written on thy tablet,
 What time can ne'er efface,
 Engraved the recollections,
 Of all abounding grace.

In lines most clear and cheering,
 Ye speak this truthful word,
 In vain you never trusted
 Your ever-faithful Lord.

Ye say it is not always,
 The darksome surges roll, —
 Oh! blessed, sacred memories,
 Ye are a friendly scroll.

—•••—
Like
 THE FITNESS OF CHRIST.

I shall be satisfied when I wake in thy likeness."

CHRISTIAN, art thou now despondent,
 All but wreck'd, and Hope's fair sail
 Rent by winds, now ever freighted
 With the damps of sorrows vale.

Thou shalt behold his face most glorious,
 Thou his finished robe shall wear, —
 With the ransomed throng in heaven
 Drink at springs eternal there.

From the sacred bed arising —
Grave that Jesus deign'd to share —
When his voice the dead awakens,
Thou shalt see thy Saviour there.

In his righteousness adorned,
Shall his presence raptured view ;
There thy thirsty soul forever
Share that river ever new.

Then at love's own fount unfailing
Every holy want supplied,
Gaze on Christ, the Life, forever,
With his " likeness satisfied."

If thou art his true disciple —
His that rose no more to die —
Naught but His own Spirit Likeness,
Can thy soul e'er satisfy.



THE BLIND ONE'S BELIEF.



" And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passed by."

A WEARY, lone beggar,
Sat blind by the way,
With sad palm extended,
Poor pittance to crave ;

The free light of heaven
 'Tis veil'd, its glad ray,
For him the bright morning
 Is dark as the grave!

The gaze of the stranger
 That leaves him unaided,
Falls cold and unheeded,
 And smiles are ne'er bland;
And compassion's warm tears
 To him are all shaded,
If shed not to cover
 That sun-brown, thin hand.

But pitying Heaven
 That looks on the anguish
Of sad, and of sightless,
 The children of grief,
The sick and the wounded,
 And lepers, that languish,
Has opened a fountain
 Of perfect relief.

A murmur — strange voices
 Now fall on the ear;
Now joyful hosannas,
 Approaching quite nigh;—
'T is a token of mercy,
 The blind one to cheer,
The Nazarene Jesus
 Is now passing by.

“ Oh! great Son of David,
Have mercy on me!
Thou Son of the Blessed,
By prophets foretold;
No other physician,
Dear Saviour, but Thee,
Redeemer or Shepherd,
My faith can behold.”

From whence now arises
This grateful, loud song,
Thus echoed by thousand,—
Ten thousand glad tongues;
And caught by the mountains,
And wafted along,
By whom is this rapturous
Melody sung?

'T is the beggar;
At Jesus' command he is brought,
His darkness and sorrow
Departs at His word;
He “ believes,” — and receiving
The gift which he sought,
Looks now on the face
Of his sight-giving Lord.

FAITH OF EARLY DISCIPLESHIP.

“ *And prayer was made without ceasing, to God, for Him.*”

'T is midnight, and the pris'ner sleeps,
 Jerusalem is still,
 The sentinel his vigil keeps,
 Obedient to the will
 Of Herod, sycophant of State,
 Capricious, cruel, vain ;
 Who, def'rent to the vile — the great —
 Hath clasped the double chain,
 And bound for martyr sacrifice,
 This servant of the Lord ;
 A Visitant the wall defies —
 A Light — an Arm — a Word,—
 An angel form, an angel hand,
 A Voice Divine is there ;
 It yields, the tyrant's mighty band,—
 The “ Christians” are at prayer.

'T is late — their orison they hold —
 A brother he is bound !
 The messenger of sacred mould,
 The inmost cell has found !
 'T is luminous with rays of heaven,
 The bolts and bars retire,—

It is no Morphean vision given,—
While faith is sending higher,
Her supplication to that Ear
Which, through each watch of night,
It deigns the ardent prayer to hear,
Till hope is lost in sight.

They're waiting at the Throne of Grace,
The rescued, too, is there,
And grateful anthems find the place
Of ardent, wrestling prayer.

Prison and bolt, and bar and chain,
They baffle not the power
Of Him that left the immortal plain,
In faith's imploring hour.



A WALK TO EMMAUS.

' Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures.'

To Emmaus their lonely way
The sorrowing pursue,—
That scene of death on Calvary
Their bleeding hearts review.

Jesus, their dear beloved,
They went, and He was gone,
But they saw not there the Angels,
Their mission done, they'd flown.

Had they, like weeping Mary,
Sought earlier the tomb,
They'd hailed their glorious Master,
In life's immortal bloom.

O'erwhelmed, with grief oppressed,
All, all are disbelieved ;
How can they know He's risen ?
They fear to be deceived.

Our ever gracious Master,
If he was yet alive,
Would surely come and bless us,
Our blighted hopes revive.

He was so kind, so tender,
So ready to relieve
All that were sick or sorrowing,
He'd leave us not to grieve.

He's dead ! and Joseph laid him
There in his own new grave,
Him whom we loved and trusted
Had come to reign and save.

A stranger joins the mourners,
And tenderly inquires,
" Whence, sirs, these sad communings,
That such deep grief inspires ? "

Oh! art thou but a stranger,
Or hast thou not yet known?
Our hearts are filled with anguish,
Our faith is overthrown!

Jesus, a mighty prophet,
Jesus, the Nazarene,
Such holy deeds and miracles,
Sure ne'er before were seen.

Thou art, indeed, a stranger,
Or must have heard His words,
Such powerful acts and wonders,
They must be of the Lord.

The holy God of Israel
Gave witness to his power,
He healed the sick, the fainting,
At death's triumphant hour.

But the high priests and rulers
Have condemned and crucified
This righteous, mighty Prophet,
To truth and Heaven allied.

We trusted, Oh, we trusted
In his redeeming power,
We trusted God had sent him,
And hailed the welcome hour.

They say that he is risen
Triumphant from the dead ;
But then we should have seen him,
Our hearts afresh have bled.

“ Oh, slow of heart, and faithless,
How can ye disbelieve,
What long have prophets spoken,
Is what ye now receive.

“ Your shepherd now is smitten,
The flock with grief and fear
Are scattered on the mountains
Of sorrow and despair.

“ Fear not, but trust His promises,
Remember what He said ;
He was the Christ from Heaven,
The Lord, the Living Head.

“ You know that it is written,
The Lamb, the sacrifice,
That princes, kings, and rulers
Would mock, deride, despise.

“ 'Tis thus the Master told you
That he should be betrayed,
Should be baptized with sorrow,
Should in the grave be laid.

“That God his Son would glorify
In his appointed hour,
And death and sin be vanquished
By his resurrection power.”

Then, from the Holy Scriptures,
The stranger, heavenly, kind,
From mystic types and shadows
The prototype defined.

From Moses and the prophets
And psalms of holy word,
Proved this despised Nazarene
Is Christ, the glorious Lord.

And the Eternal Spirit
Applied and sealed the same,
And the fires of holy rapture
Their hearts and souls inflame.

Oh, this precious friend and stranger!
He must with them remain,
To listen to his teaching
Is heavenly, heavenly gain.

He is their guest, mysterious,
He blest, he brake the bread;
'Tis Jesus from the sepulchre,
Almighty from the dead.

The Lord hath truly risen,
And hast to them appeared ;
The vail is rent and riven,
Now and ever be revered,

The ever blessed Trinity,
The Eternal Three in One,
The fulness of the Godhead,
Was embodied in the Son.

Now, if by faith we're risen,
With Christ that reigns above,
We'll seek those things pertaining
To the kingdom of His love.

A P P E N D I X .

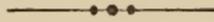
THE writer of this little volume proposes, should this be favorably received by the Christian public, to publish a work under the title of "The Plant of Paradise," being a poem of over five hundred stanzas, on a subject which should be dear to the heart of every Christian — the Sabbath, with its innumerable blessings and benefits.

The author, in preparing this poem, has endeavored to trace the hallowed associations of God's Holy Day, through Old and New Testament times, from its earliest institution, with a view to their application to nominally Christian America.

The inspired Word furnishes many beautiful illustrations of the sacredness of that Day on which the Creator rested from his labors, and of the reverence and awe with which it was observed in early times; while the command, "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy," coming direct from the Father himself, and transmitted to us through the teachings of the Son, goes direct to the heart open to the reception of Gospel truth. The importance with which our Heavenly Father has invested the Sabbath Day, its sacred injunctions — its hallowed duties — its elevating tendencies, when strictly observed — its sanctifying influence on the heart and mind, — its soul-subduing and heart-inspiring associations, have commanded the reverence of the wisest and best of all time; while every heart, whether beating in the bosom of Prince or Peasant, have felt the soothing influence of the Day which brings us all nearer to the presence of Him who ordained that it should be His day — a day of rest from all worldly cares and employments — of outpouring of the spirit, and a lifting up of the heart and voice in prayer and praise to Him by whom we live and have our being, — the King of kings, the High and Holy God.

The following are the Introductory Stanzas to "The Plant of Paradise," and are inserted in this volume, as an announcement, or Prefatory Chapter, to the forthcoming poem.

THE PLANT OF PARADISE.



THOUGH things of beauty perish,
 Though cherished flowers decay,
And death, with brow relentless,
 Frowns on the bright, the gay,
One never barren evergreen,
 Stranger to frost or death,
Lives on among the ruin,
 But heaven must name its worth.

The Sabbath — Plant of Paradise,
 Blessed, sanctified and known,
The constellated Orient,
 That on creation shown,
Whose holy emanations
 Of consecrated light,
Tell of the jaspers, amethysts,
 Heaven's precious sapphires bright.

Gift not, nor loan, or tribute,
 Of ocean-bed or stream,
A diamond from that casket
 Where rays of life they beam,
Set round with Love and Mercy,
 With everlasting Grace, —
'Tis what the ruthless spoiler
 Presumes not to deface.

Peace holds her quiet banquet
Within its glorious reign, —
Deals there the saving balsam —
For grief, despair or pain ;
Reclining in its shadow,
The way-worn find repose,
Fed by the sacred manna
Each bending bough bestows.

Though grafted on low soil,
No stinted fruit it bears,
'Tis rich in ripened clusters —
Fresh in the bloom it wears ;
Kindred to such as gladden
The ransomed, they who greet
The balmy leaves for healing,
Around the mercy seat.

When wintry storms, fierce, wrathful,
Determined in their might,
Array their threat'ning forces
Its wondrous growth to blight,
They find their warring weapons
Of insufficient mould,
Time shall not boast the sickle
That sweeps this crescent bold.

Nations in pride have trampled
The gardens which it blessed ;
And dashed the proffered nectar —
The dripping bowl it pressed ;

But still more sweet the waters
Its prelibations give,
Than springs of famed Elysian —
For all who share shall live.

Allied to that pure life-stream,
Poured from the clefted Rock,
That in its own meand'ring
Pursued a thirsty flock —
When, led by fiery pillar,
The desert waste was trod
By Israel, favored fugitive,
From dire oppression's rod.

Of showers, from clouds exhaled,
It craveth not supply, —
Its root shall never languish,
It cannot droop or die ;
Life, light, and immortality,
In heaven they shall be known,
To hail its perfect blooming,
By the eternal throne.

There, wreathed with glorious blossoms,
With such as never fade.
Such flowers as angel spirits,
Enraptured, bring and braid,
For heirs of that salvation —
Of which they harp — they sing —
While ministering in mercy,
Of the unfailing spring.

Sprinkling their unctious anodynes
Around this holy tree,
They spread their favoring pinions,
While the Divinity
Commissions, as a guardian,
For every child of Grace,
One from the Father's presence,
Such as behold his face.

Its teachings are of heaven —
The truthful lines we trace —
The hand must claim supremacy,
That would assign it place, —
Would class below the order
Of sin untarnished flowers,
This one, that God hath planted,
Himself, and owned its bowers.

And hallowed by his presence,
When life, and light, and earth,
Called not for the omniscient,
To give them place or birth ;
When wisdom's well-set lineaments
In myriad forms, design,
Asked the Creator's eulogy,
To speak her work divine.

Its leaf, first bright that proffered,
Its dear devoted shade,
Saw not the worn and weary —
Saw not of Angel grade, —

But at the early rising,
Of its pellucid hour,
Beheld the Lord, Omnipotent,
Suspend creative power.

Made sacred as the arbors,
Where bards of heaven they find
New theme for song, for melody,
While their attendants bind
Or mix'd with their ambrosia,
What first was gathered there,
By zephyrous spirits waiting,
The spicery to bear.

Exuberant — mellifluous —
That from its chalice rise,
Attracted by affinity,
To join its native skies,
To float on lucid atmosphere
Round heavenly hills, and wear
The meed, its due awarded,
Of praise, no minor share.

The heavenly plant, well watered,
From that river, crystal clear,
That hath its holy fountain
The eternal throne so near,
Found the created Eden
Congenial to its rise,
Given for a shade, a tower,
To emulate the skies.

The germ was angel-guarded —
'Twas nurtured by the Lord —
Where every form of beauty
Infinity had stored ;
While wisdom from the portals
Of her divine abode,
With smile most bland, delighted,
A look of joy bestowed.

“Rejoicing” still “before him,”
Great Architect of Earth,
As when He built the heavens,
She glory's in its worth,
As down the length'ning vista
Of time's revolving years,
This holy Plant of heaven
In honor still appears.

She sees its vines fructitious,
Their tendrils wide expand,
To clasp each habitation,
And reach to every land ;
With foliage, bud, and flower,
And fruit of mighty growth,
It freights the moral atmosphere
With balm of peace and truth.

She chose it then to flourish,
In most exalted place,
Beside her own built temple,
The fabric walled by grace,

To rise with em'rald foliage,
Adorning well the dome
Of her building of "hewn pillars,"
Where she beckoneth all to come.

Who, by her voice attracted,
Forsakes the fearful road,
Her faithful hand most gently
Leads to her safe abode, —
Where the light of life, full beaming,
With spirit-stirring rays,
Is ever more reflected
By this beacon that we praise.

Wisdom a board of riches
Beneath its boughs hath spread —
A feast, where love's propitious,
Full hand, supplies the bread,
And draughts from kindred clusters,
For banquet, too, are given
Within the shade — the shadow —
Of this Sabbath — Plant of heaven,

Its centripetal virtues,
Attracteth every flower,
That loads the spicy zephyrs
Of her immortal bower ;
They lend their varied incense —
They yield the palm of praise —
Unite with earth and heaven,
To crown it Queen of Days.

It claimed precedent honors
From all the sister throng,
That filled the walks of Eden
With fragrance or with song ; —
Ye may fade, ye plants of beauty,
Ye may die, melodious lays,
But its bloom is not diurnal,
This regent, pearl of days.

Heaven's myriad hosts adoring,
Her mighty banner hailed,
Ordained, if sin and evil
Her reign of peace assailed,
She sway'd, by none disputed,
The sceptre, early given,
She waved around creation,
The banneret of heaven ; —

Firm planted on this bulwark,
A " flaming scroll " shall tell
Of grace, of love, of mercy,
When man has dared rebel,
Shall call him from his exile,
The fallen child of earth,
To fresh, besprinkled altar,
To new, immortal birth.

To robe with life — with righteousness
The sorrowing soul to lave,
In sacred fount regenerate.
'Tis wisdom's plan to save,

As from her highest orchestra,
Admiring legions gaze,
And glory in the plenitude
Of love's dissolving rays.

Coeval with the agency
Of her that rules the night,
Mild Luna, eve's fair Priestess,
Whose mellow, music light
Inspireth thrilling sympathies,
Exalted with the train,
The sparkling, distant spheres,
That stud the azure plain.

Surcharged by draughts ecstatic
The spirit fain would free,
Her fettered powers now earthy,
And breathe new praise to thee,
Great Author of this amplitude,
These brilliant bands that speak
Thy hand, in silent grandeur,
Though mortal notes are weak.

When she fades with all her sisterhood,
When God's own hand shall roll
The sun with his attracted,
Together as a scroll,
Then this Sabbath light of Eden
Shall rise above the gloom
That wraps in night, in silence,
Creation's sightless tomb.

New fields, heaven-wide, immortal,
Will give eternal room
For this tree of native culture,
To spread in perfect bloom,
While the eternal arches
Echo the strain that's borne
From harps of the regenerate,
That in its bowers were born.

This pearl of pearls, the Sabbath,
Boast not of earthly mine,
Was given from heaven's bright cabinet
Of precious things divine,
Ambry of grace! most worthy
That hand to claim our praise,
That round our darkened spirit
Sheds its empyrial rays.

With gift of immortality,
Of peace, of hope, of light,
Of truth, of love, with promise,
In Book of Life to write
The name of all who fear him,
Obey his will, his voice,
And make this heaven-set radiant
With its sanative, their choice.

A calcedonious brilliant,
It lit young Eden's bower
Before the subtle tempter
Had tried his fatal power

In that bright, joyous alcove
Anterior to care ; —
Thy priceless gifts thou sanctified,
Were found profusely there.

Rest from created joys,
Delights of sinless earth,
To feast the soul, unsated,
With fruits of higher birth,
Called, as by angel whispers,
From loved, untiring care,
To hold more close communion
With the Creator there.

Who from his work unwearied
Of power creative, blessed,
Well pleased with his own fashioning,
Paused and proclaimed a rest,
To set the stamp indellible,
The signet of that hand,
That stored with life and beauty
The air, the sea, the land.

To write, in lasting impress,
Thus his own high behest,
Confirm it, heaven-like, God-like,
To hold a Sabbath rest : —
Then give to him the evening,
To him the morning hours
Of this bequest of mercy,
Season of gracious showers.

From "windows," courts ethereal,
Of choicest favors bland,
Full cup of spirit blessedness,
And heaven's admiring band,
Smiles on the blissful bower
Of love, that arbor fair,
Where the likeness of Jehovah,
Enrapt a new-made pair.

Earth weeps that e'er the enemy
Approached its lovely shade,
Where naught but notes of melody,
The ravished winds pervade,
And every breeze is freighted,
With life, with sacred dew,
Where all that meets the vision
Is holy, rapturous, new.

No veil of sin or sorrow,
To curtain that sweet bower,
No breath of fear or sadness,
No wave of passion's power,
But one unbroken halo,
Of blessedness entire ;
It crowns with God's own fulness
The springing, fresh desire.

Foundation — corner — key-stone —
The centre of that bow,
The arch of heavenly promises,
Which earthly blessings strow ;

And towering high, unrivalled,
 It spans the pilgrim road,
 To the final "consummation,"
 This Sabbath of our God.

'Twas first in earth's loved Paradise,
 Expanding petals shown,
 From this heaven-sheltered Saviourⁿ,
 That now we call our own.
 Great aromant of mercy,
 Scenting to peaceful skies ;
 The way, with hope, with promise,
 Of that life which never dies.

Its odor, still exhaling,
 Shall glad the weary way,—
 This never wasting nectarine,
 Impervious of decay,
 Plucked from the fearful blighting,
 When sin and death had found
 Room for their awful footsteps,
 On this once holy ground.

Replete with mollient offerings,
 'Twas nursed with heavenly dew,
 Watched, guarded, ever cherished,
 And precious in the view
 Of Him, the great "Omega,"
 The "Alpha," Saviour, Friend,
 Who claims its sacred honors
 Where rest and merey blend.

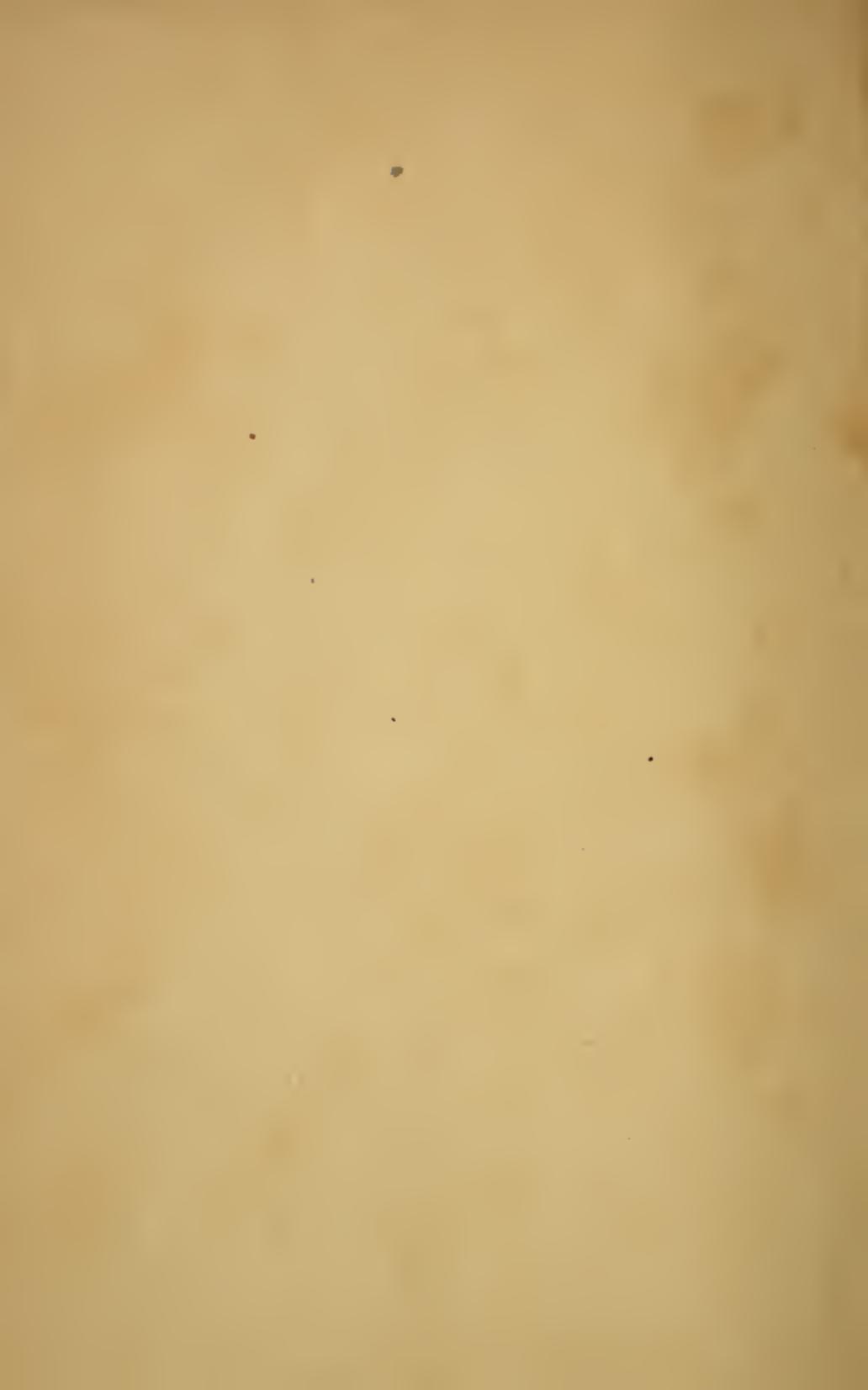
Its fruit shall grow and ripen,
Till every barren Isle
Is feasted with its flavor,
And heathen deserts smile,
Reflecting long its splendor,
The ever beaming light,
Shed from this orb of glory,
Star of creation bright.

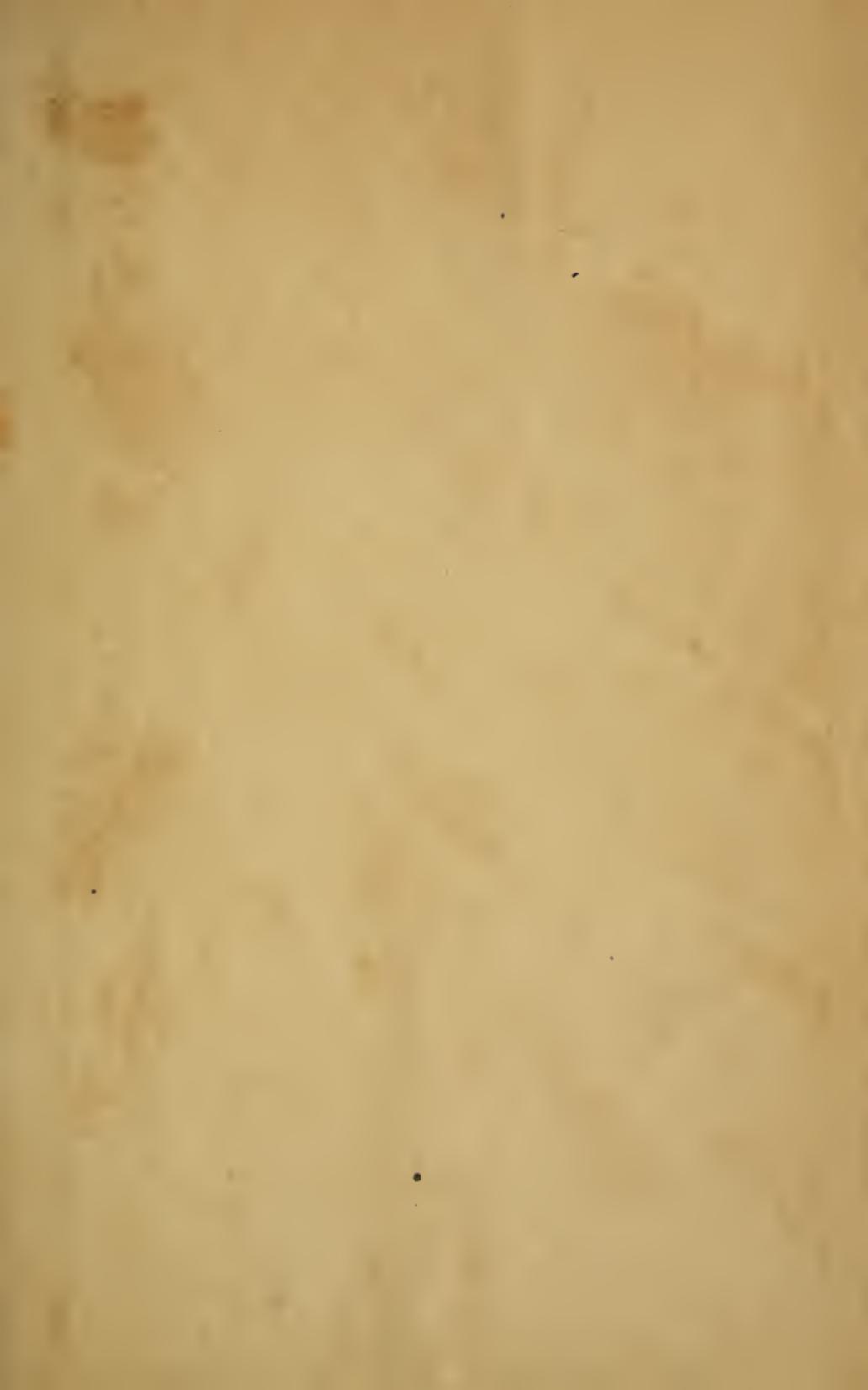
Turning from toils — from pleasures,
From labor and from ill,
We share its rest, its favors,
Designed of God, to fill
The soul with food refreshing,
Renewing, saving grace,
It gives to faith a foresight
Of the most holy place.

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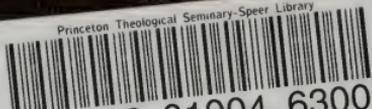
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