



The  
SHADOW  
of the  
Rock



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1867

BEQUEST OF  
ALBERT ADSIT CLEMONS  
(Not available for exchange)

H. P. H. H. H.

from

Dear Mother -







*THE*  
*SHADOW OF THE ROCK,*

AND

*OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.*

*Anson Davies Fitz Randolph*

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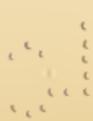
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THE Poems contained in this Volume have been selected from many sources, and, so far as known, the names of the authors appended. The publisher has designed it as a companion-book to THE CHANGED CROSS, which has proved so acceptable to a large class of Christian readers.



## CONSIDER.

Consider

The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief  
We are as they ;  
Like them we fade away,  
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account ;  
Our God doth view  
Whether they fall or mount—  
He guards us too.

Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,  
Yet are most fair ;  
What profits all this care  
And all this toil ?

Consider

The birds that have no barn nor harvest weeks  
God gives them food ;  
Much more our Father seeks  
To do us good.

ROSSETTI.



THE  
*SHADOW OF THE ROCK*

AND OTHER POEMS.

---

*THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.*

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

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

The Shadow of the Rock !  
All come alone ;

All, ever since the sun hath shone,  
Who traveled by this road have come alone.

Be of good cheer—

A home is here—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

Night veils the land ;

How the palms whisper as they stand !

How the well tinkles faintly through the sand !

Cool water take

Thy thirst to slake—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

Abide ! Abide !

This Rock moves ever at thy side,

Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.

Ages are laid

Beneath its shade—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

Always at hand,

Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,

And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.

It comes in sight

Only at night—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

'Mid skies storm-riven

It gathers shadows out of heaven,

And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.

Through the charmed air

Dew falls not there—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

To angels' eyes

This Rock its shadow multiplies,

And at this hour in countless places lies.

One Rock, one shade,

O'er thousands laid—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

To weary feet,

That have been diligent and fleet,

The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.

O weary, rest !

Thou art sore pressed—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

The Shadow of the Rock !

Thy bed is made ;

Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid

This night beneath the self-same placid shade.

---

They who rest here  
 Wake with Heaven near—  
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

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

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

FABER.

---

NIGHT SONG.

**H**EART, be still !  
 In the darkness of thy woe,  
 Bow thee silently and low ;  
 Comes to thee whate'er God will ;—  
 Be thou still !

Be thou still !  
Vainly all thy words are spoken ;  
Till the Word of God hath broken  
Life's dark mysteries—good or ill—  
Be thou still !

Sleep thou still !  
'Tis thy Father's work of grace,  
Wait thou yet before His face,  
He'll thy sure deliverance will ;  
Keep thou still !

Lord my God !  
By thy grace, O may I be  
All-submission, silently,  
To the chastenings of thy rod ;  
Lord my God !

Shepherd, King !  
From thy fullness, grant to me  
Still, yet fearless faith in Thee,  
Till, from night the day shall spring !  
Shepherd, King !

FROM THE GERMAN.

## UPWARD!

UPWARD, where the stars are burning,  
Silent, silent in their turning  
Round the never-changing pole ;  
Upward, where the sky is brightest,  
Upward, where the blue is lightest,  
Lift I now my longing soul !

Far above that arch of gladness,  
Far beyond those clouds of sadness,  
Are the many mansions fair !  
Far from pain, and sin, and folly,  
In that palace of the holy,  
I would find my mansion there !

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,  
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,  
And the discord never comes ;  
Where life's stream is ever laving,  
And the palm is ever waving—  
That must be the home of homes !

Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
By ten thousand voices greeted,  
Lord of lords and King of kings !

---

Son of man, they crown, they crown Him !  
Son of God, they own, they own Him !  
With His name the palace rings !

Blessing, honor, without measure,  
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,  
Lay we at His blesséd feet !  
Poor the praise that now we render ;  
Loud shall be our voices yonder,  
When before His Throne we meet !

BONAR.

---

HE KNOWETH ALL.

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

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*H O M E W A R D S !*

**D**RIPPING down the troubled river,  
 To the tranquil, tranquil shore ;  
 Dropping down the misty river,  
 Time's willow-shaded river,  
 To the spring-embosomed shore ;  
 Where the sweet light shineth ever,  
 And the sun goes down no more.  
 O wondrous, wondrous shore !

Dropping down the winding river,  
 To the wide and welcome sea ;

Dropping down the narrow river,  
Man's weary, wayward river,  
    To the blue and ample sea ;  
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,  
    Where the sky is fair and free ;  
    O joyous, joyous sea !

Dropping down the noisy river,  
    To our peaceful, peaceful home ;  
Dropping down the turbid river,  
Earth's bustling, crowded river,  
    To our gentle, gentle home ;  
Where the rough roar riseth never,  
    And the vexings cannot come ;  
    O loved and longed for home !

Dropping down the eddying river,  
    With a Helmsman true and tried ;  
Dropping down the perilous river—  
Mortality's dark river,  
    With a sure and Heavenly Guide ;  
Even Him who, to deliver  
    My soul from death, hath died ;  
    O Helmsman, true and tried !

Dropping down the rapid river,  
    To the dear and deathless land ;  
Dropping down the well-known river,  
Life's swoll'n and rushing river.

To the resurrection-land ;  
 Where the living, live for ever,  
 And the dead have joined the band ;  
 O fair and blessed land !

BONAR

## THE LOVING CUP.

COME, drink ye, drink ye, all, of it,  
 Pale children of a King ;  
 No poison mingles in the draught,  
 So, while ye suffer, sing.  
 'Tis Love's own Life hath won it us,  
 Christ's lip hath pressed the brim,—  
 Come, drink ye, drink ye, all, of it,  
 In fellowship with Him !

O shun not thou the Loving Cup,  
 Nor tremble at its hue ;  
 There is no bitter in the bowl,  
 But Jesus drank it, too.  
 He counts thy tears, and knows thy pain,  
 Yea, every woe is weighed ;  
 And not a cross He bids thee bear,  
 But once on Him was laid.

Come, drink thou of the Loving Cup !  
 Thou wouldst not pass it by ?  
 'Tis kept for every chosen one  
 Of God's dear family :

Nor, unbelieving, turn aside ;  
The Lord the cup bestows ;  
And O His face, above thee bent,  
With love and pity glows !

Those hands, once bleeding on the Cross,  
Are now outstretched to bless ;  
He draws thee closer to His heart  
For that draught's bitterness ;  
He hears thy faintly-sobbing breath,  
He marks each quivering limb ;  
He drank a cup for thee alone—  
Child ! drink it now with Him.

Let earth bring forth her bitter herbs,  
Soon all their power shall cease ;  
Come tribulation if it will,  
With Christ's abiding Peace.  
I take the cup—the Loving Cup,  
Thrice blesséd shall it be ;  
I would not miss one gift, O Lord,  
Thy Blood hath bought for me !

ANNA SHIPTON.

*THE SINNER'S FRIEND.*

**O** THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,  
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me !

When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far-off appears my resting-place,  
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace—  
Then, Saviour, plead for me !

When I have err'd and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray—  
Still, Saviour, plead for me !

When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, oh, plead for me !

And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in Heaven for me !

When the full light of Heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say, Thou hast wash'd them all away ;  
Oh, say, Thou plead'st for me !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

*THE WAY IS LONG AND DREARY*

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

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

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,  
Heavy and sad to bear ;  
For we dread the bitter morrow,  
But we will not despair.

Thou knowest all our anguish,  
And Thou wilt bid it cease.  
O Lamb of God ! who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Give us Thy peace !

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

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*THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.*

THE Apostle slept ; a light shone in the prison ;  
An angel touched his side ;  
“ Arise,” he said, and quickly he hath risen,  
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,  
They heard no sound of feet ;  
The gates fly open, and the saint still dreaming,  
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian’s eyelid droops and closes  
In Nature’s parting strife,  
A friendly angel stands where he reposes  
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases  
The spirit from its clay ;  
From sin’s temptations and from life’s distresses  
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion  
It takes its silent flight,  
And feels its freedom in the large expansion  
Of Heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly ;  
It is now far from them,  
For it has reached the city of the saintly,  
The new Jerusalem !

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping  
The loss of one they love ;  
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping  
A festival above.

The mourners throng the way, and from the  
steeple  
The funeral-bell tolls slow ;  
But on the golden streets the holy people  
Are passing to and fro ;

And saying, as they meet, " Rejoice ! another  
Long-wanted-for is come ;  
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother  
Hath reached the Father's home !"

## EARTH AND HEAVEN.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day ;  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away !  
Oh, for the pearly gates of Heaven !  
Oh, for the golden floor !  
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,  
That setteth nevermore !

The brightest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint ;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint !  
Oh, for a heart that never sins !  
Oh, for a soul wash'd white !  
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary, day nor night !

Here faith is ours, and Heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher ;  
But there are perfectness, and peace,  
Beyond our best desire.  
Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,  
And by Thy life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown !

*UNDERTAKE FOR ME!*

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

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

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

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

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

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

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

Were we quite sure  
 To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,  
 Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,

To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only—  
 This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
 Who would endure ?  
*Round Table.*

## THE ANSWER.

“ WHO would not go ”  
 With buoyant steps, to gain that blessed  
 portal,  
 Which opens to the land we long to know ?  
 Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,  
 Where we shall drop the wearying and the wo  
 In resting so ?

“ Ah, who would fear ? ”  
 Since, sometimes through the distant pearly por-  
 tal,  
 Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,  
 We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,  
 And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,  
 Breathing good cheer !

“ Who would endure ”  
 To walk in doubt and darkness with misgiving,  
 When He whose tender promises are sure—  
 The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living—  
 Keeps us those “ mansions ” evermore secure  
 By waters pure ?

Oh, wondrous land !  
 Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming :  
 " Eye hath not seen "—no heart can understand  
 The things prepared, the cloudless radiance stream-  
 ing.  
 How longingly we wait our Lord's command—  
 His opening hand !

Oh, dear ones there !  
 Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway  
 lonely,  
 We come, ere long, your blessed home to share ;  
 We take the guiding Hand, we trust it only—  
 Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air,  
 That land so fair !

J. H. T., IN THE *Round Table*.

LORD, ARE THERE FEW THAT BE SAVED ?

WHETHER there many be, or few,  
 Elect the heavenly goal to win,  
 Truly, I know not—this I know—  
 That none who march with footsteps slow,  
 That none who fight with hearts untrue,  
 That none who serve with service cold,  
 The Eternal City can behold,  
 Or enter in.

Whether there many be who thrive  
In their vast suit for that vast love,  
Truly, I know not—this I know—  
That love lives not in outward show ;  
That but to seek is not to strive ;  
That thankless praises, empty prayers,  
Can claim no bond, for will of theirs  
His court to move.

How long the door, unfastened now,  
Shall open by His grace remain,  
Truly, I know not—this I know—  
If once that grace aside He throw,  
No tear, no sigh, no anguished vow,  
Gnashing of teeth, wringing of hands,  
Shall draw the bolts and loose the bands  
Ever again.

How long His wrath may yet forbear,  
And sheathe His sword, and hide His rod,  
Truly, I know not—this I know—  
He points the arrows of His bow,  
While speed apace that night of fear,  
Of debt unpaid, of work undone,  
Where Mercy, Pardon, Hope is none,  
Laid up with God !

*From Morning Thoughts.*

*LORD, THOU ART MINE!*

LORD, Thou art mine,  
 Send help to me!  
 Christ, I am Thine,  
 Deliver me!

Then shall I praise and sing,  
 "My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

Mercies are Thine,  
 Remember me!  
 Sad sins are mine,  
 Oh, pardon me!

Then shall I praise and sing,  
 "My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

Goodness is Thine,  
 Lord, pity me!  
 Evil is mine,  
 Forsake not me!

Then shall I praise and sing,  
 "My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

All light is Thine,  
 Oh, shine on me!  
 Darkness is mine,  
 Enlighten me!

Then shall I praise and sing,  
 "My soul, bless thou thy God and King!"

---

True life is Thine,  
Breathe it on me !  
All death is mine,  
Oh, quicken me !  
Then shall I praise and sing,  
" My soul, bless thou thy God and King !"

BONAR.

---

*WE STOOD BESIDE THE RIVER.*

**W**E stood beside the river,  
Whence all our souls must go,  
Bearing a loved one in our arms,  
Our hearts repeating the alarms  
That came across the river ;  
And saw the sun decline in mist,  
That rose until her brow it kissed,  
And left it cold as snow.

Watching beside the river,  
With every ebb and flow,  
Fond hopes within our hearts would spring,  
Until another warning ring  
Came o'er the fearful river.

We saw the flush, the brightness fade,  
The loving lips look grieved and sad,  
The white hands whiter grow.

Watching by the river,  
With anguish none can tell ;

And trembling hearts and hands, we strove  
To save the darling of our love  
From going down the river !  
Oh, powerless, but to weep and pray,  
And grieve for one who, far away,  
Had said his last farewell !

Weeping by the river,  
There came a blessed time,  
A solemn calm spread all around,  
Making it seem like holy ground,  
Beside the silent river !  
The world receding from our eyes,  
Caught gleams of that dear land which lies  
In Canaan's happy clime !

And there, beside the river,  
Came lessons strange and sweet,  
The perfect work of patience done,  
The warfare finished, victory won  
With weak hands by the river !  
The childlike fear, the clinging love,  
The darkness brightened from above,  
The peace at Jesus' feet !

Waiting by the river,  
Through mingled night and day,  
Sweet memories round our hearts we bring,  
Of Jesus' love and Heaven we sing,

*LEAVE GOD TO ORDER ALL THY WAYS.*

**L**EAVE God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him, whate'er betide;  
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days  
An all-sufficient strength and guide.  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,  
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

What can these anxious cares avail—  
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?  
What can it help us to bewail  
Each painful moment as it flies?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only your restless heart keep still,  
And wait in cheerful hope, content  
To take whate'er His gracious will,  
His all-discerning love, hath sent;  
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
To Him who chose us for His own!

He knows when joyful hours are best;  
He sends them as He sees it meet;  
When thou hast borne its fiery test,  
And now art freed from all deceit,  
He comes to thee all unaware,  
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,  
 Think God hath cast thee off unheard ;  
 Nor that the man whose prosperous life  
 Thou enviest, is of him preferred.  
 Time passes, and much change doth bring,  
 And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before His face :  
 'Tis easy to our God most high  
 To make the rich man poor and base,  
 To give the poor man wealth and joy.  
 True wonders still of Him are wrought,  
 Who setteth up and brings to naught !

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,  
 But do thine own part faithfully ;  
 Trust His rich promises of grace,  
 So shall it be fulfilled in thee :  
 God never yet forsook at need  
 The soul that trusted Him indeed !

GEORGE NEUMARK.

---

*WE GLORY IN TRIBULATION ALSO.*

“ **W**ITHIN this leaf, to every eye  
 So little worth, doth hidden lie  
 Most rare and subtile fragrancy.  
 Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind ?  
 Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find  
 Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

“In this dull stone so poor, and bare  
 Of shape or luster, patient care  
 Will find for thee a jewel rare !  
 But first must skillful hands essay,  
 With file and flint, to clear away  
 The film which hides its fire from day.

“This leaf ! This stone ! It is thy heart ;  
 It must be crushed by pain and smart ;  
 It must be cleansed by sorrow’s art,  
 Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,  
 Ere it will shine a jewel meet  
 To lay before Thy dear Lord’s feet !”

*Romans v. 3.*

---

H Y M N .

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

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

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

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

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

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

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
    The souls that cling to Thee !

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

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

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

*"COME UNTO ME!"*

ART thou weary? Art thou languid?  
ART thou sore distrest?  
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest!"

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

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

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

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

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

Tending, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless ?

“ Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,  
Answer—Yes !”

*From St. Stephen the Sabaite.*

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field  
In every human breast,  
Where two opposing forces meet,  
And where they seldom rest.

That field is hid from mortal sight,  
'Tis only seen by One,  
Who knows alone where victory lies  
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,  
Their chief of demon form ;  
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,  
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,  
Whose troops watch night and day ;  
Swift to detect the weakest point,  
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force  
Is but a little band ;  
Yet there, with an unquailing front,  
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God-like form,  
Of countenance serene ;  
And glowing on His naked breast  
A single cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,  
Point to that wondrous sign ;  
And, gazing on it, all receive  
Strength from a source Divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,  
A truth as great as sure,  
That, to be victors, they must learn  
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,  
Imparts a holy calm ;  
For every deadly blow a shield,  
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,  
Past toil is quite forgot ;  
The plain where carnage once had reigned,  
Become a hallowed spot.

The spot where joy of flowers and peace  
 Spring from the fertile sod,  
 And breathe the perfume of their praise  
 On every breeze of God !

WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE

AN INVITATION.

COME to Jesus ! Are you lonely ?  
 Solace sweet He will afford.  
 Lean on Jesus—Jesus only !  
 Come, and find a loving Lord !

Are your trials past the telling ?  
 Are your sins as crimson dye ?  
 Jesus sees your sad heart swelling,  
 'Neath accusing Memory.

He is waiting—will you leave Him  
 Pleading at your heart in vain ?  
 He is willing—oh, believe Him !  
 He may never call again.

He hath never yet forsaken  
 One who trusts alone in God ;  
 He your life-long debt hath taken,  
 And hath paid it with His Blood.

From your sins He waits to cleanse you—  
You! the slave by Satan bound;  
Messages of love He sends you—  
Where can such a Friend be found?

Are you sick? His word can heal you.  
Are you weary with the strife?  
Are you hungry? He can fill you  
With the Heavenly Bread of Life!

*Now!* it is the time to try it:  
Test Him by His written Word;  
Come, for He will ne'er deny it;  
Come to Christ, the Risen Lord!

Do you fear His sharp reproving  
That you did not go before;  
That you left Him—so unloving—  
Waiting long time at your door?

He will only smile and greet you,  
Chasing shadows from your brow;  
He will surely run to meet you,  
Saying, "Thou art welcome now!"

By still waters He will lead you,  
In green pastures you shall rest;  
And the piercéd hands that freed you,  
Bear you on His tender breast.

Come, oh, come, this day, and try it!  
 Jesus' words are proved and true;  
 Take His gift, you cannot buy it—  
 He hath waited long for you.

ANNA SHIPTON.

*“LOOKING UNTO JESUS.”*

THOU, Lord, my path shalt choose,  
 And my Guide be!  
 What shall I fear to lose  
 While I have Thee?  
 This be my portion blest,  
 On my Redeemer's breast,  
 In peaceful trust to rest:  
 He cares for me!

Shall, I then, choose my way?  
 Never, oh, no!  
 I, a creature of a day,  
 What can I know?  
 What dread perplexity,  
 Then would encompass me;  
 Now I can look to Thee,  
 Thou orderest so!

This lightens every cross,  
 Cheers every ill;

Suffer I grief or loss,  
It is Thy will !  
Who can make no mistake,  
Chooseth the way I take ;  
He who can ne'er forsake,  
Holds my hand still !

Sweet words of peace and love  
Christ whispers me !  
Bearing my soul above  
Life's troubled sea !  
This be my portion blest,  
On my Redeemer's breast  
In peaceful trust to rest :  
He cares for me !

Christ died my love to win,  
Christ is my tower !  
He will be with me in  
Each trying hour !  
He makes the wounded whole,  
He will my heart console,  
He will uphold my soul  
By His own power !

To Thee, the only Wise,  
Whatever be,  
I will lift up mine eyes  
Joyful in Thee !

This be my portion blest,  
 On my Redeemer's breast  
 In peaceful trust to rest :  
                   He cares for me !

*From the German.*

THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

AND whither came these goodly stones  
 'Twas Israel's pride to raise ;  
 The glory of the former house,  
   The joy of ancient days ;  
 In purity and strength erect,  
   In radiant splendor bright,  
 Sparkling with golden beams of noon,  
   Or silver smiles of night ?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns  
   Each noble slab was brought,  
 In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn,  
   And on its mountains wrought ;  
 There rung the hammer's heavy stroke  
   Among the echoing rocks ;  
 There chased the chisel's keen, sharp edge,  
   The rude, unshapen blocks.

Thence polished, perfected, complete,  
   Each fitted to its place,

For lofty coping, massive walls,  
Or deep imbedded base—  
They bore them o'er the waves that rolled  
Their billowy swell between  
The shores of Tyre's imperial pride,  
And Judah's hills of green.

With gradual toil the work went on,  
Through days, and months, and years,  
Beneath the Summer's laughing sun,  
And Winter's frozen tears.  
And thus in majesty sublime  
And noiseless pomp it rose—  
Fit dwelling for the God of peace !  
A temple of repose.

Brethren in Christ, to holier things  
The simple type apply ;  
Our God himself a temple builds,  
Eternal, and on high,  
Of ransomed souls ; their Zion there—  
That world of light and bliss—  
Their Lebanon, the place of toil,  
Of previous moulding—this !

From Nature's quarries, deep and dark,  
With gracious aim He hews  
The stones, the spiritual stones,  
It pleaseth Him to choose.

Hard, rugged, shapeless at the first,  
Yet destined each to shine—  
Moulded beneath His patient hand—  
In purity divine.

Oh, glorious process ! see the proud  
Grow lowly, gentle, meek ;  
See floods of unaccustomed tears  
Gush down the hardened cheek :  
Perchance the hammer's heavy stroke  
O'erthrew some idol fond ;  
Perchance the chisel rent in twain  
Some precious, tender bond.

Behold, he prays ! Whose lips were sealed  
In quiet scorn before,  
Sighs for the closet's holy calm,  
And hails the welcome door.  
Behold, he works for Jesus now,  
Whose days went idly past ;  
Oh, for more mouldings of the Hand  
That works a change so vast !

Ye looked on one, a well-wrought stone,  
A saint of God matured.  
What chiselings that heart had felt !  
What chastening strokes endured !

But marked ye not that last soft touch  
What perfect grace it gave,  
Ere Jesus bore His servant home  
Across the darksome wave ?

Home to the place His grace designed  
That chosen soul to fill,  
In the bright temple of the saved,  
Upon His holy hill.  
Home to the noiselessness, the peace  
Of those sweet shrines above,  
Whose stones shall never be displaced—  
Set in redeeming love.

Lord, chisel, chasten, polish us,  
Each blemish wash away ;  
Cleanse us with purifying blood,  
In spotless robes array ;  
And thus, Thine image on us stamped,  
Transport us to the shore  
Where not a stroke is ever felt,  
For none is needed more.

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*ONLY OUR LOVE*

**T**O do Thy holy will ;  
To bear Thy cross ;  
To trust Thy mercy still,  
In pain or loss ;

Poor gifts are these to bring,  
Dear Lord, to Thee,  
Who hast done everything  
For me !

For Thy belovéd Son  
And precious Word ;  
For all Thy goodness done  
On earth, O Lord !  
For leave that I may live,—  
Blest boon of Thine,—  
What recompense can give  
This heart of mine ?

What, for Thy glorious earth,—  
Thy stars and flowers ?  
What, for Thy seasons' birth,  
Kind Lord of ours ?  
What, for the gentle ones  
Whose lives I share ?  
For home, and the kindly tones  
Love whispers there ?

Thou, Who enthroned above  
Dost hear our call,  
Oh, can our faithful love  
Pay Thee for all ?

---

Poor recompense to bring,  
Dear Lord, to Thee,  
Who hast done everything  
For me !

GEORGE COOPER.

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*IN THE CLOSET.*

THE air is stirred with holy life,  
All earthly thoughts take wing ;  
Hushed be the tumult of my heart,  
I hear the angels sing.

Yes ! o'er my bowed and weeping head,  
I feel their waving wings,  
While mercy-drops are falling round,  
Drops from the heavenly springs.

And softly from the holy haze  
Falls forth the word of cheer :  
“ Speak, troubled soul, what is thy need ?  
Jesus Himself is here !”

“ My Lord and God !” my soul replies,  
“ I hear Thy gracious call ;  
No need have I, since Thou art here,  
Thou art my all in all !

---

“ Oh, let me ever here repose  
 Upon Thy soothing breast ;  
 For now I know how blissfully  
 Thy weary ones find rest !”

D. B. D.

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*I N S U F F E R I N G*

FATHER, Thy will, not mine, be done ;  
 So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son ;  
 So in His name I pray.  
 The spirit faints, the flesh is weak,  
 Thy help in agony I seek—  
 Oh, take this cup away !

If such be not Thy sov'reign will,  
 Thy wiser purpose then fulfill ;  
 My wishes I resign ;  
 Into Thy hands my soul commend,  
 On Thee for life or death depend ;  
 Thy will be done, not mine.

---

*AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE.*

WHAT must it be to dwell above,  
 At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
 Since the sweet earnest of His love  
 O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains !

No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight,  
When sorrow pains our heart no more,  
How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
And all His works of grace explore !  
What heights and depths of love Divine  
Will there through endless ages shine !

Well, He has fixed the happy day  
When the last tears will wet our eyes,  
And God shall wipe all tears away,  
And fill us with Divine surprise  
To hear His voice, and see His face,  
And feel His infinite embrace !

This is the Heaven I long to know ;  
For this, with patience, I would wait,  
Till, weaned from earth and all below,  
I mount to my celestial seat,  
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
And, with the elders, cast them down.

SWAIN.

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*IN THE OTHER WORLD.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. BEECHER STOWE.

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CHRIST RISEN.

THE foe behind, the deep before,  
 Our hosts have dared and past the sea ;  
 And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,  
 And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.  
 Lift up, lift up your voices now !  
 The whole wide-world rejoices now !  
 The Lord hath triumphed gloriously !  
 The Lord shall reign victoriously !  
     Happy morrow,  
     Turning sorrow  
     Into peace and mirth !

Bondage ending,  
 Love descending  
     O'er the earth !  
 Seals assuring,  
 Guard's securing ;  
     Watch his earthly prison,  
 Seals are shattered,  
 Guards are scattered,  
     Christ hath risen !

No longer must the mourners weep,  
     Nor call departed Christians dead ;  
 For death is hallowed into sleep  
     And every grave becomes a bed.  
         Now once more  
         Eden's door  
 Open stands to mortal eyes ;  
 For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise :  
         Now at last,  
         Old things past,  
 Hope, and joy, and peace begin :  
 For Christ hath won, and men shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high :  
     It is not sadness, peace from strife :  
 To fall asleep is not to die :  
     To dwell with Christ is better life.

Where our banner leads us,  
 We may safely go :  
 Where our Chief precedes us,  
 We may face the foe.  
 His right arm is o'er us,  
 He will guide us through ;  
 Christ hath gone before us ;  
 Christians ! follow you !

JOHN MASON NEALE.

GLORY DWELLETH IN IMMANUEL'S  
 LAND.\*

I.

THE sands of time are sinking,  
 The dawn of Heaven breaks,  
 The Summer morn I've sighed for,  
 The fair sweet morn, awakes !

\* Samuel Rutherford, a man of great learning and talents, was first a Professor in the University of Edinburgh, then minister of the parish of Anworth, and subsequently Professor of Theology at St. Andrew's, in Scotland. At one time he was imprisoned for the name of Jesus. His death-bed was as remarkable as his life had been. Some of his dying expressions are preserved by Mr. Fleming in his *Fulfilling of Scripture*, who thus concludes his narrative: "And thus, full of the Spirit, yea, as it were, overcome with sensible enjoyment, he breathed out his soul, his last words being: 'Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!'"

Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

## II.

Oh, well it is for ever !  
Oh, well for evermore !  
My nest hung in no forest  
Of all this death-doomed shore.  
Yea, let the vain world vanish,  
As from the ship the strand,  
While glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

## III.

There the Red Rose of Sharon  
Unfolds its heartsome bloom,  
And fills the air of Heaven  
With ravishing perfume :  
Oh, to behold it blossom,  
While by its fragrance fanned,  
While glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

## IV.

The King there, in His beauty,  
Without a veil, is seen :

It were a well-spent journey,  
Though seven deaths lay between.  
The Lamb, with His fair army,  
Doth on Mount Zion stand, \*  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

## V.

Oh, Christ He is the Fountain,  
The deep sweet well of love !  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above :  
There, to an ocean fulness,  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

## VI.

E'en Anworth was not heaven—  
E'en preaching was not Christ ;  
And in my sea-beat prison  
My Lord and I held tryst :  
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud  
Was by a rainbow spanned,  
Caught from the glory dwelling  
In Immanuel's land.

## VII.

But that He built a heaven  
 , Of His surpassing love,  
 A little New Jerusalem,  
 Like to the one above—  
 “Lord, take me o’er the water,”  
 Had been my loud demand ;  
 “Take me to love’s own country,  
 Unto Immanuel’s land.”

## VIII.

But flowers need night’s cool darkness,  
 The moonlight and the dew ;  
 So Christ, from one who loved it,  
 His shining oft withdrew :  
 And then, for cause of absence,  
 My troubled soul I scanned—  
 But glory, shadeless, shineth  
 In Immanuel’s land.

## IX.

The little birds at Anworth  
 I used to count them blest—  
 Now, beside happier altars  
 I go to build my nest :  
 O’er these there broods no silence,  
 No graves around them stand ;  
 For glory, deathless, dwelleth  
 In Immanuel’s land.

## X.

Fair Anworth by the Solway,  
To me thou still art dear !  
E'en from the verge of Heaven  
I drop for thee a tear.  
Oh, if one soul from Anworth  
Meet me at God's right hand,  
My heaven will be two heavens  
In Immanuel's land.

## XI.

I've wrestled on toward Heaven,  
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide :  
Now, like a weary traveler,  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.

## XII.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
The hedge of thorns was sharp :  
Now, these lie all behind me—  
Oh, for a well-tuned harp !  
Oh, to join Hallelujah  
With yon triumphant band,  
Who sing, where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

## XIII.

With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lustered with His love :  
I'll bless the Hand that guided,  
I'll bless the Heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

## XIV.

Soon shall the cup of glory  
Wash down earth's bitterest woes,  
Soon shall the desert's brier  
Break into Eden's rose ;  
The curse shall change to blessing—  
The name on earth that's banned,  
Be graven on the white stone  
In Immanuel's land.

## XV.

Oh, I am my Belovéd's,  
And my Beloved is mine !  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His " house of wine !"  
I stand upon His merit,  
I know no safer stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

## XVI.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,  
Filled with His likeness rise,  
To live and to adore Him,  
To see Him with these eyes :  
'Tween me and resurrection  
But Paradise doth stand ;  
Then—then for glory dwelling.  
In Immanuel's land.

## XVII.

The bride eyes not her garments,  
But her dear bridegroom's face ;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of Grace—  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His piercéd hand :  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

## XVIII.

I have borne scorn and hatred,  
I have borne wrong and shame  
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,  
For Christ's thrice-blesséd name :  
Where God's seal set the fairest,  
They've stamped their foulest brand ;  
But judgment shines like noonday  
In Immanuel's land.

*SURELY I COME QUICKLY.*

O'ER the distant mountains breaking,  
 Comes the reddening dawn of day ;  
 Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,  
 Rise and sing, and watch, and pray,—  
       'Tis thy Saviour,  
 On His bright returning way.

O Thou long-expected, weary  
 Waits my anxious soul for Thee !  
 Life is dark, and earth is dreary,  
 Where Thy light I do not see.  
       O my Saviour,  
 When wilt Thou return to me !

Long, too long, in sin and sadness,  
 Far away from Thee I pine ;  
 When, oh, when shall I the gladness  
 Of Thy Spirit feel in mine !  
       O my Saviour,  
 When shall I be wholly Thine !

Heaven is my soul's salvation ;  
 Spent the night the day at hand ;  
 Keep me in my lowly station,  
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,  
       O my Saviour,  
 In Thy bright and promised land !

---

With my lamp well trimmed and burning,  
 Swift to hear, and slow to roam,  
 Watching for Thy glad returning,  
 To restore me to my home,  
                   Come, my Saviour—  
 O my Saviour, quickly come!

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“HE GOETH BEFORE THEM.”

**T**HE winds blow fierce across the barren wild ;  
 The storm-clouds gather darkly on our way ;  
 'Tis cold ! But, oh, that loving face and mild,  
     Which goes before ! *there* first the shadows stay ;  
 And tempests reach Him first, our Shepherd there :  
 What He endures shall we complain to bear ?

The night comes on—'tis dark ! the stars are dim,  
     We cannot see the way ! But, oh, that form  
 Which goes before ! the night comes *first* to Him ;  
     And darkness first is His,—as was the storm !  
 Shall we shrink back, or tremble to go on,  
 Where He, our Shepherd, first for us hath gone ?

The way is rough, and wearying steps arise ;  
     And thorns are there to wound our aching feet.  
 But, oh, those sacred footsteps, firm and wise,  
     Which go before ! they first the roughness meet,

And briars reach them first ! Oh, shall we dread  
To bear *His* cross—to walk where *He* hath led ?

The stream is reached ;—the river dark and cold ;  
The waves are high ! But, oh, that mighty One,  
Who goes before !—the billows o'er *Him* rolled ;  
*He* crossed the waters first, and shall we shun  
The final anguish which our Shepherd bore ?  
His hand shall guide us to the other shore !

He goes *before* ! And so we may not look  
Backward at all, but onward evermore ;  
Keeping in sight the blesséd path He took,  
Patient to bear each cross He meekly bore ;  
Trusting His wisdom in the darkest hour ;  
O'ercoming every trial through His power !

He goes before ! a shield against the storm :  
A shadow in the noon-day,—lights at night ;  
In danger's hour, there is the Shepherd's form  
But just beyond ; though fears may dim our  
sight,  
Oh, earthly flock, fear not forevermore !  
Where'er we walk, our Shepherd "goes before."

J. H. T.

## H I S N A M E .

O WONDERFUL! round whose birth-hour  
Prophetic song, miraculous power,  
Cluster and hum, like star and flower.

Those marvelous rays that at Thy will,  
From the closed Heaven which is so chill,  
So passionless, stream'd round Thee still,

Are but as broken gleams that start,  
O Light of lights, from Thy deep heart,  
Thyself, Thyself, the Wonder art!

O Counselor! four thousand years,  
One question, tremulous with tears,  
One awful question, vexed our peers.

They ask'd the vault, but no one spoke;  
They ask'd the depth, no answer woke;  
They ask'd their hearts, that only broke.

They look'd, and sometimes on the height  
Far off they saw a haze of white,  
That was a storm, but look'd like light.

The secret of the years is read,  
The' enigma of the quick and dead  
By the child-voice interpreted.

O everlasting Father, God !  
Sun after sun went down, and trod  
Race after race the green earth's sod,

Till generations seemed to be  
But dead waves of an endless sea,  
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

But Thou hast come, and now we know  
Each wave hath an eternal flow,  
Each leaf a lifetime after snow.

O Prince of Peace ! crown'd, yet discrown'd,  
They say no war nor battle's sound  
Was heard the tired world around ;

They say the hour that Thou didst come,  
The trumpet's voice was stricken dumb,  
And no one beat the battle-drum.

Yea, still as life to them that mark.  
Its poor adventure seems a bark,  
Whose track is pale, whose sail is dark ;

Thou who art Wonderful dost fling  
One ray, till like a sea-bird's wing  
The canvas is a snowy thing, —

Till the dark boat is turn'd to gold,  
The sunlit-silver'd ocean rolled  
With anthems that are new and old,

With noble path of luminous ray  
From the boat slanting all the way,  
To the island of undying day.

And still as clouding questions swarm  
Around our hearts, and dimly form  
Their problems of the mist and storm ;

And still as ages fleet, but fraught  
With syllables, whereby is wrought  
The fullness of the Eternal thought ;

And when not yet in God's sunshine,  
The smoke drifts from the embattled line  
Of warning hearts that would be Thine !

We bid our doubts and passions cease,  
Our restless fears be still'd with these—  
Counselor, Father, Prince of Peace !

REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

*THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME.*

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,  
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,  
And we, O Lord! have wander'd from Thy fold;  
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks  
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox  
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;  
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet  
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat  
Their pitiful complaints—oh, rest is sweet  
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunters' darts;  
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts  
Search for Thy coming—when the light departs  
At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gatners. Through the gloom no star  
Rises to guide us. We have wander'd far—  
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;  
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts  
thicken :

O Thou, dear Shepherd ! leave us not to sicken  
In the waste night ; our tardy footsteps quicken,  
At evening bring us home.

*KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.*

[Suggested by Hunt's Picture of the "LIGHT OF THE WORLD."]

*" Behold, I stand at the door and knock !"*

**K**NOCKING, knocking, ever knocking !

Who is there ?

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,  
Never such was seen before ;—

Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder  
Undo the door.

No ! that door is hard to open ;  
Hinges rusty, latch is broken ;

Bid Him go.

Wherefore, with that knocking dreary  
Scare the sleep from one so weary ?

Say Him—no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking ?

What ! Still there ?

Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,  
With the glory-crownéd hair ;

And those eyes, so strange and tender,  
 Waiting there ;  
 Open ! Open ! Once behold Him—  
 Him, so fair !

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

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

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee ;  
 Thou hast only dream'd of pleasure—  
 Dream'd of gifts and golden treasure—  
 Dream'd of jewels in thy keeping,

Waked to weariness of weeping ;—  
Open to thy soul's one Lover,  
And thy night of dreams is over,—  
The true gifts He brings have seeming  
More than all thy faded dreaming !

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

H. BEECHER STOWE.

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JACOB'S LADDER.

AH ! many a time we look on starlit-nights  
Up to the sky, as Jacob did of old ;  
Look longing up to the eternal lights,  
To spell their lives of gold.

But never more, as to the Hebrew boy,  
Each on his way the Angels walk abroad,  
And never more we hear, with awful joy,  
The' audible voice of God.

Yet, to pure eyes the ladder still is set,  
And Angel visitants still come and go ;  
Many bright messengers are moving yet  
From the dark world below.

Thoughts, that are surely Faith's outspreading  
wings—  
Prayers of the Church, aye keeping time and  
tryst—  
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmuring,  
Their flower the Eucharist.

Spirits elect, through suffering render'd meet  
For those high mansions—from the nursery-door  
Bright babes that seem to climb with clay-cold  
feet,  
Up to the Golden Floor—

These are the messengers, forever wending  
From earth to Heaven, that faith alone may  
scan ;  
These are the Angels of our God, ascending  
Upon the Son of Man !

M A R A H .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He openeth our eyes to see  
(Eyes that our pride of heart had sea'ld)  
The sweetness of Life's heavenly Tree,  
And grief is heal'd.

And lo! before us in the way  
We view the fountains and the palms,  
And drink, and pitch our tents, and stay  
Singing sweet psalms.

CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD

*PER PACEM AD LUCEM.*

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

I do not ask, O Lord ! that Thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here ;  
Give but a ray of Peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see,—  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,  
And follow Thee.

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

Lead me, O Lord ! till perfect Day shall shine,  
Through Peace to Light.

*"EVEN AS THOU WILT."*

"HAVE mercy on me, Lord!"

She followed Him, and cried; and when  
there came

No answer, follow'd, crying still the same,—

"Have mercy on me, Lord!"

"Send her away," they said—

They who should be dispensers of His grace,  
Would have Him turn from her who sought His  
face:

"Send her away," they said.

He spoke their thought aloud—

"It is not meet to take the children's bread  
And cast it to the dogs"—as if He said,

"How poor ye are and proud."

"Yea, Lord! and yet the dogs  
Eat of the crumbs that from the children fall,"

She pleaded—"and there is enough for all—  
For children and for dogs."

And He to her replied,

"Even as Thou wilt, so be it unto Thee.  
Thy heart the measure of the grace shall be  
From my rich store supplied."

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She had the thing she would —  
Lord ! if I dip my cup into the sea,  
It rises full. Such cup each soul may be,  
Such Ocean is Thy good !

c.

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*THE TWO SUNSETS.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thro' their green gates the sunshine showed ;  
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

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

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

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

---

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

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

So let the eyes that fail on earth  
On Thy eternal hills look forth;

And, in Thy beckoning angels, know  
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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*WHY DOST THOU WAIT?*

**P**OOOR trembling lamb! Ah, who outside the  
fold

Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art?  
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold  
Creeping and growing to thine inmost heart;  
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,  
Thou know'st not what—perchance may never  
know—

Shall find thee where in darkness thou art kneel-  
ing,

And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow  
Of love and faith; and change to warmth and  
• light

The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this, who bids thee wait ?

Behold, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come !"

The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,

And in His love would gently lead thee home.

Why shouldst thou wait ? Long centuries ago,

Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee.

Thou art His own. Wouldst thou His beauty  
know,

Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see ?

Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive ;

More bless'd are they who see not, yet believe.

Still dost thou wait for feeling ? Dost thou say,

"Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead ;

I have no faith, and without faith, who may

Rest in the blessing which is only shed

Upon the faithful ? I must stand and wait."

Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee  
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him.

And this He meant in saying, "Come to Me !"

In light or darkness seek to do His will,

And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

*Church Journal.*

## THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

UP and away, like the dew of the morning,  
That soars from the earth to its home in the  
sun,—

So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all for-  
gotten,

The brief race of time well and patiently run,  
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,  
Up to the crown that for me has been won ;  
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,—  
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,  
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes  
on ;

So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,  
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,  
When the flowers that it came from are closed  
up and gone ;

So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,  
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone ?  
The things we have lived for,—let them be our  
story,  
We ourselves but remembered by what we have  
done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing  
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silent'y on)  
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season ;  
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

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

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

So let my living be, so be my dying ;  
 So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown ;  
 Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remem-  
 bered ;  
 Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.

BONAR.

## THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river on the hill  
 Lieth a village white and still ;  
 All around it the forest-trees  
 Shiver and whisper in the breeze ;  
 Over it sailing shadows go  
 Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,  
 And mountain grasses, low and sweet,  
 Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill  
 Another village lieth still ;  
 There I see in the cloudy night  
 Twinkling stars of household light,  
 Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,  
 Mists that curl on the river's shore ;  
 And in the roads no grasses grow,  
 For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill  
 Never is sound of smithy or mill ;

The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,  
 Never a clock to tell the hours ;  
 The marble doors are always shut ;  
 You may not enter at hall or hut ;  
 All the village lie asleep ;  
 Never a grain to sow or reap ;  
 Never in dreams to moan or sigh,  
 Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,  
 When the night is starry and still,  
 Many a weary soul in prayer  
 Looks to the other village there,  
 And weeping and sighing, longs to go  
 Up to *that* home, from this below ;  
 Longs to sleep by the forest wild,  
 Whither have vanished wife and child,  
 And heareth, praying, this answer fall—  
 “ Patience ! that village shall hold ye all ! ”

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THE WAYSIDE WATCHER.

“ ALL the day you sit here idle,  
 And the Master at the door !  
 The fields are white to harvest,  
 And our labor almost o'er.  
 You are dreaming, you are dreaming !  
 Time is gliding fast away ;

See ! the eventide is waning,  
Soon shall break eternal day."

" Brother, my hand is feeble,  
My strength is well-nigh spent :  
I saw you all at noon-day,  
And I marked the way ye went.  
I cried, ' God's blessing on them,  
What a favored band they be !  
But I'll watch upon the highway,  
God may find a work for me.' "

" Yet you tarry, yet you tarry,"  
Said the laborer again,  
" You may idle on the highway,  
And wait all day in vain.  
'Tis easy labor ' waiting ;'  
On the dusty road we tread  
To toil within the vineyard :  
Go out and work instead."

The watcher smiled and answered,  
" My brother, is it so ?  
Who waiteth on the Master,  
The Master's will shall know.  
He hath taught me one sweet lesson,  
I have learnt it not too late,  
There is service for the feeblest  
That only stand and wait."

I sat me by the hedge-row,  
No burden could I bear,  
But I often thought, how blesséd  
In 'he field to have a share !  
The loving Master whispered,  
Through the often lonely day,  
" Still wait on Me, thou weak one,  
The lame shall take the prey."

Not long I tarried watching :  
A wayfarer drew nigh,  
He was weary, sad, and hungry,  
For the glowing sun was high.  
His foot lagged faint and fainter,  
His eyes were downward cast ;  
That laborer by my lattice  
At early morn had passed.

I drew him 'neath the trellis  
Of the vine's inviting shade,  
Down by the soft green pasture  
Our Shepherd's love hath made.  
I fetched him from the streamlet  
Fresh water for his feet,  
I spread the bread before him,  
And bade him rest and eat.

He bathed in the bright fountain,  
And then, refreshed and strong,

He journeyed on rejoicing :  
You could hear his happy song.  
Where, on the dusty wayside,  
The traveler had been,  
Stood One, in heavenly beauty,  
With more than regal mien.

“ I thank thee,” said the Stranger,  
“ For all thy cares afford,  
For rest, and food, and welcome,  
Beside thy simple board.”  
“ Nay, Lord,” I said, “ what succor  
Have I bestowed on Thee ?”  
“ Thy service to my servant  
Hath all been done to Me.”

Oh, it was well worth watching,  
A Summer's day alone ;  
Well worth the weary waiting,  
To hear His sweet “ Well done !”  
Is it too small a matter,  
That in man's foolish pride  
He scorns one heart to gladden  
For which the Saviour died ?

Oh, ever blesséd Master !  
The harvest-field is fair,  
And Thou hast better servants,  
Than Thy weak one, everywhere.

Thou never hast forsaken  
One waiting by the way ;  
Still meet me with a promise,  
That the lame shall take the prey.

From the tangled thicket near me  
I heard a mournful cry ;  
A little child had wandered  
From the sunny path hard by :  
His hands were torn with briers,  
His hot tears fell like rain ;  
And he wept, lest he should never  
See his father's face again.

Close to my heart I drew him,  
And pointed to the sky ;  
I showed him how the dark clouds,  
So slowly sailing by,  
But veiled the bright sun's radiance  
From valley and from hill ;  
For the faithful sun was shining  
In all his glory still !

He ceased to weep, and listened ;  
I soothed his childish woe ;  
Then on the way I led him,  
And soon beheld him go

Back through the green fields singing :  
Sweet was the joyful sound,  
That told the father's welcome,  
And the little wanderer found !

Then on the highway, near me,  
I saw the Stranger stand—  
Stranger no more ! He guided  
The fair child by the hand.  
“ I thank thee,” said He softly,  
“ Thou hast not watched in vain ;  
Behold my child returnéd  
Safe to my arms again.”

What grace is Thine, O Master !  
For work so poor and scant ;  
How glorious is the guerdon  
My loving Lord doth grant !  
I only saw a nursling  
Was wandering astray :  
Oh, it is worth cross-bearing  
To wait for Thee one day !

Have ye known the shadows darken  
On weary nights of pain,  
And hours that seem to lengthen  
Till the night comes round again ?

The folded hands seem idle :  
If folded at His word,  
'Tis a holy service, trust me,  
In obedience to the Lord.

Ye know the joy of labor  
Within the busy field ;  
But there are deeper pleasures  
A faithful heart may yield.  
To willing ones that suffer,  
And listen at His feet,  
From the far-off land God giveth  
The fruit of life to eat.

Brief is my hour of labor :  
My Lord my lot hath cast ;  
He giveth royal wages  
To the first-called as the last.  
I have seen Him in His beauty,  
While waiting here alone—  
I know Him ever near me,  
For He cannot leave His own.

None e'er shall lack a service,  
Who only seek His will ;  
And He doth teach His children  
To suffer and be still.

In love's deep fount of treasures  
Such precious things are stored,  
Laid up for you, O blesséd  
That wait upon the Lord !

ANNA SHIPTON.

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*CAST DOWN BUT NOT DESTROYED.*

**M**UCH have I borne, but not as I should bear ;  
The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,  
Tell me Thou yet wilt chide, Thou canst not spare,  
O Lord, Thy chastening rod !  
O help me, Father ! for my sinful heart  
Back from this discipline of grief would start,  
Unmindful of His sorer, deeper smart,  
Who died for me, my God !

Yet if each wish denied, each woe and pain,  
Break but some link of that oppressive chain  
Which binds us still to earth, and leaves a stain  
Thou only canst remove—  
Then am I blest—oh, bliss from man concealed !  
If here to Christ, the weak one's tower and shield,  
My heart through sorrow be set free to yield  
A service of deep love. F. F.

## ABOUNDING IN HOPE.

HOPE, Christian soul ! in every stage  
Of this, thine earthly pilgrimage,  
Let heavenly joy thy thoughts engage—  
Abound in hope.

Hope ! though thy lot be want and woe,  
Though hate's rude storms against thee blow,  
Thy Saviour's lot was such below—  
Abound in hope.

Hope ! for to all who meekly bear  
His cross, He gives His crown to wear ;  
Abasement here is glory there—  
Abound in hope.

Hope ! though thy dear ones round thee die,  
Behold with Faith's illumined eye  
Their deathless home beyond the sky—  
Abound in hope.

Hope ! for upon that happy shore  
Sorrow and sighing will be o'er,  
And friends shall meet to part no more—  
Abound in hope.

Hope through the watches of the night :  
Hope till the morrow bring the light :  
Hope till thy faith be lost in sight—  
Abound in hope.

KENNEDY.

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*"HE GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT."*

WE praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,  
For days of quiet rest ;  
But, oh, how seldom do we feel  
That pain and tears are best !

We praise Thee for the shining sun,  
For kind and gladsome ways :  
When shall we learn, O Lord ! to sing  
Through weary nights and days.

We praise Thee when our path is plain  
And smooth beneath our feet ;  
But fain would learn to welcome pain,  
And call the bitter sweet.

When rises first the blush of hope,  
Our hearts begin to sing ;  
But surely not for this alone  
Should we our gladness bring.

Are there no hours of conflict fierce,  
No weary toils and pains,  
No watchings, and no bitterness,  
That bring their blessed gains ?

That bring their blessed gains full well,  
In truer faith and love,  
And patience sweet, and gentleness,  
From our dear Home above !

Teach Thou our weak and wandering hearts  
Aright to read Thy way,—  
That Thou with loving hand dost trace  
Our history every day.

Then every thorny crown of care  
Worn well in patience now,  
Shall grow a glorious diadem  
Upon the faithful brow ;

And every word of grief shall change  
And wave a blessed flower,  
And lift its face beneath our feet  
To bless us every hour ;

And Sorrow's face shall be unveiled,  
And we at last shall see  
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,  
Her speech but echoes Thee !

## NEAREST AND DEAREST.

IT was the Sabbath's blesséd evening hour,  
And the dusk stillness of the fire-lit room  
Fell on the spirit with a soothing power,  
A spell of holy calm unmixed with gloom.  
The fire-light flickered upon steadfast eyes,  
Brows where the Prince of Peace his seal had set,  
And tremulous lips where echoes of the skies,  
Most eloquent in silence, lingered yet.

At length the musing of one heart found way ;  
" Oh, it is bliss !" she said, " to join the throng  
That fills God's temple on His holy day,  
With the full harmony of sacred song.  
Surely the soul draws nearest to Him there,  
And bows with holiest awe before His throne ;  
Surely the highest bliss of faith and prayer  
Is found within those sacred courts alone !"

" Nay," said another, " *not alone!* Our Lord  
Dwells not in temples made with hands. He  
fills  
The lone heights of the everlasting hills.  
And dwells with all who tremble at His word !  
And I have felt His blesséd presence more,  
And owned with lowlier awe its hallowing sway

On the lone hill-side or the wave-washed shore,  
Than even in His house of prayer to-day."

Then spake a third—"Oh, friends, full well I know  
The joys ye speak of; but one dearer far  
Comes to me often in the ceaseless flow  
Of week-day cares, amid earth's din and jar,  
When for a moment's breathing-time I pause,  
Saying, 'O Master, bless,' and lo! the while,  
He stands beside me, and my spirit draws  
A heaven of rest, and gladness from His smile."

She ceased, and then one answered yet again—

"Yea, it is *always* bliss to feel Him near  
In crowd, or solitude, or sacred fane,  
But never is His presence half so dear  
As when the storms of sorrow o'er us meet,  
And we with bleeding heart and baffled will,  
'Faint yet pursuing' struggle to His feet,  
And lay our souls before Him, and are still."

Then all were silent, and my heart said, "Yea,  
Thou hast well spoken, thou dost well to prize,  
Higher than any bliss beneath the skies,  
The faith that clings and trusts Him 'though He  
slay.'

This is the one note in the song of praise,  
Rolling from all creation round the throne,

That only human hearts sore tried can raise,  
 And even they in this brief life alone." A.

WEEP NOT FOR HER!

WEEP not for her, for she hath crossed the  
 river,

We almost saw *Him* meet her on the shore,  
 And lead her through the golden gates, where  
 never

Sorrow or death can enter any more.

Weep not for her, that she hath reached before us  
 The safe, warm shelter of her long-loved home ;  
 Weep not for her, she may be bending o'er us,  
 In quiet wonder when we too shall come.

Weep not for her ; think how she may be kneeling  
 Gazing her fill upon the Master's face ;  
 A loving, humble smile, but half revealing '  
 The perfect peace she feels in *Mary's* place.

But weep for those round whom the fight is  
 thronging,  
 Who still must buckle heavy armour on,  
 Who dare not pray for rest, though sore their  
 longing,  
 Till all the weary working day be done.

And pray for them, that they, though sad and  
lonely,

May still with patience bear the cross *He* sends,  
And learn that tears, and wounds, and losses, only  
Make peace the sweeter when the warfare ends.

B.

AN OPEN DOOR.

O H, never say that the door is shut  
To any watcher weary of sin !  
Thou knowest who said, and who says it still,  
“ Ye weary and troubled to rest come in.”  
We may stand without till He says, “ Too late,”  
But God’s is *never* a fast shut gate.

And though we have often refused to come,  
And chosen to wander alone in the night,  
He follows us home, and at *our* shut door  
He knocks, and offers us love and light ;  
And He says to each, “ Thou rebellious child,  
I beseech thee this night to be reconciled !”

And we answer, “ O Christ ! it is cold and dark,  
And I long to be warm, and safe, and free,  
But Satan has bound me and locked the door,  
And he holds me back when I touch the key ;  
He told me once that my home was bright,  
But now I feel it is always night.”

And we hear a Voice, though the door is shut,  
We can catch the words though the wind is high,  
As the Holy Spirit unlocks the door,  
And Jesus enters and says, "'Tis I!"  
And straightway our fetters broken fall,  
And we know that our Saviour has done it all.

Then never say that his door is shut—  
He loved us before we had heard his name;  
He offered us pardon, and hope, and Heaven,  
And if *we* refused it, is Christ to blame?  
If in unbelief we shut the gate,  
Can we say that Christ has made us wait?

And He knew we were cold and hungry too,  
So He begged us to come, and be warmed, and  
fed,  
But *we* passed, and knocked at another door,  
And they gave us a stone when we asked for  
bread;  
Yet we said, "No, Lord! we will keep our sin,  
Though Thy door is wide, and there's joy within."

But He waited still, though we passed Him by;  
And when all false lights had grown dim He  
came—  
He made us willing to hear His voice,  
And 'twas He that taught us to love His name;

And He brings a light that no shade can dim,  
 When He dwells in us, and we in Him.      A. A.

'SORROWING YET ALWAYS REJOICING.'

NO sorrow is unmingled here,  
 But still, in every bitter cup  
     Is found the sweet ingredient, hope ;  
 Who deepest drinks shall find it there.

Shall find it when he needs it most ;  
     For when the night doth darkest grow,  
     Darkness above, all dark below,  
 And faith and hope are all but lost,

How oft a gleam of glory sent  
     Straight through the deepest, darkest night,  
     Has filled the soul with heavenly light,  
 With holy peace and sweet content !

Content to wait the will of God,  
     To cast on Him the heavy load,  
     To walk with Him the weary road  
 With patience, leaning on the Lord.

Content to suffer and be still,  
     Without complaining bear the cross,

Endure the pain, accept the loss,  
Of all earth's treasures, if God will.

Content to learn by suffering long,  
In darkness still to keep the faith ;  
Still trusting what the Saviour saith.  
That perfect weakness may be strong.

Content to follow where He trod,  
The Man of griefs who came to lead,  
Themselves, like Him, all perfected  
Through suffering, many sons to God.

Yes ! there was one, and only one,  
Unmingled cup of bitterness ;  
But God, who pitied our distress,  
Gave it to His beloved Son.

He drank it with the bitter cry,  
" O Father ! if it so may be,  
I pray Thee let it pass from Me ;  
Yet be it as Thou wilt, not I."

Hadst thou, my soul, been there alone,  
Thou couldst not, if, like Him oppressed,  
That cup had to thy lips been pressed,  
Have said with Him, " Thy will be done !"

Yet from that cup all sweetness flows,  
All joy of life, all hope of heaven,  
All grace and consolation given  
\* To sufferers in a world of woes.

Yes! and to Him who drank that cup  
In meek submission, though untold  
Its agony; who can unfold  
Its sweetness now, as lifted up

Far above powers of Earth or Heaven,  
He sees the fruit His anguish bore;  
He sees the world all dead before,  
Live in the life He thus hath given?

And ever as the ages glide  
His tide of joy shall onward roll,  
Till He the travail of His soul  
Shall see, and shall be satisfied.

So every bitter cup of woe  
Shall yield a blessing at the last,  
And when the bitterness is past,  
With living sweetness overflow.

WAITING FOR SPRING.

WAITING for Spring! The mother, watching  
lonely

By her sick child when all the night is dumb,  
Hearing no sound save his hoarse breathing only,  
Saith, "He will rally when the Spring-days  
come."

Waiting for Spring! Ah, me, all nature tarries  
As motionless and cold she lies asleep,  
Wrapt in her green pine robe that never varies,  
Wearing out Winter by this southern deep.

The tints are too unbroken on the bosom  
Of those great woods; we want some light-  
green shoots;  
We want the white and red acacia blossom,  
The blue life hid in all these russet roots.

Waiting for Spring! The hearts of men are  
watching  
Each for some better, brighter, fairer thing!  
Each ear a distant sound most sweet is catching,  
A herald of the beauty of his spring.

Waiting for Spring! The nations in their anger  
Or deadlier torpor wrapt, look onward, still

Feel a far hope through all their strife and languor,  
And better spirits in them throb and thrill.

Waiting for Spring! Christians are waiting ever,  
Body and soul by sin and pain bowed down;  
Look for the time when all these clouds shall sever,  
See high above the cross a flowery crown.

Waiting for Spring! Poor hearts! how oft ye  
weary  
Looking for better things, and grieving much!  
Earth lieth still, though all her bowers be dreary;  
She trusts her God, nor thrills but at His touch.

It must be so—the man, the soul, the nation,  
The mother by her child—we wait, we wait,  
Dreaming out futures; life is expectation,  
A grub, a root that holds our higher state.

Waiting for Spring—the germ for its perfection,  
Earth for all charms by light and color given,  
The body for its robe of resurrection,  
Souls for their Saviour, Christians for our Heaven.

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

WE wait for Thee, all glorious One !  
We look for Thine appearing ;

We bear Thy name, and on the throne

We see Thy presence cheering.

Faith even now

Uplifts its brow,

And sees the Lord descending,

And with Him bliss unending.

We wait for Thee through days forlorn,

In patient self-denial ;

We know that Thou our guilt hath borne

Upon Thy cross of trial.

And well may we

Submit with Thee

To bear the cross and love it,

Until Thy hand remove it.

We wait for Thee ; already Thou

Hast all our hearts' submission ;

And though the spirit sees Thee now,

We long for open vision ;

When ours shall be

Sweet rest with Thee,

And pure, unfading pleasure,

And life in endless measure.

We wait for Thee with certain hope—

The time will soon be over ;

With childish longing we look up

Thy glory to discover.

O bliss ! to share

Thy triumph there,

When home, with joy and singing,

The Lord his saints is bringing.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HILLER.

---

*TRUST AND REST.*

**F**RET not, poor soul ; while doubt and fear

Disturb thy breast,

The pitying angels, who can see

How vain thy wild regret must be,

Say, Trust and rest.

Plan not, nor scheme, but calmly wait ;

His choice is best ;

While blind and erring is thy sight,

His wisdom sees and judges right,

So trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle ; thy poor might

Can never wrest

The meanest thing to serve thy will ;

All power is His alone ; be still,

And trust and rest.

Desire not ; self-love is strong  
    Within thy breast ;  
And yet He loves thee better still,  
So let Him do His loving will,  
    And trust and rest.

What dost thou fear ? His wisdom reigns  
    Supreme, confessed ;  
His power is infinite ; His love  
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above,  
    So trust and rest.

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THE HOUSE OF GOD.

ONCE slow and sad the evening fell  
    On desert path, on lonely dell,  
    As, sad and desolate,  
One laid him down to sleep alone,  
His couch the sand, his pillow stone,  
    The morning-tide to wait.

But gleamed before his dazzled sight  
A radiance more than morning light,  
    From opened portals given ;  
And on his charmed ear there rung  
A sound more sweet than matin song—  
    The choral hymns of Heaven.

He saw the glory of that place,  
Whose light is God the Saviour's face,  
He saw its dwellers fair ;  
And learnt that— desolate, alone,  
A wanderer from his Father's home,—  
God's presence still was there.

So we (though often worn, oppressed,  
We wander, seeking home and rest)  
In sorrow's darkest hour  
May see, as Jacob saw of old,  
God's sunbeams bright and manifold,  
The shades of night o'erpower.

For not in temple hoar alone,  
In cloistered shade, 'neath sculptured stone,  
Stands now God's house below ;  
But whensoever His radiance bright  
Gleams on our darkness and 'tis light,  
His presence we may know.

Transfigured in His Glory, fair  
The whole earth stands, one house of prayer—  
One ante-room of Heaven ;  
For surely, though we know it not,  
God's presence is in every spot,  
To those who seek it given.

Then let us strive, and work, and wait,  
 As those who see that opened gate—  
     That glory in our night ;  
 So that at last, through Christ the way,  
 We, too, may tread that land of day,  
     Where God, the Lord, is light.

L. R.

---

 THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

WHERE hast been toiling all day, sweet-heart,  
     That thy brow is burdened and sad ?  
 The Master's work may make weary feet,  
     But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,  
     Or scorched with the mid-day glare ?  
 Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,  
     That thy face is so full of care ?

“ No pleasant garden-toils were mine !—  
     I have sate on the judgment-seat,  
 Where the Master sits at eve and calls  
     The children around His feet.”

How camest thou on the judgment-seat,  
     Sweet-heart ? Who set thee there ?  
 'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,  
     And well might fill thee with care.

“ I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,  
I have sate there alone all day,  
For it grieved me to see the children around  
Idling their life away.

“ They wasted the Master’s precious seed,  
They wasted the precious hours ;  
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits,  
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers.”

And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat,  
Sweet-heart ? What didst thou there ?  
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice ?  
Did the garden mend by thy care ?

“ Nay, that grieved me more ! I called and I cried  
But they left me there forlorn ;  
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,  
Or they laughed my words to scorn.”

Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee !  
The servants were not thine !  
And the eyes which adjudge the praise and the  
blame,  
See further than thine or mine.

The Voice that shall sound there at eve, sweet-  
heart,  
Will not raise its tones to be heard,

It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,  
And none will resist its word.

“ Should I see the Master’s treasures lost,  
The stores that should feed His poor,  
And *not* lift my voice, be it weak as it may,  
And not be grievéd sore ?”

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,  
Wait till the evening falls ;  
The Master is near and knoweth all,  
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden-plot, sweet heart,  
Whilst thou sat’st on the judgment-seat ;  
Who watered thy roses and trained thy vines,  
And kept them from careless feet ?

“ Nay, that is saddest of all to me !  
That is saddest of all !  
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,  
My lilies droop and fall.”

Go back to thy garden-plot, sweet heart !  
Go back till the evening falls !  
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,  
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,  
Thou workest never alone,  
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine  
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweet heart,  
Till all grows fair and sweet,  
And when the Master comes at eve,  
Happy faces His coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,  
In the garden so fair to see,  
In the Master's words of praise for all,  
In a look of His own for thee!

AUTHOR OF "THE THREE WAKINGS."

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*NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.*

I N the quiet nursery chambers,  
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,  
See the forms of little children  
Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest,  
All in quiet nursery chambers,  
While the dusky shadows creep,  
Hear the voices of the children—  
Now I lay-me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain  
Calmly shine the winter stars,  
But across the glistening lowlands  
Slants the moonlight's silver bars  
In the silence and the darkness,  
Darkness growing still more deep,  
Listen to the little children  
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,  
And the mother's head drops low ;  
(One from out her fold is sleeping  
Deep beneath the winter's snow) ;  
"Take our souls:" and past the casement  
Flits a gleam of crystal light,  
Like the trailing of his garments,  
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,  
Listen at the gates of life ;  
Hearing, faraway, the murmur  
Of the tumult and the strife :  
We, who fight beneath those banners,  
Meeting ranks of foemen there,  
Find a deeper, broader meaning  
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,  
Which to-day you watch from far,

When your deeds shall shape the conflict  
 In this universal war,  
 Pray to Him, the God of battles,  
 Whose strong eye can never sleep,  
 In the warring of temptation,  
 Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly  
 Clears the smoke from out the skies,  
 Then, far down the purple distance,  
 All the noise of battle dies.  
 When the last night's solemn shadows  
 Settle down on you and me,  
 May the love that never faileth  
 Take our souls eternally.

## I.

## THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

PAINTED BY HOLMAN HUNT.

IN the moonlight, when no murmur from the  
 haunts of men is heard,  
 And the river in its sleep flows onward, onward  
 to the sea,  
 And thou sleepest, who art drawing nearer to  
 Eternity,  
 In the silence and the stillness comes the Word.

And He knocketh at thy portal, but thou dream-  
est in the night  
'That the flitting bat is only striking softly 'gainst  
the door ;  
Shall He knock so oft who cometh from the Heav-  
en's eternal shore ?  
Sleeper in the darkness, rise, behold thy Light !

'Tis thy Priest and Prophet, clad in jewelled robe  
white attire ;  
'Tis thy King, and on His brow He wears the  
thorny coronal,  
Budding now with amaranthine leaves and flow-  
ers ambrosial,  
In His face is speaking pity, silent ire.

For His glowing lamp discloseth, choking up thy  
dwelling door,  
Deadly hemlock, barren darnel, prickly bramble,  
withered grasses,  
And the ivy knits it closely to its stanchions and  
passes  
Through the crevices, and hinges, and the floor.

Let Him in ! for He will sojourn with the lowest  
and the least,  
And forget that thou didst keep Him waiting in  
the dews and damp,

And for guerdon in the valley He will light thee  
 with His lamp  
 To the happy Shore Eternal and the Marriage  
 Feast.

B. A., *Brasenose College, Oxford.*

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 II.

## THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

LORD, Thou hast sought this wayward heart in  
 vain ;  
 Choked by the world's vile weeds its portals  
 stand,  
 Closed to the touch of Thy redeeming Hand,  
 Which, knocking gently, would an entrance gain ;  
 Oh, Love unspeakable ! that Thou shouldst be  
 Patient amidst the night's chill falling dews,  
 While I Thy proffered fellowship refuse,  
 Slothful to rise and ope the door to Thee !  
 Long have I tarried, dreading yet to bear  
 The emblems of Thy suffering, thorns and cross ;  
 Lost in idolatry of Mammon's dross,  
 And lured by pleasure's transitory glare ;  
 Henceforth vouchsafe to shed Thy light within.  
 Illume my soul, and let these contrite tears  
 Blot out all record of my mis-spent years,  
 Dark with the sad remembrances of sin ;  
 Then, in this purified, repentant breast,  
 Enter, and be for evermore my Guest !

## HE LEADS US ON.

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

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

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

*HOLY GHOST DISPEL OUR SADNESS.*

**H**OLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of sinful night ;  
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,  
Breathe Thy Life, and spread Thy Light !  
Loving Spirit, God of Peace !  
Great Distributor of grace !  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Hear, O hear our supplication !

From that height which knows no measure,  
As a gracious shower descend  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Men can wish, or God can send !  
O Thou Glory, shining down  
From the Father and the Son,  
Grant us Thy illumination !  
Rest upon this congregation !

Known to Thee are all recesses  
Of the earth and spreading skies ;  
Every sand the shore possesses  
Thy Omniscient Mind describes.  
Holy Fountain ! wash us clean  
Both from error and from sin !  
Make us fly what Thou refusest,  
And delight in what Thou choosest !

Manifest Thy love forever ;  
 Fence us in on every side ;  
 In distress be our Reliever,  
 Guard and teach, support and guide !  
 Let Thy kind effectual grace  
 Turn our feet from evil ways ;  
 Show Thyself our new Creator,  
 And conform us to Thy nature !

Be our Friend on each occasion,  
 God ! omnipotent to save !  
 When we die, be our salvation ;  
 When we're buried, be our grave !  
 And, when from the grave we rise,  
 Take us up above the skies,  
 Seat us with thy saints in glory,  
 There forever to adore Thee !

FROM THE GERMAN BY TOPLADY.

---

ON AFFLICTION.

**A**S the harp-strings only render  
 All their treasures of sweet sound—  
 All their music, glad or tender—  
 Firmly struck and tightly bound :

So the hearts of Christians owe  
 Each its deepest, sweetest strain,

To the pressure firm of woe,  
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield ;  
Trodden scents their sweets respire ;  
Would you have its strength revealed,  
Cast the incense in the fire :

Thus the crushed and broken frame  
Oft doth sweetest graces yield ;  
And through suffering, toil, and shame,  
From the martyr's keenest flame,  
Heavenly incense is distilled.

ADAM, OF ST. VICTOR.

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*T R U S T .*

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

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

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

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

*SUBMISSION.*

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,  
                                     Peaceful be ;  
 When a chastening hand restrains thee,  
                                     It is He !  
 Know His love in full completeness,  
 Feel the measure of thy weakness ;  
 If He wound thy spirit sore,  
                                     Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,  
                                     In His hand  
 Leave whatever things thou canst not  
                                     Understand ;  
 Though the world thy folly spurneth,  
 From thy faith in pity turneth,  
 Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,  
                                     Lying still.



---

To each troubled soul that liveth  
 Peace at length :  
 Weakest lambs have largest share  
 Of the tender Shepherd's care ;  
 Ask Him not, then, " When ?" or " How ?"  
 Only bow !

S. D. CARTER

---

 IS THIS ALL?

*SOMETIMES I catch sweet glimpses of His face,  
 But that is all.  
 Sometimes He looks on me and seems to smile,  
 But that is all.  
 Sometimes he speaks a passing word of peace,  
 But that is all.  
 Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice  
 Upon me call.*

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke :  
 " Come unto me ?"  
 Is there no deeper, more enduring rest,  
 In Him for thee ?  
 Is there no steadier light for thee in Him ?  
 Oh, come and see !

Oh, come and see ! oh, look, and look again !  
All shall be right ;  
Oh, taste His love, and see that it is good,  
Thou child of night.  
Oh, trust Him, trust Him in his grace and power,  
Then all is bright !

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,  
But love His love !  
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,  
His mercy prove ;  
Take Him for what He is ; oh, take Him all,  
And look above !

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage  
And steadfast peace ;  
Thy love shall rest on His ; thy weary doubts  
Forever cease.  
Thy heart shall find in Him, and in His grace,  
Its rest and bliss.

Christ and His love shall be thy blesséd all  
For evermore !  
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways  
For evermore !  
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul  
For evermore !

---

*OPEN THOU OUR EYES.*

AND He drew near and talked with them,  
A But they perceived Him not ;  
And mourned, unconscious of that light—  
The gloom, the darkness, and the night,  
That wrapt His burial spot.

Wearied with doubt, perplexed and sad,  
They knew nor help, nor guide,  
While He who bore the secret key  
To open every mystery,  
Unknown was by their side.

Thus often when we feel alone,  
No help nor comfort near,  
'Tis only that our eyes are dim ;  
Doubting and sad, we see not Him  
Who waiteth still to hear.

“ The darkness gathers overhead,  
The morn will never come !”  
Did we but raise our downcast eyes,  
In the wide-flushing eastern skies  
Appears the glowing sun.

In all our daily joys and griefs  
In daily work and rest,

To those who seek Him, Christ is near,  
 Our bliss to calm, to soothe our care,  
 In leaning on our breast.

Open our eyes, O Lord, we pray,  
 To see our way, our Guide ;  
 That by the path that here we tread,  
 We, following on, may still be led  
 In Thy light to abide.

L. R.

## SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

LORD, while the shadows of the past surveying--  
 And they are many since life's early morn :  
 Life's shadowy days have had a long delaying,  
 It matters not, since they are past and gone—  
 Are past and gone.

I find my steps are upward slowly tending,  
 That falls the glory of thy smile upon  
 The golden flights of steps to heaven ascending,  
 And I am journeying slowly toward the dawn--  
 Toward the dawn.

I find my future in this world of sorrows  
 Answers my prayers, and golden visions ope  
 Of providences in the bright to-morrows,  
 Fulfilling prayer ; this is my only hope—  
 My only hope.

This pleasing hope my weary heart inspires,  
 For I have prayed, and in Thy Word 'tis writ,  
 That they who to give Thee their warm desires,  
 Shall walk the ways that they to Thee commit—  
 To Thee commit.

## A PRAYER FOR YOU.

I HAVE a Saviour—He's pleading in glory—  
 So precious, though earthly enjoyments be few;  
 And now He's watching in tenderness o'er me;  
 But, oh, that my Saviour was your Saviour too!  
 For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

I have a Father—to me He has given  
 A hope for eternity, precious and true;  
 And soon will my spirit be with Him in heaven;  
 But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!  
 For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

I have a Crown, and I'll wear it forever,  
 Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue;  
 'Twas purchased by Jesus, my glorified Saviour;  
 But, oh, could I know one was purchased for  
 you!  
 For you I am praying—I'm praying for you!

I have a Robe—'tis resplendent in whiteness—  
 Awaiting in glory my wondering view;  
 Oh, when I'll receive it, all shining in brightness,

Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too !  
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you !

I have a Rest—and the earnest is given—  
Though now, for a time, 'tis concealed from my  
view ;  
This life everlasting, 'tis Jesus, 'tis heaven ;  
And, oh, dearest friend, let me meet you there  
too !  
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you !

I have a Peace, and it's calm as a river—  
A peace that the friend of the world never  
knew ;  
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver ;  
But, oh, could I know it was given to you !  
For you I am praying—I'm praying for you !

For you I am praying—for you I am praying !  
For you I am praying—for you, yes, for you !  
And soon shall I hear you rejoicing and saying :  
“Your dear, loving Saviour is my Saviour too !”  
And prayer will be answered for you—yes, for  
you !

And when He has found you, tell others the story,  
How Jesus extended His mercy to you ;  
Then point them away to the regions of glory,

And pray that your Saviour may bring them  
there too !

For prayer will be answered—'twas answered  
for you !

Oh, speak of that Saviour, that Father in heaven ;  
That Harp, Crown, and Robe which are waiting  
for you !

That Peace you possess, and that Rest to be given !  
Still praying that Jesus may save them like you ;  
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered  
for you !

*Christian Witness.*

---

HEAR MY CRY!

**O** STRONG to save and bless,  
My rock and righteousness  
Draw near to me !  
Blessing, and joy, and might,  
Wisdom, and love, and light  
Are all with Thee !

My refuge and my rest,  
As child on mother's breast,  
I lean on Thee !  
From faintness and from fear,  
When foes and ill are near,  
Deliver me !

*HEAR MY CRY!*  
—

Turn not away Thy face,  
Withhold not needed grace,  
My fortress be !  
Perils are round and round,  
Iniquities abound—  
See, Saviour, see !

Come, God and Saviour, come !  
I can no more be dumb ;  
Appeal I must  
To Thee, the Gracious One,  
Else is my hope all gone,  
I sink in dust !

Oh, answer me, my God,  
Thy love is deep and broad,  
Thy grace is true !  
Thousands this grace have shared,  
Oh, let me *now* be heard,  
Oh, love *me* too !

Descend, Thou mighty love,  
Descend from heaven above,  
Fill Thou this soul !  
Heal every bruised part,  
Bind up this broken heart,  
And make me whole.

'Tis knowing Thee that heals ;  
 'Tis seeing Thee that seals  
     Comfort and peace !  
 Show me Thy cross and blood,  
 My Saviour and my God,  
     Then troubles cease.

BONAR.

## FRUITLESS TOIL.

“ LORD, I have toiled all night,  
 And still unblest'd my hand ;  
 Yet I will launch into the deep  
     Once more at Thy command.

“ I hear triumphant songs-  
     Swell from the banks around,  
 Each answering each with joyful cry,  
     But *I* no spoil have found.

“ Fruitless is all my toil,  
     Through long night-watches past,  
 My heart is sick with hope deferred ;  
     But Thou art come at last.”

The fisher's hands hung down ;  
     Dull was his heart, and faint,  
 When a heavenly voice the silence broke,  
     And answered his complaint.

“ When have I left thee, son,  
That thou shouldst droop with fear ?  
When hast thou sought my sympathy,  
And hast not found Me near ?

“ Not fruitless is thy toil,  
If thou my cross wouldst bear ;  
I do but ask thy willing heart  
To grave my image there.

“ For each net vainly cast  
Stronger thine arm will prove ;  
The trial of thy patient hope  
Is witness of Thy love.

“ The time, the place, the way  
Are open to mine eye ;  
I sent thee—not to gather spoil—  
To labor patiently.

“ My son ! was not thy cry,  
‘ Increase my faith, O Lord !  
More of Thyself, and more like Thee ?’  
Behold, thy prayer is heard.

“ Oh, trust Me with thy crown,  
’Tis hidden safe with Me ;  
A little while, and where I am,  
There shall my servant be.

“Bright seems thy brother’s lot ;  
 But, child, is *thine* so dim ?  
*The King, thy Friend, hath asked of thee*  
*To watch one hour with HIM !”*

ANNA SHIPTON.

THE TWO WORLDS.

TWO worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,  
 Whose magic joys we shall not see again ;  
 Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering  
 shore ;  
 Ah, truly breathed we there  
 Intoxicating air—  
 Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of  
 Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath,  
 Whose love has yielded since to change or death ;  
 The mother kissed her child whose days are o’er.  
 Alas ! too soon have fled  
 The irreclaimable dead :  
 We see them—visions strange—amid the  
 Nevermore.

The merry song some maiden used to sing—  
 The brown, brown hair that once was wont to  
 cling

To temples long clay-cold : to the very core  
They strike our weary hearts,  
As some vexed memory starts  
From that long faded land—the realm of  
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here  
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,  
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor,  
For brighter bells and bluer,  
For tenderer hearts and truer,  
People that happy land—the realm of  
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land  
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand :  
What realm lies forward, with its happier store  
Of forests green and deep,  
Of valleys hushed in sleep,  
And lakes most peaceful ? 'Tis the land of  
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—  
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—  
Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds' roar :  
Yet does the turbulent surge  
Howl on its very verge.  
One moment—and we breathe within the  
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago,  
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—  
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet  
carolings soar.

Eternal peace have they :  
God wipes their tears away :  
They drink that river of life which flows for  
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,  
But lo ! the white wings of the Seraphim  
Shine in the sunset ! On that joyous shore  
Our lightened hearts shall know  
The life of long ago :  
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for  
Evermore.

*Dublin University Magazine.*

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THE TWO ANGELS.

TWO angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke ;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath  
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of  
smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same ;  
Alike their features, and their robes of white ;

But one was crowned with amaranth, as with  
flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;  
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,  
“ Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray  
The place where thy belovéd are at rest !”

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,  
Descending at my door, began to knock ;  
And my soul sank within me, as in wells  
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,  
That oft before had filled or haunted me,  
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;  
And, knowing whatsoe'r He sent was best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,  
“ My errand is not Death, but Life,” he said ;  
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,  
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;  
And softly from that hushed and darkened room  
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,  
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,  
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,  
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are His ;  
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

---

*IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD?*

**I**S there no balm in Gilead, then ? is there no  
Healer nigh ?  
No freshening spring to cheer the waste so deso-  
late and dry ?  
Hath Hope's dear vision vanished forever from  
thy sight,

And darkness fallen around thee, the very gloom  
of night ?

And seems thy soul forsaken, her every blessing  
flown ?

No soothing for her sorrow, and nowhere to make  
her moan ?

Yet stay ; the cross thou bearest thus hath first  
been borne for thee,

Jesus Himself did hang thereon, thy life and cure  
to be.

For thine own ease He bare it all,—the scourge  
and piercing thorn,

The nailing and the bruising, the denial, shame,  
and scorn ;

Darkness and desolation deep, and pangs beyond  
thy thought,

And all for thy soul's healing these sad agonies  
were wrought.

Upon His Cross He yearned for thee, for thee His  
heartstrings brake ;

Himself of all forsaken, He could not thee forsake ;  
Then evermore, when chastenings sore thine inmost  
spirit wring,

Say, My Belov'd is crucified, and I to Him will cling.

How shall I sing Thy holy love, dear Passion of  
my Lord ?

Or how Thy mystic virtue shall I worthily record ?

Thou art the spring of all our hope, the balsam  
of our woes,  
The solace of our yearnings, and the bower of  
our repose,  
True Paradise of all delights, since joy of grief  
is born ;  
For, as the flowers but close at night to ope more  
fresh with morn,  
So He who wept and bled for us, and bowed in  
earthly gloom,  
Now makes those sorrows our bright bliss, those  
wounds our joyous home.

Here is a covert from the storm, when winds and  
waves arise,  
A shadow in the scorching noon, a light in star-  
less skies ;  
A staff upon the rugged road, a shield when foes  
assail,  
A charm Divine, against whose might no evil can  
prevail ;  
For where the Cross of Jesus is, is peace, and  
there alone,  
And 'neath that banner of His love He gathereth  
His own ;  
And those who will be Christ's must not e'er  
grudge their portion small,  
Who in His bitter chalice, once, and for thee,  
drained it all.

Thou know'st He went not up to joy, but first  
He suffered pain,  
And all the self-same path must tread who thus  
His bliss would gain :  
Is aught too wearisome or hard for Jesus' sake to  
bear ?  
While He is crowned with thorns wilt thou a  
crown of roses wear ?  
Lo ! this good Cross He offers thee ; it is thy very  
life ;  
Anoint with holy unction, it will aid thee in the  
strife ;  
'Tis hallowed by thy Saviour's touch, who hung  
on it for thee,  
And Love's sweet night shall make it light, and  
win the victory.

Draw near, thou reft and drooping heart, draw  
near and lift thy gaze  
To Him who yearns with outstretched arms thee  
from thy grief to raise ;  
Draw near, and, clinging close beneath thy Sa-  
viour's bleeding heart,  
Tell o'er each throb of that deep woe in which  
thou hast a part ;  
Tell o'er each drop of dear life-blood which ebbs  
for thee so fast,  
And all thy weary heart-aching upon that true  
love cast ;

In Jesus' Cross and Passion is the medicine of thy  
soul,  
Yea, there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer to make  
thee whole.

C. SELTON.

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CHRIST'S CALL TO THE SOUL.

FAIR soul, created in the primal hour,  
Once pure and grand,  
And for whose sake I left My throne and power  
At God's right hand ;  
By this sad heart pierced through because I loved  
thee ;  
Let love and mercy to contrition move thee.

Cast off the sins thy holy beauty veiling,  
Spirit divine !  
Vain against thee the hosts of hell assailing,  
My strength is thine !  
Drink from My side the cup of life immortal,  
And love shall lead the path to heaven's portal.

I for thy sake was pierced with many sorrows,  
And bore the cross,  
Yet heeded not the galling of the arrows,  
The shame and loss.  
So faint not, then, whate'er the burden be,  
But bear it bravely, even to Calvary.

*Savanarola.*

## THEIR NAMES.

SWEET thought, my God ! that on the palms  
 Of Thy most holy hands  
 Are graven all Thy peoples' names,  
 Though countless as the sands.

Not one too mean to have his place  
 Amid that record blest,  
 And if but there our names are found,  
 We'll share the heavenly rest.

How can we then yield to distrust,  
 Or think we are forgot,  
 While ever thus the care of One  
 Who loves and changes not ?

M. C.

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TWO.

TWO buds plucked from the tree,  
 Two birdies flown from the nest,  
 Two little darlings snatched  
 From a fond mother's breast.  
 Two little snow-white lambs  
 Gone from the sheltering fold,  
 Two little narrow graves  
 Down in the graveyard cold.

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Two little drooping flowers  
Growing in purer air,  
Blooming fragrant and bright  
In the Gardener's care.  
Two little tender birds  
Flown far from fear and harm,  
Two little snow-white lambs  
In the Good Shepherd's arm.

Two little angels more  
Singing with voices sweet,  
Flinging their crowns of gold  
Down at their Saviour's feet.  
Free from all earthly care,  
Pure from all earthly stain,  
Oh, who could wish them back  
In this drear world again ?

*Chambers' Journal.*

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“*HIS TRUTH SHALL BE THY SHIELD  
AND BUCKLER.*”\*

WHEN my sins in aspect dread  
Meet like waters o'er my head,  
Seen in light of God's own face,  
Darker for his offered grace—  
When I sigh for healing rest,  
By a hopeless yoke opprest,

\* Psalms xci. 4.

Struggling in a grasp too strong,  
Borne as by a wind along—  
Then, I hear that Voice from Heaven,  
"Knock, and entrance shall be given—  
Him that comes, whoe'er he be,  
I will never cast from Me!"  
When *I* come, with trembling heart,  
Will the Saviour say, "Depart?"  
Shall I find His pardon free  
Is in wrath denied to *me*?  
Is my guilt so deep in stain  
That the cleansing blood is vain?  
"Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
NOT MY WORDS—" so Christ doth say:  
In that hour, "His TRUTH shall be  
Shield and buckler unto thee."

When the clouds have hid His face,  
And His path no more I trace,  
And all comforts that illumine  
Life, have faded into gloom—  
Quenched each earth-enkindled spark,  
Can I trust Him in the dark?  
Will my wavering faith still hold  
To a promise breathed of old?  
When I meet some foe unknown,  
Shall I find myself alone?  
Soul, by *faith* thou walkest here:

Though nor sun nor stars appear,  
 Wait and watch throughout the night,  
 And till daybreak ask not *sight!*  
 All unseen, thy Heavenly Guide  
 Walks, through darkness, at thy side.  
 “Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 NOT MY WORDS—” so Christ doth say :  
 In the gloom “HIS TRUTH shall be  
 Shield and buckler unto thee.”

In the terrors of the night,  
 In the mid-day arrows' flight,  
 When destruction wasteth near,  
 And all faces blanch with fear,  
 When a thousand round me fall,  
 Shall I trust Thee calm through all ?  
 Will this trembling spirit be  
 Kept “in perfect peace” by Thee ?  
 Though all stable things may end,  
 Earth and sky in tempest blend,  
 Shall I lean upon Thy breast,  
 And beneath Thy shadow rest ?  
 Wilt Thou arm my soul with power,  
 Ne'er experienced till that hour ?  
 “Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 NOT MY WORDS—” so Christ doth say :  
 In that strait “HIS TRUTH shall be  
 Shield and buckler unto thee.”

As the weary years go by,  
Will my love wax cold, and die ?  
If the pilgrimage be long,  
Life be dark, and foes be strong,  
Shall I not grow faint, and yield ?  
Shall I ever win the field ?  
How shall I endure and dare ?  
How the cross in patience bear ?  
How through tedious years sustain  
Wavering conflict, oft in vain ?  
Nay, but the Unchanging Friend  
" Will confirm you *to the end !*"  
" He Who hath the work begun  
Ne'er will leave that work undone—"  
While at God's right hand HE lives,  
Deathless is the life He gives,  
Through all change, and woe, and strife,  
" Springing up to endless Life."  
" Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
NOT MY WORDS—" so Christ doth say :  
In all years " His TRUTH shall be  
Shield and buckler unto thee."

When I reach life's earthly bound,  
And the shadows darken round,  
All familiar things and dear  
Fading fast from eye and ear,—  
In that hour of mortal smart,

Trembling flesh and failing heart,  
 Shall I find my anchor vain,  
 Parting in that latest strain ?  
 Hear the Shepherd's voice of old,  
 Looking on His helpless fold,  
 Looking far, with gaze Divine,  
 Down the ages' lengthening line :  
 " Every feeble sheep I know :  
 Life eternal I bestow :  
 None shall pluck them from My hand."  
 Shall that word of promise stand ?  
 Or, when countless foes affright,  
 Closing round in latest fight,  
 In that deadly hour and dim,  
 Shall my soul be snatched from Him ?  
 " Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 NOT MY WORDS—" so Christ doth say :  
 In death's grasp " His TRUTH shall be  
 Shield and buckler unto thee." H. A. B.

---

 THE OTHER SIDE.

**W**E dwell this side of Jordan's stream,  
 Yet oft there comes a shining beam  
 Across from yonder shore ;  
 While visions of a holy throng,  
 And sound of harp, and seraph song,  
 Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side ! Ah, there's the place  
Where saints in joy past times retrace,  
    And think of trials gone ;  
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see  
That all on earth had need to be,  
    To bring them safely home.

The other side ! No sin is there,  
To stain the robes that blessed ones wear,  
    Made white in Jesus' blood :  
No cry of grief, no voice of woe,  
To mar the peace their spirits know—  
    Their constant peace with God.

The other side ! Its shore so bright  
Is radiant with the golden light  
    Of Zion's city fair !  
And many dear ones gone before  
Already tread the happy shore :  
    I seem to see them there.

The other side ! Oh, charming sight !  
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,  
    For me a loved one waits :  
Over the stream he calls to me,  
Fear not—I am thy guide to be,  
    Up to the pearly gates.

The other side! His well-known voice,  
And dear, bright face, will me rejoice :  
    We'll meet in fond embrace.  
He'll lead me on, until we stand,  
Each with a palm-branch in our hand,  
    Before the Saviour's face.

The other side! The other side!  
Who would not brave the swelling tide  
    Of earthly toil and care ;  
To wake one day, when life is past,  
Over the stream, at home at last, ✓  
    With all the blessed ones there !

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*I AM CHRIST'S, AND CHRIST IS MINE.*

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

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

The good I have is from His stores supplied ;  
The ill is only what He deems the best ;  
He for my friend, I'm rich with naught beside,  
And poor without Him, though of all possest ;  
Changes may come ; I take, or I resign ;  
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen ;  
A glorious sun, that wanes not nor declines ;  
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,  
And sweetly on His peoples' darkness shines :  
All may depart ; I fret not, nor repine,  
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,  
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe,  
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,  
Which, in return, before His feet I throw ;  
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine  
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

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

## S A T I S F I E D .

O JESUS! Friend unfailing,  
How dear art Thou to me!  
Are cares or fears assailing?  
I find my strength in Thee!  
Why should my feet grow weary  
Of this my pilgrim way?  
Rough though the path, and dreary,  
It ends in perfect day.

Naught, naught I count as treasure,  
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!  
Thy sorrow without measure  
Earned peace and joy for me.  
I love to own, Lord Jesus!  
Thy claims o'er me and mine:  
Bought with Thy blood most precious,  
Whose can I be but Thine?

What fills my soul with gladness?  
'Tis Thine abounding grace!  
Where can I look in sadness,  
But, Jesus, on Thy face?  
My all is Thy providing;  
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;  
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,  
No good wilt Thou withhold!

Why should I droop in sorrow ?  
Thou'rt ever by my side :  
Why, trembling, dread the morrow ?  
What ill can e'er betide ?  
If I my Cross have taken,  
'Tis but to follow Thee ;  
If scorned, despised, forsaken,  
Naught severs Thee from me !

Oh, worldly pomp and glory !  
Your charms are spread in vain !  
I've heard a sweeter story,  
I've found a truer gain !  
Where Christ a place prepareth,  
There is my loved abode ;  
There shall I gaze on Jesus,  
There shall I dwell with God !

For every tribulation,  
For every sore distress,  
In Christ I've full salvation,  
Sure help, and quiet rest.  
No fear of foes prevailing !  
I triumph, Lord, in Thee !  
O Jesus ! Friend unfailing !  
How dear art Thou to me !

*Berl'n Gesangbuch.*

## THE DAY OF REST.

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

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

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

Sundays the pillars are  
On which Heaven's palace archéd lies ;

The other days fill up the spare  
And hollow room, with vanities.  
They are the fruitful beds and borders,  
In God's rich garden, that is bare,  
Which parts their ranks and orders,

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

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

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

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

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

HERBERT.

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*THE SHULAMITE AT THE LORD'S FEET.*

**P**OOOR heart ! why throb thus wildly in my  
breast ?

The more I ponder on my Master's word,  
The more are doubts and fears within me stirr'd,  
Long as my eyes on my own weakness rest.

I to come forth ! What, I ! 'Twas so He said—  
My wav'ring steps to others must be guide,  
My feeble arm must 'gainst the foe be tried ;  
There a whole world—and here a lowly maid !

Ah, no, my Lord ! and yet the call is Thine !  
I spoke unwisely, keeping self in sight ;  
I'll only look on Thy all-saving might—  
Be calm, my heart ! for my Beloved is mine.

Yes, my Beloved is mine — what wouldst thou  
more ?  
The cause is His ! It is His work I do !  
He is my rock, my shield and buckler too ;  
Of strength and wisdom my unfailing store.

And I am His. Oh, heart, be faithful still !  
Still let Him lead me as it seems Him best !  
With Him to combat, or with Him to rest,  
March, or encamp, according to His will.

My Friend is mine, and I forever His :  
Himself he gave, myself to Him I give ;  
In me He dwells—in Him alone I live :  
Was ever union half so blest as this ?

L. C. C.

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*THE LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE*

**N**OT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art !  
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest ;  
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,  
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

It is Thy perfect love that casts out fear ;  
I know the voice that speaks the " It is I ;"  
And in these well-known words of heavenly cheer,  
I hear the joy that bids each sorrow fly.

Thy name is Love ! I hear it from yon Cross ;  
Thy name is Love ! I read it in yon tomb ;  
All meaner love is perishable dross,  
But this shall light me through time's thickest  
gloom.

It blesses now, and shall forever bless ;  
It saves me now, and shall forever save ;  
It holds me up in days of helplessness,  
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

Girt with the love of God on every side,  
Breathing that love as Heaven's own healing air,  
I work or wait, still following my guide,  
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,  
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song ;  
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff and rod ;  
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

I am all want and hunger ; this faint heart  
Pines for a fullness which it finds not here ;  
Dear ones are leaving, and, as they depart,  
Make room within for something yet more dear.

More of Thyself, oh, show me hour by hour  
 More of thy glory, O my God and Lord !  
 More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power,  
 More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word !

BONAR.

THE SHEEP-TRACK.

TWO ways: only two. One leadeth  
 Home to the land of rest,  
 And the Good Shepherd guides the flock He  
 feedeth,  
 The road He knoweth best.

The feeble lamb, within His bosom hiding,  
 Is precious as the strong ;  
 The sick He tends : in sweet compassion guiding  
 The weary one with young.

He leads them forth, He goeth out before them ;  
 And where the two ways meet,  
 They look to Him, whose eye is watching o'er them,  
 To guide their wavering feet.

They own a mark by which the Master claims them,  
 Though oft the sign seems dim ;  
 And well they know the Shepherd King who  
 names them—  
 They hear and follow Him.

Sweet sounds His voice. All other calls unheeding,  
They watch where He may lead ;  
And in His face of love His wishes reading,  
The flock that track will tread.

Narrow it is, and rough, and often lonely,  
Upon the mountain steep :  
There's room for Jesus, and for Jesus only,  
And for His timid sheep.

Around spread flowery fields where in their blind-  
ness  
The careless ones would roam :  
Sharp seems the Shepherd's rod that falls in kind-  
ness  
To bring the wanderers home.

Fierce howls the wolf, and adders creep around  
them ;  
But succor He will send ;  
For He who in the wilderness first found them  
Will keep them to the end.

Two ways : only two. The other bendeth  
Down unto hell beneath !  
Broad is the gate, and frantic mirth ascendeth  
From crowds that rush to death.

No heavenly friend will soothe their hopeless sorrow,

No arm their burden bear ;  
 No fold of rest awaits them on the morrow,  
 No Shepherd King is there.

For *them* death's bondage, and a night of weeping  
 That hath no dawn of day.

Oh, Christ! who o'er Thy flock Thy watch art  
 keeping,  
 Thou art the Truth, the Way !

ANNA SHIPTON.

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"IN ALL TIME OF OUR TRIBULATION,  
 GOOD LORD, DELIVER US!"

SAVIOUR! by Thy sweet compassion,  
 So unmeasured, so Divine ;  
 By that bitter, bitter Passion ;  
 By that crimson Cross of Thine ;  
 By the woes Thy love once tasted  
 In this sin-marred world below,  
 Succor those in tribulation,  
 Succor those in sorrow now.

Thou Who wast so sorely burdened,  
 Help the weak that are oppressed ;  
 Sanctify all earthly crosses,  
 For the coming day of rest ;

Give the meek a trustful spirit  
That will always lean on Thee,  
And in storms of deep affliction  
Still Thy gracious Presence see.

Lord, Thou hast a holy purpose  
In each suffering we bear ;  
In each throe of pain and terror,  
In each secret, silent tear ;  
In the weary days of sickness,  
Famine, want, and loneliness ;  
In our night-time of bereavement,  
In our soul's Lent-bitterness.

All the needful sweet correction  
Of this gentle Hand of Thine,  
All Thy wise and careful nurture,  
All Thy faultless discipline :  
All to purge the precious metal,  
Till it will reflect Thy face ;  
All to shape and polish jewels  
Thine Own diadem to grace.

Lord, we know that we must ever  
Take our cross and follow Thee  
All along the narrow pathway,  
If we would Thy glory see.

Then, oh, help us each to bear it,  
By Thine own hard life of shame ;  
Let us suffer well and meekly,  
Let us glorify Thy name.

Cheer the weak ones who are bending  
'Neath this weary burden now ;  
Lift the pallid faces upward,  
Smooth the care-worn, furrowed brow ;  
Send a bright and hopeful message  
To each tried and tempted heart,  
That the thick and gloomy shadows  
At that sunshine may depart.

Tell them Thou canst see all sorrow  
In this world's rough wilderness ;  
Tell them Thou art near to succor,  
Near to comfort and to bless ;  
Tell them of Thy Cross and Passion,  
Tell them of Thy trials sore,  
Tell them of the Angel-city  
Where is joy for evermore.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

*VISITATION OF THE SICK.*

PEACE to this house ! O Thou Whose way  
Was on the waves, Whose voice did stay  
The wild wind's rage, come, Lord, and say,  
Peace to this house !

Thou, Who in pity for the weak  
Didst quit Thy heavenly Throne to seek  
And save the lost, come, Lord, and speak  
Peace to this house !

Thou, Who dost all our sorrows know,  
And when our tears of anguish flow  
Dost feel compassion, come, bestow  
Peace on this house !

Thou, Who in agony didst pray,  
"Take, Father, take this cup away,"  
And then wast strengthened, come and say  
Peace to this house !

O Conqueror by suffering !  
O mighty Victor ! glorious King !  
From out of pain and sorrow bring  
Peace to this house !

Thou, Who triumphant from the dead  
Thine Hands didst o'er the Apostles spread,  
And say, "Peace to you," come, and shed  
Peace on this house !

Thou, Who didst on the clouds ascend,  
And then the Holy Spirit send,  
Send Him to comfort, and defend  
All in this house !

Lord, in the Sacramental food  
Of Thine own Body and Thy Blood,  
Peace that is felt, not understood,  
Give to this house !

Save, save us sinking in the deep,  
Give ease from pain and quiet sleep,  
And under Thy wing's shelter keep  
All in this house !

"Peace to this house," come, Lord, and say ;  
Come to us, Lord, and with us stay ;  
Oh, give, and never take away  
Peace from this house !

And when at last our fainting breath  
On trembling lips scarce quivereth,  
Oh, bring us through the gate of Death,  
Lord, to Thine House !

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To Thine own House in Paradise,  
To Thine own House above the skies,  
To live the life that never dies,  
    Lord, in Thine House !

C. WORDSWORTH.

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*THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST.*

I MARVEL night and day, and cannot cease—  
Ask evermore, Can this thing be ?  
Heaven brought to earth—her Maker made my  
    peace,  
God bound, to set me free !

I cannot love Thee as I would and ought ;  
But, by Thy grace presenting still,  
From all things else to Thee returns my thought,  
And brings Thee back my will.

All thoughts, all searches, to this centre tend ;  
All rays in this one focus meet ;  
Here, as of old, the wise men journeying send  
Their treasures at Thy feet.

There is no record, but doth hint of Thee ;  
All history else were false and vain ;  
The stones Thy kingdom preach ; loosed with ~~that~~  
    key,  
All hardest things are plain.

There is no wisdom but doth taste of Thine ;  
All lights that did Thine own forerun  
Caught Thy prevenient gleams, as clouds that  
shine  
In the unrisen sun.

The glories of earth's empires, age by age  
Submitting grandly to decay,  
Were but the' illusive dawn that did presage  
Thy fixed and perfect day.

Art's beauteous dreams, the charm of thought and  
song,  
The majesty of rule and law,  
The single mind outsoaring from the throng,  
Gifted a world to draw,—

What were they all but preludes poor and faint  
Of Thy supreme imperial reign  
In glory and in beauty, when each saint  
Thy likeness shall attain ?

Thou hast been here ; of old, as now,  
Walking unseen the paths we go ;  
But in the central years, one lifetime, Thou  
Thy visible form didst show.

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A cloud did steal Thee from us ; but that hour  
Thy glorious ministry began ;  
Thou gav'st the word—from thence, with quick-  
ening power,  
That word the earth o'erran.

Thou art not gone, but hidden ; to our sense  
Thou shalt return ; Thou didst not show  
Thy glory at the first, whose height immense  
Stooped to our stature low.

Till Thy true advent dawn, Thy Church, like Thee,  
Shall suffer, die, and rise again ;  
Then, glorified, made white, eternally  
With Thee on earth shall reign.

CHARLES LAURENCE FORD.

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*THE GIVER AND THE GIFTS.*

THE path I trod so pleasant was and fair,  
I counted it life's best ;  
Forgetting that Thou, Lord, hadst placed me there  
To journey towards Thy rest.

Forgetting that the path was only good  
Because the homeward way,  
I held it fullest beauty where I stood—  
I thought these gleams the day.

I know I might have seen in every star  
That sheds its light on me,  
A lamp of Thine, set out to guide from far  
My steps towards home and Thee ;—

Have heard in streams with bending grasses clad,  
Which sparkled through the sod,  
The music of the river that makes glad  
The city of our God ;—

In flowers plucked but to wither in my hand,  
Or passed with lingering feet,  
Have read my Father's promise of a land  
Where flowers are still more sweet.

And I have knelt, how often, thanking Thee  
For what Thy love hath given,  
Then turned away to bend to these my knee,  
And seek in these my Heaven.

Forgive me that I, looking for the day,  
Forget whence it would shine ;  
And turned Thy helps to reasons for delay,  
And loved not Thee, but Thine.

Yet most for the cold heart with which I write  
Of sin so faintly felt :—  
This frost of doubt, this darkness as of night  
Thy love can cheer and melt.

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On me unworthy shed, O Lord, the glow  
Of Thy dear light and love,  
That I may walk with trusting faith below,  
Towards the fair land above ;

That I may learn in all Thy gifts to see  
The love that on me smiled,  
And find in all I have a thought of Thee,  
Who thus hast blessed Thy child ;

And most in what Thy tenderest love hath given  
Those to my heart most dear ;  
May I through these look upward to Thy Heaven,  
In these find Thee most near.

LUCY FLETCHER.

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*"I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER."*

I ASK if Thou canst love me still, O God ?  
They say Thou canst not love so weak a thing—  
One that was angered by a Father's rod,  
One that hath wayward and rebellious been,  
Unstable, thankless, prone to every sin.  
Thou knowest all—yet whither shall I go,  
To leave my sins and with them leave my woe,  
Except to Thee, who only help canst bring,  
And bid me live thy pardoning love to sing ?

I come, my sinful thoughts have vexed me long ;  
 I fly, for evil spirits round me throng,  
 And I am weak, but Thou, my God, art strong !  
 My tears are flowing—no, Thou canst not see  
 Thy child in anguish and not pity me.  
 I lay my head upon thy infinite heart,  
 I hide beneath the shelter of thy wing ;  
 Pursued, and tempted, helpless, I must cling  
 To Thee, my Father ; bid me not depart,  
 For sin and death pursue, and life is where Thou art !



*Pede Crucis.*

W A K I N G .

I HAVE done, at length, with dreaming ;  
 Henceforth, O Thou Soul of mine,  
 Thou must take up sword and gauntlet,  
     Waging warfare most divine.  
 Life is struggle, combat, victory—  
     Wherefore have I slumbered on  
 With my forces all unmarshaled,  
     With my weapons all undrawn ?  
 Oh, how many a glorious record  
     Had the angel of me kept,  
 Had I done instead of doubted,  
     Had I warred instead of wept !

But, begone ! regret, bewailing,  
Ye but weaken at the best ;  
I have tried the trusty weapons  
Resting erst within my breast :  
I have wakened to my duty,  
To a knowledge strong and deep,  
That I dreamed not of aforetime  
In my long, inglorious sleep :  
For to lose is something awful,  
And I knew it not before ;  
And I dreamed not how stupendous  
Was the secret that I bore —  
The great, deep, mysterious secret  
Of a life to be wrought out  
Into warm, heroic action,  
Weakened not by fear or doubt.  
In this subtle sense of living,  
Newly stirred in every vein,  
I can feel a throb electric,  
Pleasure half-allied to pain.—  
'Tis so great—and yet so awful—  
So bewildering, yet so brave,  
To be king in every conflict  
Where before I crouched a slave.  
It's so glorious to be conscious  
Of a glorious power within,  
Stronger than the rallying forces  
Of a charged and marshaled sin.

Never in those old romances  
 Felt I half the sense of life  
 That I feel within me stirring  
 Standing in the place of strife.  
 Oh, those olden days of dalliance,  
 When I wantoned with my fate,  
 When I trifled with a knowledge  
 That well-nigh had come too late !  
 Yet, my Soul, look not behind thee,  
 Thou hast work to do at last ;  
 Let the brave toil of the Present  
 Overarch the crumbling Past ;  
 Build thy great acts high, and higher,  
 Build them on the conquered sod  
 Where thy weakness first fell bleeding,  
 And thy first prayer rose to God.

CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

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*NOTHING BUT LEAVES.*

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

Nothing but leaves : no garnered sheaves  
 Of life's fair ripened grain ;

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Words, idle words, for earnest deeds.  
We sow our seed—lo ! tares and weeds :  
Go reap with toil and pain  
Nothing but leaves.

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

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

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*PAUL GERHARDT'S HYMN.*

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

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

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

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

“REST REMAINETH.”

*R*EST REMAINETH—oh, how sweet !  
Flowerly fields for wandering feet,  
Peaceful calm for sleepless eyes,  
Life for death, and songs for sighs.

*Rest remaineth*—hush that sigh ;  
Mourning pilgrim, rest is nigh ;  
Yet a season, bright and blest,  
Thou shalt enter on thy rest.

*Rest remaineth*—rest from sin—  
Guilt can never enter in ;  
Every warring thought shall cease—  
Rest in purity and peace.

*Rest remaineth*—rest from tears,  
Rest from parting, rest from fears ;  
Every trembling thought shall be  
Lost, my Saviour—lost in Thee.

*Rest remaineth*—oh, how blest !  
We believe, and we have rest ;  
Faith, reposing faith, hath been  
'Mongst the things that are not seen.

Thus, my Saviour, let me be  
 Even here at rest in Thee,  
 And, at last, by Thee possessed,  
 On Thy bosom sink to rest.

*From "Dark Sayings on a Harp."*

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

NOT HERE! not here! not where the spark-  
 ling waters  
 Fade into mocking sands, as we draw near;  
 Where in the wilderness each footstep falters:  
 I shall be satisfied—but oh, not here!

Not here—where every dream of bliss deceives us,  
 Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;  
 Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,  
 Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling  
 With rapture earth's sojourners may not know;  
 Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,  
 And peacefully life's time-toss'd currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,  
 Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,  
 And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us  
 Than these few words: "I shall be satisfied!"

Satisfied ! satisfied ! the spirit's yearning  
For sweet companionship with kindred minds ;  
The silent love that here meets no returning,  
The inspiration which no language finds.

*Shall* they be satisfied ?—the soul's vague longings,  
The aching void which nothing earthly fills ?  
O what desires upon my soul are thronging,  
As I look upward to the heavenly hills !

Thither my weak and weary feet are tending—  
Saviour and Lord, with Thy frail child abide ;  
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings  
ended,  
I then shall see *Thee* and “ be satisfied !”

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JESUS, I AM NEVER WEARY.

JESUS, I am never weary,  
When upon this bed of pain ;  
If Thy presence only cheer me,  
All my loss I count but gain :  
Ever near me,  
Ever near me, Lord, remain !

Dear ones come with fruits and flowers,  
Thus to cheer my heart the while,

In these deeply anxious hours ;  
Oh ! if Jesus only smile !—  
Only Jesus  
Can these troubling fears beguile.

All my sins were laid upon Thee,  
All my griefs were on Thee laid ;  
For the blood of Thine atonement  
All my utmost debts has paid :  
Dearest Saviour !  
I believe, for Thou hast said.

Dearest Saviour ! go not from me ;  
Let Thy presence still abide ;  
Look in tenderest love upon me—  
I am sheltering at Thy side,  
Dearest Saviour !  
Who for suffering sinners died.

Both mine arms are clasped around Thee,  
And my head is on Thy breast ;  
For my weary soul has found Thee  
Such a *perfect, perfect* rest.  
Dearest Saviour !  
Now I know that I am blest.

MRS. WEISS.

*WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS.*

NOT as He was, a houseless stranger,  
With no home to shield His head ;  
Not as seen in Bethlehem's manger,  
Where the hornéd oxen fed ;—

Not as in the Garden groaning,  
Plunged in deep, mysterious woe,  
All the guilt of man bemoaning,  
While the precious blood-sweats flow ;—

Not as seen on Calvary's mountain,  
Where He offered up His soul,  
Opening wide that sacred Fountain,  
Which alone can make us whole ;—

Not as He was, a pale and breathless  
Captive in the shades beneath,—  
But as He is, Immortal, Deathless,  
Conqueror o'er the powers of death !

Yes ! we shall see Him in our nature,  
Seated on His lofty Throne—  
Loved, adored by every creature—  
Owned as God, and God alone !

There countless hosts of shining spirits  
 Strike their harps, and loudly sing  
 To the praise of Jesus' merits,  
 To the glory of their King !

When we pass o'er death's dark river,  
 We shall see Him as He is —  
 Resting in His love and favor,  
 Owning all the glory His. \*

There to cast our crowns before Him—  
 Oh, what bliss the thought affords !  
 There forever to adore Him—  
 King of kings and Lord of lords !

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C O N T E N T M E N T .

**B**E thou content ; be still before  
 His face, at whose right hand doth reign  
 Fullness of joy for evermore,  
 Without whom all thy toil is vain :  
 He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays  
 Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.  
 Be thou content.

5

In Him is comfort, light, and grace,  
 And changeless love beyond our thought ;  
 The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,  
 If He is there, shall harm thee not.

He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,  
And calm thy fears · nay, death is in His hands :  
Be thou content.

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

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

---

*HAVE FAITH IN GOD.*

**H**AVE faith in God ! for He who reigns on high,  
Hath borne thy grief and hears the suppli-  
ant's sigh ;  
Still to His arms, thine only refuge, fly.  
Have faith in God !

Fear not to call on Him, O soul distressed !  
 Thy sorrow's whisper woos thee to His breast ;  
 He who is oftenest there is oftenest blest.

Have faith in God !

Lean not on Egypt's reeds ; slake not thy thirst  
 At earthly cisterns. Seek the kingdom first.  
 Though man and Satan fright thee with their  
 worst,

Have faith in God !

Go ! tell Him all ! The sigh thy bosom heaves  
 Is heard in heaven. Strength and grace He gives,  
 Who gave Himself for thee. Our Jesus lives.

Have faith in God !

ANNA SHIPTON.

---

*BREAD UPON THE WATERS.*

SAY not, " 'Twas all in vain,"  
 The anguish, and the darkness, and the strife ;  
 Love thrown upon the waters comes again  
 In quenchless yearnings for a nobler life.  
 Think ! In that midnight, on thy weary sight  
 The stars shone forth, and 'neath their welcome  
 rays  
 Thine hopes to Heaven like birds first took their  
 flight,  
 And " thou shalt find them—after many days."

Say not, " 'Twas all in vain,"  
The vigil, and the sickness, and the tears ;  
For in that Land " where there is no more pain,"  
The grain is garnered from those mournful years.  
The faded form, once sheltered on thy breast,  
In gentle ministry thy care repays ;  
And smiling on thee from her sinless rest,  
Fear not to find her—" after many days."

Say not, " 'Twas all in vain,"  
Thy tenderness, thy meekness—oh, not so !  
A strength for others' sufferings shalt thou gain,  
As healing balms from bruised flowerets flow.  
Weep not the wealth in fearless faith cast forth  
On the dark billows shipwrecked to thy gaze :  
The bark was frail, the gem had still its worth,  
And " thou shalt find it—after many days."

Say not, " 'Twas all in vain,"  
The watching, and the waiting, and the prayer ;  
In piercéd hands hath it unassuméd lain ;  
'Twill grow more radiant as it lingereth there.  
'Tis space—where once thy quivering form was  
cast,  
Thy heart-wrung sobs no floating breeze betrays ;  
Yet, 'mid the white-winged choir thy prayer hath  
passed,  
And " thou shalt find it—after many days."

Say not, "'Twas all in vain,"  
 The patience, and the pity, and the word  
 In warning breathed 'mid passion's hurricane,  
 Unheeded here—but God that whisper heard,  
 The tender grief, o'er strangers' sorrow shed,  
 The sacrifice that won no human praise.  
 In faith upon the waters cast thy Bread,  
 For "thou shalt find it—after many days."

ANNA SHIPTON.

\*

*REST FOR THE WEARY.*

NOT long, not long! The spirit-wasting fever  
 Of this strange life shall quit each throbbing  
 vein;  
 And this wild pulse flow placidly forever;  
 And endless peace relieve the burning brain.

Earth's joys are but a dream; its destiny  
 Is but decay and death. Its fairest form  
 Sunshine and shadow mixed. Its brightest day  
 A rainbow braided on the wreaths of storm.

Yet there is blessedness that changeth not;  
 A rest with God, a life that cannot die;  
 A better portion, and a brighter lot;  
 A home with Christ, a heritage on high.

---

Hope for the hopeless, for the weary rest,  
More gentle than the still repose of even !  
Joy for the joyless, bliss for the unblest ;  
Homes for the desolate in yonder heaven.

The tempest makes returning calm more dear ;  
The darkest midnight makes the brightest star ;  
Even so to us, when all is ended here,  
Shall be the past, remembered from afar.

Then welcome change and death ! since these  
alone  
Can break life's fetters, and dissolve its spell ;  
Welcome all present change, which speeds us on  
So swift to that which is unchangeable.

---

THE OFFERING.

NO more my own, Lord Jesus ;  
Bought with Thy precious Blood,  
I give Thee but Thine own, Lord,  
That long Thy love withstood.

I give the life Thou gavest,  
My present, future, past ;  
My joys, my fears, my sorrows,  
My first hope and my last.

I give Thee up my weakness,  
That oft distrust hath bred,  
That Thy indwelling power  
May thus be perfected.

I give the love the sweetest  
Thy goodness grants to me ;  
Take it, and make it meet, Lord,  
For offering to Thee.

Smile ! and the very shadows  
In Thy blest light shall shine ;  
Take Thou my heart, Lord Jesus,  
For Thou hast made it Thine.

Thou know'st my soul's ambition,  
For Thou hast changed its aim ;  
(The world's reproach I fear not,)  
To share a Saviour's shame :

Outside the camp to suffer ;  
Within the Vail to meet,  
And hear Thy softest whisper  
From out the Mercy-seat.

Thou bear'st me on Thy bosom,  
Amidst Thy jewels worn,  
Upon Thy hands deep graven,  
By arms of love upborne.

Rescued from sin's destruction,  
Ransomed from death and hell ;  
Complete in Thee, Lord Jesus :  
Thou hast done all things well !

Oh, deathless love that bought me !  
Oh, price beyond my ken !  
Oh, Life, that hides my own life  
E'en from my fellow-men !

Now fashion, form, and fill me  
With light and love Divine ;  
So, ONE with Thee, Lord Jesus,  
I'm Thine—forever Thine !

ANNA SHIPTON.

---

*HOLD ON, HOLD IN, HOLD OUT.*

**H**OLD on, my heart, in thy believing !  
The steadfast only wins the crown.  
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,  
Parts with his anchor, shall go down ;  
But he who Jesus holds through all,  
Shall stand, though heaven and earth shall fall.

Hold *in* thy murmurs, heaven arraigning !  
The patient see God's loving face :  
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,  
'Tis they that win the Father's grace ;

---

He wounds himself who bears the rod,  
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold *out* ! There comes an end to sorrow ;  
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise ;  
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow ;  
The Cross points on to Paradise.  
The Father reigneth ; cease all doubt ;  
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out !

SCHMACKE.

---

GO TELL JESUS.

**B**URY thy sorrow,  
The world has its share :  
Bury it deeply,  
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly  
When curtained by night,  
Tell it to Jesus,  
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,  
He knoweth thy grief ;  
Tell it to Jesus,  
He'll send thee relief.

Gather the sunlight  
Aglow on thy way ;  
Gather the moonbeams,  
Each soft silver ray.

Hearts grown weary  
With heavier woe,  
Droop 'mid the darkness—  
Go comfort them, go !

Bury thy sorrow,  
Let others be blest ;  
Give them the sunshine,  
Tell Jesus the rest.

---

*A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.*

**A** FRIEND stands at the door ;  
In either tight-closed hand  
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three-score ;  
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land  
Even as seed the sower.  
Each drop he treads it in and passes by :  
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

Oh, good New Year, we clasp  
This warm shut hand of thine !

Loosing forever, with half-sigh, half-grasp,  
That which from ours falls like dead fingers'  
twine :

Ay, whether fierce its grasp  
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know  
That it was blessed ; let the Old Year go.

Oh, New Year, teach us faith !  
The road of life is hard ;  
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us  
scathe,  
Point thou to Him whose visage was more  
marred

Than any man's ; who saith  
“ Make straight paths for your feet—” and to  
the opprest—  
“ Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest.”

Yet hang some lamp-like hope  
Above this unknown way,  
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,  
And our hands strength to work while it is day.  
But if that way must slope  
Tombward, oh, bring before our fading eyes  
The lamp of life, the Hope that never dies !

Comfort our souls with love,—  
Love of all human kind ;

---

Love special, close—in which like sheltered dove  
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find ;  
And love that turns above  
Adoringly : contented to resign  
All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,  
And whether bright thy face,  
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,—  
We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,  
And trust thee to the end ;  
Knowing thou leadest onwards to those spheres  
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor  
years.

D. M. MULOCH.

---

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

THE world is very evil !  
The times are waxing late :  
Be sober, and keep vigil ;  
The Judge is at the gate :  
The Judge That comes in mercy,  
The Judge that comes with might,  
To terminate the evil,  
To diadem the right.  
When the just and gentle Monarch  
Shall summon from the tomb,

Let man, the guilty, tremble,  
For Man, the God, shall doom.  
Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed ;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead ;  
To the light that hath no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.  
And when the Sole-Begotten  
Shall render up once more  
The kingdom to the FATHER  
Whose own it was before, —  
Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath-day.  
Then, then from his oppressors  
The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
The year of Jubilee ;  
And the sunlit Land that recks not  
Of tempest nor of fight,  
Shall fold within its bosom  
Each happy Israelite :  
The Home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,

Where they shall dwell as children,  
Who here as exiles mourn.  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
The Beatific Vision  
Shall glad the Saints around :  
The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolate, unvaried,  
Divinest, sweetest, best.  
Yes, peace ! for war is needless,—  
Yes, calm ! for storm is past,—  
And goal from finished labor,  
And anchorage at last.  
That peace—but who may claim it ?  
The guileless in their way,  
Who keep the ranks of battle,  
Who mean the thing they say :  
The peace that is for heaven,  
And shall be for the earth :  
The palace that re-echoes  
With festal song and mirth ;  
The garden, breathing spices,  
The paradise on high :  
Grace beautified to glory,  
Unceasing minstrelsy.  
There nothing can be feeble,  
There none can ever mourn,

There nothing is divided,  
There nothing can be torn :  
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,  
'Tis peaceless peace below ;  
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,  
The halls of Syon know :  
O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest :  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure of all distress !  
Strive, man, to win that glory ;  
Toil, man, to gain that light ;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight :  
Till JESUS gives the portion  
Those blesséd souls to fill,  
The insatiate, yet satisfied,  
The full, yet craving still.  
That fullness and that craving  
Alike are free from pain,  
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,  
A home like theirs shalt gain.  
Here is the warlike trumpet ;  
There, life set free from sin ;  
When to the last Great Supper  
The faithful shall come in :  
When the heavenly net is laden  
With fishes many and great :

So glorious in its fullness,  
Yet so inviolate :  
And the perfect from the shattered,  
And the fall'n from them that stand,  
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd  
Shall part on either hand :  
And these shall pass to torment,  
And those shall triumph, then ;  
The new peculiar nation,  
Blest number of blest men.  
Jerusalem demands them :  
They paid the price on earth,  
And now shall reap the harvest  
In blissfulness and mirth :  
The glorious holy people,  
Who evermore relied  
Upon their Chief and Father,  
The King, the Crucified :  
The sacred ransomed number  
Now bright with endless sheen,  
Who made the Cross their watch-word  
Of JESUS Nazarene :  
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,  
Where foul-like odors play,  
Draw out the endless leisure  
Of that long vernal day :  
And through the sacred lilies,  
And flowers on every side,

The happy dear-bought people  
Go wandering far and wide.  
Their breasts are filled with gladness,  
Their mouths are tuned to praise,  
What time, now safe forever,  
On former sins they gaze :  
The fouler was the error,  
The sadder was the fall,  
'The ampler are the praises  
Of Him Who pardoned all.  
Their one and only anthem,  
The fullness of His love,  
Who gives, instead of torment,  
Eternal joys above :  
Instead of torment, glory ;  
Instead of death, that life  
Wherewith your happy Country,  
True Israelties ! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is *there*.  
O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !  
That we should look, poor wand'ers,

To have our home on high !  
That worms should seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky !  
To all one happy guerdon  
Of one celestial grace ;  
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,  
Is one eternal place :  
And martyrdom hath roses  
Upon that heavenly ground :  
And white and virgin lilies  
For virgin-souls abound.  
There grief is turned to pleasure ;  
Such pleasure, as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know :  
And after fleshly scandal,  
And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
Is calm, and joy, and light.  
And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown :  
And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Syon, in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope :  
But He Whom now we trust in

Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.  
The miserable pleasures  
Of the body shall decay :  
The bland and flattering struggles  
Of the flesh shall pass away :  
And none shall there be jealous ;  
And none shall there contend :  
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I ?  
All ill, all ill shall end !  
And there is David's Fountain,  
And life in fullest glow,  
And there the light is golden,  
And milk and honey flow :  
The light that hath no evening,  
The health that hath no sore,  
The life that hath no ending,  
But lasteth evermore.

There JESUS shall embrace us,  
There JESUS be embraced,—  
That spirit's food and sunshine  
Whence earthly love is chased.  
Amidst the happy chorus,  
A place, however low,  
Shall show Him us, and, showing,  
Shall satiate evermo.

By hope we struggle onward,  
While here we must be fed  
By milk, as tender infants,  
But there by Living Bread.  
The night was full of terror,  
The morn is bright with gladness :  
The Cross becomes our harbor,  
And we triumph after sadness :  
And JESUS to His true ones  
Brings trophies fair to see :  
And JESUS shall be loved, and  
Beheld in Galilee :  
Beheld, when morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day :  
And every ear shall hear it ;—  
Behold thy King's array :  
Behold thy God in beauty,  
The Law hath past away !  
Yes ! God my King and Portion,  
In fullness of His grace,  
We then shall see forever,  
And worship face to face.  
Then Jacob into Israel,  
From earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah into Rachel  
Forever shall be changed :

Then all the halls of Syon  
For aye shall be complete,  
And, in the Land of Beauty,  
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear Country !  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep :  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.  
O one, O onely Mansion !  
O Paradise of Joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy ;  
Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall :  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays :  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced :

Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.  
The Cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise :  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise :  
JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,  
True GOD and Man, they sing :  
The never-failing Garden,  
The ever-golden Ring :  
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
The Guardian of his Court :  
The Day-star of Salvation,  
The Porter and the Port.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower :  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower :  
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile ;  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl thine own ;

The LAMB is ever near thee,  
The Bridegroom thine alone ;  
The Crown is He to guerdon,  
The Buckler to protect,  
And He Himself the Mansion  
And He the Architect.  
The only art thou needest,  
Thanksgiving for thy lot :  
The only joy thou seekest,  
The Life where Death is not :  
And all thine endless leisure  
In sweetest accents sings,  
The ill that was thy merit,—  
The wealth that is thy King's !

Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed :  
I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there ;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare !  
And when I fain would sing them,  
My spirit fails and faints ;  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the Saints.  
They stand, those halls of Syon,

Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng :  
The Prince is ever in them ;  
The daylight is serene ;  
The pastures of the Blesséd  
Are decked in glorious sheen.  
There is the throne of David,—  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast :  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white !

O holy, placid harp-notes  
Of that eternal hymn !  
O sacred, sweet refection,  
And peace of Seraphim !  
O thirst, forever ardent,  
Yet evermore content !  
O true peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent !  
Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim :

For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter,—  
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !  
The glory of th' Elect !  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect ;  
Even now by faith I see thee ;  
Even here thy walls discern :  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive and pant and yearn :  
Jerusalem the onely,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
In thee is all my glory ;  
In me is all my woe :  
And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.  
O none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise :  
O none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device :  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart :

And none, O peace, O Syon,  
Can sing thee as thou art.  
New mansion of new people,  
Whom GOD's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite.  
Thou City of the Angels !  
Thou City of the Lord !  
Whose everlasting music  
Is the glorious decachord !\*  
And there the band of Prophets  
United praise ascribes,  
And there the twelve-fold chorus  
Of Israel's ransomed tribes :  
The lily-beds of virgins,  
The roses' martyr-glow,  
The cohort of the Fathers  
Who kept the faith below.  
And there the Sole-Begotten  
Is LORD in regal state ;  
He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
He, Lamb Immaculate.  
O fields that know no sorrow !  
O state that fears no strife !

\* *Decachord.* With reference to the mystical explanation, which, seeing in the number *ten* a type of perfection, understands the "instrument of ten strings" of the perfect harmony of heaven.

O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !  
O realm and home of life !

Jerusalem, exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore !  
I ask not for my merit :  
I seek not to deny  
My merit is destruction,  
A child of wrath am I :  
But yet with Faith I venture  
And Hope upon my way ;  
For those perennial guerdons  
I labor night and day.  
The Best and Dearest FATHER  
Who made me and Who saved,  
Bore with me in defilement,  
And from defilement laved :  
When in His strength I struggle,  
For very joy I leap,  
When in my sin I totter,  
I weep, or try to weep :  
And grace, sweet grace celestial,  
Shall all its love display,  
And David's Royal Fountain  
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon !  
O lovelier far than gold !  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold :  
O sweet and blesséd Country,  
Shall I ever see thy face ?  
O sweet and blesséd Country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace ?  
I *have* the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless !  
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?  
O tell me, tell me, Yes !

Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The LORD shall be thy part :  
His only, His forever,<sup>e</sup>  
Thou shalt be, and thou art !  
Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The LORD shall be thy part :  
His only, His forever,  
Thou shalt be. and thou art !

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

*Translated by Neale.*

*“ TAKE HEART OF GRACE.”*

OH, thou ! who tossing on life's troubled ocean,  
Mournest the hidings of thy Father's face,  
And comfortless, amid the wild commotion,  
Seekest in vain some quiet resting-place ;  
Thou weary, fainting soul ! “ take heart of  
grace.”

Look up ! when storms of woe are round thee  
sweeping,  
Learn thou in all thy Saviour's hand to trace :  
Above the storm, behind the dark clouds, keeping  
Ceaseless watch o'er thee, beams my loving face ;  
Therefore, thou faithless one ! take heart of  
grace.

Not all the fiercest tempests round thee blowing,  
Can drive thee far from heaven's sweet resting-  
place ;  
Not all the floods thy sorrowing soul o'erflowing,  
Can long avail to hide from thee my face ;  
Therefore, O downcast soul ! take heart of grace.

Oh, waste no more thy breath in weak complain-  
ing !  
Doubts throw aside ! No longer thus disgrace  
My faithful love that leading, guiding, training,

Perfects thee thus for my own dwelling-place.  
O thou rebellious soul ! take heart of grace.

Hast thou not seen how, for some precious treasure,  
Men beat of purest gold, a goodly case ?  
Or cut for fragrant odors, at their pleasure,  
Out of rough stone, a rare and polished vase ?  
O thou short-sighted one ! take heart of grace.

Like them, when for myself I am preparing  
Out of the soul, a fit abiding-place ;  
I hew thee, beat thee, till I see thee bearing  
My image ; and my perfect likeness trace ;  
Therefore, thou chosen one ! take heart of grace.

Oh, then, be of good courage ! for I love thee ;  
Gladly and cheerfully each cross embrace,  
And bear it manfully ; for soon above thee,  
Light from my throne each cloud away shall  
chase ;  
Therefore, afflicted one ! take heart of grace.

And soon life's sorest trials passed forever,  
Faultless before thy and my Father's face,  
I will present thee joyfully ; and never  
Need to say to thee, in that resting-place,  
O weary, fainting soul ! take heart of grace.

For every hour of that blest life immortal,  
 Thou shalt be glad my guiding hand to trace,  
 That made thee meet, by trials, through the portal  
 To enter in, and rest in my embrace ;  
 Therefore, look upward ! and take heart of  
 grace. H. N. C.

*BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US.*

I LOVE Thee, O my God ! but not  
 For what I hope thereby,  
 Nor yet because who love Thee not  
 Must die eternally.  
 I love Thee, O my God ! and still  
 I ever will love Thee,  
 Solely because, my God, Thou art  
 Who first hast lovéd me !

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

---

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

FRANCIS ZAVIER.

---

*SICK AND IN PRISON.*

**W**ILDLY falls the night around me,  
Chains I cannot break have bound me ;  
Spirits unrebuked, undriven  
From before me darken Heaven ;  
Creeds bewilder, and the saying  
Unfelt prayer makes need of praying.

In this bitter anguish lying  
Only Thou wilt hear my crying—  
Thou whose hands wash white the erring,  
As the wool is at the shearing,  
Not with dulcimer or psalter,  
But with tears, I seek Thine altar.

Feet, that trod the mount so weary,  
Eyes, that pitying looked on Mary,  
Hands, that brought a Father's blessing,  
Heads of little children pressing ;  
Voice, that said, " Behold thy Mother,"  
Lo ! I seek ye, and none other.

Look, O gentlest eye of pity,  
Out of Zion, glorious city !  
Speak, O voice of mercy, sweetly !  
Hide me, hands of love, completely.  
Sick, in prison, lying lonely,  
Ye can lift me up—Ye only.

In my hot brow soothe the aching,  
In my sad heart stay the breaking ;  
On my lips, the murmurs trembling  
Change to praises undissembling ;  
Make me raise as th' evangels,  
Clothe me with the wings of angels.

Power, that made the few loaves many,  
Power, that blessed the wine at Cana,  
Power, that said to Lazarus " waken,"  
Leave, oh, leave me not forsaken,  
Sick, and hungry, and in prison,  
Save me, Crucified and Risen !

*"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COM-  
FORTETH."*

"SO will I comfort you," as when a sobbing  
child  
Seeks sweet heart-comfort on its mother's breast ;  
By her caresses fond unconsciously beguiled  
From memories of pain, soon sinks to rest.

"Ye shall be comforted." Our hearts are faint  
and sore.  
We would be little children once again ;  
But childhood would bring back the griefs we  
knew of yore,  
But not the mother who caressed us then.

We need a stronger love, we seek a deeper rest,  
Whose type and earnest we once knew in this ;  
The nestling of the child upon its mother's breast,  
The sweet dreams won us by her "good-night"  
kiss.

Lord ! grant us restful sleep, untroubled, sweet  
and calm,  
Not fitful slumbers 'mid Life's fevered dream ;  
Oh, seal our weary eyelids with thy touch of balm,  
Not to re-ope until the Great Day's gleam.

And yet we are such children, foolish, weak and  
blind,

That while we long for sleep, thy gentle hand  
May change the calming cup, and far more wise  
and kind,

Give needed bitterness with this command :

"Drink, child!" Thy Father's love shall make the  
unsought draught

Sweet to thy soul, though bitter to thy lips.

Think, how for thee, thy sinless Elder Brother  
quaffed

The cup thou filled'st, 'neath my love's eclipse.

Ah, Father! whatsoe'er thy children truly need

Thou givest, not whatever they implore.

And oft we grieving think, Thy mercy gives no  
heed

To our rash pleadings, when our hearts are sore.

But when the long sad lesson we have learned at  
length,

And with un murmuring meekness we receive

The cup, whose bitter draught gives new and  
mighty strength,

We own Thy wise true love, and no more grieve ;

But rest in patient hope, although Thou long with-  
hold

The chalice. Death and Life brimmed, chris-  
mal seal

Of conquest at whose touch the pearly gates un-  
fold,

And Heaven's high glories to the soul reveal.

We only wait as minors, till the glad birth-day

Shall crown us kings before our Father's throne.

As princely exiles here, we struggle, toil, and pray,

With eyes by watching very weary grown.

For comfortless, aye, orphan'd, Thou dost never  
make

Thy children. Trusting hearts are kept in peace,

And when our night-time comes, Thou'lt bid us  
sleep to wake

Where every sob is hushed and sorrows cease.

L.



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