

PS

1753

.G7

SONGS BY THE WAY
—The—
GRANGER

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

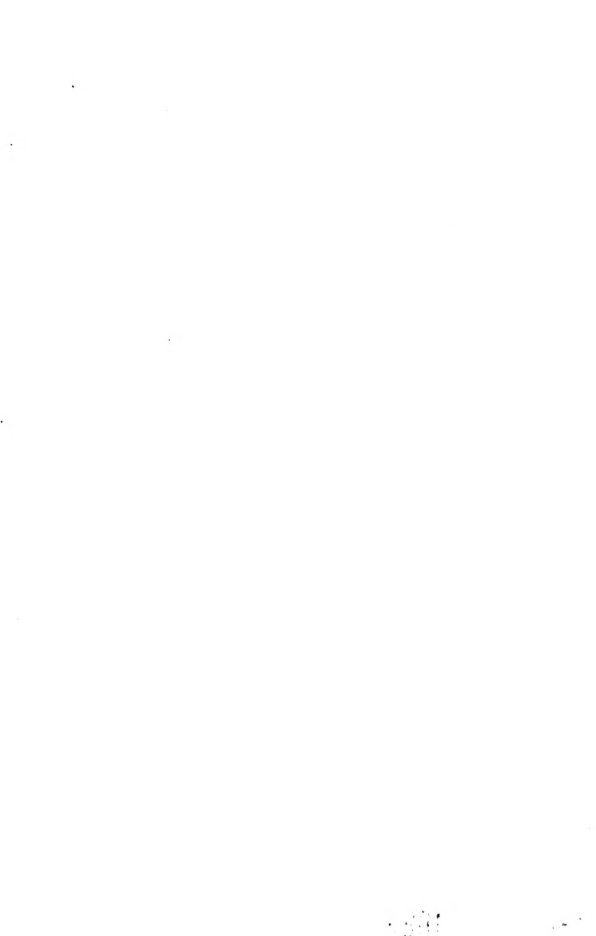
~~PS-1759~~

Chap. Copyright No.

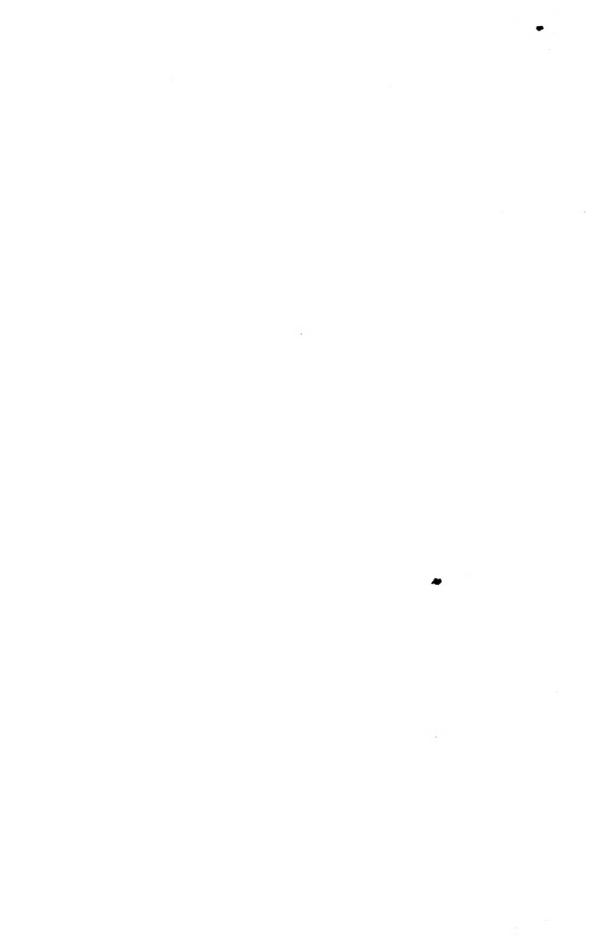
Shelf, G7

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











SONGS * * * * *

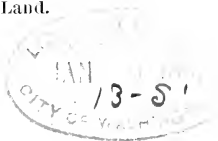
* * * **B**Y THE WAY.

BY LUCY NICHOLS GRANGER.

33
The story of His love so sweet,
My lips shall evermore repeat;
Until I join the angel band,
And sing it in the Better Land.



ANN ARBOR:
REGISTER PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1886.



79.959

57



COPYRIGHT 1886, BY LUCY NICHOLS GRANGER.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PRELUDE. - - - - -	8
INVOCATION - - - - -	9
GOD WILLED IT SO - - - - -	12
“BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD” - - - - -	15
AT EVEN-TIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT - - -	16
THANKSGIVING - - - - -	19
“LORD I BELIEVE, HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF.”	21
REST - - - - -	23
TRUST AND REST. - - - - -	25
THE LORD OUR REFUGE. - - - - -	26
“HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP” - - -	28
THE PEACE OF GOD - - - - -	30
A PRAYER - - - - -	33
THE DEBT WE OWE - - - - -	35
THE CROWN OF THORNS - - - - -	38
OUR LEADER - - - - -	40
GETHSEMANE - - - - -	42
DISTRUST OF SELF - - - - -	45
ASK AND RECEIVE - - - - -	46
FULL SALVATION - - - - -	48
KNOCKING - - - - -	50
NO ROOM - - - - -	52
OUT OF THE DEPTHS - - - - -	54

THE PROOF OF YOUR LOVE	-	-	-	-	56
" POST TENEBRA LUX "	-	-	-	-	61
SOWING AND REAPING	-	-	-	-	63
REDEMPTION'S SONG	-	-	-	-	65
THE LAND OF THE KING	-	-	-	-	68
THE COMING OF THE BRIDEGROOM	-	-	-	-	70
CONSECRATION	-	-	-	-	72
REJOICING	-	-	-	-	74
COMING TO CHRIST	-	-	-	-	76
ALL FOR CHRIST	-	-	-	-	77
THE TRUE LIGHT	-	-	-	-	78
EASTER SONG	-	-	-	-	80
GLAD TIDINGS	-	-	-	-	81
FIDELITAS	-	-	-	-	82
THE HOME BEYOND	-	-	-	-	84
CLEANSING	-	-	-	-	86
WORK FOR THE MASTER	-	-	-	-	88
THE CROSS	-	-	-	-	91
HEART LONGINGS	-	-	-	-	93
FINIS	-	-	-	-	95
—————					
IN MEMORIAM	-	-	-	-	99
THE FRIENDS OF EARLY DAYS	-	-	-	-	103

TO MY MOTHER,
who early taught me the way of life,
this book is lovingly
inscribed.

L. N. G.





PRELUDE.

ONE by one my hopes have vanished,
One by one have passed away,
As the mists of early morning
Flee before the rising day.

So arise thou in this sad heart
Glorious light of Love Divine—
Chase away each cloud of sorrow,
Let *my* will sink into *thine*.

Come, oh Thou Divine Redeemer!
Come and dwell within my breast!
Be of all my hopes the center,
Let me ever in thee rest.

Then, all earthly hopes made holy,
Purified by love to Thee,
Peace, that like a full, deep river
Runs rejoicing to the sea,
Shall be mine; and I will ever
Give the glory all to Thee.

Down the ages let it ring,
'Tidings of great joy I bring
Unto all the sons of men,'
Sing it o'er and o'er again.

'Peace on earth, good will to men,'
Sing the glad new song again;
Sounding all the centuries through,
Ever old, yet ever new,
Bringing hope, and joy, and peace
Unto all who seek Thy face.

Scattering mists of sin and wrong,
Ever sing this sweetest song;
Song once sung on Bethlehem's plain—
Join we then the sweet refrain,
Till the nations sing as one
Praises to God's glorious Son.

Son of God, yet son of man,
Son of Mary, wondrous plan
Thus the Father's love to show
Unto all who dwell below.
How Thou lovest, Savior, Friend,
Lovest *always*, to the end.

Still His love to-day the same—
His is still the sweetest name
Sung on earth, or sung in Heaven;
Only name to us is given,
Savior, Master, Brother, Friend,
How Thou lovest to the end.

Send we then the message forth,
East, and west, and south, and north.
Come thou heavy-laden, come,
Cease thy weary feet to roam,
All thy cares and sorrows bring
Unto Him who reigns a King
Midst the shining hosts above,
Learn the lesson of His love.

He shall guide thee in the way,
Bring to realms of endless day,
Blissful rest to thee be given,
Rest, for-evermore in Heaven.
There the song shall never end,
How Thou lovest, Savior, Friend.



GOD WILLED IT SO.

OFTEN and often again,
With eager, questioning thought,
Have I tried to make the meaning
plain,
Of mysteries God hath wrought.

Have tried full oft the veil to pierce
That hides from my longing sight
The hidden things of the future years,
And to read the riddle aright.

But 'tis all in vain I seek,
There comes no answering tone,
No other voice replies
Save echo of my own.

All nature's myriad tones,
Seem deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And unresponsive to the thought
That fills my troubled mind.

Until at last I turn
Unto the word Divine,
While bright upon its pages fair,
A heavenly light doth shine.

And though it doth not all reveal
The mysteries of His grace,
Yet there we read, that by and by
We shall see '*face to face.*'

And *know*, even as *ourselves* are known
All that was dark below;
In Heaven's own light the lesson learn,
'Because God willed it so.'

And as we scan the sentence o'er
It ever brighter shines,
And heaven's own radiance seems to pour
Its light along the lines.

And evermore it brighter glows
And still more bright and fair,
Till angel forms bend low to read
The message written there.

When with the shining hosts we stand
Upon the crystal sea,

Content at last we shall rejoice
To all eternity.

And then our raptured eyes shall see
With clear and perfect vision,
And we shall walk the streets of gold,
And roam o'er fields elysian.

With angel bands to guide our feet,
And angel teachers there,
We bow before our Father's throne
As if in humble prayer;

And say from out our heart of hearts
Oh! Lord, Thou knewest best
What to conceal, and what reveal,
And *now* we know the rest.

And thank Thee Lord, Thou didst withhold
All that we sought to know;
Our hearts are glad for-evermore
Because 'God willed it so.'

And through the anthems pealing there,
Now loud, now soft and low,
Comes o'er and o'er the sweet refrain
Because 'God willed it so.'

And louder still the chorus swells,
And sweeter grows the song,
Till myriad voices catch the strain
The joyous notes prolong.

And as they thus surround the throne
And at His feet bend low,
With one accord their voices join,
Because 'God willed it so.'

“BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE
IN THE LORD.”

SA FE at home with Jesus,
Never more to stray—
Never to grow weary
In life's troubled way.

Now all pure and holy
In the realms above,
Freed from sin and sorrow,
Perfected in love.

AT EVEN-TIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

Zec. XIV, 7.

Blessed promise Thou hast given
To all thy weary toiling ones,
That though the day
Be dark and gray,
Yet by and by the clouds shall lift,
The shadows flee away.

Help us this promise Lord to claim,
Though dark may seem the way;
And joy to know
As on we go
With faltering footsteps, weak and faint,
That Thou hast told us so.

We dare not doubt Thee, blessed Lord,
Full oft we've proved Thee true;°
Thy promise bright,
Though dark the night,
We still will trust, and never fear
Till Thou shalt bring the light.

We know Thy faithfulness secure—
We know Thy promise shall endure,
 And truly blest
 We in Thee rest,
And though the years may come and go,
 Thy power still stands confessed.

Still trusting wholly in Thy might
We rest securely on Thy word;
 Though darkness lay
 O'er all the way
And mists hang low, at even-tide
 The clouds shall roll away.

Thus as we near life's closing hour
And night approaching hastens on,
 And shadows deep
 Still o'er us creep
Forth from the rifted clouds, we see
 A sunset glory leap.

Glad foretaste of that Morning Land
Where clouds and darkness are unknown;
 Where all is bright
 With radiant light,

And glory, all undreamed of here,
Bursts on our raptured sight.

Rejoice thou then, who walkest long
Midst twilight shadows, dark and dim!
The sun will shine,
Joy shall be thine;
When evening comes it shall be light
With glory all Divine.



THANKSGIVING.

“ That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving
And tell of all Thy wondrous works.”

I thank Thee Lord, that Thou hast given
A song to sing for Thee—
And evermore my heart is glad
That Thou hast chosen me

To bear the message of Thy love
To weary ones that weep,
That sorrowing go through all the way
And where the shadows creep.

Forgetting *Thou* hast borne the Cross,
The sin, the grief, the shame,
That *we* might upward look, and joy
Thy promises to claim;

That we might walk with lifted eyes,
Rejoicing all the way,
The path that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day.

Not only *may* we thus be glad,
But Thy *command* is given
To evermore rejoice and sing,
While on the way to Heaven.

Thou walkest ever by our side
Thy mighty aid to lend;
Thy hand is ever near to guide,
Thou Savior, Brother, Friend.



“LORD I BELIEVE, HELP THOU MINE
UNBELIEF.” St. Mark IX-24.

LORD as I read the record given
Of *this* poor heart's sad moan,
I find its echo in *my* soul,
Though many years have flown

Since Thou didst walk earth's dusty ways,
With slow and patient tread,
And listened to this humble cry
That Thou wouldst lend Thine aid.

Oh! Savior, help! I *do* believe;
Oh come to my relief,
And give me faith in Thee my Lord;
Oh! help mine unbelief!

I *do believe*, my gracious Lord!
Fain would I trust Thee more,
And gladly yield to Thy command,
If *Thou* wilt give the power.

And Lord, we know from other hearts,
This cry of pain and grief

Goes forth to Thee, that thou wouldst come
And help *their* unbelief.

We are so very weak, dear Lord,
Our hearts so full of fear,
We dare not take Thee at Thy word
So full of hope and cheer.

We *would* be Thine, *would* love Thee more
And Thy sweet promise claim;
Glad homage of our hearts would bring
While we adore Thy name.

Oh, pitying Savior, hear our cry,
And come to our relief—
Bend from Thy glorious throne on high,
Lord, help our unbelief.



REST. "AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

St. Mathew XI-28.

SOME and rest with me says Jesus,
 As with pitying eye He sees us
 Single handed conflict waging
 With the billows round us raging,
 Surging billows of temptation
 That no hand but His can stay.

Toiling, worn, and weak, and weary,
 Darker grows the way, and dreary;
 But the Conqueror all victorious,
 Bending from His throne all glorious
 Listens, while He hears our crying,
 And again we hear him say,

With His gentle voice so kindly,
 While we still are groping blindly,
 And like music sweetly falling
 Still we hear Him gently calling,
 'Take *my* easy yoke upon you
 And *my* burden bear, 'tis light.'

Soul rejoice! He's ever near thee,
With His loving voice to cheer thee;
Hears thee, while to Him thou'rt crying,
Hears thy faintest whisper sighing
From thy heart so sad and lonely,
 'Come to me, I'll give you rest.'

Lord, Thy promises we're testing,
In Thine arms we're sweetly resting;
And to day our souls are proving
All the fullness of Thy loving.
And we find the peace is perfect,
 Of the soul that's stayed on Thee.

Ever to Thy cross we're clinging,
Ever in our hearts is ringing
'Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Thou to taste the feast art bidden';
So we yield us to Him gladly,
 And do enter into rest.



"TRUST AND REST."

TRUST and rest! trust and rest!
Somewhere in days gone by,
These words have fallen on my ear
Like sweetest melody.

So sweet they are, so full of peace,
So full of quiet calm,
They fall upon my weary soul
Like gentle, soothing balm.

Their music comes to ease my heart,
To still its aching pain,
And evermore it droppeth down
Like gently falling rain.

Refrain of song from out some heart
By Thee so truly blest,
That from the fullness of *its* joy
It bids *us trust and rest.*

THE LORD OUR REFUGE.

OH Savior Divine! we have trusted in
Thee,
Let us never be put to shame,
We know Thou art able to carry us
through
If we only believe in Thy name.

It is only through Thee we can conquer
our foes,
Or victory gain over sin,
But with Thee for our leader though
hosts should oppose
We are sure in the conflict to win.

Then abide with us still as we journey
along,
Nor suffer us from Thee to stray—
But ever be near with Thy banner of love
As we march toward the realms of day.

So onward we go, Thou our shield and
our song,

We who are redeemed by Thy blood,
Rejoicing each day that it will not be long
Till we dwell in the home of our God.



"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Ps. CXXVII-2.

BLEST words to those who mourn and
weep,

"He giveth His beloved sleep."
How sweet they fall upon the ear,
And on the heart all full of care.

"He giveth *His* beloved sleep,"
And over them will ever keep
Safe watch and ward—secure they rest,
And sweetly slumber on His breast.

How sweet to be beloved of *Him*,
When eyes with watching long grown dim,
And heavy eyelids gently close
And find in *Him* a sweet repose,

As weary child at sunset hour
When twilight shadows darkly lower,
Turns ever to the mother's breast,
Within her sheltering arms seeks rest.

“He giveth His *beloved* sleep!”

Because He *loves* them He will keep
And guard them safe from every ill;
He loved them first, He loves them still.

“He giveth His beloved *sleep.*”

Blest boon to weary eyes that weep.
On aching hearts thy blessed balm
Falls gently, soothing into calm.

“*He giveth His beloved sleep.*”

Oh, may this slumber, still and deep
Be ours, when He shall call to rest
Within *His* arms, upon *His* breast.



THE PEACE OF GOD.

“Peace I leave with you, my peace give I unto you.”

John XIV, 27.

GIVE us this peace, we ask dear Lord,
Give us this peace to-day;
The peace Thou gavest long ago
When Thou on earth didst stay.

Peace Thou didst give to those of old,
Who followed and obeyed,
When Thou didst call them to Thy side
On them Thy hand was laid.

Oh! blessed benison of peace!
What comfort it doth bring
To weary human hearts, e'en now,
Sad hearts of suffering.

It falls from those dear lips of Thine
As sweet to-day as then;
Peace that no earthly friend can give,
Beyond all human ken.

It passeth understanding Lord!
How true those blessed words;
No earthly hope such joy can give
As Thy sweet peace affords.

The world gives grudgingly, and slow,
Of what it deems its treasure;
But Thou so freely dost bestow,
In largest, fullest measure.

What other gift couldst thou have made,
What other words could say
To comfort those Thou left behind
When Thou didst go away.

Thou'st told us Lord, this peace shall be
Like deep and mighty river,
Whose tide no human hand can stay;
It floweth onward ever.

And singeth ever as it goes
Rejoicingly along,
To reach the wide and boundless sea,
A quiet, restful song.

No heaving waves of passion there
No tumult ever heard,
But placid, deep, and quiet still,
Unruffled and unstirred.

Oh, grant to us this peace dear Lord
While we are on the way;
And help us love Thee more and more
And Thy commands obey.



A PRAYER.

Ps. LXXIV-22.

S AVIOR, call back the wandering feet
That far from Thee do roam,
And seek their happiness afar
From the dear Father's home.

Oh! come to those who careless are,
Nor strive to do Thy will;
Whose hearts are hard, and cold, and dead,
And unresponsive still.

Seek those who wander far away
O'er mountains bleak and bare;
Who leave the gentle Shepherd's fold,
Nor seek His tender care.

Oh! fill the eyes that never weep,
With penitential tears;
And help them see how better far
Thou art, than all their fears.

Oh! visit those who listen not
To Thy sweet call of love,
And help them seek their Father's face,
His gracious promise prove.



THE DEBT WE OWE.

AS we scan the blessed word,
‘How much owest thou my Lord,’
Meets the gaze of those who read,
Question that we all should heed.

How much owest *thou* the Lord?
How much debt hast thou incurred
Unto Him whose life was given
So that thou mightst dwell in Heaven?

How much owest thou my Lord?
How much service can afford,
How much gratitude can give
Unto Him who bids thee live?

Ponder then the question well,
Ask thy heart if it can tell;
Help us each to seek and know
How much unto Him we owe.

Owe we not our heart’s best love
Unto Him, who from above

Came to earth to save and bless?
Help us then His name confess.

Blessed Lord to Thee we owe
All we have of good below;
All the sweetness of Thy love,
All our hope of Heaven above.

Owe to Thee our life's best days,
Owe to Thee glad songs of praise;
Evermore our hearts shall sing
Thou hast bought us, Savior, King.

All the love our hearts bestow
Ne'er can pay the debt we owe.
Still Thy debtors we remain,
Thine the loss, but ours the gain.

Help us Lord, as best we may
Something of this debt repay—
Teach us how Thy love to pour
Into hearts that need Thee sore.

Hearts that ne'er have felt Thy power,
Comfort give in sorrowing hour;
Soothe the weary, troubled soul,
Make the wounded spirit whole.

Yet when all is done, we know
Still to Him a debt we owe;
Debt by us can ne'er be paid—
But our hearts are not afraid.

For we hear His voice to day,
As we journey on our way—
'All thy debt for thee is paid,
I have full atonement made.'



THE CROWN OF THORNS.

IN ancient legend quaint and sweet,
The story tells I now repeat,
And shadow forth in simple rhyme
This legend of that olden time.

How Jesus, when a little child,
A garden had, with roses filled;
With roses red, and roses rare,
And watched o'er them with loving care.

He watched and tended them He said
To make a garland for His head;
And when at last, full bloomed and fair
He led the Jewish children there,

And they did pluck those roses red,
Nor left Him one to crown his head;
The garden all was bleak and bare
Nor rose remained to deck His hair.

Then taunting said, 'How will you now
A garland weave to grace your brow ?

No rose your garden now adorns.'
'But you have left *me* still the thorns.'

Oh! bitter hate! oh! cruel scorn,
Thus early thy young heart hath borne
From those who should have owned Thee
Messiah, promised in the word. [Lord—

Sweet answer thine, thou sinless child!
So lowly, gentle, meek and mild;
Who freely gave Thy roses red,
And wore *Thyself* the *thorns instead*.

Those roses red, fit type of blood
That on the cross so freely flowed.
The garland there His brow adorns,
Is still the cruel *crown of thorns*.

But now, before Him angels bow,
And on His radiant, Kingly brow,
Instead of *thorns*, or *roses* rare,
A crown of glory He doth wear.

OUR LEADER.

Ps. LXXVIII-53.

HE led His people safely,
So that they did not fear;
In cloud by day and fire by night,
Still he was ever near.
He led them safely onward,
Surrounded by their foes;
They feared not any evil,
Or aught that did oppose.

Sing of His glory,
Wonderful story;
Christ is our Leader,
Christ is our King.

And still this same Jehovah,
A leader true and tried,
Will lead His people onward,
Will be their guard and guide;
He'll bring them off victorious,
As in the ancient days,

And to His name all glorious,
We'll gladly give the praise.

Sing the glad chorus,
O'er all victorious;
Christ is our Captain,
Christ is our King.

To-day He's with us ever,
In person of His son,
Who came, and over death and hell,
A glorious victory won.
O'er sin and all temptation,
A glorious conqueror proved,
And died for us on Calv'ry,
To show how much He loved.

Come and adore Him,
Bow low before Him;
Christ is our Savior,
Christ is our King.



GETHSEMANE.

‘Father let this cup pass from me.’

OH! bitter wail of anguish heard,
 Oh! sad and bitter cry!
 As in the garden there He knelt,
 And prayed in agony.

This agony for us He bore,
 This cross on *Him* was laid,
 That *we* might ransomed go, and free,
 This debt for *us* He paid.

Oh! let this cup of sorrow pass—
 Father, I pray Thee now;
 But if Thou bidst me still to drink,
 To Thy command I bow.

‘I drain the cup that Thou dost give,
 Thy will be done, *not mine.*’
 While as He prayed, a radiant light
 From Heaven seemed to shine.

And angel forms bent low, to hear
 The world’s Redeemer pray—

And wipe the sweat from off His brow
As on the ground He lay.

Prostrate beneath the burden sore,
Of the whole world's dark sin;
Great drops of bloody sweat *He* shed,
That *we* might Heaven win.

How oft we hear from human lips
This same sad, bitter cry;
'Father, remove Thy chastening hand;
Oh let this cup pass by!'

Forgive us Father, that we shrink
And fear to drain the cup;
E'en though Thou hast the draught pre-
And bid'st me drink it up. [pared,

I can not drink it, let it pass!
This cup so full of woe;
How full Thou knowest well dear Lord,
For Thou hast made it so.

I cannot drink it, unless Thou
My Lord dost strengthen me;
Oh, send Thy pitying angels down,
And help me drink for Thee.

For Thy dear sake I take it then,
In copy of my Lord;
And pray that Thou wouldst help me drink,
And Thy sweet peace afford.

Help *me* to say as *He* has said,
Thy will, *not mine*, be done;
And feel whatever sorrow comes,
I do not drink alone.



DISTRUST OF SELF.

IT often seems to me my Lord,
Although I feebly try
To do Thy will, and be Thy child,
None needs such grace as I.

So weak I am, so full of sin,
So prone from Thee to stray;
I need Thy hand each moment Lord,
To keep me in the way.

Full oft my poor rebellious heart,
Would fight against Thy power;
Refuses to acknowledge Thee,
In sorrow's trying hour.

Though Thou hast called me by Thy grace,
And bought me for Thine own,
How often do I turn aside
And wander on alone.

Oh, Lord have pity! let me hear
Thy gentle voice so mild,
And in Thine arms of love enfold
Thy wayward, wandering child.

ASK AND RECEIVE.

John XIV-13.

HOW free, how rich, how full the grace,
‘Ask and ye *shall* receive’;
Ask in *my* name, whate’er ye will,
Ask, and my word believe.

Only to *ask*; one little word
Is all we need to say;
One sigh from out the burdened heart,
Whene’er we kneel to pray.

Our Father knows our sorest need,
He hears before we call;
With pity infinite He stoops,
As we before Him fall.

The loving Father hears our cry,
Our anguished wail of grief;
And He who notes the sparrow’s fall,
Comes quick to our relief.

Why have we then so little faith,
So little hope and love,

So little peace and joy in Him,
If we this promise prove?

We hungry go, unsatisfied,
Because we fear to come
And sit at Thy dear table, Lord,
Where always there is room.

Room for the thirsty, starving souls,
Who famished go, unfed;
Water of life is freely given,
And ever living Bread.

None dost Thou ever turn away,
Or bid them outside wait;
But freely welcome all who come
And knock at Heaven's gate.

The pass-word there is Jesus' name;
No other name is given,
By which we may approach Thy throne
And entrance gain in Heaven.



FULL SALVATION.

SAVED to the uttermost, can I believe it!
 SAVED to the uttermost, Oh! can it be?
 Open my heart Lord, now to receive it,
 Help me to feel that it means, *even me.*

Saved to the uttermost! So reads the message;
 Message of grace from the Father above.
 Wonderful words, full of peace and of pardon,
 Words from the heart of an Infinite Love.

Love, stooping down from the fair heights
 of glory,
 Stooping to lift us and bring us to God.
 Angels ne'er tire of repeating the story,
 Even for *us* hath the wine press been trod.

Words for the erring, the tried and the fallen,
 Struggling amid the dark billows of sin;
 Beating the fierce waves of sin and tempta-
 tion,
 Saved, freely saved, all who come unto Him.

Saved by the blood of a suffering Savior,
Saved by the blood of the Crucified One.
Now by the throne is He still interceding,
God can not turn from the face of His son.

Wonderful love of a wonderful Savior!
Able to keep us and bring us safe home;
Able and willing to save to the uttermost,
O'er death and the grave He hath victory
won.

Love all-embracing, love that is boundless,
Love that brings comfort and joy to the
soul.

What a salvation, what a redemption!
Love that transforms and makes perfect the
whole.



KNOCKING.

ART knocking still, Thou gracious Lord?
Ah! how can I refuse
My door to open, welcome give,
When One so patient sues.

Although Thou hast undoubted right
To enter at Thy will,
Yet Thou wilt not unbidden come,
But humbly waitest still.

Entreating with Thy gentle voice,
And seeking entrance there,
Through weary hours of waiting long,
With night dews on Thy hair.

Still knocking, though the door is shut,
And silence reigns within;
Nor voice, nor welcome sound replies,
And bids the Lord come in.

No sign is given that Thou art heard,
Nor bolt undone, nor bar,

Nor latch uplifted from within,
Not even left ajar.

So hard to open is that door,
So many guests beside
Fill all the place belongs to Thee,
Thy pleading is denied.

Though He who waits outside the door
Is Lord of earth and heaven,
He still unheeded, knocking stands,
And waits a welcome given.

Thou'st told us Thou wouldst sup with us,
And we should sup with Thee,
If we but open wide the door,
Thy love the wondrous key.

Thy word has said, the feast shall be
Of everlasting love;
Fullness of pleasure evermore
And endless joy above.

How longer can I then forbear
That door to open wide,
And bid my Heavenly Guest come in
And evermore abide?

NO ROOM.

NO room for Jesus! can it be
No room within our hearts for Thee—
The Lord of glory from on high,
Who came to earth to bleed and die?

'Twas thus in ages long ago
When cradled in a manger low,
That wondrous Babe of Bethlehem
First came to earth to dwell with men.

'No room within the inn,' 'twas said—
No room to lay that infant head;
No room for Heaven's King on earth,
Though angels sang his glorious birth.

Though long and weary years have flown
Since Jesus came unto His own,
Who would not have Him o'er them reign?
To day the world is still the same.

No room in pleasure's giddy throng,
Where siren voices sing their song;

No room 'mid busy marts of trade,
All thought of Thee aside is laid.

Oh! why should we refuse Him room
Within our hearts, within our home?
No other guest so wondrous fair,
Has ever sought admittance there.

He comes to you, He comes to me,
From sin's dark power to set us free;
He waits our needy souls to bless
And clothe us with His righteousness.

He seeks to crown us with His love,
And all His promises to prove;
Surely, we all need such a Friend,
One who will love us to the end.

Yea, *more* than *Friend* all true and tried,
Our *Elder Brother*, by our side
He walks, with loving, guiding hand,
To lead us to the Better Land,

Where we shall see our Savior's face,
And evermore adore the grace
So full, so infinite, so free,
That opens Heaven to you and me.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Ps. CXXX-1.

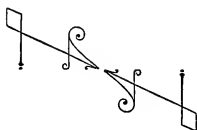
OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Oh! hear me while I cry;
My anguished heart to Thee looks up,
Oh! bless me or I die.

Thou knowest all the burden sore,
This sorrowing heart doth bear;
The thankless toil from day to day,
The weary round of care.

The nights of weariness and pain,
With tossings to and fro;
Until the darkness fades away,
And dawn begins to glow.

But if Thou dost appoint them Lord,
Help me to yield my will,
And hear Thy voice of love and power,
Commanding, 'Peace, be still!'

Oh Father! Thou canst give the power
To say, 'Thy will be done;'
Oh! fit me for that solemn hour,
When Thou shalt call me home.



THE PROOF OF YOUR LOVE.

Lovest thou me more than these?

John XXI-15.

WE can see that scene, of the years ago,
As the morning light began to dawn
O'er the Lake of Galilee;

And those fishermen, weary, and worn, and
sad,

Heard again a voice that made them glad,
And a form they could dimly see,

A form through the mists they could see.

They had toiled all night, but nothing
caught,

Their nets still empty, their labor for naught,
When the Lord was heard to speak;

'Let down your nets on the other side,'

His voice rang out over wind and tide,

But, ah! their faith was weak,

Their faith was so very weak.

Yet they waited not, but with willing hand
Let down the net at the Lord's command,

And lo! it was quickly filled.
So may *we* trust where we cannot see,
And glad obedience give to Thee,
And loving service yield,
Our loving service yield.

Then the simple meal of fish and bread,
That the loving hands of the Lord had
spread,
Yet spake they never a word;
And no man asked Him, 'who art Thou?'
But their hearts were glad, as ours are now,
For they knew it was the Lord,
They knew 'twas the blessed Lord.

'Twas the Master, known and loved so long,
And they looked on him and their faith
grew strong,
And they welcomed toil and pain,
Fo the Lord who loved so much that He
died,
The Lord but lately crucified,
And now was risen again,
Not dead, bnt risen again.

And He sat again in their midst to-day,
And while they listened, they heard Him say
 To Peter, 'Lovest thou me?'
'Ye a Lord, I love thee,' Peter said.
Then 'Feed my lambs,' He answer made,
 'I give this charge to thee,
 This charge will I give to thee.'

'Tis many and many long years ago,
Since this question fell in accents low
 From the lips of the Risen Lord;
Yet we seem to hear it to-day, as then,
And it comes with power to the hearts of
 men,
 Enshrined in the written word,
 From the page of the blessed-word.

Do *we* love the Master more than these?
Than wealth, or power, or selfish ease?
 Do we love Him more than all?
Do we love Him more than friends or fame,
Or pride of birth, or pride of name?
 Would we follow at His call?
 What answer give to His call?

Do we love Him, more than place or power,
Or the pleasures that live but a passing hour,
And joys that quickly fly?

Do we love Him more than father, or
mother,

Or wife, or child, or sister, or brother?

Would we even for Him die?

Would we gladly for Him die?

Could *we* answer make as firm and true,
Should He come to me or come to you,

As Peter made that day?

Should He ask of you, or ask of me,

As He asked of Simon that day by the sea,

Would we answer Him yea, or nay?

Would we say Him yea, or nay?

Not once, but thrice, the question came,
And still the answer was ever the same,

'O Lord, Thou knowest well.'

Not boastingly now as once before,

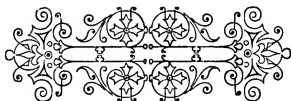
But grieved, and sad, as he thought of the
hour

When he so lately fell,

When the tempter came and he fell.

Would *we* follow in all the way He led,
And joy in His footsteps still to tread,
 And bear like Him the Cross?
Are we willing to sow for others to reap?
Are we willing to watch while others sleep,
 And if needs be suffer loss?
 And count all things but loss?

Could we give up all that we hold most dear,
All, all that we love and cherish here,
 If such the call should be?
Would we gladly, quickly, answer make,
'All, all will I give for Thy dear sake,
 For Thou hast died for me?
 Thou hast given Thy life for me.



“ POST TENEBRA LUX.”

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh
in the morning.” Ps. XXX-5.

CHILD of sorrow, cease thy weeping!
Over earth the dawn is creeping;
Lift thy head, the night is past!
Dry those bitter tears of sorrow,
Cometh now a glad to-morrow,
Morning brings thee joy at last.

Child of sorrow, cease thy weeping!
Thou art ever in His keeping,
In the darkness as the light.
Though the night be spent in sadness,
Breaks the morning full of gladness,
Tears endure but for a night.

Child of sorrow, cease thy crying!
See, the night is slowly dying!
Darkness pales before the dawn.
Swifter now the clouds are going,
And the distant hill-tops glowing,
Shadows of the night are gone.

Trust Him still, though long and dreary
Seem the hours, while sad and weary
Lone thou watchest through the night.
Trust Him still, the never failing;
Trust His love, o'er all prevailing;
God of darkness and of light.



SOWING AND REAPING.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Ps. CXXVI-5.

REJOICE, oh ye who scatter wide
The precious Gospel seed;
Who bear the message of His love
To human hearts in need.

Take heart of grace! although ye sow
In sorrow, and in tears,
It shall to thee rich harvest bring
Of joy, in future years.

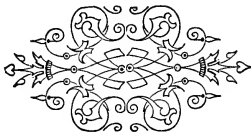
Although thou goest forth in fear,
With weeping and with sadness;
Yet thou shalt come again at last
Rejoicing, and with gladness.

God's word is pledged; it cannot fail,
That he who goeth weeping
And bearing precious seed of truth,
Glad harvest shall be reaping.

Reaping what thou hast sown in tears,
In God's good time home bringing
The ripened sheaves of gathered grain,
With joyous notes of singing,

Yea, thou shalt reap with songs of joy
What thou hast sown in sorrow;
Though dark to-day, for thee shall dawn
A happier, brighter morrow.

God's bow of hope still spans the clouds
To thee so full of gloom;
His seal is set, look up in faith
And shout the Harvest Home.



REDEMPTION'S SONG.

DEAR Savior of mankind, again I seek
To sing Thy praise, and try once more
To shadow forth the measure of Thy
love

For weary, sinning souls who dwell on earth;
Weary, because of sin; weary and faint,
And groping blindly in its devious paths,
Seeking in vain their happiness to find
Amid the short lived joys of earth:
Whom Thou didst stoop to raise and lift
them up
To nobler things, and higher joys than these.

But when my soul remembers all the past,
With all its singers sweet, who o'er and o'er
Through all the ages gone, have vainly
striven
To tell the wondrous story of Thy love
To fallen man, and some faint picture give
Of Thy great sacrifice for sin, once made

On Calvary's cross, where Thou didst suffer
sore,
And bear the burden of the whole world's
guilt,
What wonder that *I* fail, as *they* have done;
I, with *my* feeble pen and narrow thought,
That ne'er can grasp the measure wide,
Or soar to all its glorious height above,
Or fathom all its depths that reach so low.
Eternity, with all its cycling years,
Alone can sweet fulfillment give to those
Who gain the harbor safe, on that blest shore
Where all is peace.

Life's voyage done, its storms of sorrow
past,
Safe anchored by the throne, if haply we
So blest at last. There may we join
The song the ransomed sing; the old, new
song;
The song of Moses and the Lamb once slain;
The song we *partly* learned to sing on earth,
But failed its *sweetest* melody to grasp,
So many discords mingled with the strain,
And marred the perfect music of the notes.

But there in Heaven no jarring chords shall
fall

Discordant on the ear, so finely tuned
To catch the faintest whisper of the song
The angels sing.

There all shall sing as one the anthem sweet,
The praise of Thy redeeming love.



THE LAND OF THE KING.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, and behold
the land that is very far off. Isa. XXXIII-17.

O land afar, to which we haste,
O! glorious land of joy and peace;
Thou land where praise shall never
cease,
O! when shall we thy pleasures taste.

O! land of bliss, O land of song!
Where ransomed hosts from every shore
Shall sing the chorus o'er and o'er
And join the glad, immortal throng.

The land where time shall ne'er grow old,
Where hours shall fly on swiftest wing,
Where dwells for aye eternal spring,
The city fair all paved with gold.

O! land where sorrow all shall cease,
Where cry of woe, nor note of pain
Shall mingle with the glad refrain,
The song they sing of sweet release.

Mine eyes shall see the glorious King
In all his beauty, and behold
The land afar, so long foretold,
The blessed land the Prophets sing.

O! promise bright, that through the gloom
Oft gathers round our pathway here,
Shines through the darkness, brings us
cheer,
And leads at last to rest and home.

By faith we see the vision fair;
E'en here we taste immortal love,
And by and by our hearts shall prove
The sweeter joy that waits us there.



THE COMING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Be ye also ready.

OH! weary heart, thou'rt almost home,
Thy task is almost done;
To-day my steps are tending fast
Toward the setting sun.

I hear the glad, exultant cry,
'Go, forth to meet thy Lord!'
The joyful cry again sounds out,
'The Bridegroom comes,' is heard.

Soul, art thou ready forth to go?
Hast thou thy lamp well trimmed,
To meet the Bridegroom when He comes,
Or has thy light grown dim?

Like foolish virgin, in whose lamp
No oil was found, to greet
The Bridegroom's coming, as the cry
Resounds through all the street?

The sound goes forth at midnight hour,
The joyful, gladsome cry—

'Go forth to meet thy absent Lord,'
The Bridegroom draweth nigh.

Oh! foolish ones, all unprepared
To meet the marriage train;
While they are seeking lamps to fill
The Bridegroom enters in.

The door is shut, they vainly seek
An entrance there to gain;
They cannot share the joy within,
They knock, and knock in vain.

Oh! blessed Lord, make me more wise,
And help me ready be,
When'er the warning cry goes forth,
'The Bridegroom calls for thee.'

My Heavenly Bridegroom from above
Calls me His joys to share;
At home with Him I blest shall be,
Home He doth now prepare.

In that bright home of joy and peace,
The 'many mansions fair,'
I'll dwell with Him, forevermore
A crown of glory wear.

CONSECRATION.

JESUS, my all to Thee I bring,
And kneeling at Thy feet,
I pray, accept the offering,
And seal the bond complete.

Oh! let Thy benediction fall
Upon me while I bow,
Thy gentle hand of blessing rest
In love upon my brow.

Give me Thy spirit's gentle grace
Of meekness, patience, love;
With faith, and hope, and joy in Thee,
And help me faithful prove.

Oh, Savior! come this very hour,
And make me pure within;
Renew my heart, and cleanse me all,
And pardon all my sin.

Let me but touch Thy garment's hem,
And all the past of ill

Shall flee away at Thy command,
And vanish at Thy will.

The wondrous magic of Thy love
Shall charm away each fear;
It comes with healing to the soul,
And bids us be of cheer.

And though all tremblingly we come,
Thy hand doth lift and bless;
Thy voice of mercy comfort gives,
And bids us 'Go in peace.'



REJOICING.

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Ps. XXVII-6.

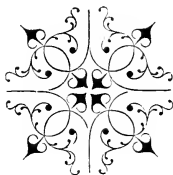
MY heart is singing all the day,
For very joy, for very joy,
That Thou dost thus my labors own,
That Thou dost thus my labors crown
With blessings all the way.

No other meed of praise I seek,
Than thine alone, than thine alone,
And pray that Thou would'st bless each
thought,
And all the task that I have wrought,
And all the words I speak.

The task has been so very sweet,
To sing for Thee, to sing for Thee,
I almost sigh to lay it down,
E'en though Thou bidst me wear a crown,
If Thou should'st count me meet.

Yet if Thou bidst me still repeat,
The story o'er, the story o'er,
I gladly yield to Thy command,
And own Thy loving guiding hand,
And sit at Thy dear feet,

To learn all that Thou bidst me tell,
Of Thy sweet care, of Thy sweet care,
For those who strive to do Thy will,
Who steadfast stand through good or ill
And faithful serve and well.



COMING TO CHRIST.

JESUS, my all I bring,
And lay my burden down;
Oh! help me bear the cross for Thee,
So shall I wear the crown.

Thou knowest all my need,
The sorrow and the sin,
That like a pall of darkness hangs
O'er all my soul within.

Thy gentle heart of love
Has felt temptation's power,
Yet sinning not, art able still
To succor in that hour.

Come with Thy mighty hand,
Dispel the gathered gloom;
Uplift the darkness from my soul,
Come, oh, my Savior, come!

Thy presence bringeth light,
The clouds shall flee away;
Before the radiance of Thy love,
Now dawns the perfect day.

ALL FOR CHRIST.

LORD, it matters not to me,
Long or short my life may be,
If I all thy message tell,
Faithful do my work and well.

Ever watching unto prayer,
In my heart no anxious care;
Peace shall dwell within my breast,
In Thy love I still will rest.

In the night as in the day
Thou art ever round my way;
With Thy hand of love to guide,
I would still in Thee abide.

Branch of the one living vine,
Branch that bearest fruit divine;
Draw my life from Thee, my Lord,
Feed upon Thy gracious word.

Thou hast given Thy life for mine,
Poured Thy blood for me like wine;
So, my Lord, I fain would be
Ever more and more like Thee.

THE TRUE LIGHT.

LIGHT of the world, art Thou,
O Lamb of God, divine,
And Heaven needs no other light
Than that from Thee doth shine.

They need no sun nor moon,
Or light of candle there;
Thou art the light thereof,
With Thine own radiance fair.

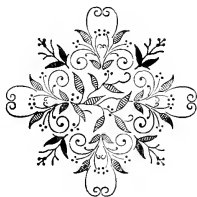
Thy *life* the light of men,
Thy *death* on Calvary's cross
The one great sacrifice for sin
To save the world from loss.

Thy rays shine far and wide,
True light of life divine;
Amid the darkness of earth's lands
Piercing the mists of sin.

Shining in darkness deep,
Dispel the gathered gloom;

Like Bethlehem's star lead safely on,
Till we arrive at home.

The saved of every land
Shall walk in this glad light;
And kings of earth their glory bring,
'For there shall be no night.'



EASTER SONG.

GLAD breaks the Easter morn,
The resurrection day!
Shine forth, O sun, with radiant beam
The stone is rolled away!

The risen Lord comes forth,
From out His rock-hewn tomb;
The sepulcher gives up its dead,
No longer filled with gloom.

For angel forms are there,
All clothed in spotless white;
And radiant brightness fills the place,
With heaven's own glorious light.

Then come with glad acclaim,
The Easter bells are ringing;
Pour out your hearts in praise to-day,
Join all ye lands in singing.

The story tell with joy,
How Christ who once was slain,
Has vanquished all the powers of death;
To-day He lives again.

GLAD TIDINGS.

HAVE you learned the sweet, sweet story
Of a Savior's love?
Tell it then to others,
Tell it sisters, brothers,
How He left His home above.
How He came, and toiled and suffered,
Dying on the cross;
Mocked, and scourged and hated,
Still He patient waited,
All to save the world from loss.
Sound it out that all may hear it!
How His life was given;
Tell to all around us
How the Savior found us,
Stooped to lift us up to Heaven.
Risen Lord, He reigns triumphant,
Conquerer over death;
Tell we then the story,
How He lives in glory,
Tell it with our latest breath.

FIDELITAS.

BE thou faithful unto death,
Thus the Master bids us be;
Faithful till we join the throng,
Standing on the crystal sea.
Be thou faithful unto death,
This what the master saith.

Weary not, ere half the road
Thou hast traveled toward the goal;
Fainting though thy heart may be,
Still with prayer gird up thy soul,
Till at last the prize thou gain;
Peace shall follow after pain.

Shall we not His sufferings share,
As we journey day by day,
Toiling for the Master's sake,
Walk with Him through all the way?
Sweet for Him the cross to bear,
By and by His glory share.

Crown of life shall then be given
Unto those who faithful prove,
Those who to the end endure,
Token of a Savior's love.
Then we hear the glad "well-done"
Rest in Heaven, thy crown is won.



THE HOME BEYOND.

H! Home beyond,
Whose towers and turrets rise
! Upon my vision, wondrous fair—
I press toward thee with eager feet,
And seek a welcome there.

Dear blessed home,
Where sorrow never comes,
And tears shall never, never fall—
Nor death shall spread his sable wing,
But peace is over all.

The peace of God,
All holy and serene;
What blessedness is in the thought,
That by and by we too may share
This bliss that He hath bought.

My blessed Lord,
What rapture fills my soul,
As thus I muse on that bright land,

And see by faith yon glorious home
And hear the angel band.

Savior of men,
Fit me therein to dwell;
Come reign thyself within my soul,
Clothe me with thine own righteousness,
And make me whole.

So shall I be,
Made meet for that blest home,
The glad inheritance of light;
For those made worthy through thy blood
Shall walk with Thee in white.



CLEANSING.

DEAR Savior let us feel just now
The cleansing of Thy blood;
Thy power to save the soul from guilt,
And bring us back to God.

Help us to come in faith,
The promised blessing claim;
Receive the token of Thy love,
While trusting in Thy name.

We know Thou hast the power
To lift us up to Thee;
O may we now accept Thy grace
So boundless, full, and free.

We need this cleansing Lord,
How much, Thou knowest well;
The bands of sin still bind us fast,
Their power no tongue can tell.

Thy mighty hand alone
Can break these fetters strong,

Can make us free through grace divine
And fill our lips with song.

We praise Thee then for Thy great love,
And in Thy name rejoice.
And give Thee thanks forevermore
With heart, and soul, and voice.



WORK FOR THE MASTER.

Inscribed to the Y. M. C. A.

IS there work to be done for the Master,
And shall we not list to His call?
'Go work in my vineyard,' He bids us,
Go work ere the night shadows fall.

Oh why should we shrink back or falter,
While His promise still rings in our ears?
'Lo, I will be with you to strengthen;
Far better is He than our fears.

There are souls to be saved that are dying,
And ready to perish and fall,
It may be for lack of our trying
To sound in their ears the glad call.

'Come to me all ye way-worn and weary,
Who labor and struggle and strive;
Take my yoke and my burden, 'tis easy,
Come to me all ye needy and live.

There are those who have stumbled and
fallen,

Far out on the mountains so cold;
They have wandered away from the Savior,
Shall we not bring them back to the fold?

There are burdens to bear for the weak ones,
Who toiling in life's dusty way,
Grow weary and faint by the wayside,
For them we can labor and pray.

There are songs to be sung for the Savior,
Oh! sing with glad voices to Him
Who hath loved us, and bought us and
sought us,
And given His life to redeem.

We can lead some dear loved one to Jesus,
Who will shine as a star in our crown,
When the Master shall say 'Come up higher,'
And we hear the sweet plaudit '*well-done.*'

There are sorrows our presence may lighten
And joys too we often may share,
With those who are lonely and weary,
Whose lives are o'ershadowed with care.

Yes, there's work to be done for the master,
By all who are willing to bear
For His sake, the losses and crosses,
And at last in His glory to share.

Then press on in the way ye have chosen,
There is work for the hand and the brain;
God's promise stands sure; never broken,
Your labor shall not be in vain.



THE CROSS.
—•—

DEAR cross of Calvary
Where once our Savior died,
And freely poured His life blood there
From out His wounded side,
That out of death and sorrow's strife
Should spring for all eternal life.

No longer symbol dark,
Of death, and loss, and pain,
But hallowed type to all mankind
Of life, and hope, and gain.
By this glad sign we conquer then,
Bring peace and joy to sons of men.

Thy sweet wood healing brings,*
Renders the fountain pure,
Makes bitter waters clean and sweet,
Of sin the blessed cure;
Gives life, and health and joy and peace,
With wealth' of love that ne'er shall cease.

* See Exodus XV—23, 25.

Blest sign of faith and hope,
We look away to thee,
When weary, doubting, tempted, tried,
To thee for refuge flee;
And clinging close we lift our eyes,
Behold again our Sacrifice.

Then lift the Cross on high,
That all the world may see
Its radiance shining from afar,
The light that makes men free;
And know that Christ for all has died,
That Christ for all was crucified.



HEART LONGINGS.

BLEST Savior mine, when shall I be
Like Thee in mind, and heart, and
thought, and life,
Thy peace within 'mid all earth's strife,
Oh, come and dwell with me!

My Heavenly Master, Thou dost know,
How heart, and soul, and flesh cries out for
Thee,
With longings sore that Thou would'st set
me free;
And all Thy mercy show.

Thou Christ divine, with me abide!
And let Thy boundless grace, a fountain
deep
Wash me from all my sin, and ever keep
Safe near Thy wounded side.

Thence flows Thy blood, a cleansing stream
To all who lave within its crimson tide,

Remembering with tears that Thou for
 them hast died
On Calvary, to redeem.

No thought of self, or ease or power,
Or of the glory Thou didst leave above,
But only pity infinite, and tenderest love
 In that victorious hour.

So gracious Lord, I humbly pray
That Thou wouldst help me drink this
 spirit in,
Till all my soul shall emptied be, of self and
 sin,
Thus walk from day to day.

Trusting Thy grace so rich and free,
Fulfilling all Thy gentle ministry of love,
Striving to win lost souls to Heaven above
 And lift them up to Thee.

FINIS.

THE task is ended, song is sung,
And whether good or ill 'tis done,
I lay it down at Thy dear feet,
And ask that Thou wilt make complete
All that is lacking, for the need
Of varied human hearts that read
The feeble lines that I have penned,
Story of love that has no end.

And if one burden's lighter made,
One troubled soul on Thee is stayed,
One weary heart with care opprest,
Has learned to lean upon Thy breast,
One heart made glad that sorrowing went,
One more life's service to Thee lent,
By aught within these simple lays,
I gladly give Thee all the praise.



IN MEMORIAM.



THE FRIENDS OF EARLY DAYS.



IN MEMORIAM.

TREAD lightly o'er the grave
Where sleeps the honored dead,
Whose life was given our land to save,
His blood for freedom shed.

Step softly where they sleep,
The spot is hallowed ground;
And peace enwraps them like a shroud
In holy rest profound.

No more they hear the call
Of bugle or of drum;
But warbling bird notes fill the air,
And wild bees drowsy hum.

No sound of conflict here,
As silent thus they rest;
The strife is o'er, the victory won,
The flag upon each breast.

The country's dear old flag!
The flag they fought to shield;

And followed far in weary march,
And bloody battle field.

Faithful they stood and true,
When traitors raised the hand,
To trail its folds within the dust,
And treason filled the land.

All honor give to those
Who at their country's call,
With patriot hearts, stood nobly forth,
To do, and dare and fall.

Bring tribute of sweet flowers
To lay upon the tomb,
Where freedom's holy martyrs sleep;
With garlands green we come.

Oh! may we ne'er forget
The sacrifice they made;
But still as year by year rolls round,
Honor the patriot dead.

And tears shall also fall
For those who sleep to-day,
In unmarked graves 'neath southern skies,
Who fell in battle's fray.

God knows their resting place;
He watch and ward shall keep;
Though far from home their ashes lie,
All peacefully they sleep.

And oft in days to come,
The nations yet to be
Shall list the story of the past,
Of deeds on land and sea.

And aged grandsires tell,
With accents weak and slow,
How brave men fought and brave men fell,
Their faces to the foe.

And prattling children come
And gather at his side,
While thus the story he repeats,
How brave men fought and died.

And as they list the tale,
They drink its spirit in,
And vow this liberty to shield
Their fathers died to win.

Oh! God of power and might,
Be Thou our refuge still!

Bless Thou this land of ours with peace,
Guard safe from every ill.

Be Thou our leader strong!
If Thou the helm shalt guide,
Our grand old ship of state sails on,
Whatever may betide.

Though wind and wave combine,
And seek to overwhelm;
We fear them not, for this we know,
Our Father's at the helm.

May 30, 1886.



THE FRIENDS OF EARLY DAYS.

DEAR friends of other days,
 I seem to see them now,
 And thronging mem'ries round me come
 Of childhood's well-remembered home,
 Where erst we used to bow.

At morn and eve, we knelt,
 And asked our Father's care;
 Besought His guidance, read His word,
 But now shall ne'er again be heard
 The voice we loved, in prayer.

Gone to that silent land
 'From whence no traveler comes':
 We wait in vain the coming feet,
 And never more our voices greet
 With old familiar tones.

Kind friends of other days,
 To-day ye're with me still;

Though years have passed since last we met,
Your shadowy forms are round me yet,
Ye come again at will.

I clasp again the hand,
We meet with glad embrace;
We reach across the gulf of years,
Where smiles and joy are blent with tears,
I see each well-known face.

But ah! the vision fades;
Too soon alas 'tis gone;
The gleesome, happy days of yore
Have passed, and will return no more,
And I am left alone.

Yet look in hope beyond,
And see the other shore;
I gaze across the shining strand,
And see by faith the Better Land,
And loved ones gone before.



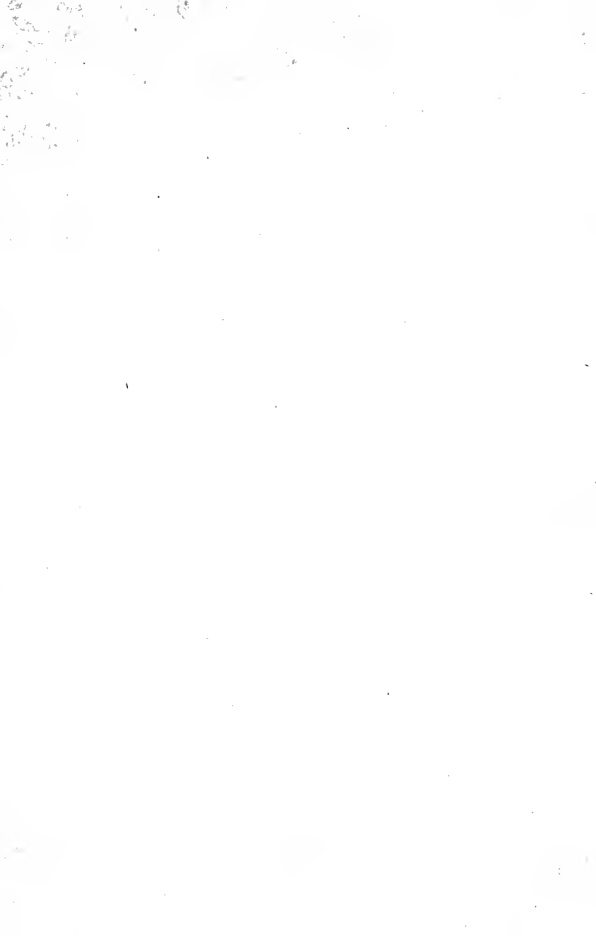












LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 117 335 6