

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT

—
A.B. SIMPSON



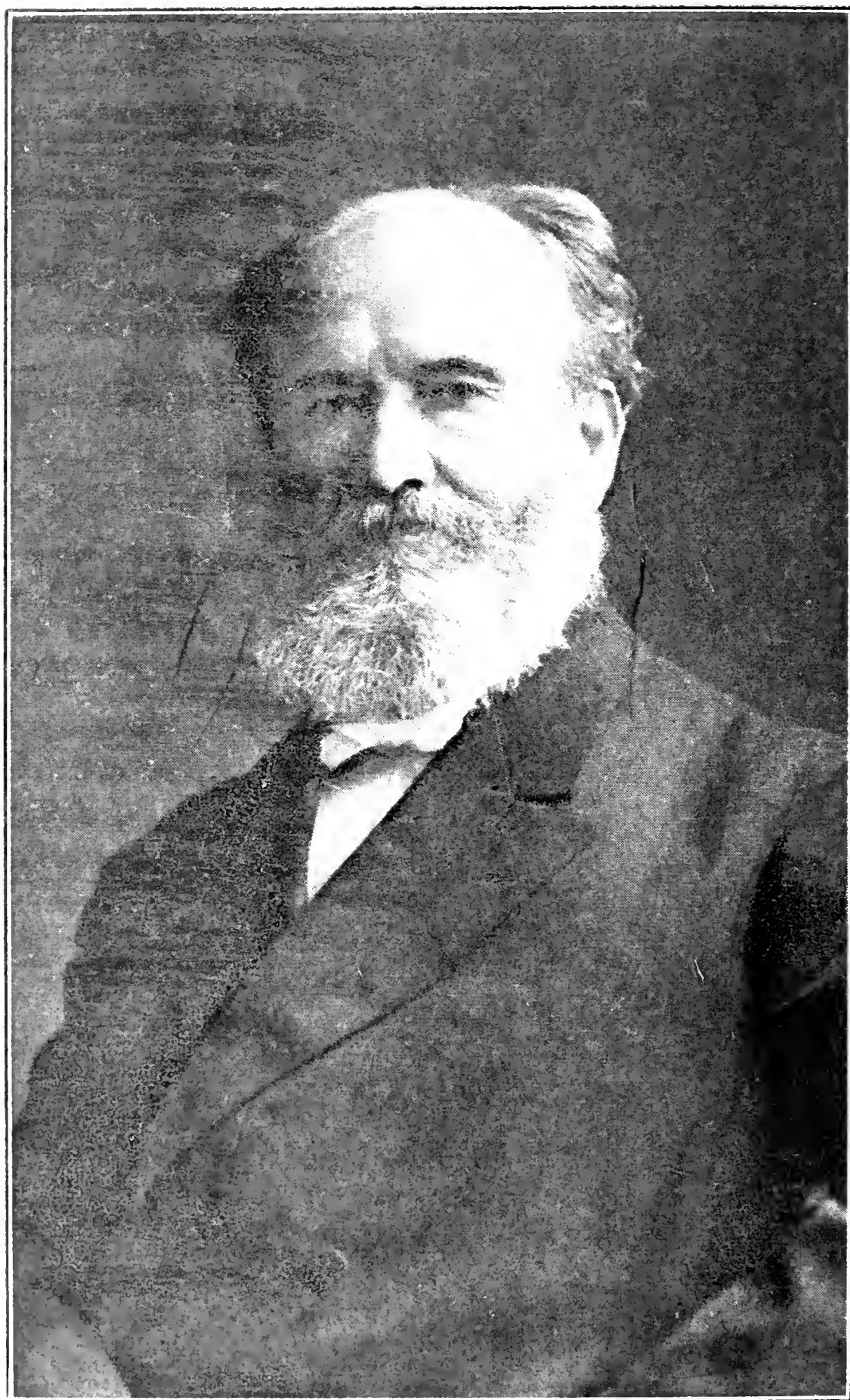
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SONGS OF THE SPIRIT



A. B. SIMPSON, D.D.

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT

*Hitherto unpublished poems
and a few old favorites*

BY

A. B. SIMPSON, D.D.

“ Be filled with the Spirit;
Speaking to yourselves in psalms
And hymns and spiritual songs,
Singing and making melody
In your heart to the Lord.”

(Eph. 5: 18, 19).

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FOREWORD

AMONG the many tributes paid to Dr. Simpson at the Memorial Service was the statement that his hymns would be sung, when his books were forgotten. Since his home-going on October twenty-ninth, many of his friends have requested that his poetical writings be collected and published. The committee having in preparation his memoirs found a large number of manuscripts, some of which were in the uncorrected form in which they flowed from the author's heart. Mrs. Simpson and her family have put all of them at our disposal. Selections have been made from these new hymns which, together with some of the gems which have become familiar through the columns of his periodical, "The Alliance Weekly," and in the hymnology of our generation, are now given to a wider circle. There remain enough poems for a second volume which we hope will soon be issued.

Though literary critics have recognized the poetic genius which is so clearly seen even in Dr. Simpson's prose, he himself disclaimed any natural gift of song. In a letter, written shortly before he ceased his activities, he stated that he never had written a poem in his life until the Spirit of God filled him with "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." They came to him on all sorts of occasions on land and sea. Some of the following poems were written in Jerusalem, others on the Red

Sea, and still others in the Far East during his first missionary journey; while the fitting conclusion to this volume is "Safe Home," written as he neared harbor after girdling the South American continent. Many of his finest hymns were produced under the inspiration of the preparation of his great sermons, and were sung to his own music from manuscript on Sunday mornings in the Gospel Tabernacle, New York City. For years he rarely failed to send his friends a Christmas greeting or New Year message in song; nor did Commencement Day pass at his beloved school, the Missionary Institute, Nyack, without a new Class Song. The last hymn which he gave us, "The Whole Bible to the Whole Wide World," was written for the Class of 1919 after he had given up all active ministry.

This collection is now sent forth with the prayer that "the sound of a voice that is still" may be heard by many old and new friends. He has entered the great company of our forerunners in faith, yet in his songs "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

THE EDITOR.

Nyack-on-the-Hudson,

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ASPIRATION

THE UPWARD CALLING

A VOICE is calling me, a Hand has grasped me,
By cords unseen my soul is upward drawn;
My heart has answered to that upward calling,
I clasp the Hand that lifts and leads me on.

I'm turning from the past that lies behind me,
I'm reaching forth unto the things before;
I've caught the taste of life's eternal fountains,
And all my being longs and thirsts for more.

A brooding Presence hovers o'er my spirit,
The Heavenly Dove my heart doth softly woo;
I catch bright visions of my heavenly calling
And all there is for me to be and do.

A mystic glory lingers all around me,
And all the air breathes out the eternal spring;
I feel the pulses of the New Creation,
And all things whisper of the Coming King.

And in my heart I hear the Spirit's whisper,
"The Bridegroom cometh, hasten to prepare!"
And with my vessels filled and lamps all burning
I'm going out to meet Him in the air.

GOD'S BEST

GOD has His best things for the few
That dare to stand the test;
God has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best.

It is not always open ill
That risks the promised rest;
The *better* often is the foe
That keeps us from the *best*.

There's scarcely one but vaguely wants
In some way to be blest;
'Tis not Thy blessing, Lord, I seek,
I want Thy very best.

And others make the highest choice,
But when by trials pressed,
They shrink, they yield, they shun the Cross,
And so they lose the best.

I want, in this short life of mine,
As much as can be pressed
Of service true for God and man;
Help me to be my best.

I want, among the victor throng,
To have my name confessed,
And hear my Master say at last,
"Well done, you did your best."

Give me, O Lord, Thy highest choice,
Let others take the rest;
Their good things have no charm for me,
For I have got Thy *best*!

THE CLOUDLESS LIFE

THE dove let loose in Eastern skies,
When hasting fondly home,
Stoops not to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she soars through air and light
In realms of cloudless day,
Where nothing earthly stays her flight,
Nor clouds bedim her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every cloud
And strife of passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air
To hold my course to Thee;
No cloud to dim, no clog to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her glorious way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

TO GLORIFY MY GOD

TO glorify my God, no lesser aim
My God-given life and powers shall henceforth
claim;

My body, soul, and spirit, Lord, are Thine;
The joy to give them back to Thee be mine.

His Father's glory Jesus ever sought;
To do His work and will His only thought;
About His Father's business He must be:
Lord, may Thy business be as much to me.

How best can I my Father glorify?
Naught can be added to His majesty;
But I can let His glory through me shine
And shed on all around His light divine.

And like the legend that they tell of one
Who sought to build a temple to the sun,
And reared the chiseled stone and burnished gold,
But still the splendid walls were dark and cold,

Until another architect appeared;
A temple of transparent glass he reared;
And lo, the sun came down his work to own,
And with his glory through the temple shone;

So let my soul be flooded with Thy light;
So let my heart be open to Thy sight;
So glorify Thyself, O Lord, in me,
Till all my being answers, Lord, to Thee.

ON EAGLES' WINGS

MOUNTING up with wings as eagles,
Waiting on the Lord we rise;
Strength receiving, life renewing,
How our spirit heavenward flies!
Then our springing feet returning
To the pathway of the saint,
We shall run and not be weary,
We shall walk and never faint.

Oh, we need these heights of rapture
Where we mount on eagles' wings;
Then returning to life's duties,
All our heart exultant springs.
This our every burden lightens
Till, with sweet, divine constraint,
We can run and not be weary,
We can walk and never faint.

JOY AND VICTORY

I'M LIVING IN HEAVEN TO-DAY

THEY tell of the bliss of the ransomed above
In the Land that is far, far away;
But Jesus so fills my glad heart with His love
That I'm living in heaven to-day.

They tell of the pleasures that never decline
And the treasures that never decay;
But Jesus Himself and His riches are mine,
And I'm living in heaven to-day.

No sorrow e'er comes to that beautiful shore,
And their tears have been all wiped away;
But Jesus has taught me to sorrow no more,
And He fills me with heaven to-day.

For heaven is Jesus and Jesus is mine,
And His presence is with me alway;
He fills me so full of His glory divine
That I'm living in heaven to-day.

I now have a joy that they never can know,
In that Land that is far, far away;
I'm seeking and saving poor sinners below,
And this is my heaven to-day.

ALWAYS SPRING

THE summer birds have ceased their singing,
The summer flowers have passed away,
The sunshine from the skies has faded,
The autumn clouds are cold and gray;
But still my happy heart is singing,
For Jesus is my Lord and King;
His peace to me a heaven is bringing,
And, where He dwells, 'tis always spring.

The sweetest joys of earth may fail me,
The fondest friendships pass away,
The brightest frames and feelings languish
As sinks the light of setting day;
But still my happy heart is singing,
For Jesus is my Lord and King;
His peace to me a heaven is bringing,
And, where He dwells, 'tis always spring.

The love of Jesus is my sunshine,
His presence is my joy and song,
His loving kindness floods my being
And keeps me gladsome all day long;
And so my happy heart is singing—
For Jesus is my Lord and King;
His peace to me a heaven is bringing,
And, where He dwells, 'tis always spring.

My day no more can sink in darkness,
My sun no more shall set in night;
Christ is my sunshine and my summer
And God, my everlasting light:
And so my happy heart is singing—
For Jesus is my Lord and King;
His peace to me a heaven is bringing,
And, where He dwells, 'tis always spring.

HOLDING ON THE WAY

'TIS the promise of God, and it never can fail,
Unto all who will trust and obey;
Though trials may press, and though foes may assail,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

I shall hold on my way for He holds my hand,
And He'll not let me stumble or stray;
While I heed His voice and obey His command,
I surely shall hold on my way.

MY SECRET

SHALL I tell you what it is that keeps me singing,
Never minding whether it be shade or shine?
'Tis because His own glad song is singing in me,
'Tis because the Saviour's joy is always mine.

Shall I tell you what it is that keeps me springing,
With a strength that smiles at sickness and decay?
'Tis because the Life of Jesus fills my being,
And the Living Bread sustains me day by day.

Shall I tell you why my foes no longer vex me,
And my cares and fears and doubtings all are o'er?
'Tis because I've given my burdens all to Jesus,
And He leads me forth in triumph evermore.

Shall I tell you why my life is now so easy?
'Tis because this wretched self has ceased to be;
Once it caused me all my troubles, but it's buried,
And it is no longer I, but Christ in me.

Shall I tell you why I love to work for Jesus?
'Tis because His blessed Spirit works in me;
I have but to let Him use me, His the power,
Mine the recompense to share, the fruit to see.

Shall I tell you why I love to tell of Jesus?
'Tis because there's nothing else so good and true;
There's no other name or story worth the telling;
Without Jesus what could helpless sinners do?

Shall I tell you why I'm watching for His coming?
'Tis because of all my future He's the sum;
This will be my joy forever—Jesus only—
And I long, and look, and pray for Him to come.

THE CHRIST LIFE

THE NEW LIFE

LIFE'S crisis has been passed,
And I have come at last
Into the Promised Land of Peace and Rest;
The crisis hour is o'er
And now forevermore
I'm dwelling in God's blessing and God's best.

It came, I know not how,
But this I know, that now
My life has found a new and nobler plane;
Something has passed away,
Something has come to stay,
And I can never be the same again.

The change is not in me,
Rather, it seems that He
Has come Himself to live His life in mine;
And as I stepped aside
And took Him to abide,
He came and filled me with His life divine.

I came to Jordan's flood,
And as with Him I stood,
The Heavenly Dove upon my spirit came;

Just how I cannot tell,
But this I know full well
That life henceforth can never mean the same.

And yet it brings no strain,
But hand, and heart, and brain
Move on with all the old simplicity;
I do not have to try
For it is no more I
But Christ who thinks, and lives, and moves in me.

The testing hours have come,
In flesh, and heart, and home,
But He was near my every load to share.
New tasks have called me on,
New victories have been won,
But through the cloud and sunshine He was there.

No more I doubt or fear,
The way shines bright and clear,
And One who ne'er can fail is leading on;
He will not let me stray
But lead me all the way
Until the fight is fought, the crown is won.

DWELL DEEP

DWELL deep, dwell deep, for the heart of God
Is a shoreless sea and a fathomless flood,
And His mighty love we can never know
Till we sound the depths where the full tides flow.

LOOK TO JESUS

ARE you looking at your sins and failures?
Look to Jesus.

Are you seeking to be saved by trying?

Look to Jesus.

One sight of Him is worth a thousand tears,
One word from Him will banish all your fears,
One smile from Him, oh, how it helps and cheers,
Look away to Jesus.

Are you looking at your grief and sorrow?

Look to Jesus.

Are you anxious for the coming morrow?

Look to Jesus.

One sight of Him will melt your clouds away,
One word from Him will turn your night to day,
One smile from Him illumine all your way,
Look away to Jesus.

Has the vision of the world defiled you?

Look to Jesus.

Has some smiling face of clay beguiled you?

Look to Jesus.

One look at Him, and earth no more can charm,
One word from Him, and naught can e'er alarm,
One smile from Him will Satan's wiles disarm,
Look away to Jesus.

Are you looking at your heart for feeling?

Look to Jesus.

Are you looking for some sign of healing?

Look to Jesus.

Look out, not in, and stop your vain repining,
Look past the cloud and see the silver lining,
He is your Sun and He is ever shining,
Look away to Jesus.

Are you looking at the people round you?

Look to Jesus.

Do the things that sometimes come astound you?

Look to Jesus.

Look unto Him, for none but He can guide,
Look unto Him, no matter what betide,
Look unto Him, He always is beside,
Look away to Jesus.

A NEW YEAR WISH

EVER may the Father send thee
More than fondest love can pray;
May His love and power defend thee
And His presence still attend thee
For thy farthest pilgrim way.

Better than thy best endeavor
Ever may thy future prove;
Evil touch or harm thee never,
Richest blessing crown thee ever,
Ending in the bliss above.

HIMSELF

ONCE it was the blessing,
Now it is the Lord;
Once it was the feeling,
Now it is His Word;
Once His gifts I wanted,
Now the Giver own;
Once I sought for healing,
Now Himself alone.

Once 'twas painful trying,
Now 'tis perfect trust;
Once a half salvation,
Now the uttermost;
Once 'twas ceaseless holding,
Now He holds me fast;
Once 'twas constant drifting,
Now my anchor's cast.

Once 'twas busy planning,
Now 'tis trustful prayer;
Once 'twas anxious caring,
Now He has the care;
Once 'twas what I wanted,
Now what Jesus says;
Once 'twas constant asking,
Now 'tis ceaseless praise.

Once it was my working,
His it hence shall be;
Once I tried to use Him,
Now He uses me;
Once the power I wanted,
Now the Mighty One;
Once for self I labored,
Now for Him alone.

Once I hoped in Jesus,
Now I know He's mine;
Once my lamps were dying,
Now they brightly shine;
Once for death I waited,
Now His coming hail,
And my hopes are anchored,
Safe within the veil.

LET YOURSELF ALONE

VAIN and fruitless is the struggle
Self to sanctify;
God alone can cleanse and keep you,
Wherefore should you try?
Oh, the needless cares and conflicts
You had never known,
If you'd learned the simple lesson,—
Let yourself alone.

Let your eyes keep looking upward;
Cease to look within;
All your introspection cannot
Cleanse a single sin.
You will find your best self effort
Vain, and worse than vain,
As the touch of soiled fingers
Only leaves a stain.

Leave your rights and reputation
In the Master's hand.
What though men misunderstand you,
Jesus understands;
He can shield and vindicate you,
Right your every wrong,
Turn the hate of men and devils
Into joy and song.

It is life you need, not labor—
Life that springs from Him;
If you'd have your cup run over,
Fill it to the brim.
All the springs of power and blessing
Flow from yonder throne;
If you'd have them fill and flood you,
Let yourself alone.

GET SOMEWHERE

ARE you groping for a blessing,
Never getting there?
Listen to a word in season,
Get somewhere.

Are you struggling for salvation
By your anxious prayer?
Stop your struggling, simply trust, and—
Get somewhere.

Are you worn and heavy laden,
Pressed with many a care?
Cast your burden on the Lord, and—
Get somewhere.

Would you know the Great Physician
Who your sickness bare?
Simply take Him at His word, and—
Get somewhere.

Does the answer seem to linger
To your earnest prayer?
Turn your praying into praise, and—
Get somewhere.

Are you looking for your mission,
What to do and dare?
Cease your dreaming, start at something—
Get somewhere.

You will never know His fulness
Till you boldly dare
To commit your all to Him, and—
Get somewhere.

All your efforts are but building
Castles in the air
Till you answer yes to God, and—
Get somewhere.

THE DAYS OF HEAVEN

THE Days of Heaven are peaceful days,
Still as yon glassy sea;
So calm, so still in God our days
As the Days of Heaven would be.

The Days of Heaven are holy days,
From sin forever free;
So cleansed and kept our days, O Lord,
As the Days of Heaven would be.

The Days of Heaven are happy days,
Sorrow they never see;
So full of gladness all our days
As the Days of Heaven would be.

The Days of Heaven are healthful days,
They feed on life's fair tree;
So feeding on Thy strength, O Christ,
Our days as Heaven may be.

The Days of Heaven are busy days,
They serve continually;
So spent for Thee and Thine, our days
As the Days of Heaven would be.

The Days of Heaven are Christly days,
The Light of Heaven is He;
So walking at His side, our days
As the Days of Heaven would be.

The Days of Heaven are endless days,
Days of eternity;
So may our lives and works endure
While the Days of Heaven shall be.

And soon the glad millennial days
Our joyful eyes shall see,
And for a thousand happy years
Our days as Heaven shall be.

Walk with us, Lord, through all the days,
And let us walk with thee;
Till as Thy will is done in Heaven,
On earth so shall it be.

EVEN AS HE

SWEET is the message the gospel brings us,
Message of mercy, full and free,
"We are accepted in the Belovèd;
We are belovèd even as He."

We are as near, as dear as Jesus;
How can we nearer, dearer be?
We are accepted in the Belovèd;
We are belovèd even as He.

Why should we ever fear or falter,
Why should we ever anxious be,
If we're accepted in the Belovèd,
If we're belovèd even as He?

How can my love grow cold or languid
While I can hear His word to me,
I am accepted in the Belovèd,
I am belovèd even as He?

When I am pressed by sin or Satan,
This is the word that bids them flee,—
I am accepted in the Belovèd,
I am belovèd even as He.

When I shall cross the fords of Jordan,
This shall my joyful death-song be,—
I am accepted in the Belovèd,
I am belovèd even as He.

When I shall reach the portals yonder,
This shall my heavenly passport be,—
I am accepted in the Belovèd,
I am belovèd even as He.

ABLE TO KEEP

“Now unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling,
be glory.” (Jude 24, 25).

I WAS so weary of sinning and faltering,
Ever repenting and sinning again;
But there is One who can keep me from stumbling;
Glory to Jesus forever, Amen!

Oh, how my failures have stumbled Thy children,
Plunged me in darkness and wounded me sore,
Grieved and dishonored my Saviour and Master!
Saviour, henceforth may my stumblings be o'er.

Once I believed I must always be stumbling
For my old nature was poisoned with sin;
Now there's a mightier Power upholds me,
Cleansing and keeping and dwelling within.

Jesus is able to keep me from stumbling,
And to present me some glorious day
Faultless and spotless before Him in glory
Where I shall trust Him and praise Him alway.

RESURRECTED, NOT RAISED

RESURRECTED with my Risen Saviour,
Seated with Him at His own right hand;
This the glorious message Easter brings me,
This the place in which by faith I stand.

Men would bid you rise to higher levels,
But they leave you on the human plane.
We must have a heavenly resurrection;
We must die with Christ and rise again.

Once there lived another man within me,
Child of earth and slave of Satan he;
But I nailed him to the Cross of Jesus,
And that man is nothing now to me.

Now another Man is living in me,
And I count His blessed life as mine;
I have died with Him to all my own life;
I have risen to all His life Divine.

Oh, it is so sweet to die with Jesus,
And by death be free from self and sin!
Oh, it is so sweet to live with Jesus
As He lives the death-born life within!

CRUCIFIED, RISEN, AND GLORIFIED

“**I** AM crucified with Christ:
Nevertheless I live;
Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;
And the life which I now live in the flesh
I live by the faith of the Son of God,
Who loved me and gave himself for me”
(Gal. 2:20).

When Jesus died on Calvary,
I, too, was there;
'Twas in my place He stood for me,
And now accepted—even as He,
His right I share.

When Jesus rose with life divine,
I, too, was there;
His resurrection power is mine,
And, as the branches and the vine,
His life I share.

When Jesus comes some day for me,
I shall be there;
With Him and like Him I shall be,
And all His glorious majesty,
I, too, shall share.

O blessed life, so deep, so high!
Lord, keep me there;
Help me with Christ to live, to die,
And let me with Him bye and bye
His glory share.

KEEP SWEET

THERE'S a little secret
Worth its weight in gold,
Easy to remember,
Easy to be told;
Changing into blessing
Every curse we meet,
Turning hell to heaven,
This is all—keep sweet.

Make us kind and gentle,
Harmless as the dove;
Giving good for evil,
Meeting hate with love.
What though trials press us,
What though tempests beat,
Naught can move or harm us
If we just keep sweet.

Storms may rage around us,
Waves may sweep the deck,
But with hatches covered
Naught our bark can wreck;

Sorrow cannot crush us,
Satan must retreat
If within our spirit
All is right and sweet.

Sweet when things are bitter,
Sweet when hearts are sad;
Giving songs for sighing,
Making others glad;
In the quiet household,
On the bustling street,
Everywhere and always,
Jesus, keep us sweet.

When our foes assail us,
When our friends betray,
When our brightest prospects
Wither and decay,
Christ can fill our sadness
With a joy replete,
Turning grief to gladness,
Making sorrow sweet.

Fountain in the desert,
Song amid the night,
Beacon in the darkness,
Star of hope and light;
Sunshine mid the tempest,
Shadow from the heat—
Like the Blessed Master,
Make us, keep us, sweet.

JESUS ONLY

JESUS only is our Message,
Jesus all our theme shall be;
We will lift up Jesus ever,
Jesus only will we see.

Jesus only is our Saviour,
All our guilt He bore away,
All our righteousness, He gives us,
All our strength from day to day.

Jesus is our Sanctifier,
Cleansing us from self and sin,
And with all His Spirit's fulness
Filling all our hearts within.

Jesus only is our Healer,
All our sicknesses He bare,
And His risen life and fulness
All His members still may share.

Jesus only is our Power,
His the gift of Pentecost;
Jesus, breathe Thy power upon us,
Fill us with the Holy Ghost.

And for Jesus we are waiting,
Listening for the Advent Call;
But 'twill still be Jesus only,
Jesus ever, all in all.

Jesus only! Jesus ever!
Jesus all in all we sing!
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer,
Glorious Lord, and Coming King!

RESTING

ONCE my hands were always trying,
Trying hard to do my best;
Now my heart is sweetly trusting,
And my soul is all at rest.

Once my brain was always planning,
And my heart, with cares oppressed;
Now I trust the Lord to lead me,
And my life is all at rest.

Once my life was full of effort,
Now 'tis full of joy and zest;
Since I took His yoke upon me
Jesus gives to me His rest.

SALVATION

ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVÈD

GREAT is the grace that the Saviour hath brought us
By his atonement so glorious and free,—
We are accepted in the Belovèd;
We are belovèd even as He.

Sinful and perishing, wretched and ruined,
Helpless and hopeless, oh, how can it be
We are accepted in the Belovèd?
We are belovèd even as He?

Mercy has covered our sin and transgression;
Only the merits of Christ can it see,
For we're accepted in the Belovèd;
We are belovèd even as He.

Now as His children, beloved and adopted,
All of His fulness so glorious and free,
We may with boldness claim through His merits,
For we're accepted even as He.

Perishing sinner, oh, come to the Saviour;
Mercy and welcome are waiting for thee.
God will accept thee in the Belovèd,
Save thee and love thee even as He.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD

AS Jesus walked in the days of old
By Jordan's sacred flood,
The great Forerunner stood and cried,
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

The Lamb of God! Oh, how it speaks
Of all the precious blood
That pointed down through ages past
To Christ, the Lamb of God!

The Lamb of God! It speaks to me
Beneath my guilty load,
And seems to say, "Just look and live;
Behold the Lamb of God!"

For all our sorrows, sin, and pain,
There's healing in the blood.
Lift up thy heart, lift up thine eyes,
Behold the Lamb of God!

Lord, let us prove in all its power
The precious, precious blood,
And still, with clearer, stronger faith,
Behold the Lamb of God.

And let us tell that sacred Name
Through all the earth abroad,
Till all our lost and sinful race
Behold the Lamb of God.

ONLY BELIEVE

WHAT shall I do to be saved?
How shall I come to the Lord?
Only believe and confess Him;
Trust Him and rest in His word.

Christ has redeemed you from sin;
All of your debt has been paid.
Nothing remains but to enter
Into the peace He has made.

Why should you struggle so hard?
All of the work has been done.
'Tis not your goodness or badness,
But how you treat His dear Son.

Why should you tarry so long,
Waiting to make yourself right?
All things are ready and waiting,
Come, and receive Him to-night.

Jesus is all that you need.
All things are yours in the Lord.
Take Him to cleanse you and keep you;
Trust Him and rest in His word.

WILL IT PAY?

THERE is no more common question
People ask of one another
As they meet in the busy marts from day to day,
Than the words that you can hear in
Every crowded place of concourse,—
How is business? Does it pay? Does it pay?

Men will think before they venture
To invest their earthly future,
Business chances are not lightly thrown away;
Yet they madly risk their future
On the chances of a moment,
Never asking, Will it pay? Will it pay?

Are you risking your salvation
For the sake of present pleasure?
Are you making life a fond and foolish play?
Are you trifling with God's mercy
While your day of grace is flying?
O say, brother, will it pay? Will it pay?

Have you thought that soon your sweetest,
Fondest treasure will have vanished,
And how swiftly life is slipping fast away?
Have you ever tried to measure
What it means to live forever?
O my brother, will it pay? Will it pay?

Do you know the priceless value
Of the soul that dwells within you?
Yours, alone, the world itself would far outweigh.
Do you know the price that Jesus
Paid to win you? If you lose it,
Think, my brother, will it pay? Will it pay?

Will it pay to turn from evil
Giving up the world for Jesus
And with fixed and steadfast purpose dare to say,—
“I have closed the great transaction,
I have made my future yonder,
And I know that it will pay, it will pay.”

THEREFORE CHOOSE

“**I** HAVE set before you
Life and death,
Blessing and cursing;
Therefore choose life
That both thou and thy seed may live”
(Deut, 30:19).

There is a strange and solemn power
That we are ever using,
For God has given to every man
The sovereign right of choosing,
And souls are lost, and souls are won
By choosing or refusing;
Therefore choose.

When Satan's fierce and fiery darts
Around our souls are flying,
When earth with her alluring smiles
Our heart is fondly plying,
The only way to hold our ground,
The hosts of hell defying,
Is to choose.

Eternal life does not consist
In some strange art of feeling;
There is a choice that faith must make,
The great transaction sealing.
O sinner, come and at His feet
In full surrender kneeling,
Jesus choose.

Perhaps this is thy crisis hour,
On all thy future telling;
Poor foolish heart, perhaps to-day
Thou art thy birthright selling.
Oh stop, while all the love of heaven
Is still thy heart impelling,
Stop and choose!

A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE

WHEN I shall reach my home in glory,
And see my Saviour face to face,
This shall be all my song and story,—
A sinner saved by grace.

I'll tell how by His blood He bought me
With all our lost and ransomed race,
And how so tenderly He sought me
And saved me by His grace.

I'll tell them how His Spirit sealed me
And cleansed me from each sinful trace,
And how when sick and worn He healed me
And saved me by His grace.

I'll sing how lovingly He led me
At last to yonder heavenly place,
And how He shepherded and fed me
And kept me by His grace.

Yes, when I reach my home in glory
And see my Saviour face to face,
This shall be all my song and story,—
A sinner saved by grace.

UNDER AN EASTERN SKY

UNDER an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble cry,
A man went forth to die,
For me, for me.

He died for me, for me—
Oh, could I ever be
Ashamed to live for Thee
Who died for me!

Thorn-crowned His blessed Head,
Blood-stained His weary tread,
Cross-laden was He led,
For me, for me.

Pierced were His hands and feet,
Fiercely upon Him beat
The burning noontide heat,
For me, for me.

Then wert Thou made all mine,
Lord, make me wholly Thine,
And grant Thy Power divine
To me, to me.

UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US

UNTO John on Patmos
Came a heavenly strain,
And we love to sing it
O'er and o'er again,—
Unto Him that loved us
And washed us in His blood,
Unto Him that made us
Kings and priests to God,
Unto Him that's coming
Soon on earth to reign,
Be glory and dominion,
Forevermore, Amen.

Have you felt the power
Of that precious blood?
How you love to praise Him,
Blessed Lamb of God!
Unto Him that loved us, etc.

Have you found the solace
Of the Saviour's love?
How you love and bless Him,
Friend all friends above!
Unto Him that loved us, etc.

Are you ever looking
For the Lord to come?
'Tis so sweet to sing it,
Song of Home Sweet Home,—
Unto Him that loved us, etc.

So, with John on Patmos,
We delight to sing
Of our loving Saviour
And our coming King,—
Unto Him that loved us
And washed us in His blood,
Unto Him that made us
Kings and priests to God,
Unto Him that's coming
Soon on earth to reign,
Be glory and dominion,
Forevermore, Amen.

O SLUMBERING SOUL, AWAKE!

O SLUMBERING soul, awake! awake!
Thou'rt sleeping o'er a yawning grave.
O sinful soul, thy sin forsake
While Jesus waits to hear and save!

O sinful soul, for refuge fly!
Thou'rt standing on the edge of doom.
O sinner turn, why wilt thou die?
Oh, turn to God while yet there's room!

O careless soul, sleep on! sleep on!
But stop and think, and count the cost
Before the day of grace is gone,
And thou shalt wake among the lost.

O trembling soul, be not afraid!
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live.
On Him thy load of sin was laid,
And He is waiting to forgive.

TWO SOULS

TWO souls went forth from the cross that day,
Both dying by Jesus' side,
On either side one and the Lord between,
But parted—so far and wide.

For one went out to an endless night,
Heaven open before his eyes,
And one went in with the Son of God
Through the gates of Paradise.

Two souls will go from this place to-day,
Both children of guilt and sin;
But one has said no to the Son of God,
The other has let Him in.

And the starless gloom of the endless night,
Poor lost one, awaiteth thee;
While bright as the light of love and heaven,
Redeemed one, thy path shall be.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

O HOLY GHOST, THOU BROODING DOVE

O HOLY GHOST, Thou brooding Dove,
Thou'rt fluttering o'er my nestling soul,
With holy peace and wooing love,
And making all my being whole.

My spirit sings with joyful praise,
And laughs aloud with holy mirth,
As if some new and glorious life
Had just received its heavenly birth.

From distant heights and boundless depths
The living stream within me flows,
Flooding the garden of my heart,
Till every flower with fragrance blows.

Sometimes with breath of living flame
Thou dost my inmost soul inspire,
Till all my heart becomes one prayer
Of mighty faith and strong desire.

SEPT. 12, 1907, on the forty-second anniversary of his ordination.

O COMFORTER, GENTLE AND TENDER

O COMFORTER, gentle and tender,
O holy and heavenly Dove,
We're yielding our hearts in surrender,
We're waiting Thy fulness to prove.

Come, strong as the wind o'er the ocean,
Or soft as the breathing of morn,
Subduing our spirit's commotion
And cheering when hearts are forlorn.

Oh, come as the heart-searching fire,
Oh, come as the sin-cleansing flood,
Consume us with holy desire
And fill with the fulness of God.

Anoint us with gladness and healing;
Baptize us with power from on high;
Oh, come with Thy filling and sealing
While low at Thy footstool we lie.

I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU ORPHANS

SWEET was the Master's parting,
Sweet was His promise true;
I will not leave you orphans,
But I will come to you.

What though His holy footsteps
Linger no longer here,
Still through the Spirit's presence
Jesus is ever near.

What though your heart be lonely?
What though your friends be few?
He will not leave you orphans,
Jesus will come to you.

Comforter, kind and tender,
Holy and heavenly Dove,
Come to Thy orphaned children,
Comfort us by Thy love.

REFRAIN:

Jesus, without Thee we're orphaned and lonely,
Come as our Teacher and Guide;
Leave us not comfortless;
Send us the Comforter;
Come to our hearts to abide.

THE LATTER RAIN

WE are waiting for the promise of the Master—
For without it all our sowing is in vain—
That the deserts of the earth shall yet be watered
With the showers of a mighty latter rain.
We have had the early droppings of the springtime,
But a mightier flood from heav'n shall be outpoured,
When the Spirit in His fulness shall be given,
And shall usher in the harvest of the Lord.

When He comes, the earth shall tremble at His presence,
And the hearts of hardened men shall yield and break;
Jew and Gentile bow the knee before the Saviour,
And the dead and slumbering Church at last awake.
Faith can see the little cloud on the horizon,
Hope can almost hear the thunder's mighty sound;
For the windows of the heavens shall be opened
And the floods be poured upon the world's dry ground.

We are living in a day of solemn crisis,
We are children of a strange and awful time;
We are heirs of all this legacy of promise,
We are partners of a heritage sublime.
Let us rise to meet our high and holy calling,
Let us sow on every mountain, hill, and plain,
Let us pray till heaven's windows shall be opened,
And the Lord shall send the promised latter rain.

TAKE HIM

ARE you waiting for the Spirit
And the fulness of His power?
Yield yourself in full surrender
And He'll come this very hour.
Like the light that pours from heaven,
Like the streams that flow so free,
God is giving, always giving,
All the hindrance is with thee.

CONSECRATION

YES, LORD

WHEN Jesus came along to seek and save me,
I took Him at His word;
And when He asked me for my heart's surrender,
I said, Yes, Lord.

When Jesus let me see my guilt and danger,
I hastened to confess;
I took my place among the lost and sinful,
And just said Yes.

When Jesus came along in pardoning mercy,
I took Him at His word,
I just said Yes to every precious promise
And blessed the Lord.

When Jesus came along and bade me give Him
A sacrifice, no less
Than all my heart and every earthly idol,
I just said Yes.

When Jesus comes along with clouds of sorrow,
And all the light grows dim,
I still say Yes, through all the gathering darkness,
And wait for Him.

EVEN AS THE SON OF MAN

THE Son of man came down
Our sinful souls to save.
He lived a life of suffering love,
And His own life He gave.
He left the courts of heaven
For Bethlehem's lowly bed,
And had not in the world He made
A place to lay His head.

Then what have I to do
With earthly pomp and pride?
The world that crucified my Lord
To me is crucified.
We preach the cross of Christ,
But we must live it too,
Its passion sign of love inscribed
On all we say and do.

What though our path be hard,
Our name unpraised, unknown?
Enough to suffer with Him here,
And some day share his throne.
O lowly Son of man!
O Man of Calvary!
Help me to bear Thy precious cross
And ever follow Thee.

GOD'S GREAT GIFT

WHERE could you find the mother heart
Who, on some wintry night so wild,
Could give to rude and ruffian hands
Her fondly loved and only child,
And know that he was going forth
To weary years of grief and pain,
Until at last, mid taunt and shame,
He should by ruthless hands be slain?

And yet, one dark and wintry night,
So lone, so cold, so dark, so wild,
The God of heaven to sinful men
Gave up His own belovèd Child.
Yes, God gave up His Holy Babe
In lowly manger bed to lie,
A lonely, suffering life to live,
A cruel, shameful death to die.

Was ever gift so great, so vast?
Was ever love so strange, so true?
O father fond, O mother heart,
What does it mean for me, for you?
My dearest child is not too dear;
My fondest treasure I resign.
How little all my gifts appear
When weighed, my precious Lord, with Thine!

SO DID NOT I

“SO did not I because I feared the Lord;”
 The secret of a life these words record;
 A soul that dared with purpose firm and true,
 To do God’s best whatever men might do.

So Paul, his glory found in sacrifice,
 Choosing to preach the gospel without price;
 So let me love, dear Lord, Thy precious Cross,
 And for Thy glory count all else as loss.

How much it means to say “So did not I!”
 How many things in mere negations lie!
 This shuts Heaven’s gates, “Ye did not to Me;”
 And *what were not* is half of Charity.

Where should the line of separation run?
 What places should we seek? What places shun?
 This watchword strikes a true and higher chord,
 “So did not I because I feared the Lord.”

Is it consistent with the Law of Love?
 Will it a blessing to my brother prove?
 Will it my Father please and glorify?
 If not, be this my stand, “So did not I.”

Just to say No, and steadfastly refuse
To yield or compromise, but calmly choose,
And doubtful things to shun and self deny,
And say, whate'er men do, "So did not I."

This is to be one of earth's Greathearts true,
And stand some day among the chosen few
Who'll march beneath the arches of the sky,
And on their banners write, "So did not I."

IN HIS HEART AND HAND

IN His heart my Saviour hides me,
And He holds me in His hand.
At His feet I sit and listen,
And I go at His command.

In His heart no ill can reach me;
In His hand no fear I know.
At His feet I love to linger,
At His call I love to go.

Keep me in Thy heart abiding,
Precious Brother, Bridegroom, Friend;
To Thy hands my all committing,
Guard and guide me to the end.

At Thy feet new lessons learning,
Teach and mould me day by day;
Listening for Thy least commandment,
Let me joyfully obey.

While within Thy heart abiding
Let my heart be filled with Thine;
While Thy hand protects and guides me,
Fill my hands with tasks divine.

While I sit before Thee, listening,
Let me also ready stand,
Quick to catch Thy marching orders
And to go at Thy command.

In Thy heart and hand so loving
There is room for more than me;
Help me share Thy grace with others,
Help me bring the world to Thee,

Till before Thy feet in homage
Every knee shall prostrate bow,
And the crowns of earth and heaven
Shall adorn Thy victor brow.

WHAT IS THAT IN THY HAND?

WHAT is that in thy hand,
Moses? A simple rod.
Use it for Him, and earth shall shake
Before the march of God.

What is that in thy hand,
Gideon? A soldier's sword.
Wield it, and for thy country win
The battle of the Lord.

What is that in thy hand,
Shamgar? A ploughman's goad.
Use it, and Israel's foes will flee
Before thee like a flood.

What hast thou in thy hand,
David? A shepherd's sling.
Use it, and glorious victory
To Israel thou shalt bring.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Widow? A pot of oil.
Go pour it out, and find a store
Of rich and priceless spoil.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Woman? One handful more.
Go feed the prophet, and 'twill last
Till famine days are o'er.

What has thou, little lad?
Some loaves and fishes small.
Give them to Him, and they will be
Enough for thee and all.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Mary? Some perfume rare.
Pour it upon His head, 'twill flow
In fragrance everywhere.

And Dorcas, what hast thou?
A needle and some thread.
Give them to God, they'll bless the poor
And bring thee from the dead.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Widow? Two mites, no more.
Give them to God, and they shall grow
To be a mighty store.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Mother? A baby's hand.
Train it for Him, so shall thy life
Bear fruit in every land.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Writer? A common pen.
Use it to write His messages
Upon the hearts of men.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Teacher? A child's young mind.
Teach it to live for God and man,
So shalt thou bless mankind.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Toiler? A workman's tool.
Work like the Carpenter, and find
Thy task God's training school.

And sister, what has thou?
An apron and a broom.
Do thy work well; some day, perhaps
Thou'lt keep His palace home.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Preacher? The Word of God.
Shed forth the light until its beams
Shall light the earth abroad.

What has thou in thy hand?
A censer filled with prayer.
Send up the incense till it fall
In blessing everywhere.

What hast thou in thy hand,
Steward? Some precious gold.
Give it to God, it will return
In wealth of joy untold.

What is that in thy hand,
Sinner? Another day.
Use it to find thy God before
Thy season pass away.

Wait not, O man, to find
Some call to service grand.
Give back what God to thee has given.
What hast thou in thy hand?

THE OPEN DOOR

THERE'S a wide and open door
In the whole wide world to-day;
God is working everywhere,
Let us work while still we may.
Walls are falling all around;
God is marching on before;
Let us follow where He leads
Into every open door.

CONFIDENCE AND TRUST

BUT GOD

I HAVE not wealth or noble birth,
I have not acres broad,
I have not wisdom, strength, or worth,
But I have God.

My life was once so stained with sin,
He cleansed me with His blood,
And now it is not I that live,
But in me—God.

Poor sorrowing heart, whose bleeding feet
The thorny path have trod,
Thou hast no light, nor hope, nor friend,
But thou hast God.

Poor sick one, sinking to the grave
Beneath affliction's rod,
Thy ills no human hand can heal,
No hand but God.

Poor tempted heart, thy angry foes
Rage 'round thee like a flood;
Their hate is far too strong for thee,
But not for God.

Poor stricken one, thy loved ones lie
Beneath the grave's cold sod,
Left in thy loneliness by all,
Yes, all but God.

Soon must thou pass, and pass alone
Death's sullen, swollen flood,
All other friends are left behind,
All else but God.

Poor earth-bound soul, whose portion here
Is but an earthly clod.
Thy wealth is dross, thy soul is lost,
Without thy God.

CHRIST IS OUR ANCHOR

SOME day we'll reach the end of Life's long voyage,
And at the harbor's entrance furl our sail;
Oh, shall we have an anchor sure and steadfast,
To hold us safe at last within the veil?

Some day we'll cross the bar of yonder harbor,
And gaze at last upon the eternal shore;
Oh, shall we have on board the heavenly Pilot,
To bring us safely home forevermore?

Some day we'll look on strange celestial faces,
And over scenes unknown our eyes will roam,
Oh, shall we find our great Forerunner waiting,
To know and welcome us to Heaven and Home?

O RESTLESS HEART OF MINE

O RESTLESS heart of mine,
Wilt thou not learn at length,
In quietness and confidence
Shall be your strength?
Our worries wear away
The fibers of the soul,
While trust and rest our spirit hold
In sweet control.

Stillness is strength, the tides
Of ocean calmly flow,
While petty torrents rage and fret,
As on they go.
Quiet my spirit, Lord,
Thy confidence bestow;
So shall my soul be still and strong,
Come weal or woe.

Trusting Thy love and power,
My heart can sweetly rest,
Knowing that Thou canst only send
That which is best.
So, restless heart of mine,
Be still and learn at length,
In quietness and confidence
Shall be thy strength.

“IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID!”

WHEN the storm was fiercely raging
On the Lake of Galilee,
And their helpless bark was tossing
On the wild, tempestuous sea;
Walking on the raging waters
In a robe of Light arrayed,
Jesus came, oh, hear Him calling—
“It is I, be not afraid!”

When the storms of life are raging,
And the night is long and drear,
When our strength is spent with toiling,
And our spirit sinks with fear;
Oft again we see Him coming,
Swiftly hast'ning to our aid;
Often still we hear Him calling—
“It is I, be not afraid!”

When the night of death shall lower,
And the Jordan's surges roll,
When the hour and power of darkness
Overwhelm the sinking soul;
Then above the raging billows,
And night's deepest, darkest shade,
We shall hear Him calling to us—
“It is I, be not afraid!”

GOD IS MY HOME

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling place
All thro' the ages past,
And we will trust Thy sheltering grace
Long as our life shall last.

Weary and lone my soul would fly,
E'en as a bird to its nest;
Under Thy feathers sweetly lie,
And on Thy bosom rest.

Covert Thou art when tempests beat,
Spring in the desert sand,
Shelter and shadow from the heat,
Rock in a weary land.

Fortress when angry foes assail,
Haven on life's rough sea,
Anchoring place within the vail,
Where I so soon shall be.

Weary and tempest-tossed no more,
All of my wanderings past,
Doubting and strife and grief are o'er,
And I am home at last.

FEAR NOT

FEAR not, the Lord is ever saying to us.
Why should your heart be troubled or dismayed?
For I will strengthen, help thee, and uphold thee;
Let not your heart be troubled nor afraid.

Fear not when guilty fears and doubts assail you,
For Christ your sin has cleansed, your debt has paid,
And He will strengthen, help thee, and uphold thee;
Let not your heart be troubled nor afraid.

Fear not when floods of sorrow roll around you;
They shall not overflow thee, He hath said,
For I will strengthen, help thee, and uphold thee;
Let not your heart be troubled nor afraid.

Fear not when pain and sickness come upon you;
His blood for sickness hath atonement made,
And He will strengthen, help thee, and uphold thee;
Let not your heart be troubled nor afraid.

Fear not because you feel so weak and helpless;
On One that's Mighty, God thy help hath laid,
He's near to strengthen, help thee, and uphold thee;
Let not your heart be troubled nor afraid.

Fear not, even in the Valley of the Shadow,
For in life's darkest hour and Death's deep shade
He still will strengthen, help thee, and uphold thee;
Let not your heart be troubled nor afraid.

EL SHADAI

EL SHADAI, Abram's God and mine,
The God that is enough for me—
I claim Thee by that name divine,
And yield and trust my all to Thee!

He left his all at Thy command,
But found in Thee his All in All;
Why should I cling to home or land,
When I have heard Thy heavenly call?

He yielded to his nephew's choice,
And God gave back what he resigned;
So I can still in God rejoice,
When men are selfish or unkind.

Earth's mightiest kings he dared subdue;
So, more than conqueror in Thy name,
I dare to claim my triumph too,
For Abram's God is still the same.

His age grew young, his weakness strong,
As he Thy promise dared to prove;
So thou shalt be my strength and song,
And in Thy life I'll live and move.

At last, at God's supreme behest,
He gave his child, his best beloved;
So I would yield to Thee my best,
And let my love be tried and proved.

El Shadai, Abram's God and mine,
The God that is enough for me—
Help me to prove that name divine,
And yield and trust my all to Thee!

ONLY WAIT

OFT there comes a gentle whisper o'er me stealing,
When my trials and my burdens seem too great;
Like the sweet-voiced bells of evening softly pealing,
It is saying to my spirit—Only wait.

When I cannot understand my Father's leading,
And it seems to be but hard and cruel fate,
Still I hear that gentle whisper ever pleading,
God is working, God is faithful—Only wait.

When the promise seems to linger, long delaying,
And I tremble, lest, perhaps, it comes too late,
Still I hear that soft-voiced angel ever saying,
Tho' it tarry, it is coming—Only wait.

When I see the wicked prosper in their sinning,
And the righteous pressed by many a cruel strait,
I remember this is only the beginning,
And I whisper to my spirit—Only wait.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS

ART thou sunk in depths of sorrow
Where no arm can reach so low?
There is One whose arms almighty
Reach beyond thy deepest woe.
God th' Eternal is thy refuge,
Let it still thy wild alarms;
Underneath thy deepest sorrow,
Are the everlasting arms.

Other arms grow faint and weary,
These can never faint, nor fail;
Others reach our mounts of blessing
These our lowest loneliest vale.
Oh, that all might know His friendship!
Oh, that all might see His charms!
Oh, that all might have beneath them
Jesus' everlasting arms!

Underneath us, oh, how easy,
We have not to mount on high,
But to sink into His fulness,
And in trustful weakness lie;
And we find our humbling failures
Save us from the strength that harms;
We may fail, but underneath us
Are the everlasting arms.

Arms of Jesus! fold me closer
To Thy strong and loving breast,
Till my spirit on Thy bosom
Finds its everlasting rest;
And when time's last sands are sinking,
Shield my heart from all alarms,
Softly whispering, "Underneath thee,
Are the everlasting arms."

JESUS IS MINE

THIS is my joy and song,
Jesus is mine.
To Jesus I belong,
And He is mine.
On Calvary's cruel tree
He died to set me free
And now He lives in me,
Jesus is mine.

Tho' I have gone astray,
Jesus is mine.
He is my Living Way,
Jesus is mine.
I am but worthlessness,
He is my righteousness,
My spotless, glorious dress,
Jesus is mine.

Where is there such a friend?
 Jesus is mine.
He loves me to the end;
 Jesus is mine.
My sicknesses He heals,
My every grief He feels,
My heart His Spirit seals,
 Jesus is mine.

What tho' there's many a cross,
 Jesus is mine.
All else I count but dross,
 Jesus is mine.
He stills my doubts and fears,
He wipes away my tears,
And through eternal years
 Jesus is mine.

Whether in life or death,
 Jesus is mine.
Down to my latest breath,
 Jesus is mine;
And when His face I see
Still all my song shall be
Through all eternity,
 Jesus is mine.

GOD'S LEVITES

I HAVE no portion in the Land,
Dependent wholly on His hand,
This is my heritage so grand,—
The Lord is my inheritance.

I have no goodness of my own,
I draw my life from Christ alone,
But I am partner of His throne,
For God is my inheritance.

God is Himself my righteousness,
Christ robes me in His glorious dress,
And all His fulness I possess,
For God is my inheritance.

I ask not for the gift of power;
Christ is Himself my glorious dower
And works through me each day and hour,
For God is my inheritance.

My mortal frame is weak and frail,
My flesh and hand oft faint and fail,
But through His strength I shall prevail,
For God is my inheritance.

His risen life and strength are mine;
He turns my water into wine
And fills me with His life divine,
For God is my inheritance.

I may be poor and little known,
But I am coming to a throne,
And Christ and Heaven are all my own,
For God is my inheritance.

I do not pine for earthly joy,
My treasure is without alloy,
My portion nothing can destroy,
For God is my inheritance.

NOTHING IS TOO HARD FOR JESUS

OFT there comes a wondrous message
When my hopes are growing dim;
I can hear it through the darkness
Like some sweet and far-off hymn,—
Nothing is too hard for Jesus,
No man can work like Him.

When my frame is worn with sickness,
And with tears my eyelids swim,
I can hear the promise ringing
Like some sweet and heavenly hymn,—
Nothing is too hard for Jesus,
No man can work like Him.

When my way is closed in darkness,
And my foes are fierce and grim,
Still it sings above the conflict
Like some glad, victorious hymn,—
 Nothing is too hard for Jesus,
 No man can work like Him.

When my heart is crushed with anguish,
And the waters reach the brim,
Faith can hear the mighty chorus,
Like some glorious battle-hymn,—
 Nothing is too hard for Jesus,
 No man can work like Him.

Let us claim the mighty promise,
Let us light our torches dim,
Let us join the mighty chorus,
Let us swell the glorious hymn,—
 Nothing is too hard for Jesus,
 No man can work like Him.

PRAYER

PRAY, ALWAYS PRAY

PRAY, always pray; the Holy Spirit pleads
Within thee for thy daily, hourly needs.

Pray, always pray; though weary, faint, and lone,
Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering throne.

Pray, always pray; beneath sin's heaviest load,
Prayer claims the blood from Jesus' side that flowed.

Pray, always pray; when sickness wastes thy frame,
Prayer brings the healing power of Jesus' name.

Pray, always pray; amid life's mad turmoil,
Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil.

Pray, always pray; if troubles round thee throng,
Prayer strikes the harp and tunes the heavenly song.

Pray, always pray; if loved ones pass the veil,
Prayer leads us to the springs that never fail.

All earth-born hopes with time must pass away;
Prayer grasps eternal things; pray, always pray.

THE PASSION FIRE OF LOVE DIVINE

O LOVE that gave itself for me,
Help me to love and live like Thee,
And kindle in this heart of mine
The passion fire of love divine.

Set all my ransomed powers on fire,
Give me the love that naught can tire,
And kindle in this heart of mine
The living fire of zeal divine.

O Holy Ghost, for Thee I cry,
Baptize with power from on high,
And kindle in this heart of mine
The living fire of power divine.

Help me to pray till all my soul
Shall move and bend at Thy control,
And kindle in this heart of mine
The living fire of prayer divine.

REFRAIN :

O Love divine, O Love divine,
Revive this languid heart of mine
And kindle in me from above
The living fire of heavenly love.

PRAYER

PRAYER is the incense of a holy heart
Rising to God from bruised and broken things,
When kindled by the Spirit's burning breath
And upward borne by faith's ascending wings.

Prayer is the perfume of the plants of grace,
The flowers of patience, faith, and suffering love;
Treasured in "vials full of odors sweet,"
God breathes their fragrance in His courts above.

Prayer is th' ascending vapor which supplies
The showers of blessing, and the stream that flows
Through earth's dry places, till on every side
"The wilderness shall blossom as the rose."

Prayer is the heavenly telephone that brings
The distant near, till heaven to earth comes down,
And in our Father's ear and heart we may
Our burdens tell and all our sorrows drown.

Prayer is the wireless telegraph that sends
Its heart throbs on the ether waves of heaven;
It finds the heart of God, and back to earth
The answering thrill to faith and love are given.

Prayer is the golden pipes the prophet saw,
Which feed the lamps of God with oil divine,
And, as with one accord we wait and pray,
The Spirit fills, the lamps with brightness shine.

Prayer is the mightiest force of earth and heaven,
Prayer is the very dynamite of God;
It moves the hand that all things moves, and turns
The living wheels that sweep through earth abroad.

Teach us to pray! Move on our hearts, O Lord,
Till God's own passion all our being move!
Teach us! Pray in us, till our prayer shall be
God in us answering to the God above!

LEAD ME

L EAD me, O my Saviour, lead me;
In Thy footsteps let me tread.
Feed me, O my Saviour, feed me;
Feed me with the Living Bread.

Take me, O my Saviour, take me;
Here I give my all to Thee.
Make me, O my Saviour, make me
All that Thou wouldst have me be.

Love me, O my Saviour, love me;
I would count all else but loss.
Prove me, O my Saviour, prove me;
Burn away the worthless dross.

Still me, O my Saviour, still me;
Let me know Thy perfect rest.
Fill me with Thy Spirit, fill me;
Do not let me miss God's best.

Bend me, O my Saviour, bend me;
Make me plastic in Thy hand.
Send me, O my Saviour, send me,
Send me forth at Thy command.

Use me, O my Saviour, use me;
Use my hands, my feet, my voice.
Choose me, O my Saviour, choose me;
Let me have Thy highest choice.

Claim me, O my Saviour, claim me
When Thou comest for Thine own.
Crown me, O my Saviour, crown me,
With Thy crowned ones on Thy throne.

SHOW ME THY GLORY

SHOW me Thy glory, Lord; Oh, let me see,
All that Thou art, all that Thou hast for me,
And all that I some day may hope to be:
Show me Thy glory.

Show me The glory of my Saviour's face,
Show me the fulness of His glorious grace,
And help me rise and claim my destined place,
In all His fulness.

Show me the glory of the things unseen,
Till earthly things shall lose their glittering sheen,
And nothing less can ever come between
My heart and heaven.

Oh, rend the veil of flesh and put aside
All things in me that could Thy glory hide,
And in the Holiest let me, Lord, abide
With Thee forever.

Give me some glimpses of the Land of Light,
Some foretastes of their rapture and delight
Who have their home where faith is lost in sight,
And sorrow ended.

Show me the glorious vision of the end,
When heaven shall at length to earth descend,
And all the endless ages we shall spend
With Thee in glory.

I need the vision, Lord; Oh, let me see
All that Thou art, all that Thou hast for me,
And all that I some day may hope to be:
Show me Thy glory.

ORDINATION HYMN

ORDAIN me to Thy service, Lord;
Baptize me with Thy power divine,
And help me for my future days
To make my will entirely Thine.

For twice a score of years Thy hand
Has led Thy child along the way;
Oh, how Thy patient love has borne!
Oh, how Thy grace has crowned each day!

And if Thy mercy yet can trust
A feeble worm to serve Thee still,
Ordain Thy child anew this day
To better know and do Thy will.

Correct my thoughts and let my life
Speak louder than the words I say;
And give to me this joy supreme
To know I please my Lord always.

Give me the very mind of Christ;
Teach me to pray with power divine;
Baptize my lips with heavenly fire,
And let my messages be Thine.

And may the years Thou still mayest give
Exalt my Lord and make Him known,
Till every land shall hear His Word
And He can come to claim His own.

Written during a visit to Hamilton, Sept.
12, 1905, where he was ordained in 1865.

OH, HOW I LOVE THIS BLESSED BOOK!

OH, how I love this blessed Book!
The story of redeeming grace,
Love letter of my Bridegroom's heart
And mirror of my Saviour's face.

Oh, how I love this blessed Book!
My check book on the bank above,
Deed of my heavenly heritage
And dying will of Him I love.

Oh, how I love this blessed Book!
Bright telescope through which I view
The wonders of the worlds above
And gaze on glories ever new.

Oh, how I love this blessed Book!
My Guide Book all my earthly way,
The lamp that cheers my darkest night,
The sunshine of my brightest day.

SERVICE

STANDING BY THE STANDARD

WE are called to represent the blessed Master,
And be witnesses for Jesus and His Word;
What tho' all the world betray Him, may He find us
Standing by the standard, standing for the Lord.

There are battles that are won by standing steadfast,
We must learn to use our shield and wield our sword;
Where the fight is fiercest, longest, may He find us
Standing by the standard, standing for the Lord.

In an age when all around are compromising,
Loyal hearts that stand for God cannot afford
To give up the grand old Gospel, nor grow weary
Standing by the standard, standing for the Lord.

Let us never be ashamed to stand for Jesus,
Some glad day He'll have for us His great reward—
Faithful soldier, I have always found thee standing,
Standing by the standard, standing for the Lord.

MORE THAN WE CAN

HOW much can we do for Jesus?
How much for our fellow man?
There's a way to do more than we're able;
With Jesus within to enable
We all can do more than we can.

How much can we be for Jesus
In this life with its fleeting span?
If Jesus within us is dwelling
Our life and our actions infilling,
We all can do more than we can.

How much can we bear for Jesus?
How much for our fellow man?
If within us His love is constraining,
If beneath us His arms are sustaining,
We all can do more than we can.

How much can we give for Jesus
To succor our fellow man?
If within us His love is o'erflowing,
Our life will be ever outgoing,
And we'll try to do more than we can.

TO-DAY

WHAT a wonderful day is to-day!
What a solemn age and time!
Shall we throw its golden hours away,
Or make our lives sublime?

What a sorrowful world 'tis to-day,
This poor world of sin and night!
Let us haste, ere its millions pass away,
To send the heavenly light.

How the Master is working to-day
With His strong and mighty hand!
He has gone before to prepare our way
In every heathen land.

How the vision is brightening to-day!
Lo! the signals on every side
Are proclaiming that Jesus is on His way
To claim His waiting Bride.

What a mission we have to-day!
What a holy trust is ours!
Help us, Lord, to work and watch and pray
With all our ransomed powers.

READY

AS much, O Lord, as is in me,
I am ready;
To live, to give, to go for Thee,
Lord, I'm ready.

If called to go to distant lands,
I am ready;
To Afric's suns or India's sands,
Lord, I'm ready.

To live my life as Thou did'st live
I am ready;
To give my all as Thou did'st give,
Lord, I'm ready.

If called to part with child or friend,
I am ready;
And send them to earth's farthest end,
Lord, I'm ready.

Soon shall I meet Thee in the air,
But I'm ready;
For all my heart and hope are there;
Lord, I'm ready.

And so as much as is in me,
I am ready;
To do, to dare, to die for Thee,
Lord, I'm ready.

ALWAYS AND ALL FOR GOD

NO time for trifling in this life of mine;
Not this the path the blessed Master trod,
But strenuous toil; each hour and power employed
Always and all for God.

With ceaseless blessings from my Father's hand
My earthly path is every moment strawed;
God ever thinks of me; should I not be
Always and all for God?

Time swiftly flies; eternity is near,
And soon my dust may lie beneath the sod.
How dare I waste my life or cease to be
Always and all for God!

I catch the meaning of this solemn age;
With life's vast issues all my soul is awed.
Life was not given for trifling; it must be
Always and all for God.

I see the heathen perishing around
While heaven asks, "Where is thy brother's blood?"
How dare I meet my Lord if I am not
Always and all for God!

I hear the footfalls of God's mighty hosts
Whom God is sending all the earth abroad;
Like them let me be busy for His cause,
Always and all for God.

Full soon will come to us the harvest time,
The reaping of the seed that here we strawed ;
Oh, then we'll not regret we spent earth's spring
Always and all for God !

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER, STAND

STANDING in the evil day,
Heeding not what men may say,
Fearing not the face of clay,
Christian soldier, stand.

Standing for the Word of God,
Standing for the precious blood,
Following where the saints have trod,
Christian soldier, stand.

Stand 'mid Satan's every wile,
Stand 'mid pleasure's wanton smile,
Stand when error would beguile ;
Christian soldier, stand.

Stand till ends life's little day,
Stand for Jesus, come what may,
Stand and fight and watch and pray ;
Christian soldier, stand.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

JESUS is standing in Pilate's Hall
Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all;
Hearken, what meaneth the sudden call—
What will you do with Jesus?

Jesus is standing on trial still;
You can be false to Him if you will;
You can be faithful through good or ill—
What will you do with Jesus?

Will you evade Him as Pilate tried?
Or will you choose Him whate'er betide?
Vainly you struggle from Him to hide—
What will you do with Jesus?

Shall you, like Peter, your Lord deny?
Or shall you scorn from His foes to fly?
Daring for Jesus to live or die—
What will you do with Jesus?

Jesus, I give Thee my heart to-day;
Jesus, I'll follow Thee all the way.
Gladly obeying Him, will you say—
This will I do with Jesus.

REFRAIN:

What will you do? What will do?
Neutral you cannot be.
Some day your heart will be asking,
What will He do with me?

THEY DWELT WITH THE KING

“THEY dwelt with the king for his work,”
So reads the sweet story of old,
For the king was a shepherd and friend,
And his people the sheep of his fold.
“They dwelt with the king for his work.”
And whatever they needed to know,
Whether counsel, or aid, or command,
To the king they could instantly go.

We, too, have a glorious King;
The heavens, He says, are His throne;
All worlds are His mighty domain,
All kingdoms His scepter shall own.
But He dwells with His people below,
He loves in their trials to share,
And we dwell with the King for His work,
We bring Him each burden and care.

I'm dwelling with Jesus my King;
I have found where He dwells with His own;
I have opened the door of my heart;
He has made it His temple and throne.
Like Mary I sit at His feet,
Like John I recline on His breast,
In His presence is fulness of joy,
On His bosom alone there is rest.

And I dwell with the King for His work,
I've a part in His glorious plan
For the kingdom of God on this earth
And the help and salvation of man.
The world has its work and rewards,
I count them but folly and loss,
My business is only His work,
My message is only His cross.

I dwell with the King for His work,
And the work, it is His and not mine;
He plans and prepares it for me
And fills me with power divine.
So duty is changed to delight,
And prayer into praise as I sing;
I dwell with my King for His work
And work in the strength of my King.

Shall we dwell with the King for His work
As we enter the opening year?
Perhaps ere it passes, the King
In His glory Himself shall appear.
Oh, then in some closer embrace,
Oh, then in some nobler employ
We shall dwell with the King for His work
In endless, ineffable joy!

LOVEST THOU ME?

“**L**OVEST thou Me?” the Lord is asking,
As once He asked in Galilee;
He knows our hearts before we answer,
But still He asketh, “Lovest thou Me?”
Oh, can we say with contrite Peter,
Despite his sad and shameful fall,
“Thou know’st my heart, Thou know’st I love Thee,
Thou know’st I love Thee more than all.”

The Master knew his base denial,
His braggart boast, his fearful fall,
But still He knew one tear of sorrow,
One throb of love was more than all.
It is not what we do that damns us,
But what we’re not, and what we are;
God pardons sin, but heaven’s portals
To selfish souls the angels bar.

“Lovest thou Me?” the Lord is asking,
And He who asks has loved us well;
How well, how much His love has cost Him
The Garden and the Cross must tell.
And shall we give Him love less costly?
Can that be love which knows no cross?
The passion flame of Calvary’s sorrow
Makes all things seem but worthless dross.

“Lovest thou Me?” the Lord is asking.

How shall we show how much we love?

How can we live our love for Jesus,

And by our works our words approve?

“Go feed My lambs that pine and perish,

Shepherd and fold My feeble sheep,

Strengthen the weak, bring back the lost ones,

And watch and guard while others sleep.”

The poor, the sick, the weak, the tempted,

And even the souls that try us so,

Are but His messengers, commissioned

To claim for Him the debt we owe.

In all who test our love and patience

The Master only let us see;

Some day He'll say, “To them ye did it;

Ye also did it unto Me.”

“Lovest thou Me?” the Lord is looking

Out on the mountains dark and cold;

“Go seek My other sheep,” He bids us,

“The sheep that are not of this fold,

My poor lost sheep, My lambs that perish;

I died for them as well as thee;

And what you do to seek and save them,

I count it all as done to Me.”

Some day He'll say, “I once was hungry,

Ye fed Me from your scanty store;

I once was naked, outcast, friendless,

Ye clothed Me, helped Me, o'er and o'er.

What though ye little dreamed the suppliant
Was I, your Saviour and your Lord,
Come now, ye blessed of My Father,
I come to bring you great reward."

WHEN THE TASKS OF LIFE ARE ENDED

WHEN the tasks of life are ended
And the battle won at last,
We shall rest a little season
Till the course of Time is past.
Then will come at length the crowning
Of the victors in the fight,
And, methinks, our earthly trials
Will indeed seem strangely light.

There shall be no night nor darkness
In that bright eternal day;
Death and pain and sin shall vanish
And the tears be wiped away.
And the loved ones long since parted
Shall be there to part no more;
Nor shall aught that grieved and pained us
Ever reach that happy shore.

There'll be diadems of glory,
There'll be thrones of boundless sway;
There'll be palaces of splendor,
There'll be robes of bright array.

Oh! how poor will seem earth's glories,
And how cheap her wealth and fame
When the heavens shall hail our triumph,
And the Lamb confess our name.

We shall have the stars for empires,
We shall shine forth as the sun;
We shall share the royal sceptre
Of the great and mighty One.
We shall scale the heights of wisdom,
We shall know as we are known,
We shall bear the Master's image
And be with Him on His Throne.

But a joy yet more transcendent
To the hearts that beat so high
Is the service that awaits us
In the Land beyond the sky.
We shall work with powers unbounded,
God will clothe us with His might;
We shall finish all life's problems
With a new and strange delight.

We may speed o'er all creation
As the swift light sweeps afar;
We may bear some glorious message
Unto every distant star.
We may tell to wondering myriads
How the Master died for men,
Till creation's farthest confines
Echo back the loud Amen.

This is but our nature's childhood,
We shall reach our manhood then;
'Prentice work we're slowly learning,
Bye and bye we'll work as men.
We are heirs of all the ages,
We are children of the light.
How we'll wish we'd lived more like it
When our faith is lost in sight!

THE NAME OF JESUS

GLORY TO THE NAME OF JESUS!

GLORY to the Name of Jesus!
Once it stood for sin and shame;
Now the songs of earth and heaven
Join to bless that glorious Name.

Pardon through the Name of Jesus!
Free from guilt, and fault, and blame,
We may stand beloved, accepted
As we come in Jesus' Name.

Victory through the Name of Jesus!
Once for us He overcame,
And we conquer sin and Satan
Only in our Captain's Name.

Power through the Name of Jesus!
All His power our faith may claim.
God will work His wonders through us
When we use that mighty Name.

Healing in the Name of Jesus!
How it thrills our suffering frame
When we learn to take from Jesus
Life and healing in His Name.

Tell abroad the Name of Jesus;
'Round the world His love proclaim
Till earth's saved and ransomed millions
Join to praise the Saviour's Name.

Glory to the Name of Jesus!
Once it stood for sin and shame.
Now let all in earth and heaven
Join to bless His glorious Name!

THE POWER OF HIS NAME

OH, the precious Name of Jesus!
Oh, the debt of love we owe!
It has brought us all we value,
Heaven above and peace below.
And 'twould heal earth's every sorrow,
Cure the curse, and sin, and shame,
Could earth's wretched millions only
Know the power of Jesus' Name.

THE SAVIOUR'S CHARM

THERE are faces here that are strangely fair,
There are hearts that glow with love,
But I know a face that is fairer far,
And a Friend all friends above.

He is fairer far than the sons of men,
His lips with grace o'erflow,
His smile is the light of heaven above
And the joy of saints below.

When He lived on earth as the Holy Child,
He had favor with God and men,
The sad were cheered, the lost were saved,
And the sick made whole again.

When He comes to dwell in a human heart,
'Tis the dawn of a heavenly day;
The earth will sing when He comes again,
And the shadows flee away.

Let my soul be filled with Thy light, dear Lord,
My life with Thy beauty shine,
So that men will long for Thy friendship too
As they see Thy face in mine.

I HAVE SEEN JESUS

I HAVE seen Jesus, and my wants are all supplied ;
I have seen Jesus, and I'm dead to all beside ;
I have seen Jesus, and my heart is satisfied,
Satisfied with Jesus.

I have seen Jesus, and His blood has cleansed my soul ;
I have seen Jesus, and His touch has made me whole ;
I have seen Jesus, and my cares on Him I roll,
Roll them all on Jesus.

I have seen Jesus, and henceforth I'm not my own ;
I have seen Jesus, and He holds my heart's high throne ;
I have seen Jesus, and I live for Him alone,
Jesus, only Jesus !

I have seen Jesus, and my sorrows all are o'er ;
I have seen Jesus, and tho' tempests 'round me roar,
Anchored to Jesus, I am safe forevermore
In the arms of Jesus.

I have seen Jesus, and I long for Him to come ;
I have seen Jesus, and tho' still on earth I roam,
Jesus is coming, coming soon to take me home,
Home to be with Jesus !

MISSIONS

WHAT SHALL THE ANSWER BE?

A CRY as of pain, again and again,
Is borne o'er the deserts and wide-spreading main;
A cry from the lands that in darkness are lying,
A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are sighing.

It comes unto me; it comes unto thee;
Oh, what shall the answer be?

Oh, hark to the call! It comes unto all
Whom Jesus has rescued from sin's deadly thrall.
"Come over and help us! In bondage we languish!
Come over and help us! We die in our anguish!"

It comes unto me; it comes unto thee;
Oh, what shall the answer be?

It comes to the soul that Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing His name to extol;
It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing,
It comes with a plea which is strong and prevailing.

For Christ's sake, to me; for Christ's sake, to thee;
Oh, what shall the answer be?

MY TRUST

LORD, Thou hast given to me a trust,
A high and holy dispensation,
To tell the world, and tell I must,
The story of Thy great salvation.
Thou might'st have sent from heav'n above
Angelic hosts to tell the story,
But in Thy condescending love,
On men Thou hast conferred the glory.

REFRAIN:

Let me be faithful to my trust,
Telling the world the story;
Press on my heart the woe;
Put in my feet the go;
Let me be faithful to my trust,
And use me for Thy glory.

Thou hast commanded us to go,
Oh, never let our hearts betray Thee;
And thou hast left an awful woe,
On all who lightly disobey Thee.
Oh, let us feel and fear that woe,
As we would guard our own salvation,
And let us answer to that "go"
As witnesses in every nation.

We all are debtors to our race;
God holds us bound to one another;
The gifts and blessings of His grace
Were given thee to give thy brother.
We owe to every child of sin
One chance, at least, for hope of heaven.
Oh, by the love that brought us in,
Let help and hope to them be given!

THE LORD OF THE HARVEST

HEAR ye the cry of the Lord of the harvest,
Calling for laborers true.
White are the fields, and the harvest is plenteous;
Why are the laborers so few?

Lift up your eyes on the stricken nations
Dying in thousands each year.
Think of the loved ones that toil in the darkness;
Pray for the laborers, oh, pray!

E'en as the torrents that burst from the mountains,
Flooding the valley and plain,
Thrust forth the laborers and rouse us to send them,
Come and revive us again.

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
To me forever dear!
My very heart doth melt with love
When thy sweet name I hear.
I love thy very walls and towers,
That many a tale could tell;
I love thy valleys and thy hills;
I love, I love thee well.

But most of all, I love thee well
Because the Son of God
So oft o'er all these sacred scenes
With holy footsteps trod.
The halo of His presence still
Seems lingering all around,
And every spot my footsteps tread,
Is sacred, hallowed ground.

But one sweet spot is dearer far
Than all the rest to me;
A low green hill hard by thy walls,
The place called Calvary.
Nay, there's another spot I hold
With love that's fonder yet,
Where last His blessed footsteps trod,—
The Mount of Olivet.

Methinks the very smile of heaven
Is ever lingering here ;
Methinks the very angel hosts
Are ever hovering near.
I sat upon that mountain side
O'erlooking Bethany,
And never shall my heart forget
What Jesus said to me.

It was not words, it was not thoughts,
'Twas just a breath of love ;
But something to my heart it meant,
All thoughts and words above.
Yet this I know that message meant—
That soon He'll come again—
Oh, blessed hope! Our glorious King
Will soon begin His reign!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Forever dear to me!
While life and love and God shall live,
I will remember thee!

Written in Jerusalem,
February, 1894.

INDIA FOR JESUS

INDIA for Jesus and Jesus for India!

This is the message we bear.

India for Jesus and Jesus for India!

This is our watchword and prayer.

Over the Ghauts and the hills of Sappura,

Over the plains of Berar,

Over the beautiful valleys of Krishna,

Echo the chorus afar!

Sing, till the voices of Hindu and Moslem

Blend in the glorious strain!

Sing, till the notes of the Brahmin and Sweeper

Join in the mighty refrain!

Sing it in Telugu, Urdu, Marathi;

Over the land let it ring;

Teach them in Tamil, Gujarati, and Hindi

India for Jesus to sing.

India for Jesus and Jesus for India!

Over our land let it ring,

Calling the Church to her glorious mission,

India to Jesus to bring;

Bidding the lingering heralds of mercy

Fly with the Gospel abroad,

Till from her hilltops the watchmen shall answer,

"India has turned unto God!"

India for Jesus and Jesus for India!
Master, the work must be Thine;
Thine is the power, and Thine is the promise;
Send us the baptism divine.
And, as the Monsoons sweep over the mountains,
Watering each valley and plain,
So may the Spirit, in showers of blessing,
Come with abundance of rain.

THE LAND OF LIGHT

AN AFRICAN INCIDENT.

“**Y**OU tell me of a Land of Light
Where weary spirits find repose,
But all around is death and night,
From weary dawn to evening's close.
You tell me of a King of Love
Whose hands receive our parting breath,
But I have no such Friend above
To take away the sting of death.

“Life is one living agony,
And death a deeper, darker night;
Oh, can there be for such as we
A King of Love, a Land of Light?”
“Yes, weary children of the night
We bring you words of hope and love;
There is for you a Land of Light;
There is for you a King of Love.

“To you, so sinful and so sad,
Glad tidings of great joy we bring;
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
And hail your Saviour and your King.
'Tis this that makes us glad to go
From home, and friends, and prospects bright,
To give to those who do not know
Our King of Love, our Land of Light.”

O ye, the children of the Light,
In happy homes and Christian lands,
Could you but see their dreadful night,
How soon you'd fly to loose their bands!
How can you bear to hear their cry
And never tell them of your God?
How dare you meet that God on high
And have Him charge you with their blood?

BEAUTIFUL JAPAN!

OFF the coast of Asia, 'mid the mighty ocean,
Lies an island empire, strangely fair and bright;
Ere the morning sunbeams touch the Asian headlands,
All her isles are glowing in the dawning light.
"Kingdom of the Sunrise," well her children call her,
For 'mid Asian nations she is in the van;
First to catch the radiance of a brighter Sunrise,
Islands of the Morning, Beautiful Japan!

Like a youthful giant she is leaping onward,
Gathering up the spoils of every age and clime;
Kindling with a vision of a grander future,
She would fain outspeed the very march of time.
But her boasted progress and her brightest culture
Only can exalt the pride and power of man;
What she needs is Jesus and His glorious gospel.
Only Christ can save thee, Beautiful Japan!

Land of wondrous beauty, what a charm there lingers
Over every landscape, every flower and tree!
But a brighter glory waits to break upon thee
Than thy cloud-capped mountain or thy inland sea.
'Tis the Father's glory in the face of Jesus,
'Tis the blessed story of redeeming love.
Wake to meet the dawning of the heavenly Sunrise!
Rise to hail the glory shining from above!

At the gates of Asia, foremost of her nations,
God has set her people in His wondrous plan;
China's teeming myriads, and Korea's millions
Wait for her to lead them to the Son of man.
Rise to meet thy mission! Haste to claim thy calling!
'Mid millennial nations leading on the van,
First to catch the Sunrise of the Coming Kingdom,
Islands of the Morning, Beautiful Japan!

WON'T YOU WIPE MY TEARS?

“**W**ON'T you wipe my tears?” said a dying child,
As she lay on her bed of pain,
For the scalding tears o'er her bleeding face
Ran down like the drops of rain.
She had ever known what it was to weep
Since her childhood's earliest years,
Till her lips had got used to the pitiful prayer,
“Won't you wipe my scalding tears?”

“Won't you wipe my tears?” was her constant cry,
As they poured down her blistered face;
While the more she struggled to keep them back,
The more they would flow apace.
And the little life was a living death
With its weight of grief and fears,
Till it breathed itself out with the pitiful cry,
“Won't you wipe my scalding tears?”

“Won’t you wipe my tears?” ’Tis the bitter cry
That is echoing o’er and o’er,
From the sin and shame of our city slums,
And from each dark heathen shore.
Shall it call in vain to our selfish hearts?
Shall we shut our selfish ears
To the pitiful wail of the weeping world
As it cries, “Won’t you wipe my tears?”

There is only One Who can wipe their tears,
Only One Who can help and save.
Shall we dare to hoard up the Bread of Life
While they sink to a hopeless grave?
Let us haste to give them the Blessed Hope
That has healed our grief and fears,
Till this sorrowing world shall be brought to Him
Who has wiped away *our* tears.

THE LORD'S COMING

SOUND THE ALARM!

SOUND the alarm through the earth and the heavens!
Summon the slumbering world to attend!
Jesus is coming! the hour is impending!
Sound the alarm to earth's uttermost end!

Sound the alarm in the ears of the sinner!
Haste, ere the time of probation be past!
Now is the day of salvation, improve it;
Mercy long lingers, but doom comes at last.

Sound the alarm to the slumbering Christian!
Are you prepared should the Bridegroom appear,
Oil in your vessels, your lamps trimmed and burning?
Brother, be ready, the Master is near.

Sound the alarm to the millions that wander
Out in the darkness of heathendom's night!
Tell them the King of all kingdoms is coming;
Tell them of Jesus, and send them the light.

Sound the alarm to the scoffers and worldlings!
Long have ye mocked at His grace and His word.
"Look, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish,"
Where shall you hide in the day of the Lord?

COMING AGAIN

O WORD of hope and holy fear!
O solace sweet for grief and pain!
O saint, rejoice! O sinner, hear!
The Lord will come to earth again!

O word that bids us watch and pray,—
The Lord will come, we know not when,
But this we know, some glorious day
The Lord will come to earth again.

O balm for every broken heart,
For all our parting and our pain;
Some day we'll meet, no more to part,
The Lord will come to earth again!

O word that makes us swift and bold
To tell His love to sinful men!
For when the story has been told,
The Lord will come to earth again.

O word of joy, all joy above—
Repeat again the glad refrain—
We soon shall be with Him we love;
The Lord will come to earth again!

A SOUND IN THE MULBERRY TREES

THERE'S a solemn sound in the rustling breeze
That is more than the whispering zephyr's sigh;
There's a sound in the tops of the mulberry trees
That tells that the heavenly hosts are nigh.

There's "a sound of a going" upon the air,
For the Lord is marching on before,
And the angel hosts of the sky are there
As they fought for men in the days of yore.

There's a shout of the right against the wrong;
There's a groan from the whole creation round;
There's a cry from the martyrs, "Lord, how long?"
And the heavens are echoing back the sound.

And the Ancient of Days is on His way,
For the hour of His judgment is at hand,
And the shaking of heaven and earth to-day
Is troubling every wondering land.

Let us catch the signal from the skies,
And stir ourselves to follow on;
Let the soldiers of the Lord arise
And claim the victory He hath won.

We are going forth to a strenuous fight,
To a field of blood, and fire, and sword,
To the scenes of sin and the slums of night,
To the last dread battle of the Lord.

YET A LITTLE WHILE

YET a little, such a little, little while,
And the Coming One will come for Whom we wait.
Though He tarry, He is coming as He said,
And He will not wait too long nor come too late.

Yet a little, such a little, little while,
And we'll cease to sin or suffer here below ;
Pain and sickness, death and sorrow pass away,
Never more a doubt, or fear, or grief to know.

Just a little, such a little, little while,
And we'll meet again our loved ones gone before ;
Just a little, such a little, little while,
And we'll see and be with Jesus evermore.

Just a little, such a little, little while,
And oppression, crime, and selfishness shall cease ;
All the wrongs of earth be righted at the last,
And this earth become a heaven of love and peace.

Though our hearts are often weary as we wait,
Still we know that Day of Days is drawing near ;
Just a little, such a little, little while,
And our loved and longed-for Bridegroom shall be
here.

HOW LONG?

THERE'S a cry from the heavenly temple,
Mid the hush of the seraphim's song,
From the martyrs under the altar
"How long, O Lord, how long?"
And lo, as it reaches the Father,
With its burden of sorrow and wrong,
He turns to His people and asks us
"How long, My Church, how long?"

There's a cry from the whole creation,
With the pain of its pitiful wrong
As it waits for the great Redemption,
And seems to moan—"How long?"
There's a cry from our loved and lost ones,
With a longing so deep and strong
For the day when we'll meet them yonder,
And still they cry—"How long?"

There's a cry from the perishing heathen
Enslaved by sin's fetters so strong.
How long must the heavens still hear it
That bitter cry—"How long?"
There a cry from the waiting Master
As He longs to begin His reign,
How long shall we keep Him waiting
To come to His own again?

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

FAIR is the tale that our parents in Eden,
Ere they had tasted the poison of sin,
Wore but the light for their glorious garment,
Robed in the radiance that shone from within.

But when they fell, and the glory had vanished,
Naked and stripped they were filled with dismay,
For they had lost the Shekinah within them,
And their bright raiment had faded away.

So we are told that with light as a garment
God is arrayed in His glory so bright;
And on the mountain transfigured before them
Jesus was robed in the garments of light.

So we shall one day be robed with the rainbow,
Clothed with the clouds of the sunset so bright,
Fair as the flowers that garland the spring-time,
Bright as the stars that illumine the night.

Why should we struggle for beauty and fashion?
Soon we'll be clothed in His beauty Divine.
Let it be ours to be filled with His Presence,
And through the temple His glory shall shine.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

O VER the night that so darkly was falling,
Malachi looks to the morning and sings,
Sings of the sunrise that soon will be breaking,
Breaking with healing and joy on its wings.

Oh, what a sunrise that morning hath brought us!
Oh, what a glory on earth it has shed!
Bringing salvation and healing and gladness,
Light for our darkness, and life from the dead.

There is a dawn and a sunrise more glorious,
Which the appearing of Jesus will bring;
Loosed from the fetters of earth's dreary winter
We shall go forth like the calves of the spring.

Over forever our darkness and dying,
Over forever our sickness and pain;
Never to feel the fierce breath of temptation,
Never to sin or to sorrow again.

Oh, what a morning, no sunset shall darken!
Oh, what a spring where no tempest shall blow!
Oh, what a home with no parting or weeping!
Oh, what a world which no evil shall know!

Woe for the day that shall burn as an oven!
Woe for the chaff that the flame shall consume!
Oh, for the fire that will cleanse us and save us
From that dread day of destruction and doom!

THY KINGDOM COME

O CHRIST my Lord and King,
This is the prayer I bring,
This is the song I sing,
Thy kingdom come.

Help me to work and pray,
Help me to live each day,
That all I do may say,
Thy kingdom come.

Upon my heart's high throne
Rule Thou, and Thou alone;
Let me be all Thine own;
Thy kingdom come.

Through all the earth abroad,
Wherever man has trod,
Send forth Thy word, O God;
Thy kingdom come.

Soon may our King appear,
Haste, bright Millennial Year;
We live to bring it near;
Thy kingdom come.

LOOKING FOR AND HASTING FORWARD

WE are looking for the Coming of the Master,
We are hasting on the glorious day ;
So the Bride should watch and wait for His appearing,
So the Church should watch, and work, and pray.
We may hasten on the Coming of the Master,
We may speed along the lingering years,
We may send abroad the blessed proclamation
And prepare the way ere He appears.

We are longing for the Coming of the Master ;
It will bring us all we hold most dear.
Oh, to have the Lamb to dwell among us ever,
And our long lost loved ones with us there !
All the wrongs of time at last shall then be righted,
Earth shall be a Paradise again ;
Sin and sickness, death and sorrow shall be ended,
Righteousness and peace and love shall reign.

Let us hasten on the Coming of the Master ;
Let us shorten days that linger still ;
Time is counted yonder not alone by numbers,
Rather by conditions we fulfil.
If we bring the other wandering sheep to Jesus,
If we send the witness everywhere,
We may hasten His long looked for Coming,
And His glorious Advent may prepare.

Is there some one in your earthly home and household
Who should not be absent in that day?
Is there something in your heart, or plans, or business
That would from His presence hide away?
Is there something more that you should do for Jesus,
Something that would help to make Him King?
Help us, Lord, to use and trim our lanterns,
And Thy blessed Coming haste to bring.

BRINGING BACK THE KING

THE air is full of party strife,
And ever loud and long,
Each faction has some new device,
To remedy the wrong.
From age to age men vainly try
Earth's Golden Age to bring
But tell me why there's nothing said
Of bringing back the King?

ZION'S AWAKENING

AWAKE, Awake, O Zion!
Arise, Jerusalem!
Shake off thy chains, thy sackcloth,
Put on thy diadem!
Thy night is almost over,
Thy morning draweth near,
Thy day of promise hasteth
Thy King will soon appear.

Long hath thy midnight lasted,
Hard hath thy bondage been,
Cruel the shame and sorrow
Thy weeping eyes have seen.
Lift up thine eyes, O Israel,
Forget thy Wailing Place;
Once more thy King is coming
In glory and in grace.

Thy sons are crowding to thee,
Thy wastes are tilled once more,
Thy latter rains returning
As in the days of yore.
Thy vineyards and thy olives
Once more thy mountains crown,
And 'neath the vine and figtree
Again thy sons sit down.

Once more the grapes of Eschol
In Hebron's vale are seen,
Once more the plain of Sharon
Is clothed in richest green.
The orange groves of Jaffa
Hang rich with harvest rare,
And hill and valley blossom
With flowers sweet and fair.

Once more thy hills are crownèd
With many a structure fair;
Thy thoroughfares are crowded
With traffic everywhere;
Thy streets are stretching northward—
How strange the sacred sign—
And soon thy bounds will follow
The prophet's measuring line.

And many a town and hamlet
Are rising o'er the land,
The harbingers of progress
And brighter days at hand.
And many a little circle
Of Israel's sons has come
And in their ancient valleys
Has found a prosperous home.

And now the engine's whistle
Is heard on Sharon's plain,
And Judah's mountains echo
The rushing railway train;

And over Syrian railways
Perhaps, ere long, shall pour
The trade of Western nations
To India's distant shore.

The messengers of Jesus,
Are gathering at thy gates;
And many a faithful watchman
In Zion works and waits.
Once more from Salem's threshold
The stream begins to flow
Whose deeper tides of blessing
To all the lands shall go.

From many a cruel nation
Thy suffering children flee,
Not knowing God is planning
To drive them home to thee.
Thy strange, pathetic story
Men may not understand—
A land without a people,
A race without a land.

But Israel shall be gathered
From every race and clime
To Zion's holy mountain
In God's appointed time.
The little chosen remnant
Must first their Lord receive;
The first fruits of the nation
His gospel must believe.

And then, from Gentile nations,
The Lord must bring His own,
And unto every creature
The witness be made known.
Then, He has surely promised,
The glorious end shall come—
Thy King shall come to Zion
And Israel gather home.

Oh, hail that glorious morning
All things in earth and sky,
And e'en in scattered Israel
Proclaim its advent nigh!
Awake, Awake, O Zion!
Thy day begins to dawn!
Lord, haste its glad appearing,
Help us to speed it on.

Written when visiting
Jerusalem in 1894.

CLASS SONGS

THE WHOLE BIBLE TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD*

GOD has given us a great commission,
On our banners let it be unfurled,
This our holy trust and glorious message—
The whole Bible to the whole wide world.

God has given us a great salvation,
Saving us from sickness, sin, and hell;
Let us come to Him and take it freely,
Let us then as freely go and tell.

Christ is calling us with many voices,
For His speedy coming to prepare;
Shall He find us watching, robed, and ready,
At His call to meet Him in the air?

Blessed Master, we have heard Thy summons,
And Thy heart has heard our answering cry;
We are going forth to meet the Bridegroom,
For we know His coming draweth nigh.

*The last hymn written by Dr. Simpson
on the Nyack Motto and sung at
the Congress of Missionary Bands,
February, 1919.

VOLUNTEERS FOR JESUS

COMRADES, hark! for the battle cry is ringing!
Forward march! hark, it is the Captain's call!
Ready all! let us answer to the summons,
Ready all! we shall conquer tho' we fall!

Comrades, hark! He is sending forth His legions
To Cathay and to India's burning sands!
Who will dare Afric's deadly clime to venture?
Volunteers, He is calling out your bands!

Comrades, hark! for the Lord has gone before us!
Jesus leads, let us haste to follow on;
Follow on, for the Lord is fighting for us!
Forward march! claim the victory He has won!

Comrades, shout! for the mighty walls are falling!
Onward press! God has opened every door!
O'er the world let us bear the gospel banner;
Christ leads on, follow as He goes before!

Comrades, haste! for the day is fast declining!
Earth grows old, and the age is nearly gone!
"Lo, He comes!" every sign is loudly telling;
Gird your loins, fight on till the battle's won!

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL!

CLASS SONG, 1915

WE see a world in arms to-day,
We hear the clansmen sing,
Some shouting, "Kaiser over all,"
And some, "God save the king."
But we a nobler note would raise
As at His feet we fall—
"All hail the power of Jesus' name
And crown Him Lord of all."

O Christ, we crown Thee Lord of all,
In all our hearts to-day;
We yield to Thee our love, our life,
Our thoughts, our will, our way.
Lord, take and use us as Thou wilt;
Make every heart Thy throne,
And let our every ransomed power
Be Thine, and Thine alone.

Oh, haste the day when o'er the earth
Thy flag shall be unfurled!
We go to win for Christ our Lord
The crown of all the world.
Then all above and all below
At His dear feet shall fall,
"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

BE TRUE

CLASS SONG, 1894

WE are going forth from the school of Jesus,
We have sat at His blessed feet;
We have drunk from truth's celestial fountain,
We have tasted its honey sweet.
We are witnesses for our blessed Master
In a world where friends are few,
And He sends us forth with the watchword holy,
Whatsoever it costs, Be true.

Be true! Be true!
Let the holy watchword ring;
Be true to your trust,
Be true to your glorious King;
Be true! Be true!
Whether friends be false or few;
Whatsoever betide, ever at His side,
Let Him always find you true.

We are going forth from the upper chamber,
From the days of our Pentecost,
We have giv'n ourselves in a full surrender,
And been filled with the Holy Ghost.

We are going forth as epistles holy,
And to live as Christ would do ;
Let us always represent our Master,
Let our life be always true.

We are going forth with a trust so sacred,
And a truth so divine and deep,
With a message clear and a work so glorious,
And a charge, such a charge to keep.
Let it be our greatest joy, my brother,
That the Lord can depend on you,
And if all besides should fail and falter,
To your trust be always true.

We are going forth with a glorious mission
As ambassadors for God,
We are sent with heaven's last word of mercy
Over all the world abroad.
We are sent to save from the blight of sorrow,
And the curse of sin undo ;
With a work so grand and a trust so holy,
Oh, what heart would not be true?

We are going forth with the blessed Spirit,
And the Master always near :
He has told us, "Lo, I am with you always,"
And we need not faint or fear.
With the Master's presence always near us,
Shall we not both dare and do,
With the mighty Holy Ghost within us,
Shall we not be always true?

We are going forth with a hope supernal,
'Tis the hope of "Home, Sweet Home,"
We shall not have gone over all the cities
Till the Son of man be come.
We are calling out the guests to the marriage,
We are hasting to meet Him, too.
May He find us watching and robed and ready;
May He say "Thou hast been true."

THY GOD IS MIGHTY

CLASS SONG, 1917

THERE'S a mighty word that echoes down the ages;
It has cheered the saints in many an evil time.
Lo! "The Lord thy God in midst of thee is mighty,"
Let it stir us as we sing the notes sublime.

REFRAIN:

"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty,"
The Lord thy God,—sound it loud and long.
"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty,"
Be strong, be strong, be strong.

'Twas the battle cry that led the hosts of Israel
As they crossed the sea and won the Promised Land,
And the mighty God that led them on to victory
Still is with us with His strong and mighty Hand.

'Twas the promise given to the ancient prophet
That Messiah's name should be Immanuel,
For the holy Babe that came to Bethlehem's manger
Was the Son of God who stooped with men to dwell.

'Twas His parting promise as the Master left us,
That the Holy Ghost from Heaven He would send,
And that He Himself in mighty power and presence
Should be with us always till the age shall end.

'Tis the mighty Word that sanctifies and saves us
From the power of self, and of the world and sin;
Holy secret hidden from the ancient ages
Is the Son of God Himself enthroned within.

We are waiting for a yet more glorious vision,
For the Son of God is coming back ere long.
Haste, O Lord, the day when choirs of earth and heaven,
Shall unite to echo that millennial song.

SEASON SONGS

O WINGÈD YEARS

O WINGÈD years, how fast ye fly!
 Foreshortened as the end draws nigh.
Another year its course has run,
 And time's own course will soon be done.

An age its months might well enfold
 If all their issues could be told,
For faith can trace the hand of God
 On every page the earth abroad.

The Wingèd Wheels of Living Flame
 That to Ezekiel's vision came,
Swift moving at the Lord's command,
 Have swept once more o'er every land.

With many a shock earth's walls were riven,
 And God is shaking earth and heaven;
The social realm, the business world,
 With wildest storms have tossed and swirled.

Old systems crumble and decay,
 Old things and peoples pass away;
The hoary past retires from view,
 And a new age wants all things new.

'Tis but the travail pangs of earth
Foretokening that mightier birth
When God's great word shall be made true
And God Himself make all things new.

How vain the wisdom of the wise!
Man's towers have failed to reach the skies.
New thought and new theology
Are but a sacred travesty.

But God is speaking loud and clear,
His kingdom swiftly draweth near;
The Spirit and the Bride say, come,
And Israel's sons are hastening home.

Bride of the Lamb, thyself prepare
To meet the Bridegroom in the air;
Soldiers of Christ, gird on your sword,
And send abroad His Holy Word.

A GOLDEN YEAR

GOLDEN days and golden blessings,
This the prayer our hearts would raise,
As we stand once more together
At the parting of the ways;
This the boon our love is asking
For the friends we hold so dear;
Open to us all Thy treasures,
Grant us, Lord, a Golden Year.

For the gold we count so precious
Simply points to things above,
And the golden things of Scripture
Are the treasures of His love.
What can bring such glorious riches,
What can give such wealth divine
As to have Him whisper to us,
“All I am and have is thine?”

Though perhaps our hearts have lingered
Far too long “among the pots,”
Let us rise from sin and sorrow
And from earth’s defiling spots,
Till our soul shall catch the sunshine
Falling on us from above
Like the sheen of gold and silver
On the bright and burnished dove.

Robe us in the golden garments
Of the daughter of the King;
Let us share her heavenly rapture
When the Lamb His Bride shall bring;
Let our robes be wrought and fashioned
By Thy needlework divine,
Every stitch and thread and fiber,—
Let the work, O Lord, be Thine.

Let us be as golden vessels
In the palace of the King,
Purged from every baser service,
Every coarse and common thing;

Clean and empty, pure and holy,
Let us ever waiting stand,
Meet for every call of service,
Close and ready at His hand.

Let us build a golden mansion
Ere the fires of that great Day
Shall consume wood, hay, and stubble,
And the things that pass away.
Let us build of gold and silver,
For the Spirit's work alone
Can endure the testing fires,
Stand approved before the throne.

Let us be like "golden vials
Full of odors sweet" that rise,
Bearing up like golden censers
Holy incense to the skies.
Let us be like golden piping
Made the heavenly oil to bear,
To the golden temple lampstands,
Shedding blessing everywhere.

Golden words our lips may utter,
Words of heavenly love and might;
Golden gifts to spread His gospel
And to send abroad the light;
Golden deeds in heavenly power,
God can make our weakness strong;
Golden smiles and golden sunshine,
Filling life with joy and song.

Streets and harps and crowns all golden
With the ransomed we shall share;
We are heirs of all the glory
Waiting for us over there.
But we need not wait to claim it
Till we join the heavenly throng;
Let us dare to use the riches
That to us as heirs belong.

Let us take each golden promise,
Let us turn it back again;
Golden deeds of lives and blessing
Let us give to God and men.
God Himself alone the gold is,
All, O Lord, must come from Thee;
Lord, go with us, then most surely
This a Golden Year shall be.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

THEY are tolling the dirge of the Old Year,
They are digging the grave of the past;
Say, what has it brought thee of blessing
And what has it left that will last?

Has it brought thee to Jesus thy Saviour
And saved from thy sins and thy fears?
Then well may'st thou bless its remembrance,
And call it the best of thy years.

Has it brought thee the fulness of Jesus
And used thee on errands of love?
Then well may'st thou weep at its parting,
And bless it all others above.

They are ringing the dawn of the New Year,
And joyfully hailing its birth:
Oh, what does it hide in its bosom
For thee and the millions of earth?

Let faith bring its answering message,
As bright as the promise divine;
And hope shed its light on the vision
Till bright with His coming it shine.

Then let love gird her loins to fulfil it
As forth to the harvest she hies;
And may heaven make real the vision
Ere another New Year shall arise.

EASTERTIDE

THE NEW YEAR OF NATURE AND REDEMPTION

L O, earth arrays herself in beauty,
And folds her wintry robes away,
Her veins with vernal life are throbbing,
'Tis Nature's glorious New Year's day.

Glad day on which the Lord of glory,
Rose from the tomb where once He lay
And made the Eastertide forever
Redemption's sacred New Year's day.

Type of our spirit's resurrection,
Sweet Eastertide to us thou art,
Thou bringest us the new creation,
The precious New Year of the heart.

Bright foretaste of that brighter morning
When all the saints shall reach their home.
O glorious day, we haste thy dawning,
Glad New Year of the Age to Come!

Sweet Eastertide, we rise to meet thee,
We hail thy dawning bright and clear!
Oh, lift us to the heavenly places,
And bring us all a glad New Year!

THANKSGIVING DAY

WHILE earth oft reels with shock of bloody battles,
And Heaven looks sadly on the fateful fray,
Peace spans our sky with radiant rainbow glory
And tunes our praise this glad Thanksgiving Day.

While plague and famine stalk among the nations,
And want and sorrow on their victims prey,
"There's no complaining in our streets" and hamlets,
And Plenty fills our flowing cup this day.

While darkness broods o'er more than half earth's
millions,
And myriads still to senseless idols pray,
The Light, the Life, the Christ to us are given,
And Heaven's best blessings fill our hearts to-day.

The heavenly hosts are marching on before us,
The hand of God "makes straight" His glorious way;
The harbingers of Hope are all around us,
And nearer draws Heaven's grand Thanksgiving Day.

While Praise pours out to-day its glad oblation,
Let Faith and Hope with holy longing pray
That soon may come earth's Monarch and Redeemer
To make all days one long Thanksgiving Day.

But more than Praise or Prayer or Hope's bright vision,
Let Love go forth her endless debt to pay;
And as we share our blessings with our fellows,
'Twill doubly bless our own Thanksgiving Day.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

ONCE again our glad thanksgivings
Rise before our Father's throne
As we try to count the blessings
Of the year so swiftly flown,
As we trace the wondrous working
Of His wisdom, power, and love,
And unite our "Holy, holy,"
With the seraphim above.

He has blessed our favored country
With a free and bounteous hand,
Peace and plenty in our borders,
Liberty through all our land.
And although our sins and follies
Oft provoked Him to His face,
Mercy still restrains His judgments
And prolongs our day of grace.

As we gather 'round our firesides
On this new Thanksgiving Day,
Time would fail to count the blessings
That have followed all our way;
Grace sufficient, help and healing,
Prayer oft answered at our call,
And the best of all our blessings,
Christ Himself our all in all.

How His glorious hand is moving
 Over all the earth abroad,
While the wondering nations tremble
 At the mighty march of God!
How a single year has witnessed
 Many age-long fetters riven,
And the Turk's dominion ended
 By the wrath of righteous heaven!

While we love to count our blessings,
 Grateful for the year that's gone,
Faith would sweep a wider vision,
 Hope would gaze yet farther on;
For the signals all around us
 Seem with one accord to say,
Christ is coming soon to bring us
 Earth's last, best Thanksgiving Day!

AS A LITTLE CHILD

WHEN He came from heaven to earth,
Jesus stooped to mortal birth
As a little child.
Now He reigns above the sky,
But the name He bears on high
Is "God's Holy Child."

As of old on Christmas morn
Christ in us again is born
As a little child.
And He bids His followers be
Meek and holy even as He,
Like a little child.

Give me, Lord, a childlike heart;
Make me simple, free from art
As a little child.
Trustful, loving, glad, and free,
Sweet, and holy let me be
Like a little child.

Jesus, treat me as a child;
And when swept by tempests wild,
Still Thy troubled child.
Hush my doubts and fears to rest,
And upon Thy sheltering breast
Fold Thy troubled child.

A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHRIST

WHEN God's belovèd Son
Came down to dwell with men,
There was in Bethlehem's little town
No room for Jesus then;
And in a manger bed
On that first Christmas morn,
'Mid crowded stalls and lowing kine
The Lord of Worlds was born.

He's coming back once more
Coming, but not as then;
Arrayed in glorious majesty,
He's coming back to reign.
With songs and shouts of praise
The earth and heavens shall ring,
And wealth of worlds were cheap to win
One smile from heaven's King.

Sometimes He still doth come
Seeking our hearts to win;
He gently knocks, and waits, and cries,
"Soul, may I enter in?"
His loving heart is fain
To win us in disguise
Before His majesty shall burst
Upon our wondering eyes.

O happy souls that hear
And bid Him enter in,
He comes to bless and heal and save
From all the curse of sin.
And, oh, what joy some day
To hear Him say to thee,
"Thou gavest Me a home on earth,
Now thou shalt dwell with Me."

The world is rushing on
In mad frivolity,
With room and time for all besides,
But none, O Lord, for Thee.
And, bolder grown, we dare
To call the world our own;
Humanity is God, and God
Is banished from His throne.

Imperious Mammon claims
All things on earth below;
No heavenly stamp our coins must bear,*
No Christ our Christmas know.
The songs our children sang
Must find a lower key,
And Bethlehem's Babe no place be given
Upon their Christmas tree.

*Written when the United States Government was discussing the question of removing the words "In God we trust" from its coins.

O God, the very heavens
Must blush with wondering shame
To see the slight that man bestows
On heaven's most honored name.
How canst Thou love and bless!
How canst Thou still forbear!
While He who died to purchase us
Has in our joy no share!

Earth, have thy little day
Of Christlessness and sin!
Soon shalt thou stand at Heaven's gate
And seek to enter in.
But from those warders stern
I hear the answer given—
"For those who had no room for Christ
There is no room in heaven."

THE MORNING STAR

WHEN of old the Magi journeyed
 With their gifts from lands afar;
They were led to Bethlehem's manger
 By a new and wondrous Star;
'Twas a Morning Star, proclaiming
 That earth's night had passed away,
And a heavenly Sun was rising
 On an Everlasting Day.

But for us a Star has risen
 With a radiance brighter far;
Christ Himself, to those who know Him,
 Is the Bright and Morning Star;
When He comes, He brings the morning
 Of a day that knows no night;
Of our hearts He is the Dayspring
 And the Everlasting Light.

And we're waiting for the dawning
 Of that glad millennial day
When earth's night of sin and sorrow
 Shall forever pass away.
But before that glorious sunrise
 Bursts o'er all the earth afar
He will come to us who know Him
 As the Bright and Morning Star.

Like the Magi from the Orient
Pilgrims of the night we are;
But we're watching as we journey
For the Bright and Morning Star.
E'en the deep'ning darkness tells us
That the morning must be near,
Oh, what joy should it be waiting
Somewhere in this glad New Year!

WHY HE CAME

THE Lord of angels came to Bethlehem's manger
To teach our hearts to love the lowliest place;
For rank can bend where vulgar pride stands vaunting,
And beauty shines most fair in modest grace.
Lord Jesus, teach our hearts to stoop like Thee,
And ever clothe us with humility.

The Holy Babe came down to Bethlehem's cradle
To shed eternal light on childhood's charm.
The Hand that guides the mighty orbs of heaven
Once lay a helpless babe in Mary's arms.
Lord, help me like a little child to be,
And let me love Thy lambs for love of Thee.

The angels sang on Bethlehem's plains that midnight
To teach our lips the songs the seraphs know;
"Glory to God on high," the lofty keynote,
"Goodwill to men and peace on earth" below.
Lord, tune our voices to the old refrain,
And ever let our lives repeat the strain.

It was the humble shepherds saw the vision—
Types of the lowly hearts to whom 'tis given
To see the things the wise and prudent see not,
And catch the echoes of the songs of heaven.

Lord, may we ever dwell so near Thy side,
And in the secret place with Thee abide.

The Magi came to Bethlehem's lowly manger
With gifts of myrrh and frankincense and gold,
To teach us still to bring our costly treasure,
Our worship and our woe, like them of old.

O Christ, unchanged through all the changing years,
Accept our gifts, our homage, and our tears.

SPECIAL SONGS

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

STARS of the southern heavens,
I greet you in His name,
Who hung your torches yonder,
And lit their glowing flame.

Oft in the northern midnight
I've seen Orion shine,
The brightest constellation
Of yonder arch divine.

The silver light of Sirius,
The wondrous Pleiades,
The never changing Pole Star—
Oft have I gazed on these.

But I have longed to see thee,
Fair Southern Cross, arise,
The mystic sign of Jesus
Engraven on the skies.

Shine on, thou wondrous signal,
Bright lamp from Heaven above,
Tell out o'er earth and ocean
The mystery of His love,

O'er Australasian Islands,
And Afric's burning sands,
And India's teeming millions,
And all the Christless lands.

Tell how the Lord of Heaven
Gave up His Son to die,
Till men shall catch the meaning
Of Christ and Calvary.

His Church has long neglected
To make the message known,
But God has hung the signal
To flash it from the Throne.

They say its stars are tinted
Like Calvary's crimson hue;
The very heavens confess Him
Who died for me and you.

The Southern Cross is hanging
Low in the Eastern sky;
I almost long to grasp it
And lift it up on high.

Yon glorious constellation
Is slowly travelling on;
And lo, erect it standest,
Long ere the night is gone.

Yes, and Thy cross, O Jesus,
Is rising evermore;
And soon its light and glory
Shall shine from shore to shore.

Amid yon starry cluster
Two crosses I can see;
One is the cross of Jesus,
And one—is left for me.

One stands erect to heaven;
'Tis His who suffered there;
And one is prostrate lying,
For us to take and bear.

I lift Thy cross, O Jesus,
O'er every heathen land;
And mine—I take and carry,
At Thy divine command.

Written on the Red
Sea, Feb., 1893.

LOOKING OVER

ONCE of old on Hermon's height,
Jesus stood one glorious night,
In transfiguration bright
Looking over;
Past the cross where He should die,
Past the grave where He should lie,
Over to His throne so high,—
Looking over.

Down the mountain He could see
Kedron's vale and Calvary's tree,
But how small they seemed to be
Looking over;
Dwarfed before the vision bright,
Lost amid the eternal light
Bursting on His ravished sight,—
Looking over.

He could see the lifted stone,
He could see the eternal throne,
And the powers of hell o'erthrown
Looking over;
He could see the gospel roll
Through the world from pole to pole,
Making ruined sinners whole,—
Looking over.

He could see the ransomed throng,
He could hear their rapturous song,
Rolling through the ages long,
 Looking over;
He could see His glorious Bride,
Saved and seated at His side,
And His soul was satisfied
 Looking over.

Let us look from Hermon's height
Over all earth's little night
And the sunlit hills of light,
 Looking over;
And the joy that's set before
Every grief will lift us o'er
Till we stand on yonder shore
 Looking over.

Written on the Red Sea,
February 24, 1894.

IN MEMORIAM*

FRRIEND of our hearts, farewell!
How swift thy heavenly call!
But yesterday we clasped thy hand—
 To-day the funeral pall.

Nay, not the pall, the bier—
For thee no death can be—
Thy radiant soul is shining on,
 These cerements hold not thee.

*On the occasion of the death of Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D.

The chrysalis has burst,
Thy wingèd soul has flown;
Thy song has struck a nobler key
Before the jasper throne.

With countless little ones
Who passed this way before,
We seem to see thy radiant form
Upon that shining shore.

Thy loved ones, too, are there,
All pain and parting past;
Thy spirit breathes its native air
And finds its home at last.

Thou wast too bright for earth
To hold thee longer here;
Pass on—we would not wish thee back
Amid these shadows drear.

But on we also press,
And may thy mantle fall
And leave on many a quickened heart
Some new and heavenly call.

SAFE HOME

HE brought me safe to my longed-for haven,
My perilous journey past;
So bring us, Lord, on our heavenly journey,
Safe home, safe home at last.

Through many a trying, deadly climate,
And many a stormy blast,
He guided, guarded my every footstep,
And brought me home at last.

Through narrow straits, o'er mighty mountains,
And out on oceans vast,
Life's pathway leads, yet He guides our footsteps,
And brings us home at last.

By dangerous shores where the dread plague hovered,
My lot was sometimes cast,
But the Great Physician has ever guarded,
And brought me home at last.

He gave me service beside all waters,
And sheaves for the Harvest Home.
Oh, may we all be among the reapers,
When we to the harvest come.

He brought me safe to my earthly haven,
My perilous journey past,
So bring us, Lord, in our heavenly journey,
Safe home, safe home at last.

Written after a trip around
South America in 1910.

