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Division

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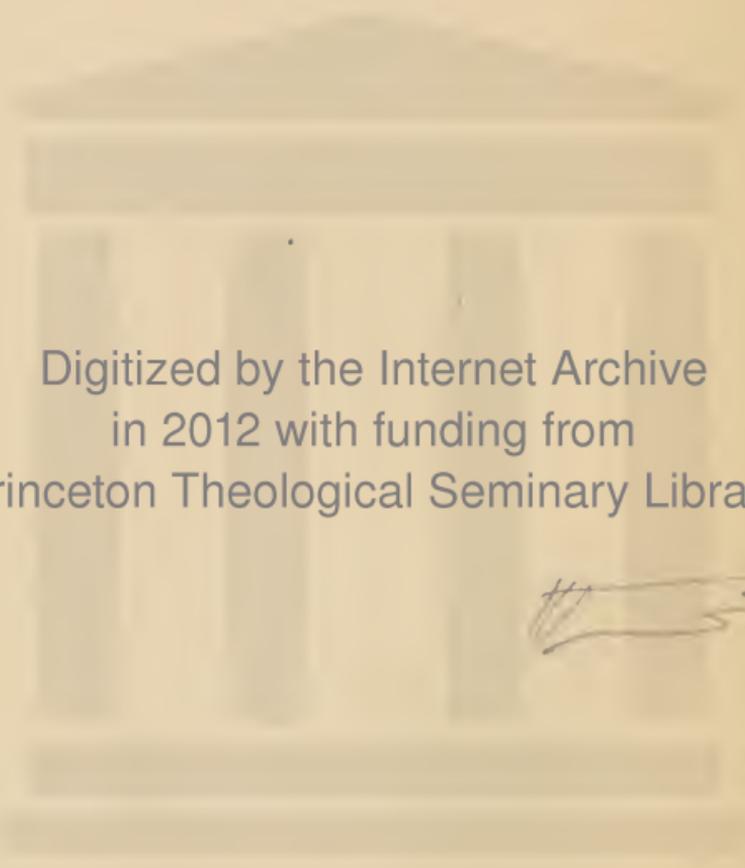
Section

5025

Benson

Dear Mrs. Blew
with love
J. R. K. Wiley

Apr 28th 1888



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H Y M N S

AND

M E D I T A T I O N S .

BY

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

With Selections from Several Authors.

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HYMNS AND MEDITATIONS.

I.

“My times are in Thy hand.”—PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will,
That hurries to and fro,

Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
(And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—than to serve Thee *much*,
To please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;

But a lonely heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

II.

"Thou maintainest my lot."—PSALM xvi. 5.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,

Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And, in Thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
As air we breathe—as light we see ;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

III.

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

My prayer to the promise shall cling—
I will not give heed to a doubt ;
For I ask for the one needful thing,
Which I cannot be happy without.

A spirit of lowly repose
In the love of the Lamb that was slain,
A heart to be touched with His woes,
And a care not to grieve Him again :

The peace that my Saviour has bought,
The cheerfulness nothing can dim,
The love that can bring every thought
Into perfect obedience to Him :

The wisdom His mercy to own
In the way He directs me to take,—
To glory in Jesus alone,
And to love, and do good, for His sake.

All this Thou hast offered to me
In the promise whereon I will rest ;
For faith, O my Saviour, in Thee,
Is the substance of all my request.

Thy word has commanded my prayer,
Thy Spirit has taught me to pray ;
And all my unholy despair
Is ready to vanish away.

Thou wilt not be weary of me,
Thy promise my faith will sustain,
And soon very soon I shall see
That I have not been asking in vain.

IV.

“I, even I, am he that comforteth you.”—ISAIAH li. 12.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
My Heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with Thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away;
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath Thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith;
And feel my safety in Thy hand
From every kind of death.

O there is nothing in the world
To weigh against Thy will;

Even the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil;
And when the pleasant morning dawns,
I find Thee with me still.

No other comforter I need,
If Thou, O Lord, be mine:
Thy rod will bring my spirit low,
Thy fire my heart refine,
And cause me pain that none can heal
By other love than Thine.

Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,—
Though through a waste and weary land
My lonely way be made,—
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me,
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
I would a while abide,
Till with the solace of Thy love
My heart is satisfied
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at Thy side.

V.

“I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.”—ISAIAH xliv. 3.

SOURCE of my spirit's deep desire
For living joys that shall not perish,
The patient hope Thy words inspire
Still let Thy tender mercy cherish.

On Thee my humbled soul would wait,
Her utmost weakness calmly learning,
And see Thy grace its way create,
Through thorns and briars which Thou
art burning.*

Gladly my inmost heart would know
The love that now it faintly traces,
And see the streams from Zion flow
O'er all its waste and desert places.

And still I hope—O not in vain!
I know, this holy seed possessing,
Thou wilt come down like gentle rain,
And make the barren ground a blessing.

* Isaiah xxvii. 4.

VI.

“The Lord blessed the Seventh day and hallowed it.”

EXODUS xx. 11.

BEAM on us brightly, blessed day,
Dawn softly for our Saviour's sake;
And waft thy sweetness o'er our way,
To draw us heavenward when we wake

O holy life that shall not end,
Light that will never cease to be:
May every Sabbath-day we spend
Add to our happiness in Thee.

VII.

“In returning and rest shall ye be saved: in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.”—ISAIAH xxx. 15.

WITH a heart full of anxious request,
Which my Father in Heaven bestowed,
I wandered, alone and distressed,
In search of a quiet abode.
Astray and distracted, I cried—
Lord, where wouldst Thou have me to be?

And the voice of the Lamb that had died,
Said—Come, my beloved, to ME.

I went,—for He mightily wins
Weary souls to His peaceful retreat,—
And he gave me forgiveness of sins,
And songs that I love to repeat ;
And oft as my enemies came,
My views of His glory to dim,
He taught me to trust in His name,
And to triumph by leaning on Him.

Made pure by the blood that He shed,
My heart in His presence was free :
I was hungry and thirsty—He fed—
I was sick, and He comforted me ;
He gave me the blessing complete,
The hope that is with me to-day,
And a quiet abode at His feet,
That shall not be taken away.

VIII.

“The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.”—PSALM xvi. 5.

THOUGH some good things of lower worth
My heart is called on to resign,
Of all the gifts in heaven and earth,
The best, the very best, is mine :
The love of God in Christ made known—
The love that is enough alone,
My Father's love is all my own.

My soul's Restorer, let me learn
In that deep love to live and rest ;
Let me the precious thing discern
Of which I am indeed possess'd :
My treasure let me feel and see,
And let my moments, as they flee,
Unfold my endless life in Thee.

Let me not dwell so much within
My bounded heart, with anxious heed,—
Where all my searches meet with sin,
And nothing satisfies my need :
It shuts me from the sound and sight
Of that pure world of life and light,
Which has no breadth, or length, or height.

Let me Thy power, Thy beauty see—
 So shall my vain aspirings cease,
 And my free heart shall follow Thee
 Through paths of everlasting peace.
 My strength Thy gift—my life Thy care,
 I shall forget to seek elsewhere
 The joy to which my soul is heir.

I was not called to walk alone,
 To clothe *myself* with love and light;
 And for Thy glory, not my own,
 My soul is precious in Thy sight.
 My evil heart can never be
 A home, a heritage for me;
 But Thou canst make it fit for Thee.

 IX.

“I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.”—PSALM xxiii. 4.

∕ In Heavenly Love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid;
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me
Which yet I have not seen,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

X.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV
xviii. 24.

WOULD that I were more closely bound
To my Beloved, Who ever lives :
Would that my soul were always found
Abiding in the peace He gives :
Would that I might more clearly see
His love an heritage for me ;

More surely know, more meekly own,
His bounteous grace my strength alone.

And much I wish—but I will pray
For wisdom that the lowly find;
And, O my Saviour, every day,
More of Thy meek and quiet mind;
The comfort of a mind at rest
From every care Thou hast not blest;
A heart from all the world set free,
To worship and to wait on Thee.

Ah! my Beloved, Who wilt not die,
Whose spirit does not change with mine,
Put doubts of my affection by,
And make me free to sing of Thine.
The more Thy goodness I confess,
I shall not surely love Thee less:
The more myself alone I see,
The farther off I feel from Thee.

Thou art my life's restoring rest,
In Thee for safety let me hide,
And win me for Thy grateful guest,
By love that will not be denied.
Try me with Thy refining fire,
Array me in Thy white attire,
Be Wisdom, Righteousness to me,
The River of my pleasures be,
And fill my life with love for Thee.

XI.

“I will bless the Lord at all times.”—PSALM xxiv. 1.

TENDER mercies on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless THE LORD for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To eternal love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to Thee
Be an everlasting song.

XII.

“Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee.”—PSALM lxxxvi. 5.

MY Saviour, whose infinite grace
Most kindly encompasses me,
Whose goodness more brightly I trace,
The more of my life that I see,—
The sins that I mournfully own
Thy meekness and mercy exalt,
And sweet is the voice from Thy throne
That tenderly shows me a fault.

Even now, while my praises arise,
A sorrowful spirit is mine—
A spirit Thou wilt not despise,
For, oh! it is mourning with Thine.
My joy is in light from above,
The light which Thy kindness displays;
My grief is for lack of the love
That would tune my whole life to Thy
praise.

My faithful Redeemer, forgive
The sin it has grieved Thee to see,
And let me remember to live
In the Spirit that glorifies Thee.

Though much in Thy child Thou hast borne,
Thy counsels still gently repeat,
And give me, if still I must mourn,
To mourn as a child at Thy feet.

XIII.

“I know whom I have believed.”—2 TIMOTHY i. 12.

How can I err in trusting Thee,
O Thou in whom I move and live?
Since Thou hast given Thy life for me,
What lack I that Thou wilt not give?

Truly in Thee my soul believes,—
Truly on Thee my hope is stayed;
Thy precious words my heart receives,
And waits for Thy expected aid.

O who can err in trusting Thee?
Thy pleasure is Thy children's bliss;
And our eternal life will be
Beyond our largest faith in this.

XIV.

AN EVENING SONG,

AFTER A DAY OF DIFFICULTY.

LORD, a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of Thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright:
Fervent was my morning prayer—
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour, Guardian true,
All my life is Thine to keep:
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thy arms I fall asleep.

XV.

“I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.”—PSALM lxi. 4.

UNDER Thy wings, my God, I rest,
Under Thy shadow safely lie,
By Thy own strength in peace possessed,
While dreaded evils pass me by.

With strong desire I here can stay,
To see Thy love its work complete;
Here I can wait a long delay,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.

My place of lowly service too,
Beneath Thy sheltering wings I see:
For all the work I have to do,
Is done through strengthening rest in Thee.

I would not rise this rest above,
I do not mourn my low estate,
Sure of my riches in Thy love,
I feel it good to trust and wait.

In faith and patience is repose,
In faith and rest my strength shall be;
And when Thy joy the Church o'erflows,
I know that it will visit me.

XVI.

“For the Lord shall comfort Zion : he shall comfort all her waste places : and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord ; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.”—ISAIAH li. 3.

“Sing, O Heavens, and be joyful, O Earth ; for the Lord hath comforted his people.”—ISAIAH xlix. 13.

“ A LIVING, loving, lasting word,
 My listening ear believing heard,
 While bending down in prayer ;
 Like a sweet breeze that none can stay,
 It passed my soul upon its way,
 And left a blessing there.

Then joyful thoughts that come and go
 By paths the holy angels know,
 Encamped around my soul ;
 As in a dream of blest repose,
 'Mid withered reeds a river rose,
 And through the desert stole.

I lifted up my eyes to see,—
 The wilderness was glad for me,
 Its thorns were bright with bloom ;
 And onward travellers, still in sight,
 Marked out a path of shining light,
 And shade unmixed with gloom.

O sweet the strains of those before,
"The weary knees are weak no more,
The fearful heart is strong;"
But sweeter, nearer, from above,
That word of everlasting love,
The promise and the song.

XVII.

"I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His Word do
I hope."—PSALM cxxx. 5.

My Saviour, on the Word of Truth
In earnest hope I live,
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.
I look for many a lesser light
About my path to shine;
But chiefly long to walk with Thee,
And only trust in Thine.

In holy expectation held,
Thy strength my heart shall stay,
For Thy right hand will never let
My trust be cast away.

Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet,
In many a deadly strife,
By the stronghold of hope in Thee,
The hope of endless life.

Thou knowest that I am not blest
As Thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in Thee;
And still I seek 'mid many fears,
With yearnings unexpressed,
The comfort of Thy strengthening love,
Thy soothing, settling rest.

It is not as Thou wilt with me,
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart,
Wherein to put my trust:
Until I find, O Lord, in Thee—
The Lowly and the Meek—
That fulness which thy own redeemed
Go nowhere else to seek.

Then, O my Saviour, on my soul—
Cast down, but not dismayed—
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand,
In tender mercy laid:
And while I wait for all Thy joys
My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,
And at Thy feet sit still.

XVIII.

TO ———.

WHEN turning to my place of rest,
In hope of glory soon to be,
Lo, leaning on our Saviour's breast,
Dear child of God, I meet with Thee :
And hushed is every bitter sigh
For strength bowed down at early day ;
And busy doubtings lowly lie,
And anxious musings fly away.

In the clear light I see thee here—
The light no earthly cloud may dim,—
Oh, who can have a gloomy fear
For those whom Jesus keeps with Him ?
The sharpest gale that lays us low,
Our Saviour's still small voice obeys ;
And every sacred joy we know
Springs up to his eternal praise.

When, with our heart to Jesus given,
Within his sheltering arms we stay,
Our happy home with Him in Heaven
Seems not so very far away

The hope we have, with patience waits,
Kept in his sacred presence thus;
And lo, we see the open gates
Of God's bright city near to us.

Safe in that city of delight,
How glad my ransomed soul will be,
When walking with the Lamb in white,
Dear child of God, I meet with thee.
If, by his love, from fear set free,
This shadowy vale to thee seems fair,—
Oh, how my heart will long to see
Thy pleasure in His presence there.

XIX.

TO THE SAME.

Love, heavenly love, possessing,
And life without decline,
Our Father's greatest blessing,
O dearly loved, is thine.
Around thee, in thy weakness,
Our Saviour's arms we see;
We know our best Belovèd
Is watching over thee.

In God, thy God, confiding,
We yield thee to His will:
Through faith of his providing,
Our hearts are calm and still.
In thy unwearied patience,
His faithfulness we see;
We know our best Belovèd
Is watching over thee.

XX.

“I believe in the Communion of Saints.”

“Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—HEBREWS i. 14.

O LOVING Spirit, do not go,
Thy presence is a precious thing;
It makes my tears more softly flow,
And sweetens every song I sing:
My heart with heavenly comfort fill,
And bring me joyful tidings still.

It soothes my soul to have thee near,
And I believe that thou wilt stay,—
Because the Lord, thy life, is here,
And He will never go away;
And blest will our communion be,
With thee in Him and Him in thee.

I love to have thee by my side,
With thy sweet face so pure and bright,
While in my Saviour's robe I hide,
A robe like thine, exceeding white:
Blessed with the blessèd ones above,
Seen by His light and with His love.

Thy soul to heavenly bliss restored,
Mine through a sacred veil will see,—
That glorious body of our Lord,
Wherein he died for thee and me.
I like that thou shouldst live within,
And know my heart without its sin.

Oft in my secret communings,
With thought of those who count thee
dear,
I speak to thee of many things
That others would not care to hear.
Now that no pain thy love can share,
It comforts me that *thou* wilt care.

I hear thee in the song of birds,
Thee in the gladdening flowers I see ;
And earth has music for the words
That come to us from heaven through
thee :
Hope, joy, the good that God has willed,
Thy hope confirmed—thy joy fulfilled.

I do not bid thee now farewell,
 (A prayer unmeet for life like thine,)
With thy beloved in heaven I dwell,
 And thy beloved on earth are mine;
My heart with them, and theirs with thee,
How canst thou, dear one, distant be?

We tarry still upon the road,
 Our path goes on, we know not where,-
But God is always our abode,
 And we are sure to meet thee there:
Our life His charge, our work His will,
To love thee is delightful still.

Soon, yes, it must be soon, we know,
 Our work of faith and love complete,
We to thy happy home shall go,
 And find thee at our Father's feet.
There His Belovèd prepares our place,
And we shall see thee face to face.

Meanwhile to thee, with whom we live
 A secret life by night and day,
Pain we are sure we cannot give,
 But pleasure I believe we may:
And this belief henceforth shall be
New life, new strength, new joy to me.

XXI.

A NEW YEAR'S MORNING SONG.

“He hath put a new song in my mouth, even thanksgiving unto our God.”—PSALM xl. 3.

THANKSGIVING and the voice of melody,
This new year's morning, call me from my sleep:
A new sweet song is in my heart for Thee,
Thou faithful tender Shepherd of the sheep:
Thou knowest where to find, and how to keep
The feeble feet that tremble where they stray:
O'er the dark mountains—through the whelming
 deep,—
Thy everlasting mercy makes its way.

The past is not so dark as once it seemed,
For there Thy footprints now distinct I see;
And seed in weakness sown, from death re-
 deemed,
Is springing up, and bearing fruit in Thee.
Not all that hath been, Lord, henceforth shall be:
A low, sweet, cheering strain is in mine ear,
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody,
Are ushering in from Heaven a blest new year.

With voice subdued, my listening spirit sings,
As backward on the trodden path I gaze,

While ministering angels fold their wings
To fill with lowly thoughts my song of praise.
The shadow of the past on future days
Will make them clear to my instructed sight;
For the heart's knowledge of Thy sacred ways,
Even in its deepest, darkest shades, is light.

I am not stronger—yet I do not fear
The present pain, the conflict yet to be;
Experience is a kind voice in mine ear,
And all my failings bid me lean on Thee.
No future suffering can seem strange to me,
While in the hidden part I feel and know,
The wisdom of a child at rest and free
In the tried love whose judgment keeps him low.

Thanksgiving and the voice of melody!
Oh, to my tranquil heart how sweet the strain,—
Father of mercies, it arose in Thee,
And to thy bosom it returns again.
There let my grateful song, my soul, remain,
Calm in the risen Saviour's tender care;
And welcome any trial, any pain,
That serves to keep Thy faithful children there.

Thoughts of Thy love—and oh, how great the
sum!
Enduring grief, obtaining bliss, for me,—
The world, life, death, things present, things to
come,

All swell the new year's opening melody.
 Past, present, future, all things worship Thee;
 And I, through all, with trembling joy behold,
 While mountains fall, and treacherous visions
 flee,
 Thy wandering sheep returning to the fold.

XXII.

“Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness; to the end that my glory may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.”—PSALM xxx. 11, 12.

STRENGTH of the still, secluded thought,
 That fears, yet longs, its joy to show,—
 The hope, the awe, in mercy taught
 To make me strong, to keep me low,—
 Now shall my girded heart rejoice,
 In praise poured out, in love expressed,—
 Now will I bless Thee, with a voice
 That shall not break this sacred rest.

Once, moved by every mortal pain,
 By every pleasure quickly past,
 I feared to speak in joyful strain
 Of hidden life that might not last,

Now, from a well that will not fail,
In Thee my deep rejoicing springs;
Now, from Thy rest within the veil,
My spirit looks on passing things.

Once, with Thy tired ones homeward bent,
In hope that rose their fears above,
My leaping heart could be content
To greet them with a silent love.
I too had walked with weary feet,
And heard the exulting shout too near;
I too had felt the toil and heat,
The wind and storm I did not fear.

Perhaps the Heavenward look in store,
The speechless prayer for strength or rest,
Might help those needy spirits more
Than hope set forth or joy expressed.
But I was changed, I knew not how,
By the same love that chose their ways;
I might be just as weary now,
• And yet rejoice to hear Thy praise.

Now would I cheer the faint in heart
With sound of joy they too shall see:
Now would I put the fear apart
That bids me hide Thy strength in me.
What though the mortal flesh be frail,
The willing spirit prone to sink,—
There is a stream in Baca's vale
Whereof Thy feeblest child may drink.

Some, in their sorrow, may not know
How near their feet those waters glide--
How peaceful fruits for healing grow,
And flowers for beauty, by their side.
They may not see, with weeping eyes
Upon the dreary desert bent,
How glorious, straight before them, lies
The Eden of their soul's content.

But, O my Saviour, I can see
For them, what once for me was seen ;
I know, whate'er their sufferings be,
The tender mercy which they mean.
I do not watch, with anxious care,
To see the end of their distress :
Thou knowest what the heart must bear,
The human heart which Thou wilt bless

And in their daily deepening need
Of Heavenly love, for strength or rest,
They are already blest indeed ;
Yea, and much more they shall be blest.
Wrapt in the spirit of Thy praise,
As from Gerizim's height, I see
Blessing poured out on all the ways
That prove Thy children's need of Thee

O wondrous love, so strong to smite,—
So meek the opposing will to tame !
It was Thy hand put forth in might
That led me through the flood, the flame.

When, needing strength to bear Thy rod,
By the smooth stream I found repose,
It was Thy grace, Almighty God,
Thy love that smote me ere I rose.

How could I look for lengthened rest,
With Thy deep sufferings scarcely known,
Or lay for ever on Thy breast
The perfect heart which Thou wilt own?
The heart that, guilty of Thy woes,
Looks only upon Thee to mourn,
And feels the cross Thy love bestows
A burden easy to be borne.

And yet that pause was not in vain,—
It was a blessing meet to give
Strength, for the labour and the pain
Whereby alone my soul might live.
How gently thence Thy chastening hand
My lingering spirit onward bare!
How precious, in a barren land,
The footprints of Thy people were!

There many hearts that knew Thy ways
The safety of my feet could see;
And there I heard the song of praise
That Faith poured out to Heaven for me
Oh, more than all the ease I sought,
That song the desert path could bless;
And dearer in my deepest thought
The love that met me in distress.

Now that Thy mercies, on my head,
 The oil of joy for mourning pour,
 Not as I will my steps be led,
 But as Thou wilt for evermore.
 Henceforth, whate'er my heart's desire,
 Fulfil in me Thy own design;
 I need the fountain and the fire,—
 And both, O King of Saints, are Thine.

Now that my sense of rest in Thee
 Rules over every rising fear,
 Pain, pleasure, all I feel and see,
 Thy counsels to my soul endear.
 Now can my girded heart rejoice,
 In praise poured out, in love expressed;
 Now may I bless Thee, with a voice
 That shall not break this sacred rest.

XXIII.

NATURAL AFFECTION IN THE NEW CREATURE

“It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.”—
 1 Cor. xv. 44.

JESUS, Lord of Heaven above,
 Earth beneath is all Thy own:
 In the depths of Heavenly love
 Let my human heart be sown.

Let the love that as a grain
None on earth might care to see,
Buried in Thy grave remain,
Be a precious seed to Thee.

Thou wilt raise it, though it die,
Thou wilt see it hidden there,—
Thou wilt guard it with Thine eye
From the spirits of the air.

None shall take it thence away;
It is sown for Thy delight:
Thou wilt shine on it by day,
Thou wilt shield it in the night.

Where the silent waters flow,
It shall multiply its root:
It shall blossom, it shall grow,
It shall bear immortal fruit.

Sown in weakness, raised in power,—
Sown in suffering, raised in peace,—
It shall brave the blighting hour,
In the year of drought increase.

Never hurt by sun or storm,
Blest its every stage shall be,—
Dying in its mortal form,
Living evermore in Thee.

XXIV.

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.”—ISAIAH xxvi. 3.

OH, this is blessing, this is rest!
 Into Thine arms, O Lord, I flee:
 I hide me in Thy faithful breast,
 And pour out all my soul to Thee.
 There is a host dissuading me;
 But, all their voices far above,
 I hear Thy words—“O taste and see
 The comfort of a Saviour’s love.”
 And, hushing every adverse sound,
 Songs of defence my soul surround,
 As if all saints encamped about
 One trusting heart pursued by doubt.

And oh, how solemn, yet how sweet
 Their one assured, persuasive strain!
 “The Lord of Hosts is thy retreat,
 The Man who bore thy sin, thy pain.
 Still in His hand thy times remain,—
 Still of His body thou art part;
 And He will prove His right to reign
 O’er all things that concern thy heart.”

O tenderness—O truth divine!
Lord, I am altogether Thine.
I have bowed down—I need not flee,—
Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

And now I count supremely kind
The rule that once I thought severe;
And precious to my altered mind,
At length, Thy least reproofs appear.
Now to the love that casts out fear,
Mercy and truth indeed are one;
Why should I hold my ease so dear?
The work of training must be done
I must be taught what I would know;
I must be led where I would go;
And all the rest ordained for me,
Till that which is not seen I see,
Is to be found in trusting Thee.

XXV.

“The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him.”—LAMENTATIONS iii. 24.

My heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the Earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth
To long loved music set:
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.

I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest,—
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best,—
A prayer reposing on His truth
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,
For want and toil and loss,—
For the death that sin makes hard and slow,
Upon my Saviour's cross,—
Thanks for the little spring of love
That gives me strength to say,
If they will leave me part in Him,
Let all things pass away.

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,
But it will not come too late,—
And the songs of patient spirits rise
From the place wherein I wait;

While in the faith that makes no haste,
My soul has time to see
A kneeling host of Thy redeemed
In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around,
Responsive to my prayer;
I hear the voice of my desire
Resounding everywhere.
But the earnest of eternal joy
In every prayer I trace;
I see the glory of the Lord
On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,
Those spirits have been sent
To share the travail of my soul,
Or show me what it meant!
And I long to do some work of love,
No spoiling hand could touch,
For the poor and suffering of Thy flock,
Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now
With the thankful song I sing;
For Thy people know the secret source
Of every precious thing.

The heart that ministers for Thee
In Thy own work will rest;
And the subject spirit of a child
Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on Thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see,—
The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so

My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
“Thou art my portion,” saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

XXVI.

“I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there.”—HOSEA ii. 14, 15.

“I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”—PSALM cxix. 75.

I WILL love Thee, O Lord, my strength,—
 Thee shall my rescued heart embrace;
 Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
 Shall be my peaceful dwelling-place.
 Whom have I on the earth beside?
 Thy cross, Thy crown of thorns I see;
 Thou who to save my life hast died,
 I will have fellowship with Thee.

Surely Thy human heart has borne
 My greatest grief, my least distress,—
 Surely I see my Saviour mourn
 With the bowed spirit He will bless.
 Nailed to Thy cross, I would not fly
 The pain it grieves Thy soul to give:
 If because Thou hast died I die,
 Because Thou livest I shall live.

How could a moment's pang destroy
My heart's confirmed repose in Thee?
Thy presence is sufficient joy
To one reclaimed and spared like me.
It is enough that I am Thine:
Almighty to redeem from sin,
Thou shalt subdue, correct, refine,
The heart which Thou hast died to win.

Now, through this light and passing pain,
The travail of Thy soul I see:
I know Thou hast not borne in vain
The mortal anguish due to me.
Thoughts of a love unfelt before
In comfort on my heart descend:
This suffering must have cost Thee more
Than I can ever comprehend.

Yet, through a sacred sympathy,
I of Thy precious death partake!
I feel my fellowship with Thee,
-And with the Father for Thy sake.
I see the source of all Thy woe,
Thy resurrection's power I feel,—
And streams of living water flow*
'Through the dry desert where I kneel.

* John, vii. 28, 39.

Shielded from every fear of wrath,
Looking through love on all that is,—
I see about my troubled path

A cloud of tranquil witnesses.

Happy the chastening to endure,
That makes me one, in love and trust,
With all the lowly, all the pure,
All the tried spirits of the just.

Thy children's sympathy is sweet,
But all is measured—all in part ;

Into Thy love my hopes retreat,
For that which satisfies the heart.

There may be other love in store,
But none whereof Thy child may say,
My strength, my life ; for evermore,
My ample portion day by day.

Such solace as around me grows,
Thou for my need shalt still prepare ;
But make Thy bosom my repose,
And fix my expectation there.

For thou canst cherish and uphold
Life, that no eye but Thine may see ;
And no rough wind, no heat, or cold,
Shall hurt the love that clings to Thee.

In to Thy silent place of prayer
The anxious wandering mind recall,—
Dwell mid Thy own creation there,
Restoring, claiming, hallowing all.

Then the calm spirit, won from sin,
Thy perfect sacrifice shall be ;
And all the ransomed powers therein
Shall go forth, glorifying 'Thee.

Out of this spirit of Thy grace,
Oh, who can tell what light has beamed !
I see the solitary place,
A garden for Thy own redeemed.
I see the desolated ground,
With dews of Heavenly kindness fed ;
And fruits of joy and love surround
The heart which Thou hast comforted.

O knowledge all my thoughts above,
This thirsty vale I could not flee !*
This yearning for unbounded love
Has been "a door of hope" to me.
Who would go forth in haste by flight
From the dry land which Thou wilt bless ;
Sown with the everlasting light
That shows Thy "very faithfulness !"

Thou hast loved me, O Lord, my strength,
On Thee my yielded heart shall lean ;
Thy guiding love, in all its length,
Shall teach me all Thy judgments mean.

* Hosea ii. 6.

And I will ask Thee for a sign
 That many an anxious eye may see ;
 Give me the love that rests in Thine,
 For those whom Thou hast tried like me.

Love that believes is always sweet
 To fearful hearts, which Thou wilt guide,
 And mine may win some timid feet
 To the deep River's quiet side.
 While from that River's fertile banks,
 My resting eye thy portion sees ;
 O that my soul might yield Thee thanks,
 By comforting the least of these.

XXVII.

“ God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of
 His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.”—1 Cor. i. 9.

BOWED with a burden none can weigh save Thee,
 Strength of my life, on Thee I cast my care :
 My heart must prove its own infirmity ;
 But what shall move me, if my God be there?

Oh for a thankful song with every breath,
 While amid fading flowers and withering grass,
 I, with Thee, through the grave and gate of death,
 On to my joyful resurrection pass.

Armed with the spirit of my Master's mind,
How shall I spare a thought that He would
slay?
Lord, I would leave those things which are
behind,
And press towards Heaven through all the
narrow way.

Bright be my prospect as I pass along;
An ardent service at the cost of all,—
Love by untiring ministry made strong,
And ready for the first, the softest call.

Yes, God is faithful—and my lot is cast;
Oh, not myself to serve, my own to be!
Light of my life, the darkness now is past,
And I beneath the Cross can work for Thee

XXVIII.

“He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.”—JOHN xii. 25.

SWEET be Thy words of sternest truth,
My risen Lord, to me!
Hid in the secret of my heart
Their deepest treasure be;
That I may comprehend the joy
Of sacrifice for Thee.

And softly let the light of life
Before Thy servant shine,
That through the gloom, with steadfast
will,
My soul may follow Thine,—
Calm in the depth of one desire,
And strong in one design.

But never let me think I see
Thy Heavenly things aright,
Unless the single eye of love
Fill my whole mind with light,
And to be like Thee in Thy death
Seen glorious* in my sight.

* 2 PETER i. 3.

That willing sacrifice of Thine
My meditation make,
Till to the true delight of life
My soul with songs awake,—
And all that spoils me of myself
Be treasure for Thy sake.

The tenderest heart Thy hands have made
Beneath Thy rule may rest ;
For he who made it for Himself
Knows what will shield it best :
The feeblest lover of Thy law
Dwells safely in thy breast.

Now through a strait and painful way
My weary feet must press ;
But what shall hurt the struggling soul
Which Thou hast died to bless,
Or prompt a spirit to complain
That *knows* its blessedness!

Nor seems it strange to one who weighs
The joy of liberty,
This death of suffering to himself,
This life of love to Thee,
Which gives the lowly power to reign
And makes the servant free.

O let no timid faithless thought
 Prevail my bonds to spare !
 Lord, I *can* drink Thy bitter cup,
 Thy fiery trial share ;
 I can deny myself for Thee,
 And for thy glory care.

Only the unction of Thy love,
 With every cross be mine ;
 Till these Thy words,—so firm to gird,
 So searching to refine,—
 Be sweet unto Thy servant's soul
 Even as they are to Thine.

XXIX.

“It is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him: If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.”
 2 TIMOTHY ii. 11, 12.

“Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities,
 that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”—2 COR. xii. 9.

COMPASSED about with songs, my soul was still,
 But not for lack of light its bliss to see ;
 Thy heart, my Father, could the temple fill,
 And its deep silence was a song to Thee.
 My mind reposed in its captivity,
 By the clear evidence of love subdued ;

I was content to die, that I might be
Redeemed for ever from my solitude.
All that was in me to Thy throne aspired,
Longed for Thy heavenly glory to be meet;
Devotion was the joy to be desired,
And the one thought of sacrifice was sweet.

But He who knew my frame was training me
For service needing strength that cannot
wane,
And teaching me my frail mortality
By solemn reckonings of the weight of pain.
I in my weakness—how was I to reign,
When suffering was the only way to power?
And would my spirit in His strength remain,
When watching was a strife for one short
hour?
Could I with steadfast heart myself deny?
Could I with patient love the Cross endure?
Should I be every day content to die,
To keep my daily life in Him secure?

Then with fresh sweetness, from the saints in
light,
One song of victory to my soul made known
How the hid treasure of the Church's might
Was in the power of her Beloved alone.
And then Thy glory to my heart was shown,
Even as the glory of the blest above;

I knew Thy steadfast spirit was my own,
 By the pure joy of Thy reflected love.
 And the mind communed with me that was His
 Who said, "When I am weak then am I
 strong,"
 Until the voice of my infirmities
 Made harmony with that triumphant song.

XXX.

"Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts; all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."—PSALM xlii. 7, 8.

Go not far from me, O my strength,
 Whom all my times obey;
 Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
 But go not Thou away,—
 And let the storm that does Thy work
 Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
 In weakness and distress:
 I will not ask for greater ease,
 Lest I should love Thee less.
 Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
 To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear;
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the storm
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood,
That casts my soul on Thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay.
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish show
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go ;
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn, in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech ;
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified.
And it is *fellowship* with Him
That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,
My heart is strong to bear :
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care,
Deal with me for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be ;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see ;
And oh, it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in Thee

It is not hard to bear by faith,
In Thy own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For Thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest,
That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore,—
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before ;
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
And praise Thee more and more!

Deep unto deep may call ; but I
With peaceful heart will say,
Thy loving-kindness has a charge
No waves can take away :
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

Selections from Several Authors.



SELECTIONS FROM SEVERAL AUTHORS.

A REMONSTRANCE.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND WHO COMPLAINED OF BEING ALONE IN THE WORLD

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

OH, say not thou art all alone,
Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth.
Sigh not o'er joys for ever flown,
The vacant chair,—the silent hearth:
Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth,
That people oft thy solitude!

Though many a fervent hope of youth
Hath passed, and scarcely left a trace;
Though earth-born love, its tears and truth,
No longer in thy heart have place;
Nor time nor grief can e'er efface
The brighter hopes that now are thine,—
The fadeless love,—all pitying grace,
That makes thy darkest hour divine!

Not all alone ; for thou canst hold
 Communion sweet with saint and sage,
 And gather gems, of price untold,
 From many a pure, untravelled page :
 Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
 The poet's love,—are still thine own ;
 Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage,
 Oh, how canst thou be all alone !

Not all alone ; the lark's rich note,
 As mounting up to Heaven, she sings ;
 The thousand silvery sounds that float
 Above—below—on morning's wings ;
 The softer murmurs twilight brings,—
 The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee ;
 All earth, that lyre of myriad strings,
 Is jubilant with life for thee !

Not all alone,—the whispering trees,
 The rippling brook, the starry sky,—
 Have each peculiar harmonies,
 To soothe, subdue, and sanctify :
 The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
 For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
 To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,—
 To say—thou art not all alone !

Not all alone ; a watchful eye,
 That notes the wandering sparrow's fall ;
 A saving hand is ever nigh,
 A gracious Power attends thy call ;

When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
Is oft his tenderest mercy shown ;
Seek then the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be ALONE!

THE POOR.

BY JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

HAVE pity on them! for their life
Is full of grief and care ;
Ye do not know one half the woes
The very poor must bear :
You do not see the silent tears
By many a mother shed,
As childhood offers up the prayer,
“ Give us our daily bread.”

And sick at heart, she turns away
From the small face, wan with pain,
And feels that prayer has long been said
By those young lips in vain.
You do not see the pallid cheeks
Of those whose years are few,
But who are old in all the griefs
The poor must struggle through.

Deal gently with these wretched ones,
 Whatever wrought their wo,
For the poor have much to tempt and test
 That you can never know.
Then judge them not, for hard indeed
 Is their dark lot of care ;
Let Heaven condemn, but human hearts
 With human faults should bear.

And when within your happy homes
 You hear the voice of mirth,
When smiling faces brighten round
 The warm and cheerful hearth,
Let charitable thoughts go forth
 For the sad and homeless one,
And your own lot more blest will be
 For every kind deed done.
Now is the time the very poor
 Most often meet your gaze,—
Have mercy on them, in these cold
 And melancholy days.

THE COMMON BRAMBLE.

WHAT dost thou here, pale flower?

Thou that afore wert never seen to shine
In gay parterre, or gentle lady's bower,
In lover's wreath or poet's gifted line.

Why from the lowly haunts

Art thou now called, to have a place and name
'Mid buds whose beauty fancy's eye enchants,
Whose fragrance puts thy scentless leaves to
shame.

'Tis that, though suffering ill,

Yea, spurned and trodden by each passer-by,
Blossom and berry dost thou proffer still,
As all unmindful of the injury.

Hardest of lessons this,

To suffer wrong with meekness—few, how few,
The hand which smites unjustly stoop to kiss,
Or blessings on their foeman's pathway strew.

Then welcome, lowly flower,

Welcome amid the fragrant and the gay;
For which of all the buds in summer bower
Can fitter lesson to proud man convey?

GREAT IN LITTLE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows ;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs :
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore :
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing ever more !

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern :
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink :
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again ; and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,

Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new,—

A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,
And, lo! its light became

A lamp of light, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.

The thought was small—its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill,

It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,

Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart:

A whisper on the tumult thrown,—
A transitory breath,—

It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death,

O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!

Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

HARVEST-FIELD OF TIME.

READER, thou and I are gleaners
In the harvest-field of Time ;
Day by day the grain is ripening
For a sunnier clime.

Whether in the early morning,
Going forth with busy feet,
Or, as weary labourers, resting
'Mid the noonday heat.

Let us strive with cheerful spirits
Each our duties to fulfil,
Till the time of harvest—subject
To the Master's will.

Let us garner up sweet memories,
Bound with ties of love ;
Pleasant thoughts to cheer the pathway
To our home above.

Trusting that these precious gleanings,
Bound with loving hand,
May in golden sheaves be gathered
To the spirit land.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching head, or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, care, and pain,—
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left,—
Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,—
Go thou, and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form,
 Less favoured than thine own,
 Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,
 Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not heedless—pass not by!
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 The breaking heart from misery;
 Go, share thy lot with him!

“COULDST THOU NOT WATCH ONE HOUR?”

THE night is dark—behold, the shade was deeper
 In the old garden of Gethsemane,
 When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,
 “Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with
 me?”

Oh, thou so weary of thy self-denials,
 And so impatient of thy little cross,
 Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
 To count all earthly things as gainful loss?

What if thou always suffer tribulation,
 And if thy Christian warfare never cease;
 The gaining of the quiet habitation
 Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
 The path that Jesus once himself hath gone ;
 Watch thou in patience through this hour only,
 This one dark hour, before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
 The soldier sleep beneath his plumèd crest,
 And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
 But thou, O Christian, must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
 With Him who trod the winepress all alone ;
 Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
 One human soul to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images forever thronging
 From out the foregone life thou livest no more ;
 Faint-hearted mariner, still art thou longing
 For the dim line of the receding shore ?

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
 To that old path thou hast so vainly trod ?
 Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
 To walk among the children of thy God ?

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
 Living by that high faith, to thee so dim,
 Declaring before God their dedication,
 So far from thee, because so near to Him.

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription,
 "Behold we count them happy which endure?"
 What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
 Repass the stormy water to secure ?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious promise
 For the poor fleeting joys earth can afford?
 No hand can take away the treasure from us
 That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor wandering soul! I know that thou art
 seeking
 Some easier way, as all have sought before,
 To silence the reproachful inward speaking,—
 Some landward path unto an island shore!

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
 The way too narrow for thine inward pride,
 Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
 At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh! that thy faithless soul, for one hour only
 Would comprehend the Christian's perfect
 life,—
 Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
 Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty and self-renunciation,
 Their Father yieldeth back a thousand-fold,
 In the calm stillness of regeneration,
 Cometh a joy they never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
 Thy weary soul can only find its peace;
 Seeking no aid from any human creature,
 Looking to God alone for His release.

THE PILGRIM'S WANTS.

I WANT a sweet sense of Thy pardoning love,
 That my manifold sins are forgiven;
 That Christ as my advocate pleadeth above,
 That my name is recorded in heaven.

I want every moment to feel
 That Thy Spirit resides in my heart;
 That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,
 And newness of life to impart.

I want, oh! I want to attain
 Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee!
 That longed-for resemblance once more to regain,
 Thy comeliness put upon me.

I want to be marked for Thine own,
 Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
 To receive that new name on the mystic white
 stone
 Which none but Thyself can declare.

I want so in Thee to abide
 As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise;
 The branch which Thou prunest, though feeble
 and dried,
 May languish, but never decays

I want Thine own hand to unbind
 Each tie to terrestrial things,
 Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwin'd,
 Where my heart so tenaciously clings.

I want, by my aspect serene,
 My actions and words, to declare,
 That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,
 That my heart's best affections are there.

I want as a traveller to haste
 Straight onward, nor pause on my way;
 Nor forethought in anxious contrivance to waste
 On the tent only pitched for a day.

I want—and this sums up my prayer—
 To glorify Thee till I die;
 Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,
 And breathe out in faith my last sigh!

THE WATER-LILY.

YES, thou art day's own flower—for, when he's
 fled,
 Sorrowing thou dropp'st beneath the wave thy
 head;
 And watching, weeping, through the livelong
 night,
 Look'st forth impatient for the dawning light;
 And, as it brightens into perfect day,
 Does from the inmost fold thy breast display.

Oh would that I, from earth's defilement free,
 Could bare my bosom to the light like thee!
 But, ah! I feel within a blighting power
 Marring each grace, like hidden worm the
 flower;
 And trembling, shrinking, gladly would I fly
 That "light of light," Jehovah's piercing eye.

Yet whither can I go?—Oh, there's a wave
 Where he who weeps for sin his soul may lave;
 There would I plunge, and sad, not hopeless, lie
 Waiting the first fair day-spring from on high;
 Then, glad emerging from the healing stream,
 Welcome like thee, sweet flower, the dawning
 beam.

“THE FORMER THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY.”

BY AN INSANE GIRL.

No night is *there*.

No midnight gloom that blessed country shades,
The brightness of its glory never fades :
No darkness intercepts the blissful sight
Of heavenly scenes arrayed in purest light,
Where saints and angels joyfully adore,
And serve, and praise their Maker evermore.

No pain is there!

Disease approaches not that lovely land,
No sufferings now afflict the radiant band
Of blessèd ones who dwell with Jesus there,
The crown, but *never* more the cross to bear :
Distress and anguish may not enter in
A world of bliss where there is no more sin !

No grief is there.

No broken hearts and wounded spirits sigh,
Trouble and anguish are no longer nigh ;
No partings rend the soul, no tears flow there,
No sadness, disappointment, and despair ;
But pleasure fills that blessed Home above,
And all is peace and happiness and love.

No curse is there.

No thorns and briars in Paradise can grow,
 No billows foam, nor angry tempests blow,
 No parchèd grounds and deserts drear and vast;
 The earthquake's shock and whirlwind's rage
 have passed,
 The lightning's flash and thunder's solemn roar
 In that blessed clime are seen and heard no more.

No death is there.

No blighted buds and withered blossoms lie
 On that fair ground, to fade away and die:
 No churchyard-graves with mournful meaning
 tell
There lie below the forms once loved so well!
 But life immortal blooms through endless day,
 And death in every shape has pass'd away!

'TIS A POINT I LONG TO KNOW.

BY DANIEL HERBERT.

WHAT is the point you long to know?
Methinks I hear you say—'Tis this:
I want to know I'm born of God,
An heir of everlasting bliss.

Is this the point you long to know?
The point is settled in my view;
For if you want to love your God,
It proves that God has lovèd you.

I want to know Christ died for me;
I want to feel the seals within:
I want to know Christ's precious blood
Was shed to wash away my sin.

I want to feel more love to God,
I want more liberty in prayer;
But when I look within my heart,
It almost drives me to despair.

I want a mind more firmly fixed
On It, my Everlasting Head:
I want to feel my soul alive,
And not so barren and so dead.

I want more faith—a stronger faith,
I want to feel its power within;
I want to feel more love to God;
I want to feel less love to sin.

I want to live above the world,
And count it all but trash and toys;
I want sweet tokens of God's grace,
Some foretastes of eternal joys.

I want—I know not what I want,
I want that real special good;
Yet all my wants are summed up here,
I want—I feel I want my God!

Is this the point you long to know?
The dead can neither feel nor see,
It is the slave that's bound in chains
Who knows the worth of liberty.

So, where a want like yours is found,
I think I may be bold to say,—
The Lord has fixed within that heart
What hell can never take away.

However small thy grace appears,
There's plenty in thy precious Head:
Those wants you feel, my Christian friends,
Are never found among the dead.

AFFLICTION.

How tenderly thy hand is laid,
O Lord, upon thy child!
How gently is the rough wind stayed,
When eastern blasts are wild!

So graciously our cup is crowned,
And mixed with loving care,
The drops of bitterness are found
The best ingredients there.

The flame that should our dross destroy
So tempered is by Thee,
Instead of pain, a place of *joy*
The furnace proves to be.

Though every earthly lamp may fade,
We count the darkness sweet,
For in the gloom, and in the shade,
Our Saviour's steps we meet.

O Father! we will ask thee not
In blessing to remove
The crook that marks our mortal lot,
But point it with thy love.

MAKE ME TO GO IN THE PATH OF THY
COMMANDMENTS.

WHEN from that path Thou hast appointed me
I wander, hedge my way about, O Lord:
To that perforce I must return to Thee;

Where snares and dangers be,
There plant thine Angel and avenging sword!

When to thy Throne my imperfect prayers
ascend,

Dear Lord, consider well what I entreat;
Judge my unwise complaint, and condescend
To make it good: so winnowing chaff from
wheat,

That only what is meet
For fruit again, in answer shall descend.

When 'twixt two paths I halt, nor know the way,
O leave me not to guess, Thyself decide!

Be thy controlling hand my guide, my stay;

Suffer me not to stray,
Rather compel me closer to Thy side.

FROM THE PEN OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR
ROBERT GRANT,

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

“Blessed is the man whom thou chasteneth.”—PSALM xiv. 12.

SAVIOUR! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings, and guided
 my way;
Adored be the power which illumined my blind-
 ness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled
 to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow—I caught at the toy,—
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright,—but a worm was
 below;
The moonlight shone fair,—there was blight
 in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze,—but it whispered
 of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing
 stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to
fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim in
heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as
the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and
uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with
thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the
brave;
I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the
crown;
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a
grave.

Subdued and instructed at length to thy will,
My hopes and my longing I fain would
resign:
O give me the heart that can wait and be
still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from
 woe,

But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
 There are rivers of joy,—but they roll not
 below;

There is rest—but it dwells in the presence
 of God.

RHODODENDRON.

“GEM of the Alps! ’tis strange to trace
 Aught beautiful as thou,
 Glad’ning the ‘solitary place’
 With unexpected glow.
 Yet, bright one! cold thy bed must be,
 And harsh thy evening-lullaby.
 Would thou wert planted in the bower
 Which summer weaves for bird and flower,
 And rock’d to slumber by the gale
 She breathes in yonder sunny vale!

“Oh tell me not of valley fair,
 Where sweeter flowerets bloom;
 I too have sun and healthful air
 In this my mountain-home.

Yet stranger, doth thy sympathy
 Demand some poor return from me ;
 And what if I, frail lowly thing,
 Such lesson to thine heart might bring,
 That thou, in after hour, shouldst bless
 The floweret of the wilderness.

“Deem’st thou these snows scarce fitting
 bower

For aught so fair as I ?

Oh know that One whose will is power
 Has shaped my destiny.

He spake me into being ; shed
 His sunshine on my Alpine bed ;
 Bade the strong blast, which shook the pine,
 Pass harmless o’er this head of mine ;
 And gently reared my early bloom
 ’Mid snows which else had been my tomb.

“View in this mountain’s frozen breast

An emblem true of thine,
 So cold, so hard, till on it rest
 A beam of light divine.

Feel’st thou this life-inspiring ray ?
 If not—then upward look, and pray,
 That He, who made these mountain snows
 A cradle for the opening rose,
 Would deep within thine heart embower
 A brighter far than earthly flower ”

EVENING PRIMROSE.

“THE sun his latest beam has shed;
The wild-bird to its nest has sped;
And buds, which to the day-beam spread
 Their brightest glow,
Incline their dew-besprinkled head
 In slumber now.

“Then why art thou lone vigils keeping,
Pale flower, when all beside are sleeping?
Are not the same soft zephyrs sweeping
 Each slender stem,
And the same opiate dewdrops steeping
 Both thee and them?”

“Eve is my noon. At this still hour,
When softly sleeps each sister flower,
Sole watcher of the dusky bower
 I joy to be;
And, conscious, feel the pale moon shower
 Her light on me.

“Soon as meek evening veils the sky,
And wildly fresh her breeze flits by,
And on my brest the dewdrops lie,
 I feel to live;
And what of mine is fragrancy,
 I freely give.

Yet flowers I wear upon my breast
That no earth-garden knows,—
White lilies of immortal peace,
And love's deep-tinted rose ;
And there the blue-eyed flowers of faith,
And hope's bright buds of gold,
As lone I tread the upward path,
In richest hues unfold.

I keep my armour ever on,
For foes beset my way ;
I watch, lest passing on alone
I fall a helpless prey.
No earthly love have I—I lean
Upon no mortal breast ;
But my Belovèd, though unseen,
Walks near and gives me rest.

Afar, around, I often see,
Throughout this desert wide,
His pilgrims pressing on like me,—
They often pass my side :
The kindly smile, the gentle word,
For Jesus' sake I give ;
But love—O Thou alone adored !
For Thee alone I live.

Painful and dark the pathway seems
To distant earthly eyes ;
They only see the hedging thorns
On either side that rise ;

They cannot know how soft between
The flowers of love are strown,—
The sunny ways, the pastures green,
Where Jesus leads His own :

They cannot see, as darkening clouds
Behind the pilgrim close,
How far adown the western glade
The golden glory flows ;
They cannot hear 'mid earthly din
The song to pilgrims known,
Still blending with the angels' hymn
Around the wondrous throne.

So I Thy bounteous token-flowers
Still on my bosom wear ;
While me the fleeting love-winged hours
To Thee still nearer bear ;
So from my lips Thy song shall flow,
My sweetest music be ;
So on mine eyes the glory grow,
Till all is lost in Thee.

THE WATER AND THE FLOWER.

A MEMORY.

ONE quiet eve, some years ago, whilst lingering
by a stile,
That ran along a wayside path, to watch the
clouds a while,
Ere thought had lifted from my heart the shadow
of her wing,
I saw a child—a little girl—returning from the
spring.
Her well-filled pitcher lightly pressed her curls
of silken hair,
Supported by a tiny hand, and she was very fair,
With something in her sunny face pure as the
sky above,
And something in her gentle eye that guardian
angels love.

A little flower, blossoming a step or so aside,
This happy child of innocence with sudden joy
espied,
Then letting down her pitcher with the same
sweet, joyous song,
She watered it, half-laughingly, and gayly
tripped along;

The flower seemed to raise its head, bowed by a
 summer's sun,
 And smile beneath the act which she uncon-
 sciously had done,
 Whilst wandering on with fairy tread, as merry
 as before,
 I saw her pass the garden-gate, and close the
 the cottage-door.

Oh! often when this little scene has crossed my
 thoughts again,
 I've wondered if—with all the love that warmed
 her spirit then—
 This little girl has tripped through life as joyous
 to the last,
 Refreshing all the weary hearts that met her as
 she passed :
 If with unconscious tenderness her heart has
 paused to bless
 The poor amid their poverty, the sad in their
 distress,
 Still following up God's teachings, day by day,
 and hour by hour,
 Foreshadowed in that simple scene—the water
 and the flower:—

If with a song as pure and sweet, that voice has
 hushed to rest
 The troubles of an aching heart, a sorrow-laden
 breast ;

If to the wayside wanderer, where'er her steps
have led,

The pitcher has been lowered ever kindly from
her head.

O! holy, happy Charity! how many pleasures
lost

By those who have not known thee, had been
worthy of the cost;

How many heads a blessing from a better world
have borne

Whilst lowering the pitcher to the weary and
the worn.

Thou who hast stood beside God's spring of bless-
ings day by day,

To fill the pitcher of thy wants, and carry it
away;

The poor and the dejected—whom God hath
willed to roam—

Are resting by the wayside that leads thee to
thy home!

Oh! let thy heart beat ever quick in actions kind
to be;

Remember Him whose bounty has at all times
followed thee,

And deem it not a trouble, in the wayside or
the town,

To linger where the weary are, and let the
pitcher down.

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

NOTHING but leaves. The Spirit grieves
 Over a wasted life:
 Sin committed while conscience slept;
 Promises made, but never kept,
 Hatred, battle, and strife—
 Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no gathered sheaves
 Of life's fair ripened grain;
 Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
 We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
 We reap with toil and pain
 Nothing but leaves.

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

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

THE TWO PRAYERS.

“Two hands upon the breast,
And labor is done ;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won ;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease ;
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace.”

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot ;
God in his kindness answereth not.

“Two hands to work addressed,
Aye for his praise ;
Two feet that never rest
Walking his ways ;
Two eyes that look above,
Still, through all tears ;
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears.”

So pray we afterward, low at our knees ;
Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up:"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away:"
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;

Who would miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so!

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

THE END.



