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“Trust  
and  
Obedience”  
and Other Songs



by  
John H. Sammis

GIFT OF



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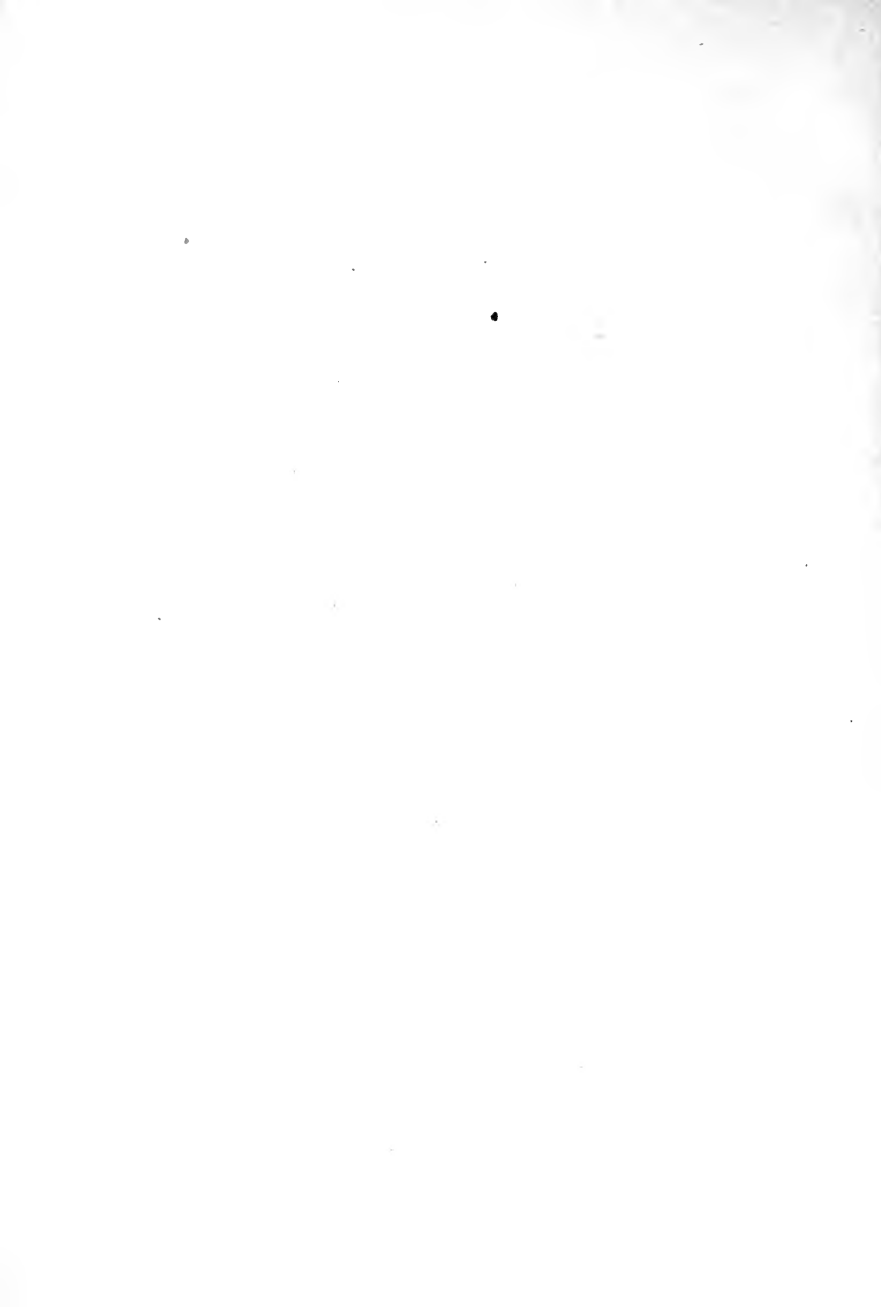
A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR CHRIS  
T. C. HORTON, SUPERINT  
R. A. TORREY, D. D.,

Mr. J. C.  
University  
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“TRUST  
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and Other Songs

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THE  
SCHOOL  
OF  
MUSIC

BY

JOHN H. SAMMIS

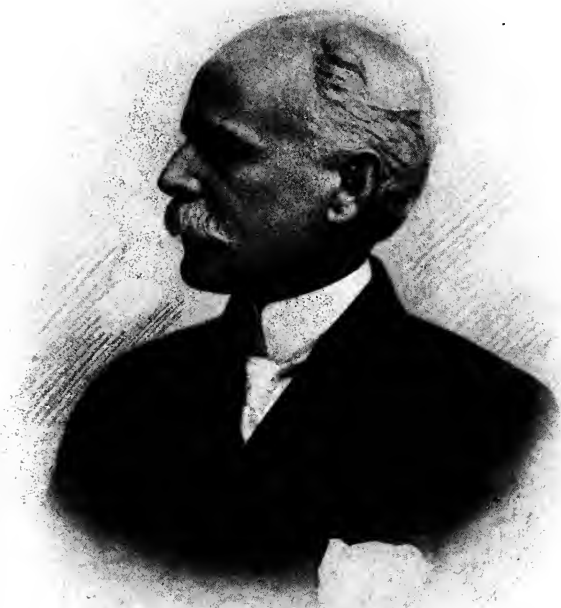
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TO THE  
ADMINISTRATOR

## FOREWORD



This little volume of verse has been compiled  
in honor of my life-long friends,

REV. JOHN H. SAMMIS

and his wife

MARY TROWBRIDGE SAMMIS

Mr. Sammis has been for forty years and more, a faithful preacher and teacher of the blessed Gospel of the Son of God; loyal to his heart's core to every truth in the Bible; a blessed example of a strong, sweet, forceful Christian life. Many of his verses, set to music, have brought comfort and inspiration to tens of thousands of people, in many countries. Eternity alone will reveal all that they have meant to the children of men. I am exceedingly glad to be able to give to his friends the privilege of possessing what to me is a rare treasure.

*J. C. Norton*

TO VMD  
AIRPORT

# GOD IS LOVE



OD is Love. Then it must be  
That love, in loving, loveth  
Thee;  
And life is life without a flaw,  
If life is love, since love  
is law.



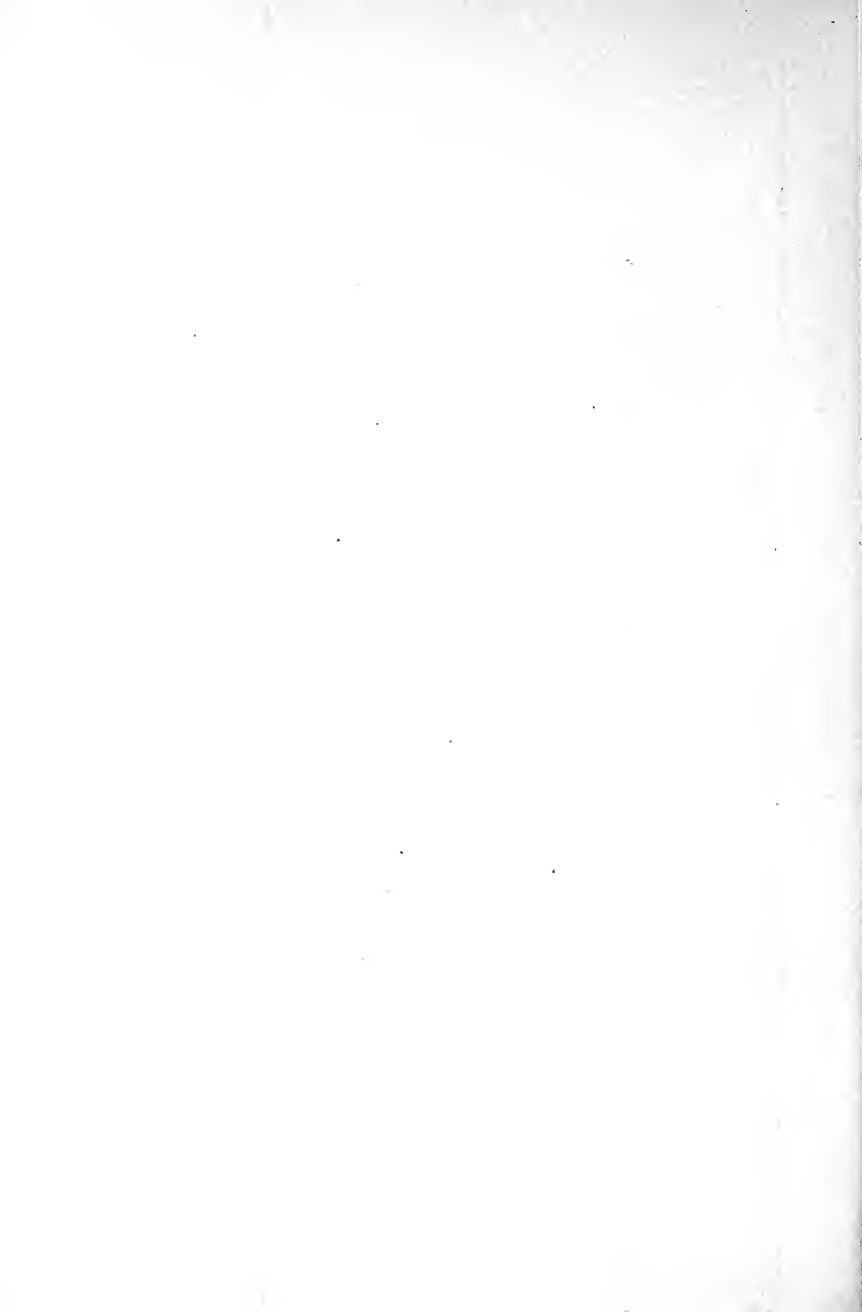




SONGS

OF

TRUST



UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

“Trust and Obey”

## Trust and Obey



**W**HEN we walk with the Lord  
In the light of His word,  
What a glory He sheds on our way!  
While we do His good will  
He abides with us still,  
And with all who will trust and obey.

Not a shadow can rise,  
Not a cloud in the skies,  
But His smile quickly drives it away;  
Not a doubt nor a fear,  
Not a sigh nor a tear  
Can abide while we trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear,  
Not a sorrow we share,  
But our toil He doth richly repay;  
Not a grief nor a loss,  
Not a frown nor a cross,  
But is blest if we trust and obey.

But we never can prove  
The delights of His love  
Until all on the altar we lay;  
For the favor He shows  
And the joy He bestows  
Are for those who will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet  
We will sit at His feet,  
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;  
What He says we will do,  
Where He sends we will go,  
Never fear, only trust and obey.

Refrain:

Trust and obey,  
For there's no other way  
To be happy in Jesus  
But to trust and obey.

## My God, I'll Trust Thee Still



I'LL trust in Thee, whose boundless grace,  
Restored my soul, and turned my face  
To Zion's blissful hill.

And if I tread the heights of faith  
Or walk the gloomy shades of Death  
My God, I'll trust Thee still.

If daily bread thy ravens bring,  
And I from Cherith's cooling stream,  
My flowing cup may fill;  
Or should my brook run scant and dry  
And Thou withhold my day's supply  
My God, I'll trust thee still.

If Elim's palms their shade afford,  
Or thou shouldst smite my sheltering gourd,  
Alike through good or ill;  
In perfect peace I'll wait to prove,  
That Thou ordainest all in love,  
My God, I'll trust Thee still.

And if, at last, my passage be,  
Upon a calm and starlit sea,  
I'll bless Thy favoring will;  
Or, if to some lone spar I cling,  
Adrift upon the storm I'll sing,  
My God, I'll trust Thee still.

## Paraphrase of Psalm XXIII.



THE Lord my Shepherd is, in Him I know,  
Nor ever shall, no fear of want; for, lo,—

Content in peaceful ease, He makes me lie  
On grassy slopes that well my need supply;

Or, gently leads, by restful streams, along,  
Whose murmurs sweet tune all my heart to song.

My fainting soul He does restore, and makes  
Me walk in straight paths for His own name's sake.

Yea, tho' through Death's dark vale my way may be  
I'll fear no ill, for Thou art still with me.

Thy rod and staff shall free my soul from dread,  
My trustful heart by them be comforted.

My table, richly spread, Thy care supplies,  
E'en in the face of my fierce enemies.

Thou on my head the fragrant oil doth pour,  
And my full cup with blessing runneth o'er.

Mercy and good alone my way pursue,  
And shall, from day to day, life's journey through,

Till I shall come, safe led through devious ways,  
In Jahve's house to dwell through endless days.

## The Life More Abundant



WHOSOEVER hath believed  
    On the Son of God  
Hath eternal life received  
    Through His holy blood.  
Death, Thou bleeding Lamb, was thine;  
Life, eternal life is mine;  
    Death for Thee,  
    But life for me;  
Thine, O love, that life shall be.

“Whosoever?” dost thou roam  
    Vainly seeking rest,  
Come to Jesus, boldly come,  
    Put Him to the test.  
Come, He'll ease thee of thy load,  
Lead thee by a pleasant road.  
    Life indeed  
    Is their's who heed;  
Sweet content and all their need.

By the lily's bright array,  
    By the sparrow's fare,  
See (and thou art more than they)  
    How to trust His care.  
Fret not thou for food or dress,  
Trust the Father's faithfulness.  
    Heart He made,  
    On Him be stayed,  
He hath said, Be not dismayed.



## Faith



“**T**HY faith hath saved,” I read  
and turned,  
Full on my soul an anxious eye.  
“Hast thou this faith?” I asked,  
and burned  
For years, until she made reply—  
“Through all my depths profound  
Have I explored;  
Not faith, but **God** I found,  
God and His Word.”



## Earth Born Clouds

“Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God,  
believe also in me.” John 14:1.



**O**UR Heavenly Father loves to see,  
His children happy, brave and strong,  
With hearts as full of melody  
As Spring is full of song.

He grieves when they give place to grief,  
Or weigh with dread tomorrow's fear;  
His promise chides their unbelief  
And challenges their tear.

Then why, my soul, art thou cast down,  
Though sun and stars forbear to shine?  
Mistake not for thy Father's frown  
Those somber thoughts of thine.

## “These Three”

MY LORD into his treasury  
With Kingly grace invited me,  
And to my eyes, unwont, displayed  
Of wondrous gems a myriad.  
“Ask what thou wilt, my child,” said He,  
“And wear, that all the world may see.”

There blazed what all the world admires,  
A heart aglow with hidden fires:  
A mind with brilliant fancies lit:  
A tongue of silver gemmed with wit:  
Heraldic honors richly set:  
A jewelled sword; a coronet.

“These splendors, Lord,” I said, “to bear  
I am not able. Hast thou here,  
Among the rest,  
Some blood-wrought pearl that I may wear  
Within my breast  
For love of thee?”  
Then forth he drew, of heavenly hue,  
“These three,  
Faith, Hope, and Love.”

## It's All of Grace



IT'S all of Grace, tho' marred by sin,  
All scarred without, all stained within :  
God loves us with a mighty love,  
A love all other loves above.

It's all of Grace, the debt was paid,  
When on the Lamb our sin was laid ;  
No gifts, no toils, no tears, no sighs,  
Add value to that sacrifice.

It's all of Grace ; the light we see,  
The air we breathe is not more free ;  
Nor fertile rain that heaven distils,  
Than pardoning grace to him that wills.

It's all of Grace ; not so secure  
Shall sun and moon and stars endure ;  
As that firm rock to which we cling,  
The word of our great God and King.

It's all of Grace ; your strivings cease,  
God saves for nothing, go in peace :  
Sin not, but serve Him as you ought,  
And thank Him that He saves for naught.

## He's a Friend of Mine



**W**HY should I charge my soul with care?  
The wealth of every mine belongs to Christ,  
God's Son and Heir,  
And He's a Friend of mine.

The silver moon, the golden sun,  
The countless stars that shine, are His alone,  
Yes, ev'ry one,  
And He's a Friend of mine.

He daily spreads a glorious feast,  
And at His table dine, the whole creation,  
Man and beast,  
And He's a Friend of mine.

And when He comes in bright array,  
And leads the conquering line, It will be glory  
Then to say,  
That He's a Friend of mine.

### Refrain :

Yes, He's a Friend of mine,  
And He with me doth all things share;  
Since all is Christ's, and Christ is mine,  
Why should I have a care?  
For Jesus is a Friend of mine.

## For You As Well As Me



GREAT things the Lord has done for me,  
For His redeeming love  
Is deeper than the deepest sea,  
And wide as Heaven above.

He left His throne, His life He gave,  
He suffered all my pains ;  
For me, arising from the grave,  
He lives, and ever reigns.

My heavy load He bore away ;  
He heard my humble prayer ;  
He turned my darkness into day,  
And saved me from despair.

He sent the Holy One to be  
My Comforter and Guest,  
To show the things of Christ to me,  
And lead me into rest.

Yes, deeper, wider than the sea,  
The fountain of His love must be ;  
A fountain flowing full and free,  
It flows for you as well as me.

## A s k



“**A**SK what thou wilt.” What shall I ask?  
From labor and the cross release?  
Exemption from the common task?  
A life of careless ease?

“Ask what thou wilt.” Or, shall I ask  
For gold, a million yellow suns  
With favoring beams, that I may bask  
With Fortune’s pampered sons?

“Ask what thou wilt.” And should I ask  
For many days, that thou shouldst arm  
My strength with breastplate, shield, and casque,  
Invincible to harm?

“Ask what thou wilt.” And shall I ask  
The praise of men, the obsequious crowd  
That fawning, break the fulsome flask  
Of flattery o’er the proud?

“Ask what thou wilt.” And shall I ask  
A monarch’s crown, a statesman’s skill,  
To bear the sword, and wear the mask  
That rules the world at will?

“Ask what thou wilt?” Then Lord I ask  
Thy will, Thy praise, Thy kingdom be;  
Choose Thou my lot, my cross, my task,  
And I have all in Thee.

## The Rest Cure



COME thou apart and rest awhile,  
I heard my Saviour say;  
So sweet his tones, so fond His smile,  
I turned aside to pray.

He led me to a place apart,  
Far from the busy way;  
He gently drew me to His heart  
And whispered "Let us pray."

He seemed so like a Son of Man,  
As on His breast I lay,  
That I with burning heart, began,  
"Lord, teach me how to pray;"

" 'Tis thine to intercede for me,  
For grace from day to day;  
And help, in mine infirmity,  
Thy sinful child to pray."

"My dove," He said, "My undefiled,  
Thy sins are put away;  
In me beloved, my Father's child,  
Draw boldly near and pray."

Thy God, thy heavenly Father dear,  
Doth hear my prayer alway;  
And loves His children's voice to hear,  
When one with Me they pray."

So oft I gladly seek the place,  
Far from the busy way,  
And boldly, at the throne of grace,  
I meet with Him to pray.

## "I Am Complete In Him"

Colossians 2:10



CHRIST fills my daily cup of peace  
    With blessing to the brim;  
I shall not want; I rest at ease;  
    "I am complete in Him."

He makes me clearer by His Blood  
    Than holy cherubim;  
He brings me nearer to my God,  
    "I am complete in Him."

Rooted in Him, no shaken reed  
    Tossed at the weather's whim;  
One only Gospel meets my need;  
    "I am complete in Him."

In every conflict of my life  
    This is my battle hymn;  
By this I conquer in the strife,  
    "I am complete in Him."

Strong in the armor of His might  
    I face the powers grim;  
One word puts all that host to flight,  
    "I am complete in Him."

Trusty is His unwearied arm;  
    His eye is never dim;  
Alert His ear to my alarm;  
    "I am complete in Him."



## He Means What He Said!



**Y**E pilgrims who stand at the Fountain's low brink  
And thirst for its waters so sweet,  
And cry to the Master, "Lord, give me to drink!"  
Lo! it flows, freely flows, at your feet.

And ye who still stand at the threshold of heaven  
And beg for a morsel of bread;  
Take, eat, for the Loaf has been broken and given,  
And the Feast has for ages been spread.

Must Jesus come down to allay the long drought?  
Or rise up again from the dead?  
While the Cup is already close pressed to your mouth,  
And thrust in your hand is the Bread?

The Word of the Lord is that life-giving Bread,  
And His promise the free-flowing tide;  
And if you will believe that He means what He said,  
Your soul in His peace shall abide.

No longer repeating, "Lord, give me to drink,"  
And begging the Father for bread;  
I'll confess and believe in my heart, for I think,  
Yes, I **know** that He means what He said.

## “That Prophet”



**I**NCARNATE Truth; Eternal Word;  
Of worlds unseen and things unheard;  
Prophet and Prophecy;  
All-present Lord of Time and Space;  
Unveiler of the Father's face;  
Revealer of His saving grace;  
And End of Mystery;

The suns that swing in boundless space  
Have, each, his age, his measured race,  
Apportioned by Thy Power;  
And Thine All-seeing Eye surveys  
The pregnant path of future days,  
And duly times, appoints, and weighs  
The event of every hour.

From Everlasting Thou art He,  
That Voice of Life and Destiny  
That spake, and it stood fast;  
This anchor of our Faith is sure,  
And holds through Time and Stress secure,  
THY WORD IS TRUTH and shall endure,  
When earthly Pomp is past.

Thy Princely birth, Thy life, Thy death,  
The prophet's theme, Thyself his breath,  
But God, Thy God hath poured  
Upon Thy lips, their native right,  
The chiefest grace; so clearest light  
Dispels our doubt, and cheers our night  
By Thine attested Word.

## 'Tis Sweet To Know



WHEN the night draws on and the work is done,  
    And the day dies in the west;  
When the welcome call bids the workers all  
    From toil to home and rest;  
How sweet to know that it shall be so,  
    When the day of life is past;  
And we shall be from labor free  
    To rest at home at last.

When the stars look down on the silent town  
    And dewy vales around;  
While the weary sleep in the shadows deep,  
    And the watchman takes his round;  
How sweet to know that it shall be so  
    When He gives His loved ones sleep,  
That they shall rest while angels blest  
    Their faithful watch shall keep.

When morning breaks, the sleeper wakes,  
    And shadows flee away;  
When the glorious light bursts on his sight.  
    As he hails the new-born day;  
How sweet to know that it shall be so  
    When the Dayspring gilds the skies  
And the sons of God forsake the sod,  
    And glory greets their eyes.

## Bands of Love

"I drew them with the cords of a man, with bands of love." (Hosea 11:4).



WHEN God to all the world would prove,  
The boundless measure of His love,  
He gave His only Son to die  
And passed us guilty sinners by,—  
And passed us guilty sinners by!

"I'll go" said He, "and share their cup,  
And die for them upon the tree;  
And I, if I be lifted up,  
Will draw all men to Me, to Me,—  
Will draw all men to Me."

Angels and men behold the sight!  
The length and breadth and depth and height  
Of God's dear love, and our deep loss;  
And measured only by the Cross,—  
And measured only by the Cross.

Lord Jesus, lifted up for me,  
I fain would follow after thee;  
Bid fear and all distrust remove  
That I may revel in Thy love,—  
In Thy redeeming love.

## Comfort



**G**O, Tell it to Jesus  
Go, tell Him thy woe;  
How bitter thine anguish  
No other can know.  
He, who hath once tasted  
The sorrows we feel;  
He knoweth our weakness  
And surely can heal.

Go, tell unto Jesus  
Thy doubts and thy fears;  
Thy sin, with thy failures,  
And penitent tears.  
Thy heart of its trouble,  
He'll sweetly relieve,  
And whisper, "Beloved,  
Fear not, but believe."

Go, tell it to Jesus,  
When shadows arise;  
And billows of darkness,  
Are shrouding the skies;  
He'll banish thy terrors,  
Himself be thy light,  
And give His beloved  
A song in the night.

Go, tell it to Jesus,  
Whatever befall,  
He'll graciously heed it  
If great or if small.  
Cast on Him thy burden  
Whatever it be,  
Thou, heavily laden,  
He careth for thee.

## “Thou Blessed Lord Jesus”

(A Hymn for the Quiet Hour)



THOU blessed Lord Jesus, my Treasure divine,  
My spirit rejoices to claim Thee as mine;  
Thine arm doth embrace me, to lie on Thy breast,  
Is fulness of blessing, and infinite rest.

Thou blessed Lord Jesus, my Treasure divine,  
Thy favor is life, and thy love is as wine,  
Thy words are as honey that drips from the comb,  
They comfort my soul like a message from home.

Thou blessed Lord Jesus, my Treasure divine,  
More precious to me than rich gold from the mine,  
Than gems from the mountain, than pearls from the sea,  
More fair in thy beauty, and dearer to me.

Thou blessed Lord Jesus, my Treasure divine,  
When wilt Thou array me in beauty like thine?  
All faultless, all spotless, when me wilt thou bring?  
To be with Thee, forever, my Bridegroom, my King?

## We Know Not Yet



WE know not yet what we shall be  
    Though now the sons of God;  
When robed in immortality  
    We rise above the sod.

We know not what our eyes shall see  
    Among the starry spheres;  
What sounds of heavenly melody  
    Shall greet our ravished ears.

We know not,—though we now receive  
    The earnest long before  
Our foolish hearts cannot conceive  
    The grace there is in store.

We know not what the city is,  
    The Tree, the Living Tide,  
The scenes, the sounds, the loves, the bliss,  
    The Bridegroom and the Bride,—

“But we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.” (1 John 3:2).

## The Almighty Friend

(Psa. 62:11, 12)

"So the All-able is the All-loving, too."—(Browning).



LOOK up, my soul, thy Friend upholds,  
Yon boundless scene, and thee enfolds,  
Almighty love, His grace exceeds  
A seraph's thought, a sinner's needs.

Those moving splendors overhead,  
This wealth and beauty round thee spread,  
These glowing thoughts within thy breast  
His wisdom, power and love attest.

He who this weight of glory bears  
The Lord of all, thy nature wears,  
And once, in human fashion found,  
His love upon a cross was crowned.

Worship, adore and trust in Him;  
And should those flaming worlds grow dim  
And this warm earth be cold and bare,  
That Friend will make thee still His care.



## What More Could He Do?



O, WONDERFUL, wonderful grace!  
O, story so sweet and so true,  
Of Jesus who died in our place!  
What more, O, what more could He do?

For sin, O, how dearly He paid,  
Your soul to redeem from its woe!  
A full satisfaction He made,  
O, brother, what more could He do?

What more could He suffer to prove,  
The love of the Father for you?  
Thy heart with contrition to move,  
Say, brother, what more could He do?

### Chorus:

What more could He do, what more could He do?  
Say, brother, what more could He do?  
He shed His own blood for a sin-cleansing flood,  
O, brother, what more could He do?

## The First Thing to Seek



FATHER, how oft my foolish mind  
On earthly care is set;  
How oft a nameless dread I find,  
As if thou couldst forget!

While not alone each day's supply  
Of wholesome meat and drink,  
Thou sendest me,—but more than I  
Could either ask or think.

How often this world's good I seek  
From thine indulgent love,  
While all too seldom I bespeak  
The things that are above.

Yet, Lord, thou knowest in my heart  
Of hearts I would be blest;  
Like Mary, with the better part,  
And care naught for the rest.

## The Prodigal's Welcome



ONCE afar from home I wandered,  
For my heart was hard and cold,  
And my Father's gifts I squandered,  
And myself to Satan sold.  
But, at last, my eyes were opened,  
All my misery to see;  
And there came to me the message  
"There's a welcome still for thee!"

"Wanderer, come, no longer linger!  
Though thy sins as scarlet be;  
Though they glow like reddest crimson,  
There is mercy still for thee."

When I rose to seek my Father  
He in love and pity ran,  
Fell upon my neck and kissed me,  
And with gracious words began,—  
"Bring the robe and put it on him;  
Put a ring upon his hand;  
In the sandals of salvation,  
Cause my long lost son to stand."

Daily at My Father's table,  
Grace prepares a joyous feast;  
Spreads before me all His mercies,  
Though unworthy of the least.  
Now I walk in light before Him,  
Nevermore afar to roam,  
Rest is sweet and peace is perfect  
In my Father's house at home.

## The Name Above Every Name



**O** WHAT is Jehovah El Shaddai to me?  
My Lord, God and Saviour, Immanuel, He;  
My Prophet, Priest, Sacrifice, Altar and Lamb;  
Judge, Advocate, Surety and Witness, I AM;  
My Peace and my Life, my Truth and my Way;  
My Leader, my Teacher, my Hope and my Stay;  
Redeemer and Ransom, Atonement and Friend;  
He's Alpha, Omega, Beginning and End.

Yea more is Jehovah El Shaddai beside—  
Avenger and Shepherd, and Keeper and Guide;  
My Horn of Salvation, my Captain in war;  
My Dayspring, my Sun and my Bright Morning Star;  
My Wonderful, Counsellor, Wisdom and Light;  
My Shadow by day, and my Beacon by night;  
Pearl, Ornament, Diadem, Treasure untold;  
My Strength and my Sun, in Him I behold.

All this is Jehovah Ropheka and more—  
My Bread and my Water, my Dwelling, my Door;  
My Branch and my Vine, My Lily and Rose;  
Rock, Hiding Place, Refuge, Shield, Covert, Repose;  
My sure Resurrection, my Glory above;  
My King in His beauty, my Bridegroom, my love;  
My All and in all in Christ Jesus I see,  
For God hath made Him to be all things to me.  
Now say to *thy* soul, "What is He to *thee*?"

## Come, Holy Spirit



COME, Holy Spirit, and anew,  
By mighty word and deed,  
Bear witness with Thy chosen few,  
That all may hear and heed.  
No more upon the Prophet's brow,  
The flaming signet rests :  
The mystic tongue no longer now  
The word of grace attests.

But perfect love and holiness,  
And helpful ministry,  
Are miracles of grace no less  
That testify of Thee.  
Set these, Thy seal, upon us, Lord,  
Our love and zeal inflame,  
That we henceforth Thy saving Word  
May mightily proclaim.

Send now the quickening power again ;  
Let Truth our tongues inspire ;  
Arouse the consciences of men  
With messages of fire.  
Then to repentant sinners show  
Thy reconciled face ;  
The cleansing and the healing flow  
Of Thy redeeming grace.

## Lead On



MY Lord, my Light, how clear  
I in Thy light can see!  
Lead on, I do not fear  
To trust my way to Thee.

Athwart my reckless path  
Till Thy kind beacon shone,  
My steps took hold on death,  
My feet were almost gone.

How dim the light I bore!  
It's faint and fitful flame  
Could ne'er my feet restore—  
Yet to this rest I came!

I dread,—when I survey  
The past,—no future ill,  
For Thou benignant Ray  
Shalt guide my footsteps still.

Oh, Holy Light, how clear  
The crowned heights I see!  
Lead on, I do not fear  
To trust my way to Thee.

## Shall I Be There?



**A**ND can it be that I shall bear,  
In that delightful day,  
A part with saints all bright and fair  
As fair and bright as they?  
When clad in glistening robes of white,  
They gather in the air,  
And to the Bridegroom take their flight  
Shall I, shall I be there?

When Jesus speaks the kind "Well done,"  
And bids the weary rest;  
In that glad throng shall I be one  
By His dear lips confessed?  
Or, when within that happy place,  
He left us to prepare,  
They see the riches of His grace  
Shall I, shall I, be there?

When old familiar faces meet  
Bereaved, beloved, for years;  
When friend and lover fondly greet  
Who parted once with tears.  
Or when in holy fellowship  
The fruit of life they share;  
And from the living fountain dip,  
O, then shall I be there?

Ah, there with them who never know  
Or sin, or death, or pain;  
Or tears, or sorrow, want or woe,  
Where joys eternal reign;  
In Zion where His glories shine  
Shall I those glories share?  
Can such a portion, Lord, be mine?  
Through grace, I shall be there.

## They Shall Shine



**T**HEY that win from their sin  
    Many souls to the right  
When the King comes again  
    Shall shine forth as the light;  
By the word of the Lord  
    In the Kingdom Divine,  
He has pledged this reward  
    “As the stars they shall shine.”

And the wise when they rise  
    From the dust of the earth,  
And ascend to the skies  
    At creation's new birth;  
All as bright as the light  
    With a glory divine,  
In their raiment of white  
    As the stars they shall shine.

Then proclaim we His name  
    To the world far and wide,  
Until all hear the fame  
    Of the Christ crucified;  
And on high, bye and bye,  
    If we're true, brother mine,  
When He comes through the skies,  
    As the stars they shall shine.



## A Little While



A little while,"—be brave be strong,  
Hold fast the hope, He'll not be long;  
For His great love will never rest  
Until He folds us to His breast.

"A little while," to do and bear,  
And one another's load to share;  
The watch to keep, the lamp to trim,  
And, then, forever be with Him.

"A little while!" how swiftly sped,  
So brief a night we shall not dread;  
But e'en the darkest hour beguile,  
With that sweet word, "A little while."

"A little while!" oh, who would grieve,  
This scene of pain and death to leave;  
To mount on eagle's wing and soar  
To rest with Him forevermore?

"A little while!" "A little while!"  
We may not pass another stile  
Till with our own beloved we meet,  
Around our dear Redeemer's feet.



## Opportunity



LIFE hath full enough of sorrow  
Cheer and cherish whom you may;  
While tomorrow is tomorrow,  
And today is yet today.

## Thou Wilt Keep Him In Perfect Peace




FATHER, my feeble faith takes hold  
On that strong hand of Thine;  
And feels its grasp her own enfold,  
Imparting strength divine;  
And sings her cheerful song at ease,  
While leaning hard on Thee,—  
“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,  
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”

As Jesus calmly lay at rest  
On storm-tossed Galilee,  
And slept, as ere on Mary's breast,  
He slept in infancy;  
My soul shall find from care release,  
However rough the sea,—  
“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,  
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”

The bark once tossed from crest to crest,  
In long unequal strife,  
Shall bear me bouyant on the breast  
Of seas that sought my life;  
And He who bade the tumult cease,  
Shall hear my song of glee,—  
“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace,  
Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”







SONGS  
OF  
OBEDIENCE



## Consecration



**N**OW Lord, I will, I will, obey  
Thine oft repeated call;  
And yield myself to Thee today  
My heart, my life, my all.

If ne'er before to Thee I brought  
With all my heart, my vow;  
Withholding from thine altar nought,  
I, Lord, would bring it now.

I bring a broken heart to mend,  
A captive will to free,  
And these two empty hands extend,  
For gifts of grace from Thee.

For I am poor, am poor indeed,  
With sin and self alone,  
Till Thou with grace supply my need  
No good, no worth, I own.

I die to sin, to Thee I live,  
And this my humble plea;  
Take, Lord, my sinful soul and give  
Thy blessed Self to me.

# A New Year Meditation

(Good For Any Day in the Year).



## A Parable

A TREE stood in a vineyard,  
In fertile soil took root;  
Fair leaves adorned its branches;  
But, ah! it bore no fruit.



WHAT have you done for Jesus?  
My soul, were you to go  
And render Him the answer,  
What service could you show?  
Dorcas could show the garments  
Her charity bestowed;  
And the Samaritan the man  
He succored on the road;  
Martha, the bounteous feast she spread  
With her housewifely art;  
Mary, the better feast that fed  
The hunger of His heart;  
How once in her devotion  
The costly nard she poured;  
And Simon how he bore the cross  
To spare his fainting Lord.



Paul bears the marks of conflict,  
The scars of many a field;  
And glorious was the witness  
The blood of Stephen sealed.

If, trusted with the Gospel,  
You've proclaimed it near and far;  
If with the hosts of darkness,  
You have waged unflinching war;  
If you your brother Simon  
Have brought to Christ the Lord;  
Or told your friend Nathanael  
The message you have heard;  
If the widow and the orphan  
You have nourished in their need;  
If the word of your profession  
Has materialized in deed;  
You are ready then to answer  
When the Master seeks His own,  
"Lord, thou gavest me a talent  
I have gained another one."



**T** HE tree stands in the vineyard;  
The axe is lying near!  
And still a Voice is pleading,  
"Let it stand another year."

## The Wages and The Gift



O H, SOUL, on worldly pleasures bent  
On earthly good or gain;  
When all thy days and toils are spent,  
What wilt thou have but pain?  
There is a broad and frequent path  
But they that walk therein  
Must reap the bitterness of death  
The wages of their sin.

Why will you spend your strength for bread  
That cannot satisfy?  
Come, see the table Grace hath spread,  
And without money buy!  
Lo! here is meat and drink indeed,  
In rich and full supply.  
Life, pardon, sonship, all you need,  
And glory bye and bye.

Thy sins may be like scarlet red,  
And guilt thy steps pursue!  
Judgment be frowning overhead  
And death thy portion due.  
Let tears of penitence be shed  
And cry,—“forgive, forgive!”  
And by the drops that Jesus shed,  
Thy soul shall surely live.

## God Is On Our Side

- "The shout of a King is among them." (Num. 23:21).



**C**OURAGE, Christian soldiers,  
To your colors true,  
Do and dare for Jesus  
He who died for you.  
Girded with the armor  
Truth and Grace provide  
None can stand against us,  
God is on our side.

Trenched upon the mountains  
Camp the hosts of sin;  
Fear and dread surround us,  
Treason lurks within;  
Flesh and blood can never  
Crush the foeman's pride,  
But the stars are for us,  
God is on our side.

"Seek ye first the kingdom,"  
Leave the rest with God;  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Striving unto blood;  
Tho' the line of battle  
Surges like the tide,  
Right at last must triumph,  
God is on our side.

Refrain:  
By the Blood of Jesus,  
For us crucified;  
By the host of martyrs  
Who for Him have died;  
By the countless thousands  
Saved and sanctified,  
The Lord of Hosts is with us,  
God is on our side.

## My Fortieth Birthday



“So teach us to number our days that we may  
apply our hearts to wisdom.”—Psalm 90:12.

**H**OW few the days that yet  
Are portioned to my lot!  
And shall I, oh my God, forget  
And still improve them not!

My Father, Thou canst give  
The grace that now I ask:  
That I may to thy glory live,  
And well fulfill my task.

Grant but a little strength,  
Before Thou call me hence,  
So may thy sowing yield, at length,  
Some grateful recompense.

The skies are overcast,  
The summer nears its end;  
The harvest time is flying fast;  
My day of grace extend!



## Survival



“**I** MEAN” said Self, “no ill,  
But live one must!”  
He lived; but Love lived still,  
When Self was dust.

## The Lost Self



“Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.” (1 Cor. 8:13).

**A**M I my brother's keeper?  
Lord, fit me for my trust  
With love, deep, aye, and deeper,  
Till thought of self is lost;  
Till doing what I would not,  
Foregoing what I would,  
“I could” becomes “I could not,”  
All for my brother's good.



## All Needs Met



**G**RACE that never can be told  
Flows for Jesus' sake;  
No good thing does He withhold,  
Have we faith to take.  
Rise, my soul, begin to live  
Free to ask as He to give.  
A boundless store  
Waits the asking;—want no more.

## Teach Me Thy Way

Psalm 86:2



“**T**EACH me Thy way” to walk by faith;  
My guide, my stay,—“Jehovah saith.”

“Teach me thy way,” to walk in peace,  
Where guilt, and doubt, and murmuring cease.

“Teach me Thy way,” to walk sincere,  
In love, and light, like crystal clear.

“Teach me Thy way,” the quiet path,  
Where prayer her sweet communion hath.

“Teach me Thy way,” the lowly road,  
To share some brother pilgrim’s load.

“Teach me Thy way,” O Lord, in fine,  
Where wills no other will but Thine.

## Sowing and Reaping



**O**F all the woes recorded  
By seer or prophet dread;  
Of all the dues awarded  
Upon the guilty head;  
To one all nature boweth  
And all her courses keep,  
For whatso'er man soweth,  
That doth he also reap.

I heard a sower singing,  
The sheaves that he would bind,  
His careless handfuls flinging  
With laughter to the wind.  
Soon passed the summer's shining  
And long I heard him weep  
With fruitless tears repining  
The harvest he must reap.

Not the bare seed he soweth  
The reaper reaps at last  
For fold on fold it groweth  
Till year on year is past;  
He sows in earthly measure,  
He reaps eternal gains;  
He sows in sinful pleasure,  
He reaps a sinner's pains.

He sows a bed of roses  
He reaps a bed of thorns;  
At careless ease reposes,  
But when he wakes he mourns.  
God is not mocked but keepeth  
Watch o'er the harvest home,  
And no man's judgment sleepeth,  
The reaping time will come.

## “Not Of Works”



**M**Y soul, you can never attain  
To righteousness under the law,  
And all of your efforts are vain,  
Since death is the price of a flaw.

But God in His mercy provides  
A righteousness reckoned to faith;  
It is all that He asks, and it hides  
The sin that condemned us to death.

But could you, retracing the past,  
Undo all the evil you've done,  
And starting anew at life's task  
Do all that you ought to have done;

Or could you, ascending the height,  
And wresting God's book from His hand—  
The record that's written unwrite  
And cancel the judgments that stand;

Still must you your nature renew  
In willing, in feeling, in thought;  
Do nothing you ought not to do,  
And all to God's glory you ought;

Even then to be saved without grace  
Would be the unspeakable loss  
Of the Peace and the Joy that embrace  
A soul that is saved at the Cross.

Then “what must I do to be saved?”  
My soul, there is nought to be done;  
For what CAN a sinner enslaved  
Do, but trust upon Jesus alone?



## The Life That Wins

Gal. 2:20



THE life I lived was low and mean,  
And I unconscious of my need,  
Until I set Christ's cross between  
The life that was and life indeed.

Then rich in mercy, God in love  
Forgave my trespasses and sins,  
And raised me up with Christ above  
To live in Him the life that wins.

And now with Christ I'm crucified  
And all the world is dead to me;  
Beneath my feet I tread its pride  
And glory in my Calvary.

Triumphant in that cross of pain  
Where all my happiness begins,  
I gather out of loss my gain  
And find thru' death "the life that  
wins."

## The Right to Smile



“DON’T worry,” they say, “look pleasant,  
The world and its troubles beguile.”  
But the world’s out of joint, and I’m raising the point,  
What **right** has a man to smile?

If “grab what I can,” is my motto,  
And “heap what I grab in my pile;”  
If “do or they’ll do you” is my gospel,  
What right have I got to smile?

The man who bears Christ in his bosom;  
Who lifts the lame dog at the stile;  
Who gives the glad hand to his neighbor,  
’Tis *he* has a right to a smile.

He who is at one with his Maker,  
Who in love for his kind without guile,  
Walks close with his God, rough or smooth be the road,  
Say!—*he* has the right to smile.

## What Saith It?

Rom. 10:8-10



NOT what we see, or hear,  
Voices or visions, no;  
Nor ecstasy we feel  
Of joy or woe,  
Attest the pardon of our sin,  
And seal us heirs of heaven.  
What is the message given?  
"The Word is nigh,  
"Nor in the deep nor sky;  
"That is, the Word of faith"  
By which He translates us  
To life from death.

Believe and live!  
To look within, or out,  
This is not faith, but doubt.  
Say rather, "Oh, my Father,  
"I feel not, nor hear, nor see,  
"But I will trust.  
"Thy Word sufficeth me,—  
"That I am just in Him who died,  
"In Him who lives, am sanctified."  
Hence be it mine to show  
Through grace Divine,  
That it is so.

# The Lord's Prayer



“Our Father”

Thou art our Father, born of Thee,  
Thy sons and daughters, Lord, are we,  
In faith and love one family.

“Which art in Heaven”

Where Grace and Truth together meet,  
Beside the blood-stained mercy seat;  
There we, in Jesus, stand complete.

“Hallowed be Thy Name”

How long shall impious man blaspheme  
That holy, holy, holy theme  
That awed the bashful cherubim?

“Thy Kingdom come”

Oh, that the King might now descend;  
This reign of sin and folly end;  
For flesh and blood will never mend!

“Thy will be done on earth.”

Of all mankind not even one  
Thy perfect will has ever done,—  
Save Jesus Christ, the spotless Son.

“As it is in Heaven”

For all their wills harmonious blend  
In thine, their Maker, Saviour, Friend;  
This is their heaven, their life, their end.

“Give us this day our daily bread”

Give us, not me alone, but all,  
And if to me there hap to fall  
Another's share, I'll heed his call.

“And forgive us our debts,”

The faults and defaults of the day;  
The heedless steps that turned astray,  
Father, forgive,—we cannot pay.

“As we forgive our debtors”

We’ve seized no debtor by the throat  
With “pay!”—but we forgave his note;  
As Thou the talents, we the groat.

“And lead us not into temptation.”

Lest on the testing tempest thrust  
Our steps should slide—if strive we must—  
Uphold us, for in Thee we trust.

“And deliver us from (the) evil (one)”

Against his malice who can stand?  
His fiery darts? His hostile band?  
Let him not pluck us from Thy hand!

“For thine is the kingdom”

Almighty Love, to Thee belong  
The crowns, for Thou art kind as strong,  
Thou lovest right and hatest wrong.

“And the power”

Thine arm the worlds more lightly test  
Than one small flake the granite crest;  
They stand, they fall, at Thy behest.

“And the glory”

The glory is yon sunlit dome,  
But chiefly that Thou deignest come  
And make the lowliest hearts Thy home.

“Forever”

All things become, and all depart,  
But Thou alone; Thou, only, art;  
Who wrote “forever” on man’s heart.

“Amen.”

“Seekest Thou Great Things?  
Seek Them Not”



**T**HOUGH small the sphere,  
Assigned thee here,  
Take up thy task,  
And do thy best.  
But do not ask  
Severer test.  
The smallest charge  
May prove too large  
At Christ's great quest;  
When all must tell  
Not **where** they laboured  
But **how well**.

## Lovest Thou Me



“LOVEST Thou me? Lovest thou Me?”  
Oft fell upon my ear;

Sometimes afar it seemed to be  
And sometimes near;  
At midnight when all else was still,  
And in the busy day,—  
But I did treat my Shepherd ill,  
And answered “Nay.”

“Lovest thou Me? Lovest thou Me?”  
Still ever did pursue,

That gentle voice, so tenderly,  
Attuned to woo.  
It came in thoughtful solitude,  
And in the thronging way  
Till I did answer Him less rude,  
“Lord, yet I may.”

“Lovest thou Me? Lovest thou Me?”  
So through the dreary years,

It came; now drowned in revelry,  
Now heard in tears.  
Until I turned and trembling stood;  
I dared not answer “Yea,”  
But said, “O Shepherd, true and good,  
I’ll not say nay.”

“Lovest thou Me? Lovest thou Me?”  
It was as if He said;

“Give me thy heart, for love of thee,  
Mine own has bled.”  
A thorny crown had marred His brow,  
For King of Love is He,  
I cried, “Thou know’st I love thee, Thou  
Who lovest me.”

## "If A Man Die"



**I**F a man die shall he live again?  
Reanimate with breath?  
Does dumb oblivion always reign,  
Or comes the death of Death?  
The empty tomb of Joseph shows,  
Whence Christ arose.

"If a man die shall he live again?"  
Then what should him appall?  
Toil, conflict, failure, grief or pain?  
He shall outlive them all,  
And stand defiant of his foes,  
For Christ arose.

"If a man die shall he live again?"  
What must that new life be!  
How full of power, how rich in gain,  
Abundant, large and free!  
Hope bright with expectation glows,  
Since Christ arose.

"If a man die shall he live again?"  
Then may he consummate  
His boundless longings, and attain  
His being's vast estate.  
Man never here perfection knows—  
But Christ arose!









Miscellaneous

Writings



## Lullaby

(Dedicated to John Sammis Stevens)



THE kind old man in the moon, little John,  
Looks down from his window to see,  
If all is well with the world, little John,  
And well with you and me, pretty one,  
And well with you and me.

And over his shoulders the stars, little John,  
Look out through their curtains of blue,  
And say in their own gentle way, little John,  
“Good night, good night to you, pretty one,  
Good night, good night to you.”

And One more kindly than all, little John,  
Comes down through the sky so steep,  
And safe on His breast you shall rest, little John  
For He giveth His loved ones sleep, pretty one,  
For He giveth His loved ones sleep.

## A Merry Christmas



A MERRY Christmas  
    To the lands of snow;  
A Merry Christmas  
    Where the roses blow.  
For flakes or flowers  
Or drifts, or bowers,  
    In every clime  
The heart's the same  
And love's aflame  
    At Christmas time.

## Christmas at Bethlehem



NO WREATHS of red tipped holly,  
No spangles bright and gay,  
Adorned the Savior's cradle,  
Where rudely wrapped He lay.

There were no Christmas dainties,  
No bright and pretty toys,  
Nor rang the joyous laughter there  
Of merry girls and boys.

But in the dingy stable,  
Low on a bed of hay,  
The Prince of the House of David  
All uncomplaining lay.

Sweet mother near to love him;  
Kind shepherds to adore;  
And his Father, God, above him;  
He did not wish for more.

It is not fine surroundings  
That Christmas joy imparts,  
Nor gifts of price and beauty,  
But the love of gentle hearts.

Christ comes to all the lowly,  
But the proud He passes by;  
And they sing, His angels holy,  
Only where Christ is nigh.

## Easter Joyous

2 Tim. 1:10



**E**ASTER joyous! Easter bright!  
Birth of day and death of night;  
Hail! thy glorious prophecy;  
Hail! the Easter yet to be.  
Christ avenged our ancient wrong.  
Death! to death and all its throng.  
Man is deathless! Raise the song,  
"Life and immortality!"

Easter joyous! Easter bright!  
Birth of day and death of night;  
Man is risen from the dead;  
Death and Hell are captive led;  
Death and Hell, ye twain accurst;  
Death and Hell, your bands are burst;  
Christ is risen, Christ the first  
Life and immortality!

Ho! ye mourners; Oh, ye tears;  
Faith and Hope; it nears, it nears—  
Watch and wait, ye hearts that weep;  
Rest in peace, ye loved that sleep;  
Soon the Lord of life shall doom  
Death and darkness and the tomb;  
Then, on all His saints shall bloom  
Life and immortality!



## For Arbor Day, 1891



**H**E WHO plants a tree  
Plants with God.  
Into life and use transforms a sod.  
Speaks, "Bring forth" and Earth obedient,  
To the center thrills;  
Air its beams distills,  
Life through myriad rills,  
Pours her store, and weaves in mystery.  
Behold, how good! Be fair and fruitful, tree!

He who plants a tree  
He plants good.  
Shade and beauty, fruit or various wood  
Benefactor, as creator, he.  
Thus divine is man,  
What God can, he can,  
If Eden is his plan.  
Spread then thy boughs, thy leafy boughs, O tree,  
Bless God who is, and man who is to be.

## Passing Like Shadows



**F**LEET as the cloud-cast shades that stray  
Across the sunlit plain,  
A moment seen, then gone for aye,  
So pass the sons of men.

Their sorrows are a passing sigh,  
Their joys as quickly sped  
Like mists that fleck the summer sky  
Their form and beauty fade.

Mid all the loveliness of earth  
Around, above, beneath,  
No good is found of lasting worth,  
There's naught abides, but death.

But there's a world where life and bliss  
Flow on and on for aye,  
When all the grief and pain of this  
Like shadows pass away.

## “If We Knew?”



**I**F we knew, when looks are sullen,  
Words of love and cheer suppressed;  
If we knew, when passion proudly  
Locks expression in the breast;  
If we knew, when lips are pouting  
And in coldness turned aside;  
If we knew the end were nearing,  
Could we so unkindly chide?

If we knew, when hot within us,  
Passion and resentment rise;  
If we knew, when words are bitter  
Anger flashing from our eyes;  
If we knew our lips would utter  
Soon the last and long good-bye,  
Could we so entreat our loved ones?  
So betray our charity?

If we knew,—but, oh, we know it!  
And we would more thoughtful be;  
Loving, bearing, cheering, caring,—  
With unchanging constancy.  
That when one is called and taken,  
One is left a little yet  
Mid the sad, sad sobs of parting,  
Be not heard,—“Forgive, forget!”

## Keep Sweet



“SWEET! Sweet! Sweet!  
“Keep sweet! Keep sweet!”  
Sing, happy bird.  
“Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!”  
Aye, that’s the word.  
We need it; we need it;  
Then plead it and plead it;  
“Sweet! Sweet! Sweet:”  
Until we all heed it.

---

Keep sweet and you will be the stronger,  
And climb the steep with steadier feet;  
You’ll bear the daily burden longer,  
If you’ll just keep sweet.

The cold neglect that cuts so often,  
The jar and thrust we daily meet;  
The word unkindly said will soften,  
If you’ll just keep sweet.

Let Satan’s fierce artillery rattle,  
And sharp on shield and helmet beat,  
Stand fast! You’ll turn the tide of battle,  
If you’ll just keep sweet.

Have faith in God, and do not falter,  
For trust in Him is peace complete;  
And we can wait till fortunes alter,  
If we’ll just keep sweet.

## Getting On Comfortably



The following incident actually occurred and this rhymed record is almost verbatim even to the last remark:

I MET at church one Sunday  
A genial gentleman  
Who said, "I'm from St. Louis  
And a Presbyterian."

Said I, "Are you a hearer  
Of my good friend, Doctor B.?"  
"No, no;" and he shrugged his shoulders,  
"He's too gloomy, sir for me."

"I'm one of Doctor Blankses  
Fair and fashionable fold;  
A scholar he and preacher, sir,  
Of quite another mold.

"We've the city's finest choir,  
And their menus are a treat;  
My pew's well situated,  
With a softly cushioned seat.

" 'Tis there I go on Sundays  
For a spiritual feed,  
And taste the Doctor's sermonettes—  
They're very nice indeed.

"Yes, I like a cheery preacher,  
And a choir recherche—  
Sir, I'm going home to glory  
In a comfortable way."

## He Lives



O N Calvary my Saviour died,  
Where for my sins He bled;  
He rose, and I am justified;  
He lives, Who once was dead.

Death captive held Him but an hour,  
My ever-living Head!  
He rose in glory and in power;  
He lives, Who once was dead.

He bore within the holy place,  
The precious drops He shed;  
And sprinkled there the Throne of Grace,  
He lives, Who once was dead.

Now far above the highest heaven,  
He's seated in my stead;  
And grace for all my need is given;  
He lives, Who once was dead.

And soon with all His saints He'll bring,  
The glory, as He said;  
Loud shall the hallelujahs ring,—  
He lives, Who once was dead.

## Debtor to the Jew



“**P**AY what thou owest!  
Meet thine honest due,  
Gentile, for thou goest  
Debtor to the Jew.

Dr., To declaring  
God the Holy One;  
Dr., To the sharing  
In the promised Son;  
Dr., To the message;  
Dr., to the cross;  
Dr., To the passage  
Out from sin and loss.

Dr., To the story  
Safely handed down;  
Dr., To the glory  
Coming, and the crown.  
All the wealth of heaven  
Add to all below,  
And the figure given  
Is the debt you owe.

Pay thou what thou owest,  
Meet thine honest due,  
Pay—yet still thou goest  
Debtor to the Jew.”

## The Hope of Israel



**O** ZION forsaken, and scattered, and peeled,  
Though great are thy plagues thy bruise shall be healed;  
The Lord who betrothed thee will favor restore,  
And thou shalt be “\*Ammi,” “Loammi” no more.

Thy sins a small moment have hidden His face,  
But Love everlasting still offers thee grace;  
Abundant in pardon He waiteth to give  
The sure mercies of David and say to thee, “Live!”

Thy Ransom is found in the blood of a Lamb  
More precious than bullock, or heifer, or ram  
Oft slain for thy peace on thine altars of yore.  
Dear blood that once shed, need be offered no more.

Thy fathers, the sleepers, awaking shall come;  
Thy sons and thy daughters long exiled from home  
From lands of their sojourn rich treasure shall bring,  
And gather, O Zion, to David thy King.

Again shall thy heroes wax valiant in fight;  
Again shall the alien be scattered in flight;  
And forth from thy gates thy fair virgins shall throng  
To welcome thy captains with timbrel and song.

The heart of the mighty shall faint with thy dread;  
Thy flocks to their pastures all safely be led;  
Thy warfare be over; thy wanderings cease;  
And flow like a river thy fulness of peace.

Thy hills with the olive and vine shall be clad;  
Thy vales with the wealth of the harvest be glad;  
The desert and waste like bright Eden shall be;  
And there shalt thou dwell, and forever be free.

The Lord in His mountain a banquet shall spread  
And there at thy table all nations be fed;  
And thou filled with laughter shall publish thy glee;  
And forever thy sorrow forgotten shall be.

O Zion, repenting, trust now in His Word;  
That the times of refreshing may come from the Lord,  
And He shall send Jesu Messiah again,  
Thy Glory and Flower, God's Yea, and Amen.

\*See Hosea 1:9; 2:1.



## Who's Who?



WHO'S who? Who's Earth's aristocrat,  
With bluest blood, and all that?  
Who to the fountain of his race  
Can hundred generations trace?  
Who's Who?  
The Jew.

Who's who? Who's Earth's aristocrat,  
With rights divine, and all that?  
The Lord's anointed; who is he,  
The favored child of destiny?  
Who's Who?  
The Jew.

Who's who? Who's Earth's aristocrat?  
Who has the brains, and all that,  
The sage, the poet, the tale, the law,  
The wells from whence the wise men draw?  
Who's Who?  
The Jew.

Who's who? Who's Earth's aristocrat?  
Who has the gold, and all that?  
Who, tyrant of the mart, the bourse,  
Holds empires tribute to his purse?  
Who's Who?  
The Jew.

Who's who? Who's Earth's aristocrat,  
With reddest guilt, and all that?  
Repent! Repent! O Israel;  
Lest this the legend be in Hell,  
"Who's who?"  
"The Jew."

## Glorying In Christ

(Suggested by the dying testimony of a Hebrew-Christian)



“I AM not sorry that I bore the cross,  
My kinsmen’s curses and the Gentile’s frown;  
That what was gain to me I counted loss  
And at the feet of Jesus laid it down.”

“Could I be sorry to fare forth with Him  
‘Without the camp,’ where He to spare us all,  
With lips love-fevered pressed the death-cup’s brim,  
Till drained of all its hemlock and its gall?”

“No; I’m not sorry that I’ve kept the faith,  
And followed fully through the thickening strife;  
I know whom I have trusted unto death,  
Whose hand holds forth to me a crown of life!”

“Oh, I have gloried in the cross of Christ,  
Welcomed the scourge of scorning with a kiss,  
And would, had I a thousand lives, sufficed,  
With this glad moment of expectant bliss.”

## “Behold Your King!”



ONE, alone, of men a King,  
Can the world-wide empire bring;  
God and man,—the throne He won,—  
God's own Son.



## A Happy New Year



FROM January to December  
They shall be happy who remember  
That him the Lord is pledged to bless  
Who uses Heaven's Wireless,  
Who sails the uncertain ocean o'er  
In touch with that Celestial shore.

God notes his thanks for skies serene,  
And favoring gales his canvass press;  
God heeds his signals of distress  
And foil the Devil's submarine.

## The Light That Never Fails



THE Word of God, how glorious!  
Thy light, from age to age,  
Still guides our bark victorious  
O'er all the storms that rage.  
To hide Thee from our eyes,  
The father of all lies  
His baleful magic plies,  
With diligence laborious.

A thousand lanterns spurious  
Allure us with their glow,  
And storms of hate injurious  
Our beacon would o'erthrow;  
But all his rage we mock,  
For on the eternal rock  
It laughs at every shock,  
However fierce and furious.

Now, robed in light to flatter us,  
He fain would guide our helm;  
Anon his billows batter us,  
Our hope to overwhelm,  
But steadfast on we sail,  
While thy clear beam we hail,  
He never can prevail  
Upon the beach to shatter us.

## The Professor



THE Biblico-critic professor  
Is an up-to-date man—a progressor,  
Who has an ambition  
To upset tradition,  
And set himself up as successor.

An honest, unbiased professor,  
And a great scientific guesser ;  
He can tell *a priori*  
The worth of old story ;  
Can size it up like an assessor.

This Germano-Yankee professor  
Will pull out his critical *Messer*\*  
And the chips that he'll whittle  
From jot and from tittle,  
Give, each, to its ancient possessor.

A most very reverent professor,  
He's plunged in the deepest distress o'er  
That scandalous libel  
A really Bible,  
Imposed by the priestly oppressor.

A highly developed professor,  
Last link in the chain predecessor,  
He knows what is what,  
And that is, or is not,  
And Lord help us all that know lesser !

\*(A pen-knife)

## Verbal Inspiration



“ ‘THE Book’ contains, not is, God’s Word,”  
they say;

“Men thought His thoughts, He did not speak, but they;  
The concept, or the substance, is divine,  
But reason must assay the ore we mine.”  
That can’t be true which one’s disposed to doubt,  
The Word is human, so he rules it out;  
He has a notion, say, respecting sin,  
The thought’s divine, and so he reads it in.  
Thus with his scissors, and his pot of paste,  
Each suits a revelation to his taste;  
Amends the Sacred Text, and writes instead  
What God Almighty would or should have said;  
Explores the depths of the unfathomed Mind,  
And naught beyond his plummet’s reach can find.  
Then tenders us, what time his task is done,  
His Jack-o-lantern for our glorious Sun.

Not so the Scripture: “God spake all these words—  
“Words which the Spirit teacheth,” “words,” “words,”  
“words.”

Precept, prediction, history and song;  
“Thy *word*,” not *thought*, said one, “was in my tongue.”  
Till tunes are played with neither note nor horn;  
Till souls of men are without bodies born;  
“A wordless thought” shall be a thoughtless word,  
A fool’s conceit to contradict his Lord.  
Our Holy Writings are inbreathed of God;  
The word, the letter, the tittle, and the yod.  
He taught the prophet, and impelled his pen,  
From “In the Beginning” to the last “Amen!”  
And woe to him whose vain presumptuous thought  
Shall add thereto, or dare diminish ought!

## The Steadfast Word



AS birds that journey in the night  
Dash, blind against the crystal wall,  
Whence beams the sailor's beacon bright,  
And fall ;  
So fools, from age to age, are hurled,  
Purblind, the steadfast Word upon ;  
The while that beacon of the world,  
Shines on.



## Easter



NEW life from God warms in the sod  
This happy Easter morning ;  
The Spring-time weaves its million leaves  
The wood and field adorning.  
The flowerets say "Christ rose today ;"  
While Easter bells are ringing.  
Let every throat the same glad note  
With joy and hope be singing,—  
"Easter !"  
If we knew our lips would utter

## The Cure For Trouble



GOLGOTHA'S bruised wood distils  
A sovereign balsam for our ills;  
It bleeds, the Tree of Death to be,  
The Tree of Life, O man, to thee.

Thence flows, ye sorrowing souls,  
A balm, the fevered pulse of life to calm;  
Virtue to soothe sin's sorest smart,  
And heal the sickness of the heart.

Oh, why should penitence and pain,  
And anguish seek relief in vain,  
When forth from this benignant wood  
God's mercy flows to do us good?

Ho! ye with labor overborne,  
And ye with weary sickness worn,  
Ye minds diseased, ye hearts that ache,  
This Cup of Consolation take.



## Literary Criticism



ALL ancient documents propose to men,  
"Who wrote this book? to whom? and  
why? and when?  
"What is the product of his busy pen?"  
Who note the facts and thus do quiz 'em,  
Pursue the Higher Criticism.  
Twixt me and them there is no schism.  
But some with learned air and pious look  
Dissect, transpost, belie our Holy Book,  
With forethought malice bent by hook or crook  
To disannul its sacred chrism  
By misnamed "*higher* criticism,"  
Bred in the *lower* most abysm.



# "Whatsoever He Saith To Thee— Do"

(Tenth Anniversary of the Fishermen's Club).



**F**ISHERMEN, fishermen,  
On Galilee,  
Who at the Master's Word  
Cast in the sea;  
What sang ye, fishermen,  
Out on the blue?  
"Whatsoever He saith to thee—do."

Little lad, little lad,  
What do you say?  
You fed a multitude  
For Him one day.  
"Bring Him your barley loaves,  
And fishes two,  
"Whatsoever He saith to thee—do.'"

Wedding guest, wedding guest,  
Praising the wine,  
Crown of the merry feast,  
Last and so fine;  
Whence is the mellowness,  
Flavor and hue?  
"Whatsoever He saith to thee—do."

Wonderful, wonderful  
Power divine,  
Turning our worthlessness  
Into life's wine!  
Show us the mystery  
"Servants that drew"  
"Whatsoever He saith to thee—do.'"

Refrain:

Fill up the water pots,  
Fill to the brim;  
Looking for great things,  
Trusting in Him,  
Christ is the victory  
Follow Him through  
"Whatsoever He saith to thee—do."

## Sing On



SING on, be sure your song  
    Shall calm some troubled breast;  
Or guard a soul from wrong;  
    Or make the glad more blest.

Deem not the service light,  
    The ministry of song  
Can make the dreariest hour bright,  
    The weariest pilgrim strong.

Its influence distils  
    In depths beyond the reach  
Of words untuned, and thrills  
    Hearts obdurate to speech.





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