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UNSEEN REALITIES

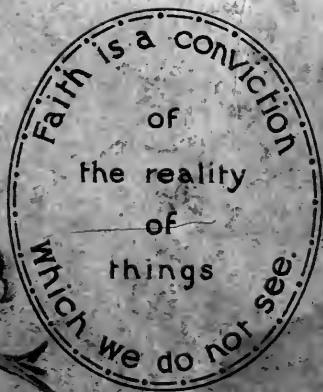
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E MAY GRIMES,

(Mrs. Crawford)



Faith is a conviction
of
the reality
of
things
which we do not see.

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UNSEEN REALITIES



UNSEEN REALITIES

SACRED POEMS

BY

E. MAY GRIMES

(MRS. CRAWFORD)

Author of "By the Equator's Snowy Peak," "Called," etc.

Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, Scotland

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., LTD.

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FOREWORD.

It is a privilege to be asked to write a word of introduction and appreciation to this small volume. The poems it contains are veritable heart-throbs. Each of them has its birth in a direct message from God to the soul of the gifted writer, to whom the Christian Church is already greatly indebted for her songs of the Kingdom. In these, which she now sends forth, deep answers unto deep, as is ever the case when God and the soul are in communion; and many will doubtless find their own experiences interpreted here in lines of haunting sweetness and abiding strength.

Mrs. Crawford sings the eternal themes with a spontaneity and gladness which authenticates her message. She brings her myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, direct from the Ivory Palaces where she dwells with the King in a communion of constant pain. Her powers of vision and hearing have been quickened to unusual acuteness in the fellowship of suffering, hence the penetrating insight and sympathetic certainty with which these beautiful verses are instinct. That they will prove to be as Heavenly heralds to many of the King's children,

1026597

summoning them to new adventure, helping them to tread the long, hard road joyously and courageously, and encouraging them in "the love of God and patient waiting for Christ," is certain. With all gratitude to the Giver for the gift, I bid them God-speed on their journey through the world.

J. STUART HOLDEN.

ST. PAUL'S, PORTMAN SQUARE,
LONDON, W., *July*, 1920.

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UNSEEN REALITIES.

The Compensations of God.

God's dealings are so wonderful !
I often pause to note
His many compensations sweet
(Like some blest antidote)
Which compass all my life around,
And tune to praise each minor sound.

God's dealings are so wonderful !
I long to tell it out !
When some dark cloud envelops me
With mist of fear and doubt,
I lift my eyes ! the shadows flee,
And JESUS ONLY can I see !

God's dealings are so wonderful !
He balances the scales ;
With even hand He weighs each grief
With all that it entails.
He knows how much His child can bear,
And in the sorrow HE IS NEAR !

God's dealings are so wonderful !
 Athwart the storm-swept sky
 Gleams out the rainbow in the cloud,
 To speak His presence nigh ;
 And every raindrop sparkles bright
 With Heavenly radiance and light.

God's dealings are so wonderful !
 I will not be afraid,
 Though hedged about by unseen foes
 My heart on Him is stayed.
 With opened vision now I see
 His chariots encircling me !

God's dealings are so wonderful !
 Though flesh and heart may fail,
 I know He never will forsake,
 His love will still prevail.
 Some sweet oasis He'll prepare,
 And guide my trembling footsteps there.

God's dealings are so wonderful !
 I sing it o'er and o'er,
 And when the pilgrim journey's done
 I'll praise Him more and more,
 As in the light of Heaven I trace
 The compensations of His grace.

Written after a sermon by the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, D.D.

Jesus in the Midst.

Matt. xviii. 20; Luke xxiv. 36.

(The Consecrated Home.)

Come, Gracious Saviour, take Thy place
 Within the precincts of this Home ;
 As honoured Guest and Friend beloved,
 With one accord we bid Thee come !

Nay, more—as Master and as Lord,
 We would enthrone Thee here and now ;
 Of our poor dwelling be the Head—
 Each heart to Thy allegiance bow !

So come, and take entire control,
 And may our service hallowed be ;
 The lowliest toil beneath this roof,
 Be done in fellowship with Thee !

If earthly problems much intrude,
 And care upon our spirits press,
 Remind us of Thy presence, Lord,
 And of Thy power to help and bless.

Shed Thy sweet peace within these walls,
 And may an atmosphere of prayer,
 And tender love and kindness,
 Proclaim the fact that Thou art here !

Thus “ JESUS IN THE MIDST ” shall be
 Our motto, written large and clear,
 Until we see Thee face to face,
 Within the “ many mansions ” fair !

Others.

"HE SAVED OTHERS, HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE."—Mark xv. 31.
 "OTHER SHEEP I HAVE, THEM ALSO I MUST BRING."—John x. 16.
 "LOOK . . . ALSO ON THE THINGS OF OTHERS."—Phil. ii. 4.
 "LET EACH ESTEEM OTHERS BETTER THAN THEMSELVES."—Phil. ii. 3.

Not for myself would I henceforward live,
 But following in the footsteps of my Lord,
 In saving *others* may this life be spent—
 No lower aim can such pure bliss afford !

Not for myself ! O Lord, enlarge my heart
 Until the things of *others* daily press
 More urgently than any selfish claim—
 No lower motive than to *help* and *bless* !

Not for myself ! Oh, may another's grief
 Touch me more deeply than a selfish woe !
 To bear the chalice of Thy heavenly balm—
 No ministry more Christlike here below !

Not for *myself*—while in some far-off land
 Those "*other sheep*" all lost and bleeding roam !
 Together with the Shepherd I must go
 (No task so sweet as this) to bring them Home.

Not for *myself* the honour or the praise,
 But *others* to esteem may I be taught,
 With lowly mind my little space to fill,
 That glory to Thine Own great Name be brought !

Not for myself ! What gain in loss I find,
 Living for *others*—living thus for Thee !
 Learning to manifest *Thy life of love*,
 What lot so happy or so blest could be ?

My Life-Work.

"LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"—Acts ix. 6.

What wilt Thou have me to do, Lord ?

What wilt Thou have me to be ?

Where wilt Thou have me to go, Lord ?

These are the questions for me.

One little life I can yield Thee,

Gladly 'tis laid at Thy feet ;

May I be true to my Saviour,

Make my surrender complete !

Where *Thou* wilt have me to go, Lord,

That is the country for me ;

What *Thou* wilt have me to do, Lord,

Life's sweetest guerdon shall be.

What Thou wilt have me to be, Lord,

Humble, and loving, and pure,

May I be found to Thy glory,

Seeking the things which endure.

Choosing the things that Thou choolest,

Thinking Thy thoughts after Thee,

Joyfully witnessing, toiling—

This is the service for me !

Seeking the lost and the fallen,

Telling them Jesus has died ;

No other life-work so precious,

These are the joys that abide.

The House of Rest.

“JESUS OFT-TIMES RESORTED THITHER WITH HIS DISCIPLES.”—John xviii. 2.

There's a well-known homestead
 In a busy street,
 Where the friends of Jesus
 Often love to meet ;
 And the Master sitteth,
 As a welcome Guest,
 In the place of honour,
 Lord and King confest.

In this peaceful household,
 (Modern Bethany)
 For His sake dispensing
 Hospitality,
 Those whom Jesus loveth
 Lowly service lend,
 Gracious hands extending,
 Weary saints to tend.

And the way-worn toilers
 Coming from afar,
 Where the Saviour's "sent-ones"
 Wage their holy war,
 Find a tender welcome
 In the "House of Rest,"
 And its sweet refreshment
 Leaves them cheered and blest.

May an Unseen Presence
 Linger in each room !
 Smile of Christ's approval
 Sanctify the Home !
 Heavenly peace illumine
 Every heart and face !
 So each guest shall witness
 God is in this place !

Written for Miss Mason's "House of Rest," Finchley Road, London.

"The Gate of Heaven."

"THIS IS THE GATE OF HEAVEN."—Gen. xxviii. 17.

We stood around a newly-opened grave,
 Seeking to bless th' Almighty Hand that gave
 (And now had taken Its most precious gift)—
 A grief-bowed group ! When suddenly a rift
 Appeared amid the low'ring clouds, and lo,
 A ray of God's own light of rainbow hue !
 It was enough. His Presence we could trace,
 While each heart owned, "The Lord is in this place."
 And then, above the darkness and the gloom—
 Above the pathos of that open tomb—
 It was as if Heaven opened to our wond'ring view,
 And light unspeakable came streaming through !
 We seemed on wings of faith to swiftly rise
 While gazing upward with our tear-dimmed eyes.

Sweet strains of heavenly music filled the air,
 And songs of *welcome* sounded in our ear !
 Heaven's arches seemed to ring and ring again,
 Until, forgetting all the throbbing pain,
 We joined the anthem of the angel choir
 Which rose in fuller chorus—higher—higher—
 " All praise to God ! One more *safe Home, safe Home !*
 No more with sin-stained feet on earth to roam !
 Redeemed, redeemed from death, and hell, and sin,
 The voice of JESUS bade him enter in.
 Through faith in Him the victory was given
 Which opened up the pearly gates of Heaven."

Swiftly the Vision sped, but left us stilled
 And comforted, with spirits thrilled !
 With grateful awe and reverence we kneeled,
 Knowing within us that our wound was healed ;
 That nevermore could we give way to grief
 When we had tasted of such sweet relief.
 Though walking 'mid the shadows for awhile
 We shall be strengthened by our Father's smile,
 And by the glorious certainty :—our Boy
 Has passed to blessedness without alloy !

Written for " Bertie's " Parents, the writer's dearly-loved friends.
 1892.

My Unseen Friend.

I have a Friend so dear to me
 And yet He is unseen ;
 Almighty, yet invisible,
 The Arm on which I lean.

He never fails me, never leaves,
 Is always by my side,
 And in that wondrous Presence He
 Has taught me to abide.

His love is past all human thought—
 He gave His life for me,
 That He might win me for His own,
 His little friend to be.

When sorrows on my spirit press,
 And eyes with tears are dim,
 He draws me closer to His Breast,
 And bids me rest in Him.

I turn to Him with all my need,
 He shares both joy and pain,
 And for His help and sympathy
 I never look in vain.

This blesséd comradeship divine
 Is so surpassing sweet
 E'en here below—what will it be
 When face to face we meet ?

A New Year Prayer.

Unveil to me through this New Year
My Saviour and my King,
A life within Thy secret Place
Past all imagining.

Dispel each mist of earth that hides
The shining of Thy Face,
And lead me onward to explore
Thy deeper mines of grace.

With waiting spirit hushed and still
Within the sacred Veil,
In priestly intercession, Lord,
Oh, teach me to prevail !

Help me to pour my life away,
That other souls may live,
Nor ever count it sacrifice
My costliest to give.

With ear uncovered to Thy Voice
And deaf to all beside,
Thus, dearest Master, day by day,
In Thee I would abide.

“ Thy Love to me was wonderful.”

2 Sam. i. 26.

“ Thy love to me was wonderful,”
 Jesus, my Saviour and my Friend !
 Who stooped so low my soul to save
 Will ne'er forsake me to the end.

“ Thy love to me was wonderful ! ”
 It brought Thee from the glory fair,
 Despised, rejected here to dwell,
 That I Thy Home of Light might share.

“ Thy love to me was wonderful ! ”
 It led Thee to the cruel Tree,
 With all its bitter shame and woe,
 That I might live eternally.

“ Thy love to me was wonderful ! ”
 It saw me sinful, lost, defiled,
 It whispered peace and pardon sweet,
 And claimed me Thine—a ransomed child.

“ Thy love to me was wonderful ! ”
 And still it is the same to-day ;
 Though earthly friendships all should cease
 This love will never pass away.

“ Thy love to me was wonderful ! ”
 Oh, kindle a responsive flame,
 And make this heart of mine to glow
 With burning love for Thy dear Name !

“ Thy love to me was wonderful ! ”
 The marvel of eternity—
 The subject of its endless song—
 Will be that “ Jesus so loved me ! ”

Translated.

“ She was not, for God took her ! ” our belov'd one
 Pillowed her head upon her Saviour's breast,
 And with the Everlasting Arms around her,
 Passed all unknowing to her Heavenly Rest.

“ She was not, for God took her ”—His bright angels
 Bore her so swiftly from the earthly sphere—
 From the lov'd circle and the blessed service,
 Into His Presence Whom she held most dear.

“ She was not, for God took her ”—say it softly !
 Where we are treading it is holy ground ;
 No other hand than HIS removed our treasure,
 “ *Himself* hath done it ” checks each murm'ring sound.

“ She was not, for God took her ”—yes, we know it !
 He has translated her to serve Above !
 Soon we shall meet her radiant in His likeness,
 Breathing a welcome of undying love !

To the precious memory of C. H.

October, 1904.

The Prayer Meeting.

Our God we seek Thy Face
 With one accord to-day,
 Oh, come and bless our waiting souls,
 And teach us how to pray.

We thirst alone for *Thee*,
 Thyself, O Lord, reveal !
 Assembled here within this place
 May we Thy Presence feel.

God of our life, appear,
 Descend in power to-day,
 Baptise us with Thy Spirit now,
 And all our being sway !

Thy gifts will not suffice,
 Our spirits cry for **THEE**,
 Enter Thy temples, blesséd Lord,
 And reign eternally.

In stillness, Lord, we bow
 Within Thy secret Place,
 And broken, contrite hearts await
 The fulness of Thy grace.

Rest in Suffering.

“ IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.”

I give Thee thanks, my Lord, my God, to-night,
 For all Thy wondrous tenderness and love,
 For Thy sweet Presence in this weary pain—
 Apart from Thee so difficult to bear.
 I know it is *Thy* Hand that presseth me,
 Thy wounded Hand—so I can quiet rest
 While Thy great purpose is fulfilled in me.
 I do not ask Thee that the pain may cease,
 But only that Thou mayst be glorified,
 That I may suffer very patiently,
 And just lie passive in Thy mighty Arms.
 Pain is transformed, and wears a brighter garb
 With THEE beside my couch ; and so my song
 Of praise in weakness now I raise to Thee,
 And meekly wait until Thy Hands “ make whole ” ;
 Then send me forth again with strength renewed
 To labour in the busy harvest-field,
 By suffering more fitted for Thy use.

On Jesu's Breast.

“ NOW THERE WAS LEANING ON JESUS' BOSOM ONE OF HIS DIS-
 CIPLES, WHOM JESUS LOVED.”—Jno. xiii. 23.

There leaned on Jesu's Breast
 One whom He dearly loved,
 And resting there through shadowed days
 That wondrous love she proved.

To outward eyes it seemed
 A weary bed of pain ;
 The active life of ministry
 Might never come again !

Yet faith shone brighter far
 Within that quiet room,
 And heavenly peace with gentle ray
 Dispelled all trace of gloom.

Such overcoming grace
 Was granted hour by hour,
 There trembled through the air a song
 Of weakness changed to power !

Thus far and wide 'twas asked,
 " What is her secret blest ? "
 The answer came triumphantly,
 " She leans on Jesu's Breast."

Like a grim sentinel
 Pain bears her company,
 But in between is her Belov'd—
 Nearer than Pain can be !

His Arms are all around,
 His Presence calms her fear,
 And pillow'd thus upon His Breast
 She knows that *she is dear.*

Glory to God be given
 For strength in weakness prov'd,
 For testimony brave and sweet :—
 “ She leans on her Belov'd.”

Written for the writer's dear friend, B. P. H., March, 1920.

“ He showed them His Hands.”

Show me, blest Lamb of God, Thy nailéd Hands,
 And I will kneel and kiss the bleeding wounds,
 Dear tokens of unutterable love !
 Here let me stay and see as ne'er before
 The depths of all Thy suffering for me,
 The agony that my redemption cost.

Ah, those cruel nails that pierced the tender hands
 Of Him Who carried our humanity !
 See the strong hammer strike the fatal blows
 That drive them fast into the quiv'ring flesh !
 See how He meekly bears the anguish sore
 And prays for His relentless enemies !

I ne'er can guage the greatness of Thy love,
 Ne'er understand what led Thee thus to die
 For *me*, a guilty rebel, lost, undone—
 Who never brought Thee look or word of love ;
 Yet I believe Thou suff'redest thus for *me*,
 That I might have my countless sins forgiven.

Low in the dust I bow, dear Son of God,
 And wonder at th' amazing Sacrifice !
 And here I offer and present to Thee
 My spirit, soul, and body Thine to be,
 Who purchased me at such tremendous cost.
 Let me be *wholly Thine*, Lord, from this hour,
 And ever let me " bear about " with me
 The dying of my Lord on Calvary's Cross,
 Nor let me chafe beneath those wounded Hands
 Whose pressure shows me Love's intensity.

Katie.

Why should we mourn our darling's loss
 When hers is such eternal gain ?
 What rest, and peace, and joy are hers,
 Where there is no more death or pain !

Her tears for ever wiped away,
 She sees her Saviour face to face ;
 And 'mid the holy, ransomed throng
 She takes her own prepared place.

Washed white in Jesu's precious Blood
 Spotless she stands before the Throne,
 For evermore her Lord to praise,
 Who bought and won her for His own.

For evermore with Jesus now,
 To reign with Him in mansions bright !
 We cannot wish her back again
 From Realms of Day to earth's dark night.

Oh, may this sorrow be a link
 To draw us daily nearer Home ;
 Our hearts be weaned from things of earth,
 Our inmost cry : " Lord Jesus, come ! "

That *we* may gain Thy promised rest,
 Set up Thy Kingdom in our heart ;
 Thus shall we meet our dear one soon
 Where we shall never have to part.

Written in early girlhood, to commemorate the first family
 bereavement.

A Child's Dedication Hymn.

" SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

Just as I am, so weak and small—
 In answer to Thy loving call—
 To find in Thee my All in all :
 To Thee, O Lord, I come !

Just as I am, dear Father, take
 My little life, for Jesus' sake,
 And a new heart within me make :
 To Thee, O Lord, I come !

Just as I am, with Thee to stay,
 My hand in Thine from day to day,
 And thus to walk the narrow way :
 To Thee, O Lord, I come !

Just as I am, Thy child to be,
 To live for One Who died for me,
 Who loves me too so tenderly :
 To Thee, O Lord, I come !

Just as I am ! oh, cleanse from sin,
 And dwell this little heart within !
 That I a crown of life may win,
 To Thee, O Lord, I come !

Just as I am ! How sweet to rest
 For ever on Thy gentle breast—
 So helpless—yet so greatly blest—
 To Thee, O Lord, I come !

“ El Shaddai.”

“ No good thing will He withhold. ”

Take this promise for thy need,
 Chequered pathways lie before,
 But His help is sure indeed.
 Lose not heart, for Love Divine
 Plans each detail of the way,
 Plans to bear thee in His arms,
 Plans deliverance each day.

“ No good thing will He withhold.”

Precious message from thy Lord ;
Take it, lay it on thy heart,

Never doubt His faithful word.
He thy God “ El Shaddai ” ;

Be the journey long or rough,
Springs of comfort He'll provide,
And His grace will be enough.

“ No good thing will He withhold.”

Yielding to His sweet control,
Tenderly the message falls

On the weary pilgrim's soul.
How the difficulties fade !

How the burdens lighter grow !
How the shadows disappear
As we learn His love to know !

“ No good thing will He withhold.”

Not alone His help, His grace,
But the *grandest, highest* “ good,”

To *behold Him face to face !*

Travelling days will soon be past,

Then the vision passing fair

Of thy Bridegroom and thy Friend,

And His Home, His joy to share !

My Treasures.

“WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS, THERE WILL YOUR HEART
BE ALSO.”—S. Matt. vi. 21.

Jesus has my treasures now
Though I tried to hold them tight—
Dared not yield them to my Lord—
Could not see His will was right.

Jesus has my treasures now !
But my heart grew hard and cold,
And the icy hand of death
Seemed my very life to hold.

All around so desolate,
Empty places everywhere !
Hushed the baby voices sweet,
Sadness in the very air !

Sorrow too deep down for words,
Turned from human sympathy,
No one else could understand
All my grief's intensity.

Jesus, Jesus ! Thou didst know
All the silent agony,
And Thy voice was sounding low,
“Come, poor child, and rest in ME !”

But I could not, would not hear,
 Till those tender Arms so blest
 Drew me to His wounded side,
 Folded me upon His breast.

* * * *

Jesus, I can trust Thee thus,
 Though I cannot understand,
 Gazing on Thy marréd Face,
 And the nail-print on Thy Hand.

Thou hast guaged the deepest depths
 Suff'ring spirit ever knew !
 Tender, loving Saviour, Friend,
 Lift me up and bear me through !

* * * *

Jesus has my treasures now !
 Lord, 'tis better, better far,
 For no breath of harm can reach
 Where my little darlings are.

Jesus has my treasures now,
 And they see Him face to face ;
 He Who loves the little ones
 Holds them in His own embrace.

Jesus has my treasures now,
 And the ringing voices sweet
 'Mid the angel throng resound,
 Pouring praises at His Feet.

Jesus has my treasures now ;
 Tenderly He keeps in store,
 Till within the Heavenly Home
 Parted ones are joined once more.

Jesus has my treasures now—
 So in heart let me ascend ;
 Where my little ones are gone
 Thither let my footsteps tend !

And I know those Mighty Arms,
 Which around my babes are thrown,
 Will support me day by day
 Till I stand before His Throne.

Written for a sorely bereaved mother.
 Umtata, S. Africa, 1894.

“ Into Thy Hands.”

Luke xxiii. 46.

My spirit I commit to Thee ;
 Oh, that it may be all renewed,
 Possessed by God the Holy Ghost,
 And with His mighty life imbued.

My spirit I commit to Thee ;
 Now, O my Lord, for this new day,
 Stilled, “ as a weaned child,” at last
 Within Thy moulding Hand to lay !

Grant me the childlike spirit, Lord,
 Which only is of price to Thee ;
 Broken and humble, quiet, meek,
 A shrine prepared for Deity.

The heavy, earthbound spirit free,
 And with a robe of praise transform,*
 Unfainting, thus I'll sing to Thee,
 My God, alike in calm or storm.

My spirit I commit to Thee ;
 Lord Jesus, keep it hour by hour,
 Holding communion with its God,
 Breathing Thy life of love and power.

How blest the spirit thus at rest,
 Committed fully, Lord, to Thee,
 Entrusted wholly to Thy care
 For time and for eternity !

Christmas, 1914.

“UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN, UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN. . . .
 THE PRINCE OF PEACE.”—Isaiah ix. 6.

Dear Prince of Peace, our spirits yearn
 To hail Thy blissful reign,
 No joy for us so great as this—
 To see Thee come again !

* Isaiah lxi. 3.

We love to celebrate Thy birth—
 To peal our Christmas bells—
 But while we greet each well-loved friend
 One thought within us swells :—

If only Christ would come again
 This very Christmas Day,
 Oh, what a wealth of love and praise
 We at His Feet would lay !

We weary of earth's strife and war,
 We weary of earth's sin :
 Blest Potentate of Peace do Thou
 Thy glorious reign begin !

Meanwhile *within our longing hearts*
 May we Thine Advent know,
 So shall Thy love illuminate
 The waiting days below !

Better on Before !

“THE LORD THY GOD, HE IT IS THAT DOTHTH GO WITH THEE ;
 HE WILL NOT FAIL THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE.”—Deut. xxxi. 6.

He it is Who doth go with thee,
 He Who hitherto hath led,
 Step by step go forth with Jesus,
 It is brighter on ahead !

Seems thy cup so full of blessing ?
 He can make it overflow ;
 He can make your pilgrim journey
 Brighter every step you go.

Let it be a year for Jesus !
 Trust Him, serve Him, love Him more !
 Leave the things that are behind thee—
 It is better on before !

Consecration.

Blesséd Master, Thou hast spoken
 To my inmost soul ;
 Now I come to know more fully
 Thy control.

Thou hast spoken, Thou hast claimed me—
 Claimed me for Thine own !
 Henceforth I must be, dear Saviour,
 Thine alone.

Thou art dearer, Thou art fairer
 Than all else to me ;
 Set apart for Thy glad service
 Let me be !

Jesus Only.

All I need I have in Jesus,
 Every want by Him supplied,
 And each anxious care and burden
 To my Saviour I confide.

And not only do I tell Him,
 But with Him I *leave* each care,
 For He undertakes to *keep* me,
 And each weary load to bear.

Jesus keeps me every moment,
 And He will not let me fall ;
 He is stronger than the strongest,
 Jesus is my All in all !

Ever learning more of Jesus
 And what He can do for me,
 Daily finding Him more precious,
 A more dear Reality ;

Thus He keeps me in the sunshine
 Of my Heavenly Father's face,
 Keeps me in the place of blessing,
 Gives me full supplies of grace.

Lord, this joy must be a foretaste
 Of the glory up Above,—
 Just a step below the surface
 In the ocean of Thy love !

Give me grace to dive more deeply
 Into Thy great treasure store,
 To be filled more full with Jesus,
 To press on to more and more !

Empty me of " self " completely,
 That I may whole-hearted be,
 And in every word and action
 Shine more bright, dear Lord, for Thee !

Written at the age of 16.

" There shall be no Night There."

Oh, words of comfort to the sorrowing soul !
 " The Lord shall be thine everlasting light,"
 Thy days of mourning shall have passed away !
 No need of candle, neither light of sun,
 Or moon, or stars ; the Lamb shall be thy light,
 Yea, His own Presence shall disperse the gloom
 And scatter every shade. Where Jesus is
 Night cannot come, but endless day must reign
 For evermore. What wondrous blessedness
 To know a little of this glory *here*,
 And in the night of sorrow and of pain
 To have the darkness turned into light
 By Christ's own Presence, and to hear Him say,
 " I *know* your sorrows, and I *feel* this grief,
 And not alone shall you the burden bear

'Tis I, be not afraid ! ” And tremblingly
 Our hand goes out to Jesus in the dark,
 And we are sheltered by His strong right Hand.
 Ah, *then* the glory shines, and even now
 Night turns to day, and sadness into joy !
 Yet this is only “ darkly through a glass ! ”
 What will it be, that “ Morning without clouds, ”
 If but a glimpse of *Him* can chase away
 The deepest shades ? Oh, glory unconceived,
 Unknown, that Thou, O Father, hast prepared
 For them that love Thee ! Dear ones gone before
 Are tasting of those joys before Thy Throne,
 In “ perfect day, ” and we shall join them soon.
 O Jesus, Who alone art Life and Light,
 Dwell in us *now*, and shine yet more and more
 With still increasing light within our souls,
 Till with the breaking Dawn earth’s shadows flee,
 And Thine unclouded glory meets our gaze !

Our Comforter.

My heart was burdened sore, I could not speak,
 But came in my distress to Jesu’s feet.
 No words would come, but fast the tear-drops fell ;
 Words were not needed, He knew all so well.

But as I wept I knew my Lord was near,
 Just close beside me there—my Saviour dear !
 His touch upon my heart stilled its wild beat,
 While whisp'ring tender words of comfort sweet.

And then I told Him all—He knew before,
 But telling out my sorrow eased me more.
 " Let not your heart be troubled," Jesus said,
 " I, even I, am here. Be not afraid !

" Touched with the *feeling* of your grief, I care
 For you in all your cares, so leave it here !
 Leave it with Me, and I will plan for you,
 However dark the path I'll lead you through.

" But you must learn to wait My time and way,
 To trust Me in the dark and patient be."
 It was my Lord Who spoke, and whispered peace,
 No other voice could bid the tempest cease.

He calmed my restless soul, hushed it to rest,
 Bade me lay down my head upon His Breast.
 Had we no burdens sore, no bitter grief,
 We could not know the joy of such relief ;

We could not know the depths of Thy great love—
 The tender *human* heart that beats above.
 So we will bless Thee though the storm-clouds lower,
 And *in Thy Presence wait* to prove Thy power.

The Lesson of the Storm.

AN ALLEGORY

'Mid a scene of wondrous beauty
 On a glowing summer day,
 Where the scent of herbs and flowers filled the air,
 Raced a merry little maiden,
 Tramping daisies with her feet,
 While the sunlight glinted in her tresses fair.

Chasing butterflies resplendent
 With the rainbow's varied hue—
 Not a thought beyond the passing moment's fun !
 But behind her in the pathway,
 With his eyes upon the child,
 Was her father, walking slowly and alone.

And I thought I heard him murmur
 As he passed along the road,
 " I would fain have had her near me all the way !
 So much I longed to tell her
 While I clasped the tiny hand,—
 But my darling has no thought but of her play ! "

By and bye the brightness faded,
 Angry storm-clouds gathered fast,
 And a peal of distant thunder rumbled low.
 Where was now the little maiden
 With the butterflies so gay ?
 For the spangled meadow seemed deserted now.

Not far distant lay a thicket
 With big overhanging trees,
 And all pitiless the storm came sweeping through ;
 Pelting raindrops, gleaming lightning,
 Swaying oak and cracking bough !
 Like a hurricane the awful tempest blew !

In the heedlessness of pleasure,
 Knowing naught of coming harm,
 Ever farther had the little maiden strayed ;
 Till imprisoned in the thicket,
 'Mid the darkness and the storm,
 Rose the piteous cry of " Daddy, I'm afraid ! "

Could the father have forgotten ?
 Had he gone home all alone ?
 Had he left his little girl unsought to stray ?
 No ! The loving heart, so tender,
 Could not falter or forget,
 He must follow her however dark the way.

Fighting onward through the tempest
 'Gainst the blinding wind and rain,
 Caring nothing for the dangers of the wild ;—
 Till amid the gloomy thicket
 Comes a plaintive sobbing cry,
 And he hurries on to save his wand'ring child !

See, the lightning-flash reveals him

Hast'ning to her through the storm !

(Ah, she *needs* him now, for she is sore distressed !)

Swiftly speeds she through the brambles,

With her eager arms outstretched,

Until *safe* upon His loving heart she's pressed !

Is it thus the Heavenly Father

Watcheth, waiteth, day by day,

For the full requital of His wondrous love ?

Waiteth during days of pleasure,

While earth's butterflies we chase,

And all heedlessly we yet still farther rove.

Is it thus the tender Shepherd

Goes to seek His wayward sheep ?

(To succour them His precious life He gave !)

When the storms about them lower,

And their feet are bramble-torn,

Then the wand'ring ones will turn to Him to save.

In the darkness and the tempest,

Lost and helpless thus they cry :—

“ We are perishing ! Have mercy, Saviour dear ! ”

And at once His Arms are opened,

And He clasps them to His Breast,

While His Voice dispels for evermore their fear.

The Master's Call.

"THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR THEE."—John xi. 28.

The Master comes, He calls for thee !
 Go forth at His Almighty word,
 Obedient to His last command,
 And tell to those who never heard—
 Who sit in deepest shades of night,
 That Christ has come to give them light !

The Master calls ! Arise and go ;
 How blest His Messenger to be !
 He Who hast given thee liberty
 Now bids thee set the captive free ;
 Proclaim His mighty power to save,
 Who for the world His life-blood gave.

The Master calls ! Shall not thy heart
 In warm responsive love reply,
 " Lord, here am I, send me, send me,
 Thy willing slave to live or *die* ?
 An instrument unfit indeed,
 Yet Thou wilt give me what I need."

And if thou canst not go, yet bring
 An offering of a " willing heart,"
 Then though thou tarriest at home
 Thy God shall give thee too thy part ;
 The messengers of peace upbear
 In ceaseless and prevailing prayer.

Short is the time for service true,
 For soon shall dawn that glorious day
 When, all the harvest gathered in,
 Each faithful heart shall hear Him say :
 " My child, well done ! your toil is o'er,
 Enter My joy for evermore ! "

Written for " Hymns of Consecration and Faith."

A Little Sanctuary.

" FAR OFF AMONG THE HEATHEN . . . I WILL BE TO THEM
 AS A LITTLE SANCTUARY."—Ezekiel xi. 16.

" A Little Sanctuary " art Thou to me,
 O Jesus, best Belov'd ! I live with Thee ;
 My heart has found its everlasting Home,
 Its sure abiding place, where'er I roam.

" A little Sanctuary " art Thou to me,
 Amongst the heathen where I dwell with Thee ;
 Beneath Thy shadow, folded 'neath Thy wing,
 In deep content my song of praise I sing.

" A little Sanctuary " art Thou to me !
 My heart is still beneath Love's canopy ;
 The " Holiest of All " is opened wide,
 And I may enter and be satisfied.

“ A little Sanctuary ” art Thou to me—
 No fabled shrine, but deep Reality !
 Thou saidst it should be so when at Thy call
 I rose and followed, gladly leaving all.

“ A little Sanctuary ” wert Thou to me
 When home was left behind, and tremblingly
 I launched upon the deep—It was to feel
 The pressure of Thine Arms around me steal.

“ A little Sanctuary ” wert Thou indeed
 When in a distant land the precious seed
 Was sown in tears. Ah, then how more than sweet
 That “ Secret Place,” that Refuge at Thy Feet !

“ A little Sanctuary ” art Thou to me !
 All joyfully I pitch my tent *with Thee*,
 Or ready still to journey at Thy Word—
 In Thee I “ live and move,” most blessed Lord.

“ A little Sanctuary ” art Thou to me !
 I always am “ at home ” on land or sea ;
 Alone, yet never lonely now, I prove
 The “ Hundred fold,” Lord Jesus, in *Thy Love* !

“ A little Sanctuary ” art Thou to me ;
 Thus may I evermore “ *dwell deep* ” in Thee,
 And daily praise for blessed foretaste given
 (In doing of Thy Will) of “ Days of Heaven.”

“ She Considereth a Field, and Taketh it.”

Prov. xxxi. 16.

Look out upon the field, consider well

The gloomy darkness brooding o'er the land
Where Satan's seat is set. Ah ! who can tell
The sin and misery on every hand ?

Consider well the field—the bondage sore

Of captive souls within the tyrant's power ;
Groaning for liberty yet more and more,
Groping for light, but lo,—a darker hour !

Consider well the field—the awful need

Of those who have not heard that *Jesus died*,
And face the solemn question : “ Why, indeed,
To *millions* is the lamp of life denied ? ”

Oh, God, the field is wide, the need how vast !

Thou seest too my insufficiency ;
Yet, since Thou callest, now myself I cast
In all my weakness, blesséd Lord, on Thee !

Upon Thy Word I stand (how strong, how true !)

That where the foot of faith hath firmly trod,
Thou wilt the “ little one ” with might endue
To take a glorious victory for God !

Faith is triumphant, seeing *only* Thee !

Though walls be high and iron bars be strong,
In Jesus' name I *take* the victory
And raise *before* the fight the Conqueror's Song !

“ Am not I better to Thee ? ”

1 Sam. i. 8.

The evening shadows fall. The day is done—
 Glad day of service, till the setting sun
 Sinks in the redd'ning west, then work is o'er ;
 And entering my hut I close the door.
 The evening shadows steal across the room,
 And all is still, enwrapped in deepening gloom.
 No human voice to break the stillness, here
 I dwell alone, and all I hold most dear
 Are far removed beyond the trackless sea—
 So very far they seem to-night from me !
 Yet for a moment brief methinks I hear
 The echo of loved voices in mine ear ;
 The dear home faces seem to shine again,
 Then swiftly vanish in a mist of pain.
 And dearest ones now long since “ gone before ”
 Thus seem to come and disappear once more.
 Yet 'tis but for a moment that I turn,
 And with heart-longings for beloved ones yearn,
 Hush ! *I am not alone*, a Presence blest
 Fills all my chamber with a sense of rest !
 A moment's darkness, then a flood of light !
 A moment's sadness, then a great delight !
 A well-known Voice is whisp'ring unto me,
 “ Am not *I* better,” O beloved, “ to thee ? ”
 “ Am not *I* better far to thee than all ? ”

* * * * *

Low at His feet I now adoring fall,
 Out-breathing there in speechless love and praise
 The song the heart is 'most too full to raise.

* * * * *

Thou *art enough*, my own belovéd ONE !
 And work with Thee is sweet till day is done ;
 And when at eventide I close my door,
Shut in with Jesus, what can I need more ?
 Mine is a joy, a satisfaction rare,
 Which only " separated ones " may share.

* * * * *

The evening shades may fall about my room,
But brighter glows the glory.

Till He come

I'll wait and work, and praise Him all the way,
 And so " in Him " be found at dawn of Day ;
 Then through a long Eternity to prove
 The satisfying power of Jesus' love !

Pondoland, S. Africa.

Speak, Lord, in the Stillness.

"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH."—1 Sam. iii. 9.

"MY SOUL IS SILENT UNTO GOD."—Ps. lxii. 1.

"THERE WAS SILENCE, AND I HEARD A VOICE" (*marg.* "A STILL VOICE.")—Job. iv. 16.

Speak, Lord, in the stillness,
While I wait on Thee ;
Hush my heart to listen
In expectancy.

Speak, O blesséd Master,
In this quiet hour ;
Let me see Thy face, Lord,
Feel Thy touch of power !

For the words Thou speakest,
"They are life " indeed ;
Living Bread from Heaven,
Now my spirit feed !

Satiate my being,
With Thy fulness fill ;
As the dew descending,
Let Thy speech distil.

All to Thee is yielded,
I am not my own ;
Blissful, glad surrender,
I am Thine alone !

Speak, Thy servant heareth !
 Be not silent, Lord ;
 Waits my soul upon Thee
 For the quickening word !

Fill me with the knowledge
 Of Thy glorious will ;
 All Thine own good pleasure
 In Thy child fulfil.

Like " a watered garden,"
 Full of fragrance rare,
 Linger in Thy presence,
 Let my life appear.

Pondoland, S. Africa.

Thy Mighty Love.

"THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH ME."—2 Cor. v. 14.

Thy mighty Love, O God, constraineth me,
 As some strong tide it presseth on its way,
 Seeking a channel in my self-bound soul,
 Yearning to sweep all barriers away.

Shall I not yield to that constraining power ?
 Shall I not say, " O tide of Love, flow in ? "
 My God, Thy gentleness hath conquered me,
 Life cannot be as it hath hither been.

Break through my nature, mighty, heavenly Love,
 Clear every avenue of thought and brain,
 Flood my affections, purify my will,
 Let nothing but Thine own pure life remain.

Thus wholly mastered and possessed by God,
 Forth from my life, spontaneous and free,
 Shall flow a stream of tenderness and grace—
 Loving, because God loved, eternally.

Lie Still.

“UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS.”—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

Lie still, lie still, in My Arms, My child !
 Thy weakness is known to Me ;
 In every hour of need and pain
 Thy Lord is so near to thee.

Lie still, lie still ! 'Tis My will that thou
 Be quietly laid aside,
 That I may reveal Myself to thee,
 And draw thee close to My Side.

Lie still, lie still ! I have much to teach
 Thou could'st not learn in the light ;
 But in the hush, 'mid the weary pain,
 I will give “ songs in the night.”

Lie still ! Thou canst please Me just as well
 As those in the harvest field,
 For soon shall the precious " afterward,"
 Much fruit to My glory yield.

Lie still, lie still in these Mighty Arms
 Which never shall let thee go,
 Lie still, My child, and quietly rest
 In the One Who loves thee so !

" With One Accord."

" With one accord " within an upper room¹
 The faithful followers of Jesus met,
One was the hope of every waiting soul,
 And on *one* object great each heart was set.

" *With one accord*," until the mighty gift²
 Of Pentecostal power was outpour'd ;
 Then forth—as witnesses possessed of God—
 To preach the Resurrection of the Lord !

" *Together* " they remain—a wondrous band,³
 Unknown till now, is knitting heart to heart ;
 A tide of resurrection life and love
 Sweeps down the barriers which held apart.

¹ Acts i. 14. ² Acts ii. 2. ³ Acts ii. 44.

All things in common now ! 'Tis joy to share
 The Father's *bounty* as the Father's love !
 Oh, blessed days of heaven upon earth,
 A foretaste of the harmony above !

“ With one accord ” within the House
 of God,⁴
 A hallelujah song is daily raised ;
 As with the *voice of one*, from vocal hearts
 Jehovah's name is glorified and praised.

When tribulation comes, and threat'ning words
 The fury of the unseen hosts reveal,
 Their cry ascends as from the *heart of one* ;
 “ With one accord ” and in one place they
 kneel.⁵

Their hand is on the Throne—the Throne of power
 Oh, blessed souls, who thus *take hold* on Heaven
 Prevailing prayer has won a great reward,
 To each request an answer swift is given.⁶

Pour down Thy Spirit once again, dear Lord ;
 Our cry goes up to Thee for “ latter rain ” ;
 Unite Thy people as *the “ heart of one,”*
 And Pentecostal days shall come again !

⁴ Acts ii. 46-47. ⁵ Acts iv. 24. ⁶ Acts iv. 31 ; v. 12-16.

Weary.

"THIS IS THE REST WHEREWITH YE MAY CAUSE THE WEARY
TO REST."—Isaiah xxviii. 12.

I am weary to-night, dear Master,
And my heart cries out for Home ;
I long for the land of perfect rest
Where I nevermore shall roam.

I am weary to-night of waiting
For the dawning of the Day ;
Oh, when will the light of morning break,
And the shadows flee away ?

I am weary to-night of watching
For the coming of Thy Feet ;
My eager soul at Thy door-post waits
Her risen Lord to greet.

I am weary to-night, dear Master,
Let me hear Thy well-lov'd voice,
Stilling my feverish heart to peace,
And bidding me still rejoice !

I am weary to-night, so weary,
Too tired to think or pray ;
Hush me to rest in Thine own strong Arms,
And chase all my fears away.

* * * * *

Hush ! for the Master speaketh,
 Tender and sweet His tone :
 “ I, even I, am at thy side,
 Thou art not left alone.

“ Let not your heart be troubled,
 'Tis but a little while,
 Onward, upward and Homeward press,
 Journeying 'neath My smile.

“ Soon shall the morn you long for
 Break on your unveiled sight,
 Soon shall the mists and shadows of earth
 Fade in the dawning light ! ”

* * * * *

O Saviour, I am resting
 In the Arms outstretched for me,
 In the stillness of the secret place,
 Beneath love's canopy.

And in the blessed stillness,
 This rest, so true and so sweet,
 Life's cares and sorrows seem passed away,
 While nestling at Thy Feet.

After this blest communion
 More ready I now shall be,
 Strong in the strength of the Lord of Hosts,
 To work and wait for Thee.

Ready to whisper comfort
 When others are weary sore,
 My heart set free from its selfish griefs,
 Trusting Thee more and more !

Another Milestone.

Once more another milestone reached,
 Reminds me I am nearing Home ;
 And gazing down the lengthening track
 To Thee, my Father, now I come,
 And raise my Ebenezer here
 For all the blessings of the year.

I know Thy hand has safely led
 Through strangely dark, mysterious ways,
 I know Thy voice has cheered me on
 To trust Thee still in darkest days,
 Bidding me just " believe to see "
 What perfect Love would do for me.

I do not ask for cloudless skies,
 For smooth and easy path to Heaven,
 Enough that Thou dost go before
 That daily grace and strength be given,
 That Thou wilt hour by hour fulfil
 In me Thy " sweet beloved will."

Nor do I fear to leave the choice
 Of all my future life to Thee ;
 Will not Thy wise unerring hand
 Send *only* what is *best* for me ?
 Leaning on Thee, my Saviour dear,
 I start upon this opening year.

Calling Still.

A MESSAGE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

“JESUS CALLED A LITTLE CHILD UNTO HIM.”—Matt. xviii. 2.

Whose is that winning and wonderful Voice ?
 Listen ! the tones are so tender and mild ;
 Who is the Stranger that's standing there ?
 It is Jesus calling a little child.

So gentle the Voice and so sweet the Face,
 The little one stopped in its play and smiled ;
 Then fearlessly ran to the Stranger's side,
 For Jesus was calling the little child.

He is calling still—He is calling now,
 With the same sweet accents so soft and mild ;
 Oh, come as the little one came of old,
 For Jesus is calling thee, little child !

It was all for thee that He bled and died
 On the Cross, by His envious foes reviled ;
 No suff'ring too great for the one He loved,
 And now He is *calling* His little child.

He will lift thee up in His arms of love,
 And although the path may be rough and wild,
 He will carry thee safe, till heaven's gates
 Shall open to welcome His ransomed child.

Written for "The Children's World."

"Be Ready in the Morning."

Exodus xxxiv. 2-3.

"Be ready in the morning!"

Dear Lord, I heard Thee say,
 And now with wingéd footsteps
 I hasten to obey.

Up through the parting shadows
 Into the clear, pure air
 Of lonely mountain summit
 I rise to meet Thee there.

"Be ready in the morning!"

Oh blessed, holy tryst!
 O hush of glad communion
 With Thee, my Saviour Christ.
 No one "shall come up with me"
 To share this sacred hour,
 For here alone with JESUS
 I feel His touch of power.

"Be ready in the morning!"

Thou knowest, Lord, how long
 A chilling sense of weakness
 Has checked the early song;

But now Thy word of power
 Shall be enough for me,
 And rising at Thy bidding
 My heart "*believes to see*;" *
 "Believes to see" Thy glory,
 In matchless splendour shine,
 The noonday sun exceeding
 In Majesty Divine ;
 Till blinded eyes no longer
 The things of sense can see,
 But Christ fills all my vision
 And I am lost in Thee.
 Thus "ready in the morning"
 May I be found each day,
 For intercourse with Jesus
 Will speed me on my way,
 And then the mount descending
 With glory in my face,
 Reflect His blessed likeness
 And witness to His grace.
 "Be ready in the morning,"
 For lo ! the Bridegroom's near ;
 The eternal morning breaketh
 When Jesus shall appear.
 Yes, keep me ever ready
 With garments undefil'd,
 With watching heart expectant
 Till Thou shalt call Thy child.

* Psalm xxvii. 13.

The Unknown Way.

“I WILL LEAD THEM IN PATHS THAT THEY HAVE NOT KNOWN.”—Isaiah xlii. 16.

Father, I come to Thee ; I dare not tread
 Upon the unknown way without Thy hand,
 I am not strong to go alone, but Thou
 Wilt lead me in the path Thyself hast planned.

Thy Presence is enough, I do not ask
 To understand the many changeful ways ;
 This only do I seek—my Lord, my God—
 That Thou wilt tune my life to sound Thy
 praise.

Thy hand has been upon me, Lord, for good ;
 Through all the bygone years Thy love I trace,
 Gleaming athwart my path with changeless
 glow—
 One long unbroken chain of tenderness.

With restful confidence I onward go,
 Not knowing what may be in store for me,
 But well content, if Thou, dear Lord, dost know,
 And I may walk each day and hour with
 Thee.

Keep Step with Jesus.

“ Keep step with Jesus ! ” Can that be for me ?
 Oh, may I really walk by faith with Thee ?
 I who have often wandered far away
 And grieved Thee with my coldness day by day ?

Yes, for Thy blood is cleansing from all sin ;
 It is for me, for Thou dost reign within ;
 So to my heart the precious words have come,
 “ Keep step with Jesus all the journey Home.”

Thou knowest how I long to walk with Thee
 So very close that all around may see
 Thyself *alone* ; and may Thy glory *hide*
 The faltering child that follows at Thy side.

How often, Master, I have “ lagged behind ”
 And feared to follow, when Thy voice so kind
 Has called me on, bidding me trust in Thee,
 However dark the pathway seemed to me.

And have I not sometimes stepped out *alone*,
 Nor waited for Thy hand to lead me on,
 And of the future thought with anxious care,
 Instead of taking “ the *next* step ” in prayer ?

Afresh to-day I put my hand in Thine,
 With childlike trust would all to Thee resign ;
 Just lead me where Thou wilt, and guide me still,
 Fulfilling in me all Thy blessed will.

Thus keeping step with Jesus may I know
 A life of holy fellowship below ;
 The light of Heaven illumining the way
 Which leads me upward to eternal Day.

“ Consider Him.”

Heb. iii. 1. Heb. xii. 3.

“ Consider Him ” ; let Christ thy pattern be,
 And know that He hath apprehended thee
 To share His very life—His power divine,
 And in the likeness of thy Lord to shine.

Oh, purpose far above all thought, so grand,
 So wonderful ! How canst thou understand
 Except the blessed Paraclete draw nigh,
 And with empowering touch anoint the eye ?

So shalt thou see the glory of the Lord—
 The glory of *a life of love outpoured*,
 Till blinded by that vision thou art won
 To follow in the pathway He has gone.

“ Consider Him ” ! so shalt thou day by day
 Seek out the lowliest place, and therein stay,
 Content to pass away, a thing of nought,
 That glory to the Father’s name be brought.

Shrink not, O child of God, but fearless go
 Down into death with Jesus. Thou shalt know
 "The power of an endless life" begin,
 With "glorious liberty" from *self* and sin.

"Consider Him"; and thus *thy* life shall be
 Filled with self-sacrifice and purity;
 God will work out in thee the pattern true,
 And Christ's example ever keep in view.

"Consider Him"! Thy great High Priest above
 Is interceding in untiring love,
 And He will have *thee* thus "Within the Veil"
 By Spirit-breathed petitions to prevail.

"Consider Him"; and as you run the race,
 Keep ever upward looking in His face;
 And thus transformed, illumined thou shalt be,
 And Christ's own image shall be seen in thee.

"He will Silently Plan for Thee."

A possible rendering of

"HE WILL BE SILENT IN HIS LOVE."—Zeph. iii. 17.

He will silently plan for thee,
 Object thou of Omniscient care,
 God Himself undertakes to be
 Thy Pilot through each subtle snare.

He WILL silently plan for thee,
 So *certainly*, He cannot fail !
 Rest on the *faithfulness* of God,
 In Him thou surely shalt prevail.

He will SILENTLY plan for thee,
 Some wonderful surprise of love,
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 But it is *kept* for thee above.

He will silently PLAN for thee,
 His purposes shall all unfold,
 The tangled skein shall shine at last
 A masterpiece of skill untold.

He will silently plan for THEE,
 Happy child of a Father's care,
 As though no other claimed His love,
 But thou *alone* to Him wert dear.

“ The Company of Heaven.”

“ WITH . . . ALL THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN WE LAUD AND
 MAGNIFY THY GLORIOUS NAME.”

Lord, lift for us the veil of sense
 That we may catch the victors' song,
 And join with theirs our feebler praise,
 The heavenly anthem to prolong.

We praise Thee that Thy Fold is "one,"
 The Church above, the Church below,
 And kindred hearts in Jesus knit
 Undying fellowship may know.

We praise Thee our beloved ones
 Are only just "a step removed";
 Not taken from our hearts, but still
 As much our own, as fondly loved.

We praise Thee that for them the strife,
 The anguish and the pain are o'er;
 With Thee for ever safe, for they
 Have entered "to go out no more."

We praise Thee, too, O glorious Lord,
 That our short race will soon be run,
 And then eternally in Thee
 We, with our dear ones, shall be one.

"He Wakeneth Mine Ear."

"THE LORD GOD HATH GIVEN ME THE TONGUE OF THEM THAT ARE TAUGHT, THAT I SHOULD KNOW HOW TO SUSTAIN WITH WORDS HIM THAT IS WEARY; HE WAKENETH MORNING BY MORNING, HE WAKENETH MINE EAR TO HEAR AS THEY THAT ARE TAUGHT. THE LORD GOD HATH OPENED MINE EAR."—Isaiah l. 4-5.

He daily "wakeneth mine ear to hear,"

"Morning by morning" comes His touch of power,
 That bids me rise and listen to the Voice
 That breaks the stillness of this blessed hour.

“ He wakeneth mine ear ”—this blood-tipped ear,*
 Sealed by that mark for evermore His own,
 That henceforth *deaf* to earth’s alluring sounds,
 Should open be to one dear Voice alone.

“ He wakeneth mine ear ”—my bored ear, †
 Which the dear hand of Love has piercèd through ;
 Nailed to His Cross a living sacrifice,
 I live, a happy slave His will to do !

Within the secret chamber of my heart,
 Behind the busy rush of human things,
 Oh, may there be a central point of rest,
 The holy hush which Thy blest Presence brings !

So may I ever live the *listening* life
 Of momentary dependence upon Thee ;
 As Christ, the perfect Servant, hourly lived—
 Speaking but *as He heard*—Lord, so let me !

Yea, keep my ear for ever open, Lord,
 That thus through me Thy messages may flow ;
 And weary hearts, sustained by Heaven-sent words,
 Refreshment for their souls’ deep need may know.

* Lev. viii. 24. † Ex. xxi. 6.

Emmanuel.

Be still, and Thy Belov'd will speak
 When He has found a silent heart ;
 Let every other voice be hushed,
 And every reasoning depart.

A glorious mystery of love
 Through every bygone age unknown,
 The Father waiteth to unfold
 To those whose hearts are all His own.

He hath revealed it " unto babes " ;
 Not to the great, or wise, or strong,
 But to the trusting " little ones "
 The hidden depths of God belong.

'Tis God incarnate—" Christ in you,"
 The Deity revealed in man,
 The Treasure in the earthen mould,
 Oh, wondrous beatific plan !

Be *still* within His mighty arms,
 And let Him lead thee by *His* way
 Through *death* to resurrection life—
 From twilight into glorious day !

'Till Christ be fully formed within
 By the indwelling Spirit's power,
 Accept " God's reckoning " alone—*
 Self *dead indeed* this very hour.

* Col. iii. 3.

And suddenly He will come in,
 Illumining His chosen shrine ;
 (Thy wonderful Emmanuel !)
 'Till thy poor life is all Divine.

To Meet the Bridegroom.

“ To meet the Bridegroom ”—this my blesséd quest :
 To meet Him in the common things of life ;
 To find Him in the press of toil, and hear
 His whispered “ Follow Me ! ” amid the strife.

“ To meet the Bridegroom ! ” Thus the daily round,
 So full of chill monotony before,
 Is lit with light and glory from Above,
 And *love* encircleth *duty* evermore.

'Tis “ my Belov'd that knocketh ” in each claim,
 He is “ the One Great Circumstance ” to me ;
 I will arise and open to Him now,
 And with His smile life shall transfigured be.

So forth into the day ! I cannot shrink,
 No dream of ill can now disturb my rest !
 Though sorrows surge around, I follow on
 To meet my Lord, and *know* that I am blest.

O Heavenly Bridegroom, let Thy holy claim
 Upon th' unstinted service of my days
 Find evermore a quick and glad response—
 No grudging service, but a life of praise !

Oh, cleanse away the sloth of former years,
 The love of ease which robbed me of Thy *best* ;
 With quickened footsteps would I follow Thee,
 And gladly honour each Divine behest.

“ To meet the Bridegroom ! ” So with lamp aglow,
 Filled with His Spirit, would I hasten on,
 My one ambition just to do His will,
 Until at last I hear Him say, “ Well done ! ”

Upheld by Hope.

“ Upheld by hope ”—a glorious hope,
 As days and years roll by ;
 The coming of our Lord and King
 Is surely drawing nigh.

“ Upheld by hope ” ! all toil is sweet
 With this glad thought in view ;
 The Master may appear to-night
 To call His servants true.

“ Upheld by hope ”—that wondrous hope
 That I shall see His face,
 And to His likeness be conformed,
 When I have run the race.

“ Upheld by hope ” ; a “ blameless ” life,
 O Jesus, let me lead,
 And so “ without a spot ” be found
 From sin’s dominion freed.

“ Upheld by hope ” that He Who hath
 The work of grace begun,
Will perfect it until the Day
 Of Jesus Christ shall dawn.

“ Upheld by hope,” in darkest days
 Faith can the light descry ;
 The deepening glory in the East
 Proclaims deliverance nigh !

“ Upheld by hope.” “ Belovéd one,”
 I hear the Bridegroom say,
 “ Awake ! arise ! go forth to meet
 My chariot on its way.”

“ Upheld by hope,” how glad the heart !
 My soul is on the wing !
 E’en now His hand is on the door,
 He comes ! my glorious King !

In the Advent Light.

In the Advent Light, O Saviour,
 I am living day by day,
 Waiting, working, watching ever,
 Knowing Thou art on Thy way.

In the Advent Light earth's darkness
 Hath for ever passed away :
 Marvellous illumination,
 Herald of unending day !

In the Advent Light beholding
 Thus the glory of the Lord,
 Transformations He is working*
 Through the power of His Word !

So, " from glory unto glory,"
 Gladdened by the Advent ray,
 All the path is growing brighter,
 Shining unto " perfect day."

In the Advent Light to *witness*
 To a dark and dying world,
 This the holy ordination—
 May His banner be unfurled !

* 2 Cor. iii. 18 (R.V.).

Blessed, happy, holy service,
Labouring in the Advent Light !
 Soon the Master's commendation
 Every effort will requite.

In the Advent Light enfolded,
 'Neath the shadow of the Cross,
 (" Given unto us to *suffer*,")
 We can *count our gain by loss*.

In the Advent Light *rejoicing* !
 Songs of praise along the road
 Seem to make the journey shorter,
 Mounting upward to our God !

He is coming ! He is coming !
 Pass the heavenly watchword on !
 Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom,
 Hail to God's anointed Son !

See the Advent glory breaking !
 Faith will soon be lost in sight,
 " Face to face " I shall behold Him,
 Bathed in His eternal Light !

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