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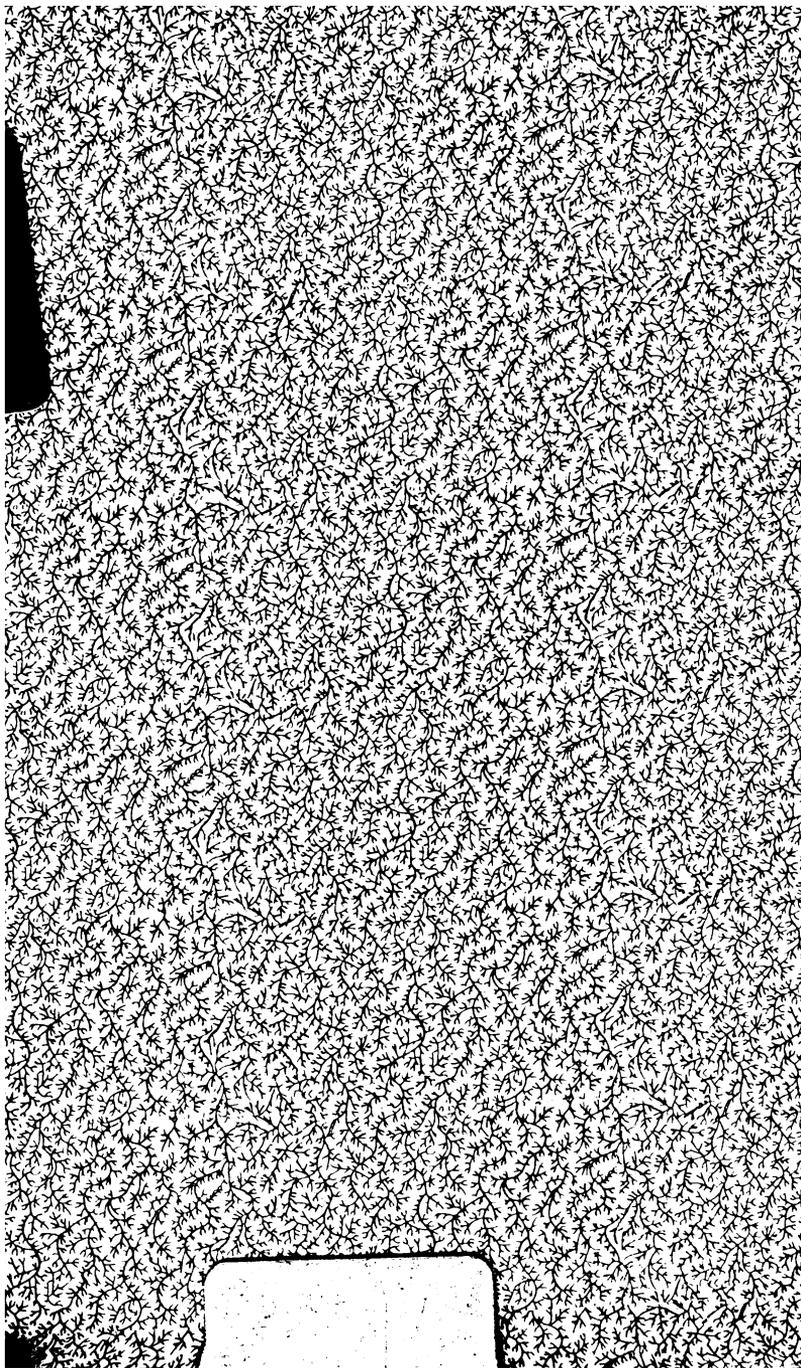
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MOSSINGS

In the

WILDERNESS





Poetry, Religions, Cinema

NBI
Taylor

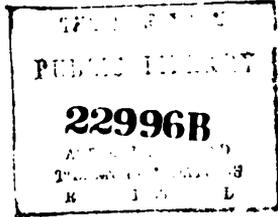
Musings in the Wilderness:
in verse, by MALACHI TAYLOR.

“While I was musing the fire burned; then
spake I.”—Ps. xxxix, 3.

NEW YORK, TEMPLE COURT.

MDCCCXCIV.

HC



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1895, in the office of the
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MALACHI TAYLOR.

A LITTLE BOOK, called "Songs by the Way," was issued in 1878, the plates of which being lost, no new edition was sent forth. The present volume may be taken as an enlarged edition of that; but, while the book has grown into more robust proportions, the greater length of many of the pieces added would hardly allow the title of "Songs," and hence the new name.

Whatever speaks of the total absence of sin in the future will be understood as anticipative of the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwells righteousness, alone. In human governments, those who have been condemned to imprisonment for life are not counted as of the body politic or as existing.

No one can write from the heart who does not tell the heart's own experience; and it may be that something of one's own history in relation to God and the Lord Jesus Christ may be traced here, but it will be manifest that often where the pronoun of the first person singular is used it applies to the reader as well as the writer.

The aim of all is the honor of Christ Jesus the Lord and the infinite grace of God brought forth through and in Him, and to come into fellowship with those who are awaiting His return.

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Our God and Father.

“God, even our Father, who hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope, through grace.”
2 Thes. ii. 16.

(1)

Our Wonderful God.

O wonderful in grace! Giver of life!
Giver of all things; always giving, Thou!
Now concentrate my thoughts on Thee alone;
Not as man knows Thee, really knowing not;
Not through Thy works as my poor eyes behold;
Not by the letter only, of Thy word
Nor by my feelings or experiences;
But on Thyself, Thy heart, Thy nature, Light
And Love in their essential being—Thee!
For Thou revealest gladly, fully, all;
Thou hast not meant to hide Thyself, O God!
Nor hast delighted in Thy thoughts, alone;
But Thou art telling out, and going out
Incessantly, impatient at the curb
And limit the great adversary placed;
For he is adversary who would shut
Thee out from being everything to man;
Be Thou Revealer of Thyself to me!

O why do men fear Thee and dread to be
Alone with Thee, or in Thy company?
It need not be because of sin; for sin
Should make them run to Thee at once, with speed,
And in Thy bosom hide. And if we knew
Thee as Thou art; and sin, too, as it is;
We then would see it darker, deadlier
Than aught but death and judgment (ghastly facts)
And only Thou, who holdest in Thy hand
Judgment and death, could'st meet and cover sin,



Our Wonderful God.

Thou, Holy One! art He who ought and can
 Rightly deal with this dread impertinence
 Cast into Thy effulgent, joyful realm,
 And whose offence is, first, against Thyself.

Thus would I know Thee in the inmost depth.
 Of Thine own joy; and knowing, tell all out,
 Thou God of Thine own revelations, grand:
 Asserting Thine own right to love and bless,
 And autocratic in Thy sovereignty
 To save and keep the guilty, lost and vile
 And make them fit companions for Thyself.

To know Thee thus, fully revealed, is life:
 And we should count on Thee when all is bad
 For sin and evil Thy resources test
 Richly, successfully, triumphantly!
 Thou art the One for all our confidence.
 And we, as lost, as just the ones for Thee,
 For only Thee; for we have made Thee known
 By being sinners in our helplessness
 And need.

This is our God, the Wonderful
 And wealthy; pouring out all wealth on us!
 And he must render strict account to Thee
 Who is not saved, for being thus unsaved.
 No man has any right, within Thy world,
 To be unsaved, since all the work is done
 To include all men as sinners, which all are.
 Aye, tell this out again and still anew!
 Thy glory is that whosoever will
 May, in the taking, have eternal life.
 What a rich happiness for Thee; a joy
 To heaven and earth forever, O our God!



God, Light and Love.

1 John i. 5, iv. 8.

I.

O God! To Thee the swelling heart would sing
To Thee, with joy, its gladdest tribute bring;
By Thy abounding love made very bold,
With Thee the freest intercourse to hold;
For grace has done what law could never do,
Brought us close up to Thee; Thy children, too.

We'd praise according to Thy latest fame
Revealed most fully in Thy precious name
Of Love; and in Thy welcome name of Light;
Thyself; our Father, acting by the right
Of Thine own inmost joy, which, hitherto
Unknown, is now forever brought to view.

Illustrious Thy love beyond all thought!
Once hid, till forth to meet man's need 't was brought;
And since, its stream so overwhelming flows,
That the most wonderful results it shows;—
The more we've sinned, the bolder we become,
The worse we were, the more with Thee at home.

As the huge mountain, sprung from out the plain
Unto the stars and seeming to disdain

The level where all minor objects lie,
 Sole, simple, cynosure of every eye,
 Its head within the heavens lost and blent,
 Its thousand streams of life its argument;

So Thy name, Love, O God! thus stands alone,
 Needing no epithets to give it tone,
 Volume or emphasis; consolidate
 In all beneficence, it holds its state
 And throne of royal excellence, above
 All attributes; their sum and glory, Love!

Sweetly despotic in the sovereignty
 Of Thy great love; commanding power to be
 Attent in mightiest form; and wisdom, too,
 And all within Thee, here find work to do;
 Serene and grand, Thou comest forth to save,
 Thy regal style, the Cross and Open Grave!

And o'er that empty Grave, the Victor, Thou
 Dost stand, love all unhindered now,
 Imperial in Thy grand prerogative,
 Issuing Thy mandate, Let dead sinners live!
 And life eternal is the benison
 Bestowed, to celebrate the work there done!

II.

We joy that in all patience Thou hast still
 Held the integrity of Thine own will;
 That, in the purpose of Thy heart to bless,
 Thou richly hast maintained Thy righteousness;
 That, dealing here with filthiness innate,
 Thy holiness remains immaculate.

O righteous, clean and ever perfect Love!
Calm, here, 'mid scorn and insults; far above
Man's petulance and pride and hate of Thee
While Thou wert serving him with constancy;
Because Thou'rt God, leaving for Him Thy home,
Because Thou'rt highest, to the lowest come!

There is no warmer, richer, dearer word
In all the universe, than Love; 't is lord
Supreme; Thy name; Thy nature, character;
Excelling always, Thou art monarch here!
We know, too, it shall final conqueror prove
And Thou shalt rest as Thou hast wrought, in love.

Love stretches forth and backward, through the scope
Of all existence; giving faith and hope
And love and objects for their exercise,
And room for their expansion to the skies;
The wealth of all Thy earliest purposes
And glory of all future blessedness.

'T is a relief to know that, in Thy sight,
In the past ages' venerable flight
Before Thy face, O God! sin, after all,
Is really modern and ephemeral;
And it shall cease; the happy hour comes fast
That shall remand it to a mouldy past.

When it was not and when it shall not be,
Who brought this terrible calamity
We know; and who shall take it all away;
And eagerly await His glorious day

God, Light and Love.

Who shall be crowned and settled on His throne
 Lord of all lords, King whom all kings shall own.

As the fierce storm, crashing across the sky
 Till now serene, charged with destruction nigh
 And far, and spreading havoc everywhere,
 Then ceasing, a cleansed heavens and earth are there.
 So love survives sin's blast, by Thy intent,
 Transient the storm, the heavens permanent.

III.

Thou didst not in the early ages tell
 Thy love; scarce even unto Israel;
 And though in all Thy acts 't was clearly shown
 Thou couldst not then by word well make it known;
 While Thou wert then commanding—Love thou Me!
 No sweet voice even whispered—I love thee.

How couldst Thou thus restrain Thyself; and hold
 The pent fire in Thy bosom; and in cold,
 Judicial language stipulate with man
 Placing himself, in pride, beneath a ban;
 When Thou didst know him lost; as if to draw
 From will estranged, obedience to Thy law?

He had no eyes for Thee; no heart to feel
 Love, in the loving acts Thou didst reveal;
 He had no mind for Thee; he could not grasp
 Thy purposes profound; nor even clasp
 The Hand held to him in each Offering
 Typing, the richer blood, sin cancelling.

God, Light and Love.

Yet Israel's prophets, by Thy Spirit moved,
Tell of the past and how Thine own were loved;
And, in that, pledge the glory yet to come
Under their Prince, in their recovered home;
But this forecast of love is of the time
After Thou hast, in us, shown love sublime.

For when all dispensations closed, and when
All trials showed man's guilt and ruin; then
Thou hadst Thy time of love ineffable,
The might and wealth of love unto the full,
Giving Thy Son to death for sin in grace
And raising Him unto the highest place.

That time is now; and range and amplitude
Thou hast in this:—there is, of man, none good;
And Thy fine style of grace, now once installed,
Its wondrous method cannot be recalled.
In Christ Thou art committed thus to bless,
And Israel's draft on love cannot be less.

All satisfaction in their future years,
All depths of joy for centuries of tears,
All glory among nations and all worth,
All springs of gladness through the waiting earth
All joining earth and heaven, in this are stored;
All shall be filled with knowledge of the Lord.

IV.

We know Thee now so well that we can say,
Who lowest goes is God! who finds a way

Through all impossibilities, of hate
 And hardness, stubbornness most obdurate;
 Who bears, gives and forgives most; at whose nod
 All His own treasures ope for us, is God!

So well, that we triumphantly can boast
 That He who loves most and who does the most
 Yea, all; on whom we can most surely count
 In every need; who is, Himself, a fount
 Perennial of choicest gifts; is He,
 The unupbraiding God, whose sons are we!

So well, that, when we've fallen into sin,
 We run to Thee to make us wholly clean;
 That, when by our own folly, negligence
 Or even willfulness or blinded sense,
 We've failed, we know who'll spring to our relief;
 Infinite pity feeling all our grief.

O God! What have we not in Thee, always?
 God! our God! Strength and joy of all our days!
 Father! who must have children born to Thee!
 Lover! who wooed us for Thy company!
 Saviour! in the rich splendor of Thy grace,
 Bringing the vilest unto Thy embrace!

Friend, closest! lifting us unto Thy side!
 Giver! delighting to spread far and wide
 Thy benefactions; seeking empty ones;
 For Thou art Seeker, too; seeking sons,
 Seeking the lost and seeking worshippers
 From those the farthest off and foreigners!

v.

Hadst Thou in helplessness come to our door
With countenance marred, as One who sorrow bore,
Poor and not knowing where to lay Thy head,
And needing sympathy and love, or bread;
We would have spurned Thee; witness, Thine own Son
As Babe and Man, the sole rejected One!

'T is pride, 't is self-deception that assert
We would, in tenderness have healed Thy hurt;
What was from us the measure of relief
O Man of sorrows and acquaint with grief?
No room at birth, at death a murderer's doom
By base betrayal; then a stranger's tomb.

Naught but the perseverance of Thy grace
Could all these outrages and insults face
And find a way to gain us, though we ran
Away from every overture and plan,
Showing our hatred to all good and Thee.
O God! that man should be Thine enemy!

Who could endure like Thee, full panoplied
With power to crush; and every plea, indeed,
Against man, save Thy pitying, loving heart
And not one anywhere to take his part?
Vengeance was ripe, awaiting but Thy sword
It fell; but on Another, Christ, our Lord!

O marvellous sight! we turn aside to see
God manifest in flesh! And thus to be,

First emptying then humbling self; and so
 Taking the servant's form, of all most low;
 That love might gain and right sustain no loss
 Then suffering death, the criminal's, the cross!

O magnanimity of love, that gave
 Gladly Thine all, an enemy to save!
 Yet reticent of sorrow or heart-break
 In yielding Him to death, when Thou didst make
 Him, sin for us! And yet Thou pain could'st know
 For us and with us: Thou has told us so.

Is this Thy wonted method of display
 Because 't is possible? No, the array
 Of sinless ones, the unfallen hosts above,
 Show Thou canst taintless ones sustain in love:
 They, the safe "ninety-nine" who Thee surround,
 We, the poor lost one, by Thee sought and found.

If Thou hast other habitable spheres,
 We trust there naught but purity appears;
 That sin, e'en though subtended by Thy work
 Beyond all words, Redemption, does not lurk
 In other corners of the universe:
 But, without let, all things Thy praise rehearse.

VI.

It is impossible here to conceive
 Of Thee aright, apart from Christ. They weave
 A web from their imagination, who
 Tell of a God who nothing has to do!

Christ is Thy work, concentrated and supreme,
All things were made by Him and all for Him.

Yet some will speak of Thee as Love; and look
Alone to Thy creation as the book
To read, and thus, with blinded eyes, the love
They see, their lusts and vices will approve;
Groping through Nature, thinking there to find
Without Thy holiness and heart, Thy mind.

Christ is the measure of Thy love; the span
Across the abyss between Thyself and man;
Christ crucified, the answer to our sin,
Christ risen, Thy delight to bring us in;
Ignoring this, faith's truest euphrasy,
In all their search they find not love nor Thee

They will not understand that sin has come
And must be justly met; that, like the home
The willful one forsook when forth he ranged
To spend all; coming back, he found all changed;
And what a change! Each welcome element
Arranged to give the father's heart full vent.

Arranged, too, for a ruined, needy one,
Who, when brought back, shall take the place of son
On a new ground; that cost the father, too;
All clearly undeserved and all things new;
It now held, the first state forever ceased,
A best robe, shoes, ring, fatted calf and feast!

And thus a happy father! Ah God! we
Well know who He is now so filled with glee;

Thou and Thy house! And this the furnishing,
 When ruined men Thou dost unto Thee bring.
 We've put Thee to this labor and this cost,
 And given Thee this joy; we who were dead and lost.

VII.

This is Thy work! And Thou hast loved us thus!
 This, Thy salvation; love all glorious!
 This is our God; and we shall see Thee soon!
 Life here, to that, is twilight unto noon!
 Yet, e'en the faintest ray that leads the dawn,
 Is as true light as when mid-day comes on.

But there, not light and dark, but light alone
 Shall mark the day when we shall face Thy throne;
 Light never to grow dim forevermore!
 Glory and love; and love the glory's store;
 Alike disclosing Thee just as Thou art
 And reaching man's true case with Thy whole heart.

When, free from all enthrallments that surround,
 We spring to Thee with an exultant bound,
 We shall be welcomed to a scene to which
 Our souls here by Thy love, have learned the pitch;
 For thus the rudiments of that world's bliss
 Become familiar to the heart in this.

To start with every soul-nerve sensitive
 In the acutest form, how could we live?
 Our boundless property in bliss how bear—
 The eternal weight and wealth of glory there!
 Launched on that sea of immortality
 Our stay will be we still have Christ and Thee,

His well known face and Thy familiar call
Shall give us courage to endure it all;
And we shall come to that bright scene, so dear,
Of sinlessness, as born to it, nor fear
Association with heaven's veterans in joy
Where praising Thee has been their one employ.

And Thy unsullied brightness we'll confront
Prepared by knowing that which is Thy wont
Through all Thine own unforced, untrammelled ways
With heart and conscience paramount, to praise
Thee, in Thine own glad presence, undimmed Light,
The glory of that day which knows no night.

And, until that Epiphany, no power
Can separate us from Thy love; through our
Almighty Conqueror, the malign host
Of Satan, filling, to the uttermost,
The heavens, is routed and Thine own pure strength
Is pledged to make us conquerors, at length.

It seems the acme of all blessedness
Just to submit and let Thee work and press
The infinite results into our lives
Till not one thing of our old ways survives:
And, as Thy pleasure always is to give
Ours be responsive: always to receive.

Always to drink from always full supplies
Of love so tender, strong, minute and wise,
Thoughtful and true, in manner exquisite
And able the deep wants it forms to meet:
For Thou hast in Thy works enough; and O!
Ever in Thine exhausted Self, to show,

Beloved of God.

Romans 1. 7.

I.

Thou lovest me! And yet Thy child
Is wayward, foolish, oft defiled;
Is slow to learn and dull to hold,
Quick to forget what thou hast told;
In service feeble, seeking ease
Ofttimes, instead of Thee to please;
Thus poor my record e'er will be,
And yet, O God, Thou lovest me!

II.

Thou lovest me, because that love
Is in Thee, of Thee; yea, above
All acts, love's self is all Thine own!
Thou, God, art love; Thou, love alone!
Hadst thou but waited for my call,
Or love in me, then not at all
Had I this purest ecstasy .
Known ever, that Thou lovest me!

III.

Thou lovest me with that rich heart
That sought its object far apart
From all that's winning, all that's good;
Because Thou'rt God Thy love has stood;
Thus Thou and I the story tell,
Spanning all distance possible;
I, nothing; Thou, infinity;
I, hateful; but Thou lovest me!

IV.

Thou lovest me! yes, Thou, God! Thou!
Thyself told out completely now—
Thy holiness, Thy majesty;
Yet this Thou add'st, Thou lovest me!
Me! me, the bad, without one claim,
Whose fellowship and touch were shame;
In this prevail'st Thou mightily,
Thou tak'st no taint by loving me!

V.

Nor is it shame to love me so!
None but Thou, God, durst stoop so low;
Because Thou'rt Thou! Thy glory this,
The high prerogative of bliss
Like Thine—Thyself the bliss—to love
With grand, imperial love, to move
With sovereign will, and so, to be
All things to me by loving me!

VI.

Thou lovest me, shall be my boast,
Whene'er the foe annoys me most;
Parades each circumstance of ill,
And magnifies the griefs I feel;
Intensifies the bitterness
Of trials, talks of my distress;
As though I could forsaken be!
I know, I know Thou lovest me!

VII.

Yes, he will speak of wrath, of rod,
Blaspheme Thee to my fears, my God!
Make light my gains, enlarge on loss;
My soul makes answer, "There's the cross!"
Beyond that wrath can never come;
Upon it Christ met all my doom;
From condemnation I am free!
There, there I find Thou lovest me.

VIII.

Thou lovest me! And that shall stand
Deeper than sea, firmer than land,
'Gainst all that Satan can evoke,
'Gainst destitution, sorrow, stroke,
Scorn, tribulation, hate of man
And ways of Thine I cannot scan;
I see, above all mystery,
This one clear fact, Thou lovest me!

IX.

This settles every doubt and fear,
Makes me a happy worshipper;
Gives to the weary feet a spring,
Makes the face shine, the tongue to sing;
Gives conscience, too, a clear release,
The heart a confidence and peace;
Fills every day and hour with glee—
The joy of heaven—Thou lovest me!

X.

That I am so belov'd of God,
Must form my manners on the road
I journey, till I meet Thy Son,
My Lord, who all Thy love has shown;
Must separate from world and sin,
From every path that He's not in;
Incite to toil, bring victory;
The only power, Thou lovest me!

XI.

And how Thy love invites my love!
Draws my whole soul toward thee to move!
Makes possible to faith Thy facts
And all assurances! Thy acts,
The most astounding, no more strange
Can be, since I'm within their range
By knowing Thee, through love so free,
By knowing how Thou lovest me!

XII.

It is enough; no element
I want, to give my heart content,
I sit within this love's pure glow
With great delight, and waiting so,
The certain coming of my Lord,
So clearly told in love's sure word;
Then the full flow of life shall be
In heaven as here, Thou lovest me!

The Kindness of God.

2 Samuel ix.

I.

In the desolate country of Lo-Debar,
Away from the home of his kindred, afar,
Away beyond Jordan, as if fearing death,
An exile was living, named Mephi-bosheth;
The grandson of Saul—whom God set aside
From being to Israel a king and a guide—
A menace to David by virtue of blood,
As one of that family already showed;
And, as if to render his misery complete,
He was crippled in body,—lame in both feet.

II.

But crowned, and for life, by Jehovah's decree,
The man whom Saul sought to destroy, we now see;
Descended from Judah, the tribe of His choice,
To govern His people and wait on His voice;
The man of His heart, called from shepherding sheep
To shepherd His Israel, His counsels to keep;
The highest of honors, which God will accord
To greater than David, his Son and his Lord.
And here he was sovereign and clothed with all might
To put down each foe that endangered his right.

III.

Thus he of that far-off and wilderness place
Would never have looked to King David for grace;
For taint of the blood he could never atone,
And all he could hope for was to be let alone;
He showed, too, his fears by his self-banishment
Away from his home; and, with no ill intent
To the king or his kingdom, was thinking, at best,
Unknown and obscure in oblivion to rest.
Thus thought he by silence to escape royal rod,
But ne'er to be sought out by the kindness of God.

IV.

The kindness of God! O, abyssmal the thought!
With depths all unfathomed of bliss it is fraught;
It stands out unique in its own solitude,
Beyond all conception of what man has named good,
'T is simply itself, God's own kindness, that stayed
Till fitting occasion to have it displayed,
And most fitting objects to make it abound;
Its objects the lowest and worst to be found,
The farthest from God, the unlikeliest of all,
The last to be thought of on whom He would call.

V.

And David had learned in a wonderful way,
As he sat in his house on one memorable day
And looked on the beautiful home he possessed,
The ark of Jehovah having no place of rest,
And longed to do something for God in the case,
Forgetting the best doing is worship and praise:

So learned that, for him now to show it, at all,
 No object would suit like this grandson of Saul:
 So taught was he then that his cup overran,
 He saw far beyond all the "manner of man."

VI.

'T was like God to send out His message of peace
 To those who by nature were His enemies;
 'T was like Him to go, in His love, any length,
 To bring those unto Him who were without strength;
 'T was like Him forever to answer all fear
 By placing the farthest and lowest most near;
 'T was His in the depths of His goodness, to seek
 The wretched and guilty and lowly and weak;
 And blest was King David to journey this road,
 Blest thus to be used as the vessel of God.

VII.

"For Jonathan's sake" must this kindness be shown,
 And God displays grace in Christ Jesus, alone;
 The One of His counsels, in whom He would give
 Salvation and life unto all who believe.
 True Jonathan, He "whom Jehovah gave,"
 His only Beloved, that lost ones might have
 A place with Himself in the glory above,
 A place in accord with his infinite love;
 Thus telling for ages of ages abroad
 The full and immeasurable kindness of God,

VIII.

How fitting the words then that David let fall—
“Is any one left of the household of Saul
To whom I may show now the kindness of God?”
O happy the day for that one that now could
Confess to such place! And, no matter how sad,
’T was all that was asked, and ’t was all that he had!
Till now ’t would have seemed his true title to wrath,
But now ’t is his title to all the king hath!
Thus sought out and brought with the tenderness meet,
“Thy servant behold!” tells he at the king’s feet.

IX.

“Fear not!” was his greeting; and with what a bound
Of delight must this prone one have welcomed the sound
Of forgiveness and life! But hearken! there’s more—
“The land of thy fathers I fully restore!”
O, what was “for Jonathan’s sake” to him then!
Peace, standing, established possession ’midst men.
But David had more in his heart to set free:—
“Eat bread at my table continually!”
This grandly excelleth; love seeks its own mode,
Unknown in man’s ways this tells only of God.

X.

An enemy’s son, now and henceforth to be his!
Perfection and summit of blessing was this;
Not e’en “the three mighties;” not Zeruah’s sons,
Not one of the “thirty” met such a response:
Adullam, En-gedi and Ziklag had proved
Their prowess and faithfulness to him they loved;

And they were rewarded; but service can't lift
 To such a relationship; that is pure gift.
 Rewards may be graded to suit with each case,
 As service has limits; but limitless, grace!

XI.

To act so o'erwhelming what could he reply
 But "why look'st thou on such a dead dog as I?"
 A "dead dog" indeed, ah, we know what that means,
 Unclean in our nature and dead in our sins;
 The widest extremes—God and we—are seen thus,
 His wealth of grace shown in His great love to us;
 How wondrous the record that when we were dead,
 He quickened and raised us up in Christ, our Head
 And seated us in Him in His own abode
 To show to the ages the kindness of God!

XII.

What a marvelous dignity, glory and rest!
 Apart from all merit so signally blest!
 Distinguished thus richly, responsible, he
 To rejoice as the object of love, worthily;
 To meet the king's heart and take always his seat
 In fullest communion, was service complete;
 To rejoice and receive; not to struggle and do,
 Was meeting this kindness in manner most true,
 He stood on no promise or pledge he might make,
 But settled forever, "for Jonathan's sake."

XIII.

And so, when the king was deprived of his throne,
This one his grace moulded, disdained then to own
The traitor as reigning, but could only mourn:
How could he for Absalom ever adorn?
Refusing to find there the comfort of home
Until the true king to his kingdom should come;
The Beloved One absent, what was all his stuff?
And when he was present, himself was enough!
E'en so, while we joy in Christ Jesus, to-day,
We've no portion here while our Lord is away.

Grace Only.

O why should God, who dwells above
In glorious light and holiness,
Stoop to this scene of deep distress?
Why should His mercy ever move
Toward worthless enemies, unless
His name, Himself, is LOVE ?

And what is it He brings to such,
Coming to seek that He may save;
And in that going to the grave,
To find the ones He loves so much,
That they eternal life may have
Up-springing at His touch?

What is Thy claim upon that heart,
Which He unfolds in boundless ways,
Pleading the right in these displays,
In fullest measure to impart?
What is thy title to this grace,
But thou a sinner art?

Surely there is no other ground
For taking all the wealth He gives;
All thought of earning but deceives;
It is the lost one who is found!
The dead in trespasses that lives!
So does His grace abound.

He knows the largeness of thy need,
The plague, the emptiness, the sore;
He knows the fitness of His store
To meet it all; thou needst not plead,
He giveth richly, more and more;
It is His joy, indeed!

Then take, O, guilty, helpless one,
Peace, pardon, life and glory now;
Take as He gives, nor question how
Or why these wondrous things are done,
While He is seeking to endow,
Companions for His Son.

To-Day.

To-day God is telling a wonderful story,
The sweetest and gladdest that ever was told;
The fullest disclosure of grace and of glory,
Kept hidden from all of His prophets of old.

He tells of a life to be heartily given
To all who will take it, for nothing at all;
A life that is linked with His Son now in heaven,
From which 't is impossible any should fall.

He brings the assurance of present salvation,
Eternal as God's own immutable throne;
Deliverance forever from all condemnation
A standing in Christ and the place of a son.

He offers a share in the fortunes awaiting
Him, now on the throne of His Father set down!
That they who receive Him get all that 's relating
To Him, the New Man, from the cross to the crown.

He says that, for those who believe, He 's preparing
A place that is suited to rank such as this:
That He will come for them! So much is He caring,
That they shall be worthily brought into bliss.

And then there 's another and delicate meaning
In all this great volume of love that we greet;
There 's One that He sends, for the time intervening,
To teach and dwell in them till Him they shall meet:

The Spirit, the Comforter, fitted for teaching
His things, in the present, the past and to come;
Thus filling their hearts with Himself, until reaching
His presence, they 'll know the full wealth of His home.

This then is the day, when, with love far-exceeding,
With all that He has, God would lost ones endow:
The acceptable time, e'en the time of His pleading,
The day of salvation, God's wonderful now!

God's Love to Me.

"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us."—1 John iv. 16.

I.

O God! it is enough for me
That Thou hast brought me close to Thee!
It is enough in every trial,
Sufficient in the world's denial;
This fills and satisfies the heart,
Though every word's a poisoned dart:
That I am Thine,
That Thou art mine!

II.

It comes anew with full relief
In days of saddest, sorest grief;
Simply Thy love, Thine own, o'erflowing.
Known deeply, yet beyond all knowing:
That I am taken as Thy son,
Taken to be with Christ as one!
That thus I'm Thine,
O Love divine!

III.

Father! The gladness of Thy love,
Thy heart, and thus Thyself to prove—
Beyond all benefits, all blessing,
All gifts conferred, Thyself possessing,—
This must consume affections, will,
And give me strength to meet each ill.
Ah, to know Thee
Is ecstasy!

IV.

The radiance of Thy face, while here
In struggle, maketh all things clear;
When by the depths of sin confounded,
I know above it grace abounded;
I know Thou lovest Christ too much
And me, to let me fall by such;
 I prove, in Thee,
 Love's constancy.

V.

All possibilities are there
Within Thy love, to meet all care;
To turn the thoughts that might be sadness,
To songs of purest joy and gladness;
Not what I've done, but what Thou art
Gives proof that we shall never part.
 I'll be with Thee
 Eternally!

VI.

And though all service be but poor,
All occupation, little more,
A failure to perceive Thy meaning
But little sowing and less gleanings,
Though most that I have done be burned
Though all; this has my heart well learned—
 Thou still hast me!
 I still have Thee!

VII.

I know and I believe Thy love!
 And naught can ever this remove;
 Thou'st told me, and I but receive it,
 I reason not, simply believe it;
 Taking Thy Son whom Thou hast sent,
 As Thine eternal argument;

Enough for Thee!

Enough for me!

VIII.

If this be not Thy meaning, why
 Didst Thou set Him before mine eye,
 The only, all-sufficient Saviour,
 Meeting my sin, my worst behavior,
 Then strike down every other hope,
 Jealous for Him Thou didst raise up?

Why this from Thee

If not for me?

IX.

Though some may tell me of their works
 To gain this peace, I know there lurks
 Within their words, a real denying
 That Christ has finished all by dying;
 From Satan I know this to be,
 Pure hatred to Thy Christ and Thee.

He's all to Thee!

He's all to me!

X.

How shall I tell this everywhere!
Here and e'en when with Thee, up there;
Dying, I'll risk my all upon it,
Living, I stand in Him who's done it,
Waiting for Him, it is with peace
Settled and righteous, His release
 Wrought there for me
 Upon the Tree!

XI.

Eternity has lost its gloom,
Become my soul's attractive home
Because Thou'rt there; and every longing
And all the hopes within me thronging
Wait fruitage there with certainty;
O 't will be heaven to dwell with Thee!
 And soon I'll be
 At home, with Thee!

XII.

I can conceive no bliss apart
From Thee, revealed just as Thou art!
I find, with me, the very essence
Of all that's true is Thine own presence;
A soundless love that is so bold
Must ever deeper depths unfold;
 It came to me!
 It brought to Thee!

God's Own Plea.

"We pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God."—2 Cor. v. 20.

Only the lost sinner's place to confess,
Only an absolute helplessness,
Only the truth of you; not more nor less;
Only such needy ones Christ came to bless.

Chorus.—We pray you, we pray you,
In Christ's stead we pray;
Be ye reconciled
Unto God, e'en this day!

Simply the knowing that you God has sought;
Simply accrediting all as unbought,
Simply now taking salvation for naught,
Simply then having all Christ Jesus brought.

Just as God states it, His word to believe,
Just as he offers it, life to receive;
Just this; or else how His heart you bereave!
Just now; or O, how the Savior you grieve!

O to be glad to be saved at this hour!
O to be grasping this infinite dower!
O to be wise in this day of God's power;
O to be safe when the judgment shall lower!

Why, when all's offered, not richly partake?
Why to the need of it not now awake?
Why, when you're thirsting, your thirst not now slake?
Why put it off when so much is at stake?

Ah, it is pitiful, how you delay!
Ah, it is ruin, to put Christ away!
Ah, how He longs, how He's waiting to-day!
Ah, when He cometh, what will you then say?

Surely His blood for your sins can atone!
Surely you'll rest on His merits alone!
Surely He'll make you this moment, His own!
Surely then with Him you'll sit on His throne!

“Yet There is Room.”

Luke xv. 22.

Since Christ died and rose the rich story is told
Of the power of His blood in delivering from doom;
Its strong plea and wide welcome can never grow old,
'T is the voice of God's heart, crying, Yet there is room!

Not alone an escape, but a glad argument
'T is for faith into joy and assurance to bloom;
Now, since God is so happy, so deeply intent
Upon having all share; and for all there is room.

There is room for the vilest because he is vile;
This strips off all the goodness which he may assume;
For the wealth of God's mercy must have its own style
Of imperial delight in providing this room.

So if you 're without God, He 'd not be without you.
See, His door is wide open; love forces to come:
It 's at once to be saved, and not something to do,
For the helpless and hopeless there surely is room.

He receives in His love the lost one as a son;
And rejecting His plea is eternity's gloom:
While, receiving is heirship to all Christ has won.
Ah, the worst of all sins is not filling this room!

The Feast.

Matt. xxii : 1-12 ; Luke xiv, xv.

A feast ! A feast ! And a right royal one !
Such as the King would make for His Son !
A feast to express the Giver's own heart ;
A marriage feast that is lifted apart
In grandeur from every one anywhere known !—
God's love stands unique, unrivalled, alone ;—
The glorious result of His counsels and love,
His wealth and His wisdom most fully to prove.
A feast such as no one but royalty makes,
Where none has to pay and where each one partakes
To the full ; and no fear that he'll ever exhaust
What's so richly provided at infinite cost.

There is always a freshness in every delight,
And still a new charm in each object of sight ;
And ever new harmonies for the glad ear
And honors and prizes and greetings most dear
And joys without weariness, depths all untold
Of blessedness, growing without growing old ;
New wonders and splendors, new methods of bliss
That differ from all we have heard of in this :—
That, used to the utmost, there is not a taint,
No carefulness needed, no reserve, no restraint.

The scene commands all things, it has its own ways
Of returns for all losses,
Of crowns for all crosses,

Embraces for curses; for dishonor, praise.
E'en though on the pathway all evils are poured,
The smile of the Giver, the festival's lord,
Dissolves, as a mist, the remembrance of ill ;
One moment with Him, there, shall so fix and thrill
The eye and the heart, 'twere impossible, then,
To recall aught of sadness we'd had among men.

O wonder of wonders ! O sweetest of stories,
Excelling all thought in its simplest of glories !
O sum of all longings through ages of sorrow,
Illuming to-day with God's brightest to-morrow !
His gladness, His feast and His long promised rest,
Bestowing His grandest, His richest, His best
On all who will take it, without a restriction,
His final, eternal and full benediction !

And now, who will go to this wonderful feast ?
The call is borne out to the greatest and least ;
The most loving words from the tenderest of hearts,
Who knows well the wiles and the most subtle arts
Of him who opposes, the arch-enemy,
Who brought upon man all his deep misery ;
Who'd hinder the needy from e'er coming here
And slander the Giver and call Him severe. —
What an answer the Supper, itself, must e'er be,
Its wide invitation, its welcome so free !—
The messengers, therefore, with speed are now sent,
And, gathering His meaning, their hearts are intent

To make widely known the rich blessing for all
In plainest of terms ; and 'tis thus that they call :—
“Ho! all things are ready! All things have been done!
The King would have guests to the feast for His Son!
The oxen and fatlings are killed, and there's naught
That is needed for any of which He has not thought.
He now would His treasures of love all bring forth,
And have all as sharers, East, West, South and North.
Here none can be slighted because he is poor,
As, the greater the need is, He gives all the more ;
And the appetite grows, the power to enjoy,
As grows the supply ; so nothing can cloy.
There are boundless resources, there is plenty of room,
The only conditions are, that you will come!”

Sure, when all is thus told, there are none can delay,
They'll go, they'll all go, for they can't stay away ;
Once having been bidden and now made aware
Of the time, they will eagerly press to be there ;
And, in this display of the riches of grace,
They'll take with thanksgiving, each fully, his place!

Ah, hear! What, excuses? The glory refused?
The cool, settled answer, “Pray have me excused!”
Excused? From an honor the highest on earth!
From wealth that makes all that they have, of no worth!
From drinking forever the wine of God's joy!
From infinite blessings! excused; for a toy!
Excused! Just as though it were something to dread,
Instead of God's offer of life from the dead!
Ah me! God's great feast is but small in men's eyes,
And grace, that has spread it, they only despise!

And thus does the sinner, who will not receive
Forgiveness and life, but defraud and bereave
His heart that has opened in limitless love
And eagerly waits now to bring him above.
Excused? Had the reason been they were too poor
Or worthless,—but no; for they each had a store
Sufficient to occupy both heart and hand.
The one had to see to his new piece of land,
Rejecting, for that, e'en the Beulah of God,
A land with no curse and the richest e'er trod.
And one with the oxen he'd bought would be skilled,
Despising the feast where the oxen were killed;—
God's verdict on everything here that has breath
Results in what's hated, the sentence of death.—
Another had taken a wife and would stay
From the marriage feast of the King's Son away.
Thus each had a counterfeit feast of his own
That he would rejoice in and leave God alone.
Man will not acknowledge the lesson, indeed,
That his claim upon God are his sin and his need;
To be saved is the only obedience, now,
And, till saved, all work is refusal to bow.
Thus, none who were counted as friends, even moved,
By which the sad state of man's nature is proved;
So sure and so settled his hatred of good,
So fixed in his actions and life has he stood,
So deep and so thorough his ruin by sin,
That, purely from choice, he would never go in;
For God he has nothing, whatever his boast,
And even in boasting he's showing it most,

To be but himself, and thus, only to live,
Is to do without God and refuse to receive.
What is needful for life, he would have, afar off,
As "the younger son" gathered together his stuff
And took it away from his father to waste ;
We'd be independent of God to the last!
The presence of God provokes instant alarm,
If He likes a thing it has then lost its charm.
Alas ! there is sadder than this to relate,
This kindest of messages filled some with hate ;
And, to show what malignity really could do,
They seized on those servants and some of them slew !

Yet the feast, that man spreads, no rejection e'er meets,
Nay, rather, all seek for the uppermost seats.
'Tis the building of self, in both host and in guest,
He, asking rich neighbors ; they, grasping the best.
Like "the elder son" who would feast with *his* friends,
With self, all man does both begins and there ends.

How blessed that God of His love can't repent!
He may, of creating ; in judging, relent ;
Will turn from His wrath, e'en with hand lifted high,
But love is Himself, which He cannot deny ;
Repent of the sorrows and evils He's brought,
Of making one king who had served Him in naught ;
But He'll stand by His purpose of grace ever true,
Above and beyond what poor man e'er can do ;
He has made no mistake in His mercy and ruth,
His glory's the fulness of grace and of truth.

And thus the feast waits with its welcome still wide,
Its riches o'erflowing on every side ;

"Go out!" is the word from that great heart of pity,
 "Go out to the streets and the lanes of the city!"
 'Tis for those who've found need in the midst of profession,
 Who, grasping the name, have enjoyed no possession;
 Who, living in that wherein God had once been,
 Have found themselves weary and laden with sin.
 But these must come in and the weary shall rest,
 The famished be fed and the poor have the best.
 'Tis done, and with speed; and the many have come,
 'Tis done as commanded and still there is room!
 'Tis done; and the glorious fact here is shown
 That infinite goodness has laws of its own,
 Reversing all precedents standing of old;
 For grace, to be grace, must be ever thus bold.
 See! gathered there first, are the halt, maimed and blind!
 On Israel's establishment, these were the kind
 Shut out from God's presence; as, when men would stand
 On doing, perfection must be the demand;
 Pure mercy the ground, then the broken and lame,
 The weak and despicable, objects of shame!
 Disclosing the contrast between now and then;
 Now, all is of God; but then, 'twas of men.
 O, who would be fit in himself for the place?
 Yet each one that's needy is fitted for grace.
 "And yet there is room!" and "My house must be filled!"
 Here, then, unbelief and all fears must be stilled.
 It is worthy of God to give this as His reason,
 One drawn from Himself in this happy season;
 This day of salvation and counsels supreme,
 The sin question settled, His Son now His theme.

It is worthy of Christ, who deserves, well, to save
For nothing, all those who salvation will have.
Beyond lanes and streets of the city they run
To outcasts whom those first invited would shun;
For God cares for all; and no matter what plan
He may use for a time, His great love is toward man;
And when He'd tell out His own joy in His Son
And all of His glory, He'd have every one.
'Tis the gospel that takes in its loving embrace
The ruined and needy ones of the whole race.
No lines nor exactions nor ordinance here,
He'd bring the far-off ones as well as the near;
The depth of His riches refuses restraints,
He goes where He chooses to gather His saints.
No claim had they on Him, no prospect of good,
Save only they had hunger and He had the food.

How startling the summons—"The King must have you
At once at His table, with no more ado!
'Compel' was the word that He used to express
His purpose of love and His deep earnestness;
He awaits your attendance, come just as you are;
Your robes He's provided with exquisite care,
For glory and beauty; so haste to be there!"
And thus the compelled ones, alone, are pressed in,
The ones who through mercy have found out their sin.

What was the constraint that successfully wrought
On these, the far-off ones, by which they were brought
To take here a place by nature not theirs
And feast at the banquet that mercy prepares?

It was God, in His action, apart from all merit,
 It was our God, the Father, the Son and the Spirit ;
 God, showing His joy now in doing it all,
 And reaching the uttermost depths of the fall.
 The Son was the Shepherd who came where man was
 E'en down to the criminal's death on the cross ;
 Our state, as unrighteous, here righteously met,
 The vile in the light of His presence now set.
 We learn what our need is by what has been done ;
 If God must, to save us, to death give His Son,
 We bow to the sentence of death as our due ;
 God's judgment received is repentance most true.

But still, our condition was worse than the sheep's ;
 As shown by the Woman, who thoroughly sweeps
 And seeks with the aid of a light, her lost piece.
 Ah, here, what a picture of our stupid ease !
 Insensible, ever, to all we'd remain
 Until by the word, as the light, is made plain
 Alone by the Spirit, our desperate case,
 Incurably sinful in nature and ways.
 And the Woman must sweep, as the Shepherd must go,
 Since Christ died for sinners, God must let sinners know ;
 His honor's invested in this, as her name ;
 She must find her piece to save her from shame.
 Now, learning all this, in the presence of love,
 Love, earnest and tender which must itself prove ;
 Which led God the Son to pay sin's dreadful cost,
 The Spirit to come, then, to expose us as lost,
 The Father, with gladness to run forth to meet
 With kiss, ring and robe and the shoes for the feet ;—

For of old, the rebellious son should be stoned,
For such "riotous living" there was nothing atoned ;
But now the heart's self must assert its own right,
The son is run after and kissed with delight !
The stone has been cast upon One in his place
And the Arm that has flung it springs back to embrace!—
A love that, whate'er in man's case would appall,
Has measured and sounded and then met it all ;
Revealing that God has His honor conserved
In Christ on the cross, from which He's ne'er swerved.
When all is thus finished, what is there remains ?
Love, acting so thoroughly, ever constrains ;
Grace, reigning through righteousness, by Christ, our Lord,
Gives perfect assurance, confirmed by God's word.
Not innocent now, but by grace justified,
We joyfully enter this door opened wide.

But, when they had come in, thus strongly constrained
To enter where grace now through righteousness reigned,
Behold a new element ; new and yet old,
As old as man's will and as defiantly bold ;—
When the King came to see and to welcome each guest
He found there a man who had refused to be dressed
In the glorious apparel provided for each,
Preferring his own garment, as if to impeach
The wisdom and kindness that made the demand.
Thus, too, man refuses in Christ, only, to stand ;
As if he had not become lost in the fall,
And there were no need Christ should suffer, at all !
Despising this manifestation of grace
He would thrust his own righteousness into God's face ;

As if, without cleansing and holiness, he
 Could go on forever in God's company!
 The insult thus clear, as clear was the doom,
 Excuseless, cast into outer darkness and gloom;
 While they who, as called, were cleansed, clothed and
 crowned,

Rejoice in salvation on God's righteous ground.

But O, who shall tell of the rapturous sight
 Within, where is spread this blest feast of delight?
 It need not be told unto those who are within
 It cannot be told unto those who've not seen.
 God, known in His love and His wisdom and power,
 God, leading unhindered in joy more and more.
 Christ, seen as foundation and substance of bliss,
 Christ's joy in the gathering of all that are His.
 As future, the natural home-life of heaven,
 As present, enjoyed through the Spirit that's given,
 The earnest of all our inheritance there
 Which Christ has gone forward, just now, to prepare;
 What the eye has not seen nor the ear ever heard
 But God has revealed by His Spirit and word.

And what is the joy of this scene and its source?
 What gives it its depth and its fulness and force?
 In whom are its elements centred and shown?
 Whose majesty, glory and ancient renown
 Are here to be manifest fully abroad?
 It is Christ Jesus, Lord, Son of God, ever God!
 Whatever the names of dishonor or worth
 He had, by man's folly or faith upon earth,

God gives Him all honor for all He has done,
Revealing Himself is displaying His Son.
He forms all the purposes, fills each decree,
Gives potency, certainty, true symmetry,
Proportion and form unto all God has said;
All failing in man but secure in our Head.
O wonderful One! Ever worthy art Thou
That all things in earth and in heaven shall bow ;
And all with increasing delight shall yet own
Thee, Head, Lord and excellent glory alone !

“They began to be merry!” The feast has begun!
Begun; and that feasting shall never have done;
Begun with the thrill in the soul that's new-born,
That's sprung from the darkness of night unto morn ;
Responsive to Him whose full joy is here told
And lasting still fresh when eternity's old;
Filled up with and showing whatever is good,
Whatever is right by redemption through blood;
Whatever is holy and spotless and pure,
Whatever is truest, established and sure ;
Whatever is glorious, peerless, sublime,
The constant condition, unmeasured by time;
Whatever is tenderest, noblest and best,
Whatever by God has been passed through His test ;
The thorough reversal of all Satan's work,
That nowhere the traces of sin shall e'er lurk;
The permanent settling in true holiness
Of the difficult questions that here vex and press ;
All evil undone ; and so, all violence
Forgotten; together with sin's consequence;

And then imperfection and failure, all ceased,
And all the true joy we have known, here, increased;
Our highest conceptions, the richest ideal,
Become, in a moment, there fixed as the real;
The sum of all excellence, purposed and planned
By God for Himself and His own, then to stand;
The meaning and fulness of life before Him,
His own satisfaction and gladness supreme;
Far richer and wider in its amplitude
Then when of creation He said, "It is good!"
Not ended; the feast, like the love of its Giver,
Goes on unexhausted in riches, forever,

My Hiding Place.

"For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavillion."—Psalm xxv. l. 5
"Thou art my hiding place."—Psalm xxxii. 7.

Though myriad follies I discern
And myriad sins remembered be;
My God! I must not, cannot turn
To any source for help, but Thee.

Thy words of Thee, makes fullest boast,
Boast I have often echoed, too;
Making Thee most where needed most;
What, then, but trust Thee can I do?

Myself but mischief do; but spoil
The life Thou hast begotten; mar
The testimony; gather soil
On what Thou madest pure and fair.

But give occasion more and more
For Thy vast patience, tireless love;
O, proud for Thee! I can adore
Forever the sweet grace I prove.

We fill the field; I, with my sins,
My worthlessness, my weakness, shame;
Thou, with Thy mighty love that wins
Over them all Thy glorious name!

My Hiding Place.

Glad in each opportunity,
Swift to anticipate my cry,
Brooding o'er me so tenderly,
Such as Thou art, o'er such as I!

My hazard is that by the array
Of trials and of things unkind,
Satan may get my heart astray
From Thee, and so confuse my mind.

Unwatchful, weak in everything,
I may permit some cloud to lie
Upon my conscience, and thus bring
Indifference unto Thine eye.

So, acting independently
And simulating joy and peace;
The while there are allowed to be
Things which Thy holiness bids cease.

My Father! Could I e'er endure
Such way of living, or couldst Thou?
I must before Thee be all pure,
With open face confront Thy brow.

Bring then to light each hidden fault,
Each reserved, fleshly sweet, and show
Where I have yielded to the assault
Of sin, with slight resistance, too.

And dulled the nerve that should have thrilled
With pain at any plea of sense;

Where voice of conscience has been stilled,
Unmindful of the consequence.

It is Thyself reveals them all,
It is Thyself that covers them;
Thyself that o'er them casts the pall,
As dead, never to live again.

Quick to pronounce them all forgiven
What time all is to Thee confessed;
And by these things I'm drawn, I'm driven
To nestle in Thy heart and rest.

Then, richest, gladdest songs, henceforth,
Instead of condemnation, fear;
Responsive to Thy work's full worth;
Song gives Thy house its character.

Here no uncertainty is known,
I know, because Thou tellest me;
Know what Thou knowest; while I own
I nothing know apart from Thee.

Yes, Thou dost compass me about
With glad songs of deliverance,
Triumph and ecstasy and shout;
Thy music and Thy merry dance!

My Hiding Place! What quietness,
Protection, rest, security
And more than full heart can express,
Hold the blest man who's held by Thee!

God's Care.

Phil. iv. 6.

O rare, sweet privilege
To be at ease with God!
Really with Him as with a friend
Walking along the road!

To tell Him everything,
Matters of daily life;
The little, worrying things that make
This scene so oft a strife.

To speak with openness
Into an open ear;
Using a patience without bounds,
A love that quiets fear.

Sometimes, when all is told,
I blush to see how small
The sum of things that troubled me;
Yet glad I told Him all.

And then, too, I have thought
That nothing is too slight
Of what affects His children, here,
To exercise His might.

He is the mighty God
Not to be trembled at,
But to be used as we have need;
Yes, and above all that.

And I look out, to-day
On the sparrows, on the snow,
And think of what was said of Him
And them, so long ago.

I know I'd run with haste
To succor one of these;
And I am evil, He is good
Who gave this tenderness.

A poor affair mine is,
Weak and ephemeral;
But He appeals to it to teach
Of His love, and it shall.

He loves the little, mean
And good-for-nothing one;
The helpless, insignificant,
And those whom others shun.

Why? Just because He's God!
And if we knew Him right,
We'd count the most unlovely things
Would be to Him delight,

And thus I find that when
Of little cares bereft
In presence of His power and grace,
There are no large ones left.

Or, rather, I find this:—
That when with Him, alone,
I'm lost in wonder and in joy
And all my burden 's gone.

Ah, he that lives with God,
Most sumptuously fares;
His love is deeper than our wants,
His wisdom, than our cares.

The Thoughts of God.

1 Cor. ii. 6-16; Ephes. i. 3-14.

My God! I thank Thee that Thy heart
Held me before all time;
And purposed for Thyself, apart,
To show Thy thoughts sublime.

I thank Thee that so far beyond
All human mind could form,
Thou wroughtest all to correspond
To these thoughts, on a worm!

I thank Thee that Thou hast made known
To me, as one brought nigh,
These deepest things Thou hadst, alone,
For angel minds too high.

And I'm to range through all, a son
Within his own rich home;
I, through the work Another's done,
Joint-heir with Him to come!

The gifts and dignities of this
Peculiar place with Thee,
Befit the nature of Thy bliss;—
Thy wealth and majesty.

The Thoughts of God.

Tis worthy of Thee to bestow
 The best Thou canst afford;
Nothing, for Thee, is too great now,
 Since Thou hast given the Lord!

Love acts from its own self, because
 It is love and needs range;
Moving by its own generous laws,
 Richer in every change.

O Will and Thoughts beyond all mete!
 O wonders of Thy heart!
Thou must have room from Thine own seat
 To act out all Thou art!

What possibilities there are
 Within Thy heart, my God!
Heights, vistas, depths and reaches, far,
 Still widening on the road!

Glories become familiar sights,
 Hid things are brought to view;
Unthought things, everyday delights,
 The impossible, the true!

O, it is wonderful to me,
 I, loved by Thee, so loved!
With what sublime audacity
 Thy sovereign will has moved!

And I have naught to do but take,
 Freely and fully, too;
Tis grand to let Thee plan and make;
 And faith just lets Thee do!

Love Serves.

1 Cor. xiii.

Love always serves; it would not, otherwise,
Be love; its serving manifests its life;
It cannot wait upon desert, but must
Pour forth on all its wealth unlimited
And find its compensation in itself.
To be suffices it; from its own depths
Exhaustless benedictions ceaseless flow.
What's lovely may attract and worth may win
By its commanding excellence; but love
Looks not for merit or attractiveness,
But only need, and room for it to act,
Ever the same is love if it get naught.
It gives but asks for naught; methods, its own,
It uses; has a language, tone and mien
Not to be counterfeited. Grief it has,
But, by that grief, service the more it shows,
Its chief exactions are upon itself;
It must give everything in sacrifice;
And nothing but pure love can give up all,
Only true love can serve untiringly.

Love never can believe an evil tale,
Or, if it must believe, it is the more
To serve, as having found a newer need.
A stronger claim and call. But it is bright
With hope and buoyant, for it sees the best.

As the clear lake, supplied by hundred springs,
 Bubbling within itself, though men cast in
 The filth of thousand vessels, lets all this
 Sink to the bottom, and gives forth its own
 Pure, fresh and healthful, unpolluted streams,
 So love, from its own self, refreshes all.

Without love, service were impossible;
 What service seems, to either God or man,
 Can have no substance or reality.
 Love only serves; and serves for service' sake,
 Not to get praise, nor with self-consciousness;
 But sees its object, only, then self-moved
 It acts.

And where can this true love be found
 Save in our God, who not alone does love,
 But is love's very self; for God is Love!
 And God is always blessing, serving man.
 E'en righteousness and holiness must take
 Their manner and their course from love; and right,
 And all God's glory is the outflow of this—
 Grace reigning unto life through righteousness,
 E'en now; and for the ages, its display.
 Our blessing and our glory are to know
 This love; its inmost depths, its loftiest heights,
 Its boundless breadth, by being served by it.
 And how exceedingly beyond all thought—
 For natural mind unequal is to this—
 The bliss of being loved; so loved by God!
 Of being brought into the scene where love
 Can have its course, our only part in all
 Its rich outpouring, that we needed it,
 Because of sin, of crime, of curse, of stain,

Of hate and misery and all that made
The measure of our ruin and our guilt.
But love blots out all this and leaves no trace;
And more;—sets us in favor as though naught
Of them had been; yea, more;—establishes
As sons of God, in heaven itself, in Christ;
Still more;—makes us the heirs with Him of all
His fortunes; brings us into fellowship
With all these matchless purposes of grace.

Love, serving us, must go on to the end,
Bringing from Satan, with all that involves,
And unto God, to be forever His!
Thus love meets us as sinners, in our hate;
Bears with us, children, in our weaknesses;
Holds us, as saints, according to God's thought;
Incites, according to that thought, our hearts
To worship and to serve as he appoints;
Prays in our prayers, rejoices in our joys;
And, in our sorrow, is the strength that stays;
When tempted, keeps; and when we sin, restores;
Making us understand and welcome stroke;
Bearing, without upbraiding, ignorance,
And calmly waiting on stupidity,
On waywardness and on forgetfulness,
On weakness failure, slipping, folly, sloth,
And justifying in the end, itself;
It vindicates to us its unseen ways,
Its silences and its refusals, oft,
Of what was asked, bestowing what was best.

Love must be self-requiting, to endure;
For it has all to conquer, with no help,
And no response till it has wrought response;

It must be its own source and origin
 For all it meets of sin, disorder, want—
 Occasions, these, and invitation, rarge,
 For its glad service.—Had there been of these
 Sad elements, no trace, and all had stood
 In its own primal perfectness compact,
 Then had not Love in action had its scope
 And God, though forming all, had not been known;
 But sin has brought out God, disclosed as Love
 And Love has served and borne and waited long,
 Sustained and strengthened by itself through all
 The dreary ages when all seemed defeat
 And man, the object of all this, grew worse
 And turned from love; and, in the end was found
 To have no heart for God, and naught but hate,
 So that he could rise up and slay God's Son!
 Then, when all hope in man forever ceased,
 Love rose, too, in its sweetness, royalty,
 Omnipotence and wealth, and eagerly,
 From highest glory acting, answered hate
 And foul abuse of grace, by opening heaven
 And placing Him who was rejected here
 As Son of God, there as the Man revealed;
 A Man in heaven; and, so, man's title there!

Thus Love came fully out in all its vast
 Integrity; and this, in serving man;
 So serving him, as man, though filled with self,
 Ne'er served himself, taking him out of self.

And Love, thus doing all, shall have return
 Accordant and commensurate withal;
 It shall rejoice in its own victories,
 Its conquest over Satan, man and sin,

Deceit and malice, subtlety and crime
And all the hoary combinations found
And every wail of woe, all sin's results,
All selfishness and war and bitterness;
All shall be swallowed up or swept away
And Love shall stand as Conqueror supreme,
And lord of empire, sole, omnipotent;
And God and we shall rest, rest in His love!

Sons of God.

1 John iii. 2.

O God! the dear delight
Of Thy heart Thou hast told;
Thou givest us the right
In Christ, to be thus bold.

We know the richest name
By which Thou wilt be prized;
Thine everlasting fame
Father and God of Christ.

In whom each family
In heaven and earth is called;
Of whom, in Him, are we,
O, be Thy love extolled!

Thy thought took in our need
And met it, in Thy grace;
Thine, too, for us, indeed,
Chosen for Thine own praise.

Chosen as sons! no less,
In Thine own risen Son!
O, how with Thee, we bless
This glorious, matchless One!

O blessed be that love
That could be satisfied
With this alone; above
All that man's thought has tried.

And blessed be Thou, God!
Happy in all these things;
Raised to Thine own abode,
Each son with rapture sings.

My Father's Hand.

In varied forms of grace most free,
And in most welcome ways,
Does God reveal Himself to me
Through all my days.

'T is blest to recognize, though hid,
My Father's loving hand;
And know all elements are bid
Round Him to stand,

Waiting their time and place for use,
For those He loves to lead;
Which, in His wisdom, He may choose
To meet their need.

And though his ways may not be clear,
Nor always seeming kind
To my dull sense; yet O how dear,
When I've His mind.

The deeper His sure probe shall go,
The richer is the gain;
And they do but joy's surface know
Who shirk the pain.

'T is followed by the sweeter thrill
Of gladness and of peace;
His love is better than our will,
His face, than ease.

My Father's Hand.

No matter how 't is brought about,
So it be only He;
For life is not life without
His hand on me!

If it should seem to have forgot,
At times, its tenderness;
I know, although I trace it not,
'T is meant to bless.

And though, through fear of pain, I start,
Or, feeling it, may sigh;
He knows the language of the heart
Above the cry.

Who has to do with me but God?
With whom have I to do?
My safety is beneath His rod,
I know it, too.

Whom do I know in heaven or earth,
On whom to rest or call,
But God? And what is all, here, worth?
He is my all!

Of all things here, I want not one,
God is enough for me;
And when I'm with Himself, alone,
I clearest see.

My Saviour, God.

"My spirit doth rejoice in God, my Saviour."—Luke 1. 47.

I.

All this, my God, from Thee!
All the clear sense of sins unnumbered, pardoned,
The confidence, the peace, the untold gladness,
Instead of going on, in ways so hardened,
Into eternal woe in all my madness;
Because Thou lovedst me!

II.

I own exultingly
All the rich wonders of Thy grace unmeasured,
Coming to me with freshness e'er unfading;
The tender manner of the love I've treasured,
My lack of wisdom met without upbraiding;
O, what this tells of Thee!

III.

O God of Christ! From Thee
The knowledge of Thy purpose ere the ages;
My place within that purpose, by Thy choosing;
And this Thine answer to my gross outrages,
The exceeding riches of Thy grace disclosing!
My Father, this to me!

IV.

Spirit of God! By Thee
 The glad responsive thrill and satisfaction
 In Christ's own things and in the Father's nearness;
 And that my heart is held by one attraction,
 The glory growing every day in dearness;
 O what is that to me!

V.

O Christ of God! Through Thee
 The pain, the terror passed away, the sorrow,
 And Thine own calm replacing it forever;
 The solid rest, the hope of joyful morrow,
 The bond in Thee to God, which naught can sever,
 Fixed for eternity!

VI.

Ah Lord! at thought of Thee,
 All Thou hast been since that first hour of greeting,
 The o'erfull heart breaks forth in songs the truest;
 The echo of Thy joy in our glad meeting;
 O surely, all's perfection which Thou doest,
 And Thyself, equally!

VII.

What shall I say to all
 The ever new delights, the grand surprises,
 The richer mysteries, each hour unfolding;
 The light from Thee that on my pathway rises,
 Which shall increase until Thy face beholding,
 I'm with Thee, at Thy call!

VIII.

My God and Saviour! Thou
Hast wrought and brought it all; the beaming glory
Brightening the beckoning future and the present
With vernal bloom; Thine ever glowing story,
The joy, eternal; sorrow, evanescent:
And faith holds all this now!

IX.

What can I ask of Thee,
Where love forestalls the power of even thinking,
And wisdom infinite, unites, to carry
Into result? I would be only drinking
Of this exhaustless spring, the while I tarry
For Him who'll come for me!

Hymn.

I.

O God, our Father! Thou dost hold us,
According to Thy wondrous thought;
And Thou hast of Thy purpose told us,
That we should to Thyself be brought,
Holy and without blame, before Thee,
Children, in love, in endless glory!

II.

For Thine own self Thou first didst choose us,
In Christ, Thine own beloved One;
And Thou, henceforth, no more canst lose us,
Than Thou couldst lose Thine Only Son;
In Him, we're taken into favor,
To be of Him to Thee the savor.

III.

Thou hast no joy we can't be sharing,
No intercourse we may not know;
No grand designs art Thou preparing,
Concerning Him, but Thou wilt show
To those called with Him to inherit,
Who stand before Thee in His merit.

IV.

Here is a sea of love that 's soundless,
Here height and depth and breadth and length;
Here wisdom shown with meaning boundless,
Here glory that excels in strength!
That we, the lowest, should be highest,
The farthest off be brought the nighest.

V.

Ah, wondrous, this! Whate'er our dullness,
We are as He is unto Thee!
Beloved sons of Him the fullness,
And thus throughout eternity!
To grasp, mind reels with the exertion;
And rests with joy on Thine assertion.

VI.

In Thy perfections now we 're boasting,
Thy holiness undimm'd confess;
And sinners cleared without it costing
One ray of Thine own righteousness;
Aye, more, Thou showest that in bringing
Us in, Thy house is filled with singing.

VII.

And here we find that naught but boldness,
Becometh us so richly blest;
For less than this were really coldness,
In those within the holiest;
His perfect work our fear dispelling,
Himself our everlasting dwelling.

VIII.

O God! beyond all we are saying,
Beyond all words, all thoughts above,
Thou, in Christ Jesus, art displaying
Thine own illimitable love;
And we, His own peculiar treasure,
Must praise, though feeble is our measure.

IX.

And the poor drops that here may nestle
Within our cup, of praise divine,
Though only water in the vessel,
When drawn by Thee, shall come forth wine;
For 't is the gladness we 're receiving,
'T is only of Thine own we 're giving.

X.

We joy with Thee in Thy recital,
Of what He is, and all He wrought;
Most glad that every crown and title
Is His, who, with our souls, hath bought
This groaning earth, this bound creation,
Insuring its blessed restoration.

Desire.

My God! I long to know Thee more,
Accepting all Thy ways;
Lead Thou in all the path before
As in the former days;
Cease not Thy dealings for my fears,
Heed not the flow of coward tears,
I shall more richly praise.

Trembling at difficulties, I
Alas! would easily
Yield, where I should disdain to fly,
Loved and upheld by Thee:
O Thou my strength in weakest hour!
Reveal in me Thy mighty power.



For the King.

“My heart is inditing a good matter. I speak of the things which I have made concerning the King.—Ps. xlv. 1.

“While the King sitteth at His table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.”—Sol. Song i. 12.

The Christ of God.

I.

O Sovereign Christ ! My Lord, my God !
To Thee with joy I bow ;
Worlds sprang to being at Thy nod,
Above all being, Thou !
Thou art God's end in every plan,
The model of all good as Man ;
Anointed Saviour now !

One thought through all the ages runs,
One purpose shines afar ;
Thee to exalt above all suns,
Thou glorious Morning Star !
To deck Thy head with every crown,
Thou Man alone of all renown,
Thou God, from whom all are !

Reaching, Thyself, beyond our ken,
Matching the endless years ;
Sounding the depths from that hour when
Naught but Thyself appears !
Grasping the cycles that shall come,
And filling them with vernal bloom
And rich life without tears !

Back of the universe we trace
Thee, and in Time's foreground,
Borne in its breast that it may place
Thee, as result profound ;
The cause why everything subsists,
A reason why e'en God exists ;
Thou art creation's bound !

Thou art the eternal argument
For all that was and is ;
And Thou the full expanse and vent
For Divine Love's abyss !
E'en evil has a dignity
And reason for itself to be,
When we consider this.

Thou art the deepest want in man,
Though he confess it not ;
Creation's empty, without plan,
Man is, he knows not what,
Apart from Thee ; an insect here,
Then crushed, in pain to disappear ;
Without Thee all's a blot.

Man knows Thee not yet longs for Thee,
A Second Man, to come
From heaven, born for adversity,
To guide the homeless home ;
To name the meaning of his pain,
The way to richer life make plain
And lighten up the gloom.

All history repeats the tale
Of woes unstayed, unmet ;
The voice of centuries is the wail
Of fear or of regret ;
The song of ringing joy was sung
By other than by human tongue ;
To other notes was set.

O Grand Superlative of Good !
The highest height of thought !
The breadth of being's amplitude,
The end of all that's sought ;
By God, in looking through the earth,
By man, from heaven since his birth ;
Here to the bosom brought !

And brought in such a tender way,
The inmost depths to move ;
Of deathless love, our debt to pay ;
By death, love's self to prove.
Supreme in every excellence,
Thine was this peerless eminence,
To bear and be this love !

Whatever, broadcast through the earth,
Is absolutely great,
Pure, noble, true and of real worth,
Must find in Thee its mate ;
As something placed here to remind
Of what is in Thyself, in kind,
Extreme in rank and state,

The Christ of God.

Blessed be Thou for God ! brought nigh
 To lift us from our woe !
 Blessed be God for Thee ! For by
 Thy coming, God we know.
 Ah, words are feeble things to tell
 The wordless things that in Thee dwell,
 God with us here below !

Love, working here in human form,
 Life, walking by our side ;
 Unrecognized amid the storm
 Of passion, lust and pride ;
 In Thine own holiness apart,
 Yet coming nearest to man's heart,
 Deliverer, Strength and Guide !

Thy work, one will, Love's will, to do,
 To give us life, e'en Thine ;
 In this lost world make all things new,
 Establish peace divine ;
 To cast down Satan from his throne,
 Bring all to God, now fully known ;
 Fixed never to decline.

Before Thee, the wild centuries !
 Before Thee, Satan's wrath
 And Death, the last of enemies ;
 Thou marchedst on Thy path !
 Charged with th' invincible decree,
 With grace and truth Thy panoply,
 Thou conqueredst Death through death !

In their own august solitude
Of splendor all sublime,
Thy life, Thy work have ever stood
Uncquall'd in all time ;
Commensurate with the demand
From God for man, majestic, grand ;
As planned before the prime.

Thou Wonderful ! 'Tis full relief
To see Thy precious name
Pass down the glowing years, the chief
In heaven's roll of fame ;
And know, as we the glories catch
Of Thy vast work, that need to match
Thou shalt have, with acclaim !

Glory to Thee, once sorrowing Man !
Glory to Thee, O God !
Hope of the lost since sin began,
Made good in Thine own blood ;
Resplendent, filling its design,
Shall all creation be, as Thine,
Beneath Thy gentle rod.

O Christ ! We'll spend eternal days
Within the marvelous range,
Of Thy glad presence and shall praise
Perfection's wondrous change
From glory unto glory ; though,
Because Thy love so well we know,
'Twill not to us be strange.

The Christ of God.

For Thou hast made the attractiveness
 And bliss of heaven to be,
 That ours the gladness limitless,
 Of always seeing Thee !
 Surely ! For we're Thy very own,
 Flesh of Thy flesh, bone of Thy bone ;
 And Thy delight ; e'en we !

Thus Thou hast searched our inmost need,
 Made it by meeting it ;
 Met it, and Thine for us, indeed,
 Making us for Thee fit ;
 Sharers in Thy transcendent reign ;
 And O, Thou dost not lose but gain
 A glory infinite !

II.

When, in the joyous ages past,
 Was this want, we supply,
 Acknowledged ; and when did'st Thou cast
 Forward on us Thine eye ?
 Whence sprang and when, th' astounding plan
 That Thou shouldst take the form of man ;
 And as a culprit die ?

Was it the exuberance of love,
 The overplus of power ;
 That found in forming orbs above
 The pastime of an hour ;
 And sought fit opportunity
 And channels for their energy ;
 Heart-objects to endower ?

Thou hadst the heavens' breadth and length,
The scope of all things, Lord !
The angels that excel in strength
Heark'ning unto thy word ;
But all of these could never show
To what amazing depths could go
The grace within Thee stored.

For all these served Thee perfectly,
These kept their first estate ;
But love, that held them, found in Thee
A rival love more great,
That could go out to sinners lost
And serve and save them at a cost
Not one could estimate.

The more we know Thee still the more
We say, "It must have been !"
The deeper we Thyself explore,
The more we see that sin
Has furnished Thee both foe and field
Worthy Thyself, and has revealed
What lay Thy heart within.

Thou hast here won the loftiest name
And title Thou canst wear ;
By taking all our sin and shame
And us, then, for Thy care ;
Whate'er to others Thou'lt impart
In Thine own glory ; ours, Thy heart !
Our dwelling ever there !

The Christ of God.

Called, here, God's well-beloved Son,
 Thou wert the Living Word !
 Now, seated on the Father's throne
 Thou'rt Jesus Christ, our Lord !
 Redemption, Resurrection, Right,
 Won and accomplished by Thy might,
 O, more and more Adored !

There is no thrill of joy that's true
 On earth, but Thou hast made ;
 There is no light, our journey through,
 But is Thyself displayed !
 And pattern for our life there's none
 But Thine, and Thou its power alone ;
 Thou art its lofty grade.

Ofttimes our hearts grow weary, faint,
 Always we've faithless proved ;
 But one great fact has us sustained,
 We're infinitely loved !
 Soon we shall know love's boundlessness,
 Measure the ever measureless,
 The pity that Thee moved !

The singleness of Thy great life,
 The untouched, mighty calm,
 Attest, amidst all hate and strife,
 How strong love bears the palm !
 Thine eye looked on to one event,
 Forecasting its accomplishment
 As God's foreordained Lamb !

Ah, but to think of Thee is joy,
While waiting for Thee, here !
But O, a bliss with no alloy
'Twill be when Thou appear !
Empty are all things till Thou come,
Then, for naught else will there be room !
Is not Thy coming near ?

We gaze toward this with eyes that ache
For the expected sight ;
And eager charge our hearts to wake,
As wanes the dreary night ;
Without Thee, there is no more day,
With Thee, all darkness flees away ;
Thou art, Thyself, the Light !

III.

We joy in the unceasing years
Which shall be ours with Thee,
When we may tell into Thine ears
Love's sweet persistency
That fixed on us when in our sin,
Came after us and brought us in,
Redeemed with Thee to be.

How, to do this, Thou cam'st to earth
With absence of all state ;
Stooping to find from woman birth,
Jehovah, incarnate !
Creator, yielding to be found
In human limitations bound ;
Thou, infinitely great !

The Christ of God.

How Thou didst walk the earth, though God,
 According to God's plan ;
 Making the path, till then untrod,
 Marked out ere man began ;
 Without a will save His alone,
 Without a thought He would not own,
 Thou glorious New Man !

Thou perfect, holy Man ! And yet
 Thou barest company
 With sinful, brutal natures, set
 On self ; to make them free ;
 For Thou, unsoiled, could'st touch th' unclean
 The foul, malignant, bitter, mean ;
 Too vile for all but Thee.

Just what this was, we ne'er can know
 For spotlessness to meet,
 In all their wretchedness and woe,
 The scrapings of the street ;
 But we do know, whate'er it was,
 Thou didst not shrink from it because
 Thou wouldst love's work complete,

And love could cover everything ;
 Self-poised and self-supplied
 With strength and sweetness, it could bring
 From self a swelling tide
 To meet in righteousness all wrong,
 Then cover it ; and, with a song,
 Proclaim peace far and wide.

But O, to do this, meant that he,
Object of all this care,
Should vent his malice upon Thee !
Thy creature, man, should dare
To lift his hand to smite Thee, God !
And Thou, instead of blast or rod,
For his sake all should'st bear !

Men praise endurance ; here it is,
And courage ; it is here ;
Exploits of valorous emprise,
Of sufferings severe
For others' good, at one's own loss ;
All noblest deeds ray from Thy cross !
It stands without a peer.

So man's hate, violence, deceit,
Malice, greed, treachery,
Boasting and cowardice there meet,
Their trysting-place that tree ;
There, good and evil were arrayed
And sin's full settlement was made ;
Made for eternity !

But 'midst the gloom of that dark hour
Stands one great incident
Unique in grandeur, grace and power ;—
THE TEMPLE'S VEIL WAS RENT !
Of God's response to man's deep hate,
Of why Thou, Lord, wert incarnate,
Richly significant,

Rent ; and the way is no more closed
 To God ; His face, His throne ;
 All that in law or man opposed
 Is righteously withdrawn ;
 God's hand that reached down from on high
 Came through that Veil to bring us nigh !
 O Christ, what hast Thou done !

· Blood for blood-guiltiness ; and law
 Sublimely honored ; met
 In such a way as t' increase the awe
 Of sanctions God has set ;
 His holiness without a stain,
 And He and Thou and we, all gain !
 O Christ, how deep our debt !

How deep ! So deep we'll never pay,
 We but increase the score ;
 Joyfully bankrupt, day by day,
 We pay by taking more ;
 For Thee, most blessed 'tis to give,
 For us, as we receive we live ;
 O Thou exhaustless store !

Ah, wholly Thine, we're on Thee cast
 For all things, confident
 Of rich supplies from source so vast
 And love omnipotent ;
 According to our need and place
 Always the objects of pure grace
 And power with wisdom blent,

IV.

What strong and vivid contrasts ran
Through Thy life here, O Christ !
Of priceless worth Thou didst hold man,
Thou wert the One man priced !
And gross and massed indignities
Were heaped on Thee of all degrees;
Not e'en Thy death sufficed.

Refused a home here willfully,
Thou openedest to man heaven ;
While man when tried, had naught for Thee
Thy all to him was given ;
To sinner judged from holiest throne,
Th' abysmal distance bridged alone
By Thee, by pure love driven !

God ! Christ, our Lord ! The heart must bow
In speechless ecstasies
More and more overwhelmed, more low,
While heart, while being is ;
At thy feet, Owner, Autocrat
Of all within us, we fall flat ;
There is no thought like this !

There is no second ; for this fills
Immensity alone ;
None other Object ; this expels
All others, where Thou'rt known
All that with awe can man inspire
However great, must now retire
Before Thee ; there's but One !

What occupation, company,
 Attendance, glorious
 Surroundings, costume, scenery,
 Where all is of Thee, thus !
 Little we reck in this drear land
 What things of worth Thou dost command
 And hold with joy for us !

Which things faith surely sees and knows
 Though eye has never seen ;
 What Thou wilt soon to worlds disclose
 We're slowly taking in ;
 Enough to ravish heart and mind,
 To heavenly glories us to bind,
 And from things present wean.

These things we need new powers to tell,
 And we shall have them, too ;
 The perfect speech of those who dwell
 With Thee always in view ;
 The language of the sages there
 Before the world called forth Thy care ;
 To every thought most true.

The heavens wait to hear our song,
 The glory waits to see
 Thine own blood-ransomed, human throng ;
 Imaged like unto Thee ;
 Thyself and us ; reprisals fair
 From death to risen life up there !
 • The highest's yet to be !

Highest and best that can be named !
Thou'lt then be satisfied ;
The heavens purged ; the earth reclaimed ;
All evil forced to hide
Forever ; heaven and earth at one ;
Thy work made manifest as done ;
And by Thee Thy dear Bride !

Millennial years of royal state
Where grace and righteousness
And holiness ingenerate
Have amplest range to bless ;
Millennial years of unchecked peace
To prove love's possibilities ;
And banish all distress.

And then the end, when good alone
Has settled into calm
And constant life, with deepest tone
Of joy, with hymn and psalm ;
The end ; but the beginning, too,
No sin, tears, darkness ; all things new,
Thou, God, the blest I AM !

But the beginning ! There's no end
To Thy supreme display ;
Nor to the years whose lustrous trend
Accompanies no decay ;
How all shall be reversed we've known
Of sorrows that by sin were sown !
Ah, this is endless day !

But the beginning ! Ever so,
 Evolving ages still,
 In which all excellence shall glow
 And the full heart shall thrill ;
 All things returned to God again
 And, over all His wide domain,
 Not one rebellious will.

V.

And God has meant that Thou shalt reign
 In glory that is meet ;
 A realm of righteousness maintain,
 All things beneath Thy feet ;
 From earth, from man all curse removed,
 And all by holiest tests approved ;
 Wrong doing obsolete.

For the first time, then, right shall be
 Established, sole and strong ;
 All right begins with right to Thee,
 For this we've waited long ;
 This, this has been the breadth and scope
 Of all our longings ; Thou, our Hope,
 The sweetness of our song.

And it shall be ; God's words ne'er fail,
 Thou shalt be Lord of all ;
 Thou, only, canst make cease the wail
 Of woe and free sin's thrall ;
 Thou ! What an elevation 'tis,
 What solitude of grandeur this,
 To lift from earth its pall !

O day, to which all other days
Preliminary are !
All tender and unselfish ways
As signals seen afar ;
How holds the heart to this, through time,
How, up through evils, all hopes climb ;
Of all desire the Star !

Oh day of days for earth ! How well
That Other Man than he
Who brought the ruin, wrought the ill,
The Head and Lord should be !
Thou, Christ art He ; the King of kings
And Lord of lords ; above all things
Worthy exceedingly !

What hast Thou not done, Saviour, Lord ?
Disclosing to our eyes
God's deepest things in grand accord,
Great, wealthy certainties ;
In which our portion opens more
As we its magnitude explore,
Our heaven before us lies.

And what would be the fitting bay
For service such as Thine ?
What would Thy ransomed people say ?
And what would God assign ?
And what, Thy heart ; but that it be
Forever to give out most free ?
This is to be Divine !

Forgive this poor infirmity
That, Thy worth to express,
Would raise the loudest song to Thee,
But halts from helplessness ;
From overfullness rendered mute,
As, sometimes, sounds struck on a lute
Make silence by excess.

The King.

Sol. Song i. 12.

How full of joy is life with Thee
O Christ! and how the heart expands!
How bright the eye, how quick the hands,
When Thou dost show Thyself to me!

How swift and eager are the feet
When Thy unfailing love's the spring!
Love teaches well my tongue to sing,
As I go forward Thee to greet.

Thou openest the ear to hear
The welcome words that from Thee fall;
In everything Thou art my all
And in Thy light all things are clear.

Behind and upon all sides, Christ,
Fully explaining all that's come:
Before, preparing that dear home,
And to it all my heart's enticed.

Thus with intense delight I own
My absolute dependence, Lord!
On Thee, waiting upon Thy word:
And every thought would Thee enthrone.

The King.

One precious fact I hold supreme
As I move on my gladsome way;
How oft I say it, day by day,
Unto my heart—I'm going to Him!

And then a glory luminous
There seems about my path to be;
"He loves me, and He waits for me!"
O Christ! my cup runs over thus!

I cannot ask Thee, Lord! to be
More than Thou art from hour to hour;
But that I may live in the power
Of Thy great love, unceasingly.

No Damage to the King.

Daniel vi. 2.

Of Darius, the Mede, king in Daniel's day,
A record we have whence a lesson we bring;
Who princes and rulers appointed that they
Should see that no damage should come to the king.

And we of to-day may well lay it to heart,
That we, too, are chosen the closer to cling
To our Lord, Christ Jesus, from all things apart
That no damage from anywhere, come to the King.

He is King, though not yet does He sit on His throne,
At the Father's right hand He is now tarrying;
But soon He'll return to the joy of His own,
And, till then, no damage must come to the King.

Yes; this is the word for the Lord's servants, now,
A word that should stay all our sad wandering;
And gather us to Him, the lowlier to bow,
For damage, most surely, is meant to the King.

'T is meant by the prince of this world, all unchanged,
Most fierce and most subtle and watchful to sting;
So long through the earth a dread blight has he ranged,
And, through the King's own, he would damage the King.

Aye; through the King's own! Ere of danger we dream,
 O'er objects around us a glamour he'll fling;
 Desired and most innocent making them seem,
 Things of this very world that rejected the King.

Christ's wonderful name he'll cast out, at all times,
 The need of the grace God is now offering;
 And the blood which once rested on, purges from crimes,
 The blood of Him only who died to be King.

The danger is imminent, constant and real,
 It fills, as the air, and surrounds everything;
 And we must be wakeful and subject and leal
 And true to our calling—no harm to the King!

Let the earnest word take wing
 No damage to the King!
 May Satan's power be shattered,
 The works of man be scattered,
 The pride of man be broken,
 Christ's name alone be spoken.
 Arouse! and strike the alarm;
 The King must have no harm:
 Him before everything!
 No damage to the King!

Who for His honor's caring
 Like God, who is preparing
 His royal coronation,
 As Head of the New Creation?

And ye who in Him boast
Ho, all the loyal host!
How rich your interest is,
As sharers of His bliss!
Let, then, the watchword ring—
No damage to the King!

Let those for whom He came
Gather unto His name;
For the prince of darkness, now,
Has made the world to bow.
O saved ones! know and see
Your opportunity!
From every place come forth,
East, West and South and North;
All glory to Him bring,
All honor to God's King!

O hear the voice Divine,
Close up along the line!
Let go each minor thing
For His name who is King;
Let self, above all, go,
And the world, too, for lo!
The cross these sets aside,
They cannot more abide
As to Him damaging;
No damage to the King!

My Beloved.

"What is thy beloved more than another beloved? . . . My Beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand; . . . yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved and this is my Friend."—Sol. Song, v. 9, 10, 16.

Know ye Him, my glorious Lover?
Noble, tender, true;
Waiting for Him's almost over,
Now He must be due.

While He keeps me busy watching
His most gracious ways,
Through them, often, hints I'm catching
Why He yet delays.

And the while my soul is thrilling,
Answering to his touch;
Every act to me is telling
That He loveth much.

Thinking of Him, I'm not lonely,
He fills all the space
So completely, I lack, only,
Eyes to see His face,

These, too, I'm anticipating,
Soon, ah soon the bliss
Him to see for whom I'm waiting,
See Him as He is!

Day by day and hour by hour
Speaks to me one voice;
Helpful in its tone and power
Making me rejoice.

Soon it will be louder sounding
The one welcome word;
Calling me to joys abounding,
Ever with the Lord!

Ah, that moment that is bringing
Him, is bliss to me!
So, till then, I go on singing,
Glad His own to be.

Thou!

“Yea, doubtless, I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things.”—Phil. iii. 8.

Christ Jesus, O, my Lord!
I 've found all things in Thee.
The perfect treasury of grace
Thou art to me!

I count all things as naught,
That here would catch the eye;
I'd leave them with intense delight
To dwell on high.

This world's most wild applause
Is only empty breath;
The things men prize the most, now wear
The hue of death.

'T is Thou hast made it thus,
Since Thou hast shown to me
Thyself! And now I only wait
Thyself to see.

All, here, is stained with blood,
Thy blood, O glorious Christ!
And man and Satan do to-day,
Whate'er they list.

How could I bear to stay
Now, in this dreary scene,
But, by Thy footsteps, I may trace
Where Thou hast been!

And surely 't is enough,
What place I 'm in or how
Or in what time, Thou art with me;
Just Thyself, Thou!

I am not homeless, then,
I cannot be cast down;
Above, the light; within, the joy,
Though all, here, frown.

And soon I shall know all
The meaning of Thy ways;
And even now I recognize
Love's wide displays.

I 'm satisfied with Thee
Beyond all I have thought;
Beyond all gains; then what is loss?
I 've Thee; 'T is naught!

And thus 't will ever be;
When to Thy presence moved,
I 'll show through all the ages then
How much I 'm loved!

Jesus Christ the Same.

Heb. xiii. 8, Ps. cii. 27, Prov. viii. 22-31.

Lord! from the infinite glory of Thy past,
Beyond the margin of our farthest view,
Thou must have wrought Thy labor, grand and vast;
For how couldst Thou exist and yet not do?

What 't was we know not, although we may guess,
By knowing Thee, that Thou hast always had
Objects for Thy rich heart to hold and bless
And by Thy revelations to make glad.

We read of Thee before the joyous birth
Of worlds, the Morning Stars attending Thee
As Wisdom, God's delight, summing all worth,
Thyself God, living from eternity.

The throbbing universe, the silent mist
Of stars, the ordered glory of the skies,
Moving in grandeur, by Thy will subsist;
In the mute depths veiling their mysteries.

The earth is Thine, formed by and for Thy hand,
Peculiarly Thine own, where 'Thou wouldst show
Illimitable love that could command
The wealth of all within Thee to outflow.

Ah, what a moment in the unsoiled light
And harmony of all that scene of joy,
When the dread element of sin and blight
Was suffered to come in, a fierce alloy!

And how unprescient minds surrounding Thee
Must stunned have stood, affrighted by the shock;
As when an earthquake brings uncertainty
And fear, where all seemed settled as a rock!

But this intrusion gave us Thee as Man.
God manifest in flesh, Emmanuel;
Revealing, henceforth, God's most treasured plan
Of glory won through grace invincible.

And thus we have the full display of love
And power and wisdom, rescuing the lost;
Satan's poor, fallen dupes, whose case would prove
Thy large resources to the uttermost!

As when a mother visits through the night
The couch of her rebellious child, who sleeps
Unconscious of her pain, with feelings slight,
While, wakeful, she, o'er him unwaking, weeps.

So didst Thou visit man unceasingly,
In varied gentle forms, and on him wait;
Till Thou and he met at the cruel Tree,
Thou, panoplied with love; he, with pure hate.

Yet this could not stay Thee; to-day and here,
With vastly richer offer Thou dost plead;
The Holy Spirit breathing in our ear
Thy name, the only name to meet our need.

Cause of all causes, end of purposes
Conceived before the infancy of time;
Clothing God's deep designs with tenderness
Of human speech in human life sublime!

Whatever titles God, in all His ways,
Has taken and made good, and here has strewn
With victories of peace, His loftiest praise
Is linked with Thy name; that, His choicest crown.

All history began with Thee; and when
All shall forgotten be that man has done,
Whatever sin has marred, and sorrow, then
Shall thrill forever with Thy touch alone.

To-day and yesterday Thou art the same
And so, forever; substance of all bliss;
The sum of all disclosures: fills, Thy fame
The future and the past eternities!

The same as when a sinner washed with tears
Thy feet; ever the same, the ages through,
As when Thou criedst on the cross, midst jeers,
"Father, forgive: they know not what they do!"

The same, while the full-freighted years advance
Vocal with joy in having Thee, the sole,
Magnificent and peerless circumstance,
The risen, royal Man, filling the whole.

The same pure Wisdom, standing far above
All typical truth, bodied in earthly mould;
The same rich reason for all ways of love,
Needing eternity and heaven to unfold.

In the beginning of all here, Thou wast,
And in the end maintainest Thy full place,
Ever the essential One, in all the vast
Renewed creation, under God's pure grace.

'T is well for us Thou art the same; for we,
Too, are the same dependent, helpless ones
As through all time have sorely tested Thee
And need Thee ever, e'en though God's dear sons.

Forever's bleak, and casts a lonesomeness,
Over the future, all as yet untried;
And the heart shrinks as though some weight did press,
And hesitates to plunge into the tide.

But with Thee, Lord! to form it; first and last
And always, whom we know; more richly 'Thee,—
All hope of our true joy is forward cast.
In Thee invested for eternity.

We take in what we've learned; content to learn
From Thee the annals of Thy former years;
Enjoying well their sequel we can turn
Back with Thee, then, and bring up heaven's arrears.

And having shown us present things, Thou'rt pledged
To show their fruitage; wherein all faith's powers
Are challenged to their utmost; while we're hedged
About with endless wonders; and all, ours!

For Thee is all the past, whate'er it be,
For Thee the luminous ages yet to come;
For Thee creation present which we see;
For Thee the ransomed universe shall bloom!

O royal age of righteousness and peace,
With Thee the Heart and undisputed Head!
O glad, eternal years that shall not cease
To tell that by Thee heaven and earth are wed!

Forevermore the same! Security
And all best blessings are contained in this;
The Christ who died for us the Christ we 'll see,
The excellence and purest bliss of bliss!

Ah, Wondrous Saviour!

Ah, wondrous Saviour! glorious Thy Name is,
Strength of the helpless, rest of the weary.
Out of the fullness of Thine own compassion
Thou hast redeemed us.

Gladly we join with happy hearts and voices,
Telling to Thee and the Father who gave Thee,
Of the blest work Thou hast in love accomplished,
Bringing us to Him.

O, let all names of honor and of power,
Be unto Thee, Lord, now and forever,
Highest in heaven, one with God in glory,
Such Thy perfections.

The Lord my Strength.

It is my boast that I belong
To Thee, O Christ, my Lord, the Strong!
The Winner of all victories;
Sheltered by Thy puissant arm,
No hellish foe can do me harm;
A conquered one cannot alarm
Nor shake Thy grand realities.

I 'm Thine forever by Thy word,
Established on Thy work, O Lord!
Who can annul or gainsay this?
The Cross, Thy great, accomplished fact,
The Throne, God's ratifying act,
The Spirit, sealing all compact,
Show that my rest eternal is.

I 'll range the universe with these,
Challenge the principalities
And powers of evil, all malign;
They know that when God's sword awoke
'Gainst Thee, my Surety, by one stroke,
Their force forever, then, it broke,
Proving its work and self Divine.

And I discover here, at length,
Thou art not only strong, but strength,
The Risen One, just formed for me;
And, as I learn this well, I say—
Himself, my Strength, abides away,
My strength, then, shall be as my day;
And lo! I 'm strong; I live in Thee!

I hold the power being naught
Above all price; to be distraught
Is near akin to blessedness;
For Love, that comes with regal state,
Must, for its own display, dictate
That I press Thee with my whole weight
And in Thyself all things possess.

What is Thy strength to me! A dower,
A largess, suited to each hour,
Free to be used as all my own;
So that I hail each hardest thing
As the occasion that shall bring
Me that which makes my heart to sing
In well informed and richest tone.

My weakness, too, is but, to Thee,
Token of how Thou needest me
To draw and live upon Thy store;
Empty and helpless, as I can,
Without a thought, without a plan,
Upon Thyself, Thou Mighty Man!
With naught to do but to adore.

Nothing's so needed as defeat
Of all I am, to make complete
Thy power in weakness; ah, we've known
Many a season, Thou and I,
Lord Jesus! when, without a cry,
My strength was to be still and lie
And see all by Thee grandly done.

'T is thus I live a life whose course
 Is hid; sustained by a resource
 Unto the world invisible;
 Thus is my triumph, while below,
 Linked with the joys to which I go;
 'T is blessed to be Thine; and O,
 'T is wonderful, 't is wonderful!

Am I not glad? Answer, O heart!
 Though thou canst tell but the least part
 Of what it is to be so blest;
 Of intercourse in loftiest style,
 With loftiest Heart and Mind the while;
 With good that nothing can defile,
 With God, Himself the happiest.

Henceforward I am called to things
 The highest; lifted, as on wings,
 To fellowship with Thee, above;
 With God in His most treasured ways
 Of glory shown through tenderest grace;
 And all, to the abounding praise
 Of His unmeasurable love.

Such are my meditations here,
 Such occupation now to cheer
 Through tribulations rude and sore;
 That He, may, in all these, disclose,
 With no reserve, to them He chose
 In Thee, the best things that He knows;
 Their own, now and forevermore,

Christ is All.

Colos. iii. 11.

Thou, Lord, art all to me!
Hadst Thou with plenty filled my hands,
Health, hosts of friends, possessions, lands;
I must, while such condition stands,
The more, have all in Thee.

And Thou hadst need to sift;
For what Thou gavest not, I'd spurn,
Occasions but for lusts that burn,
For pride and vanity that turn
The heart from Thy free gift.

For I'm not fit to hold
Or touch things here unless Thou bid;
They'd hinder me in all I did,
Dazzle my eye or weight its lid,
My love to Thee make cold.

I'd not risk having, now,
Things that belong to earth; 't would be
Too dangerous, by far, for me
And prove my infidelity;
I'd lose, and would'st not Thou?

Refusing here one link,
I'd use all here as men, the wave,
Chilly and threatening the grave,
Not to live in but there to lave,
Watchful lest I should sink.

Christ is All.

Thou 'rt kind to strip of worth
 And make me base; so that I fall
 Upon Thy loving heart and call
 With joy on Thee alone, my all;
 I 've naught but Thee on earth.

Thou, in my emptiness,
 Art richly more from hour to hour;
 Living and occupation, power,
 My full, my everlasting dower;
 What do I not possess?

O, when Thou dost appear
 Putting aside all things, to glow
 In all Thy brightness and to show
 Thy glorious self to me; then, I !
 I 'm blind to all that 's here.

Thou, coming as the first,
 With the bold energy of grace,
 Commanding Thine own lordly place;
 I, filled and prostrate on my face,
 Own, then, myself the worst.

My all! Naught man e'er had
 And lost or spoiled; its counterpart
 The real, according to God's heart,
 But Thou immeasurably art,
 Thou mak'st the future glad,

And welcome; Thine, O Lord!
And mine! Naught, possible to mind
Taught by Thy word, but I shall find
In Thee infinitely combined
And all in pure accord.

O Christ! It seems that I
Never can say that I am poor
Nor talk of ills that I endure;
With glory and Thyself so sure,
Pressed down with wealth I lie.

The want is, lacking room
Within the heart to hold it; so
The enduring is the waiting now
Expectant and with eyes aglow
For Thee, my all, to come!

The Heir.

Deut. viii. 7-9.

"Heirs of God; joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."—Rom. viii. 17.

Heir of glory! hold the story
Of thy Lord's rich love to thee
Let its blessing, on thee pressing,
Fill thy life with ecstasy.
For the Faithful One is He!

He, in grace it's joy to trace it,
Chose thee, helpless, worthless, lost,
Then, to have thee, died to save thee,
Glad for Thee at any cost,
Nothing can such love exhaust.

Chosen early, prized most dearly,
Ere the Morning Stars foreknown;
Ere creation's own foundation,
To the ages to be shown
As peculiarly His own!

Grasp this, know it; His ways show it;
Thou art formed for His own heart;
To Him fairer, goodlier, rarer
Than the universe thou art!
What, then, Him and thee can part?

Ah, confessedly, thou 'rt blessed!
Above angels is thy place;
Made to inherit, through His merit,
All that's His, and to His praise;
Such dimensions has His grace!

Once revolted, now exalted;
Once an alien, now a son;
Once all friendless, bound to endless
Pain; but now with Himself, one;
This His perfect work has done!

How He loves thee, while he proves thee,
Though the desert's toilsome road;
How He 's waited, heart elated,
Making ready thine abode!
For His own nothing 's too good!

And He's coming, face all blooming,
With anticipation sweet,
Of beholding thee He's moulding
For His presence to be meet;
How He feels for those tired feet:

Ah, but ponder, that just yonder,
In that glowing, growing bliss,
He will fold thee, as He told thee
To His bosom, ever His;
Nothing, nothing 's beyond this!

This forever, and still ever
Learning and delighting more;
Him attending, days unending,
Whom thy soul leaps to adore!
Storing heaven's sublimest lore.

All its pages, through the ages
 Studying, with Himself the key,
 Guide and meaning; on Him leaning,
 What employment will that be!
 This, O favored one, for thee!

Seem thy trials poured out vials?
 Seems there wormwood in thy cup?
 Do not think it strange, but drink it;
 To the dregs He drank it up,
 Lo, the bottom 's near the top!

Hast thou sorrow? Lo, the morrow
 Presses, eager to be born!
 Does the dreary night make weary?
 Courage! the next moment's morn;
 See, its beams the sky adorn!

Greet it singing, for 't is bringing
 Him and thee together now;
 And the gladness where no sadness
 Mingles with its ceaseless flow;
 Contrast, this, with all below!

This, whate'er it is, to bear it,
 Thy capacity is His;
 And the measure of this treasure,
 God's Christ, thine, just as He is!
 This suffices, only this!

His Own.

“Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.”—
Ps. xvii. 8.

Lord! be Thou all, in all, to me;
My spirit keep, in meekness,
Midst all the ills that fall to me
And all the foes that call to me,
For I am naught but weakness;
Hold Thou me up when failing,
Defend from all assailing;
Be Thou, alone, a wall to me!

The way on earth is drear to me,
The lights on earth grow dimmer
Things in this scene, once dear to me,
As hindrances appear to me,
And I, a feeble swimmer,
The world's deep current breasting,
Its treacherous power testing,
Must know Thee, Christ, then, near to me!

In everything I fly to Thee,
O Thou, my Shield and Guerdon!
Thy love holds me so nigh to Thee,
I need not ever cry to Thee,
My want becomes Thy burden;
Thou knowest ere the telling,
The wish my bosom swelling,
Clear is Thy loved one's sigh to Thee,

Break sight's delusive spell to me,
 And break earth's idols, wholly;
 Reveal all that is well to me
 In Thy pure sight, and tell to me,
 To occupy me solely,
 More of Thy cross and glory,
 Heaven's deepest, richest story;
 And all things else expel to me!

The wealth of Thy futurity
 Is mine, with Thee, up yonder;
 So here, amidst impurity,
 Happy in my obscurity,
 A little while I wander;
 For Thy dear sake a stranger.
 Glad that, in every danger,
 Thou art my full security.

The world would be too strong for me,
 But ah, its glory's blighted!
 Above, all blisses throng for me
 And beckoning transports long for me,
 By faith already sighted;
 To faith a real possession;
 This is my glad confession
 And fills life, here, with song for me!

Longing for Him.

"This is all my salvation; all my desire."—3 Sam. xxiii. 5.

Lord! how the weary spirit longs for Thee!
Longs, amid clouds, the cloudless land to see;
The heart forecasts a bliss without alloy—
To see Thee ever and to share Thy joy.

Lord Jesus! Thou art there; and that shall be
The one attractive element to me;
I ask no question, have no other care,
It is enough for me that Thou art there.

Thy presence here, amidst the storm and night,
Has been the sole relief, the refuge, light;
Else, what a desolation had it been,
Where sin and hate of Thee have formed the scene!

Thou, Thou art everything, my Lord! my God!
Thou, only, dost explain to me the road;
I'm kept, but O, I want to be above,
In the realities where Thou dost move!

I'd leave these surface things, these mockeries,
The joy that 's seeming and the lack of peace,
Where all that men are boasting, all they claim,
Is but the thin veneering, covering shame.

All that I gather from Thy liberal hand,
The bread of heaven, "the old corn" of that land
All the blest ministrations of Thy grace
But deepen still the pinings for Thy face.

These are most dear; without them life is naught,
 And richly has the Spirit all things taught;
 But all these things of Thine, though filling, now,
 And satisfying sweetly, are not Thou!

Apart from Thine own actual presence, life
 Is not true living, but a stay, 'mid strife,
 A wistful looking, while the eager eye
 Grows ready for the glories by and bye.

The heart refuses what men pleasure call,
 The eye that 's looked on Thee is dead to all;
 Chosen, redeemed by Thee, I am Thine own,
 And heaven's the true end of all I've known.

And Thou! for even heaven without Thee, Lord!
 Would not the sense of right or home afford;
 Thyself being there 's my title to that bliss,
 Of which the Spirit here the earnest is.

And, Lord! there will not be delay beyond
 What's really needful? Then the welcome sound
 For which the ear is training, heart, intent,
 Then Thou and glory and the glad ascent!

I'm not alone in all my longings! Thine
 Are tenderer, and deeper far, than mine!
 Ah, it is but the throb of Thine own heart
 Beating for me, that gives this thrill and start.

Thine own, to be conformed unto Thy mind
 Need enter into sufferings the kind
 Thou knewest when, all sympathy withdrawn,
 Thou stood'st for God, misunderstood, alone,

And the profoundest fellowship may prove
With Thee; Thy lonely cry of "For my love
They hated me!" echo the wail from Thee—
"Lover and friend Thou hast put far from me!"

Thou mayest touch each nerve until Thou give
The quiv'ring to the ones most sensitive;
Love and e'en truthfulness in them denied,
And quiet rest in Thee, called only pride.

The full frank utterance from the heart most glad.
Be wrested as Thine were, to meanings bad:
And they, as Thou, cast out by methods rude,
And seeking fellowship, find solitude.

But solitude with God! Thy loneliness
While patient here, Thou didst Thy soul possess
There they shall share, too, all that heart's repose
Which he that God has most to do with, knows.

The day oft opens fierce with clouds and storm,
And yet by noon is cloudless, calm and warm;
Then marshals back the storm spent clouds to show
The matchless wonders of the sunset's glow.

And even so these trials when they 're past
Shall be the background whereon Thou wilt cast
The marvels of Thy glorious display,
The sequel to Thy heaven purposed day.

And should I fail, the while I 'm lingering,
To welcome all that truest love can bring?
Might I not shrink from purest ecstasies
And richest culture, by refusing these?

O magnify Thyself in this last hour!
My spirit hush to peace and give me power
And purpose to be still, whatever come,
Assured when I see Thee, then all shall bloom.

Thee! Thee! O Christ! are we not made to be
Partners in bliss throughout eternity?
This makes my longings and must calm them, too,
Delighting while I wait, that Thou art true.

Now, thanks to Thee for all these tokens rare
Of intimacy and of minute care;
Thanks for these echoes of Thy longings given
And for their consummation full in heaven.

All for Nothing.

What an infinite fullness of life and of rest
Is in these words, "Christ sinners receiveth!"
That He, passing by such as esteem themselves best,
Giveth all things "to him that believeth."

And how well that suits me! For I'm poverty's own,
For of worth in myself I have nothing;
I can take but the title of "sinner" alone,
As an object forever of loathing.

But there 's nothing to do and there is all to receive
From a hand that delights in outpouring,
And a heart never wearied save where it can't give;
Surely this sets my soul to adoring.

Were it other than this, were there aught to be done,
Had He asked for an atom of merit,
Then the glory He 's told of, for Him there 'd be none,
Since with Him would be none to inherit.

Ah, it 's all my poor power of praising above!
And I never can tell the glad story;
For I never shall measure the depths of His love,
"Till I 'm with Him up there in the glory.

There I 'll see Him! O, yes His own person I 'll see!
I shall look on that face and remember,
What He passed through for me on that wonderful tree,
Turning into rich June my December.

“In Me, Peace!”

John xiv. 27, xvi. 33.

I.

Peace to the troubled one, peace!
Peace, setting conscience at ease;
Peace that is made through my blood,
Peace that is perfect, with God;
Peace for the guilt of the past,
Peace, too, for all that thou wast;
Peace, giving boldness complete,
Peace for the judgment seat;
Peace richly meeting thy need,
Peace that is real, indeed;
Peace that I freely give Thee,
Peace for eternity!

II.

Peace to My ransomed one, peace!
Peace! e'en the fullest release;
Peace when defilement is shown,
Peace when thy failings are known;
Peace! all thy faults I 've foreseen,
Peace! I make every whit clean;
Peace, meeting every doubt,
Peace when there 's no light without;

Peace, when obscurities rise,
Peace then shall brighten thine eyes;
Peace, spreading infinite calm,
Peace! for its fullness I am!

III.

Peace, My beloved one, peace!
Peace! let thy tremblings all cease;
Peace! I hold thee in my hand,
Peace! for I all things command;
Peace for the cares of the way,
Peace that shall be as thy day;
Peace! let anxieties sleep,
Peace, heart and mind that shall keep;
Peace, when most bitterly tried,
Peace, when there 's nothing beside;
Peace, welling up as a spring,
Peace about everything.

IV.

Peace, O My precious one, peace!
Peace, from all sorrow that frees;
Peace as thy portion when poor,
Peace, making strong to endure;
Peace! thou art never alone,
Peace! I am with thee, my own!
Peace! ah, I know well, the road,
Peace, making buoyant thy load;
Peace in its sweetness and strength,
Peace in its greatness and length;
Peace in each thought of thy soul,
Peace, ever ruling the whole.

V.

Peace to My suffering one, peace!
 Peace! I am feeling all this;
 Peace in confessing My name,
 Peace when thou art sharing My shame;
 Peace, if despised and abhorred,
 Peace! for I am thy reward;
 Peace under burdens and loss,
 Peace! thou art bearing My cross,
 Peace for the ills of all time,
 Peace making living sublime;
 Peace! for the conflict is brief,
 Peace! then the glory for grief!

VI.

Peace to My chosen one, peace!
 Peace that shall ever increase;
 Peace, thou delight of My heart!
 Peace; with My all thou hast part;
 Peace; for I'm thy full supply,
 Peace! I will guide with Mine eye;
 Peace! I will speak in thine ear
 Peace, that shall tell thee who's near!
 Peace, through the night I will say
 Peace! that shall turn it to day;
 Peace as profound as the seas,
 Peace to My own, My own peace!

VII.

Peace to My waiting one, peace!
 Peace! I have counted thy pleas;

Peace! thou art not far from home,
Peace! I am hastening to come;
Peace, if My staying seem long,
Peace, breaking forth into song;
Peace! soon we 'll meet, face to face!
Peace! O the rapturous embrace!
Peace! ah, how couldst thou doubt?
Peace! in a moment the shout!
Peace till each other we see,
Peace to the utmost, in Me!

The Syro-Phœnician

Matt. xv. 22-28.

How like the sun's all-potent light,
Dispensing life, dispelling night,
Did Christ go forth with lordly right,
To meet sin's consequences;
The strength of perfect love the might
To deal with all offences.

And fast before Him misery flies
And sorrows cease and death, too, dies;
The lame find feet; the blind ones, eyes;
The desolate rejoices;
The dumb and palsied, with surprise,
Now praise with hearts and voices.

And near and far, with swiftest pace,
His fame goes out to every place,
As He who acts in boundless grace
Alike to friend and stranger;
And this sad one of Canaan's race
Would show her daughter's danger,

For she had heard how all were met;
How the hearts of all the sick were set
On Him to whom they'd but to get
For healing of diseases;
And she would haste if she might yet
But see this Man called Jesus.

Doubtless she 'd pondered in her heart
These tales of Him who without art
Or medicine could health impart,
 Virtue His word possessing;
What wonder she from home should start
 To prove His power of blessing?

How far His ways His fame excell
For who the method e'er could tell
Of One whose love unspeakable
 Now met man's true condition;
His need, and God's own mind, as well,
 Beyond thought or petition?

Or who, of those who thronged Him round
And asked for help, e'er took the ground
That they in chains of sin were bound
 Or sought from sin redemption?
They showed the sicknesses they found
 And prayed from these exemption.

There was an added health for such
As felt His power, meaning much;
There was a touch within His touch
 That told 't was more than human:
That He was loosening Satan's clutch;
 This promised Seed of the Woman!

In this pure love He comes; for there
A joy awaits Him she shall share;
She comes with feelings nigh despair,
 Her sorrow quick revealing;
And so, at once pours forth her prayer
 For her child's instant healing.

The Syro-Phenician.

"Have mercy, David's Son, on me!
 For vexed of Satan sore is she."
 Thus utter weakness pleads; but He
 To this seems all unheeding;
 No answer gives her misery
 Or desperate interceding.

Nay, gives this word to those who say
 "She troubles us; send her away!"
 "I am not sent grace to display
 Save unto Israel's needy."
 O Israel! what a bliss, to-day,
 Awaits you if you 're ready!

Then comes she, falling at His feet;
 For having come, she can't retreat;
 Her woes and helplessness complete,
 "Lord help me!" earnest crying;
 He, "children's bread it is not meet
 To give to dogs!" replying.

Ah, where the acts of which she 'd heard,
 Of demons cast out with a word?
 Where all the deeds that had so stirred
 The hearts of the sad and weary?
 Has hope of light been all absurd,
 Darkness to make more dreary?

And can it be that He is good
 And able, as she understood?
 Or has a conjuror's aptitude
 Been magnified by distance
 Into these stories, while He could
 Render her no assistance?

So might they think who, with pretence
Had come to make experiments
And measure him by their weak sense
 Of what He should be doing;
As Naaman, when he took offence,
 His own thought was reviewing.

But faith can never be cast down;
It has perceptions all its own,
And finds a light beneath a frown,
 Grows strong by being freighted;
Its basis cannot be o'erthrown
 Nor can it be frustrated.

For it there 's no fictitious claim
To be above the outcast's fame;
It takes the sinner's place and shame
 The only one that 's fitting;
To find that for just such He came
 And now in heaven is sitting.

And so she grasps that cutting word,
And gives it back with grace—"Yea Lord!
To dogs the table will afford
 The crumbs beneath it falling!"
For faith like this all things are stored,
 And open to its calling.

Ah, in that moment there was known
A union that was theirs, alone;
And the resulting joy their own;
 He answered faith with power;
"As thou wilt, be it to thee done!"
 Her child was healed that hour.

The Syro-Phenician.

O rare, great faith, for which He 'd sought
In Israel, oftentimes for naught!
Fullness and emptiness are brought
 Together, and all 's given;
As, everywhere, this love unbought,
 Pours forth the wealth of heaven.

O wondrous faith, that nothing is
And yet commands the depths of bliss!
That, owning nothing, has all His;
 That, filled to overflowing,
Knows God has no delight like this,—
 Ever to be bestowing.

That takes forgiveness, life and peace,
Sonship and heirship, with the ease
And poise of one born unto these,
 As native to this glory;
Familiar with the dignities
 Of heaven's unfolding story.

Amid all glories, self-possessed
It stands, receiving all the best;
And, having God, at perfect rest
 Here, e'en in tribulation;
Quiet, though by all evils pressed,
 As equal to the occasion.

This woman's faith that met the tide
Of Christ's own heart and justified
His journey and what love supplied
 According to her pleasure;
Must ever tell how grace, when tried,
 Brings forth its richest treasure,

The Meeting.

John iv.

I.

Sad and lorn and weary one,
Led along by Power unknown,
 With no thought of greeting;
Cast down, cast out, cast away,
Coming, in the heat of day,
 To the place of meeting.

Hard and parched, indeed, her fate,
Five times widowed, desolate,
 Empty and still thirsting;
Shunned by such as cared for name,
Came she when none others came,
 With her heart nigh bursting.

With all hope and joy congealed
With her sin, she thought, concealed,
 And with self-reliance;
Wretched, lost Samaritan,
Bitterly toward God and man
 Breathing her defiance.

Such was she, though mien and eye
Might all questioning defy,
 Weakly, proudly human;
Deepening in sin with age,
Type of their dread heritage
 Who are born of woman.

The Meeting.

II.

By the fount she seeth One
 Sitting, waiting there, alone,
 Like herself aweary;
 Weary, she, with her distress,
 He with man's religiousness,
 As a desert, dreary.

By His own pure mercy led,
 Seeking treasure that was hid,
 He, God's own anointed!
 Her deep woes His heart enlist,
 Faithfully He keeps the tryst
 Long ago appointed.

'T was the gracious Will above,
 'T was the rich decree of love,
 Meaning to deliver;
 Timed this hour of hours for her,
 When her sins and sorrows were
 To be met forever!

Jacob's fountain; wondrous place!
 Of His errand here, in grace,
 Token and suggestion;
 None as this so suitable,
 Where He God's pure love should tell,
 Offered without question.

So the neighboring plot of ground
 Told a tale of truth profound:—
 Joseph's double treasure

Given by Jacob when he laid
Birthright blessings on his head,
In o'errunning measure.

As this spring had given supplies
Through the many centuries
To the thirsty near it,
So was Christ God's own resource
Through whom all His love could course
By the Holy Spirit.

And as Joseph took his place
On the first-born son's disgrace,
Reuben dispossessing;
So was Christ, the Second, crowned,
When the first man was disowned,
Fountain of all blessing.

He, the One who all bestowed,
He, the precious Gift of God,
Longing here to give it;
Ready now to lavish all
On this one, of sin the thrall,
Would she but receive it.

III.

Each was there because of thirst,
His, the greater, therefore, first,
Asks He for refreshing;
Little dreaming what He seeks,
She to Him with rudeness speaks,
From her blessing pushing.

The Meeting.

“Hadst thou known God’s gift,” said He.
 “And who ’t is that asks of thee,
 (Shcchem’s needy daughter!)
 Thou hadst then have asked of Him,
 Who ’d have given, to the brim,
 Ever-living water.”

“Thou hast naught to draw with, Sir!
 And the well is deep;” ’t was clear
 She knew not his proffer:—
 Life eternal, life anew
 In her, by the Spirit, too;—
 This His boundless offer.

Why came she in noontide’s heat
 Such great obstacles to meet
 In the way of drawing?
 Was the well for her less deep?
 Was it, rather, she would keep
 Heart’s deep pangs from guawing?

Aye; and what delusion fools,
 Even now, unhappy souls
 Who are conscience smitten,
 Into thinking that they can
 Keep the law to God and man,
 Fulfill what is written?

That well, too, is deeper still
 Than the efforts of their will;
 Sin is deeper lurking
 Than our doing; but what’s done,
 Done by God through His own son,
 Meets the case; not working.

And this woman shows, indeed,
By her words, the more her need,
That there's nothing in her;
Can He track her devious way?
Will He His own love display?
Yes, indeed, and win her!

“Drinking here, thou 'lt thirst the more,”
Earth's joys leave the heart still sore,
Thirst grows by the tasting;
“But the water that I bring
Shall be in thyself a spring
To life everlasting.”

IV.

Then she asks with thought intent,
Still in strange bewilderment,
Her poor want exposing;
Deeper than she knew she sought,
Richer than she meant He brought,
All His heart disclosing.

She, by asking, took her place
Of a debtor to His grace,
Groping dumbly, blindly;
But for whom did He e'er wait
Till they told out all their state
Ere He helped them kindly?

Nay; He waits the feeblest word
That occasion will afford
To bestow His favor.

The Meeting.

O Thou Seeker, Giver, Friend!
From whom love flows without end,
Thou, alone, art Saviour!

Thus, her case put in His hand,
He must meet the whole demand
With the utmost fullness;
So her conscience He must reach:
Therefore He, with plainer speech
Pierces through her dullness.

“Call thy husband and then come!”
Will she let this word strike home,
Understand her errors?
He who died for sin, in grace,
He, alone, our sins can trace;
Not our fitful terrors.

“I have no husband!” Is that all?
Has she, then, no sense of fall?
Ah, He'll surely find her;
Into the closed portal press,
Touch the sore with faithfulness
Then e'er to Him bind her.

Was there e'er stupidity
Like this? Yes, in you and me
In our native blindness;
Quick to take all subjects in
But the fact of our own sin
And of God's pure kindness.

“True; but then thou hast had five,
He with whom thou now dost live
 Holds not such relation!”
Ali is told: He has at once
Reached the spot that gave response,
 There 's a new creation!

v.

Yes; her answer—“I perceive.”
Tells of power to believe,
 Here divinely given;
And the germ, apparent now,
Buds in “I perceive that Thou!”
 Opening of heaven!

“Prophet,” too; the mouth of God,
Prophet whom God said He would
 Raise up like to Moses;
So, to have this one right thought,
Shows the workmanship He's wrought
 And true life supposes.

Once to get the eye on Him
Rising o'er the vision dim
 As the dawn's forewarning;
Must engage and flood the sight,
 Glowing with the growing light,
 Like the burst of morning.

He must then command the whole,
Heart and conscience, mind and soul.
 Nothing else allowing;

The Meeting.

God's one Object ere the prime,
 God's one Purpose through all time;
 All things to Him bowing:

Probed and searched thus thoroughly,
 Knowing that, who'er He be
 He has spoken to her,
 Sat there, knowing all, nor turned
 Once away when others spurned;
 Felt she God's love woo her.

In His presence, without fear,
 She would be a worshipper:—
 Fruit, this, in its season!
 And the answer that He makes
 Of the Father's thought partakes,
 Giving her the reason.

“Neither in the mount or fane;
 But this hour is when they gain
 Access to the Father;
 He, a Spirit, face to face,
 Brings them, not in earthly place,
 But in heaven, rather.”

Beautiful the order shown!
 Worship before service done;
 Answering to perfection;
 Precious proof and consequence
 Of the thorough confidence
 Wrought by His protection.

VI.

Wondering at what she heard,
All her soul within her stirred,
 What He meant half-catching;
She recalls "the Hope" of years
And the faithful, through their tears,
 For the "Promised" watching.

"Though the land be wasted now,
Israel's sons to Gentiles bow,
 None as God's own know us;
In the future glory looms,
Well I know Messiah comes
 Who will all things show us."

What had alien, such as she,
Not of Israel's progeny,
 With Messiah's coming?
'Tis the way of faith with zest,
Having God, to grasp the best;
 It can't be presuming.

"All things?" Had she not been shown
God, and then herself undone,
 In His wondrous presence?
Yet she needs One more to see,
"I that speak to thee am He"
 Finishes her lessons.

Sinner, then exposed, then heir
Of His life, then worshipper,
 Filled to overflowing;

The Meeting.

Thirst, well, vessel, all, she leaves,
 For the joy that she receives,
 Unto others going.

Ah, how surely is she blest!
 Brought within the holiest
 Through His priceless merit
 Who has sought her in her woe,
 Made her His full kindness know
 And His joy inherit!

Ages of unceasing praise
 Cannot tell out all His ways
 Who this day has met her;
 With Himself to give her part,
 As a seal upon His heart
 Evermore to set her.

And He, too. His joy must tell
 Of refreshment at the well,
 Equaling her action;
 "I have food ye know not of;"
 Does His thorough gladness prove
 And His satisfaction.

VII.

Though of this well they'd not sipped,
 In another they had dipped
 Deeply beyond measure;
 God's own happiness the draught
 Which they had together quaffed,
 River of His pleasure,

She had asked she knew not what,
Asked, by His strange offer taught,
Asked in desperation;
But He, whose the greater task,
Rousing her to make her ask,
Met the whole occasion.

And her conscience really purged,
And her heart with love now urged,
Hastes she with her story,
Telling all in one short phrase
That He who exposed her ways
Was the Christ, their glory.

'T was a strange and startling call:—
“Come, see Him who told me all!”

What an invitation!
Yet they, only, who know this,
Know the sequel of full bliss—
There's no condemnation!

“Told me all I ever did!”
Nothing, henceforth, to be hid;
Ah, there is no telling
The rich measure of release,
Height, length, breadth and depth of peace
In the bosom dwelling!

What it is to live no lie,
Fear no looks, quail at no eye,
God the Justifier!
He who strikes accusers dumb,
Gives the heart delight to come
Ever to Him nigher,

The Meeting.

Grace when sin is fully told
 Makes the saved one ever bold,
 Conscious of His favor;
 O, the clearer is our joy
 More are we, without alloy,
 Of His Christ the savor!

VIII.

Now He's waiting there in love
 For the multitude that move
 Toward Him, her own neighbors;
 Happy woman, to have sown
 What has thus already grown
 For the Reaper's labors!

And more blest and happy she
 Joying in His company,
 At their own recital,
 When they gave her the glad word—
 "We believe because we've heard,
 Saviour is His title!"

Thus it is that love doth teach,
 Richly acting beyond speech,
 Its pure wonders sounding;
 Seeking, in its glad, full flow
 God's own perfect ways to show,
 Over sin abounding.

Lo! that Fountain still is here,
 God, in Christ, is making clear
 That it now is flowing;

With the words that from Him burst
"Let him come who is athirst!"

His whole heart is going.

Saviour, still; then He must save,
And the sinner He must have;

And for such He's yearning;

Gone, now, to prepare a home,
To receive them He will come.

For His own returning.

They Crucified Him.

"I am crucified with Christ."—Gal. ii. 20.

"By whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world."—Gal. vi. 14.

I.

It is not what they 've done to me
That shuts my heart;
It is no thought that wrongfully
I have been dealt with nor the smart
From injury,
That makes me from the world with horror start.

II.

'T is not chagrin that I 'm passed by,
Nor self conceit,
As though I held myself too high;
Nor disappointment from defeat;
Yet with no sigh
I turn away from all without regret.

III.

It is not what they 've done to me
But to my Lord!
Casting Him out with cruelty
And with the death of one abhorred,
Who came to free
From sin and hell; and of His own accord.

IV.

They show the world's magnificence—
It is in vain;
Of man's almost omnipotence
They boast; I see, I hear, with pain;
And I go hence
Sickened; for it is enmity, in grain,

V.

Built up without my Lord; yea, built
Upon His tomb!
The voice of blood which they have spilt,
Though long unheeded, cries for doom;
It tells of guilt.
The inquisition for which soon shall come!

VI.

What of it though profession's made
Of Christ's own name?
Who sees the pomp, the priestly trade,
The seeking for unsaintly fame,
When all is weighed
Divinely, surely will reject their claim.

VII.

'T was man's religion that refused
The Lord of life:
And that in every way abused
And all His good works met with strife:
All craft was used
And all malignant elements were rife,

VIII.

Religion covered envy, hate,
 Lies, artifice,
 Greed, pride; and did not hesitate
 To stir up wrath and prejudice
 Against God's mate;
 To urge a war without an armistice.

IX.

'T is what they 've done to Him, and done
 To me, as well;
 For I would stand with Him as one,
 Making our case identical,
 His and my own;
 Unworthy, would His cross and glory tell.

X.

And therefore 't is I stand aloof
 Condemning all
 The mazy web, in warp and woof,
 In aim and deed, they living call;
 And feel reproof
 At my own yielding to it, great or small.

XI.

I hate the world in me; the will
 In me, e'en as
 I hate them everywhere; and still
 Judge them as hating Christ; alas!
 And in me, till
 I, leaving all, with Him to heaven shall pass,

XII.

How can I ever take the hand
Of world or lust,
Red with His blood, while yet the land
Takes not again Him who was thrust,
At the demand
Of all, away, with force of passion's gust?

XIII.

No, no, my heart! thy Lord they slew,
Forget it not;
E'en though they come with gentlest coo
And softest ways, still, there's the blot—
They killed Him, who
Was one with God! let it not be forgot!

XIV.

Cross of my Lord! O ever stay
Before my eye
The argument to me, each day,
The reason to all others why
I must away!
Keep fresh Thine awful fact to meet man's lie.

XV.

For I am weak; the world is strong;
And still unseen
Is heaven; and the way is long
And rough; an enemy's within;
And outside throng
The hosts of Satan; easy 't is to sin:

XVI.

And I 've no power for conflict; nor
Have I returned
From battle scathless, conqueror;
But He has, and in that I 've learned
How great the store
I have in Him and all that He has earned.

XVII.

Yes; they have done it all to me,
I 've done the worst!
But in the cross of Christ I see
Though I to smite Him, were the first,
I now am free
In Him, and from the grave, with Him have burst.

XVIII.

So, then, I glory in the cross
Of Christ, henceforth;
Of all things here I 'd suffer loss
For Him, and count them of no worth,
As filth, as dross;
I 'm crucified; I 've new life by new birth.

The Wooing.

"Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear ; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house ; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty : for He is thy Lord ; and worship thou Him."—Ps. xiv. 10, 11.

"And they called Rebekah and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go."—Gen. xxiv. 58.

Wilt thou go with this Man, say?
Take His sender's name and home?
And forsaking all, to-day
Gladly wait for what 's to come?

Take, if need be, scorn and shame—
His own lot, 'midst enemies—
Accept loss of wealth, of fame,
Loss of worldly comfort, ease?

Take His cross and negative
Self and all things thou hast loved;
And through all allurements live,
As a conqueror, unmoved?

Simply and only, for His sake
Who has given all for thee;
All His fortunes to partake
Now and through eternity?

Worthy He, a thousand fold,
This is God's beloved Son;
Not a thousandth part 's been told
Of Himself and what He 's done.

The Wooing.

Meeting, filling every thought,
 Every heart-want, more and more:
 This the Man who thee has sought!
 Thine, as God's eternal store.

Where the scene to show His worth
 Who to thee His all has given?
 Ah, 'tis neither time nor earth,
 But eternity and heaven!

By and bye all shall be known,
 Sharing His at His own side;
 Manifested as His own,
 In His glory glorified.

Grown and growing to Him, then
 Giving and receiving bliss,
 Finding thou wast thought of when
 He devised what should be His!

From eternal ages loved,
 Object of the Father's thought;
 In and by the desert proved,
 Then by fit One to Him brought.

Fittingly received! By none
 But Himself, come out for thee
 O, the rapture of it, soon!
 O, the rich delight to be!

Found.

In a desolate land, utterly wretched and lonely,
With a hungering spirit that naught could relieve;
Though told of the gracious and Strong One, who only
Could help me, I scorned, for I would not receive!

“Be debtor to Him, or to any? No, never!”
Not yet did I know myself ruined and lost,
Though hopelessly failing in every endeavor
And always defeated, in every thing crossed.

Yes, needing so sadly, not Him was I wanting:
As a poor beast, the rather, that chafes in his cage,
And, will still unbroken, in weakness lies panting;
So I strove and cried in my impotent rage.

What time I thus lay in my struggling and daring
And wishing so deeply to set myself free;
A blessing unspeakable there was preparing:—
This wondrous Deliverer was running to me!

My cry, surely, brought Him; He must have been listening
To hear just such wails of defeat and despair;
He looked, and His eyelids with teardrops were glistening,
His face, than angel's or man's was more fair.

So different from all I had thought in my madness,
Not a glance of reproach, not a frown, was there shown;
But rather a radiance of infinite gladness,
As of sweet recognition of some one long known.

And O, what a greeting! How restful, how thorough!
How grandly beyond all that merit could buy;
As if my condition had been His own sorrow
And He 'd been the anxious one rather than I.

What a moment was that! Ah! God has not given
A poor one like me fitting language to tell:
'T was ineffable comfort and rest, it was heaven,
To one who had been on the borders of hell!

I had not to tell Him a word; He was able
To sound my whole need, the supply to impart;
He gave me a place in His house, at His table,
According unto my rich place in His heart.

Now nothing is sweeter than thinking it over,
How He came to me, not I unto Him;
And while I am loved by this Infinite Lover,
I really want nothing, I 'm full to the brim.

O, grace beyond thought or expression or measure!
O, fathomless heart, that was beating for me,
And longing and yearning to make me His treasure
And will ne'er be content till His glory I see!

The Shepherd.

John x. 27-29

My sheep are mine, my choice,
I know them and they follow me;
My Father to me gave
These, whom I died to save;
Their Shepherd's love has set them free,
Their only law, my voice.

Eternal life I give
To them, and they shall never die;
And none, while my throne stands,
Shall pluck them from my hands.
My Father greater is than I,
He holds them, they shall live!

Walking With Him.

Only to walk with stainless feet
With Christ, the Lord, across this scene;
And hourly on Him harder lean,
Till His full glory we shall greet!

To look at all things through His eyes,
To joy supremely in His love.
And gather that which, when above,
We shall esteem the truly wise.

Learning what strength is, on His arm;
And beauty, in His wondrous face;
And, of all excellence and grace,
Himself the substance and the charm.

One Object.

Phil. iii. 7-13.

I live for enjoyment, but not of the senses,
A joy that is lasting and deep;
For pleasure the world neither knows nor dispenses,
A gladness it never can keep.

It has riches and revels and lofty position,
And offers its best in its feast;
Its crowns and its praise as the meed of ambition
But of true joy it gives not the least.

It flatters from birth till the day of man's dying,
It tries to make smooth what is rough;
It seeks to divert and to keep man from sighing
But never can give him enough.

But I know a world and a Man that are fitting,
The Man of the age that 's to be:
Rejected here once, in heaven He 's sitting,
The Man in the glory, for me!

For Him all is nothing that all here are praising,
For Him I 'd be outcast and poor;
Despising what all are so eagerly chasing,
My joy is the Christ I adore.

He's Coming!

Of all the precious words Christ gave,
To comfort those He died to save,
Who here on earth are roaming;
Next to the word that spoke our peace,
And gave, through blood, the conscience ease,
Is this, that He is coming!

We know the towering pride of man,
The sad results of every plan,
All fear of Him benumbing;
We know, though ruin marks the scene,
That all is formed as if to mean,
That He shall not be coming.

We know full well who leads this age,
Who for our Lord has only rage,
Himself all evil summing;
But though we now know Satan's power,
And all around the storm may lower,
We're sure our Lord is coming!

And though "nor sun nor stars appear,
And no small tempest" too, is near,
And waves and seas are foaming;
We spy a beacon from afar,
The bright and glorious Morning Star!
And hail Himself as coming!

Ah! this one word dispels the pall
Of darkness that enshroudeth all,
 And sets the heart to blooming!
It lifts the weary feet with haste,
To spring along this dreary waste,
 To greet Him at His coming.

And nothing could supply the place
Of this one hope He gives, in grace,
 To keep us rightly dooming
All the allurements of man's day,
And all enticements by the way;
 Nothing but His own coming.

And here 's a joy that nought can reach,
That man can give, in act or speech,
 Whatever form assuming;
For all the sorrows he can pour
Upon our heads, do but the more
 Make us await Christ's coming!

O well may both our walk and ways,
Be moulded wholly for his praise,
 With such a prospect looming!
And we, disdaining here our rest,
Of all should be the happiest,
 Because our Lord is coming!

The Hearing One.

“The Lord is at hand.”—*Phil. iv: 5.*

I.

He's coming ! Christ's coming !
And nearer, still nearer,
Lo ! out from the darkness His visage grows clearer ;
The Lord of all glory,
The Man of God's story,
All excellence summing,
Is coming, now coming !
'Tis He who has gathered God's thoughts and fulfilled them,
'Tis He who has met all our longings and stilled them,
The Omnipotent Word,
God's Son and our Lord ;
Who, sweetening our trials, as they grew severer,
Himself has become, hour by hour, still the dearer ;
O air, earth and clouds, bear the echo along,
He's coming, just coming ! the words of our song.

II.

Bridegroom for His bride
Though long He has tarried,
Yet now to His side
Held closely and married,
How slight and forgotten the burdens we carried !

And short and but seeming,
With many a joy gleaming,
The sorrows we thought flowing in like a tide !
Soon with Him ! naught's long but the moment till then
And the past is as though it never had been,
Since the present shall see every hope verified.

Yes, more than we thought Him,
Much more than we knew Him,
This hour shall have brought Him
So near, we shall view Him !

Those eyes, always turned to us and never dull,
Those hands, ever pouring out, yet ever full ;
The perfection of beauty that shines in His face,
That form of all loveliness, manliness, grace ;
E'en the wounds that we gave Him now break out in blessing-
O what a glad universe, this Wonder possessing !
O happy the heavens that held Him till now,
And happy the earth, too, when all to Him bow !

III.

He's coming ! stand ready !
Eyes fixed and steady !
We now shall behold Him
Whose works all unfold Him ;

The Man of the prophets, the types and the rites,
Whose pre-eminent merit towers over all heights ;
Hail and welcome, yes, welcome a thousand times over
Our Lord and our God and our unfailing Lover !
O Church of His love and His labor and purchase,
While the word of His coming your inmost heart searches,

Now go out to greet Him,
 With burning lamps meet Him !
 No time this for sleeping,
 Now ended your weeping ;
 Send forth the glad sound and spread wider the cry,
 That every one hearing may leap ; for He's nigh !

IV.

O, ne'er, in all time,
 Had this moment its equal !
 This moment sublime,
 The full-fruited sequel
 To every prayer and sweet hope and deep longing
 And all the true crying and tears that went thronging
 The spaces between our full hearts and the throne ;
 To faith, calm and rock-stayed, though standing alone,
 Now all vindicated ;
 Now all more than mated ;
 How poor, how as nothing, our services seem,
 And mean all our wavering thoughts about Him !
 The doubts were so dreadful, unworthy and bad,
 While He, owning us, has been always so glad !
 But, all of ourselves then forgotten shall be,
 Absorbed in the ravishing fact—it is HE !

V.

The word's forth,—He's coming !
 Now all shall be blooming !
 Heart catches the cadence of that precious warning
 And flushes throughout with the brightness of morning ;

All joys and all possible blessings abound
In this over and over and thrice blessed sound !
 There's nothing like this,
 In the annals of bliss ;
 'Tis what we have ached for,
 'Tis what we have waked for ;
'Twere worth all the hundreds of years of affliction,
This instant, that comes with supreme benediction !
 Saints ! why is your seat
 In the heavenly place,
 But that first, you shall meet
 Your own Lord, face to face?
Brought nearest, held dearest, your right 'tis the first
To be with Him, the Glorious, when that light shall burst ;
 Yes, with Him descending,
 Your given light blending
With that Marvel of Brightness above e'en the sun,
Caught up to return with the Glorified One !

VI.

 O hour, justifying
 Christ Jesus in dying !
 O Saviour, supplying
 In its fitting season,
The true, righteous reason for saving the lost !
What will not God do for Him, paying such cost ?
He'll place Him the highest, for such is His merit,
Who by His own earning, shall rightly inherit
The kingdom of righteousness, holiness, peace,
The riches of glory that never shall cease ;

Receiving, reflecting, embodying His fame ;
 So happy is God in the power of His name !
 And His the decree
 That to Christ, every knee
 Shall bow ; and that everything, distant and local,
 In earth and in heaven for Him shall be vocal ;
 All heights and all places and centres of living,
 Most heartily, jointly and joyously giving
 To Him, without rival or equal, all praise,
 Through ages of ages, through limitless days.

VII.

 The Lord's quickly coming !
 Have you heard, O, assuming
 And self-titled church, for long ages professing
 His knowledge, His name, and to deal out His blessing ?
 You've put your own voice above that of His word,
 You've taken authority which He has deferred ;
 And honors where He suffered only rejection,
 Affording, meanwhile, every evil protection ;
 While boasting to own Him,
 Have you really known Him ?
 You, for a Christ risen and seated in heaven,
 His work fully finished and pardon now given,
 Have shown Him as either a babe or as dying,
 No work really done ; and the guilty one lying
 Still under his sin, in his ruin unshriven.
 You've taught him to lean upon angels, on Mary,
 On priests and on saints whose extraordinary

Good works you have hoarded ; on sacraments, too ;
Thus, always an added still something to do !
 Ah, what a false witness !
 A false Christ is yours ;
 And this is your fitness
 To open heaven's doors !
There is not a being that's under the sun,
Nor above it—not anywhere in the wide earth
 Nor in the whole heaven,
 Not God nor Christ even :
Not all these combined can do aught, for 'tis DONE !
 Done thoroughly, gloriously,
 Superbly, victoriously !
 As God's self would have it ;
 Done ! there we may leave it ;
Christ's work on the cross is of infinite worth
 Meeting sin in its root
 And through all its fruit ;
And God rests ; and Christ rests ; and the man who believes
May rest as secure and established as they
And as happy, though heaven and earth pass away ;
May rejoice to the full in the life he receives.

VIII.

The sound onward moves—
He cometh who loves
With a love all unceasing ;
And not one shall be missing,
Of all that are His !

And are there not some who respond unto this?
 Is there not a remnant of those who hold fast?
 A little flock ready to hail Him at last?
 Though feeble yet simple and faithful to Him,
 Who, 'midst all the gloom, have discerned yet the gleam
 Of His light and His truth and have borne and been waiting?
 Who, taught by the Spirit, are anticipating
 His coming as speedy,
 And for it are greedy?
 Who, sharing with Him, in the world's deep aversion,
 Yet value, with God, all the more, His own person?
 And, taking the place of retirement and shame,
 Are keeping His word and confessing His name?
 To such, what a wonderful volume of love
 Is opening now from the glory above,
 As He comes to take both the waking and sleeping,
 The word of His promise most faithfully keeping.

IX.

A flash, and we're with Him!
 Earth, clouds, all beneath Him!
 In His loving presence,
 Our difficult lessons
 And all our hard questions are solved and are ended,
 With His, all our living is henceforward blended;
 Caught up in a twinkling, in the midst of the sigh
 Half breathed out on earth and then lost in the sky!
 E'en while for His coming we're breathing the prayer,
 The need will have ceased; lo, we're with Him up there!

The song, begun here, of our joy in His grace,
May end in the glory, in His fond embrace !
The "Even so, Come !" too, may have its last word
Changed to song before the actual face of the Lord !
As minute-men standing with vigilance steady,
Through the long morning watches, hear whispered "Be ready!"
So stand we, so wait we, foot lifted to spring
At the signal next instant, to be on the wing !
Faith's glance at the cross made our spirits anew,
So the eye's glance at glory gives us new bodies, too !

x.

And then the rejoicing
Beyond all our voicing !
Clasped now to His heart,
Never from Him to part !
Then the exquisite thrill of delight all entrancing,
The past weary wilderness memories enhancing
Its sweetness, its depth, and its o'erflowing measure !
His unsullied joy as He gathers His treasure,
Our perfect, consummate, unquestioning rest,
As we lean with all confidence then on His breast ;
Accrediting then, as we find it all thus,
That we are the objects of His special pleasure,
We are our Beloved's ; His desire is toward us !
Can we tell the intensity of the pure gladness
When dear ones are here gathered, once severed in sadness ?
The tender embracing of sister and brother,
Of long absent daughter and long yearning mother ?

Or that speechless rapture of contentment that hovers
 Deliciously over the meeting of lovers ?
 Or the richer home welcome of dearly loved wife
 Held to the warm breast of the lord of her life ?
 These are shadows and symptoms of something to be
 Most acutely enjoyed when our Lord's face we see ;
 But all fail, all must fail ; it is Christ and His own,
 No earthly love shows it in volume or tone ;
 In all of its elements tender, pathetic,
 Superlative, grandly complete and ecstatic !

XI.

Ah, He's nearing ! How cheering !
 The atmosphere's clearing,
 Things are seen in the light of His speedy appearing ;
 Round His loved ones there's shed a pure halo endearing.
 Our differences seem trifles and easily sink,
 And brother is feeling with brother the link ;
 The bond is acknowledged of our common home
 And one common Lord, and one cry—"Saviour, Come !
 We, clustering closer, awaiting His token,
 Forget all the hard speeches, save those we have spoken ;
 And love unto all saints goes out as we move
 Toward Him who has loved us and is, Himself, Love !
 The light just before us illumines what was dim
 And eye sees to eye when all eyes look for Him !
 O wonderful hope,
 Revealing the scope
 Of the tender relation of each to the other !
 Dear sons of our God sweetly know each as brother ;

The Lord's things are, all of them, emphasized now,
Intenser in meaning, as quickly we go
To meet on His heart and begin the grand story
Of heaven's new kingdom with the King of all glory !

XII.

The heart cry increases,
Come quickly, Lord Jesus !
'Tis ours to give utterance, in this one expression,
For those that shall follow in blessed procession ;
His Israel of promise, beloved and sealed
For the glory on earth, though now " scattered and peeled ;"
Creation, too, groaning and travailing in pain,
In hope of deliverance when He comes again ;
These await our removal ; thus, somehow, we're pressed
With the burdens and want and the cry of the rest
Now blinded or voiceless ; so, more is the need
That " Lord Jesus, Come !" we should eagerly plead.
So Christ and His church, now in suffering here,
Shall have their place only, when He shall appear.
Ah, myriads of pleas and of tongues now find room
In our more and more urgent cry—" Lord Jesus, Come !"
This world's willful system, now under the prince
Of darkness and evil who has held his place since
God's true King, Christ Jesus, was cast out and slain,
Must meet its swift judgment, for naught can remain
Of all that he's done ;
And Christ must, alone,

Triumphantly bring all things under His rod
 And for Satan and Antichrist, throne, o'er all, God !

XIII.

O gladness eternal !
 O living supernal,
 Realities bright !

We shall see, in His light,

The perfection of wisdom and grace in God's will,
 The grandeur with which He'll the universe fill ;
 We shall see what God meant in the matchless New Man
 In whom He, with confidence, pledged every plan.
 E'en the poor imitations here show some bright tracings
 In those that are His, flecked with many defacings ;
 But in Him, purest goodness and all grace and all truth
 Are native and found with the freshness of youth,
 Excelling in strength ; giving God what is meet
 And loving poor man with a love that kept sweet.
 Beholding Himself, expectation exceeds,
 Beholding Himself ! this embraces all needs.
 And there in His presence, recitals we'll hear
 Of storm-driven saints whom He kept through all fear ;
 And then will be brought out that He was so true
 And so right and so wise always, all the way through ;
 While we, by our foolish remonstrances then,
 And failures, more honor this Man of all men.
 All praises to God that, while tender and kind,
 He took not our counsels, but kept His own mind.

XIV.

Ah, prospect enchanting,
Where nothing is wanting !
How can we be satisfied now with delay,
Faith having been blessed with the sight of that day?
O vision celestial !
Naught now that's terrestrial
Henceforth e'er can occupy one that's seen this ;
It must be our standard, this imminent bliss !
The life that, while here, we must ever avow ;
So sure in a little while ; possible, now !
Yes, we hold to this hope, which not one thing shall dim,
Christ's coming, soon coming ; we soon shall see Him !
Our song shall grow sweeter and deeper "He's near!"
Till changed to the richest of all "HE IS HERE!"

Waiting.

Waiting for Him who is coming again,
To take me unto Him, the word
Of comfort He gave, who is the "Amen,"
And I know I can count on my Lord;
Watching for Him, who, when I was lost,
And guilty and vile and undone;
In love that is matchless, at infinite cost,
Redeemed me and made me His own.

Waiting, for there has been wrought in my heart
A longing His Person to see;
I know that, henceforth, we'll not be apart,
I need Him, and He needeth me.
Ah! such is my need, that the glory above,
Without Him would never be home;
And He needs, in me, the depths of God's love,
To show, in the ages to come.

Waiting for Him, while the world would deny,
In all of its movements and plans,
Himself, and His coming again from on high,
Regarding no glory but man's,
But, such is my thought of the world and its boast,
When they tell me how fair things appear;
I only can answer, "'T is nothing at most,
'T is empty, for He is not here."

Eagerly watching, for link there is none
With its progress and ways, bad or good;
I 'm crucified to it, and with it I 've done,
It is everywhere stained with His blood;
And I 'm only now cheered, till He comes in the air,
By the Comforter whom He hath given,
Communing of Him and revealing His care,
Till I 'm caught up unto Him, in heaven.

Waiting for Him and not hoping the least,
For things to grow better to-day;
Or, ruin will e'er to be ruin have ceased,
While He is remaining away.
Watching for Him, not for times nor events
Nor seasons, my thoughts to beguile;
Longing, yet patient, His promise contents,
While I measure the brief "little while."

Waiting for Him; with His power He will sweep
Through the graves, and bring up His own;
Giving bodies of glory to those who now sleep,
Like His, where corruption was sown.
And I know I 'll be happy to welcome them, too,
But happier far for His face;
As awaiting His coming is all that I do,
Since delivered from wrath by His grace.

And so, as I journey through night unto dawn,
Remembering all this He passed through;
'T is blessed to think, as I step lightly on,
While I 'm waiting He 's waiting too,

There 's many a token of failure, I 'm sure,
The way has been dreary and rough,
And fruit has been little, and service but poor;
But He will be blessing enough.

Waiting and longing and watching for Him,
Though foolish to all I may be;
Expecting most fully what now is but dim,
His face in the glory to see:
Quite happy to wait, though despised among men,
In a world that refused Him a home;
For the joy of my song is, " He 's coming again!"
The theme of my prayer is, " Lord, come!"

The Little While.

A little while for bearing,
As branch in vine, our fruit;
Our Lord, the while, preparing
The place that will us suit;
To watch with eye unsleeping
Through night now almost spent;
His word of patience keeping,
Serving with sweet content.

“A little while!” He said it
To keep us looking up;
And we His word may credit,
Counting Himself our Hope;
Through suffering and through sorrow,
Whatever may befall;
We know the joyful morrow
Will recompense it all.

A little while! Not grievous,
Nor long protracted here,
The time that He will leave us;
He holds us far too dear:
Once having set upon us
His own peculiar love,
He'll hasten to enthrone us
His glorious bride above.

A little while! O, wonder
Of love unspeakable!
Then with Himself up yonder,
For evermore to dwell!

The Little While.

With such an expectation,
 Well may our hearts be light;
 This hour, anticipation,
 The next, the glory bright!

A little while! This, only,
 The time and scene for tears,
 Weakness and walking lonely,
 The cross, the burden, sneers;
 For fellowship in sadness,
 With Him who went this way;
 Then, boundless, glowing gladness,
 His own! in endless day.

A little while! Already
 The glory nearer looms!
 A voice has sounded steady,
 "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
 Above the din and folly,
 Of mingled tongues of men;
 The word for His own, wholly,
 To take their place again.

A little while! O, Saviour;
 For Thy sake we can wait;
 Though poorly our behavior,
 Agrees with hopes so great;
 But ah! 't is Thee, we're needing,
 Thyself, Thy welcome smile;
 And this 't is keeps us pleading,
 "Close up the little while!"

“Surely I Come Quickly!”

Rev. xxii. 20 ; 1 Cor. xv.

Coming? And did I hear aright?
Can it be really true
That He, I've looked for day and night
Is nearing into view?

The One, alone, who showed God's mind,
For whom the ages are;
The Shepherd who came out to find
The poor lost sheep, so far?

He who once sat at Sychar's well,
And talked with sinner there;
Was guest to Zaccheus to tell
That lost ones were His care?

Who hushed to silence the wild wave,
Who raised the widow's son;
The Man who wept at Lazarus' grave,
With all their sorrows, one?

The lone One of Gethsemane,
Of Pilate's judgment hall;
Who bore God's stroke on Calvary,
Man's bitterness and gall?

Who now is set at God's right hand,
Who put my sins away;
The Man in glory, whose command
The heavens and earth shall sway?

Surely I Come Quickly.

Who long has captive held my heart,
And filled my tongue with song;
For whom with all things I would part,
For whom I do so long?

My longing deepens every hour,
For deeper is the grief;
And bolder waxes Satan's power;
O, Christ is the relief!

Himself! His own all glorious face!
His presence; God's own Son!
Forever blotting out each trace
Of all that sin has done.

Himself! The One for whom I'm formed,
The One who's formed for me;
The thought of whom my bosom's warmed,
Since first He set me free!

O hours, stay not! Ye moments, fade!
Move with the eagerness
Of my desire; nor be delayed;
The circumstances press.

I've set a myriad hopes on this,
Have staunched a myriad tears
With certainty of the pure bliss
Of His eternal years.

I've pressed through trials multiform,
The blighting heats of noon,
The midnight's cold, the driving storm,
With thought, "He's coming soon!"

The one delight, the one glad word,
Amidst the journey drear,
The strife, the scorn, is that my Lord
Is surely drawing near.

The sleeping have been laid away,
With confidence we 'll share
Their joy in resurrection day:
O, all 's invested there!

And all is sure; it rests on Him;
Although it might appear
Across the cycles somewhat dim,
Yet closer, it is clear.

Coming! Eyes be for Him alone!
Ears, too, be sensitive
To catch the word that calls His own
With Him, with Him to live!

With Him, the Glad, the Glorified!
With Him forevermore;
With Him! I know not aught beside
That makes the heart's full store.

Ah! that deep yearning shall be met
The longing satisfied
The one supreme desire that's set
On Him who for us died.

“Even So, Come!”

Though Thou mayst linger, come Thou must
Lord! for Thy waiting saints
Whose life, once formed upon that trust,
With too long waiting, faints;
Thy coming will all things adjust
And more thou meet all plaints.

Come! Thou hast caused this longing, Thou
Hast set this watching; told
Us Thy intention soon to bow
All things to Thee and hold
Us to Thy heart forever! Now
Make true Thy word of old!

Thou canst not reign without us! We
Are Thine own body fair;
Thy bride and glory yet to be,
When Thou Thy crown shalt wear.
Surely, Thou must be eagerly
Longing to bring us there!

O Saviour! Thou didst see us in
Our guilt, as enemies;
And leave Thy home to take our sin
And raise us to Thy bliss!
What could Thy purpose toward us mean,
If not this, even this?

The longing of Thy heart which wakes
For us, calls forth our cry;
The strong desire which from us breaks
For Thee, echoes Thy sigh;
Each to the other answer makes
And shows the meeting's nigh!

Come! we have cried when evening came,
When morning sun arose;
We 've longed and hoped and held Thy name
Dearer, as draws the close
Of Thy rejection here and shame,
Dearer, too, for Thy foes.

Life has no sequel but with Thee!
There, there, all glories throng;
Meanwhile we trace each victory
Of grace o'er strongest wrong,
And recognize Thy hand and see
The expected end, ere long.

Come! for the burden of the years,
The sob and throb of time;
The wistful on-looking through tears,
E'en from sin's hoary prime,
Gaining in force as slowly nears
The moment all sublime.

The reaching out with suppliant hands
In voiceless agony,
Through all the ages, in all lands,
Against sin's cruelty.

“Even So, Come!”

O Christ! Thy heart well understands
Is all for Thee! for THEE!

O Satisfaction for all hearts!
O, meeting God's deep quest!
The whisper of Thy name imparts
Unto the wearied, rest;
Each thought of Thee the spirit starts
And gives our waiting, zest.

And how Thine excellence comes out
When we're expecting Thee!
How we delight to tell about
The Man whom we shall see;
The Heart that wants us, and the shout
'That shall our summons be!

Ah, Thou art coming! How we sing!
For song is in the phrase;
Burdens are lighter; everything
Beams with illumined phase;
Sorrow's forgotten; cares take wing;
We can do naught but gaze

Upward, expecting Thee, our Lord!
Desire of ages, sum
Of God's o'erflowing kindness toward
Man, under sin's sad doom;
And more intensely breathe the word
Of joy and welcome:—Come!

The Coming Glory.

The coming glory soon shall dawn,
Morning waits the lapsing night;
Morn of day Christ will bring on,
After man's sad day is gone;
He its full, refulgent light!

The coming glory! What a thought!
What a fact for Him and me!
He, the One who all has wrought,
I, the lost one whom He sought,
What a meeting ours shall be!

The coming glory shall disclose,
All I've sighed and longed for here
All the riches held for those,
Whom the father in Him chose
Long before the ages were.

Yes, that glory then shall bring,
What I have enjoyed unseen;
What has made my heart to sing,
Made me from myself to fling,
All the world has gloried in.

The coming glory God has made,
Comfort through the wilderness;
By it must my soul be stayed,
Held up firmly, undismayed,
Though on all sides evil press.

The coming glory! O to be,
Altogether formed by it!

The Coming Glory.

Gathering patience, purity,
Love and holy symmetry
And whate'er for Him is fit.

The coming glory, O how near!
Just beyond the thinnest veil;
Then the hidden things how clear!
Then the company most dear,
In a moment I shall hail!

And knowing that I'm called for this,
Knowing this He's waiting for,
Knowing that the full-orbed bliss,
Mine, and the full sum of His,
Is suspended on that hour,

My heart cries out, with this in view,
Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy bride!
Come, bring in Thy kingdom too!
Come, create all things anew!
Glory that shall e'er abide.

O coming glory, for His sake,
Hasten to this world of pain!
Swiftly may the moment break
When the righteous One shall take
Rightful throne o'er earth and reign.

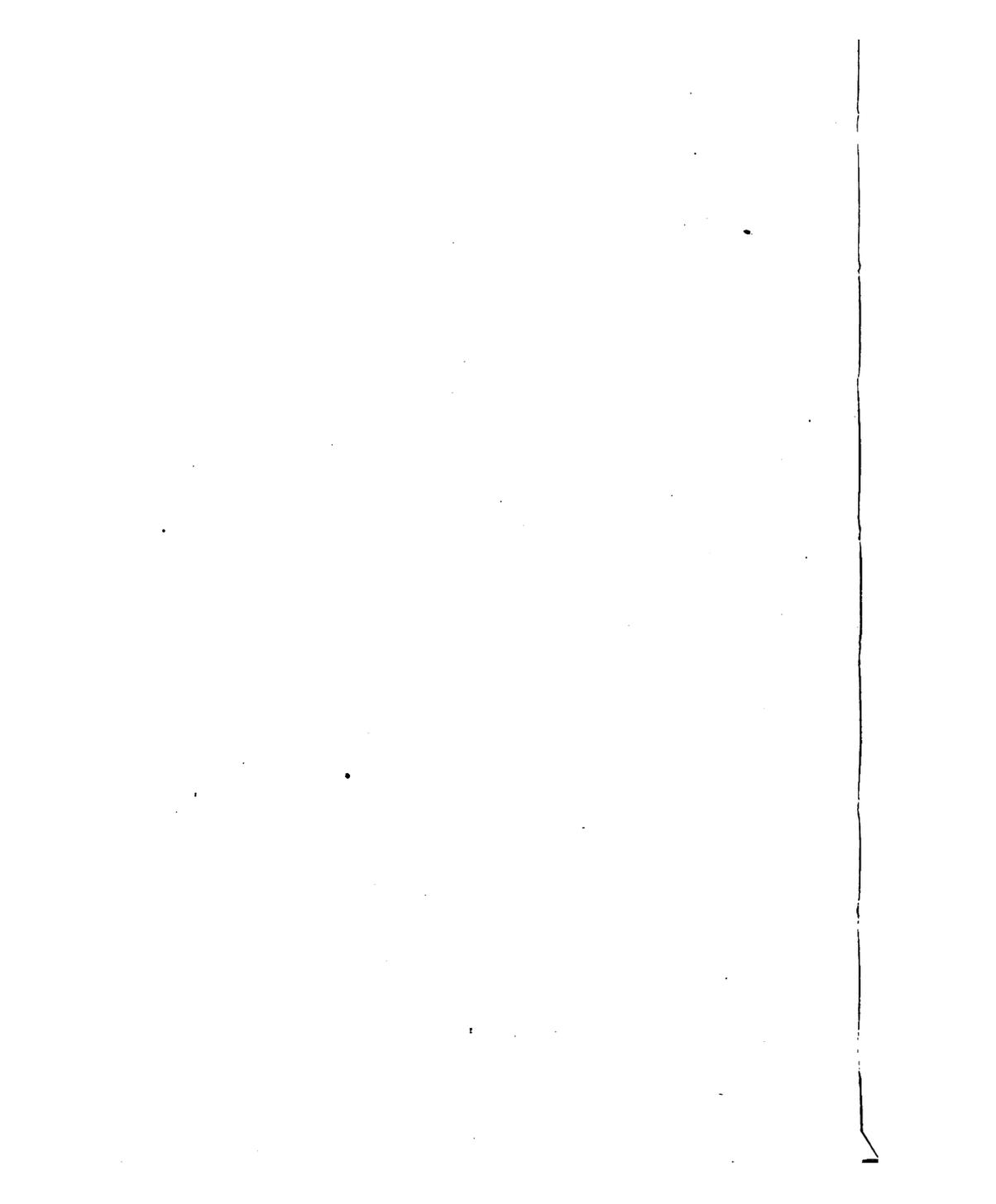
For Christ's glory shall displace
This creation man has marred,
Slighting Him, despising grace:
Glory, then, with royal pace,
Let not anything retard!

Christ Only.

Henceforward be my constant gaze
O Lord! alone on Thee!
I cannot know God's mind and ways
Without Thyself as Key;
I cannot live but in Thy light,
I cannot walk but by Thy might;
With Thee, is all, for me!

O to be only, always there,
As I am only Thine!
Lifted above all anxious care,
Held by a grasp divine;
Knowing a deeper love than all
The sorrows that can ever fall
Across this path of mine.

O to be ever pouring out
The love Thou givest me!
Which, as Thine own, must go about,
Blessing continually;
Dispensing as the sunlight, peace,
Relieving sin's calamities
With tenderest sympathy!



By the Way.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way;
they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then
they cried unto Jehovah in their trouble.

And He delivered them out of all their distresses. And
He led them by the right way.

That they might go to a city of habitation.—Ps. cvii. 4-7.

Out and Into.

He brought us OUT, that He might bring us IN.—Deut. vi. 23.

I.

Out of the distance and darkness so deep,
Out of the settled and perilous sleep;
Out of the region and shadow of death,
Out of its foul and pestilent breath;
Out of the bondage and wearying chains,
Out of companionship ever with stains;—
 Into the light and the glory of God,
 Into the holiest, made clean by blood;
 Into His arms—the embrace and the kiss,—
 Into the scene of ineffable bliss;
 Into the quiet, the infinite calm,
 Into the place of the song and the psalm.
Wonderful love, that has wrought all for me!
Wonderful work, that has thus set me free!
Wonderful ground upon which I have come!
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home!

II.

Out of disaster and ruin complete,
Out of the struggle and dreary defeat;
Out of my sorrow and burden and shame.
Out of the evils too fearful to name;
Out of my guilt, and the criminal's doom,
Out of the dreading, the terror, the gloom:—
 Into the sense of forgiveness and rest,
 Into inheritance with all the blest,

Into a righteous and permanent peace,
Into the grandest and fullest release;
Into the comfort without an alloy,
Into a perfect and confident joy.
Wonderful holiness, bringing to light!
Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight!
Wonderful wisdom, devising the way!
Wonderful power, that nothing could stay!

III.

Out of the horror at being alone,
Out, and forever, of being my own;
Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
Out of the longings which nothing could fill;
Out of the bitterness, madness and strife,
Out of myself, and of all I called life:—
 Into communion with Father and Son,
 Into the sharing of all that Christ won;
 Into the ecstasies full to the brim,
 Into the having of all things with Him;
 Into Christ Jesus, there ever to dwell,
 Into more blessings than words e'er can tell.
Wonderful lowliness, draining my cup!
Wonderful purpose, that ne'er gave me up!
Wonderful patience, enduring and strong!
Wonderful glory, to which I belong!

IV.

Out of my poverty, into His wealth,
Out of my sicknesses, into pure health;
Out of the false, and into the true,
Out of the old man, into the New;

Out of what measures the full depth of "LOST!"
Out of it all, and at infinite cost!

Into what must with that cost correspond,
Into that which there is nothing beyond,
Into the union which nothing can part,
Into what satisfies His, and my, heart!
Into the deepest of joys ever had—

Into the gladness of making God glad!
Wonderful Person, whom I shall behold!
Wonderful story, then all to be told!
Wonderful all the dread way that He trod!
Wonderful end, He has brought me to God!

Serving.

As Thine, O blessed God and Father!
Delivered from the wrath to come,
And waiting for Thy Son to gather
His ransomed ones, unto His home;
I would be serving, in the spirit
Of sonship and of liberty;
As one expecting to inherit
The kingdom with Thy Christ and Thee.

Out from a glad heart fully knowing,
My portion as secured above;
And, just the happy overflowing
And sense of Thy amazing love;
Fixed perfectly, without distraction,
On Him alone, my perfect peace;
Not troubled, seeking satisfaction
And rest for conscience ill at ease.

Not occupied with what I'm doing
Nor seeking to have others do;
But, at His feet with rapture viewing
Himself, and all He here passed through.
The peace of Christ within me reigning,
The word of Christ, too, richly there;
The love of Christ alone constraining,
And Thy approval all my care.

Serving.

I am not called to judge or reason,
 But take the word of Thy command;
 To know from Thee the work and season,
 When told, to do, when not, to stand.
 Nor am I taking for my measure,
 Man's estimate of what I should;
 But, Father, Thine own will and pleasure:
 That is to me the only good.

The fellowship of Thine own presence,
 The wondrous depths of love I find,
 Shall be to me most rich in lessons
 Of what is suited to Thy mind,
 Abiding there, I raise no question
 Of what is good or of success;
 Nor need incentive nor suggestion,
 From human woes or helplessness.

For I am serving Thee, who knowest
 Man's ruin and his dreadful plight;
 Who, in the gift of Christ, well showest
 A love and pity infinite.
 And so I need make no selection,
 Of how or what my work shall be,
 For what Thou biddest is perfection
 And my responsibility.

And Thou hast to Thy servant spoken,
 Of that great day that cometh on,
 When Thou wilt gladly give the token
 Of Thine own thought of service done.

And I, the while I 'm for this waiting,
Find teachings of the costliest;
Some richer things to toil relating:—
He suffers most, who serveth best.

And thus I now, some glimpse discerning,
Of what Thy meaning is, may see,
That while I 've served, I have been learning,
In everything the more of Thee:
The regal splendor of Thy giving,
The shining forth of Thine own face;
Thyself, O God, the True and Living,
Unfolded in Thy boundless grace.

Resting.

After conflict, toil and weakness,
I am resting now;
At the feet of Christ in meekness
Made, at length, to bow.
How I praise Him who hath spoken
To my soul such peace;
How I love the power that 's broken
All my will to His!

Through the long, sad days behind me,
Sick at heart and sore;
How I loathed what would remind me,
Of the sin I bore;
How I tried my fears to stifle,
Working with a zest;
With my conscience thus to trifle,
Counterfeiting rest.

Ah! He knew my heart was aching,
'Midst my seeming calm;
Knew—these useless efforts making—
I was seeking balm;
Knew me heavy-laden, weary,
Heard the smothered sigh;
Followed all my wanderings dreary
With His gracious eye.

Then He with compassion sought me,
 With an eager heart;
In a righteous way He brought me,
 With Him to have part.
I a land of wonders entered,
 Unknown hitherto;
All things in Christ Jesus centred,
 All things ever new.

Joys I've thought could be but seeming,
 Now have come to me;
Things beyond my wildest dreaming
 I am brought to see;
Dignities and splendors golden
 In my Father's home,
Far beyond all stories olden;
 Into all I've come.

In the quiet of His presence,
 I am learning, too;
Learning ever richer lessons,
 What His grace can do.
Heart at ease, then no more hiding,
 No more fear of men;
All is well, in Him abiding,
 All perfection, then.

With Him who redeemed me seated,
 In Him without blame,
All I was, I hear repeated
 With no blush of shame;

Resting.

Such the triumph that doth hold me,
Of all to be rid;
"See," I cry, "the Man who told me
All I ever did!"

In the heaven, to which I 'm going,
Whither He has gone;
There, within the glory glowing,
Knowing as I 'm known;
I shall sound love's deepest treasures,
But not be more blest,
Than where now my glad soul measures,
This full wealth of rest.

His Glad Child.

How happy has God made me,
Revealing His rich grace;
His boundless power to aid me,
Giving me perfect peace.
I want just what He bringeth,
No other need there is;
My heart within me singeth,
Because that I am His.

All His own things are for me,
The fullness of His home;
His great love 's brooding o'er me,
Whispering of things to come.
And yet, the choicest blessing,
Without which all were dim,
Is that, this all possessing,
I have it all with Him.

I know His own good pleasure,
By which He all has done;
His thought for me the measure
And stature of His Son.
That I 'm to share the glory,
That Christ will take as Man;
Such is the wondrous story,
This, His eternal plan.

His Glad Child.

And now e'en sorrow teaches,
Lessons none elsewhere find;
The grander, deeper, reaches
And counsels of His mind.
Surely, the way He leadeth,
Suits with my statelier birth;
His every stroke but pleadeth
That I be done with earth.

Only as I am broken,
And Christ alone received,
Can I e'er say, "I've spoken
Because I have believed."
No care nor dread nor fearing
Within my heart can dwell;
I know so well I'm nearing
Delights ineffable.

Until in glory yonder,
HIM face to face I see,
I shall not cease to wonder
At grace that took up me.
And then!—Ah, there is given
For that, just its own word,
That names the name of heaven,
"FOREVER WITH THE LORD!"

Gershom.

"And he called his name Gershom; for he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land."—Ex. ii. 22.

A stranger, with such strange ways!
A peculiar light in his eyes;
A far-off look, a kind of daze,
Unheeding what round him lies.

There is triumph, but not scorn
And a pity, in that light;
A glance that's caught the glimmer of morn,
After a lingering night.

He has a settled peace,
A perennial flow of joy,
A love that never seems to cease,
A sweetness that does not cloy.

His speech and philosophy,
Not of an earthly school,
Oft lead us to wonder whether he
Be an angel or a fool!

He is absent from our plays,
And awkward in all our things;
We look, at times, as we on him gaze,
To see whether he has wings!

So lightly He touches the earth,
So little he uses what's here;
He seems like a being of higher birth,
To whom unseen things are dear.

The source of his inner calm
To the world is all unknown;
He greets affliction with a psalm,
And sorrow without a groan.

He boweth no knee to man,
He seeks neither wealth nor place;
But from our schemes and every plan
He steadily turns his face.

Of ambition he has none,
To help make history;
Or move this world still farther on
Toward man's good time to be.

In everything he is odd!
His religion is not like ours;
Perhaps he worships another God
Than the god this world adores.

He speaks very much of death,
Declares He is risen, too;
Talks of the judgment—that takes our breath—
Of the "old man" and the "new."

When asked if he'll now settle down,
And here make himself a home;
He says he's but stopping to wait for One
He expects any moment to come!

And then there 's a wondrous gleam
And radiance in his face.
When speaking to listeners of HIM,
Who seems to possess every grace.

He says no two could be found
Adapted so perfectly ;
In what he lacks, this One doth abound,
To an infinite degree.

With HIM he is occupied,
For others he has no room ;
He 's like a lover expecting his bride,
Or rather, a bride her groom.

GERSHOM 's the name that he took,
" A stranger:" he acts like it too,
In every motion, in every look ;
Who is he, my reader? You!

On the Way.

I'm weary;
For the wilderness
Is every lingering hour more dreary
And but distress.

Oft weeping
As I pass the night,
My wakeful, eager watch still keeping,
As child of light.

Yet singing
'Mid the troubled waste;
Each moment but the nearer bringing
Those feet that haste.

His staying
In the heavens above,
Although, at times, it seems delaying,
I know is love.

And reckon
Ali, for Him, as dross,
And, for the eternal joys that beckon,
Bear now the cross.

There's nothing,
For one born of God,
But—in this bitter scene of loathing—
The path He trod.

His gracious
Words, alone, are balm;
Himself, the Lord, above all precious,
Assureth calm.

And nearer
As I draw toward home,
The wondrous things of Christ grow dearer
That are to come.

And steady
Holds the gaze that way
Whence comes the gleam which now already
Foretells the day.

So watching,
It may be the case.
The next thing that the eye 'll be catching,
Shall be His face!

O vision!
Burden of each sigh,
The heart, for Thee, 'midst all derisiou,
Sends forth its cry.

O glory
Of unmixed delight!
O Christ! the sum of all God's story,
Dawn on my sight!

On the Way.

Ah, surely
Then, shall all be set
In clearest light, that shone obscurely;
All longings met.

Forever
Will forgotten be
All pain and Satan's deep endeavor;
When once with Thee.

Enchanting,
All, to heart and eye,
Rebuking fears and nothing wanting,
Eternally!

Thus strengthened
Richly, I press on,
Whether the way be short or lengthened;
Nor feel alone;

Well knowing
I am called to share,
The inheritance He has been showing,
With Christ up there;

And wonder
That it e'er seemed long,
And is not, with such prospects yonder,
Filled up with song.

Caleb.

Num. xiv.: Josh. xiv.

I.

These are the words to Joshua told
By Caleb in the faith grown bold,
When, Canaan being now possessed,
He portioned it, as though at rest:—
“Thou knowest what Jehovah said
To Moses, man of God, now dead,
In Kadesh, touching thee and me,
Giving His pledge most solemnly.

II.

“Forty years old was I when sent,
And to spy out this land we went;
As in my heart the thought was then.
I brought him, truly, word again;
Nevertheless, my brethren, who
Went up at that time with us two,
Made all the people's heart to melt,
So faithlessly with God they dealt.

III.

“Then Moses swear, upon that day
These words, which God gave him to say:—
‘Because thou wholly followedst God,
The land whereon thy feet have trod

Shall thine inheritance e'er be,
And so, to thy posterity.'
And now Jehovah's kept alive
Me, through these years, forty and five.

IV.

"Lo, I 'm fourscore and five years old
This day; as yet I am as bold
And strong as in that early day
When Moses bade me go away
With thee, this goodly land to know,
Full five and forty years ago;
Till now my strength for war has been
Both to go out and to come in.

V.

"Wherefore, this mountain give, I pray,
Whereof God spake upon that day;
For at that time thou heard'st them tell,
That there the sons of Anak dwell;
And there the great fenced cities are,
And there I would be conqueror;
If so Jehovah be with me,
He 'll give me the swift victory."

VI.

Ah, faith knows nothing difficult:
It sees, with God, the sure result,
Entering on it as though 't were wrought,
And triumphs ere the battle's fought.

When it takes God the whole to do,
It must succeed; and, grandly, too.
So Joshua blessed him there and gave
To Caleb what his faith would have;

VII.

Enjoying fellowship with this,
Gave what was, really, not yet his;
Grasping its conquest in advance,
Hebron for his inheritance.
Faith does not need with eyes to see,
Believing's seeing, thoroughly.
These two, thus, sharers in all things,
The glory as the sufferings.

VIII.

Caleb had, through the wilderness,
Witnessed rebellion and distress,
Failure and murmurings; and stood
To this:—"God's promise He'll make good."
With Stephen, since, in spirit lured
By sight of glory, he endured
As seeing the Invisible,
Knowing in Canaan he must dwell;

IX.

In the rich clusters of Eshcol,
The earnest he received of all;
And counted all things else as naught,
Till he should to the land be brought;

And thus his citizenship was,
 In type, in heaven, for this cause;
 He, journeying the desert drear,
 A heavenly man, with heart elsewhere.

X.

His heart was, as the way he trod
 Fast anchored on the thoughts of God:—
 “If He delight in us.” “If He,
 Jehovah, will but be with me”—
 As that, sufficed for desert rough,
 This, for the future was enough.
 And so, he held through all these years,
 That which had roused the others' fears—

XI.

That portion where fenced cities rose
 With sons of Anak to oppose.
 But what, to such as he, were wall
 Built up to heaven? Faith saw it fall,
 Or what were giants fierce and grim?
 God was more strong than Anakim;
 Easy 't would be with such to fight,
 Strong in the power of God's own might.

XII.

What though they were as grasshoppers
 Before these men? The universe
 Was held by One of lofty name,
 Before whom all men were the same;

Jehovah, God: and was it much
To let Him show Himself as such?
Their vanquishment was seen complete,
Satan, in figure, under feet.

XIII.

The wilderness had been to him
A cup of death, filled to the brim,
All who had started, strong for toil
Or war, lay now beneath the soil;
Their little ones for whom they feared,
Were now to stalwart manhood reared:
A new born, resurrection race
On resurrection ground, through grace.

XIV.

And Caleb seems among them all
Of conquering Israel typical;
He, Egypt left with those who died
And with their sons crossed Jordan's tide
By the command and might of God
In full triumphant life, dry shod,
Thus, dead and risen, he'd advance
At once on his inheritance;

XV.

His purpose being Christ to know
In power of risen life also;
He, being made conformable
Unto His death, would to the full,

Still follow on to know the Lord,
 Entering His joy and pressing toward
 The mark for the high calling's prize,
 E'er keeping that before his eyes.

XVI.

And every word of God had stood,
 And every word should still hold good
 To him and his; and he did well
 Anticipate God's principle—
 "Each place your feet shall tread upon
 Is yours;" thus had he long since won,
 And by true title it was his,
 This man of faith's bright victories.

XVII.

Again he 'd tread it and endure
 War, making his election sure;
 And God had honored him; his strength
 Was as his day, through all the length
 Of years, kept by the power of God
 Through faith, along the weary road,
 For the inheritance reserved,
 From which his heart had never swerved.

XVIII.

God meant all Israel should be
 Stalwart through all their years as he.
 Caleb was but a specimen
 Of what His people should have been

Had they His precepts but obeyed
And their whole heart upon Him stayed.
“Obey and live,” His word; so on
Living; and strong in thews and brawn.

XIX.

A full, accumulated power,
Of life and wealth on earth, their dower;
Their land the teeming crops to cast
With little care from first to last;
With but a holiday of toil
Upon a rich, exuberant soil;
And when the merry harvests ceased,
Instead of weariness, a feast.

XX.

Thousands to flee before one man,
Not by their prowess, strength or plan
But by His might; to manifest
That where He dwelt, there all was best.
To go from strength to strength with song,
To dwell secure through ages long.
And though all failed, there were, meanwhile,
Some Calebs there, to show His style.

XXI.

And now God's patient love and care,
Have brought them to the land so fair;
Swollen no foot; nor sandal, worn;
Nor raiment even frayed or torn;—

God's thoughtfulness itself devotes
 E'en to the nap upon their coats;—
 And surely so, since they were His
 And all He does, perfection is.

XXII.

And He had led them thus to prove
 And humble them and know if love
 For His commands were there or not;
 Had suffered them to hunger, brought
 Them daily food for daily need,
 That they might know that man, indeed,
 Lives not alone upon his food
 But each word from the mouth of God.

XXIII.

What had they left? A tyrant's grip,
 The crushing task, the biting whip;
 A realm in which they had no part
 But the poor slaves with broken heart;
 Of cruelty, where crafty king
 And ministers did everything
 To make their burdens heavier,
 And, not a hope of helper near.

XXIV.

To what redeemed? A land most blest
 In every way; to be possessed
 By them forever; and of worth
 Most highly favored upon earth;

Of springs and rains, former and late,
Of vine, fig, olive, pomegranate;
God always there, and, with delight
Beholding them both day and night.

XXV.

Yet they despised this land; and then,
In heart, to Egypt turned again!
Not that they loved the Egyptian rod,
But that they loathed to be with God;
'T was not that they disliked the land,
But 't was distasteful from His hand;
So man is always proved; 't would seem
He 'd have God's things but not have Him.

XXVI.

To want a thing that He's not in
Is lust; and holding it is sin;
What's held by our own estimate,
Is sense; by God's is faith; and great
His joy to lead His own along
The way of light, more and more strong;
In fellowship with Him how blest!
At home with Him is perfect rest.

XXVII.

Caleb had wearied o'er delays,
Doubtless; and wondered at God's ways
Not clear; his brethren, too, had tried
His patience; so he may have cried

Quite oft, "How long?" while death swept through
 The guilty host and thousands slow;
 And he had need his heart to set
 Upon God's patience, not to fret.

XXVIII.

He'd seen God's wonders in the land
 Of Ham; the judgments of His hand
 In the Red Sea, and joined the song
 Of victory to God the Strong;
 Had seen the Pillar reared above
 And fronting Israel's camp, in love;
 The water gushing from the Rock,
 God's fresh supply for His own flock.

XXIX.

Had marked the marvel ever new,
 When bread was found beneath the dew;
 Life for the day, the angel's food
 Each morn, to prove them if they would
 Jehovah have as their resource;
 And known their failure here, of course;
 Had stood at Sinai when He spoke,
 And Israel took the Law's sad yoke,

XXX.

Which only served to bring out sin,
 So grace, alone, must take them in.
 The rebel race who, while they'd breath
 Went murmuring on and down to death,

He 'd seen; also the wondrous sight.
God's dwelling-place of glory bright,
The Tabernacle, the shed blood
Which brought the guilty nigh to God.

XXXI.

He 'd cleaved to God e'en from the start
With the full purpose of his heart,
God's covenant-title proving well—
Jehovah, God of Israel—
For thus had God revealed His name
To Moses, when He to them came,
Unfolding it in sevenfold way:—
"I am JEHOVAH," to them say;

XXXII.

"From Egypt's burden I 'll bring you;
I 'll rid you of its bondage, too;
With stretched-out arm and judgments rare;
I 'll take you for my special care,
My people; I, your God will be;
Into the land bring certainly;
And give it to you, an entail;
I am JEHOVAH, naught shall fail."

XXXIII.

That self-same word which Caleb used,
His brethren had, but they refused;
He, acting on what others knew,
Set to his seal that God was true.

And God was proved most gloriously,
 While they were proved nothing to be,
 But he, according to God's word
 Most fully followed Him, his Lord.

XXXIV.

While Joshua always companied
 With Moses and by him was led,
 Helped and encouraged in God's ways,
 From the most early pilgrim days;
 Caleb had stood alone, among
 A wicked and rebellious throng,
 Apart with God and stayed by Him;
 His word, His oath, Himself supreme.

XXXV.

Caleb—a dog! A lesson sweet,
 Its meaning gives; his master's feet
 The dog's place, with no will but his,
 Picture of faithfulness he is;
 Catching each motion, word or glance,
 Ready to stay or to advance,
 The truest, trustiest servant, he,
 Contented with his lord to be.

XXXVI.

Simply a dog! But, by that name,
 Allied with one of later fame,
 Who took such place at Christ's own feet,
 Happy the falling crumbs to eat.

Along the roll of centuries, few
Enter the company of these two;
The most select society,
Who, through defeat, saw victory.

XXXVII.

Such live alone, save as they seem
In closest neighborhood with Him;
Crumbs of the choicest portions on
Their Lord's own board, they feed upon;
Crumbs; yes, for often faith's best acts
Flow from God's single, detached facts;
As, see the men of noblest sort,
Who through faith gained a good report,

XXXVIII.

Of whom the world unworthy was;
These shine in God's account, because
That from the day He named the land
To Abram, through the following band,
As Isaac, Jacob, strangers there,
Or Joseph exiled, through whose care
Israel was kept, this held their heart
And kept them undefiled, apart.

XXXIX.

So Moses, who for this forsook
The land of Egypt and thence took
His journey with God's Israel,
With God, alone, the way to tell;

Then Gideon, Barak, Jephthah, kings
 In this, though weak in other things;
 And Samson, Samuel, David, peers
 In faith that held God's land as theirs.

XL.

There Gentile Rahab took her place
 Holding God's ground with Israel's race;
 Prophet fell heir to patriarch
 With heart aflame by that one spark;
 Holding God's land in every strait,
 In it or out and desolate.
 These, realms subdued, wrought righteousness,
 Sealed lions' mouths, gained promises.

XLI.

'T is simple; holding God's one thought,
 As given; and so it reasons not,
 But values what He values; spurns
 What He rejects; so, following, learns
 Calmly to look to the unseen
 For the rich things that He may mean;
 With God thus holding intercourse
 And knowing Him the sole resource.

XLII.

Thus Caleb stands pre-eminent
 In his day; and, with heart intent
 On the one thing God promised them--
 Glory beyond the liveliest dream,

His sole responsibility
To follow God unwaveringly,
Till all was theirs, all victories won,
And, God with them, glory begun.

XLIII.

We 've too, God's ground to which to cling;
In Paul's own spirit,—“this one thing!”
Christ in the glory on God's throne
Is the one Object for His own;
And, with eye fixed on that one sight,
To find with God, there our delight;
Himself, His word, His name our care,
God's centre of all worship there.

The Reverse Side.

I.

I mused upon the many ways
In which is shown God's care;
That I, through all these waiting days,
His fellowship may share;
I thought, how He delights to give
And how, in methods positive,
He meets me everywhere;
And while each moment gently moves
How easy 't is to say He loves.

II.

But there are methods deeper still,
The negative of these;
In which the purpose of His will
Is learned by slow degrees;
Slowly, it may be, yet well learned
Yet oftentimes by being burned
In ways that may not please
Into the heart that, by such pains
Becomes possessed of richer gains.

III.

Rebuke must come and discipline
And Satan's enmity,
That, thereby, there may be wrought in
The truths, which, hastily,
I've read in days of quietness;
They need the harder strain and stress
To make them real to me;
The trial of my faith through strife,
To transmute teaching into life.

IV.

If friends turn foes and oft mistake
My acts, and judge me sore;
They but conspire, in this, to make
My happiness the more,
By casting me upon His breast,
Who, judging rightly, gives me rest;
And can I then deplore
That He, this ruder way assume,
To make me nearer to Him come?

V.

Or if, in judging self I fail,
Shall I from others' eyes
Then shrink, or at their judgment quail?
He may be, in this guise,
Demanding that my walk be new,
With step and tread that are more true,
For one whose journey lies
Through, yet apart from, all this scene;
How much He, by their words, may mean!

VI.

And is the toil all night, 'midst waves,
In vain, if morn bring near,
Him, who out from all trouble saves,
And calms both waves and fear?
Would He have been the same on land
As where winds die at His command
And heavens of clouds are clear?
Would I have life without its storms,
And know God but in minor forms?

VII.

Who is this God that loves me so,
Of whom I mention make?
At such a distance must I know
Him always? No, He 'll break
Through all obscurities that I
Would hold Him in; and, coming nigh,
With great delight, would take
His place as a familiar Friend,
According to His call and end.

VIII.

And would I keep Him in the scope
Of my own thoughts and fears?
Or, rather, having learned the hope
Of His eternal years,
Loosen from all things that are mine,
And grasp the purposes divine,
Beyond what now appears?
Hold intercourse with what is His,
Be schooled in deepest ways of bliss?

IX.

What if He make my loudest song
Of boasting true, to me?
And give me cause to boast ere long,
Still more what He can be?
Would I not welcome pain or loss
Or bitter cup or thorn or cross
Or present agony;
If thus He bring my feet to stand
Where I've but touched with upreached hand.

X.

O surely, if He will consent
Such pains to take with me,
I may most fully be content;
Assured the end shall be—
Removing what my view would dim,
That I more clearly shall see Him
And know how wise was He
And kind in all that He denied,
Though I against it often cried.

XI.

Let come, then, sorest grief and care,
I laugh them in the face;
Well knowing these occasions are
For victories of grace;
Grace, that, through all the hideous tale
Of sin's deep crime and sorrow's wail,
Has kept its regal place:
And shall, with righteousness and truth
From age to age renew its youth.

XII.

In all these ways He'll show me more
Of what Himself is in;
More, in one hour than years before,
What eye hath never seen
And what eternity shall bring,
So that I will not prize one thing
That is most prized by men;
But wait the shout from His own Son,
The glorious summons to be gone.

If Need Be.

1 Peter 1. 6; Phil. iv. 19

We need the buffet and the trial,
The stroke that comes for wandering;
To all our pleas a prompt denial
For any hurtful thing.

The clear rebuke for our own folly
God's wisdom, thus, to understand,
Constant restraint, that we be wholly
Subject to His command.

On His part, often the deferring,
And unexplained withholding, too;
The chastening hand if we be erring,
Or dead to what is true.

The settled burden for the shoulder,
The press of sorrow on the heart;
That we in faith may grow the bolder,
Wholly from sight apart.

Indeed, the will must be all broken,
The heart be purged from other loves;
The eye be cleared to catch His token
And signal, as He moves.

For we, by God's predestination
Must be conformed unto His Son;
And so, 't is through much tribulation
Our course, while here, must run.

To bring out fully, here, the graces
That signalize the life divine;
To leave upon us no more traces
Of the old ways malign.

When rudest blasts of longest winter
Beat wild and rough against the oak,
Its roots the earth more deeply enter;
More firmly clasp the rock.

The mountain peak and promontory
That grace the scene with roundest forms,
Have gained their soft outline and glory
Through centuries of storms.

So need we sickness, care and waiting,
To give the soul its real strength;
And patient calm; and animating
Hope; and full joy at length.

Learning.

Colos. iii. 3.

Our need is but begun when we are brought
Into God's presence, rid of guilt's sore load;
Our need as His, the fellowship He 's sought
According to the life He has bestowed.

In our own thoughts, we would be well content
With hope of heaven fixed, to live at ease;
Walking as though each circumstance were meant,
As token of God's love and pledge of peace.

And low and feeble would our thoughts remain;
But this His love and purpose could not bear;
He leads us to the cross to look again,
And know the deeper things He 's written there.

Remorseless instrument of felon's doom,
Adopted by the world as what was meet
For God's own Son, which He accepts by whom
All 's judged, itself becomes the judgment seat;

The sinner's place; of all we were, the end;
And there, we find the truth that not one thought,
Affection, act or purpose, does it mend,
But lays all in the grave as things of naught.

All 's crucified, not sanctified, to God;
His holiness refuses things unclean;

This is the settled verdict through the blood,
The old is dead, the new man is brought in.

And thus we find the life we live, while here,
Is hid in God, with Christ, His risen Son:
And what we are before Him shall appear
When He appears in glory with His own.

Thus, from the cross, all our true teachings spring,
His standard of all truth and righteousness;
And flowing days but richer wonders bring
Of soundless depths from which He draws to bless.

O priceless lessons for His own to learn!
O sweet rebukes which He so gently gives!
How find we Christ whichever way we turn,
And know our lives secure because He lives.

To be forever quit of all the claims
That were against the old man by his death;
To be forever free for holiest aims
In new life where His Spirit is the breath.

To walk in full communion with our Lord,
As what belongs to us by birthright there;
Expecting any moment the glad word
That summons home, all that He has to share!

O life in Christ! O Christ, our real life!
O priceless lessons founded upon this!
The power to lift above this dreadful strife,
The end, Himself, His glory, in perpetual bliss!

Peace.

O the riches of that word
Of surpassing gladness,
Spoken by the risen Lord
To those bowed in sadness!
“Peace unto you,” ’t was He said,
Hands and side then showing;
Peace on those for whom He bled,
Graciously bestowing.

Once before this, at His birth,
Had the word been spoken;
Angels chanted “Peace on earth!”
He the blessed token;
Token too, that God, in man
Now could have good pleasure;
More than this, sure, nothing can
Tell out Love’s own measure.

Peace of conscience by His blood
Settled is forever;
This aside from frame or mood,
Service or endeavor;
Deeper growing, day by day,
In its precious meaning;
Taking all our dread away,
No fears intervening.

Blessed peace He makes around
Through this time of weeping;
Like a garrison around,
Heart and mind, e'er keeping;
This, the very peace of God,
Passing understanding;
Lifting from us every load,
Care and grief commanding.

Gathering in one grand release,
Conscience, mind and feeling,
Sounding the rich depths of bliss
Through His full revealing;
What shall stir when He gives rest?
What shall break the union
When the God of Peace, the Blest,
With us holds communion?

Since the cross now tells that man
"Peace on earth" refuses,
Through it God works out His plan,
Gathering whom He chooses:
He accepts the challenge given
By their answer gory;
Now announcing "Peace in heaven
In the highest, glory!"

Soon our Lord will come again
To this scene of sorrow;
Come as Prince of Peace to reign;
Ah, the joyful morrow!

He the world knew not at first,
 (Ever wondrous story!)
Soon upon their sight shall burst,
 Bringing in the glory!

Lo, that grandest day of days
 Cometh nearer, nearer!
Day that filled the patriarch's gaze,
 Day to prophets clearer,
When, unhindered, God shall bless,
 Peace flow like a river;
Quiet be, of righteousness,
 The effect, forever!

My Riches.

While walking along by the market
There suddenly came to my eye,
Some early fruits of the season,
Which only the rich could buy.

And as I was hungry and weary,
I thought how refreshing 't would be,
Could I purchase some of these berries,
A treat for the children and me.

But I said, with a sigh, as I passed them,
Suppressing the longing to taste,
I must not, I cannot afford it,
I have no money to waste.

Then swiftly there rose in my bosom,
As if by the voice of my Lord;
The gladdening sense of my riches,
The things that I can afford.

And so I went onward half singing,
With a lighter step to my feet,
And saying, I have a rich Father,
Who giveth me all that is meet.

I well can afford to be happy,
In all that Christ Jesus has done;
That His perfect offering has brought me
To God in the place of a son.

And I can afford to be certain,
That all between Him and me 's clear;
And looking right on to the judgment,
I 've nothing whatever to fear.

I have with this peace of conscience,
A peace of the mind and the heart;
A freedom from care, since He 's with me,
And tells me we never can part.

And all things to Him now belonging,
He giveth me freely to share;
And He, in the wonderful glory,
Is waiting my being up there!

I know not but that the next moment,
With this scene and its tests I 'll be through;
And then be caught up to be present
With Him in the home where I 'm due.

And so, having all things, I 'm ready,
To walk when the others can ride;
To go without when they have plenty,
Blessed fully with Him by my side.

I 'm rich in God's wondrous counsels,
I 'm rich in his infinite love;
Rich too, in the work He 's wrought for me,
And I 'm going to join Him above.

My Riches.

And the bodily wants, food and raiment,
He giveth who knows best my need;
For the earth is the Lord's and its fullness,
And this gives contentment, indeed.

And my food has the taste and the sweetness
Of the Hand that gives it its charm;
And the raiment that clasps round my body,
Has with it the embrace of His arm.

I can afford these things already,
Since all is so settled and sure;
But I cannot afford to be pining,
And thinking that I am poor.

Nor afford, now, while Christ is so happy
And happy is God in Him, too;
My share to have dimmed in this gladness
A moment; with glory in view.

It cost all Christ's labor to win it
According to God's infinite plan;
It takes the glad Spirit to tell it
And eternity's range is its span.

It has this unique characteristic,
It wastes not but must ever increase;
Its spending is only accretion,
Like God's love and Christ's given peace.

Rebuked.

"Thy gentleness hath made me great."—Ps. xviii. 33.

"Twixt Him and me 't is understood
My God can never be intruding;
Since all He does is for my good,
And over me His love is brooding.

I love Him that, at each mistake,
And O, how many I am making!
He doth anew my conscience wake,
That He afresh my plans is breaking.

I gain by every sweet rebuke
From Him, who proves, thus, He is looking
Into my ways, in every nook,
Because He can't be evil brooking.

And if His way sometimes seems stern,
It is because His heart is yearning
That every idol I should spurn;
And no cost 's too much for such learning.

I lag behind, in act and speech,
I miss the mark to which He 's reaching;
I turn aside and make the breach:—
Occasions for still deeper teaching.

Rebuked.

I leave the path of righteousness,
The one clear way of richest blessing;
But He; He knows when He shall press
Me to His heart, there 'll be confessing.

And so there is! And I can state
To Him how strong and true the hating
Of what He hates; and then how great
His patient grace beyond all mating.

Was ever such a Friend as He,
So faithful, tender, strong, far-seeing?
Moulding me with Himself to be,
According to His wise decreeing.

How I adore the grace displayed
In all His acts! the delicate shading
Of His rebukes, which He doth grade;
But not His love; that is unfading!

Nothing Here.

I ask not, seek not man's approval,
I wait, amidst this scene, removal
 With Christ, so soon to come;
Formed and informed by what He's spoken,
Of which His wondrous cross is token,
I know all world ties henceforth broken,
 World voices, too, struck dumb.

And everywhere, what meets the vision
Is changed to me, by this decrown,
 All things have suffered slight;
What I was sometime best esteeming.
And strong and true, is found but seeming;
The light from His own glory beaming
 Has turned man's day to night.

The real, the permanent is yonder;
And, till I gain that, I but wander
 As in an alien land;
While He, who loves me, now is filling
Mine inner ear with wonders thrilling
Making my eager heart most willing
 To leave, at His command.

He knows, He knows my earnest longing,
The strong temptations round me thronging
 He knows my deepest need;

Nothing Here.

Vastly beyond all ordinary
For body, and but temporary;
Heart-need that He no longer tarry,
That cannot cease to plead.

None like Him to the earth was given,
And there is none like Him in heaven;
Ever unrivalled He!
Yet this One, over all thus soaring,
Whose blest name sets me to adoring,
With love ever beyond exploring,
Love like Himself, loves me!

His love draws my response unto it,
His home begets desire to view it,
His and my Father's house;
Fitted for Him who now is fitting
A place for me, and now is sitting
Waiting, with grace unintermitting,
Me, worthless, to espouse.

Well may I give Him all devotion,
Responsive to the swelling ocean
Of overwhelming grace;
With heart alert and quick eye glancing
Along the way of light entrancing,
That now so rapidly advancing,
Shall bring us face to face.

Yes: face to face with Him forever!
This expectation takes the savor
From all that 's offered here;

And there is naught, however smiling,
Beneath the heavens at all beguiling,
If now, the time away I 'm whiling
 With thoughts of Him so dear.

O dearer, far, as time decreases!
O nearer still, as hope here ceases
 And the tense spirit takes
Anew its bearings, clearer sighting
The signal given as a hand writing,
Or as the first glow, early lighting
 The heavens as morning breaks!

O grandly true, where all were wanting!
For Him, e'en more, the soul is panting
 As contrasts deepen now;
Such patience, tried by myriad failings,
Such sympathy in all my ailings,
Such power for me 'gainst all assailings,
 With shame and joy I bow.

And I shall have a glad, sweet story
Upon His bosom, in the glory,
 In His own ears to tell;
Of love so exquisitely tender
And strong that it must ever render
Alike unto the Sent and Sender
 Praises unspeakable!

Nothing Here.

Therefore it is all here seems sickening,
Therefore a gloom on all seems thickening,
 As if presaging doom;
And I, apart from this world's pleasure,
Hold, with new ecstasy, my treasure,
The hope of bliss beyond all measure,
 With Him so soon to come!

Yonder.

Deut. xi. 10-12.

We go to the country where all things are bright,
To that which forever is bathed in God's light,
Where all is established in truth, by His might.

Away from this scene of confusion and din,
To the feast where the Lamb and His bride enter in,
Where infinite love flows unhindered by sin.

Whence Satan and all of his hosts are cast down
By Him, the great Victor of glorious renown;
We go to be with Him and to know as we're known.

No sighs there, no tears and no ruin, as here,
No conflict with foes that oft fill us with fear,
No weakness nor slipping, no gloom shall appear.

We go to see Him upon whom have been set
Our hopes and our longings since our need He met;
We go, leaving this world without a regret.

To see our own Lord! Ah, no brightness, no bloom,
No gladness nor rest that is greater can come!
To see and be with Him, of bliss is the sum.

Himself, His surroundings, His home, His employ,
Make up, to the full, the rich measure of joy,
And nothing is there which can ever annoy.

And we're bound for this! called, chosen and held,
The weakest and worst, who so sorely rebelled!
We, brought by a love which so sweetly compelled.

Ah, surely, He's giving a depth to our praise,
Besides bringing unto Him, us, face to face,
Even now making known all the wealth of His grace!

The Proving.

I am finding out more of my God
By the devious paths that I take;
I am testing the depths of an unfailing love
The Heart that can never forsake.

So foolish and headlong and blind
And following my own will so oft;
He would always recall with the glance of His eye
And the touch of His hand ever soft.

But O, how I put Him to grief
And make Him use measures more stern,
To check me with rein as the unthinking horse
When I from His path often turn.

I know that not one stroke shall fall
Beyond what is needful for me;
I know that no tongue e'er can utter a word
Which He has not wisely set free.

I know, too, when all has been done,
He will silence them all with a nod;
And though the occasions I deeply may mourn
I shall gather new joy in my God.

One in Christ.

John xvii. 11, 21-23; Ephes. ii. 14.

They that are Christ's, e'en here find this
A precious element of bliss,
That they are one in being His.

The boundless grace that wrought for each,
The wondrous magnitude and reach
Of power and wisdom beyond speech,

That in our Father's heart are known,
That in the Saviour's work are shown,
That have, in truth, made them His own;

The things which they together hold,
Of Him, that every day unfold,
And deeper things yet to be told;

The wants and the well timed supplies
That come so oft as a surprise,
Where all was dark before their eyes;

The dearest hopes, the gravest fears,
The griefs that are too deep for tears,
The sweet disclosures of the years;

These make them know that they are one,
One in the Person of God's Son,
Established thus by what He 's done.

These touch and grasp the heavenly state.
Realities of bliss that mate
With that for which they watch and wait.

They emphasize relationship,
The heart acknowledging the grip
Far stronger than by tongue or lip.

And such experiences as these
Increase the time by long degrees
And make the years as centuries.

So well they know each other's heart,
'T would seem they 'd never been apart
Or known each other from life's start.

Now and forever joined in Him
And blessed beyond the sweetest dream,
Making all human thoughts but dim.

One in the strain and ceaseless strife
Encountering ills that here are rife,
One in the pulse and thrill of life.

One purpose, hope and principle
Of walk and service here as well,
One story, only one, to tell.

One in Christ.

One source of peace and rest from care,
One way of meeting hate, to bear;
One language of dependence, prayer.

One Father, Spirit and one Lord,
Himself the bond of full accord;
One name, one guide, God's own pure word.

One theme of thought, one motive, spring,
One end of life; and everything
Cast on the coming Lord and King.

Above!

“Seek those things which are above.”—Colos. III. 1.

Above, above! where sits our risen Lord
In the calm rest of work completely done,
And done forever; filling heaven with joy
So that the inmost heart of God delights
And ratifies it all in the new birth
And perfect peace of those who rest in Christ,
Alone, their life now hid with Him in God
And only waiting to go up to Him.

Above, from whence the true light always shines
Where everything is seen in perfect truth
And haloed with the lustre of His name.
Himself; all subject, emanating thence
As from a spring perennial, Himself!
A gracious, grand triumphant unity,
A joyous, tender, all-bestowing love;
The home-scene of the wondrous Christ of God,
With not an element that jars or mars;
Where good is positive and permanent
And infinite Mind gives free its utterance.
A home prepared upon the one great act
For which, in the annals of eternal years,
This earth's illustrious:—Christ and His cross!
Emblem of weakness, He in weakness slain,
But the one proof and product of man's sin
And all that was in him; and so, his end.
Man went from the forbidden tree to this!

Yes: in the garnering of histories
Of worlds and aeons, in the future times,
This shall be told;—that here the Son of God
Died, stricken by the ruthless hand of man!

Since then, if God retire to heaven and lift
 His Son to life and His majestic throne
 And send out welcomes for the murderers
 To find their death in His, their life in His
 And occupy a place at His right hand,
 Well may our ears be open to the sound,
 And we, with glad simplicity, accept.

Above! The answer to all questions here.
 Of what or whither, when or where or how?
 It comprehends all difficulties, sweeps
 All clouds and all obscurities away.
 It is not saying now—Reform the world;
 But—Leave all that for Christ to consummate
 At His own coming; and for that now look.
 Simple solution of a mystery!
 Commended, thus, as altogether God's!

And so for living; walk as living there
 Amidst its joys, its victories, repose,
 Its holiness, its purity, its strength;
 And put ye on all these; for the rude cross
 Puts off our base, malignant and weak traits,
 Ourselves, the flesh; and so, the world, itself,
 As death our Spirits from our bodies parts.

This bears the mark of master workmanship,
 This is the triumph of our happy God,
 This stands in solitude of excellence
 Sublime at distance, rich on near approach,
 Complete and satisfying God and man,
 The best wine of the feast, kept till the last
 And cheering both afresh forevermore.
 Ah, to conform in mind and life to this,
 Absorbed and occupied with Christ in heaven!

Assurance.

Col. i. 12-14; 1 John v. 13.

How amidst certainties I move,
Attested by the richest love!
While, everywhere, sad hearts confess
The dimmest hope, the feeblest guess.

Hope, born of wish; and guess, of fears,
And both oft drowned in fruitless tears;
The past, a grief; the future, dread;
With aching heart and troubled head.

But O, my Father! why was this
Ineffable, perpetual bliss
Unfolded as my own to me
From Thy full heart so lavishly?

The full assurance that I stand
Secure in Him at Thy right hand,
A son, an heir of light, of Thee,
According to Thy love's decree!

It is because Thou lovest so;
Thou meanest I should say "I know!"
Christ's perfect work, Thy pure design,
Must bring this perfect peace of mine.

And this I have; I know my place,
I know I've died with Him, through grace;
That I am risen, too; and see!
The life I live is His; is He!

Assurance.

Such things are wonderful; and far
Beyond all finding out, they are;
Man's thoughts of blessing reach not this,
From Thee, alone, assurance is.

Happy and simple is the heart
That knows from Thee, with Christ its part;
Come then what will I cannot fear,
Taking Thy word makes all things clear.

This Thou hast well secured for me,
This, while I was Thine enemy;
Father! in all ways Thou lay'st claim
To all my praise to Thy blest name!

Death.

▲ Fragment.

To him that hath not Christ and life in Him
How full of all that's horrible is death;
Intruding with prescriptive, legal right
Where all was forfeited, forever sold,
Sold under sin, and death its lawful price;
Judgment of God and power of Satan; lord
And tyrant fierce that never yields, but holds
All forces and resources at its will;
That, entering with man's first sinning here,
Has clung to Him through all his history;
Cruel and cold, stealing upon its prey
When in the flood-tide of long sought success.
The messenger of justice, coming when
Man's least prepared, to take to punishment
One under judgment, and to hold secure
Until the judgment-seat; for after death
The judgment! Surely, sin has given its sting,
Made it the prince of terrors! Thus man chose
When there was offered him the Prince of Life!

But unto him who is in Christ, death is
The most instructive fact and welcome word;
For in the death of Christ he finds his death
And now he lives forever in Christ's life:
Death and the judgment are forever past
And death is his! It clears the scene of him,

The flesh, the world; and is the sure presage
Of Satan's thorough rout and conquest. All,
Yes, all is his, through death opening the way
For life in the New Man! All thanks to God
For death, meeting His just demand and thus
Exhausting penalty, delivering
Sad souls who, all their lifetime were, through fear,
Of death, subject to bondage. Thanks to God
For that one pregnant death upon the cross!
The Glory shall tell all its meaning: yet
That glory, Christ's and God's, shall never cease.
The cross remains the one far-reaching act
Spanning eternity; the past, in thought;
Present and future, in the fact; and God
And man in it hold their eternal feast.

“In Nothing Be Anxious.”

Phil. iv. 6.

Why bear burdens that were lent
By God's love with the intent
Only more and more to bring
Us to Him in everything?

Care for nothing; let all fall
On His shoulders; give Him all;
Is it not defrauding God
When you carry your own load!

Is it not belittling Christ
Whose full work for us sufficed
For each thing that we shall meet
Till we gather at His feet?

Circumstances, what are they
But the room for His display?
In such scenes the Conqueror, He;
Let Him, then, the Master be!

See how God defines His own,
Little children or full grown,
By their knowing what they 're told
And thus being very bold.

"In Nothing Be Anxious."

Ah, we all are too much grown
So we take cares as our own;
We should little children be,
Singing in their poverty.

Satan urges "Command!" "Make!"
"You shall be," and "you shall take;"
All this but appeals to lust,
You shall be naught; you shall trust.

When we 're blind, God will be eyes,
When we 're foolish, then we 're wise
When we 're weak, then are we strong;
This fills all the way with song.

It is Well.

Yes; it is well, though now there fall
Over the scene, a cloudy pall;
Soon 't will be bright with beauty rare,
And does noon for last midnight care?

What was it Paul and Silas found
In the Philippian prison bound?
Yet there they prayed and praises sang
And grim, thick walls joy's echoes rang.

'T was midnight then; but morning saw
Them loosed by earthquake, cleared by law,
Bringing a household purged from sin;
'T was this for which they were put in.

'T is well; do thou thy courage hold,
For this brief moment be thou bold,
The winter cannot last the year,
There's no week but has some days clear.

It shall be well, now and to come,
Thy Lord can make all seasons bloom;
How speedily His face shall change
Time's lessons and define their range.

It is Well.

It is well; blessed be His name!
This fills all hope, answers all shame;
One day of joy with Him, alone!
'T will be as though naught else we 'd known

Yes: praises to Him! it is well,
The glory shall this verdict tell;
And, manifesting God's rich grace,
Reveal the wisdom of His ways.

"As Sorrowful."

Judges II. 1-5.
"Being mindful of thy tears."—2 Tim. I. 4.

I.

Yes: 't is a time for tears!
For the heart with deepest grief to bow,
As the weeping prophet of Judah's years;
For, surely, sadly now,
Are the things of God brought sorely low;
The faithful may well have fears.

II.

Yes: for the Lord's own name
Is mixed with evil everywhere;
Is used by man as a badge of fame,
And reality is rare,
Save that there may be, here and there,
A remnant, accepting His shame.

III.

And the enemy is strong
And vigilant; ruling easily
The world and even the church, thus long
With keenest subtilty;
So that profession is made to be
Cover to many a wrong.

"As Sorrowful."

IV.

Yes: for there stealthily creeps,
 In ways unnoticed and unknown,
 As a thief in the night while the watchman sleeps,
 Supineness, over Christ's own
 Who should be watching for Him, alone.
 In a world which indifference steeps.

V.

And, proudly, reasonings come
 To be the authority and guide;
 The honored place of faith assume,
 Leaving the mind to glide
 Away from the truth, on an outward tide,
 Into denial and gloom.

VI.

Already the springing germs
 Of the dreariest infidelity
 Appear, in the weakening of Scripture terms
 Concerning man's destiny,
 His guilt and the blood which alone can free,
 Which God, giving peace, confirms.

VII.

And men go farther astray,
 Thinking they're seeking for that which is true;
 And, under a light as brilliant as day,
 Are sadly stumbling, too;
 Rejecting Christ, they have lost the clew;
 He's the Life and the Truth and the Way.

VIII.

Meanwhile, the mockers scoff,
Asking for signs of the coming Lord;
And, at mention of the judgment, laugh,
While the gravest things afford
Occasion for jest and the ribald word
And the fear of God is cast off.

IX.

The sense of sin seems lost,
And the rapturous transport of delight
In its forgiveness and at such a cost!
Experiences are slight
And true self-loathing in God's sight
Seems little known with most.

X.

'T is rather an age of ease
Worship with flowers and fine music graced;
And everything arranged to please
Not the conscience but the taste;
Of sentimental thrills, like paste
For gems, instead of peace.

XI.

Of man's building up and sway,
Of progress and science, so-called, and man's will;
While truth has fallen by the way
And grace goes pleading still;
And febleness in principle
Men everywhere display,

"As Sorrowful."

XII.

Of self-sufficiency;
 With man, like Cain, gone away from God,
 And, building his city and religion, he
 Is nearing where Korah trod;
 Though, with phylacteries and opinions broad,
 He labels it charity.

XIII.

And what have we left us, more?
 Tears for the ruin, and awaiting the One
 Who is faithful and true; and now, as before
 Gathering to Him alone;
 Keeping and judged by the word He has shown
 And using His opened door.

XIV.

And then, too, while seeing this all,
 As Christ, still to love; and from bitterness
 Tenderly keep; for ourselves need fall
 On our faces and humbly confess
 Our part in these evils that heavily press;
 And on the Lord, only, to call.

XV.

To know the whole truth, let us dare,
 Nor boast that all 's well, nor be drunken, nor sleep;
 But rather, with Israel, from Gilgal repair
 To Bochim and bitterly weep,
 Confessing God's ground man's will never can keep;
 For the angel of God is there,

XVI.

And so, as the Saviour wept
Over the city Jehovah once chose,
As thought of its judgment over Him swept
While He looked on the Temple that rose
So grand yet so empty of God, and its close;
We, to-day, His own grief may accept.

XVII.

Tears! Ah yes, fountains of tears
For the beautiful building which man has spoiled;
The workmanship planned in God's infinite years,
For which the Spirit here toiled.
Yet, surely, in naught has God's purpose been foiled,
Though the weakness of man appears.

“Yet Always Rejoicing.”

I.

There comes the clear commanding word
Across the current of the years,
“Behold the Bridegroom!” Christ, your Lord!
Is this a time for tears?

The ringing word calls forth response
From myriads in the time so brief;
Thousands who slept arouse at once,
Is this a cause for grief?

And eager hearts take up anew
The precious things which we have had
In Christ, above all failure true;
Come, let us all be glad!

And truths return, long left unknown,
Vistas of glory opening;
And rich realities, full grown.
Shall we not rather sing?

The gospel of God's grace is still
Proclaimed and many gladly hear
And live; for God His house will fill;
Sure, this is cause for cheer!

Meanwhile, the clearer glows the way,
As sides are taken. Ah, no doubt
We're moving toward the perfect day!
Lift up the heart and shout!

And soon, in answer to all this
The longed-for One, Himself, shall come!
We cannot grieve before such bliss
Nor weep in sight of home!

II.

Weeping may endure for the night,
And it is night now, in the world's sad ways;
But the children of God are the children of light
And the Lord is held before the sight
Object, alone, of their gaze.

And the night is now far spent,
The time for tears and for watchfulness;
And the heart forecasts the one event,
The Lord's return, with a reverent
Joy, that we must express.

Lo, the True and Faithful One,
In the midst of our failure and decline,
Arises through the moral gloom as the sun
In splendor rejoicing its course to run
And everywhere to shine!

Rejoice, then, for morning is near,
The morning of glory! The Lord is at hand!
Soon with His ransomed He shall appear
And the world shall know they're to God as det
As the Lord in whom they stand!

" Yet Always Rejoicing."

Wherefore, in Him rejoice!
 The Man of God's purest delight and love,
 Above all worthy and by God's own voice
 Proclaimed as King and His only choice,
 Now seated with Him above!

III.

Always rejoicing in the Lord,
 For He abides forever;
 The Son of God, the wondrous Word
 Exalted Prince and Saviour.
 Always rejoicing, the Man on the Throne,
 The glory and light of heaven,
 Is surety and pledge that to all His own
 Shall the royal place be given.

Always rejoicing, for He is ours,
 Redeemer and Intercessor;
 Conqueror over Satan's powers,
 He 'll cast down the oppressor.
 Always rejoicing, the Strength of our hearts,
 Beginning of God's creation,
 Substance of all heaven's bliss imparts,
 Is worthy all exaltation.

IV.

Rejoicing in all the past conquests of grace,
 Rejoicing in hope of soon seeing His face;
 Rejoicing as everything here fades away,
 Rejoicing because that the eye 's on His day.

Rejoicing to suffer if need be, His shame,
Rejoicing at every true word for His name;
Rejoicing though trials at times seem severe,
Rejoicing, for speedily all will be clear.

Rejoicing at all times in all God has sent,
Rejoicing, for joy is its own argument;
Rejoicing, for now we are able to tell,
Rejoicing, of joy that is unspeakable.

v.

Rejoice! rejoice
With gladdest voice,
As draws the time more near, so dear,
When Christ shall come
To take us home;
How happy then He 'll be; and we!

Rejoice, rejoice!
All that annoys
And hinders now shall cease; and peace
And full-orbed love
Shall sweetly prove
How rich we are in God, through blood.

Rejoice, rejoice!
There, nothing cloy; .
Forever there 's relief from grief;
No sin assails,
No fear, no wails,
But unmixed joy shall bloom, at home!

" Yet Always Rejoicing."

Rejoice, rejoice!
Vanished these toys!
The world has naught for ~~saints~~ but taints;
But in the new
All things are true;
And grace and holiness express.

Rejoice, rejoice!
His own convoys,
We shall, when He 'll descend, attend!
With Him to reign!
Rejoice again,
Forever with the Lord, the LORD!

Look Right On.

Prov. iv. 25.

O do not backward look, save with the thought
Of how God's patient love has borne, and brought
Thee through the years of failure and mistake,
Until thy heart grows soft and praises wake
That still He lives, and that He still will beam
With love; and thou, too, shalt go on with Him.

But forward turn the eye, to where the whole
Shall be of Him; He, body, spirit, soul
Of all the rich and glorious being; He
The happy One whose infinite joy shall be
Unchecked, illimitably free to move
'Midst all, lord absolute, all conquering Love.

For what are all His attributes combined,
The varied energies of that vast Mind,
But love; misused, misunderstood, oft spurned,
Until the soul by discipline has learned
To let God be Himself? And this is Heaven
Complete in its own glory, to us given.

In the World, Tribulation.

John xvi. 33.

Christ told us, long ago, that this
Would be the way for those He loves;
A way of trial, as was His,
Because they 're His; and so it proves.

No welcome in its elements,
No kindly help, no cheering smile;
Naught fitted for the spiritual sense,
But every art used to beguile.

Thought, purpose, occupation, all
Of earth, of time, of present ease;
Deadening the ear unto His call,
And giving conscience sleep for peace.

An alien speech, a foreign land,
Whose prince is deadly in his hate;
And vigilant on every hand
To catch, to harm, to enervate.

Such meaning his, no wonder, then,
If he should cast in lowest place
Those who assert Christ's right to reign
And the deep need of God's pure grace.

If thus they fare, it is as He,
If otherwise, they 're recreant
In testimony, it may be;
And fail to fill their title, saint.

The enemy's not changed; our Lord;
Nor truth nor righteousness; are they?
We need compare with His own word
Cry, halt! and see how 't is to-day.

It is the same sad world as when
It adjudged Him, as criminal,
To death upon the cross, and then
Kept its religious festival.

"Not this Man, but Barabbas!" cried,
"We have no king but Cæsar?" too;
Gentile idolator allied
In this with the malignant Jew.

It stands to this; it is unchanged;
Though since that day man's active mind
Through thousand theories has ranged
And facts and systems has defined.

It stands to this; it loves its own;
He came from God and went to God;
And in this record we are shown
The path that by us should be trod.

Without the Lord all things appear,
Man keeping still his Christless feast;
And judgment lingers; hence, no fear,
Heaven quiet seems, all things at rest.

What for His own, then? Hold the hope
Of His soon coming; keep the feet
Clear from all snares and the heart up
Amidst the splendors of His seat.

Filled with His grace, go everywhere
Giving but asking naught, as one
Who lives apart and free from care
Because at home where He is gone.

Having no self to gratify,
Outside the race of lust and greed;
Self-judged and keeping fast the eye
Singly on Christ, is life indeed.

Accounting it a special gift
For His name to be suffering;
While, swept with clouds, through many a rift,
Glances the glory that He 'll bring.

Since this, alone's, the time to be
Sharing His shame whom men despise,
'T were loss and even perfidy
To shun it or to compromise.

Tried.

Father! my need, to me unknown,
Was crying out to Thee
While I was moving busy on
In service, glad and free;
Thy service, O so free!

But Thou didst hold a dear design
To have me better learn
This good-for-nothingness of mine;
And richer things discern
In Thee; and well discern.

So Thou didst then, in kindness, lay
Upon me Thy dear hand;
And, putting me to silence, say
With force of a command,
That I aside should stand.

And there I find with growing joy
The deeper depths of God;
Those things which might my peace annoy
Becoming staff and rod;
My strong and helpful rod!

And I am brought so near to Thee
That I may clearly trace,
With ever growing ecstasy,
The glories of Thy face;
O unexampled grace!

Here, at Thy feet, I 'm made to see
The awfulness of love

Which seeks but opportunity
Its majesty to prove;
To my dull faith to prove.

It shows its jealousy to bless,
To do all things, alone;
Shines grandest when pure helplessness
In mind and frame is known;
To self most fully known.

Helpless to plan or act or speak,
'T is then a pure delight
To rest my crippled hand, and weak,
On Thine eternal might;
Thus it becomes my might!

In Thee to have my wisdom, too,
My treasure in Thy wealth;
To hear Thy words, Thyself to view
Are life to me and health;
Superabounding health,

Toned in another atmosphere,
With richer strength possessed;
And occupation there as here
Better than all the best
Of service; Thine own rest!

So I am learning to be still
And watch and wait and see
In all the universe one Will;
And under that to be
Happy as Thou, with Thee!

Called Saints.

Rom. 1. 7.

Fear not to take the name of saint,
If by God's grace thou'rt born anew;
It was a name without a taint
When the Lord's own were few;
A grand, expressive, Scripture title
That stood for something true and vital.

It called to a reality,
Professing then Christ's holy name;
They knew that they were saved to be
The sharers of His shame;
And being Christians among heathen,
No laurels for their brows were wreathen.

That we have left this title off,
As if it were now meaningless;
Gives reason for the foe to scoff
And shows unfaithfulness.
It seems of leaving Christ to savor
To gain the world's applause and favor.

A precious meaning has that word
That has, alas! become so rare;
And one that we can ill afford
In times like these to spare.
It is the call to separation
According to God's great salvation.

It tells the purpose of His heart,
 The language of His wondrous ways;
 To have us for Himself apart,
 For His delight and praise.
 Objects of His peculiar pleasure,
 His own, His dearest, richest treasure.

God's separated ones, while here,
 Are pilgrims and but strangers, now;
 Waiting their time till Christ appear
 And every knee shall bow.
 Then, His and their own royal glory!
 And, till then, they but tell His story:—

The cross, a felon's doom, on all
 That men esteem of fairest worth;
 The cross, the grave, the gloomy pall,
 On riches, honor, birth;
 Not helping to the world's adorning,
 But looking for that bright, new morning.

Most glorious and most precious hope!
 And life, here, must accord with this;
 Accepting in the walk, the scope
 Of that eternal bliss.
 The depth, the purity, the power
 Of all that rich, that priceless dower.

We need a word that's sharp and clear,
 That has the ring; God's own; just, "saint;"
 Now, when the Lord is drawing near,

Now, when the line 's so faint
Between the world and church profession
And to the world all is concession.

We need true saintliness in life,
A true unworldliness in walk,
Retirement from the selfish strife,
Reality, not talk;
A gladness in the tone, revealing
That Christ can satisfy each feeling.

We need a courage well to hate
All compromises with the wrong;
And then a patience that can wait
Till right shall come, ere long,
When He, the One by man rejected
Begins the reign so long expected.

"Saints!" ah, there 's no uncertain sound,
Though oftentimes so sadly spoiled;
There comes a day when shall be found
A glory all unsoiled.
And for that day we are appointed,
We are God's priests and kings anointed.

"Saints;" yes: God's holy ones by blood,
And by the Spirit, too, and word;
Chosen and ransomed, made for God;
Let it be oftener heard.
Take what our God delights in giving,
Take as the standard of our living.

In the Deep.

John vi. 19; Psa. cvii. 28-30, lxxvii. 13, 19; 2 Cor. xi. 25.

Deep calls unto deep with fierce bellow and roar
And into the surgings I 'm cast;
Tossing unceasingly, broken and sore
At the mercy of billows vast.

All night, with its gathering terrors and fears
A pitiless, pierceless gloom,
Slow dragging along amid sobbing and tears,
Am I moving toward or from home?

The blackness of darkness; not a glimmer of light!
And nothing around or before
But the plashing and raging of waves in the night;
Will I ever again see the shore?

It seems as though mocking voices were close
To my ear, ever whispering despair!
Not a star nor the moon my course or way shows,
O home! will I ever get there?

O could I but find me a place now to rest!
O could I but sleep away
The hours that seem dead, so little they haste,
Or anchor and wait for day!

At last! Day at last! The long-desired morn!
But only to show the broad sweep
Of the tumultuous waves upon which I am borne,
And still helpless, and still on the deep!

By night and by day, and it's the same wide, wide main,
No vessel, no succor is near;
And I cry in my anguish of spirit and pain,
O would the Deliverer were here!

"There will be no night there!" O prophet of good!
O joy! and "There 'll be no more sea!"
O, were it but now, I am sure that it would,
Be a blessing ecstatic to me!

Blesséd He who will bring this, who even now comes
So nearing that it does the heart thrill;
Lo! over the tempest one Countenance looms,
Whose look is a mandate, Be still!

Yes, see! to dispel all the danger and fright,
My Helper appears on the wave;
Rich Strength in Himself and in Himself, Light,
The Wonderful One coming to save!

And the perilous waves die; and the boisterous winds cease;
With Him it is all a great calm;
For the voice that speaks peace, is, in itself peace
With the power of the Mighty I am!

Ah, they that go down to the sea in ships,
These see of His wonders there;
When the ship is His hand which eternally grips
And holds them with tenderest care.

Then through whatever depths of darkness we pass
Or however wild the waves be;
We ever shall find Him there in His true place
Whose way's in the sanctu'ry and sea.

“Unless We Have Believed In Vain!”

1 Cor. xv. 2.

Knowing what I well know, what would it be
To find all false? To be bereft
Of Christ, my Life, of God, of certainty
Of sonship, fellowship?—What, then, to me
In the sad universe would there be left?

To suffer, in one awful hour, eclipse
Of all that has been truth and bliss?
Of all the glowing light that more than tips
The future scene? What horror that the lips
Could utter ever could be matched with this?

No Heart of love for me; no Mind to guide;
No purpose in the maze of life;
None to forgive me when I step aside
From right; no light on all that may betide;
No explanation of this wearying strife.

No meaning in affliction; none that cares
For what I do, of good or bad;
No spiritual or moral standard; prayers
And praises, faith and hope, delusive snares;
What would or could there be to make me glad?

O dread, chill lonesomeness! All in me set
And fitted for this One, these gifts,
And filled with longings—never to be met!

My birth, a mockery; and life, regret;
An ever deepening grief which nothing lifts!

I love the folly of believing all,
More than the wisdom that denies;
The learning that would make my earnest call
To Love, only the tossing of a ball
Into the air, that cannot reach the skies.

The whole vocabulary of delight
The whole of living, walk and fruit
Is in the grasp of faith; that makes it sight
To the new man and, clearing, too, the night,
Gives what will his exacting nature suit.

“Send Me.”

Isa. vi. 8.

Lord! Here am I, send me,
Whither Thou wilt; but send;
Yet not alone, I must have Thee,
I must Thy ways attend.

Thy love to man, not mine,
Thy care, not mine, for souls;
And not my message, Lord! but Thine
And what Thy mind controls.

The attractiveness of this
Is that Thou goest there;
And anywhere with Thee is bliss!
With Thee then let me care

For those already brought,
Or those that are to come
To Thee, by sovereign mercy sought
That they be saved from doom.

To watch the rich display
Of love in covering
All sin, and taking guilt away,
Making the heart to sing.

To tell Thy longing, Lord!
The empty place within
Thy heart, and all its yearnings toward
Those who are sunk in sin.

To show Thou, Lover, art,
And Seeker, going forth.
To find the objects of Thy heart
And clothe them with all worth.

That Thou dost gladly give
Thine own life unto all
Who, in their need, will but receive;
And earnest is Thy call.

O Lord! they must not die!
O Christ, they must be saved!
This is Thine own demand and cry
For wretched and depraved.

Thus would I go, as sent,
Thus meet their utmost need;
My one sufficient argument
That Thou didst for them bleed.

Thou who didst die for men
Teaching me what to say,
Thy love shall have its conquests, then,
Thy rich grace win the day.

Not mine the blest results
Or sad, if such there be;
If they shall still Thy word repulse
Proposing life so free.

"Semi Me."

The plea becomes more strong
As lapses time apace;
The hour of waiting can't be long,
This sweet appeal of grace.

O with what earnestness,
Thine own desire Thy cry,
May I, Thy death, Thy heart now press,
On sinners doomed to die!

Sleeping.

E. G. T. Apr. 10, 1887.

1 Thea. iv. 18-18.

Sleeping; yes, only sleeping;
Not dead; the wearied one, at last,
Laid down to rest, the sorrow's past,
The conflict and the pang, all left;
While we, of whom we are bereft
Thinking, are sadly weeping.

Sleeping; the body, only;
The spirit gone to Him who gave,
At once to Him who died to save;
Drawn to Him here and then enticed
To closest view, he is with Christ
Waiting; he is not lonely.

Waiting, he's grandly learning;
And shall rise strong in richer life,
Triumphantly above all strife
Here known, refreshed and comforted,
With all that Christ, our glorious Head
Shall bring at His returning!

Sleeping; the time's not wasted;
T'is not a sleep with flitting dream,
As here; but with the Lord, with Him
Whose own he was, for whom He longed,
With glad realities now thronged
Which here, He only tasted.

Sleeping.

Sleeping; think of the waking
Directly; and we with Him there!
The little while, the sigh, the prayer
"Lord, quickly come!" the exultant cry
"Here!" in the twinkling of an eye!
 'T will keep the heart from breaking.

Sleeping; not long the waiting
The infinite sequel to our hope;
Sleeping and waking ones caught up!
The ascent is easy; the way plain,
And Christ is pledged to come again!
 We 'll keep anticipating.

 : Coming! 'T were worth the sorrow,
The tribulation, toil and stroke
Like waves upon the shore that broke;
This justifies all God's dark ways,
For all the pain this fully pays;
 O, the joyful morrow!

“Show Me Thy Glory!”

“And he said, I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory. And He said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee and I will proclaim the name of Jehovah before thee.”—Exod. xxxiii. 17, 18.

“We all with open face mirroring the glory of the Lord.”—2 Cor. iii. 18; iv. 6.

Show me Thyself, O wondrous in revealing!
Thyself, my God! O show Thy face to me!
For this one thing here at Thy feet I 'm kneeling,
Give me this joy, Thy countenance to see.
I nothing am; I own with deepest feeling
My waywardness, my weak heart's treachery;
My wounds, by Satan given, to Thee appealing,
My foolish ways, attest this ceaselessly,
And tell how much I need Thy gracious healing
And that I am unfit alone to be.

Is not Thy Spirit in me now the sealing,
Marking me Thine unto eternity?
The world my love would chill and be congealing
My joy in Thee; I would its influence flee.
While in its course of folly it is reeling
I need from contact with it to be free;
Lest, over me its dire enchantment stealing,
I should be lured to listen to its plea.
Then, face to face, Thou needst with me be dealing,
But ah, I 've Christ; and in Him I see Thee!

How Old Are You?

"This month shall be the beginning of months unto you. It shall be the first month of the year to yeu."—Exod. xii. 2.

One day I asked a Hindu boy
Who had, from dark idolatry,
Been led to know our God, with joy,
To write his name for me.

Well pleased with my request, though bold,
He wrote, in English and Hindu,
His full name, adding "ten years old,
But now I count but two."

Was there not real simplicity
In this sweet record by him given?
It seemed in very truth to be
The registry of heaven.

Full many a year has sped since then,
And he has come to manhood's years
Or passed away to Christ from men,
Beyond this scene of tears.

I cannot know; but His dear word
Oft comes to memory so glad;
As if the voice of my own Lord
Spoke through that dusky lad.

What is it worth, the time we spent
Apart from Him who came to save?
We see all placed with full consent,
Beyond the cross and grave!

If one should ask of you, to-day
Before His face, "how old are you?"
Would you in this lad's spirit say
"But now I count but two!"

And if God offer you 'midst men,
To re-live years of peace and strife;
Which of these would you live again,
How many call real life!

“I Mean Business.”

A drunken engineer! What can
To thought more dreadful be?
With unchecked hand on throttle-valve
And wild with maniac glee!

Frenzied, as nerves are strung and tense,
To cry and act—“Who cares?”
Or soured and mad at self and filled
With recklessness that dares.

We shudder at the sickening fact
And possible results
Of engine rushing on with force
Of thousand catapults;

The evil spirit in the man
Thrills through the rattling train;
The fire at white heat in his steed,
At white heat in his brain.

Rushing and dashing o'er the rails
With hissing blast and roar;
O woe betide belated train
Feeling its way before!

And woe unto those drawn by him
Should engine leave the rail!
Death in excruciating forms
One slip would sure entail.

Hundreds of people flush with hope
And glad expectancy
One moment, next dashed into heaps,
Wailing with agony.

Crushed, mangled, bruised or killed; or left
Tortured and maimed for life;
Children, in sight of parents, slain,
Husband, at feet of wife!

Alas for those who journey, and
For those who for them wait
In smiling homes, with eager hearts,
Homes henceforth desolate!

Such scenes have been; and when God holds
The inquest that shall come,
It may be found that "Accident"
Was pseudonym for "Rum."

For Rum is like a pirate-ship
Assuming other flag;
Not till secure of its sad prey,
Hoisting its own black rag.

Names bad or good it takes, so they
But hide the villain's own;
Ready for all that's bad, although
Too modest to be known.

'T is sad where it obtains abode,
All good is bidden go;

"I Mean Business."

The conscience it will honeycomb
 And stop the heart's pure flow.

All cruelties, all villanies,
 All meanness 't will give breath;
 All bitterness in living, and
 All hopelessness in death.

But I 've a story now to tell
 Of such an engineer
 And drunkard, which, when told by him
 Was met by many a tear.

It was God's grace which drew him out
 Of this terrific case;
 Then loosed his tongue to make it known
 To glorify that grace.

"I thank God that no accident
 Happened through me;" said he;
 "Though I have driven an engine when
 As drunk as I could be.

"Ofttimes I 've grasped the lever which
 Let forth the mighty steam,
 To hold me up; which shot my train
 Forth like the lightning's gleam.

"Tears in my eyes, despair in heart,
 Sweating at every pore;
 Teeth set and dangerous as a beast,
 Till sobered by the roar

"And tossing of my cab, when rails
Seemed like the road to hell;
And I would fancy that I heard
The sound of demons' yell.

"Ah well, 't was once while crazed by drink
God met me, showed my doom;
My sin, the guilt of my whole course
And bowed my soul with gloom.

"But I was sober when He told
Me of the cleansing blood;
And now, for months, not in myself,
But in His Christ I've stood.

"New-born, I then no longer sought
Nor had a taste for drink;
Enough for me to praise the One
Who drew me from hell's brink.

"The place most feared was where my train
Halted for us to dine;
For there I knew I should have pressed
Upon me, rum or wine.

"The first thought was to hide away
Out of temptation's snares;
The second, God, my Leader, is
Stronger by far than theirs.

"And He who saved me, went before
And made my friends believe

"I Mean Business."

The story of His grace to me
And made them Christ receive.

"When I've been weakness, He's been strength,
Always and all to me;
And I have learned to speak to Him
Plainly as plain can be.

"At first I knew not what to say,
As prayer I'd seldom heard;
And so, my child 'the Lord's Prayer' taught
Me slowly, word by word.

"Once I was asked to go and pray
Beside a sick man's bed;
A lost one; and I knew no word
Of what should then be said.

"But I did know that God loved me
And loved to do all good;
And better knew the case in hand
Than myself ever could.

"So kneeling there, at His own feet,
With this one in distress;
I cried aloud with my whole heart
'Lord, I mean business!'

"And that was all; and so did He
Mean business, the best;
He raised the man, He healed his soul
Giving him perfect rest."

Ah, God has been in business long,
This one, of saving men;
He gave His Son for this one thing,
Take Him for your all, then.

He knows all difficulties well,
He knows your special need;
He's dealt with sin since sin began
He'll be your God, indeed.

The Power of God's Word.

A man who'd never heard a sound
Of God's own word in all his life,
A copy of the Gospels found,
Then read it through unto his wife.
At first he fought it as he read,
But this, through grace, could not be long;
Soon softening, to his wife he said
"If this be right then we are wrong!"

But God had deeper work to do
Within that poor, benighted soul;
And so, to bring himself to view,
Led him again to read the whole;
And then exposed and filled with dread,
His heart with deep conviction tossed;
"Ah wife!" with meaning now he said:—
"If this be true, then we are lost!"

But, like our ever gracious Lord,
To save, not to condemn, who came;
So, too, this wondrous precious word
Tells of salvation in His name.
And, in His love, God meant to free
The souls of these two, long enslaved;
Again they read, then joyfully
Cried, "This is true and we are saved!"

Thus the same word that shows our guilt
And judgment on it, tells of One
Whose blood to blot out sin was spilt,
The Wondrous Saviour, God's own Son.
And they that on His Christ believe
Just as God says, alone are right;
For thus He means us to receive;
The entrance of His word is light.

Dull of Hearing.

Two things are needful with the word
Of God's own love:—
That it be preached, and then be heard,
The heart to move.
Sometimes, 't would seem, the former half
Gets not its place;
And they who long for wheat, get chaff,
And law, for grace.

Ofttimes, instead of Christ, 't is man,
That is set forth;
His building up, in thought and plan,
Seems of most worth;
And, from the hearers' sad complaints
Of lack of rest,
The faith once given to the saints
Is not possessed.

But often, there's the heavy ear
And hardened heart;
And what is true men fail to hear,
Or hear in part;
The lost one whom the Lord hath sought,
His mind will close;
And grace the richest beyond thought,
A-begging goes.

And yet, eternal issues hang
On the word given;
Rejected—the eternal pang!
Received—'t is heaven!

O, God! make Thou poor men to know
 Their need of Thee,
And the full, boundless overflow
 Of mercy free.

In Christ, who for the sinner died
 And paid the score;
With this Thou 'rt fully satisfied
 Nor askest more;
And who believes is saved from wrath;
 Thus, ended strife,
Not "shall have," but he really "HATH
 ETERNAL LIFE."

O, give Thy wondrous thought fit speech
 And argument;
That to the vilest it may reach,
 As it was sent!
That Thou hast purposed men shall see
 Thee, face to face
In glory bright; for nought can be
 Too much for grace!

According to Thy counsels grand
 Show Thine own power;
With rich imperious love command
 This closing hour!
Do, for the moment hastens on
 So long forecast,
When love refused shall be withdrawn,
 "The harvest past!"

Dull of Hearing.

Come, have Thy season and its due,
Thy time of love;
In spite of man and Satan too,
His lie to prove.
Move Thou that so the sinner may
Be made to bow,
And to deaf ears, as once, Lord say,
"Epphatha!" now.

The First Snow.

(For the Children.)

Softly as silence and on through the night
And filling the morn with a shimmering light
As if the pale, silvery moonbeams' glow
Were shivered and falling, down cometh the snow.
And Maud, little darling, with wide open eyes,
There up at the window, with a glowing surprise
And something of awe in that bright, eager face
Where hundreds of questions are rippling apace
O'er every feature, wondering stands,
And the closest attention from mamma demands.

The thick crowding snowflakes to her are quite new,
And marvelous, very, although it is true
That snows in the last two sweet years had come
Since she had arrived in her pleasant home;
Years full of surprises to this little one
Who started with nothing, with all to be done
In learning; for this, I am sure, you will see
That her years can 't be much, if they 're any, past three,
With loads to remember, it is not strange, at all
That light things like snowflakes, unnoticed should fall
Or, if quite forgotten, it is not very queer,
Since older ones often forget their first year.

But here she stands now with an all-absorbed mind
To learn all about it from mamma so kind;
"What is it?" "Who sent it, and what is it for?"
Come first, quite of course; and then many more,
Which keep mamma busy to answer, I'm sure.
So, giving her a hand to hold her secure,

She thinks of God's word, as the guide and the rule,
And tells her, "He giveth the snow, like to wool;
And scatters the hoar-frost over the land,"
It is all "give" and "scatter" from His blessed hand,
Like the wool in its purity all clean and bright
The fresh fallen snow is so soft and so white
That nothing is whiter, we very well know.
O yes: there is something that 's whiter than snow?
The sinner that 's washed in the blood of God's Lamb,
Christ Jesus, once offered, and stands in His name;
God sees him now spotless and so, perfectly fit
In Christ, for His presence and "clean every whit."
And just as the earth, which was, but yesterday,
Quite filthy and ugly with mud and with clay,
But now is all covered with this lovely dress,
So believers are robed now in His righteousness
And all that they were, now forever is cast
Away from His sight and forever is past,

O blessed the wisdom that drew this great plan
And precious the grace that then gave it to man!
The glistening snow thus gives lessons of love
And tells of the best gift that comes from above.
Each flake of these millions, thus seeming to waste,
Is moulded and fashioned with exquisite taste;
For, all that God does of perfection must tell,
In heaven and earth, He doeth all well.
Each thing; "stormy winds, fulfilling His word,
Fire, hail, snow and vapor," all tell of the Lord.
And now, leaving this one still standing to see,
These lessons from God are for you and for me,
Say, then, little reader, since God loves to give,
Will you from Him now, this cleansing receive?

Some One Is Coming!

“Mother! I heard you speak, last night
Of some one coming soon;
And then you seemed so glad and bright,
Your face, O how it shone!

“I know he must be very dear,
And I would like to know
Who 't is and when He will be here
And why you love him so.”

“Yes, darling! There is One above
All others dear to me;
One who has shown the greatest love:
And whom I long to see.

“And He has given His sure word
That He will quickly come;
This wondrous One is Christ, our Lord,
Who wants us in His home.”

“O, mother! do you mean that He
Who to the world was given,
Whom wicked men nailed to the tree,
And who went back to heaven;

“Is really coming back again
Into this world so bad?
No wonder you are happy, then,
And I, too, I 'm so glad!”

Some One Is Coming!

“You may be glad, dear child; if you
On Him, alone, believe.”

“Yes, mother! that is what I do,
His word and love receive.”

“Then, child! you cannot be afraid
If He should come to-day;
For, resting on the blood He shed,
Your sins are washed away.

“Thank God for this! O how my heart
Rejoices in His grace!
Now, when He comes, we shall not part
But rise, to see His face.

“For this is first, our Lord has said,
And this is our own hope,
The living, changed; and raised, the dead:
His saved ones then caught up!

“Then with Him they shall come again
When comes that glorious hour
When He shall come to earth to reign
In His own rightful power.

“And now may we, my precious one!
In all our conduct be
As those who wait for God's dear Son
Whom we, this day, may see!”

Miscellaneous.

"And the feast of the ingathering at the year's end."—Ex. xxxiv. 22.

A Year With The Lord.

(S. M. T., Jan. 18, 1878.)

I.

Rich flow of life for her so dear,
The reaping for the sowing;
The large result of what, while here,
Alone was held worth knowing;
Not the least check to interfere
With the eternal growing.

II.

O, the pure gladness of that birth,
Into the scene that met her!
One moment 'mid the pangs of earth,
The next, burst every fetter;
And then, with Him who sums all worth!
This is, indeed, "far better!"

III.

'T is joy to think what must have been
The rapture of that meeting;
She whom He sought now welcomed in,
The One who saved her greeting,
And her, just now released from sin,
In His own presence seating!

IV.

Heart, that so eagerly was spent,
With holy ardor moving;
Whose earnest thoughts were constant bent
To know His wondrous loving;
How fully now are all content,
Supreme enjoyment proving!

V.

O, how the soul springs up to hail
The thought of all this treasure!
The affluent love that cannot fail,
The joy beyond all measure;
The peace which naught can now assail,
The unrestrained pleasure!

VI.

The resting in His sure embrace,
The ever richer morrow;
The deepening transports that replace
The now forgotten sorrow;
The growing sweetness of His face,
Unmarred by line or furrow!

VII.

The multitude of things, below
Held in the midst of sinning,
With many questionings, which show,
We'd only the beginning,
Now, in His presence seen to grow,
Into their proper meaning!

VIII.

And far beyond all these, must He
 Be known now in His dearness;
 With Him, in His own home, to be
 Accustomed to His nearness!
 Just "as He is," the Lord to see
 In heaven's matchless clearness!

IX.

Knowing, by knowing Him, the sense
 Of all things and their bearing;
 The infinite pre-eminence
 Of what He is preparing;
 And in His own calm confidence
 Of what is coming, sharing.

X.

Himself now seen the key of all
 That God has ever spoken;
 E'en from the earliest sin and fall,
 Himself love's own sure token;
 And, all through shame and sorrow's pall,
 The pledge that can't be broken.

XI.

Not yet the glory that 's to be,
 Not yet the radiant blooming;
 Though from this body ever free,
 Not yet the new assuming;
 But, in the Lord's own company,
 Still waiting for the "coming!"

XII.

Life, joy and blessing, everywhere,
Was He while here sojourning;
And earth's new splendors shall declare
His presence, soon returning;
To be with such an One, how rare
The far-surpassing learning!

XIII.

And there, no hindrance to His smile,
Mere glimpse nor fitting glances;
No watchfulness 'gainst Satan's wile,
No fear of circumstances
That keep the soul from patience while
The grand event advances!

XIV.

O, to none else could we give up
The one whose death bereaves us!
But in no darkness do we grope,
No baseless dream deceives us;
We know, we stand upon this hope
What God has said relieves us.

XV.

Ah, in the light of that glad word
Of "with the Lord forever,"
How all that's here we shall record
As worthless our endeavor;
And from the things not of the Lord
Give diligence to sever!

XVI.

Henceforth be life in heavenly mould,
Deaf to all reasonings specious;
Simple and childlike and controlled
By His own words so gracious;
That, there and here, alike, may hold
Christ only, only precious!

Four Years.

Jan. 18, 1881.

To-day at noon there closed four years
Since that sweet soul we valued so,
Against our hopes, despite our tears,
Passed out to God from all below.

And we have sat with empty arms
And hearts that thrilled with tenderest grief,
Recalling, with delight, her charms
To find, in naming them, relief.

And say to one another, "This
Was how she looked and what she said;"
And think how, there above, it is
With her we cannot e'er make dead.

And each heart answers "she was mine!"
Or daughter, sister, mother, wife;
Reckoning how much that was divine;
Was shown by her in all her life.

How much of purest, rarest worth
Was in that walk spent in the light;
And not a spot she touched on earth
But by that touch becomes more bright.

A glow and sweetness e'er attach
To all associated, thus,
With that one life we cannot match.
That one full life that lived for us.

And we have scarce recovered yet
From listening for her welcome voice;
From waiting for those busy feet
Whose service so enhanced our joys.

Her counsel seemed to settle all
The difficulties we would fear;
So like the light her words would fall,
Her wisdom was so quick and clear.

Her heart so absolutely great,
And dominating all her ways;
Peace came with her, its fitting mate,
The peace of God, and for His praise.

It was no common love bestowed,
No minor act that then withdrew
This precious gift to which we owed
So much of all the joy we knew.

The love that gave it, surely meant
To lead our thoughts and hearts above;
For He could not have for one sent
More loving and more worthy love.

So largely rich her influence,
It seems as though she had not gone;
Though absent, in a deeper sense
That she is with us still as one.

We pass the day in needful toil,
While heart is absent from the stir;
We speak of other things, the while
Our thoughts are wandering off to her.

And we so soon expect to see
Her radiant face beside her Lord;
Heaven seems the natural home to be,
And "glory" a familiar word.

The distance we have yet to go,
Seems shorter till we reach her, there,
Than all these years that moved so slow;
So long it seems since she was here!

So long; the happy years before,
Are like a flash compared with them;
Those precious years that come no more,
Whose memory can ne'er grow dim.

But love divine, from out that land,
Gives that which makes all mourning cease;
A gracious voice, a tender hand,
Which speaks, which touches us to peace

And joy, as we the echo catch
Of her full joy with Him, our Hope;
And eagerly we wait and watch
For the best hour to be caught up!

At Fifty-Three.

A birthday melody.

I've something new that I can tell,
A kind of secret, you'll agree;
You're sure, my friend, you'll keep it? Well,
I'm fifty-three!

It came to be the truth this morn,
This bright autumnal day, with glee;
What years have passed since I was born
Are fifty-three.

I've passed these wayside marks before
With gladness that so speedily
They move; but now rejoice the more
For fifty-three.

Like all who've known the smiles and tears
Of more than half a century,
I wonder where are all those years,
Those fifty-three?

It seems so little while ago
A babe sat on his mother's knee,
A little lump of love; but, lo!
He's fifty-three.

Of course I would not put on airs
Nor ask you to obsequious be;
But, then, you may respect gray hairs;
I'm fifty-three!

What have I from those days gone by
That glided with such energy;
So many years to justify,
E'en fifty-three?

A body battered here and there,
Although from much that 's serious free;
Sight dimmed and head a little bare,
At fifty-three.

One-sidedness in hearing, too,
The limbs some stiffened, possibly;
The fire of youth gone out, 't is true;
O Fifty-three!

But then there are some better things
To show I 've been in company
With Time that, surely, ripeness brings
By fifty-three.

This body that less nimbly plays,
Has gained strength and solidity;
Less often runs in fruitless ways,
By fifty-three.

So Time may have some good to show,
Some trophies of real victory
Since we joined hands so long ago,
Dear Fifty-Three!

Head baring to be glory crowned,
Eyes dimmed, farther on to see!
Ears waiting for the expected sound,
Ah, Fifty-Three!

So, while I would, if such His will,
Stay longer years, here, cheerfully;
To learn his deeper lessons still,
E'en fifty-three.

I know, well, it can't be so long,
The heart beats now too eagerly
To see Him and to join heaven's song;
Fly, Fifty-Three!

So now, my friend, my secret 's told,
And you shall see how happily
I take the fact I 'm growing old;
I 'm fifty-three!

But if I keep on longer thus,
One mark of age with certainty
You 'll notice; that I 'm garrulous
At fifty-three!

The Year and I.

"This year also till I dig about it."—Luke xiii. 8.

"Who knocks so blithely?" "A birthday!"
"Ah? Come in! Such a guest assures
His welcome. But, whose is it, pray?
Which child or friend?" "O sir, 't is yours!"
"Why no; I 'm loath to say you 're wrong;
Mistakes will happen; pass along!
Why stand you there and gaze at me?
My birthday 's past; I 'm fifty-three!

"Strange that his words should startle so,
And strange, he should so miss the name!"
"What? Not yet gone? I bade you go!"
"Sir; 't is a year since I last came."
"A year? You jest; 't is very fine;
What is the date?" "October nine!"
"Impossible! Why that 's just gone!"
"Since then a year its course has run."

"What? Say you since you last were here,
You 've added twelve months to my score?
Have made the circuit of a year,
And greet me now as fifty-four?
I, fifty-four? 'T would seem as though
You oftener come as old we grow;
As though you pressed, quite carelessly,
Two birthdays in a year, or three!"

“So should it seem, when every day
Comes to the life well-filled with joy!”
“Quite true; but has this been your way?
Have you not mingled some alloy?
What of this trouble in my head,
Distressing days and wakeful bed?
My precious work struck from my hands
And I alone, in foreign lands?

“Not to name all the wearying things
That press me round like angry bees;
And like them, too, in having stings,
Results of my infirmities
It may be; and which often seem
A night-mare or a hideous dream;
In which I've feared that 'love,' of late,
Has learned to do the work of hate?

“Motives, I scarce conceived to be,
Attributed to all my acts;
Then there's my scattered family—
What say you to these serious facts?”
“I know of one who said of such
He'd 'laugh them in the face!' 'T was much
To say; what then, if God, at that,
Would give him something to laugh at?

“Who called them 'strong and helpful rod;'
Spoke of God 'making loudest song
Of boasting true!' Now bring in God,
Where is your list of woes so long?

Link Him with all, they are explained,
 And you will testify you 've gained;
 'Songs,' 'laughter,' 'boasting;' brave words, these,
 Their testing 's come now, if you please!

"And where 's your faith? 'T would calm a sea;
 Or to this mountain say, Remove!
 From tiniest seed produce a tree;
 What if, by these, that faith He 'd prove?
 What pains He 's taken to be known!
 In all these elements you own,
 He 's acting love and wisdom; this
 My one sufficient answer is."

"But still I wonder if the field
 Is worth the ploughing given of late;
 And whether, after all, the yield
 In any way will compensate."
 "Why surely, yielding any fruit
 That its own Husbandman will suit,
 Is good; and He knows why He toils
 In the unlikeliest of soils.

"And so 't is all of Him, alone,
 Soil, culture, fruit and seed, all love
 In various displays, and known
 As altogether from above.
 'T is wondrous, to the open ear,
 How God explains Himself, e'en here;
 And He is greater, you are less,
 By all these things that seem distress,"

"I bow to all you 've said, most glad
You press my own words with such force;
Yes, joys a hundred-fold I 've had
While all these days have run their course.
'Boast?' Yes, with deeper meaning still
'Songs?' Louder now and with a will;
'Laugh?' Yes: and I have done that, too,
Have I not brought Him all to do?

"Into what company I 'm cast!
And has He not done all things well!
What wonders in the precious past,
What rich disclosures yet to tell!
I would not have one weight be less
For God in His almightiness;
Nor any difficulties, small,
Since He goes to confront them all.

"These circumstances do not make
Me feel in heart or love grown old;
Unless, with age, affections take
A tenderer and gentler mould;
Unless the work of time be proved
By loving more, though less beloved;
And helping, too, to find excuse
For that which youth might call abuse."

"Nay, nay! Age, of itself, would fret
Over infirmities and grow
More selfish and exacting, yet;
If pain and exile and the flow

Of all sad things do not efface
What 's gentle, 't is not years but grace,
God working in you both to will
And do; and much you may need still."

"Thanks, dear old year! The almoner
You 've been to me of only good;
In all things love's own messenger,
I would not change aught, if I could,
So this one word, as now we part;—
I find beneath all depths, God's heart,
His hand, Himself, in Christ, my Lord,
And richer, fresher, His pure word.

"And you, O opening year! will be
Of all most glorious and known,
If but He, whom I long to see,
My Lord, shall come to take His own.
Bring, then, the needed chastening,
Rebuke, afflictions, trials, bring;
Bring sorrow's cup filled to the brim,
Bring all God sends; but O, bring Him!"

A Retrospect.

How much may happen in a year
 Though dull eyes see but little;
For God fails not, it will appear,
 In the least jot or tittle;
And the rich meanings of His grace
Know nothing small or common-place.

And I would give the year a word,
 That brought so much of joy to me,
So much, too, of the coming Lord
 Who will forever so much be;
And this shall be the record still
Of pure delight in God's own will.

Through slow or quickly passing days
 One arm was felt, one face was seen;
One purpose found, although the ways
 Through which He led have varied been,
That purpose love; and more and more
I magnify Him and adore.

O wise to leave all things to Him!
 O bliss to know Him tender
And strong; a light for eyes too dim,
 A Wonderful Defender!
Then, blessed be the sorrows, too,
That bring His best things into view.

Anniversary Greetings.

I.

A little word if nothing more,
Of greeting for your fifty-four;
A welcome to the upper years
Where the horizon gently clears
And clouds are passing off to stay,
Hail! too, and welcome for Christ's day
Just ready to be ushered in,
Day without grief or soil or sin!

II.

God's grace is the fountain of youth, I ween
For it keeps the heart from ageing;
Though the added seasons may bleach the sheen
Of your crown, 't is the glory presaging;
Let the years roll on then and when they're all told
They may name what they will but they can't make you old.

Anniversary Greetings.

III.

Name it now with open lips,
Tell out boldly, gladly, this;
That amid regretted slips,
That of years most welcome is;
Since they bring the nearer bliss
Into which faith e'en now dips.

Since the heart forgiveness knows,
There's no burden in the years;
Since the old life saw its close,
There's no glance ahead with fears;
Every hour the prospect clears
And the glory brighter glows.

Time seems slow with this life's scope,
Eagerness would count the days
Till the gates of heaven ope
Till upon Christ's face we gaze:
Close the past year then with praise,
Take the new with newer hope.

IV.

True hearted one, for years in simple verse,
Have you and I been happy congeners,
Noting time's rhythmic rune, swift measuring
Its strains by birthdays which do softly sing,
Da-capo-like, their theme in richer deeps
Of harmonies; for each, full laden, sweeps
The heart which, as a long used viol, holds
Them all, sifted and mellowed, and unfolds
And adds their blended sweetness to the last,
So we may never say aught good's clean past;
The best is always present with its lore,
Bringing from out all former days its store.
Who lays the ear to catch the inner voice
Shall recognize home sounds, and so, rejoice,
And with this added year, the way you've trod
Echoes glad songs of love and heaven and God.
Rehearsing symphonies of fruitful years
Preluding infinite cycles without tears.
And if sight for a moment clouded be,
This music's yours; and yonder you will see!
Just farther on; the future holds no fear,
Whate'er the lay, the undersong is clear;
It shall be blessing, though the chant may be
Whether a plan or a threnody.

v.

Is it sixty to-day? Will we ever be done
With wondering whither the years have gone?
Will we ever know that unto which we would say
For its measure of fruitage and blessing, Now stay?
Since made for the richest and best God can do
There 'll be something that 's in and of Christ still in view.
And the three score were given to acquire all the skill
To live out the more ripened ten, if God will.
For fruit, after coming to growth that 's complete,
Needs the mellowing season to render it sweet;
The most luscious clusters respond to the knife,
As the most settled peace follows bloodiest strife;
The unwholesome vapors are cleared by the storm,
Then everything living burgeons into new form.
More suffering, more joy, and more fellowship clear
With Him who knew most of all sufferings, here;
Who prayed, if 't were possible, let pass this one thing
And for us He has robbed even death of its sting.
It is easy to say, but then God says it, too,
And, secure in Christ's work t 'is eternally true;
For dearness and nearness to Him and the thrill
Of His triumph and glory we may taste any ill.
And yet I would ask for you, through all time's length
In every condition the Lord be your strength,
Your portion, your peace and the fill of your cup
Until, at His signal, to Him we 're caught up.







