

LEAVES FROM OLIVET.

A COLLECTION OF SACRED POETRY.

BY

ALBERT MIDLANE.

“ My heart is full of Christ, and longs
 Its glorious matters to declare !
Of Him I make my loftier songs—
 I cannot from His praise forbear,
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
 The glories of the heavenly King.”

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"There is, there is a world of rest,
Dear Saviour, for my weary soul,
Where all are holy, all are blest,
And love's unfailing waters roll.

And there beside those healing springs,
Far, far away from fear and strife,
Thy dove shall fold her silver wings,
And nestle in the tree of life."

SIR E. DENNY.



P R E F A C E.

“LET all things be done to edifying.” Such is the apostolical injunction recorded in the Epistle to the Corinthians. Perhaps there is no subject in connection with which this injunction is so generally unheeded as verse. Interest and amusement seem the sole objects of many writers, who apparently forget that *real* interest is obtained in no way more readily than by attention to the apostolic rule we have just quoted. This rule has been endeavoured to be observed in the present volume, the author hopes, not without some degree of success.

Should there be a too deep tinge of sadness apparent in any of these poems, let the reader remember that though experiences vary, seldom is experience without a cloud, or life without its darker shadows.

With much thankfulness the author acknowledges the encouragement he has received by the knowledge conveyed to him of the usefulness of many of the following pieces in a detached form; and most fervently does he breathe the desire, that greater usefulness may attend them in their present compilation.

The author regrets that, owing to the limited dimensions of the present volume, he has found it impossible to insert many pieces which he hoped to have included in the volume. This will account for the absence of any piece, whose absence may be noticed. Many other pieces, partaking more of the hymn than the poem, he has also kept back, hoping to be able, if it be the Lord's will, to collect such,

with others contained in various collections now in use, into a separate volume.

And now, commanding his efforts to Him who is the subject of his songs, and without whose blessing nothing can prosper, he sends forth this work, praying that it might be used for the profit, instruction, and comfort of God's dear children; among whom his desire is, that it may promote more love, more loyalty to Christ, and more practical, living, scriptural unity.

Newport, Isle of Wight,

January 1, 1864.



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LEAVES FROM OLIVET.

The Blessed Hope.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—Titus ii. 13. . . . "Surely I come quickly."—Rev. xxii. 20.

JESUS, we long to see Thy face,
 Oh, when wilt Thou appear,
And Thy ascending path retrace,
 Our fainting hearts to cheer?
For when Thou didst ascend on high,
 Bright angels, clothed in white,
Foretold that Thou wouldst come again,
 Unveil'd to mortal sight.

Thou, too, didst say, whilst here below,
 "Awhile, and I'll return :"
Why are Thy chariot wheels so slow?
 Oh, haste the cloudless morn!
Creation groans,—Thine own are sad,
 All wait, O Lord, for Thee;
Return, and make Thy people glad,—
 Let earth keep jubilee!

But, oh ! blest thought, impatient though
 For that bright hour, *we* are,—
 Though thus our longing spirits glow,
 To hail the “Morning Star;”
 Blest thought! more anxious, Lord, *Thou* art,
 Thy ransom’d bride to own—
 To bind her closely to Thy heart—
 To seat her on Thy throne.

The day *will* come, the hour arrive,
 The Bridegroom *will* appear—
 The sleeping saints, and we, alive,
 His voice *will surely* hear!
 The fleeting hours which intervene,
 This “Hope” we *will* retain,
 And muse upon the happy theme—
 “I’ll quickly come again.”

—

Jesus’ Faithfulness.

John x. 28, 29.

JESUS, Thy faithfulness to God
Will never let us go;
Thou art engaged the Father’s sheep
To save from every foe.

Strong is Thy love to us, but oh!
Thy love is stronger far
To Him whose mercy, grace, and love,
Thou camest to declare.

The Father loves us, we are His,
And, blessed Lord, are Thine;
For Thou didst to the Father look,
And say, "All Thine are Mine."

Let, then, our tongues aloud rejoice,
And spread abroad Thy praise,
Till in the Father's courts above
A nobler song we raise.

"Star of the Morning."

REV. xxii. 16.

STAR of the Morning, rise,
Disperse these shades of night,
And fill our beaming eyes
With tears of rapt delight!
These hearts of ours have waited long
To join the blissful, bridal song.

Star of the Morning, rise,
Why, why Thy long delay?
Illume the darken'd skies,
And chase the mists away;
No longer let the taunt be heard—
“Where is the coming of the Lord?”

Star of the Morning, rise,
We long Thy light to see,
So tender are the ties
That link our souls to Thee:
Precious and true Thy perfect love,
Rising our highest thoughts above!

Star of the Morning, rise,
And usher in the morn,
And fill with glad surprise
The hearts of all who mourn;
Star of the Morning, JESUS, come,
Fulfil Thy promise—take us home!



Communion.

“ In Thy presence there is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.”—Psalm xvi. 11.

’Tis gone within the veil ;
 No earthly mists intrude :
 All dread forebodings fail,
 No depths to sound, no height to scale,
 The soul is *with* its God.

In close communion there,
 Nor time nor distance knows ;
 It feeds on heavenly fare,
 It breathes a pure, a sinless air,
 And loses all its woes.

Nor access *close*, alone,
 But *sweet* communion, too,
 Sweetness of deepest tone—
 Joy, only in communion known,
 Perennial, pure, and true.

This all believers know,
 ’Tis theirs, for Christ has died—
 Has laid the tyrant low ;
 For by His death—death’s fatal blow,
 He all its powers defied !

And now He intercedes,
 Their great High Priest in heaven ;
 Through Him the Spirit leads
 The soul to God, to tell its needs—
 The soul through Him forgiven.

Boldly I then “draw near,”
 My right by grace divine :
 Though vile, *I*’ve nought to fear ;
His precious blood has set me clear,
His righteousness is *mine* !

Christian Exhortation.

“I beseech you, brethren, suffer the word of exhortation.”—Heb. xiii. 22.

LET thy *first* thoughts be turned to Christ, thy Lord,
 Prevent the morning’s dawn with thoughts of Him ;
 Commit thy way unto His gracious care,
 He will sustain, who did thy soul redeem.

Let thy *best* thoughts be also Christ’s, thy Lord ;
 Whate’er thou doest, do it all to Him ;
 He lovingly accepts each work of faith,
 Poor and imperfect though the labours seem.

Begin, continue, end the day, with Christ,
 Repeat the blessed lesson every day ;
 Not long it may be thine to serve Him here—
 Soon He may come to call thee hence away.

Sow to the Spirit, for thou needs must sow ;
 Scatter the seeds of immortality ;
 Work for the honours of thy risen Lord,
 And so expend the strength He gives to thee.

—

“Christ ever Lives.”

“He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”—Heb. vii. 25.

CHRIST ever lives !
 What joy th’ assurance gives :
 He lives, and lives no more to die,
 My present portion—future joy —
 He ever lives !

Christ ever lives !
 This truth my soul believes
 From all anxiety and fear ;
 On Him I roll my every care—
 He ever lives !

Christ ever lives !
This truth my soul receives,
And glories in its risen Lord,
Alike on earth, in heaven, adored—
He ever lives !

Christ ever lives !
This truth my soul believes ;
Farewell, then, sorrow, doubt, and woe,
I sing with triumph while below
He ever lives !

Christ ever lives !
And blessed triumph gives,
To all who on Himself rely ;
For them upon the throne on high
He ever lives !

“Should He tarry.”

SHOULD He tarry—should my Saviour
In the heavens prolong His stay,
I would serve Him more than ever,
Anxious only to obey.

Should He tarry—I would love Him
As I never loved before;
Love Him as I hope to love Him
In the glory, evermore.

Should He tarry—happy service
I will render to His name;
Service which shall be as incense,
Rising up from whence it came.

Should He tarry—I would witness
Of His love to all around—
Publish wide the full salvation,
Which alone in Him is found.

Should He tarry—sweet communion
Shall be mine from day to day;
Strength and comfort thus receiving,
Joyful I shall speed my way.

Should He tarry—Gracious Saviour,
Shouldst Thou tarry on the throne,
By Thy blessed Spirit make me,
Daily, hourly, more Thine own.



The Prospect.

THE prospect's before me, I sigh for possession ;
 Already the earnest I have in my soul :
 Oh haste, blessed Lord, with Thine angel-procession !
 I long to arrive at my heavenly goal.
 I long to escape from the sin and corruption,
 That cleave to my feet as I'm hastening along—
 To change these vile rags for the robes of adoption :
 My sighs and my groans for the conqueror's song.

Oh, scenes of delightful, eternal enjoyment !
 Not marred by the presence of one sinful thought !
 Oh, region of happy, celestial employment,
 So much to be prized, because so dearly bought !
 'Twas blood, yea, the blood of Jehovah's Anointed,
 That purchased the glories my faith hath descried :
 'Twas Jesus who passed through the sorrows
 appointed—
 Who willingly suffered—who willingly died !

And well may I pant for my place in the glory,
 Since *my* sweet enjoyment will also be *Thine* ;
 For this Thou art waiting, till Thine, all before Thee,
 Bless'd Lord, shall be changed to Thy likeness
 divine.

Oh haste, then, Lord Jesus—oh, haste Thine appearing;
 The night is *so* dreary, no longer delay;
 I have heard, with glad heart, that the Bridegroom
 is nearing,
 And anxiously wait for the break of the day!

“**T**he **C**hurch of **G**od,”

Acts xx. 28.

“**T**HE Church of God,” amazing, precious, thought
 That sinners, vile and outcast, should be brought,
 Renew’d in heart, and cleansed by Jesus’ blood,
 To form the body of the “Church of God.”

Angels around the throne that never fell,—
 Seraphic spirits that in glory dwell,—
 The holy patriarchs before the flood,—
 Nor Israel since,—compose the “Church of God.”

Distinct in glory from the church *they* shine,
 Though each unfolds a wonderful design;
 The Holy Spirit makes His blest abode,
 In those, alone, who form the “Church of God.”

Renewed and quickened by the Holy Ghost,
The Church began on earth at Pentecost,
When like a fire He came on each and stood,
That little band commenced the "Church of God."

The Church is *one*, it has one glorious Head,
And by one Spirit through this waste is led;
And nourishment from Christ, on high, bestow'd,
Together binds in one, the "Church of God."

United to her risen Head above,
E'en now she knows the sweetness of His love;
His power is hers to help her on the road—
Bride of the Lamb—Church of the living God!

Soon will He come, and take His Church away—
And oh, sweet thought! fast hastens on the day,
When He will stand with all His saints avow'd
Head of the Church—the purchased "Church of God."

"Be still, and know that I am God."

Psalm xlvi.

How hard the lesson, none can tell,
But he who has the pathway trod;
Calmly, upon the truth to dwell—
"Be still, and know that I am God."

When trouble, like huge mountains rise,
 And gloomy prospects all forebode ;
 How hard to *feel* the precept wise—
 “Be *still*, and know that I am God.”

And when the soul, with grief opprest,
 Staggers beneath its weighty load ;
 'Tis hard upon the truth to rest—
 “Be *still*, and know that I am God.”

Yet, Lord, 'tis well—it shews how poor,
 How *weak* are creatures of the sod ;
 That thus they should, at mercy's door,
 “Be *still*, and know that Thou art God.”

Too wise to err, I know Thee, Lord,
 Thou canst be good, and *only* good :
 My faith would rest upon Thy word—
 “Be *still*, and know that I am God.”

Oh, bid me, then, on Thee repose ;
 May this be my supporting rod,
 (Till heaven Thy purposes disclose,)
 “Be *still*, and know that I am God.”

A Fragment.

THAT blessed truth—"The Lord will come again,"
Stands like a beacon, to direct the soul
That's heavenward bound. Sweetly its light it flings
O'er all the road, the pilgrim's heart to cheer!
That truth received in all its living power,
Dispels the dream of worldly happiness:—
Detaches its receiver's soul from earth,—
And bids it long in expectation of
That blest event.

"The Lord *will* come again!"

Delightful, soul-refreshing, precious truth!
Why does He tarry? Why not even *now*
Assume the effulgence of the "Morning Star,"
And dawn on this, His people's dreary night?
Glad would my soul attend the "midnight cry:"
Glad would I hear the Bridegroom's joyous shout,
And rise to meet Him in the distant air!
There's not a joy but what I'd gladly leave:—
There's not a hope but what I'd gladly waive:—
Yes, gladly would I see my plans o'erturn'd,
However much they promise, to behold
The face of Him my soul admires—adores!
Why dost Thou tarry, blessed Jesus, why?

I know—Thyself hath told me in Thy word
 Of truth :—'Tis Thy long-suffering, gracious Lord,
 That keeps Thee in Thy place of intercession ;
 While there, the judgment lingers o'er the world,—
 And many precious souls are gathered out
 Of Satan's kingdom, to rejoice in Thine,
 And know the bliss of present, full salvation !

But *soon* the top-stone shall be laid with shouts
 Of grace ! The last stray sheep will soon be found ;—
 Thy Bride elect will soon be all complete :
 Oh, *then*, shall nought Thy bright appearing stay !
 The looked-for reign of joy will then begin ;—
 Thy Church her *heavenly* kingdom will possess ;—
 Thine *earthly* people will be gather'd, too !

With *patience* may I wait these joyful times,
 Nor cease, the while, to cry, “*Haste*, happy day !”

“**B**etween the **C**ross and **G**lory.”

“Waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.”
 Rom. viii. 23.

By faith in Christ, my soul is set
 In blessed, full redemption ;
 And from my sins the blood of Christ
 Has given full exemption ;

The glories of my heavenly home
Faith brightly sets before me ;
And, happy thought ! my standing is
Between the cross and glory.

I *backward* look, and view the cross
On Calvary erected,
And there I see the love of God
In brightest rays reflected ;
And as I gaze, my spirit burns,
And joy and peace come o'er me,
And praise breaks forth that I am set,
Between the cross and glory.

And from the cross I *onward* look,
To where that cross shall bring me ;
For God has placed, till there I am,
The earnest sure within me ;
Yet faith shall soon give place to sight,
And, Lord, I shall adore Thee,
That Thou didst plant my happy soul
Between the cross and glory.



Love.

1 Corinthians xiii.

Love has a *ready ear*,
It catches each faint moan,
It even bends to hear
The feeblest, weakest groan,

Love has a *feeling heart*,
With all to sympathize,
And hastens to bear a part,
Whatever trouble tries.

Love has an *open eye*,
It slumbers not nor sleeps ;
Grief never passes by,
But with the sufferer weeps.

Love has a *liberal hand*,
And giveth of its store ;
Waits not for a demand,
But gladly aids the poor.

Love has a *patient soul*,
It waiteth oft and long ;
Looks steadfast to the goal,
And cheers the way with song.

Such precious, constant love,
In living power be mine !
Lord Jesus, from above,
Bestow the gift divine.

Peter's Repentance.

"And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter."—Luke xxii. 61.

WHEN the Saviour looked on Peter,
All his failure came to view ;
And in bitter tears and copious,
Proved he his repentance true.
'Twas a time of deep contrition,
Self-abasement, grief sincere ;
Ah ! that look ! it stirred his spirit,
It was more than he could bear !

Not the oaths, which, fast proceeding
From his lips could rouse his soul ;
Nor could conscience, loudly speaking,
Back his wayward spirit roll ;
No ! the look of Christ was needed,
To perform a work so great ;
Power divine, alone can quicken
From a sad backsliding state.

Man may reach the outward bearing,
 And from outward sin restrain ;
 But *the will* defies his curbing :
 Bands to fetter it are vain !
 God alone *the will* can deal with—
 He alone can mould the soul ;
 'Tis His Spirit's work to quicken—
 He alone can say “*Be whole !*”

Cease, then, man, to *force* repentance,
 Look to God—be much in prayer ;
 He has greatest strength for service,
 Who is found most often there !
 If in life divine declining,
 Go to God, and he'll revive ;
 Or, if mourning others' failures,
 For them in heart-yearnings strive.

“**T**he **M**an **C**hrist **J**esus.”

1 Tim. ii. 5.

Oh, what an *eye* must Jesus have,
 Each moment to survey
 His blood-bought ones, so scattered far,
 O'er every land and sea.

Oh, what a *heart* must Jesus have,
 Immutably the same;
So full of tenderness and care,
 To all who love His name.

Oh, what an *arm* must Jesus have,
 To guide, protect, uphold,
Such multitudes of needy ones,
 In straits and cares untold.

Oh, what a *love* must Jesus have,
 How perfect, how divine;
It loves each moment, loveth all—
 Lord, what a love is Thine.

Oh, what an *ear* must Jesus have,
 How open night and day,
Attentive to His people's needs,
 And hearing what they say.

Oh, what a *store* must Jesus have,
 How boundless His supply;
It meets the wants and needs of all
 Who raise the suppliant cry.

Oh, what a *voice* must Jesus have,
 Who speaks, and it is done;
What majesty in it resides,
 What trophies it has won.

Yes, Jesus' eye, and heart, and arm,
 And love, and ear, and store,
 Are all engaged for those whose sins
 Upon the cross He bore.

The Midnight Cry.

“Behold the Bridegroom cometh.”—Matt. xxv.

“He comes! He comes! The Bridegroom comes!”

The “Morning Star” appears;
 The “cloudless morning” sweetly dawns,
 Saints, quit this vale of tears.

Your absent Lord no longer mourn;

Reproach no longer bear;

“He comes! He comes!” Rise, happy saints,
 To meet Him in the air.

“He comes! He comes! The Bridegroom comes!”

The Church is now complete;
 Her Lord beholds her clean and fair,
 A partner for Him meet.

“He comes!” His purchased bride to claim;
 Her ~~mission~~ ¹³ is prepared; 14

“He comes! He comes!” rise, waiting saints,
 To meet your waiting Lord.

“He comes! He comes! The Bridegroom comes!”
 He shouts, for great His joy;
 As yet unseen by mortal flesh,
 He tarries in the sky.

The marriage o'er, to earth He'll come,
 No longer hid from men,
 He'll come! He'll come! *with* all his saints,
 As “Son of David” then.

“He comes! He comes!” The “Son of Man,”
 The “Second Adam” now;
 The “King of kings,” the “Lord of lords,”
 All knees before Him bow.

“He comes!” His Israel in the land
 Of promise to instal;
 “He comes! He comes!” to clear away
 The ruins of the fall.

“He comes! He comes!” The “Lion” now;
 Alas! rejecting world,
 He'll meet your rebel standard raised,
 Defiantly unfurl'd;
 But nought shall stand before Him, then
 In terror you will cry,
 “He comes! He comes! Alas! Alas!
 Where from Him can we fly?”

“He comes! He comes! The Bridegroom comes!”
 Oh sinners, hear the sound;
 Accept Him *now*, if you among
 His chosen would be found.
 Still mercy’s offered—costless—free—
 No longer turn away,
 “He comes! He comes!” Oh linger not—
 Come, “while ‘tis called to-day!”

“While we believe the parable of the ten virgins, PROPHETICALLY viewed, to belong to the JEWISH REMNANT, and not to the CHURCH, we fully allow, as to the general principle,” says Sir E. Denny, “that it applies to the one as well as the other:” hence the Bridegroom is represented, in the above verses, as coming for the saints of this dispensation, “members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.”—Eph. v. 30.

The Love unchanging.

“I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”—Jer. xxxi. 3.

In this world of fleeting shadows,
 So unreal, and so untrue,
 Sweet it is to know the Saviour
 Near us as we’re passing through.

Human love may wane and perish,
 Friendships all dissolve and die;
 Hearts may fail the thoughts to cherish,
 Once the harbingers of joy.

Death may snatch away our treasures,
Losses all our steps attend;
Time may rob us of our pleasures;
Distance sever friend from friend.

Hope deferred, the soul may weary;
Sorrow and corroding care
Blanch the cheek, once fresh and cheery,
Leaving marks of anguish there.

But the love which knows no changing,
O'er our chequered path presides;
Viewing all the way we're ranging,
Over-ruling what betides.

Breathing "peace," when troubles thicken,
And, up-pointing to the skies,
Tells of scenes the soul to quicken,
In its speed toward the prize.

Scenes of beauty, where the spirit,
Wearied by the lengthened way,
Shall the joy of Christ inherit,
Through an everlasting day.

Precious love! so pure and holy,
Ever fresh and ever sure,
Would we could requite it fully,
And enjoy its fulness more.

Divine Realities.

"The things which are not seen are eternal."—2 Cor. iv. 18.

Can the soul which leans on Jesus,
 Knowing what it has in Him,
 Aught of worldly glory covet?
 Aught of worldly good esteem?

Should not knowledge so celestial,
 Sunder every worldly tie?
 Transient, light, and disappointing,
 Is the world's sublimest joy.

Oh, the contrast! what the worldling,
 And the saint of God, enjoys:
 Saints possess the bliss of heaven;
 Worldlings, only earthly toys.

Saints have that which cannot perish—
 Life and peace for evermore;
 While the worldlings' empty pleasures
 Only for a while endure.

Well, then, may the saint relinquish
 All which has its source below;
 Born from heaven, his only object
 Should be heavenly things to know.

Saviour, give us grace to reckon,
 All as nought compared with Thee ;
 Be the longing of our spirits,
 More and more like Thee to be.

“ *The end is near.*”

“This know also that in the last days perilous times shall come.”—2 Tim. iii. 1. . . . “Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived.”—2 Tim. iii. 13.

CLOUDS of darkness gathering o'er us,
 Awful tidings with them bear ;
 Scenes of misery spread before us—
 Dearth, and pestilence, and war ;
 All in one loud, piercing chorus,
 Tell us that the end is near.

Hearts of men within them failing,
 For the coming woes they fear ;
 All their efforts unavailing—
 No propitious signs appear ;
 Sin increasing—crime prevailing,
 Tell us that the end is near.

Selfishness in all abounding ;
Gold the idol everywhere,
Worshipp'd by a host, confounding
Gold for all that's good or fair ;
Crowds the mammon god surrounding,
Tell us that the end is near.

Lawlessness so widely spreading,
Void of reverence, awe, or fear ;
Sacred things beneath it treading,
Stamped with God's own signature ;
Never once His vengeance dreading,
Tell us that the end is near.

War, that heaviest curse of nations,
Running on its dread career ;
While the mass its desolations,
Listless, or applauding, hear ;
War, with its abominations,
Tell us that the end is near.

Saints of God, all evil hating,
Faithful to the name they bear ;
For their coming Saviour waiting,
To be caught up in the air,
Hence their rest and blessing dating,
Tell us that the end is near.

Sinner, would'st thou in the glory
 Of that "cloudless morning" share?
 Would'st thou have *this* hope before thee?
 Wear the crown saints *then* will wear?
 Oh, believe redemption's story,
 Look to Christ—the end is near.

Let not earth, thy thoughts engrossing,
 Cheat thee of that portion fair;
 Look to Christ: on Him reposing,
 Thou shalt happy be, nor fear;
 Sinner, haste—the day is closing;
 Look to Christ—the end is near.

—

The Home abiding.

"And he shall go no more out."—Rev. iii. 12.

Oh! if this were true of this sin-stricken world,
 How sorrowful it would be!
 For ever to dwell in this valley of tears,
 Sad, sad were the prospect to me.

But no ! this is true of that better world,
 Where Jesus is gone on before ;
 'Tis there, in that region of light and love—
 'Tis *there* we shall “go out no more.”

'Tis there, where the crystal stream flows from the
 throne ;
 'Tis there, where the tree of life blooms ;
 'Tis there, where the Lamb is for ever extolled ;
 Where His name the whole region perfumes.
 'Tis there, where no sorrow nor pain shall intrude ;
 Where no losses the blest shall deplore ;
 'Tis there, in that region of light and love—
 'Tis *there*, we shall “go out no more.”

'Tis there, where no night shall e'er darken the sky ;
 'Tis there, where no tears shall be seen ;
 Where nothing shall mar, or distract, or disturb,
 The repose of the heavenly scene ;
 'Tis there—how delightful and cheering the thought !
 That we the slain Lamb shall adore ;
There, there, in that region of light and love,
 And from thence we shall “go out no more.”



“*Another proof of love.*”

“Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.”—Heb. xii. 6.

“**ANOTHER** proof of love;”
 Thus cried my heart when sorrow sore,
 With tempest force came sweeping o'er;
 Yes! I could worship and adore,
 And say, “‘Tis all in love.”

“*Another proof of love;*”
 Ah yes! I read it in the smart
 Which pierces oft my anguished heart,
 ‘Tis *love* which wings the painful dart,
 Shot from the courts above.

“*Another proof of love;*”
 E'en deeper sorrow may befall;
 Yet God I know is o'er it all;
 He orders all things, great and small,
 And orders *all* in love.

“*Another proof of love;*”
 Let joy or sorrow, Lord, be mine,
 I'd have no other will than Thine;
 To Thee I would my all resign,
 For Thou art only love.

“Another proof of love;”
 Nature would rise and oft rebel,
 And all its griefs, desponding, tell,
 Yet faith can ever say “‘Tis well,—
 “‘Tis love—pure, precious love.”

“Another proof of love;”
 Faith, only faith, can justify
 The doings of the Lord, most High,
 Low in the dust before Him lie,
 And say, “‘Tis all in love.”

“**B**e not weary.”

“But ye, brethren, be not weary in well-doing.”—2 Thess. iii. 13.

“Be not weary,” *toiling* christian, good the Master
 thou dost serve;
 Let no disappointment move thee, from thy service
 never swerve:
 Sow in hope, nor cease thy sowing; lack not patience,
 faith, or prayer,
 Seed-time passeth,—harvest hasteneth,—precious
 sheaves thou *then* shalt bear.

“Be not weary,” *praying* christian, open is thy Father’s ear,

To the fervent supplication and the agonizing prayer;
Prayer the Holy Ghost begetteth—be it words, or groans, or tears—

Is the prayer that’s always answered; banish, then, thy doubts and fears.

“Be not weary,” *suffering* christian, scourged is each adopted child,

Else would grow in sad profusion, nature’s fruit, perverse and wild;

Chastening’s needful for the spirit, though ‘tis painful for the flesh;

God designs a blessing for thee, let this thought thy soul refresh.

“Be not weary,” *tempted* christian, sin can only ‘lure on earth;

Faith is tried by sore temptation, ‘tis the furnace proves its worth;

Bounds are set unto the tempter, which beyond he cannot go;

Battle on, on God relying, *faith* will overcome the foe.

“Be not weary,” *weeping* christian, tears endure but for the night;

Joy—deep joy—thy spirit greeting, will return with morning’s light;

Every tear thou shedd'st is numbered in the register
above;

Heaven is tearless! sweet the prospect—sighless, tear-
less land of love!

“Be not weary,” *hoping* christian, though the vision
tarry long;

Hope will bring the blessing nearer, change thy
sighing into song;

Nought shall press thy spirit downwards, if thy hopes
all brightly shine;

Hold thy hope, whate'er thou losest—living, precious
hopes are thine!

“Be not weary,” *troubled* christian, rest remains for
thee on high;

Dwell upon the untold glory of thy future home of
joy;

There, nor sin nor sorrow entereth—there, thy soul
attuned to praise,

Shall, in strains of heavenly fulness, songs of happy
triumph raise.

“Be not weary,” *loving* christian, in this heavenly
grace abound,

Jesus, well thou knowest, loved thee, though in mad
rebellion found;

Drink, drink deeply of His spirit, Jesus' love knows
great nor small,

Nature loves but what is lovely—*grace* embraceth one
and all!

Christian, thus in grace unwearied, pass thy sojourn
here below;

Spurn lukewarmness! let thy bosom ever with true
fervour glow!

Look to Christ, thy bright Exemplar, copy Him in
all His ways,

Let thy life and conversation tell to thy Redeemer's
praise.

Consolation.

“Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord.”—Heb. xii. 5.

Why art thou cast down, sad soul?

Why disturbed, distressed:

Do the waves of trouble roll

Roughly o'er thy breast?

Well, 'tis needful ; *look on high !*
 All is bright and clear ;
 Heave no more the heavy sigh,
 Peace : be of good cheer.

Every son the Father owns
 Must endure the rod ;
 But He heeds thy tears and groans—
 God's a pitying God.
 Yet the flesh must be subdued,
 Cost whate'er it may ;
 All He does is for thy good—
 Cast thy fears away.

Sorrow for a night may be,
 Morning bringeth joy ;
 There's a blessed hope for thee
 Treasured up on high ;
 Dwell upon the things *eternal*,
 Not the things of *sight* ;
 Hope shall then be ever vernal—
 All shall then be bright.



The Warning.

“For when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them.”—2 Thess. v. 3.

SPEAK not of “*The good time coming* ;”

Say not, “*Happy times draw nigh* ;”

Lo ! the clouds with terror looming,

Darken o'er the future sky !

Undeceive thyself, oh, mortal !

To the winds such dreamings give ;
Think upon the fearful purging

That the earth *must first receive* !

Rather tell of *wrath* and *vengeance*,

Pending o'er this guilty race ;

In its shame still glorying—boasting ;

Deaf to all the calls of grace.

God forgetting—God dishonouring—

Guilty world, thy doom is nigh !

Fear unknown will seize upon thee,

When He shakes the earth and sky !

Sodom's fall but faintly pictures,

What thy awful lot will be ;

It had not so many warnings,

As the Lord hath sent to thee.

Grace refused, makes judgment sorer—
 Oh, what grace hast thou refused ;
 Guilty world, thy judgments hover,
 All escape for thee is closed !

Yet, as in the case of Sodom,
 Lot departed ere it fell ;*
 So, the Lord will come from heaven,
 Take His Church with Him to dwell,
 Ere destruction's work commences,
 On *this* Sodom's guilty ones ;
 They, the salt, alone preserve it—
 They removed—the judgment comes.

To the Ark, and *from* destruction,
 All who'd be preserved, then haste !
 Christ's *alone* the Ark of safety—
 Come, and full salvation taste :
 Tarry not for reformation—
 (*Sinners*, Jesus died to save,)
 Art thou *lost* ? He came to *find* thee ;
 Thou, believing, life shalt have.

* “ I feel, perhaps, a little hesitation about allowing Lot in Sodom to appear as PRIMARILY typical of the Church instead of the Jewish remnant, but I am far from saying that Lot does not AT ALL prefigure the Church. So with regard to Noah, in contrast with Enoch, who seems MORE a type of the CHURCH. Noah seems rather to typify the elect remnant of the EARTHY PEOPLE, but he is ALSO, I think, a type of the CHURCH, as the Lord Jesus is of the Ark.”—EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM SIR C. BRENTON TO THE WRITER.

Then, amid the coming glory,
 Which the Church with Christ shall share ;
 Thou shalt have thy happy portion,
 Bride of His—His image bear ;
 Then, His earthly people gathered,
 Earth made clean, and Satan bound ;
 Thou shalt, with thy Saviour, reigning
 O'er a happy world be found !

The Christian's Hope.

"And deliver them, who, through fear of death, were all their life-time
 subject to bondage."—Heb. ii. 15.

How many saints, beloved of God, forego
 That peace of mind 'tis theirs to feel below,
 Thinking on gloomy death ; we nowhere find
 That *death* is set before the christian's mind
 An object of desire ; but rather see
 The "*coming of the Lord*" their hope should be ;
 In Christ they've died—they've passed the Jordan
 drear,
 Their life is hid with Christ, in God—not here.

"Not that I'd be unclothed, but *clothed upon*,"
 Said one who looked for *Christ*, not *death*, to come ;

And he who has this hope within secure,
 "Doth purify himself, as Christ is pure."
 Oh, happy posture ! would that christians dear,
 Were waiting, all, the Bridegroom's voice to hear !

E'en when a dear believer falls asleep,
 Survivors are instructed not to weep,
 "For as the blessed Saviour died and rose,
 So *with the saints who've died* God *will* bring those,
 When Christ shall come in all His glory fair,
 And call His *living* saints to meet Him in the air."

This is the "hope" that cheers the christian's breast;
 The "hope" beloved saints of old possessed !
 "A little while, and He that shall, will come,
 Nor tarry long,"—to take His members home !
 'Tis this attunes the soul to joys divine—
 'Tis this round all our thoughts and hopes entwine ;
 We wait the day that's hastening on apace,
 When *glory* shall complete the work of *grace* :—
 When He, for *truth*, for *love*, and *mercy* famed,
 "Of whom the family in heaven and earth is named,"
 Shall, with enraptured satisfaction, see
 The travail of His soul's full agony :
 When He shall come to prove their hope not vain,
 Who trust His parting words, "*I'll come again !*"

The Soul's Retreat.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Psalm xxxii. 7.

JESUS, I turn to Thee,
 From earth, with all its sorrows ;
 'Tis where Thou art I'd be,
 And know no sad to-morrows.
 Here, friends I love forsake,
 And fail when mostly needed ;
 Yet let what will o'er take,
 By *Thee* I'm not unheeded.

Jesus, to Thee I turn,
 I know Thy heart's affection ;
 And with delight I learn
 Thy *love* in Thy correction.
 Thou knowest all my heart—
 Each thought, each wish, within me,
 And when aside I start,
 By *love* Thou seek'st to win me.

Yes, dearest, precious Lord,
 Though changing ones surround me,
 Support me by Thy word ;
 Let nothing here confound me.

My hope in Thee remaineth,
 Though comforters are few ;
 In Thee my soul obtaineth,
 Joys constant, deep, and true.

The Willing Victim.

“And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.”—Matt. xxvi. 30.

HARK ! what sounds of singing voices
 Come from yonder “upper room,”
 Breaking on the dark night’s stillness,
 Dissipating nature’s gloom.
 Are they from a festive gathering,
 Joining in a gladsome lay,
 Thus in mirth’s exuberance whiling
 Gloomy midnight’s hours away.

Hark ! again the accents rising,
 O’er the ravished senses gain ;
 One sweet voice the whole controlling,
 Leads along the happy strain.

Can it be a festive gathering ?

No ! those strains entrance the heart ;
Oh, that in the rapturous chorus
I could bear a feeble part.

Hark ! in full, yet flowing numbers,

Still proceeds the solemn lay ;
Now its undulating cadence

Softly, softly dies away.

Tell me, who the angelic leader ?

Tell from whence, and what His name ?
Here, methought, a voice made answer,
“Jesus, who from glory came.”

“And they crucified Him.”—Matt. xxvii. 35.

NIGHT steals on its dreary watches,

Light illumines the eastern sky ;
Day advances. See ! those numbers

Crowding on to Calvary !

There, upon the cross they’re fixing

One whose looks are strangely mild,
Heeding not their sore derision,

Calm amid those tumults wild.

Hark! He speaks! How mild His accents,
“Father, O forgive!” He saith.

Hark! again He cries, “”Tis finished!”
Ere His voice is stilled in death.

Tell me who the crucified One?

Tell me whence, and what His name?
Here the voice again made answer,
“JESUS, who from glory came.

“With this cruel death before Him,
Every insult, pang, foreseen,
He could lead His people’s praises,
Ere began the tragic scene.

Yea, and through the contradiction,
Nothing could His calmness move;
Here behold the depths eternal
Of His own Almighty love;—

“Love which made Him, ‘Prince of Glory,’
Come to die, ‘The Sinner’s Friend;’
Love beyond the reach of mortals’
Deepest thought to comprehend.
Go and tell what thou hast witnessed;
Publish far and wide His name;
Through His precious blood, *salvation*
To a guilty world proclaim.”

Psalms xxxviii.

“ WHERE the river of Babylon mournfully swept,
Remembering our Zion, we sat down and wept;
Our harps on the willows so pensive we hung,
For broken our spirits—and silent our tongue.
For those, from our city who tore us away,
Did ask of us mirth, and required a lay;
But, ah ! how could *we*, in the grasp of a lion,
Sing the favourite songs of our much-beloved Zion ?
Ah ! how could *we* strike the enrapturing string :—
While *Judah* was weeping,—ah ! how could *we* sing ?

Oh, Zion ! dear Zion ! if e'er my thoughts leave thee,
Of all I possess let Jehovah bereave me !

And let my right hand, while my life-sands are
running,

Lose her vigour and skill, yea, forget all her cunning.

Ah, yes ! if I turn to the north or the south,

Let my parched tongue cleave to the roof of my
mouth ;

Nor let me be happy in any employ,

If I love not Jerusalem above my chief joy.”

So, Lord, would I, too, with Thy strength to rely on,
Remember *my* home in the *heavenly Zion* :

Delight in the prospect, so blissful and fair,—
And long for Thy coming, its glory to share :
When freed from the world—from its sin and temptation,
With all Thy redeemed, I shall shout Thy salvation.

Oh, keep me from craving a portion on earth,
Forgetting my calling—my *heavenly* birth :
Oh, keep me from boasting, 'mid ruin so drear ;
On my soul engrave deeply, that *rest is not here* !
And, oh, what a feeling of hallowed delight,
When the dawn shall break in on this region of night,
And chase all its darkness and deadness away,
And usher my soul into regions of day :
What a feeling of joy and delight will be mine,
How solid, how deep, how perennial, divine !

Poor world ! I would through thee a pilgrim rove ;
I'm a sojourner here, but my *home* is above ;
My harp is in heaven, and thither I'll soar,
My Redeemer to praise, when my exile is o'er.



The Throne of God.

"And immediately I was in the Spirit, and behold ! a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."—Rev. iv. 2.

God's is a throne of *purity*—not one stain
 Can e'er pollute—or can its pureness mar :
 In its unsullied presence, heaven's unclean,
 While charged with folly e'en the angels are.

God's is a throne of *justice*—so severe,
 That not one sin can pass unnoticed by ;
 If sinners live, the Son of God must bear,
 As substitute, the penalty, and die.

God's is a throne of *love*—engraven there,
 At countless cost, the motto, "LOVE," appears ;
 Jehovah's attributes, commingling, centre here,
 And gild all heaven with their bright characters.

God's is a throne of *mercy*—great ! unknown !
 Beyond the reach of man's conceptions far ;
 While resting on its power, through Christ alone,
 The most unworthy there most welcome are.

God's is a throne of *grace*—it *freely* gives,
 Whoe'er, whate'er the humble suppliant be ;
 Mountains of guilt may rise, but grace still lives,
 Dispensing pardons—full, complete, and free.

God's is a throne of *holiness*—'twas proved
 When Jesus died for wretched, fallen man,
 Who else had borne the *wrath* which Christ removed ;
 God's *holiness* required ?—*love* wrought the *plan* !

Come ye, who know His worth, come, let us bend,
 In reverent awe before His glorious throne ;
 Come, let our feeble notes of praise ascend,
 For He is worthy of our praise alone :
 With listening ear He'll graciously attend,
 And on His worshippers His choicest blessings send.

The Heart's Centre.

“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.”—Heb. xiii. 8.

Think well of Christ, beloved saint,
 That worthy, precious One,
 Who fills the Father's heart, as there
 He sits upon the throne.

Deem moments wasted, when the mind
 Is fixed on aught beside ;
 He claims thy *heart*—with nothing less
 Will He be satisfied.

Speak well of Christ, beloved saint,
Nor shun the promised cross ;
Be loyal to thy risen Lord,
Though shame be thine, and loss ;
Speak well of Him—for sure thou canst—
Thy best, unchanging Friend,
Who loved thee, loves thee, nor will cease
To love thee to the end.

Make much of Christ, beloved saint,
For none can equal Him ;
Whate'er thou hast of peace or joy,
All from His fulness stream ;
Thou canst not make too much of Him,
(Thou may'st of creature things,)
'Tis only boasting *in the Lord*
Sweet satisfaction brings.

Act well for Christ, beloved saint,
He claims it at thy hands ;
Thy willing service He, *by love*—
The strongest plea—demands.
Not servile labour offer thou :
Love asks—let *love* reply,
And constant as the Master calls,
Respond, “Here, Lord, am I.”

And rest in *Christ*, beloved saint,
 From all misgivings free ;
 His precious blood has spoken peace—
 Has spoken peace to thee ;
 Then rest in *Him*, confiding, rest,
 Assured that all is well ;
 He'll shortly come, and then *with Him*
 Thou evermore shalt dwell.

The Heart's desire.

“One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after.”
 Psalm xxvii. 4.

ONE thing do I desire,
 One thing I seek on earth ;
 For this I yield most gladly
 The world with all its mirth.
 Its transient, empty pleasures
 Are nothing now to me,
 And but *one thing* I covet—
 More like my Lord to be.

Wealth points me to its treasure,
And says, if I would know
The sum of worldly pleasure,
To Mammon I must bow ;
But Grace to me has whispered,
"Wealth is but vanity ;
If thou would'st have *true* riches,
Jesus thy *all* must be."

Then Fame tells out its story,
To captivate my soul ;
Boasts of its deathless glory,
And its illustrious roll :
But Grace my eyes has opened,
Fame's littleness to see,
And bids me be like Jesus,
If truly great I'd be.

The votaries of pleasure
Oft ply me with their wiles ;
Their baits are without number,
Bewitching are their smiles ;
But, ah ! my eyes looked upward,
And Christ in glory see :
What can be greater pleasure
Than like my Lord to be ?

O, Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Thy matchless love I prize !
Wealth, fame, and worldly pleasure,
For Thee I'd sacrifice.
Grant me this one desire,
Whilst sojourning below—
Each day to be more like Thee,
And more of Thee to know.

The New Creation.

Gal. vi. 15.

AROUND on creation I look,
So fallen, so ruined, and marred ;
Unlike the bright, beautiful world,
As it came from the hand of the Lord ;
No sadness or sorrow it knew,
No barrenness, deadness, or thrall,
It was worthy the heart that conceived,
And the wisdom which fashioned it all.

But sweet as creation then was,
 In all which could ravish the heart,
 There's a fairer creation, by far,
 In which all who love Jesus have part;
 For Jesus Himself is its head,
 Its life, its sustainer, and guide;
 It is formed by the peace-speaking blood
 That flowed from His spear-pierced side.

Apart from this world they all stand,
 Who in this creation are set;
 The “glory excelling” is theirs,
 A glory revealed not, as yet;
 No stain this creation can mar,
 No cloud can e'er darken its sun,
 No grief shall within it be known,
 While the sands of eternity run.

’Tis *redemption* which gives it its charm,
 Redemption accomplished by blood,—
 The blood of a victim divine,
 Predestined, accepted by God.
 Lord Jesus ! what praise is Thy due,
 That Thou this creation hast made !
 To Thee, its bright centre and sun,
 Shall worship unceasing be paid.

The Name of Jesus.

I *own* the name of Jesus,
Let others it despise ;
The blessed name of Jesus,
Above all else I prize.

I *bear* the name of Jesus—
Profess Him as my Lord ;
Acknowledge Him my Saviour,
Alone beloved, adored.

I *love* the name of Jesus,
Whate'er the cross I bear ;
I find my joy and solace,
And all I wish for, there.

I *prize* the name of Jesus,
The treasure of my soul ;
The sum of all my riches,
My joy unspeakable.

Yes, blessed, precious Jesus,
My heart e'er turns to Thee ;
Come whatsoe'er Thou willest,
Thy name my all shall be.

And, oh, thy name, dear Jesus,
Shall be my deathless song,
When in the realms of glory
I join the ransom'd throng.

“Showers of Blessing.”

“There shall be showers of blessing.”—Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

“SHOWERS of blessing,” *gracious* promise,
From the God who rules on high;
From the Everlasting Father,
He who will not, cannot lie.
Showers of blessing,
He has promised from the sky.

“Showers of blessing,” *quick’ning* showers,
Falling on the desert ground,
Life creating, joy diffusing,
Making fruitfulness abound;
Quick’ning showers,
Falling far and wide around.

“Showers of blessing,” *healing* showers,
 Binding up the broken heart ;
Balm for every wounded spirit,
 Solace for the secret smart ;
 Healing showers,
 He will richly round impart.

“Showers of blessing,” *strength’ning* showers,
 Nerving every timid soul ;
Helping on the weak and feeble
 In the race towards the goal ;
 Strength’ning showers ;
All are under His control.

“Showers of blessing,” *joyful* showers,
 Making every heart rejoice ;
Come, ye saints, and plead the promise,
 Raise, in faith, the suppliant voice ;
 Showers of blessing,
 Oh, let nothing less suffice !



Confession.

"I have sinned."—Job. vii. 20.

SINCE Thou hast drawn my heart to Thee,
It oft has turned away,
Saviour, forgetful of Thy love,
In folly's paths to stray.

How oft has vanity allured
My foolish heart aside ;
How oft the world's poor empty toys
My silly heart has tried.

Away from Thee my soul has strayed,
To seek its joys apart
From the full fountain of all bliss :
Alas ! my wayward heart.

But, oh, the love thus often tried,
Could never let me go ;
Again it draws me to Thy side—
Again its power I know.

Keep me from wand'ring, keep my soul,
For Thou alone canst keep,
Relying on Thy precious grace,
Thou Shepherd of the sheep.

Before me go, whene'er I move,
 Nor let me go alone ;
 Nor let me think, or say, or do,
 But what Thou, Lord, canst own.

In joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
 Do Thou be present still ;
 And henceforth make this heart of mine
 Submissive to Thy will.

Thus lead me on, I ask no more,
 For I must happy be,
 And have my heart's full wishes met,
 In fellowship with Thee.

—

The Re-surrender.

“ He restoreth my soul.”—Psalm xxiii. 3.

WHEN first the Lord unstopped my ears,
 And charmed them with a Saviour's name,
 New objects filled my soul with joy,
 And brightly burned the living flame.

Ah ! then I little cared for aught
Than Christ—His work, and grace, and love;
Nor did my spirit earth desire;
It sought the “things that are above.”

God’s glory shone around my path,
My tongue was vocal to His praise;
Nor could I e’en forbear to speak
To all I met of Jesus’ grace.

Would that it had continued so !
That faith and love had never waned;
My Lord I should not then have grieved,
Nor loss within my soul sustained.

But may the past suffice, to let
This wretched will of mine have sway;
Now, from this hour, till Thou shalt come,
Jesus, I would Thy will obey.

Reign Thou within my willing heart,
And captivate my soul to Thee;
That in my thoughts, and ways, and words,
Thy faithful servant I may be.



The Christian Pilgrim.

THE storm around him wildly blew,
The night was dark and drear,
No cheering light revealed his path,
Or shewed a refuge near.

Yet still undaunted, on he went,
To falter was to die ;
Upborne by hope, his soul was cheered,
And fed on *future* joy.

And hope, sweet hope, sustained his soul,
Till home was reached at last,
When storms and tempests, sighs and tears,
Were numbered with the past.

So, christian pilgrim, wandering here,
The storm may buffet thee ;
At times no light around thy path,
Or refuge thou may'st see.

Yet hope is thine, amidst it all,
Sweet hope, which tells of home ;
And bids thy spirit onward look,
And joy in things to come.

Unseen, an eye is watching o'er,
 Unseen, yet not unknown,
 To temper e'en the raging storm,
 Lest thou be overthrown.

Strength shall be thine while on the way,
 And bring thee home at last;
 A "little while" and storms shall be
 All numbered with the past.

Then boldly meet whate'er befall,
 And count on God alone;
 His power to aid, and love to cheer,
 Shall then be richly known.

—

The Soul's incentive.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."
 Col. iii. 23.

NOTHING is lost that is done for the Lord,
 Let it be ever so *small*;
 The smile of the Saviour approveth the deed,
 As though 'twas the greatest of all.

Nothing is lost that is done for the Lord ;
 Let it be ever so *mean* ;
 Man may but count it as trifling indeed,
 But Christ sees the motive within.

Nothing is lost that is done for the Lord,
 He will approve and repay ;
 Oh, for a heart that is longing to serve,
 And labour, “while yet it is day.”

—

“ **I** would not live alway.”

Job vii. 16.

“I WOULD not live alway,” the Patriarch cried :
 He sought for repose in the tomb ;
 From the sorrows of earth he would fain himself hide,
 It was death that he sought, as in anguish he sighed—
His was language of sadness and gloom.

“I would not live alway,” the lover averred,
 When the choice of his soul was laid low,
 The object to which his affections were chained ;
 His heart, lone and dreary, in sorrow remained—
His were words of disconsolate woe.

“I would not live alway,” the mother exclaimed,
 When death had removed her fair child;
 When his dart had her bright expectations deceived;
 Like Rachel, of all, in her children, bereaved—
Hers was language distracted and wild.

“I would not live alway, if *this* be called life,”
 Said the atheist, and gloomily frowned;
 True peace was a feeling his heart never knew,
 And as age crept along, the more sullen he grew—
His was language of folly profound.

“I would not live alway,” the christian can say,
 “For glory allures me on high;
 Though bright be this world, it can never compare,
 With the country I pant for, so sinless—so fair!”
His is language of triumph and joy.

His spirit be mine! then, whatever my lot,
 I am happy, and safe, and secure;
 For knowing the blessings my Father has given,
 This earth will be only the pathway to heaven,
 Where joy shall abide and endure.



Scenes Millennial.

Isaiah xi. 1—9.

ALL hushed are the groans of creation,

 All ended its sorrow and thrall ;

Now nation no more against nation,

 Uprise at the trumpet's shrill call.

Now gentle the ravening lion ;

 Now beasts no more hurt nor destroy ;

The Messiah is reigning in Zion,

 And earth keeps its season of joy.

The curse of the fall is removed,

 And fruitfulness springs from the ground ;

The land which the fathers so loved

 Again with thanksgivings abound ;

There, worshippers throng on the mountains,

 Extolling their Saviour and King ;

And there, at the clear-springing fountains,

 Joy spreadeth exulting its wing.

O'er Salem, the Church in her glory,

 In heavenly beauty descried,

Proclaims to the world the sweet story—

 The oneness of Christ and His Bride ;

She lightens the city with splendour,
No longer it needs the sun's rays;
And all which hath being now render
To Jesus the tribute of praise.

Sweet, sweet are the pictures millenial,
Portrayed in the Scriptures of God;
When joy shall be true and perrennial,
And all shall be happy and good.
When the earth shall be Jesus' possession,
And banished all trace of the fall;
When to Him shall each lip make confession—
The Messiah, and Lord over all.

Emmaus.

THE city faded from their view,
And eve was hastening on;
As in deep converse on they sped,
And spoke in softened tone.
Their hearts were full, their minds perplexed,
And many doubts they had;
And hence, as journeying on their way,
“They *reasoned*, and were sad.”

A pilgrim in a lowly guise
 Soon joined their company,
 With, "What communications these
 Ye have upon the way?"
 "Art thou a stranger," they reply,
 "And knowest not, alas !
 The things which in Jerusalem
 Have lately come to pass?"

"What things?" He said; and they replied,
 "Concerning One we knew,
 Jesus, by name, who on a tree,
 Our rulers lately slew.
 Three days have passed, since they of life
 The Prophet did deprive;
 And now some of our company say,
 That Jesus is alive."

"Oh, slow of heart," He answered, "to
 Believe the prophet's story;
 Ought not Christ to have suffered thus,
 And enter into glory?"
 And then He spake with might and power,
 And ope'd the blessed Word;
 Their hearts within them burned, as they
 His holy accents heard.

On, on they went ; when drawing nigh
 The place where they would rest,
 By importunity constrained,
 The Lord became their guest ;
 And as they sat at meat, He took
 And blessed, and brake the bread ;
 Their eyes were opened, Him they knew,
 But Jesus vanished.

And they arose, though it was night,
 Their journey to retrace ;
 Their lately burdened hearts were light,
 And joy lit up each face.
 All stilled the doubtful reasonings
 Which they so lately had,
 And journeying to the city now,
Believing, they were glad.

'Tis always so ; blind unbelief
 Conflicts and sorrows bring ;
 'Tis only the *believing* soul
 Can triumph and can sing.
 May such be ours—a simple faith
 From doubts and reasonings free :
 Jesus, vouchsafe the heavenly gift,
 For it must come from Thee.



“By and By.”

“When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.”—1 Cor. xiii. 10.

I MOURN the *coldness of my heart*,
 The weakness of my love,
 To Him who for my many sins,
 Left the bright realms above,
 And came into this sinful world,
 To suffer, bleed, and die ;
 Yet sweet the thought ! that I shall love
 Him better by and by.

I mourn the *faintness of my praise*,
 So lifeless and so mean ;
 So little in accord with that
 Which fills the heavenly scene.
 My soul aspires to praise Him more,
 In strains sublime and high ;
 Yet sure I am, that I shall praise
 Him better by and by

And, ah ! *how little do I serve*,
 My Master, Christ the Lord,
 What little singleness of eye—
 How much to be abhorred !

Self-seeking here my service mars,
I own it with a sigh;
But I rejoice, that I shall serve
Him better by and by.

Yes! *love*, and *praise*, and *service*, too,
Shall in perfection be,
When I have done with earthly things,
And, Lord, shall be with Thee;
I wait the hour, when Thou shalt call
Me upward to the sky;
For I shall love, and praise, and serve
Thee better by and by.

The Night of Sorrow.

"My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land."—Psalm lxiii. 1.

WEARILY, wearily passing along,
Shunned by the giddy and light-hearted throng;
They do not know why my spirit is sad,
They are all happy, and they are all glad.

Once I was thoughtless and careless like them,
Ready all thoughts of the soul to condemn ;
Once, too, I deemed that believing was vain,
And but the precursor of sadness and pain.

*Now I can say that my Saviour and Lord,
All things above is beloved and adored ;
And sorrow but rises that any should deem
Things of the earth as far better than Him.*

Yet, so it is ! and but seldom I meet
Hearts that to mine can responsively beat ;
Full of the world—of its sorrows or joy,
Nothing seems else the poor heart to employ.

But, when I meet with a heart which has known
Sorrows and joys which have oft filled my own,
Weariness passes, and transports arise,
As we speak of our hope treasured up in the skies.

Then why do I grieve that I'm shunned by the
crowd,
That on me some vile name is so often bestow'd ?
It will not be long, for my Lord will soon come,
And bear me away to my beautiful home !



The Cup of Wrath.

Mark xiv. 36.

ONCE it was mine, the cup of wrath,
 But Jesus drank it dry;
 When on the cursed tree transfixed,
 He breathed th' expiring sigh.

No tongue can tell the wrath He bore—
 The wrath so due to me;
 Sin's just desert; He bore it all,
 To set the sinner free!

Now not a single drop remains;
 “ ‘Tis finished,” was His cry;
 By one effectual draught, He drank
 The “cup of wrath” quite dry.

The Cup of Blessing.

1 Cor. x. 16.

BEHOLD the “cup of blessing” now
 Within my hands is placed;
 Unmingled blessing—full supply—
 On the atonement based.

'Tis offered by the Father's hand,
 And faith says, "*Now 'tis well;*"
 'Tis life eternal, peace, and love,
 And joy unspeakable !

Sweet "*cup of blessing,*"—precious Lord,
 I owe it all to Thee;
 Thou drank'st the *bitter* cup, and gave
 The cup of *bliss* to me.

—

"**W**here is thy **Brother?**"

Genesis iv. 9.

FELLOW-CHRISTIAN, where's thy brother—he for whom
 thy Lord has died ?
 He with whom, in living union, thou for ever art
 allied ?
 Look around thee, mark his features, recognize the
 brotherhood ;
 Trouble and exertion spare not, if thou canst but do
 him good.

Is he in affliction? cheer him; thou hast known affliction, too;
Sympathize in all his sorrows, blessings in his pathway strew;
Tell him of the bright to-morrow, that awaiteth him and thee;
Point him to the source of comfort, Christ's exhaustless treasury.

Has he known a sad bereavement—does he hear the word “farewell,”
Sounding still in his remembrance, like a gloomy funeral knell?
Grace will teach thee how to whisper consolations in his ear;
Trust thyself not, oh, *look higher*, lean upon the Comforter.

Is he tried and sore perplexed, doubting what his path may be?
Tell him of the gracious guidance that the Lord has shown to thee;
Chide him not for indecision—better *wait* than *madly run*;
But to earnest prayer and watching, urge the tried, perplexed one.

Has he, under strong temptation, yielded to his treacherous will ?

Treat him not as if an outcast ; stumbling, yet thy brother still ;

Bear his state before the Saviour, there confess your common sin,

Then in true affection seek him ; that thou may'st thy brother win.

Is he simple, poor, unlettered ? bear with his simplicity ;

Not too poor for *Christ* to notice, shall he be too poor for *thee* ?

No ! the love which binds to Jesus, binds to *all* who love him, too ;

Raised above the world's distinctions, prove what *heavenly love* can do.

Look, oh, christian, look around thee ! soon thy day of rest will come ;

Labour for the sheep of Jesus, do them good while journeying home.

True to Christ, thy Lord and Master—true to *all* who love His name ;

One in Him, and one for ever, fellow-followers of the Lamb !

“Thine, Jesus, Thine.”

“I am Thine.”—Psalm cxix. 94.

THINE, Jesus, Thine,
 No more this heart of mine
 Shall seek its joy apart from Thee ;
 The world is crucified to me,
 And I am Thine.

Thine, Thine alone,
 My joy, my hope, my crown ;
 Now earthly things may fade and die,
 They charm my soul no more, for I
 Am Thine alone.

Thine, ever Thine,
 For ever to recline
 On love eternal, fixed and sure,—
 Yes, I am Thine for evermore,
 Lord Jesus, Thine.

Then let me live,
 Continual praise to give
 To Thy dear name, my precious Lord,
 Henceforth, alone beloved, adored,
 So let me live—

Till Thou shalt come,
 And bear me to Thy home,
 For ever freed from earthly care,
 Eternally Thy love to share,—
 Lord Jesus, come.

The Falling Leaves.

“We all do fade as a leaf.”—Isaiah lxiv. 6.

THE withered leaves are falling thickly round,
 And strew my path with tokens of decay ;
 Like all things else, the beauteous leaves are found
 To live their season, then to pass away.

And may I not a useful lesson learn,
 From that which meets my view on every hand ?
 For soon I, too, may to the dust return—
 E'en now upon the verge of life may stand.

What of the *past*, with all its months and years ?
 What is the record of this precious time ?
 Alas ! I scan them through a mist of tears,
 And can but say, that shame indeed is mine.

What of the *future*, should my feet still stray
 A little season in this vale below?
 Ah! I resolve not, but would humbly pray,
 That more and more of Jesus I may know.

O Thou, who faillest not! accept my cry,
 And give me grace to live alone to Thee;
 That should the Saviour tarry, and I die,
 In life or death be "all in all" to me.

"**W**ithout a cloud between."

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."
 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

"**W**ITHOUT a cloud between;"
 To see Him face to face;
 Not struck with dire amazement dumb,
 But triumphing in grace.

"Without a cloud between;"
 To see Him "as He is:"
 Oh, who can tell the height of joy—
 The full, transporting bliss!

“Without a cloud between ;”
 My longing spirit waits,
 For that sweet hour from which my soul
 Its highest glory dates.

“Without a cloud between ;”
 How changed will all appear !
 How different from the earthly path—
 Our sad experience here.

“Without a cloud between ;”
 Lord Jesus, haste the day—
 The morning bright, without a cloud,
 And chase our tears away.

—

He “dwelt among us.”

“And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us”—John i. 14.

He “dwelt among us,” and we saw,
 Though veiled in human guise,
 The mighty God, the Prince of Peace,
 Omnipotent, All-wise ;
 He who upholds the universe,
 And all its need supplies.

He "dwelt among us," and we saw
 His power to raise the dead ;
That mighty power of old displayed,
 At which the darkness fled :
He spake, 'twas done ! and death itself,
 His high behest obeyed

He "dwelt among us," and we saw
 His pity to the poor ;
His kindness to the fatherless ;
 His help where sorrow bore ;
Dispensing freely, as He went,
 His precious heavenly store.

He "dwelt among us," and we saw
 In Him the Man of Prayer ;
Upon His God and Father, too,
 He roll'd His every care ;
Content, whatever was *His* will,
 To suffer and to bear.

He "dwelt among us," and we saw,
 Perfection in His mien ;
Yea, perfect grace, and truth, and love,
 In Him were ever seen :
Unmoved and undismayed, He passed
 Through Calvary's tragic scene.

He "dwelt among us," and subdued
 The powers of death and hell ;
 And now He's gone again to heaven,
 And, oh, with rapture tell—
 He'll shortly come to take us home,
 That *we with Him* may dwell.

"Stand Fast."

"Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free ;
 and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."—Gal. v. 1.

"STAND fast in thy liberty," brother beloved,
 Yield service to nought and to none ;
 From the thraldom of sin and of Satan removed ;
 Made *free* by the death of God's Son.
 Oh, value thy freedom, nor e'er be enchain'd
 By the foolish inventions of men ;
 Heed only the words in the Scriptures contained,
 Nor e'er be in thraldom again.

Faith only in Jesus has given thee rest,
 By faith thou hast Jesus believed ;
 Still walk in the spirit, so peaceful and blest,
 As that in which Christ was received ;

Add nothing thereunto—nor wisdom, nor law,
No nearer thou canst be to God ;
There is nothing the soul to His presence can draw
Save the worth of the still-precious blood.

It was this which sufficed when thou first didst behold
Thy wretchedness, vileness, and sin ;
It was faith in its value that made thy soul bold,
Thy soul which so prostrate had been.
And canst thou *now* make thy salvation more sure ?
Or add to the work so divine ?
No ! nought but the blood, and its worth, shall endure,
To the loss of all doings of thine.

Then “fast in thy liberty, stand,” oh, beloved,
How subtle soever the foe ;
Hold fast to the Saviour, and be not removed,
Let nothing thy faith overthrow.
With Christ be contented, in Him thou hast all—
In Him thou art perfect, complete ;
“Stand fast,” till He comes His redeemed ones to call,
Himself in the glory to meet.



Jesus in Glory.

"On his head were many crowns."—Rev. xix. 12.

HIGH upon the throne of glory,
 Object of eternal lays,
 Sits the blessed, gracious Saviour,
 Theme and Leader of the praise ;
 Smiling ever,
 Frowning never,
 Holy, gracious Son of God.

Many crowns His head encircles,
 Angels round Him waiting stand ;
 All the unnumbered hosts of heaven,
 Come and go at His command ;
 Smiling ever,
 Frowning never,
 Holy, gracious Son of God.

Yes ! the One on earth rejected,
 Crowned with thorns, and sorely tried,
 Is the One in heaven accepted,
 Sitting at the Father's side ;
 Smiling ever,
 Frowning never,
 Holy, gracious Son of God.

Hallelujah ! Praise the Saviour !
 Laud His name in ceaseless strains !
 He has conquered death and hadés,
 He has snapped the tempter's chains !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Christ in heaven triumphant reigns !

“Not yet.”

“Go thy way for this time.”—Acts xxiv. 25.

THE Saviour calls ! He speaks to all,—
 “Oh, listen to my cry ;
 I'll set you free from Satan's thrall—
 Oh, why, why will you die ?
 Believe in me—believe to-day.”
 Men list awhile, then turn away,
 Their hearts intently set
 On something they would first obtain,
 Renown or pleasure, ease or gain,
 And they respond, “Not yet.”

“Not yet; I wish *to get a name*,”
 Said one whose cheeks were pale,
 Already known to earthly fame,
 Yet wishing to excel;
 “Relieved of all my labour soon,
 Rest shall be mine—a long-sought boon,
 Then I will seek Thy face.”
 Alas! before it came he fell,
 And sad, oh, sad indeed, to tell,
 Unsought the God of grace.

“Not yet,” said one, and went her way,
 On *pleasure* bent alone,—
 “I’ll think of Thee another day,
 When age comes creeping on.”
 Then mingling in the busy crowd,
 Her heart was light, her laugh was loud,
 As pleasure’s round she tried;
 But sickness came—again the voice
 Said, “**Make the Saviour now thy choice,**”
 “Not yet,” she said, and died.

“Not yet; *my business* claims my mind,”
 Said one, and went his way,
 “Another season I must find,
 I cannot yield to-day.”

Forthwith with heart and soul he went,
 On enterprise and business bent,
 Nor thought of aught beside ;
 Immersed in cares, no time he found,
 To think to where his soul was bound,
 And so he lived, and died.

“*Not yet !*” alas ! the echoed phrase,
 We hear, as on we wend,
 From youthful lips, and those whose days
 Are drawing to an end.
 Life, precious life, they thus despise,
 For while they wait, the blessing flies :—
 The Saviour says, “*to-day.*”
 Be wise; on Jesus fix thy heart,
 And, choosing thus the “better part,”
 Rejoicing, speed thy way.

“*Yet not I.*”

“Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”—Gal. ii. 20.

AH, once “I” lived, its stubborn will was strong,
 Its mighty impulse bore my soul along ;
 No power its restless ragings could control,
 Till God looked down in pity on my soul.

Then “I” was vanquished—“I” was all subdued,
 And life was given, through Jesus’ precious blood :
 A life divinely new, of heavenly birth,
 That lives and moves beyond the sphere of earth.

That monster evil, that malignant “I”
 Now dead, no more could earth and heaven defy ;
 The sweet constraining love of Christ was mine,
 I lived indeed, but with the life divine.

New objects of desire my heart possessed,
 New hopes and joys sprung up within my breast ;
 As seeing Him invisible, I bore
 The yoke of Jesus, only to adore.

Faith spreads its wings, and mounting up to God,
 Could see the wisdom of the path I trod ;
 Could say, however nature might rebel,
 “My God and Saviour doeth all things well !”

Thus acquiescing in the will divine,
 On Jesus’ bosom I in peace recline ;
 Oh, sweet it is, that “I” its death should see—
 That *Christ*, not “I,” might manifested be.



"Another Year."

How deeply solemn is the echoed phrase,—

“Another year!”

The thoughtful mind dwells on the wreck of days
Almost with fear;

The past starts up before his saddened view,
With much he has deplored, and still must rue;
Yearning that life had been more earnest, true.

And yet how slow are we our course to mend,
Though well we know

Such failure only can in sorrow end,
And bring us low;

This proves our weakness, and should make us fly
To Him, whose strength is ours, if we rely
Upon His word, who can all strength supply.

Onward had been our course, if we had gone
To Him for aid;

No haltings then, but our firm step and strong,
Had progress made:

This might have been. Alas! it is not so;

Still halting on our way, we cheerless go;

Our joy how poor, our journeying-pace how slow!

Yet courage take, my soul, the Saviour lives
 Enthroned on high ;
 And God our Father of His mercy gives
 To all brought nigh—
 Brought nigh to Him in whom we stand complete,
 Our Advocate before the mercy-seat,
 The centre where Jehovah's counsels meet.

Thus girding up our loins anew, we haste
 Towards the day,
 When earth, with all its trials, shall have passed
 With time away ;
 When with the ransomed we shall ever bow,
 A radiant gem encircling each glad brow,
 And know the joy of one eternal *now*.

—

Aspirations.

Oh, that *all* were happy ;
 Oh, that *all* were good ;
 Oh, that *all* were cleansed
 In a Saviour's blood ;

Oh, that *all* could render
Undivided praise,
To the great Redeemer—
Object of heaven's lays.

Then were earth like heaven ;
Then this world would be
Home of pure enjoyment,
True felicity ;
Then no war or tumult,
Want or crime, as now ;
Love would be imprinted
On each happy brow.

Such creation will be
When Messiah reigns,
When His blest dominion
Over all obtains ;
When in kingly glory
All before Him fall,
Owned the rightful sovereign,
And the Lord of all.



“**H**e sat thus on the **W**ell.”

“Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well, and it was about the sixth hour.”—John iv. 6.

“**H**e sat thus on the well;” the burning sun
Its scorching rays shot on His forehead bare;
Yet was He not in haste to drink, while one
Before Him stood, who came for water there.

“**H**e sat thus on the well;” and there she stood
Nor hasted to impart the cooling draught;
Long time it was since He had tasted food,
Or of the cool, refreshing stream had quaff’d.

“**H**e sat thus on the well;”—to human sense,
A wearied man, yet, as the Son of God,
Dealing in meekness with her ignorance,
As e’er He dealt, while this His earth He trod.

“**H**e sat thus on the well;” His words were few,
Yet, ah! they found a lodgement in her soul;
She saw her sin, but saw her Saviour, too!
Lost and undone, by faith she was made whole.

“He sat thus on the well;” but she returned,
 And told her kinsmen of the Lord she’d found;
 For now her soul for others’ welfare yearned—
 She gladly spread the blessed news around.

“He sat thus on the well;” and many came
 And heard with joy His gracious lips declare
 Salvation in His own most precious name;
 And multitudes believed in Jesus there!

“He sat thus on the well;” but *now* in heaven
 He sits, the sinners’ Advocate on high:
 Would’st thou, oh sinner, wish to be forgiven?
 Then oh, to Jesus’ loved embraces fly.

Here and There.

“There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.”—Rev. xxi. 4.

TRIALS await us *here*,
 And trials hard to bear;
 But heaven is ours—and, sweet the thought!
 There are no trials *there*.

Sorrows await us *here*,
And grief, and woe, and care;

But heaven is ours—and, sweet the thought!
There are no sorrows *there*.

Losses attend us *here*,
Losses, alas! not rare;

But heaven is ours—and, sweet the thought!
There are no losses *there*.

Estrangements *here* befall,
And friends to grieve us dare;
But heaven is ours—and, sweet the thought!
There's no estrangement *there*.

Dear home! we sigh for thee,
And long thy bliss to share;
Fulfil Thy parting promise, Lord,
And land us safely *there*.



The Moon an emblem of the Church.

“Fair as the moon.”—Canticles.

Fit emblem of the Church, arrayed

In beauty not thine own!

Reflected from the source of light,

Thou shonest through the darkest night,

And send’st thy lustre down;

Above the earth thy circuit’s made—

There lovingly moves on.

Fit emblem of the Church, indeed;

In Jesus’ beauty dressed,

She but reflects *His* glory bright,

And shines upon the world’s dark night,

His chosen Bride and blessed;

A holy people—heavenly seed,

Soon, soon in heaven to rest.

Shine, lovely moon! thy peerless rays,

Which we delighted see,

Tell us that e’en in darkest night

The sun still shines in glory bright,

Reflected forth in thee;

Would that the Lord, in His loved Church,

We could as plainly see!

Assurance.

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.”—John iii. 36.

“COULD I be *sure*
I should endure,”
The weak believer cries,
“Then peace were mine,
And joy divine,
In prospect of the prize.

“But, ah ! I fear
A smile to wear,
Lest Satan may assail ;
Alas ! I see
No certainty
That I shall yet prevail !”

Stay, saved one, stay !
Cast fear away,
Let Scripture end the strife,—
“Those who believe
In Jesus, *live*,
And HAVE *eternal* life.”

Oh, then, rejoice,
 With thankful voice,
 For such amazing love ;
 Thou *shalt* endure —
 Thou *shalt, as sure*
 As Jesus sits above.

The Haven of Rest.

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. iv. 9.
 “In the world ye shall have tribulation.”—John xvi. 33.

REST is alone in heaven ; there's none on earth,
 Save rest in Jesus, rest of heavenly birth ;
 Our weary spirits, reaching onward, long
 For the bright haven of repose and song.

Joy is alone in heaven ; there's none below,
 Save the sweet joy that we the Saviour know ;
 Our feeble hearts but faintly entertain
 That weight of bliss, where joys immortal reign.

Peace is alone in heaven ; no peace is here,
 Save that in Christ, which drives away our fear ;
 Disturbed and broken is our peace below,
 Compared with that which saints in glory know.

*Bliss is alone in heaven ; our aching eyes
To that fair scene of bliss eternal, rise ;
And though no rest, joy, peace, or bliss is here,
Soon they'll be ours, and ours for ever, there.*

WALK softly.

“I shall go softly all my years.”—Isaiah xxxviii. 15.

“Walk as children of light.”—Eph. v. 8.

WALK softly; for the Saviour says,
“Oh come, and learn of Me,
I’m of a meek and lowly mind,
And rest I’ll give to thee;
The meek I love, and those whose hearts
Are humble and contrite,
Shall richly know my grace and love,
For they are my delight.”

Walk softly; for it well becomes
A sinner saved by *grace*,
And one who hopes ere long to stand
Before his Saviour’s face;—

It well becometh such an one,
With lowliness to go ;
For *grace* excludes all boasting pride,
And self-importance, too.

Walk softly; enemies abound,
On either hand are they ;
And snares and pits to catch thy feet,
They thickly round thee lay ;
Upon thy lips set careful watch,
And keep thy heart secure,
Lest fall thou mayest into sin,
In some unguarded hour.

Walk softly ; 'tis an evil world
That thou art passing through ;
It hates the cross, and hateth Him
Who hung upon it, too ;
And thou, professing His dear name,
It watches narrowly,
And tests by how thou *walkest* here
The truth that thou may'st say.

Walk softly; recommend the grace,
Which put away thy sin ;
Adorn the doctrine of the Lord,
And glory for Him win.

In meekness, love, and gentleness,
 Pursue thy blest career,
 And precious fruit to Jesus' praise
 In rich abundance bear.

Walk softly; not *to-day* alone,
 Walk softly *every day*;
 Walk softly, wheresoe'er thou art,
 And ever watch and pray.
 Walk softly; lean not on thyself,
 But look to Christ for strength,
 And thou shalt walk the streets of gold
 In thy blest home at length.

“~~W~~ill ye also go away?”

John vi. 67.

Oh! could these words be breathed by Him,
 Who was the incarnate God,—
 Who stooped from heaven, in very love,
 To shed His precious blood,—
 That man undone
 Might yet be won,
 To stand complete in Him, God's spotless Son?

They were—from Jesus' lips they came,
 When numbers turned aside;
 Discerning not His moral worth
 Who plaintively thus cried;
 They could not stay,
 But turned away;
 To all His love they could but answer “Nay.”

Let me repeat the solemn words
 In challenge to my soul,—
 Oh, wilt thou, canst thou go away
 From Him who made thee whole,—
 Who on the cross,
 Sustained such loss?

Nay! rather count all other things but dross.

To whom else could'st thou go—or where?
 Life only is in Him;
 'Tis only from Himself, that love,
 And light, and glory, stream;
 Oh, hear my cry,—
 “Lord, keep me nigh,
 To find in Thee alone my full supply.”



The Perfect One.

“Holy, harmless, undefied.”—Heb. vii. 26.

WHERE is the One who never sinned
 In thought, or word, or deed ?
Not here on earth, He’s gone to heaven,
 For erring ones to plead.

Where is the One whose grace and love
 Shone forth divinely clear ?
 We look around, and all conspires
 To say, “He is not here.”

Where is the One, who found in God,
 His whole delight and joy ?
 Above, where seraphs tune their lyres—
 Yea, crowned in light on high.

Vain, then, the search to find *on earth*.
 The blameless and the pure ;
 'Twas once below, in human form,
 'Tis found on earth no more.

But faith can sweetly all behold
 Upon the Father’s throne,
 Centred in Him who shed His blood
 For sinners to atone.

“*Let us not Sleep.*”

“Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.”—Rom. xiii. 11.

“*LET us not sleep;*” subtle foes are around us—
 Let us be up, ere they fright or confound us;
 Let us be watchful, and earnest, and true—
 Time is too short to be slumbering so.

“*Let us not sleep,*” for the day is declining,
 Lest in our ease and indulgence reclining,
 Jesus should come, ah! then how should we meet
 Him?

Where were the rapture with which we should greet
 Him?

“*Let us not sleep,*” around sinners are dying;
 Fatal delusion! while “*Peace,*” they are crying;
 Let us arise, in our Saviour’s great name,
 And peace, and salvation, and mercy proclaim.

“*Let us not sleep,*” ’tis the watchword of power!
 Clouds in the distance seem darkly to lower;
 Error is potent, and falsehood hath sway,
 Leading our poor fellow-creatures astray.

“Let us not sleep”—’tis the mandate of Jesus,
 Words which with power resistless should seize us;
 He is our Master, we call Him our “*Lord*;”
 ’Tis at His hands we expect our reward.

“Let us not sleep,” far too long have we slumbered;
 Let us no longer by sloth be encumbered;
 Jesus will cheer us, as onward we roam—
Rest will be sweet, when to glory we come.

—

A Word to Seekers.

“He that seeketh, findeth.”—Matt. vii. 8.

SEEkest thou a balm for sorrow,
 Christian, sad and weary?
 Seek it in the blessed Saviour,
 He alone can cheer thee.
 His was once a path of sorrow,
 Bitterness and woe;
 Now He lives to help the needy,—
 Go to Jesus, go.

Seekest thou rich consolation,
For thy troubled spirit ?
Seek it in the blessed Saviour,
He alone can give it.
Hark ! He saith, "All ye who're laden'd,
Come, and you shall know,
Rest in Me." Sweet invitation !—
Go to Jesus, go.

Seekest thou a peace abiding,
Settled, firm, and sure ?
Seek it in the blessed Saviour,
Boundless is His store.
"Peace" He gave to His disciples,
When He was below ;
Still His blessed peace He giveth,—
Go to Jesus, go.

Seekest thou the strength that's needful,
Passing on to glory ?
Seek it in the blessed Saviour,
He is gone before thee ;
Well He knows the tempter's power,
As none else can know ;
He will strengthen, cheer, and bless thee,—
Go to Jesus, go.

Seekest thou sweet glory's foretaste,
 Still to urge thee on ?
 Seek it in the blessed Saviour—
 Heaven's exalted One ;
 'Tis alone from His communion,
 Glory's foretastes flow ;
 Heaven is in His gracious smile,—
 Go to Jesus, go.

Look on high.

"Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."—Heb. xii. 2.

Look not *within*, believing soul,
 If thou true joy would'st know ;
 For there will meet thy saddened view,
 A catalogue of woe ;
 A heart deceitful, wicked thoughts,
 Foul lusts, impure desire,
 And pride and envy, hate and scorn,
 Within thee, all conspire.

Look not *around*, believing soul,
 If thou would'st peaceful be ;
 For there, confusion, noise, and strife,
 At every glance thou'l see.
 E'en they who own the Saviour's name
 Will little joy afford,
 For poor the witness that they bear
 To Christ, their risen Lord.

But oh, by faith, look, look *on high* !
 How blessed is the view !
 There Jesus is, and all like Him,
 So peaceful, pure, and true.
 There fix thy gaze, with rapture dwell—
 There live, and act, and move ;
 Look not *within*, look not *around*,
 But ever look *above*.

Eber and Deber.

EVER let thy soul repose,
 On the blessed Lamb of God ;
 Never heed the storm which blows,
 Thou art sheltered by the blood.

Ever to the Saviour cling,
Trust in Him, and none beside ;
Never let an earthly thing
Hide from thee the Crucified.

Ever cast on Him thy care,
He invites thee so to do ;
Never let thy soul despair,
He will surely help thee through.

Ever glorify His name,
In thy every act and word ;
Never let reproach and shame,
Cause thee to deny thy Lord.

Ever live as in the view
Of the day of glory, near ;
Never be to Christ untrue,
Thou shalt soon His glory share.



“The Friend in need.”

Prov. xvii. 24.

Is Christ a friend in need—
 A friend when others fail ?
 And does He favour show,
 When others but assail ?
 Has He compassion so divine,
 That knows *no* changing—*no* decline ?

Is Christ a friend in need—
 A true and trustful friend ;
 To succour and to cheer
 All who on Him depend ?
 A friend who well deserves the name,
 Who all our love can justly claim ?

Is Christ a friend in need ?
 To Him then I will go ;
 For earthly friends forsake,
 And only deepen woe ;
 They know not how to sympathize,
 When doubts assail, and sorrow tries.

Jesus, oh, friend in need,
Be mine, then, evermore;
Cement my soul to Thee,
And blessings on me pour;
Friend of the friendless—Friend in need,
Thy constant care and help I plead.

Then earthly friends may fail,
And earthly cisterns break,
Trial and sorrow come,
And earthly friends forsake,
My soul shall ever joyful be,
Proving a faithful friend in THEE.

The one thing needful.

Luke x. 42.

HAD we the wealth of all the earth,
And all its countless treasure,—
The advantages of noble birth,
Commanding all earth's pleasure,

We still were far from peace and joy,
 Were we still unforgiven ;
 None can be happy, though they try,
 Till they are safe for heaven.

And Jesus' precious blood *alone*
 Can fit the soul for glory ;
 A truth which far and wide is known,
 An oft-repeated story ;
 Yet, oh, 'tis true ! His grace is free !
 Poor sinner, now believe it ;
 Eternal life is offered thee,
 If thou wilt but receive it.

Eternal life ! Oh, ponder well,
 The meaning of this sentence ;
 Let it upon thy conscience tell,
 And lead thee to repentance ;
 No longer deem the blessed God
 As One who cannot love thee ;
 He waits to ease thee of thy load,
 Oh, let His mercy move thee.



“We shall reign o'er the Earth.”

Rev. v. 14.

“We shall reign o'er the earth”—’tis a soul-cheering thought—

This earth from which Jesus was spurned,
When the tempter is chained, and his works are destroyed,
And the Saviour in peace has returned.

“We shall reign o'er the earth,” when “the seed” are restored

To their long-lost yet still-beloved land ;
When Christ shall be owned as their King and their Lord,
And His feet on Mount Olivet stand.

“We shall reign o'er the earth,” when the lion shall feed

With the fatling, nor hurt nor destroy ;
When all trace of the fall shall be wholly removed,
And the world know its season of joy.

“We shall reign o'er the earth,” when the Saviour
shall see

 Of the fruit of the woe of His soul ;
When the full tide of blessing to gladden the earth
 From the city of Salem shall roll.

“We shall reign o'er the earth,” in sweet union with
Him,

 Whom creation will own and obey ;
When all shall acknowledge Messiah supreme,
 And joyfully bow 'neath His sway.

“We shall reign o'er the earth”—with our Jesus
shall reign,

 By grace in His glory arrayed ;
The “Bride of the Lamb” and His partners in bliss,
 Acknowledged as one with the Head.

“Fly to Jesus.”

From all the sorrows of the world,

 Fly to Jesus, fly to Him ;

E'en though the firey darts be hurled,

 Turn to Jesus, turn to Him ;

Alone can there thy soul repose,
From every wind that wildly blows ;
Through all earth's varied aching woes,
Trust in Jesus, trust in Him.

The world against *Him* was arrayed ;
Fly to Jesus, fly to Him ;
He was despised, He was betrayed ;
Turn to Jesus, turn to Him ;
Yes, and the bitter cross *He* bore,
Then patiently *thy* cross endure,
His sympathy is ever sure,
Trust in Jesus, trust in Him.

Too weak to bear thy cross alone,
Fly to Jesus, fly to Him ;
In weakness, let His power be known,
Turn to Jesus, turn to Him.
E'en while thy sky is overcast,
While loudly yells the raging blast ;
E'en till the storms of life are past.
Trust in Jesus, trust in Him.



Home of the ~~Weary~~ weary.

“Where the weary are at rest.”—Job. iii. 17.

HOME of the weary ! how I sigh for thee !
 When will my longing eyes thy glories see ?
 When shall my spirit, oft perplexed and tried,
 Rest in the home for which my Saviour died ?

Home of the weary ! fearful storms have raged ;
 Thoughts of thy glories have their force assuaged ;
 Sorrow nor crying ever entereth thee—
 All is delight and true felicity.

Home of the weary ! where the ransomed dwell,
 Where the “new song” from lips immortal swell ;
 Oh, to be free from sorrow, pain, and care—
 Free from the earth, and safely landed there.

Home of the weary ! seat of rest and joy ;
 Blest is the thought, the morning draweth nigh.
 When Christ, my hope, my life, shall break my chains,
 And tune my tongue to thy celestial strains.

Home of the weary ! still shall thoughts of thee
 Buoy up my soul, till I thy glories see ;
 Till I shall rest, no more perplexed and tried,
 In the sweet home for which my Saviour died.

Love to Jesus.

"Thou knowest that I love thee."—John xxi. 15.

I LOVE Thee, precious Lamb of God,
 Thy name to me is dear;
 No charming music falls so sweet
 Upon my listening ear.

I love Thee as the *humble* One,
 So lowly in Thy birth,
 Who made Thyself of no repute,
 Though Lord of heaven and earth.

I love Thee as the *spotless* One,
 The holy and the pure;
Made sin, that I its fearful weight
 And curse might not endure.

I love Thee as the *gracious* One,
 So gentle and so kind,
 Who wiped the falling tear, and loved
 The broken heart to bind.

I love Thee as the *faithful* One,
 Who did the Father's will;
 Who never sought Thine own, but did
 His blessed Word fulfil.

I love Thee as the *patient* One,
Rejected and reviled ;
Yet ever calm and tranquil Thou,
Benificent and mild.

I love Thee as the *suffering* One,
Unpitied in Thy woe ;
No heart responsive beat to Thine,
When waves did o'er Thee flow.

I love Thee as the *dying* One
Upon the cursed tree—
Ah ! there I measure, Lord, Thy love,
To such a wretch as *me* !

I love Thee as the *risen* One,
No longer in the grave ;
Triumphant now o'er death and hell,
Omnipotent to save !

I love Thee as the *reigning* One,
Upon the Father's throne,
With majesty and honour crowned,
And glory all Thine own.

I love Thee as the *coming* One,
And, oh ! I wait to be
Upborne in clouds of glory bright,
Dear, precious Lord, to Thee.

Come, then, Lord Jesus, quickly come !
Drive hence earth's night and war :
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
Thou bright and Morning Star."

The Seasons;

OR, THE QUIET ACTINGS OF THE GRACE OF GOD.

NOISELESSLY the seasons roll,
Swaying round from pole to pole ;
No commotion goes before them,
No excitement lowereth o'er them.
Spring succeeds to winter drear,
When the blossoms sweet appear ;
Summer then asserts her reign,
With her beauteous flowery train ;
Autumn next, with liberal hand,
Scatters plenty o'er the land.
Thus the seasons gently roll,
Swaying round from pole to pole ;
No commotion, noise, or riot,
All is tranquil, calm, and quiet.

So the saint delights to trace
God in all His *works of grace* ;
Loves to watch the gracious shower
Fall with calm, subduing power ;
Saving sinners, blessing saints,
Quieting their sad complaints ;
Giving joy and peace to all,
Who sincerely on Him call.

Noise but speaks of judgment near—
Noise and judgment kindred bear ;
But the peace of Him who died,
Falls like dew at eventide,
Steals into the restless soul,
Bringing all to its control ;
All its anxious fears subduing,
And the wayward will renewing,
And implanting in the breast,
Sweet, divine, unearthly rest.



EHe **O**mniscient.

"Thou God seest me."—Gen. xvi. 13.

WE oft deceive ourselves, but God
We never can deceive ;
And well for us if this great truth
We in our hearts believe ;
His piercing eye surveys us through,
He knows our every part—
Reads all our secret thoughts, and sees
The workings of the heart.

Oh, knowledge great and wonderful !
Then, Lord, what canst Thou see ?
What canst Thou, of whatever's good,
Or pure, behold in me ?
I cast myself upon Thy love,
Thou precious Lamb of God ;
I fly for shelter from my sins
To Thy atoning blood.

I cast myself, poor worthless thing,
On Thine almighty grace ;
My only refuge from the storm,
My only hiding-place ;

Thou changest not—'tis well for me
 Thou dost unchanging stand,
 Or I should never know the joys
 Which are at Thy right hand.

Thou changest not ! Oh, would that I
 Might ever lean on Thee,
 And walk more as my Saviour walked,
 And more devoted be.

Thou workest, Lord, to "*will and do,*"
 Thus work in me, I pray,
 That I with joy may onward press
 To everlasting day.

Help me to live beneath a sense
 Of Thy omniscient gaze :
 May all my acts of Jesus tell,
 And all my life be praise ;
 Till that sweet promise be fulfilled,
 And I Thy glory see !
 Jesus' sweet name shall then, as now,
 My only anthem be.



“Jesus is mine.”

“My beloved is mine, and I am His.”—Cant. ii. 16.

Why should I despond or fear ?

Jesus is mine :

Why should start the anxious tear ?

Jesus is mine :

Now His gracious work completed,

He above all power is seated,

And by hosts in glory greeted ;

Jesus is mine.

Mine, from danger to protect me ;

Jesus is mine :

From my wanderings to correct me ;

Jesus is mine :

Mine, to fill my soul with pleasure ;

Mine, a priceless, peerless treasure ;

Mine, e'en now, and mine for ever ;

Jesus is mine.

Mine, through life's tempestuous journey—

Jesus is mine :

What though it be rough and stormy ?

Jesus is mine :

Now He spreads His banner o'er me,
 Sets the "blessed hope" before me,
 Of His coming soon in glory;
 Jesus is mine.

Till that day I'd fain be telling,
 Jesus is mine:
 On His love be ever dwelling,—
 Jesus is mine:
 Thus I wait His blest appearing,
 His own voice my spirit cheering;
 Till I sing—the palm-branch bearing—
Jesus is mine!

"**C**ome, **L**ord **J**esus."

Rev. xxii. 20.

COME, Lord Jesus! harassed by the way, I find
 Relief from all my conflicts, all my woes,
 In thoughts of Thy return.

Lord Jesus, come!

The world grows old in sin and lawlessness,

And Thine—Thine own beloved saints, how cold
 Their love—how listless in whate'er pertains
 To Thee—how active in pursuits their own.
 Surely the last predicted days are come,
 With all the evils which to them pertain.

If this be so,

Lord Jesus, draw Thine own
 To closer, dearer fellowship with Thee,
 And one another. Let it, too, be seen,
 Though in a small contracted sphere, that Thou
 Art faithful still, and know'st Thine own.

Oh, for a brighter, clearer light to shine,
 As from Thyself, on all around ! that they
 Who love Thy precious name, with hearts sincere,
 May, in proportion to the darkness, shine !

Or, better still,

Come forth, O Lord, Thyself,
 And take us home—the home we sigh for now,
 Where coldness never comes—where love, and peace,
 And happy concord, dwell supreme in all ;
 And where Thy power and glory are both owned
 And felt, producing praise—unceasing praise !
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, for Thy people COME !

"Oh, do not tell me what I am."

Oh, do not tell me what *I am*,
 But what I hope *to be*,
 Upon the resurrection morn,
 When Jesus I shall see ;
 Shall *see* Him, and be *like* Him, too,
 And in His glory shine,
 Arrayed in perfect righteousness—
 A righteousness divine.

Oh, do not tell me what *I am*,
 It only makes me sad ;
 But tell me what I am *in Christ* ;
 And that will make me glad.

Oh, do not tell me what I am,
 So wretched, sinful, vile,
 With heart to sin and evil prone,
 And full of hateful guile ;
 Imperfect life, inconstant love,
 Oh, sweet it is to flee
 From what I am, to what, by grace,
 Ere long I hope to be.

Yes, tell me what I hope to be,
 When at the Saviour's side,
 I see the face, and hear the voice
 Of Him who for me died.—
 When I shall cast the royal crown
 His love shall give to me,
 Before His feet, oh, tell me, then,
 What soon I hope to be.

Yes, tell me what I hope to be,
 When this poor stammering tongue
 Shall join the radiant hosts above,
 In their unceasing song ;
 Oh, blessed triumph of God's grace,
 To vanquish even *me* !
 So, tell me what I am *in Christ*,
 And what I hope to be.

—

Perfect Love.

1 John iv. 18.

I sought amongst my kindred—
 For *perfect love* I sought,
 I tried their every act and way,
 I scrutinized each thought :

But *self* I found o'er all things else,
Sat high enthroned above,
Much love I found, and goodness, too,
But 'twas not *perfect love*.

I sought among my bosom friends,
The prized and trusted few,
Now much they loved, but, ah ! *anon*
Their love was far from true ;
Affections warm would fill the heart,
Then other feelings strove ;
I found much love among my friends,
But 'twas not *perfect love*.

The soldier, weltering in his blood,
Came next beneath review ;
The toiling, spent philanthropist—
The statesman—genius, too ;
But, ah, I found that love of praise,
Gold, fame, or *self* prevailed ;
But *perfect love* defied my search—
Here all my seeking failed.

And now I turned upon myself,
And fairly searched my heart ;
But, oh, deceit and treachery
Still lurked in every part.

I thought the search was hopeless now,
 And I could clearly prove
 That people were mistaken, when
 They spoke of *perfect love*.

With bitter disappointment, then,
 I turned to wipe the tear ;
 But soon a voice accosted me,—
 “Oh man, I pray give ear ;
 Behold the cross, where Jesus hangs
 Suspended in the air ;
 No longer weep, but, oh, rejoice,
 For *perfect love* is THERE.”

I looked ; He sweetly smiled on me,
 It pierced my very heart ;
 He said, “I give my life for thee—
 For thee with all I part ;
 I’ll lead thee through this wilderness,
 To dwell with Me above.”
 “Dear, precious Lord,” o’erwhelmed, I cried,
 “Thine is a *perfect love*.”



The versatility of Grace.

"Unto every one of us is given grace."—Eph. iv. 7.

I LOVE to ponder over the various ways of grace,
The blessed features it presents, my heart delights to
trace ;
By God, the fountain of *all* grace, to each of His 'tis
given,
And by its exercise is marked the citizen of heaven.

It weeps with those who weep, and joys with those
who do rejoice ;
It listens to the mournful plea, and heeds the sup-
pliant's voice ;
Stoops to the abject and the vile, the outcast and
forlorn,
Nor turns aside, although 'tis met with insult and
with scorn.

Diffusing happiness around, its words are gracious,
kind ;
It soothes the heart with grief o'ercast, and cheers
the drooping mind ;
The widow's tear it wipes away, and, from its heaven-
blest store,
Relieves the orphan, fatherless, the aged, and the
poor.

'Tis goodness in activity, 'tis sacrifice of *self*;
'Tis occupied with others' good, and seeketh others' wealth;
It labours not that fickle man its work may praise or own,
There's but one smile it reckons on, that smile is God's alone.

It seeks communion with the saint, the godlike, and the good;
And bids the weak and tempted one to stay himself on God;
It points the sinner to the cross, and tells of joys above,
And never tires while dwelling on the Saviour's deathless love.

Oh, *precious grace!* divinely good! dwell, ever dwell with me,
Yea, with each child of God on earth bear constant company;
We need thy *exercise* to soothe the sorrows of the way,
Till *glory* crowns the work of *grace*, in heaven's unclouded day.



"No Separation."

Rom. viii. 39.

"No separation"—oh, my soul,
 'Tis God who speaks the word,
 So closely is the union formed
 With Christ, the risen Lord.

"*No separation*"—thou art His,
 And His for evermore;
 Upon the cross thy debt He paid,
 And all thy judgment bore.

"*No separation*,"—precious word !
 In it my soul be glad;
 Loved with an everlasting love,
 And one with Jesus made.

"*No separation*"—life nor death,
 Things present nor to come,
 Can part thee from *His precious love*,
 Or rob thee of thy home.

"*No separation*"—linked with Him,
 His glory—all is thine;
 Oh, wondrous *love*, that thus could plan
 A union so divine !

The Trial of Faith.

1 Peter i. 7.

FAITH *when tried* is precious,
 In the sight of God ;
 How this should refresh us,
 Suff'ring 'neath the rod.
 Why, though tried with fire,
 Should we faint or fear ?
 Christ, our heart's desire,
 And our help, is *near*.

He, as the Designer,
 All the journey knows :
 He, as the Refiner,
 All the process views.
 'Tis His will to make us
 Rich in *faith* and *love*,
 Ere He comes to take us
 To His rest above.

Then we'll not lament o'er,
 But rejoice in trial ;
 We shall know the wherefore,
 In a *little while*.

Faith when tried is precious,
 Far exceeding gold ;
 Ever working for us
 Joys unknown, untold !

The Rieberie.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—Matt. xi. 28.

THE Saviour I heard, in sweet whispers of love,
 Thus utter the wide invitation :
 “Oh, why from true happiness rove ?
 Come, children of Adam, my faithfulness prove,—
 Come to me, and receive full salvation !”

Then I thought of the drunkard—and why won’t *he* hear ?
 Alas ! ’tis the cup interposes—
 Drowns thoughts which his conscience can’t bear ;
 Forms a current which floats him fast down to despair,
 While, senseless, he on it reposes.

Then I thought of the reveller, the giddy, the proud,
 And a sight of the group was heart-rending;
 Enveloped in pleasure's dense cloud—
 For pleasure's the god around whom they all crowd,
 While their journey to ruin is tending.

Then I thought of the numbers who formalists are—
 Who seemed to make good their profession—
 They are moral and *outwardly* fair,
 But, alas! 'tis a mask that they fatally wear:
 They have not the *inward* possession.

* * * * *

Here lost in deep musings—time stole on apace,
 Till creation became its own tomb;
 And past was the season of grace,
 The judgment was set, and I dimly could trace,
 All these characters, 'waiting their doom.

And I heard a stern voice, as the ocean's loud roar—
 The sound seemed the heavens to sever!—
 “*I offer salvation no more!*
Despised was my message, and now, mercy's door
Is closed up against you for ever!”

The little Pilgrim's Song.

My path through a waste howling wilderness lay,
 Encompassed with dangers around ;
 The by-paths are thick that would lead me astray ;
 And the night is so dark I can scarce see my way ;
 But to glory my footsteps are bound.

I know there are dangers surrounding my feet,
 And enemies mighty and strong,
 Who would gladly delay me, or make me retreat :
 But their threats and their smiles with indiff'rence
 I meet,
 And haste to reach glory ere long.

I look to my Saviour for guidance aright ;
 And while distant from Him I roam,
 I have faith for my guide—I walk not by sight ;
 Pure weakness I am, but God giveth might,
 And tells me that glory's my *home*.

So onward I press, keeping full in my view
 The portion which faith sets before me ;
 Poor, cold, cheerless world, I bid you adieu,
 Heaven opens before me, as straight I pursue
 The path to my mansions in glory.

For there I shall rest to be tired no more—
 No more to know sorrow or pain ;
 Oh, surely such bliss as the Lord has in store,
 Will repay present sorrow a thousand times o'er,
 And make all my losses be gain.

“**N**ever perish.”

“And they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.”—John x. 28.

“**N**EVER perish!”—words of *mercy*, coming from the lips of One, Who, though here a homeless stranger, fills the high eternal throne. Brightness of the Father’s glory, God and man in one combined, Faithful Shepherd of the chosen, safe are those to Him assigned.

“**N**ever perish!” words of *sweetness*, dissipating every fear ; Filling all with joy and gladness, who the Shepherd’s voice can hear ;

Bringing richest consolation to the soul fatigued,
oppressed;

Sweet refreshment to the fainting, and to weary
spirits rest.

“Never perish!” words of *power*; Satan *now* I can
defy!

Safe my soul beyond my keeping, hid with Christ in
God on high.

Come what will, I’m *safe* for ever—’tis the promise
of my God;

Written in His word unfailing—sealed with Jesus’
precious blood.

“Never perish!” words of *glory*—heaven is mine, and
all is well!

Oh, my soul! with rapture burning, on this precious
sentence dwell;

Think not of thy faults and failings, nor on thy de-
servings brood—

What thou art in Jesus ponder, and this promise of
thy God.



Human Losses.

"Endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh."—YOUNG.

Losses attend us here below,
An heir-loom from the fall ;
Changes await us every day,
The common lot of all !

We lose our *friends*—yes, friends estrange,
Or, if they turn not so,
Relentless death selects them oft
For his remorseless blow.

We lose our *joys*—it is not long
Rejoicings fill the heart ;
Some bitter cause of sorrow comes,
And tears of anguish start.

We lose our *hopes*—how flattering fair
They oft to us appear ;
But like a meteor's transient glare,
They quickly disappear !

We lose our *wealth*—e'en riches oft
Take wing and fly away ;
Leaving to penury and want
The rich of yesterday.

We lose our *health*—beneath the rose
Th' insidious inroad's made;
Disease invades the lovely form,
And low its victim's laid.

We lose our *time*—o'erwhelming thought,
That creatures, frail as we,
Should sport away our precious time,
Whose end we soon shall see.

Great God ! from such mutations here
We cast our gaze on Thee !
Thou art the same ! Thou changest not !
And firm is Thy decree.

Be Thou our portion—Thou our all,
Our comfort and our trust,
For standing on Thy changeless love,
Our *souls* can ne'er be lost.



Infidelity.

"For many deceivers are entered into the world."—2 John 7.

AH! there are infidels beside
 The openly profane ;
 For all are infidels who cast
 Dishonour on the name
 Of Jesus, Lord,
 Extolled, adored,

The Christ of God, Supreme, th' Eternal Word.

Who only serve that precious One,
 To rise in man's esteem ;
 And use that name that those around
 Themselves may godly deem,
 Yet never knew
 Affections true,

Are infidels, no matter what they do.

A name to live is all they have,
 Yet all the while are dead ;
 They speak of Christ, yet while they speak
 By sins are captive led ;
 Sin's evil power
 Their souls devour,
 While on those very sins they seem to lower.

They mix with those who love the Lord,
 And seek devout to be ;
 Yet all their seeming seriousness
 Is but hypocrisy ;
 Their only aim
 To get a name,

That they respect from all around may claim.

Alas ! alas ! thus Christ is grieved,
 And God dishonoured, too ;
 For soon profession's mask falls off,
 And leaves a wreck in view ;
 Then scoffers say—
 “ Away ! away !

’Tis all *delusion*, utter what they may !”

—

To a Fearful Saint.

“ Why are ye fearful ? ”—Matt. viii. 26.

WHAT changes 'wait thy footsteps here,
 Brother, thou canst not tell ;
 Yet *upward* look, and *onward* go—
 Take courage ! all is well !

The heart may beat, the bosom heave,
Be drawn the heavy sigh ;
The quickened pulse be hurrying on,
And moist the glistening eye.

Yet courage ! Look above, nor fear ;
The race before thee set
Is *His* appointment whom thou lov'st :
He has not failed thee yet.
" According to thy day," He says,
" E'en so thy strength shall be."
Oh, precious words ! there rest thy soul
In faith, implicitly.

All shall be well ! His purpose deep
Is working out each day ;
That purpose is, thy endless bliss :
Drive then thy fears away !
Above the clouds the sun doth shine,
Though hidden from our gaze ;
Pierce thou the clouds, by faith, and sing
Triumphant songs of praise !



“All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord;
and Thy saints shall bless Thee.”

Psalm cxlv. 10.

SHALL nature praise her Lord,
In one unceasing strain ?
Shall mountain, mead, and lowly vale,
And verdant flowery plain,
As tint with tint combine,
To form a beauteous whole,
Send forth a note of praise to God,
To Him acceptable ?

Shall cool umbrageous groves,
And woodlands, sweetly bring
The happy tribute of their song
To heaven’s exalted King ?—
While feathered songsters add
Their melody and song,
Cheering the passing hours of day,
And which the nights prolong ?

Shall ocean, river, sea,
And clear meandering rill,
As each, in perfect harmony,
Their several parts fulfil,

Praise Him who ceaseless sends
 Their waters gushing forth,
 And own Him, as they ebb and flow,
 The God of all the earth ?

Yea, *all* Thy works, O God,
 In sweetest praise conspire ;
 But oh, the blessing of Thy saints,
 Thy heart doth most desire.
 Thy *works* proclaim Thy skill,
 Thy wisdom, power, and might ;
 Thy *saints* for Thy *redeeming love*,
 In blessing Thee, unite.

Visible oneness of the Church desired.

"That they all may be one: as thou Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."—John xvii. 21.

OH ! would that all the church were *one*, before the
 eyes of men,
 As here on earth it once was, and above must be
 again ;

Oh, what a sight for heaven to see—for angels to behold;

And, oh, what heavenly truths it then would visibly unfold!

'Twould show the church with Christ was one; that Christ was one with God;

That Jesus was the sent One, to redeem that church with blood;

One faith, *one* hope, *one* Lord confessed, 'twould witness unto men,

That one, e'en Christ our Master was, and we were brethren.

Not then the mark at which the world could point in feigned amaze—

While wondering which could be the right of all the different ways;

But forming one united band, one happy family—

'Twould show our blessed Lord *alone*, the life, the truth, the way.

Oh, then the joy of each would be the heart-felt joy of all—

The grief of one would cause the tear from every eye to fall;

One common object, end, and aim, each bosom then
would move,
And make a wondering world exclaim, "See how
these christians love."

For this our Saviour died, that He might gather all
in *one* ;
And, oh, sweet thought ! His will shall yet in earth
or heaven be done ;
If saints on earth His blessed voice shall still *refuse*
to hear,
In glory 'twill be otherwise, and no *divisions* there.

But, oh, our eyes would fain e'en now that blessed
oneness see,
Nor wait until the happy time, when we with Christ
shall be ;
In contrast to the world, we'd joy to see the church
now one,
That so the will of Christ might *here*, as in the
heavens, be done.

O blessed Jesus, Son of God, behold Thy church
below,
And bid the healing streams to her in living fresh-
ness flow;

Together bind Thy scattered church, and make her
truly *one*,

Thy purchased bride espoused to Thee—to Thee,
dear Lord, *alone*.

Heaven.

'Tis heaven where Jesus is,

And nowhere else beside ;

'Tis heaven to dwell beneath the gaze
Of Jesus crucified.

Those tender, loving eyes,

Unclouded bliss impart ;

His gracious smile all fear dispels,
And wins the yielding heart.

Those wounds aloud proclaim

His depth of love for me ;

They tell the anguish which He bore
Upon the cursed tree.

The throne on which He sits—
The glory which He bears,
Alike proclaims how well He won
The victor's crown He wears.

Dear, precious, loving Lord,
My soul in praise expands,
And fain would sing the rapturous song
Thy deathless love demands.

The Confession.

I HAVE known the sweets of earthly love—
And felt its thrilling power ;
But love at best is mixed with pain—
Rapture or anguish fill the train,
As prospects gleam or lower.

I have heard the sweetest notes of earth
In solemn cadence roll ;
But oft a discord jars the mind,
Or sullen tempers firmly bind
The inlets of the soul.

I have seen the richest landscape spread
In beautiful repose ;
But if the sun's bright shining stray,
The magic spell dissolves away,
And dull and cheerless grows.

I have viewed the grandest works of art
In bold proportions rise ;
But, ah ! they last but for a while,
For mouldering time destroys the pile,
Though towering to the skies.

I have tried the maze of pleasure round,
And laughed, and danced, and sung ;
But pleasure is a passing dream—
A phantom wild—a meteor's gleam—
And leaves the conscience stung.

Thus had I known, heard, seen, and felt,
Of things that transient are ;
Yet still a void was in my breast,
My soul unsatisfied, confessed
No *settled peace* was there.

Ah ! *then* it was the Lord appeared
To calm the raging sea ;
And, *led by Him*, I sought His face,
And, oh, in boundless, matchless grace,
He sweetly smiled on me.

He shewed me *self*—that mass of sin,
 Polluted by the fall;
 Shewed me *Himself*—my only plea—
 My hope, my joy, my surety,
 My righteousness, my all !

The craving ceased ; I'd found the Lord—
 Earth was but dung and dross ;
 Unearthly pleasure filled my soul :
 I joyed with joy unspeakable,
 And gloried in the cross.

O precious Jesus, none but Thee
 Can give the conscience peace ;
 Oh, none but Thee, Lord, can control
 The restless ragings of the soul ;
 And bid the tumult cease.

Thy precious *love* my path shall cheer,
 While in this world I roam ;
 But, oh, my fervent spirit longs
 To see Thyself—to share the songs,
 And joys, of yonder home.



The Night of Darkness.

“He then, having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night.”—John xiii. 30,

DARK was indeed that fearful night,
 Darker than words can tell,
 Darker than e'en the dreadful cloud
 Which once on Egypt fell;
 When men and hell, conspiring, rose
 To quench the light of heaven;
 To banish hence the precious gift
 Which God in love had given.

Behold the apostate's hand outstretched,
 To grasp the price of blood;
 The price for which he dared to sell
 The blessed Son of God !
 Behold the murd'rous rabble band,
 With staves and swords appear,
 To take the Lord of earth and heaven,
 And make Him captive there.

And see ! His chosen twelve, dismayed,
 Have left Him all alone;
 He looks for comforters, alas !
 He comforters has none !

The world against Him stands arrayed,
 And, "Crucify Him," cries ;
 Nailed to the cross, forsaken there,
 He speaks—He groans—He dies.

Yet, oh, that night of darkness, brings
 A day of glorious light ;
 And Jesus, dying, wins for us
 A crown of glory bright.
 Dear dying Lamb, eternal praise
 To Thy dear name we'll give,
 That Thou didst suffer all for us,
 And *die*, that we might *live*.

Life's Purpose.

"For to me to live is Christ."—Phil. i. 21.

ERE Christ was mine, my wayward heart
 Went roaming through the earth,
 In quest of fame and man's applause,
 So valued I their worth,
 I did not know that better thing—
 A fame of heavenly birth.

I know it now, but it has crossed
My every earthly aim :
By grace I now, without a sigh,
Can give up earthly fame ;
For Christ, and what concerneth Him,
My heart's affections claim.

I ask not what the world may think
Of what I do or say ;
I only ask that all my ways
May Christ, my Lord, portray ;
That I may reproduce His life
While walking day by day.

I ask not that the world may cast
Approving smiles on me ;
No smiles I court but His alone,
Whom soon I hope to see :
But what I ask is this—that I
May more like Jesus be.

I ask not that the world may heap
On me its wealth and fame ;
I crave no honour, but that I
Be called by His dear name ;
Nor greater wealth, than that I may
His love unchanging claim.

O Lord, then help in this the *aim*
And *purpose* of my soul;
As one with Thee in risen life,
My every thought control;
For me to *live* shall then be "Christ,"
And joy unspeakable.

Praise to the Saviour.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."—Psalm ciii. 1.

JESUS, my precious Saviour,
My heart to Thee uprises,
And fain would know
Thy love's full flow,
Which oft the soul surprises;
Oh, kindle now within me
A holy, heavenly fire,
That I may praise
In gladsome lays,
And rise in pure desire.

Jesus, my precious Saviour
Thy blood has wholly cleansed me;
Thy mighty arm
From all alarm
And Satan's power defends me.
As Thine Thou hast redeemed me,
And made me safe for ever,
“Nor life, nor death,”
Thy promise saith,
My soul from Thee can sever.

Jesus, my precious Saviour,
May I Thy love be telling;
May all my ways
Express Thy praise,
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling;
Till Thou shalt come to take me,
To dwell with Thee in glory,
May I be free
To worship Thee,
And live by faith before Thee.



“I owe it all to THEE.”

“We love him because he first loved us.”—1 John iv. 19.

LORD, when I think upon the love
 Which Thou to me hast shewn,
 To die upon the cross, that Thou
 May’st claim me for Thine own ;
 I cannot tell why Thou didst show
 Such love to one like me,
 Save that it is, that I might know
 I owe it *all* to THEE.

There is no goodness in *myself*,
 To win such precious love ;
I loved Thee not—*Thou* lovedst me,
 And called me from above.
I heard Thy voice, it won my heart,
 And bade my doubtings flee,
It gave me rest and peace—oh, yes !
 I owe it *all* to THEE.

And still upheld by power divine,
 I urge my way along,
 In haste to reach the promised rest,
 The bright, glad home of song ;

And then, when glory on me bursts,
And I *Thy* glory see,
Again I'll raise the happy song,
“I owe it *all* to THEE.”

“The Rest and the Glory before.”

“Return unto thy rest, O my soul.”—Psalm cxvi. 7.

How oft is my spirit bowed down,
With the burden and heat of the day,
And my soul left, all hope well nigh gone,
To sadness and sorrow a prey;
But Jesus, to whom I have sought,
Then shews me His goodness in store,
And gives me to joy in the thought
Of the *rest* and the *glory* before.

Then triumph, sweet triumph, returns,
I know that it all must be well;
And my spirit with joyfulness burns,
While on the assurance I dwell;

And I lose all my bitter dismay,
Which pressed on my spirit so sore,
In the light and the joy of that day—
Of the *rest* and the *glory* before.

Then enable me, Lord, to press on,
My eye kept e'er steadfast on Thee ;
Thy strength and Thy presence alone,
My succour and safeguard can be.
Oh, help me to joy in Thy grace,
And boast in Thy love evermore,
And give me to long for my place
In the *rest* and the *glory* before.

“**T**each me to **P**ray.”

Luke xi. 1.

“TEACH me to pray, my gracious Lord,”
Was once a mother’s prayer ;
She had a child, beloved, adored,
Engrossing *all* her care.

“I will,” said Christ, who saw her heart
Was given to Him but in part,
“I’ll reign supreme alone.”
Forthwith He took the child away,
And *then* she found ‘twas sweet to pray,
For earthly bliss was gone.

“Teach me to pray,” another cried,
Alas! his words were feigned,
His soul to things of earth was tied—
By creature-gods enchanted.
“I will,” said Jesus, “death shall come,
And bear your idols to the tomb,
To mingle with the clay;
So when your earthly bliss has flown,
And you are left to weep alone,
You’ll find it sweet to pray.”

“Teach me to pray,” was offered, too,
By one immersed in trade;
His prayerful moments were but few,
And then his thoughts oft strayed.
“I will,” said Christ, “no more your mind
With this vain world shall be entwined,
Your prospects bright shall flee;
To you the uncertainty I’ll show
Of all man’s fairest hopes below,
And *you* shall trust in *Me.*”

So true it is that Jesus sits
 And purifies His gold ;
 And with a sweet compassion, chides
 Our wanderings from the fold.
 Dear Saviour, make my heart Thine own,
 Depose each idol—reign alone,
 With undisturbed control ;
 Still every passion ; urge to prayer ;
 Make all my cares Thy special care ;
 Let *peace* possess my soul.

The Hope of the Church.

“Behold, I shew you a mystery, we shall not all sleep.”—1 Cor. xv. 51.

’Tis not the will of Jesus that *all* His saints should die,
 ’Tis not His will that in the grave *all* flesh should mouldering lie ;
 Ah, no ! from heaven is now revealed, the long-hid
 “*mystery*,”
 That there are some who shall not death nor foul corruption see.

For those who have believed in Christ, *with Him* have also died,
Death hath no claims on them, because with Christ identified ;
They live in resurrection life ; His victory is their own ;
And e'en, in spirit, *now* with Him they sit upon His throne !

Then why, ye fearful saints, despond, or feel at death dismay ?
Your happy lot it may be not to know a dying day :
Your body will be *changed by power*, should Christ Himself appear,
And with the ransomed pass with shouts of victory through the air.

The Saviour ere He parted from His loved and chosen few,
Thus cheered their hearts—and how to cheer the blessed Saviour knew—
“I know that while I’m absent, you will sorrow have, and pain,
But ’tis only for a “little while”—I soon will come again.

“There are mansions in my Father’s house—there are mansions up on high,
 Sweet place of rest to which I go, let this suppress the sigh;
 And when for you I have prepared an everlasting home,
 I will receive you to Myself: *be ready* when I come.”

Receive the truth, the precious truth, ye saints who fear to die;
Believe the Word, the simple Word, it does not, cannot lie!
 The christian’s hope is not to *sleep* (*he may* ere Christ appears),
 His coming is the “*blessed hope*”—the Word this truth declares.

Oh, haste, then, blessed cloudless morn, when Christ, the “Morning Star,”
 Shall rise upon this scene of strife, of sin, and hate, and war;—
 Shall clasp His saints in His embrace, and never let them roam:
 Sweet “Morning,” dawn; bright “Star,” arise; come, Jesus, quickly come!

“Jesus is mine.”

THOUGH all on earth may fade,
 Jesus is mine;
On Him my soul is stayed,
 Jesus is mine;
Rough is this dreary waste;
Bitter the woe I taste;
Yet still I onward haste—
 Jesus is mine.

No place of resting here—
 Jesus is mine;
Yet do I grieve nor fear—
 Jesus is mine;
His love dries up my tears;
His voice dispels my fears;
On Him I cast my cares—
 Jesus is mine.

Soon will all sorrows cease—
 Jesus is mine;
Rest I shall know, and peace—
 Jesus is mine;

There, where the ransomed meet,
 Blending in praises sweet,
 I shall my Saviour greet—
 Jesus is mine.

“**N**ot for **H**imself.”

“Within the veil, whither the forerunner is for us entered.”—Heb. vi. 20.

Not for Himself, “*for us*,” He came,
 And left His bright abode;
 “For us” He came, that He might bear
 Sin’s overwhelming load—
 A load which sunk Him down to death,
 And wrung the bitter cry—
 “O why hast Thou forsaken me,
 My God, My God, O why?”

Not for Himself, “*for us*” He died,
 That we might never die;
 “For us,” such was His love, He passed
 The garb of angels by,

And clothed Himself in human form,
And dwelt with men below,
Endured the cross without regret,
And tasted human woe.

Not for Himself, "*for us*" He rose,
And broke death's mighty power;
Took from the grave its victory
In that triumphant hour;
"For us," ascending up on high,
He pleads His merits there;
And lives "*for us*"—*our* mansions bright
In glory to prepare.

Not for Himself, "*for us*" He'll come,
When cloudless morning breaks,
And He, as Bridegroom of the Church,
His place in glory takes.
"For us!"—oh, precious, wondrous love,
"For us," He'll do it all;
Eternity is far too short
Such mercy to extol!



The Heart assured.

My soul, at times, is like the fluttered dove,
And fain would fly

To be at rest within the home of love,
Beyond the sky;

To be with Jesus—there to see His face,
Which gladdens all that blessed, happy place,
And evermore to sing His matchless grace.

Yet still, this promise doth assure my soul—
“I quickly come;”

It makes my best affections round Him roll,
Which else would roam.

What can I want on earth, since He is near ?
What can attract me in this narrow sphere ?
When well I know it is His voice I hear ?

Cheered by this thought, that He is coming soon,
I onward go ;

Nor fear the pestilence which stalks at noon,
Nor storms which blow ;

’Twill all be over when my Lord appears,
Then farewell outward ills, and inward fears—
Farewell to sorrow, pain, distress, and tears.

Yet, Lord, the “little while” which intervenes,
 Thee may I serve,
 As one who on Thy gentle bosom leans,
 And never swerve ;
 Count nothing in Thy blessed service toil,
 My only looked-for recompense—Thy smile :
 And so my few short waiting hours beguile.

“**I** know that my **R**edeemer liveth.”

Job xix. 25.

STILL hidden from the gaze of men,
 Above, where angels are,
 Where ceaseless swell angelic strains—
 Jesus, my Saviour, lives and reigns :
I know that He is there !

I know He lives ; faith’s piercing eye
 Beholds Him on the throne ;
 His sufferings past ; His travail o’er ;
 Bearing the weight of sin no more ;
 The glory His alone.

Yes! there He lives! the blessed One,
 Enthroned in light on high;
 And though *the grave* be my abode,
 Yet in *my flesh* shall I see God,
 With unclouded eye.

With this sweet hope I onward press,
 And wait my Father's will;
 Come life or death, come weal or woe,
 My great Redeemer lives, *I know*,
 And all will, must be, well.

“*C*ome, tell me of *Jesus*.”

COME, tell me of Jesus, distress me no more,
 By speaking of judgment and hell;
 Since *Jesus has died* for my sins to atone,
 On His love so unspeakable, dwell.
 I am sad, when I think of my madness and guilt,
 Of my wretchedness, folly, and sin;
 But, ah! when you speak of my Saviour's great love,
 Joy quickly ariseth within.

Come, tell of the cross on Mount Calvary raised,
 Where Jesus, the sin-bearer, died ;
 And tell of the blood and the water which flowed
 From the wound of His spear-pierced side ;
 And tell of the grave which in triumph He left,
 No more to know sorrow and pain ;
 And of Olivet's mount, from whose summit He rose,
 To His own native heaven again.

For the sin-bearer died to atone for *my sins*,
 And the blood which so willingly flowed
 From His side, seals my pardon, and giveth me peace,
 And brings my soul nigh unto God.
 The weight of *my sins* bore Him down to the grave,
 But He left them there when He arose ;
 And in His ascension an answer I find
 Wherewith I can silence my foes.

So, tell me of Jesus—the tale of His love,
 So free, and so full, and so vast !
 Let time's occupation be still the sweet theme,
 Which shall through eternity last.
 'Tis *Jesus* that giveth to heaven its joy,
 And bringeth *salvation* to earth ;
 Then, tell me of *Jesus*, 'twill gladden my heart,
 So unspeakably precious His worth.

The Inquiry.

John ix. 35.

I ask thee not if thou art great—if men respect thy name,

Nor if thy deeds recorded are upon the roll of fame;
I ask thee not if thou art rich in earthly goods and store;

Nor if thou dost with willing hand distribute to the poor.

I ask thee not if learned and wise, deep-read or deeply taught;

Nor if 'tis thine to revel in the boundless realms of thought;

I ask thee not if skilled in art or scientific lore,

Nor if thou canst its caverns deep or vast expanse explore.

I ask not if a poet's wreath thy honoured brow entwines;

Nor if for thee proud history's page its noblest leaf assigns;

I ask thee not if beautiful, if handsome, young, or fair;

Nor if thou dost a parent's love or deep affection share.

Ah, no! the veriest trifles these, compared with what
I'd know;
Fading and fleeting are they all—they rise and set
below;
Earth's richest gifts at best are poor, earth's fairest
grace defiled;
Earth's best affections mingled are—earth's fame
with envy soiled.

But mine the greatest question is that mortals can
conceive,
(For on it heaven or hell depends,) "DOST THOU ON
CHRIST BELIEVE?"
"Dost thou upon *His blood* rely, through which to be
forgiven?
Is *Christ* thy *only* joy on earth, thy *only* hope of
heaven?"

Wealth, rank, and fame avail thee not to clear the
guilty soul.
'Tis *Jesus' precious blood alone* can make the wounded
whole.
Oh, rest thee not in aught beside, 'twill sadly thee
deceive,
But hear the gracious words of God, "BELIEVE IN
CHRIST AND LIVE!"



Entering by Faith the goodly Land.

"An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven."—1 Peter i. 4.

WEARY, I ask for refreshment from thee,
Christian, come hither, and converse with me ;
Leave for awhile earth's fast-fleeting joy,
And tell of the glory awaiting on high.

Tell of the story of mercy and love ;
Tell of the home of the blessed above ;
Tell of the harps and the crowns which are given ;
Tell of His glory who gladdens all heaven.

Tell of the river which flows 'neath the throne ;
Tell of the Name there acknowledged alone ;
Tell of its freedom from sin and from woe ;
Tell of its fruits which unceasingly grow.

Tell of its beautiful pathways of gold ;
Tell of its pearly gates, fair to behold ;
Tell of its songs which unceasing ascend ;
Tell of its pleasures which know not an end.

Tell of the city which needeth no sun,
Lighted by Jesus, the crucified One ;
Tell of the crowns which encircle His head—
Trophies for which He on Calvary bled.

Tell of the mansions preparing on high,
Whither our steps we are wending with joy ;
Where, when a few desert troubles are passed,
We shall rejoice in its fulness at last.

Thus, if we converse, while passing along,
Faith will be buoyant, and hope will be strong ;
Then to our souls at each step shall be given,
Foretastes of glory, and glimpses of heaven.

God's Purpose.

"The called according to His purpose."—Rom. viii. 28.

THOU hast a purpose, Lord, I know,
A purpose all divine,
That they who love Thy blessed Son,
Shall in His image shine ;
That they before Thy face shall live,
Through everlasting day ;
Nor know the meaning of a tear,
While ages roll away.

Not for the good which they have done,
Whate'er its measure be;

For man, by nature, cannot please,
Or render aught to Thee.

It is because Thy Son hath come,
And borne the sinner's guilt;

'Tis all in virtue of the blood
Upon the cross once spilt.

That blood each obstacle removes
Which barred the sinner's way,

Meeting each claim and each demand
Which he could never pay;

It gives the soul a wondrous view
Of Thy unchanging love,

And cheers him as he onward speeds
To Thy bright home above.



“Kept by the power of God.”

1 Peter i. 5.

“Kept by the power of God ;”
How blessed ’tis to know
That God’s sure gracious hand is o’er
Our chequered path below.

“Kept by the power of God :”
It tells of One above,
Who bears us on our way—upheld
By His strong arm of *love*.

“Kept by the power of God :”
It tells us we are weak,
And quite unable of ourselves
The shortest step to take.

“Kept by the power of God :”
It tells us we’re secure ;
That glory shall at length be ours,
And life for evermore.

“Kept by the *power* of God ;”
Kept by His *mercy*, too :
Power and mercy stand engaged
To bring us safely through.

“Kept by the power of God ;”
To Him let thanks ascend,
He has preserved us hitherto,
And will unto the end.

“The Rock that is higher than I.”

Psalm lxi. 2.

In the thralldom of Satan—young, thoughtless, and gay,
To destruction and woe I was posting my way,
Determined the pleasures of earth I would try,
For I knew not the “Rock that is higher than I.”

The beauties of nature—the valley and hill,
My soul with delight and enjoyment would fill ;
Yet little I thought that these pictures of joy
Were made by the “Rock that is higher than I.”

The friendships of earth were as balm to my breast,
And I sought on the bosom of friendship to rest ;
But knew not the friendship that never can die,
Of Jesus, the “Rock that is higher than I.”

But God, in His mercy, the veil took away,
 And I saw myself wretched, polluted, astray ;
 Ah ! then with what transport and haste did I fly,
 And cling to the “Rock that is higher than I”

And there I still cling ; and this is my boast—
 That built on this Rock, I can never be lost ;
 The billows may threaten, their rage I defy,
 They move not the “Rock that is higher than I.”

Yes, joyful and happy, I there shall remain,
Redemption my song, and *salvation* my strain ;
 And when up to glory in triumph I fly,
 I’ll still praise the “Rock that is higher than I.”

Praise.

“Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me.”—Psalm 1. 23.

THOU Giver of all good,
 Upward to Thee I gaze,
 And with a tongue by grace set free,
 Would lisp my hymn of praise.

For all Thy mercies, Lord,
I bless Thee and adore ;
Open my lips, that I may praise
And bless Thee evermore.

No pause Thy mercies know,
Each moment they descend ;
Would that my stamm'ring tongue could e'er
With praise *each* mercy blend !

But not my tongue alone
Its feeble notes would raise ;
Ah, no ! I would that *all my life*
Were one sweet hymn of praise.

Not less Thy love demands—
Not less dost Thou require ;
Oh, that my cold, indifferent heart
Did heaven-ward more aspire.

Yet soon, with heart well tuned,
And every hindrance gone,
In yonder home of endless praise
I shall the strain prolong.



The Rock of Ages.

1 Cor. x. 4.

On the “Rock of Ages” founded—
 On the “Living Stone” secure,
 E’en on Jesus, scourged and wounded,
 Rich, *for us* becoming poor:
 Safe and happy,
 Rests my soul for evermore.

Dark the night, and long and dreary,
 Yet His love my spirit cheers;
 He sustains me when I weary,
 Speaks, and stilleth all my fears;
 And in danger,
 For my speedy help appears.

Thus upheld, I onward journey,
 Soon my blessed Lord to see,
 When the desert, rough and thorny,
 Sweetly shall forgotten be;
 Precious Saviour,
 Draw me closer unto Thee.



Brotherly Counsel.

"Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."

1 John iii. 18.

CHRISTIAN, *love* thy brother—love is from above ;
 Jesus bids His people one another love.
 Christian, *help* thy brother in his every need,
 Prove how much thou lov'st him, not in *word*, but *deed*.

Christian, *cheer* thy brother; wipe away his tears ;
 With affection bid Him banish all his fears.
 Christian, *soothe* thy brother in his deep distress—
 Let thy speech be always marked with tenderness.

Christian, *bear* thy brother on thy every prayer ;
 Surely thou wouldest have him in thy blessings share ?
 Christian, *raise* thy brother, suffering 'neath his load,
 Cast himself and burden on thy faithful God.

Christian, *shield* thy brother, cling thee to his side,
 When by friends forsaken, and by foes belied.
 Christian, *aid* thy brother, weak, distressed, and poor,
 Christ will recompense thee from His heavenly store.

Christian, *seek* thy brother, wandering from the fold,
 Ere his heart is hardened, and his love grows cold.

Christian, *warn* thy brother, tampering with his sin;
 Solemn truth—go press it—sin is hardening!

Christian, *chide* thy brother, when he's doing wrong;
 Weak, but *look to Jesus*, he will make thee strong.
 Christian, *rouse* thy brother, settled on his lees,
 'Tis not *self*, but *Jesus*, we should seek to please.

Day is fast declining—*night* steals on apace!
 Onward to thy labour, rich in heavenly grace—
 Steadfast and immoveable—serving Christ the Lord,
 Till He bids thee enter on thy bright reward.

Divine Sympathy.

“Casting all your care upon him: for he careth for you.”—1 Peter v. 7.

THE *weary* heart no resting-place can find,
 Save on the breast of Him whose name is “LOVE;”
 'Tis only there the restless, wand’ring mind
 Can sink to rest, no more disposed to rove.

The *aching* heart can find no healing balm,
To soothe its anguish, but in Christ, the Lord ;
When troubles rise, and sorrows overwhelm,
'Tis *then* He speaks the soul-delivering word.

The *anxious* heart can find no sweet relief
From dread forebodings and expected ills,
But in the love of Him who knows our grief,
Whose voice the boisterous deep and tempest stills.

The *broken* heart, disconsolate, forlorn,
No sympathy can find, but in the One
Who tasted here unutterable scorn—
Nor solace found but in His God alone.

In *Him* is *all* that heart can wish to find,
And there to gladden each approaching soul,
To heal the broken heart, and calm the mind,
And give a peace and joy unspeakable.



The blissful Moment.

"Whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell."—2 Cor. xii. 3.

THERE are sweet moments when the soul,

Absorbed by things divine,

Lets go its hold on earthly things,

And mounts on wings sublime,

Soaring away

To realms of day,

Beyond earth's changing time, and earth's decay.

'Tis then the spirit nobly lives,

From earthly trammels free ;

And sweetly antedates that day

To which no end shall be,

When time is o'er,

And earth no more

Shall clog the spirit on the heavenly shore.

How pure the atmosphere there breathed,

How free from all alloy !

What hallowed sounds ! what holy love !

What ecstacies of joy !

To us are known,

When thus alone

We mount in spirit up to glory's throne.

Yes, *life* is there —perpetual life,
 And light, and joy, and love ;
 Not as below, in fitful gleams,
 But never to remove :

Oh, land of bliss,
 And perfectness,

I sigh for thee in a dark world like this !

Yet, hush ! my soul ! I would not be
 Impatient, blessed Lord ;
 Though these fair scenes allure the soul
 From earth, so sadly marred ;
 Sorrow and sighs,
 And weeping eyes,

Are there unknown, where joys eternal rise.

Thanks to Thy name, Thy precious name,
 For these sweet moments given,
 To cheer the weary pilgrimage,
 And make us long for heaven.

Come, Jesus, come,
 And take us home,

On earth, afar from Thee, no more to roam.



“*Living Stones,*”

“If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.”
Luke xix. 40.

BLESSED Lord, the stones *have* spoken,
They *have* uttered forth Thy praise—
Stony hearts which Thou hast broken,
Now their songs of triumph raise ;
Harder than the flint by *nature*,
Now by precious *grace* subdued ;
Finding Thee their joy and treasure,
By the Holy Ghost renewed.

Dug from nature’s “pit,” yet destined
To be raised by hands divine,
To a temple, fair and beauteous,
Brighter than the sun to shine :
On immoveable foundations,
Now ’tis rising, strong and high ;
Christ, the “corner-stone” most precious,
Hell, in vain, its strength shall try.

Angels view, with admiration,
This stupendous work of love ;
And as each new stone is added,
Praise their rapturous spirits move.

Soon the “top-stone” shall be planted,
 Shouts of “grace!” shall to it be;
 Endless praises, too, shall ever,
 Mighty Builder, rise to THEE!

The Rejected One.

“He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came to his own, and his own received him not.”—John i. 10, 11.

HE came to His own with a heart full of love,
 But they would not receive Him, ah, no !
 His grace and compassion their hearts failed to move,
 Though e'er ready His grace to bestow ;
 The “*world*” would not have Him ; “*His own*,” too,
 refused
 To bow to His sceptre and sway ;
 Their Lord and Messiah they buffeted, bruised,
 And thrust Him in anger away.

The birds have their nests, and the foxes their holes,
 Yet *He* had not where to repose ;
 He sought the lone mountain, His place of retreat,
 When the day had drawn nigh to its close ;

And there, on the mountain, the night He oft pass'd,
In prayer and communion with God ;
For though the Creator, the "First and the Last,"
The path of the *servant* He trod.

Rejected, forsaken, He did not repine ;
He suffered, yet threatening withheld ;
In confidence, all to His God would resign ;
By faith each temptation repelled ;
He wept with the weeping, and opened His heart
To the tale of the suffering and sad ;
With the heart-broken mourner He ever took part,
And the sorrowful ever made glad.

Yes, others He saved, but *Himself* did not save—
What mercy, compassion, and love !
He sank in the waters of judgment, to have
A Bride in the glory above ;
He suffered rejection, despising the shame,
That *we* in the glory might be,
Accepted in Him, the loved Bride of the Lamb—
All praise, blessed Jesus, to THEE.



“Sweet the theme of Jesus’ Love.”

“A very lovely song.”—Ezekiel xxxiii. 32.

SWEET the theme of Jesus’ love !
Sweet the theme, all themes above ;
Love, unmerited and free,
Our triumphant song shall be.

Love, so vast that nought can bound ;
Love, too deep for thought to sound ;
Love, which led God’s only Son
To become the suffering One.

Love, which led Him to the cross,
Bearing there unuttered loss ;
Love which brought Him to the gloom
Of the cold and darksome tomb.

Love, which made Him hence arise
Far above the starry skies,
There with tender, loving care,
All His people’s griefs to share.

Love, which will not let Him rest
Till His chosen all are blest—
Till they all for whom He died
Live rejoicing by His side.

Oh, how sweet the hallowed theme !
 Oh, how sweet to sing of Him !
 Pass away, ye themes of earth—
Christ's a theme of matchless worth.

“The Strabail of His Soul.”

Isaiah liii. 11.

JESUS, Lord, Thy name I bless,
 While, with wonder, I retrace
 All the pain and bitterness—
 All the insults, vile and base,
 Which upon Thy soul did press,
 On Thy errand, here, of grace.

Wondering, too, Thyself I see,
 On the cross extended high,
 Left by Him who loved Thee,
 There to raise that bitter cry—
 “Why hast Thou forsaken me ?”
 Oh, what words of agony !

Lord, I find the reason here,
Sin it was that shed Thy blood;
 There my burden Thou didst bear—
 There for me as *surety* stood;
 Wrath and vengeance met Thee there,
 E'en the dreadful wrath of God.

Thou didst die, that *I* might live;
 To the dust of death didst come,
 That Thou might'st a portion give
 To Thy saints beyond the tomb—
 That in glory Thou might'st have
 Ransomed sinners on Thy throne.

Oh, what love! how great—how free!
 Love, which, as the ages roll,
 Far beyond our grasp shall be—
 Mighty—vast—unspeakable;
 Jesus, Lord, all praise to THEE
 For the travail of Thy soul.



“*It is written.*”

Luke iv. 4.

“*It is written,*” was Jesus’ reply,
When Satan would tempt Him astray,
With the lusts of the flesh and the eye—
The word of His God was His stay :
In vain did the tempter proceed,
In every assault he was foiled ;
Though *he*, too, the Scriptures could plead,
“*It is written,*” upon him recoiled.

It was not in His power, as God,
That He met His inveterate foe ;
But as one *in dependence* that stood,
And sought for the way He should go ;
’Twas in lowly dependence on Him,
Whose word He so loved to obey,
And whose glory with Him was supreme,
That He triumphed, to Satan’s dismay.

We, too, by the tempter beset,
The “*sword of the Spirit*” must wield :
It has never proved powerless yet,
When used with faith’s valourous shield.

Our own puny efforts to fight,
 Will only sad losses entail;
 We must put on the "armour of light"—
 By "'Tis written," alone must prevail.

The All-sufficient.

"It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell."—Col. i. 19.

WHERE shall the weary soul find rest?
 Where shall the troubled soul be blest,
 But, precious Lord, in THEE?
 Thou hast a boundless, priceless store—
 Blessings are Thine for evermore—
 Jesus, to Thee I flee!

Where shall the anxious soul repair?
 Where shall the mourning spirits share
 A perfect sympathy?
 Where, but in Him who shed the tear,
 When anxious hearts—yea, *death* was near,
 In lonely Bethany?

Where shall the care-tossed soul repose?
Where is the heart that will disclose,
 The secret healing balm?
Where, but in **Him**, whose woes foretold,
Became the theme of saints of old,
 And many a precious psalm?

Yes, Lord, whate'er my burden be,
I find the remedy in **THEE**—
 A remedy complete;
I need not seek for solace here,
Enough—I have the Comforter,
 Each rising wish to meet.

Help in **T**rouble.

“God is our refuge, a very present help in trouble.”—Psalm xlii. 1.

Hills at distance seem like mountains,
Reached, the ascent we hardly know;
Waters feebly leave the fountains,
Gathering strength as on they flow;

So our troubles rise before us,
 Seeming more than strength can bear,
 Yet we're brought triumphant through them,
 Cheered by *hope*, and nerved by *prayer*.

“Nay, *in* all these things,” 'tis written,
 “We are more than conquerors,
 Through the One who loved and bought us:”
 It is this removes our fears.
 'Tis alone when distant from Him
 Trials seem like mountain heights ;
 Near to *Him*, they quickly vanish—
 E'en *the tomb* His presence lights.

Blessed Lord, then, never wandering,
 May I from Thy presence rove ;
 But beneath Thy gracious smile,
 Ever know Thy faithful love.
 Unbelief makes many a mountain ;
 Faith can raze them to the ground ;
 Grant that, on *Thyself* relying,
 I may *strong in faith* be found.



"The Fountain Sealed."

Canticles iv. 12.

A "FOUNTAIN sealed" is my Beloved,
To His chosen only known ;
Nor can any tell how precious
Is His love, but they alone.
Others may take up the story,
Learned by being often heard ;
Or repeat what they have gathered
From the *letter* of the Word.

But His precious love is *power*,
Reaching to the inmost soul ;
There begins a joy unearthly,
When He looks, and says, "*Be whole !*"
Oh, the memory of that hour,
Nought on earth can e'er efface ;
Precious love, and precious Lover,
Boundless are His stores of grace.

In the wilderness it cheereth,
Where there's nought to comfort me ;
Prized above e'en saints' communion,
Is His blessed company.

Sorrow rests not in His presence,
 Every cloud is chased away ;
 All forebodings quickly vanish,
 Night itself is turned to day.

Foretaste of the day that hasteth,
 When, to His blest image changed,
 Not one thought or one affection
 From Himself shall be estranged ;—
 When, unhind'redly, the waters
 From the “Fountain” forth shall flow,
 Every ransomed soul refreshing,
 Blotting out all trace of woe.

Heavenly Sunshine.

“Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.”—Eccles. xi. 7.

CREATION’s light, how sweet indeed !
 But sweeter, light divine ;
 Beneath its soothing, cheering rays
 My soul would e’er recline ;

Without a cloud to intercept
Its ever-shining rays :
My soul would feast on heavenly food,
And tune itself to praise.

The light which shines from Jesus forth,
Is light divine and true ;
It gives to all on which it shines
A glorious, heavenly hue ;
It pierces e'en the clouds of woe
Which cover oft the soul,
And lightens up the tear-dim'd eye
With joy unspeakable.

'Tis this which gladdens even heaven,
No other light is there ;
The glory of the *risen Lamb*
Illumes the city fair.
O light divine, diffuse thy rays,
Within this heart of mine,
Unfolding more of Him I love,
And giving joy divine.



The Betrayer,

“He then, lying on Jesus’ breast, saith unto him, Lord, who is it?”—John xiii. 25. . . . “And another said, Is it I?”—Mark xiv. 19.

WASHED from my sins in Jesus’ blood, on Jesus’
breast I lay;

And, gazing on His gracious face, unclouded as the
day,

I heard His loving voice declare, my faithfulness to
try,

“He who betrays me is at hand—an enemy is nigh.”

I heard the voice, and felt its power, but then I had
not known

How treacherous is the human heart, if once ‘tis left
alone;

I heard the voice—I felt secure, *I* should not Him
deny—

And in my self-sufficiency, I answered, “Is it I?”

“Oh, is it *I*, who thus recline upon Thy bosom,
Lord?

No! hence the hard, ungenerous thought, the wicked
deed abhorred!”

Yet still I heard the voice declare—“The base be-
trayer’s nigh;”

Again I cast a glance within, and answered, “Is it I?”

The tempter came—dark thoughts arose—I hurried
on my way,

And, oh, the sweetness of His grace was ebbing fast
away;

'Twas then I met His searching gaze, and sunk be-
neath His eye,

And answered, less presumingly, "Oh, Jesus, is it I?"

The answer came, but not in wrath, it came in gent-
lest tones—

"Fear not," it said, "for this thy sin my precious
blood atones ;

But learn thy weakness, *look to Me*, nor on Thyself
rely;"

Thus cheered, I said, confessingly, "My Saviour,
it is I!"

From that sweet hour I've sought to walk more softly
than before,

To gather strength for daily toils from Christ's ex-
haustless store :

And now, whene'er the warning comes, to Him in
faith I cry—

"*Oh, precious Jesus, hold me up, or Thee I shall deny.*"



Here and There: a Contrast.

"HERE we have no continuing city."—Heb. xiii. 14. . . . "There shall be no night THERE."—Rev. xxii. 5.

Oh, *this* is a dark scene of sorrow ;
 For though I may smile to-day,
 My tears may flow fast ere to-morrow,
 And my smiles may have all passed away :
 But *there* is the region of gladness,
 Where joys do perennially flow ;
There never a feeling of sadness,
 The blessed in Jesus shall know.

Oh, *this* is a dark scene of sorrow ;
 I may have heart-treasures to-day,
 But they may be gone ere to-morrow—
 Loved objects pass quickly away :
 But *there* is the region of pleasure,
 No changes or losses it knows ;
There, *there*, all is undying treasure ;
 And holy, eternal repose.

Oh, *this* is a dark scene of sorrow ;
 Sweet friendships may greet me to-day,
 But hearts oft estrange ere the morrow,
 And sympathy withers away :

But *there* is the realm of communion,
 Unearthly—unbroken—divine ;
There Christ is the centre of union—
 Each breast, Lord, the image of Thine !

Oh, *this* is a dark scene of sorrow ;
 Though happy in Jesus to-day,
 Temptations may come ere to-morrow,
 And I may have wandered astray :
 But *there* is the home of my Saviour,
 To sin and temptation 'tis barred ;
I there shall rejoice in His favour—
 And “*for ever*” shall be with the Lord.

I shall soon leave this dark scene of sorrow,
 Ah, yes ! I might leave it to-day ;
 For my Lord may be here ere to-morrow,
 And take His poor pilgrim away.
 On Thee, and Thy promise relying,
 Oh, keep me, dear Saviour, while here,
 Till “*glory*” with transport I’m crying,
 Uprising to Thee in the air.



“**A**live to **G**od.”

“Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”—Rom. vi. 11.

“**A**live to God,” what means it?

Give answer, oh, my soul,
 Nor shun the solemn question,
 As time doth onward roll ;
 It soon shall be no longer,
 Then meet the question *now*,
 And if convinced of deadness,
 In true confession bow.

“**A**live to God;” ah, surely,
 It means that, dead to sin,
 I’m acting, living, moving,
 The smiles of God to win ;—
 As His, and as His only,
 My way I onward speed,
 A servant of the Saviour,
 From earthly trammels freed.

“**A**live to God;” ’tis deadness
 To all the world beside ;
 ’Tis knowing nought around me
 But Jesus crucified.

'Tis self-renunciation,
 And cleaving to the cross ;
 'Tis counting all earth's pleasures
 As dung, and worthless dross.

"Alive to God ;" 'tis making
 Himself my chief concern ;
 No knowledge loving, prizing,
 But that of Him I learn ;
 'Tis making Him the object
 And centre of my soul,
 Around which my affections
 In living freshness roll.

O blessed Lord, my Saviour,
 Who fills the Father's heart,
 More of the Spirit's power
 To *me*, Thine own, impart ;
 Oh, breathe upon me freely,
 From heaven, Thy blest abode,
 That I, from sloth awakened,
 May be "*alive to God.*"



The Divine Plea.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. xii. 1.

'Tis by "mercies" that God doth constrain us,
 To yield up ourselves unto Him ;
 Those "mercies" which, all through the desert,
 So blessedly, constantly stream ;
 Those "mercies" of which we have tasted,
 Which flow from the heart of our God ;
 Which have comforted, cheered, and refreshed us,
 Each step of the way we have trod.

It is not by the thunders of law,
 He commands us to yield and obey ;
 No ! "blackness, and darkness, and tempest,"
 Will drive us affrighted away.
 He speaks in love's gentlest accents,
 From heaven, His blessed abode,
 And seeks, *by His love* to allure us—
 His plea is, "*The mercies of God.*"

Then let us respond to His yearnings,
 And yield up ourselves unto Him ;
 And, true to the solemn surrender,
 Ourselves a *whole* sacrifice deem.

He has loved us, redeemed us, and made us
 The heirs of His blessed abode ;
 He calls us His sons and His daughters—
 How vast are "*The mercies of God.*"

Christian Activity.

"The night cometh, when no man can work."—John ix. 4.

Work while daylight lingers, christian !
 Eventide's approaching ;
 Let not sloth, or self-indulgence,
 On thy soul encroaching,
 Rob thee of the joy of serving
 Him, of all, the most deserving.

Work while daylight lingers, christian !
 Day is fast declining ;
 Let not evening shades o'ertake thee,
 In thy ease reclining ;
 Bid adieu to senseless dreaming,
 And be wise—the time redeeming.

Work while daylight lingers, christian,
Night apace is stealing ;
Tell of Jesus' cross uplifted,
God's own heart revealing ;
Spread the gospel invitation—
Publish wide the great salvation.

Work while daylight lingers, christian,
Keep the end before thee ;
For poor dying souls—salvation ;
For the Saviour—glory ;
On the strength of God relying,
Scatter life amid the dying.

Work while daylight lingers, christian !
Work with joy and gladness ;
Heed not what men round thee call it,
Be it pride or madness ;
Work for Christ ! be constant—fervent,
He'll reward each *faithful* servant.



The Pilgrim.

“Faint, yet pursuing.”—Judges viii. 4.

HARASSED and jaded,
 Onward I go ;
 Through rivers have waded—
 Through rivers of woe ;
 But yet I “rejoice in the Lord ;”
 Rough is the journey,
 Strait is the road,
 Rugged and thorny,
 Leading to God :
 'Tis such pointed out in the Word.

Strength I'm receiving,
 Freely 'tis given,
 As earth I am leaving,
 Pressing to heaven ;
 It never has yet been denied !
 Still 'twill be granted,
 Richly and free ;
 So, nothing daunted,
 Onward I flee,
 My Saviour, my captain and guide.

Soon 'twill be ended,
Then oh, how bless'd,
By Jesus befriended,
With Him to rest,
In the realms of ineffable glory !

Yes ! He is coming
To take me away,
When I shall be singing,
Through one endless day,
The song of redemption's sweet story !

“Most near when most needed.”

Most near when most needed,
The Saviour is seen—
Most near when most needed,
He ever has been;
His saints through all ages,
Whatever their need,
Have found in the Saviour
A helper indeed.

How countless the tears
He has lovingly dried ;
How boundless the wants
Which His hand has supplied ;
What fears He has hushed,
And what tempests has calmed,
When the hearts of His people
Were nigh overwhelmed.

The world when most needed
Most signally fails ;
And leaning on *man*
Only sorrow entails ;
But *Christ*, when *most needed*,
Most near us is found,
To scatter His mercies
And blessings around.

Most near when most needed !
And so it will be,
In all our experience,
Till Him we shall see ;
We shall need Him below,
And shall need Him above ;
Most near when most needed
He ever will prove.

Heart Communings.

"I commune with mine own heart."—Psalm lxxvii. 6.

JESUS, Thy precious cleansing blood
Has chased away my fear;
And now, by grace, as one of Thine,
Thy precious name I bear.

But can I part *with all* for Thee,
And glory in my loss?
Am I prepared to follow Thee—
Unmoved to bear the cross?

Am I prepared to use my *all*
In service to my Lord:
To spend it all for Him, and seek
From Him alone, reward?

Am I prepared to yield my will—
To yield it up to God?
And know no will but His, e'en though
He makes me feel the rod?

Am I prepared to love and own
Each one to God brought nigh,
As one with me in precious faith,
Nor lightly pass him by?

Am I prepared to lose my place
Of honour in the world ?
Unmoved against my name to see
The lip of malice curled ?

Am I prepared to own myself
The vilest of the vile ?
Confess myself unfit for heaven,
And *feel* it all the while ?

Am I prepared to let my name
Be mentioned with a sneer ?
And strange, unsociable, unkind,
Before the world *appear* ?

Am I prepared to speak for Christ,
Whoe'er it might offend ?
And rather than unfaithful be,
To part with dearest friend ?

I know my weakness, but, dear Lord —
Thou precious dying Lamb —
Relying on Thy power alone,
I dare to say, “*I am !*”



My Saviour.

“Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee.”—Psalm lxxiii. 25.

I would not lose my Saviour,
 For all the world beside ;
 I'd not forego His favour
 For all creation wide.

What were the world without Him,
 But one vast wilderness ?
 His smile alone can gladden,
 His love alone can bless.

In sickness He withholds not
 His tenderest sympathy ;
 When all the world is fading,
 He still is *all* to me ;
 E'en med'cine He can sweeten—
 The bitterest pangs assuage ;
 I'm blest beyond all knowing,
 For He's my heritage.

And when disease subsideth,
 And strength returns again,
 He does not then forsake me—
 His love and grace remain,

Enhancing every pleasure,
And brightening every joy,
My thankful heart attuning
To sweetest melody.

I would not lose my Saviour;
Ah, no! I'd rather choose
To part with every mercy,
E'en life itself to lose:
What were the world without Him,
But one vast wilderness?
His smile alone can gladden,
His love alone can bless.

The Risen One.

“Now is Christ risen from the dead.”—1 Cor. xv. 20.

No longer dead, but risen,
Our Jesus sits on high;
No longer in death's prison,
But far above the sky;

Once dead, but now exalted
At God's right hand above,
The ever-blessed channel
Of all the Father's love.

Whate'er the Father giveth
Descends to us through Him,
The One who ever liveth,
And whom our souls esteem
The "chiefest of ten thousand,"
The "altogether fair;"
The One alone found worthy
Heaven's royal crown to wear.

Head of the new creation,
The risen One on high,
Who brought a full salvation
To ruined sinners nigh,
Who glorified the Father
In all His acts and ways;
The centre of all blessing;
The centre of all praise.

Thou blessed, risen Jesus,
We love Thee, and adore;
'Tis this alone which grieves us,
That we should love no more!

But soon, at home, in glory,
 We'll see Thee face to face,
 There evermore to praise Thee,
 For Thy amazing grace.

“**The Bundle of Life.**”

1 Sam. xxv. 29.

THE Saviour, in mercy, came down from on high,
 To this region of sorrow and strife ;
 He came for the lost and the wretched to die,
 To make up a “bundle of life.”

In this blessed bundle each sinner is bound,
 To the blood when for shelter he flies,
 When his peace and his safety in Jesus is found,
 And his soul on Christ only relies.

This “bundle of life” is the binding of God—
 The souls which on Jesus depend,
 All cleansed from their sins in His own precious
 blood,
 And can *look unto Him* as their friend.

This “bundle of life” is the Saviour’s reward,
 The fruit of His labour and toil,
 Made meet to inherit the joy of the Lord,
 In the home which no sin may defile.

This “bundle of life” is enlarging each day,
 And soon will its measure attain ;
 Oh, come, then, poor sinner—oh, come while you
may,
 And true *peace in believing* obtain.

Then a place in this “bundle of life” will be yours,
 With the washed, and the saved, and forgiven,
 All blest with the joy which for ever endures,
 Housed safe in the garner of heaven.

Hope thou in God.

Gen. xviii. 14.

Is there anything too hard
 For the God whom we adore ?
 Is He not creation’s Lord,
 Praised and blessed for evermore ?

Has He not, with mighty power,
 Wrought deliverance from the skies?
 And, in *night's* most solemn hour,
 Bade the glorious light arise?

Trust Him, then, thou troubled soul,
 Trust Him, and be undismayed;
 All is under His control,
 Be not in the least afraid;
 Light shall dawn upon thee soon,
 With its cheering, gladsome ray,
 Changing night to glorious noon,
 Driving all thy fears away.

Call to mind His ways of old,
 When He proved what He could do;
 This will make thy spirit bold—
 He will surely help *thee* through.
 He is not a changing God—
 What He *was* He *is* to-day;
 Make His strength thy staff and rod,
 Then shall darkness pass away.



“I’ll trust in Thee.”

“O God the Lord : in Thee is my trust; leave not my soul destitute.”

Psalm clxi. 8.

THOUGH billows round me roll,
 I’ll trust in Thee ;
Though faints my sinking soul,
 I’ll trust in Thee ;
No storm can round me blow,
No wave can o’er me flow,
But what Thou, Lord, dost know ;
 I’ll trust in Thee.

Though dearest friends estrange,
 I’ll trust in Thee ;
Thou wilt not—canst not change,
 I’ll trust in Thee ;
For Thou canst sympathize,
When grief my spirit tries,
And hope all prostrate lies ;
 I’ll trust in Thee.

Though pains distract me sore,
 I’ll trust in Thee ;
All pain will soon be o’er ;
 I’ll trust in Thee ;

Yes ! Thou wilt soon increase
 Felicity and peace,
 And bid all conflicts cease ;
 I'll trust in Thee.

Jesus, my life, my Lord !
 I'll trust in Thee ;
 Jesus, Thou faithful Word !
 I'll trust in Thee ;
 To Thee I all resign ;
 Take what Thou wilt—'tis Thine ;
 Content that Thou art mine,
 I'll trust in THEE !

Resignation.

"Thy will be done."—Matt. xxvi. 42.

I WOULD not have it otherwise ;
 Dear Lord, I bow to Thee ;
 Whatever path before me lies,
 I know is best for me.

Though faith and hope be sorely tried,
I would not, Lord, rebel ;
But cling the closer to Thy side,
And learn to say, “ ‘Tis well.”

If on the mountain-top I go,
Attracted by Thy love ;
Or, following Thee, in vales below
My willing footsteps move ;
Alike ’tis Thee, and none beside
Would I on earth esteem ;
For what above the One who died
Can I as precious deem ?

If but I view Thee, Jesus, near,
No matter where I am ;
Thy presence stays the falling tear ;
In sorrow hides my shame ;
In weakness this my strength is found ;
In sickness ’tis my ease ;
With this in want I but abound ;
It gives, in conflict, peace.

Then, gracious Jesus, hear my prayer,
One thing alone I crave—
A deepened sense that Thou art near,
Unceasingly to have ;

Near, as my helper and my guide—

Near, as my power to live;

Withhold me what Thou wilt beside,

But, oh, *this* blessing give!

—

Spiritual weakness lamented.

“Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak.”—Psalm vi. 2.

I AM prostrate and weak, and the joy of my soul

Has departed, and left me alone;

It slowly, unconsciously faded away;

Ere I was aware it was gone.

I sought for the reason, I searched me within,

My heart, so deceitful, I probed;

“Ah! why am I weak?” I most anxiously cried,

“What the sin that my pleasure has robbed?”

Ah! why am I weak? It may be that pleasure

Has 'lured my affections away,

From Him whom I once deemed my joy and my
treasure,

My comfort, my hope, and my stay.

Ah ! why am I weak ? It may be I'm dwelling
O'er follies I ne'er can retrieve ;
'Gainst the grace of my God and my Father rebelling,
Who would have me forgiveness receive.

Ah ! why am I weak ? It may be that Jesus
No more is *the joy* of my soul ;—
That some fleeting object my heart has o'ercharged,
And brought it beneath its control.

Ah ! why am I weak ? I would ask it again—
Dear Saviour, would ask it of THEE ;
Oh, tell me the secret, and let me obtain,
Thy strength, so abundant and free.

Be it pride, be it pleasure, or worldliness, Lord,
Unbelief, or an heart full of care,
Oh, banish it hence ! and renewal vouchsafe—
Lord, hear me, and answer my prayer.



To a Christian.

"Suffer the word of exhortation."—Heb. xiii. 22.

CHRISTIAN, strike a *higher note*,
 Raise a loftier song ;
 Copy thou the hymnings
 Of the angelic throng ;
 One your theme and object—
 "Glory to the Lamb ;"
 Wake thy every power,
 Praise His blessed name.

Christian, live a *holier life*,
 Let thy object be,
 To exalt thy Saviour,
 Who so loveth thee ;
 Thus adorn the doctrine
 Of thy Saviour-God,
 Who as thy example
 Earth's dark mazes trod.

Christian, *serve with greater zeal*—
 More devoted be ;
 'Twas for *others'* blessing
 Jesus blessed *thee* ;

Let thine eye be single,
And thy motives pure,
Then thy service shall be
Owned of God and sure.

Christian, *softly, humbly walk,*
Meek and lowly be ;
Clothed, as by a garment,
With simplicity ;
Let thy moderation
Unto all be known ;
Let thy conversation
Tell of Christ alone.

Christian, *higher, higher rise,*
Nor content to be
Simply safe for heaven—
Christ asks more of thee.
Tread the world beneath thee,
To perfection rise ;
Battle here in earnest—
Rest's above the skies.



The Holy and True.

“He that is holy, he that is true.”—Rev. iii. 7.

How sweet, in this world of defilement and guilt,
 It is for my hope on *the Rock* to be built.
 E'en on Jesus, who now in the glory I view,
 The One that is holy, the One that is true.

Does the thought of my wretchedness fill me with
 fear?

Lo! Jesus has deigned my transgressions to bear;
 He *has* loved me, *still* loves, and *will* love me all
 through,

For Jesus, my Saviour, is holy and true.

On *self* for a moment I cannot rely,
 To Jesus, my refuge, alone I can fly;
 He bore for my sins the just punishment due,
 For the guilty He suffered—the Holy and True.

I long to be with Him, to gaze on His face—
 To praise Him, as meet, for His love and His grace;
 How loud will my song be, eternity through,
 To JESUS, the Holy, the Just, and the True.

The World.

THE world ! the world ! how fair it seems
How beautiful and gay !
It filled my young affection's dreams,
And stole my heart away.
And long it was ere I could cry,
With brighter scenes in view,
“The world ! the world !—’tis all a lie,
And Christ alone is true.”

I listened to its siren notes,
As dulcetly they fell,
Binding my willing, captive heart
Within their mighty spell ;
Till sweeter music charmed my ear,
Melodious, pure, and new ;
Ah, then I said, “*The world’s a lie,*
And Christ alone is *true.*”

Its noble, fair, and glittering throng,
My youthful heart beguiled ;
I laboured hard its smile to win,
So strange my heart, and wild ;

Till Jesus told me of His love,
 Ah, then to Him I flew,
 And said, “The *world* is all a lie,
 And Thou alone art true.”

Poor world ! deceiving and deceived,
 The soul thou canst not fill ;
 But He, in whom I have believed,
 Gives joy unspeakable.
 Thy promises are ne’er redeemed ;
 Their choice thy votaries rue :
 Poor world ! poor world ! thou art a *lie*,
 And Christ alone is *true*.

“ *Love me freely.*”

Hosea xiv. 4.

Love me *freely*, blessed Jesus,
 For I have not aught to pay ;
 Saviour Thou, and I *poor sinner*,
 Is alone what I can say.

Love me *freely*, blessed Jesus,
 For I have not aught to pay.

Love me *ever*, blessed Jesus,
I am changing as the wind;
If Thy love on me depended,
I should ne'er salvation find.
Love me *ever*, blessed Jesus,
I am changing as the wind.

Love and *help me*, blessed Jesus,
Help me to be wholly Thine—
Every idol and enchantment
For Thy glory to resign.
Love and *help me*, blessed Jesus,
Help me to be wholly Thine.

Love and *keep me*, blessed Jesus,
Keep me from denying Thee:
Keep my wayward feet from straying,
Into paths of vanity.

Love and *keep me*, blessed Jesus,
Keep me from denying Thee.

Daily, hourly, blessed Jesus,
May I long for Thine embrace—
For the hour when I shall see Thee,
In Thy glory, face to face:
There, with all Thy blood-bought people,
To adore Thy matchless grace.



Earth's Jubilee.

"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."—Isaiah xi. 9.

THAT blessed time will surely come, when *all* shall know the Lord,

I find the promise largely writ in God's most precious word,

When "holiness unto the Lord" shall meet each gladdened eye,

And oft my soul impatient prays, "Lord, haste this time of joy."

Sweet are the visions of that time, portrayed by God's own hand,

When righteousness and peace shall reign supreme o'er every land,

When all shall know the blessed God, all know and love Him, too,

And earth present the scene again, which angels loved to view.

No longer Satan's wide domain, creation ruined, marr'd,

But all earth's kingdoms shall become "the kingdoms of the Lord;"

No proud usurper then shall rule, no power acknowledged be,
But Christ, and He alone, shall reign, while earth keeps jubilee.

How cheering is this prospect fair to all who now bewail,
And mourn the wide-spread evils that so mightily prevail,
Who grieve to hear that name blasphemed, the only name they prize ;
To see poor sinners hate the cross, and mercy's gifts despise.

Yes, it will come ! then, oh my soul, take courage, all is well !
The glories of the Son of God creation yet shall tell ;
The groanings of the earth shall cease—all sin be done away :
Come, Lord, disperse these midnight clouds, and usher in the day !



Love Divine.

“The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”—Eph. iii. 19.

How vast the love that made Thee stoop,
 Thou Lord of life and glory,
 From heaven above, though knowing well
 The bitter woe before Thee ;
 Oft in Thy precious words of truth
 I love to read about it :
 And then I wonder at Thy love,
 But, Lord, I *cannot* doubt it.

So strange, so matchless strange ! the tale
 Of God-like condescension ;
Poor unbelief would fain suggest
 'Tis only man's invention :
 Yet simple *faith* rejects the thought,
 For when I read about it,
 I *wonder* at Thy love, 'tis true,
 But, Lord, I *cannot* doubt it.

No ! doubt it ? rather let me doubt
 To-day precedes to-morrow ;
 No ! doubt it ? rather let me doubt
 The truth of human sorrow ;

The more I ponder on the theme—
The more I read about it,
The more I wonder at such love,
But, Lord, I *cannot* doubt it.

Oh, teach me to requite Thy love,
And glory in its fulness ;
Unworthy thoughts of it remove,
And dissipate my dulness ;
And help me with increased desire,
To read and hear about it,
And though I *wonder* at Thy love,
To *never, never doubt it !*

The Happy Choice.

Psalm exix. 30.

LET others strive for paltry gold,
Whose worth is very quickly told ;
I have before me what I hold
In more esteem ;
Whose worth words never can unfold,
Of all supreme.

My soul is fixed on joys above,
 Fruit of my Saviour's dying love ;
 Nor shall the eye of faith remove,
 From that high prize ;
 But there I'll fix, while here I rove,
 My longing eyes.

'Twill soon be mine, faith tells me so ;
 I soon shall up to glory go,
 Where Jesus will the crown bestow,
 And say, "Well done ;"
 And I shall worship, bowing low,
 The glorious One.

Say, is my choice not wisely made,
 To be *with Christ*, in white arrayed ;
 To have a crown which will not fade,
 To wear for aye :—
 To praise Him who such love displayed,
 Through endless day ?

Then let my choice, poor sinner, be
 The choice which shall be made by thee ;
 Oh, come to Christ, He'll set thee free
 From all thy sin ;
 Come *now*, and to the refuge flee,
 And glory win.

Delay not, for the open door
Will quickly close to ope no more !
Ah, then too late thou wilt deplore
 Thy awful choice ;
Now Jesus calls as oft before—
 Oh, heed His voice !

“ **W**here art thou ?”

“ And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou ?”—Gen. iii. 9.

SWEET was the garden of the Lord, the earthly paradise,
Where man in innocence oft heard his gracious Maker's voice;
But sin, that bane of human joy, wrecked all the bliss it knew,
And banished man from that sweet spot, where life's fair foliage grew.

But ere the cherub's flaming sword proclaimed that man was gone,
Once more the voice of God was heard the garden trees among,

“Where art thou, Adam?” told the tale of human
guilt and woe;
Yet God restrained His wrath, and let the stream of
mercy flow.

Yes, mid the trees of paradise the Almighty’s voice
was heard,
And, oh, it was an awful voice—it was a searching
word!
And still it speaketh; heed the voice, and to it make
reply,
While mercy lingers, for the hour of judgment
draweth nigh.

“Where art thou,” sinner? Ah! thy feet are madly
moving on
Where mercy comes not, and where hope will be for
ever gone;
What wretched folly! oh, return, nor dare the wrath
of God—
Return, and wash thy sins away in Jesus’ precious
blood.

“Where art thou,” sinner? Standing still upon the
brink of hell!
Yet I have blessed, glorious news, if thou wilt hear,
to tell—

That One who reigns above yon sky, once suffered on
the tree,
And shed His precious blood to save poor ruined
ones like thee.

“Where art thou?” Would that all could say, “I’m
on the Saviour’s side,
Renouncing self, and cleaving to the Lord once
crucified.”
Then come, with softened, contrite heart, and will
subduéd, bow,
Nor spurn the voice which still demands, “Oh,
sinner, *where art thou?*”

The Pearl of Great Price.

Matt. xiii. 45, 46.

FROM high the Lord beheld, ere worlds began,
As though it was the residence of man,
This teeming earth, by sin and hate defiled,
Estranged from God, perverted, lawless, wild.

But underneath the mass of sin and vice,
 He saw a “pearl” of untold, matchless price,
 On it He set His yearning heart, and then
 Gave all He had, and bought the peerless gem.

Of it possessed, His gracious purpose is,
 To make it shine through everlasting bliss ;
 To polish it is now His constant care,
 His image on its beauteous face to bear.

The Saviour-God.

“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.”—Heb. xiii. 8.

AWAKE, my soul, to praise,
 Thou hast a rapturous theme !
 A subject, glorious and divine :
 'Tis CHRIST—sing thou of Him.
 Come, and before His face,
 Low bow, with foot unshod,
 And with a thankful, happy heart,
 Adore thy Saviour-God.

Down to this earth He came,
And loved, and wept, and died ;
“Glory to God, goodwill to man,”
His advent-angels cried.
Divine, yet clothed in flesh,
His own-made earth He trod,
He came to do the Father’s “will”—
To be the Saviour-God.

That “will” accomplished, now
He sits in heaven above,
The sinner’s representative—
Unchanging in His love.
He bears the glory *there*,
As *here* He bore the rod ;
He died—yet lives for evermore,
Victorious Saviour-God.

And soon He’ll come again,
And take His church to heaven ;
Saved by His ever-precious blood,
By grace alone forgiven.
How loud her song will be,
How sweetly will she laud,
Through one eternal, blessed day,
JESUS, THE SAVIOUR-GOD !



Olivet.

"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives."—Matt. xxvi. 30. . . . "Did not I see thee in the Garden with him?"—John xviii. 26.

THOU Garden of Olivet, often I roam,
 In spirit, with hallowed delight,
 Through the scenes where the Saviour would often-times come,
 To tarry by day and by night.

No spot but is linked with His soul-cheering name,
 No scene but remembrance endears ;
 For *here*, as a refuge from insults, He came,
 And oft watered the spot with His tears.

It was here that His soul was exceedingly sad,
 And anguish was stamped on His brow :
 It was here that he did, though forsaken, betrayed,
 With perfect submissiveness bow.

Sweet Garden of Olivet ! name to me dear,
 My heart doth around thee entwine,
 For He is *my* Saviour, who thus sorrowed here—
 Yes, Christ, the Rejected, is mine.

It was here the full “cup” He accepted for me—
 The cup of God’s bitterest woe—
 The cup which He drank to the dregs on the tree ;
 A sorrow none other could know.

But now He is gone to the glory above,

 No more to know travail or pain ;

But waiting to visit, His heart full of love,
 The scenes of His sorrow again.

For there ~~He~~ shall stand, in the glory arrayed,
 Where oft in rejection He stood ;
 And worship unceasing to Him shall be paid,
 The Messiah and Sent-One of God !

—

The Gifts of Jesus.

“Of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.”—John i. 16.

LORD Jesus, I bless Thee, for love such as Thine,
 That bids my tried spirit upon Thee recline ;
 Thy love is my boast, and it ever shall be—
 But I’d never known *love*, had I never known THEE.

How sweet is Thy peace, too, subduing my will,
And bidding the tumult within me be still;
Yes, peace is my portion, Thy free gift to me—
But I'd never known *peace*, had I never known THEE.

The joy which Thou givest, pervading my breast,
Gives comfort in trial, in conflict gives rest,
And stamps its sweet impress on all that I see—
But I'd never known *joy*, had I never known THEE.

And hope, in its beaming, effulgent array,
Drives all my forebodings and sadness away,
And bids me look onward, the glory to see—
But I'd never known *hope*, had I never known THEE.

Yes, all that I know, be it *love*, *peace*, or *joy*,
Or the *hope* of my soul, is sent down from on high;
The gifts of Thy goodness and grace unto me.
Oh, deepen my thankfulness, Jesus, to THEE.



Enoch and Noah;

OR, THE HOPE OF ISRAEL AND THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH
CONTRASTED.

ERE the flood's engulfing billows
Desolation spread around,
Enoch to his rest was taken,
Happy *Enoch* rest had found :
Noah, brought through all its dangers,
Found the ark *his* resting-place ;
Each secure and each made happy,
Through the Lord's abounding grace.

Enoch, of the *Church* a figure,
Taken ere the wrath was poured,
Knowing, ere his blest translation,
He was pleasing to the Lord :
Noah, representing *Israel's*
Remnant of the "latter-day,"
Brought through all its tribulations,
To accept Messiah's sway.

Israel rests on earthly promise—
Israel's heart is on "*the land*,"
There—for God Himself hath said it—
Israel shall in triumph stand :

But *the Church*, with eyes uplifted,
 Sees her all *in heaven above* ;
 Waits her blessed bridegroom coming,
 As the object of her love.

Earthly goods are not her portion,
Heavenly things to her belong ;
 “Resurrection” and “Translation,”
 Are the burden of her song.
 Sweeter than the milk and honey
 Flowing through Emanuel’s land,
 Will it be for her, *made like Him*,
 E’er to dwell at His right hand.

Divine Certitude.

“We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken; we also believe, and therefore speak.”

2 Cor. iv. 13.

LET the *scorner* speak of glory
 With a cold, contemptuous smile ;
 Let him say redemption’s story
 Is a fabrication vile ;

On the strength of God relying,
 Ignorant myself and weak,
 I am happy in replying :
 “I *believe*, and therefore speak.”

Let him call my hope fallacious—
 Say the gospel is not true ;
 That the Word of God’s fictitious—
 All its truths but falsehoods, too ;
 I would lean on my Preserver,
 Strength He giveth to the weak ;
 And reply, with holy fervour,
 “I *believe*, and therefore speak.”

Human nature is beguiling—
 Knowledge is but vanity ;
 Reason’s cold research defiling ;
 Simple, child-like I would be.
 Blessed Lord, for faith then ever,
 To *Thyself*, oh, may I seek ;
 Giving place to doubtings never ;
 But “*believe*, and *therefore speak*.”



Christ Justified upon the Cross.

"This man hath done nothing amiss."—Luke xxiii. 41.

UPON the cross, which man has raised,
 Behold the Saviour die ;
 Unfriended and unpitied, too,—
 List to His heaving sigh,
 By God and man forsaken there—
 "I thirst," His thrilling accents are.

Between two lawless, murd'rous thieves,
 He hangs, by them reviled ;
 Both join the multitude below
 In insults scornful, wild ;
 Yes ! hear their hatred flowing thus,
 "Save, *if thou canst*, Thyself and us!"

But, hark ! what sounds are those we hear—
 "And dost not *thou* fear God ?
 We justly bear the righteous weight
 Of His avenging rod ;
 But nought amiss hath *this man* done,
 He is alone the guiltless One."

Those sounds ; they are the voice of one
Who on the cross expires—
Who, looking to the Saviour near,
Thus breathes his last desires—
“Lord, when Thou shalt in glory be,
Remember, oh ! *remember me !*”

“*I will,*” the simple, calm reply,
Of Him, whom worlds obey—
“In yonder paradise with Me
Thou shalt be, e'en *to-day !*”
There rests his soul, nor makes reply,
But calmly breathes the expiring sigh.

The Saviour thus was justified
Upon the accursed tree,
When bearing there the wrath of God,
To set the guilty free ;
And God, well pleased, raised up His Son,
And *proved* salvation's victory won.



Mourning an inconstant Heart.

“Search me, O God, and know my heart.”—Psalm cxxxix. 23.

Ah ! my heart, inconstant ever ;
 Ah ! my heart, how prone to sin ;
 Yet it loves the precious Saviour,
 And around Him e'er would cling.
 He is more to me than any,—
With Him, come what will, I'm blest ;
 While *without Him*, all earth's treasures
 Could not yield me joy or rest.

Precious Lord, how inconsistent,
 Am I, that I thus can say—
 “Thou art mine, my best-beloved,”
 Yet so often turn away ;
 Oh, how fickle, truant, faithless,
 Is this wayward heart of mine ;
 Yet I pray Thee, take and tune it,
 Sweetly to accord with Thine.—

Loving nought but what Thou lovest,
 Seeking nought but joy in Thee,
 Knowing nothing but the honour
 It is like Thyself to be ;

So, my heart by Thee protected
From the world's alluring ways,
Shall in constant, active service,
Still be sounding forth Thy praise.

The Storms of Life.

"I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest."
Psalm iv. 8.

YES, the storms of life shall cease,
All its tumults be allayed —
All its heavings hushed to peace,
Every ruffle tranquil made,
When, dear christians,
We are called to meet our Head.

No more waves through which to press,
Every rolling billow gone ;
No more drought or wilderness,
Peace, and joy, and rest alone,
When, dear christians,
We surround the Saviour's throne.

Courage, then, the “little while,”
 Till in glory He appears;
 Let sweet praise the hours beguile—
 Give no place to guilty fears,
 But, dear christians,
 Roll on Jesus all your cares.

“Our Rest is not here.”

“This is not your rest, because it is polluted.”—Micah ii. 10.

“This earth is not thy rest,”
 Beloved of the Lord;
 Of higher hopes possessed,
 Than it can e'er afford;
 Thou hast this faithless world resigned,
 That thou a nobler rest might find.

“This earth is not thy rest;”
 Thou art an heir of heaven;
 To mansions of the blest,
 A title has been given,
 To thee, and all the ransomed band—
 A title signed with God’s own hand.

“This earth is not thy rest,”
’Tis a polluted place ;
It spurned its heavenly guest,
And set at nought His grace ;
And still it hates His cross and name,
And glories in its sin and shame.

“This earth is not thy rest,”
Then why of griefs complain ;
Him, whom thou hast confessed,
Knew sorrow, too, and shame.

Thou would’st not be unlike thy Lord ?
Thou would’st not falsify His word ?

“This earth is not thy *rest*,”
Then make it not thy *home* ;
Build not on earth thy nest,
But wait for Christ to come :
He’ll take thee to thy proper rest,
Amid the glorified and blest.



The Shepherd's Care.

“My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.”
John x. 27.

“THEY know my voice, and follow me,”

The Saviour’s words declare;
When in the way of life, they’re sure
To find Him always there.

He goes before, when happy souls
Are journeying on the way—
The narrow path conducting up
To everlasting day.

And should dark unbelief come in,
And turn the heart aside;
Should waywardness affect the soul,
And thoughtlessness and pride,
That self-same blessed voice is heard,
The spirit to restore,
Until the strait and happy path
Is trodden as before.

How precious, thus to know the Lord
Still on us keeps His eye;
And when we wander from His side
In mercy brings us nigh;

Our wayward hearts, like wandering sheep,
 Would often go astray,
 Did not He stand with Shepherd's care,
 To keep us in the way.

The Saviour's Rebuke.

“Then came the twelve, and said unto him, Send the multitude away. . . . But he said unto them, Give ye them to eat.”—Luke ix. 12, 13.

“SEND them away!” Ah, no! it cannot be!
 The heart of Christ is full of sympathy;
 Others, alas! the crisis thus would meet,
 But Jesus said in love, “Give them to eat.”

“Send them away!” in hunger—perhaps to die!
 How would the act His tenderness belie;
 But no! far other words our hearing greet—
 Words full of tenderness—“Give them to eat.”

“Give them to eat—refresh their weary souls,
 Their deep, deep need for My compassion calls;
 Now bid them on the grass themselves to seat,
 And I'll provide enough for them to eat.”

Benignant Jesus ! Great Thy love and grace,
 Providing food in such a desert place !
 Where'er Thou art, there is a full supply,
 And every need is met, when Thou art nigh.

My soul would learn a lesson from this scene—
 Would learn upon Thyself alone to lean—
 Not to *the streams*, but to *the Fount* to go,
 In every need which may arise below.

“Be where Jesus is.”

“Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am.”—John xvii. 24.

To be where Jesus is,
 My longing soul aspires ;
 This is the crowning of my bliss,
 The sum of my desires.

To be where Jesus is,
 And *like Him* to be made—
 Divinely clad in glory bright,
 By His own hands arrayed !

To be where Jesus is,
 The *sharer* of His throne—
 The partner of His royal crown—
 To know as I am known !

To be where Jesus is !
 Enough—enough, my soul ;
 Supremely blest, no more I ask—
 My cup indeed is full !

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Light without Probe.

1 Cor. xiii. 1.

It is not the having *much light* that can bring
 To God the sweet tribute of praise ;
 The head may be full of the purest of light,
 While the feet tread the darkest of ways.

Profession is not what the Saviour demands,
Possession is what He requires,
 The full and entire surrender of self,
 And the love which the Spirit inspires.

Yes, these are the fruits which the Saviour delights,
Though the mind be contracted or dull ;
Christ-living is better than Christ on the lips,
While the heart with the world may be full.

Christ-living, ah ! yes ! it is this which adorns
The saint in his journey below ;
Christ-loving, Christ-fearing, is better by far,
Than all which a christian *can know*.

'Tis well to have knowledge, and light on the Word,
'Tis better if *love* be possessed ;
While blended together in loving embrace,
All, all must acknowledge the best.

Have *light*, then, dear christian—light blended with
love—
A love sweetly active and pure ;
The former to mark out the path thou should'st go,
The latter to help thee endure.



Patiently waiting on God.

Psalm xl. 1.

In deep distress to God I cried,
My heart was deeply grieved ;
I looked to Him, and none beside,
His promise I believed ;
And, oh, he heard and answered me—
In that I waited *patiently*.

He raised me from my low estate,
And drove my fears away ;
He changed my sadness into joy
My darkness into day ;
Thus did He hear and answer me,
When I had waited *patiently*.

Ye suffering saints, o'erwhelmed with cares,
And sorrows deep and true ;
There's mercy in your Father's heart,
And Jesus pleads for you ;
Before Him bring your every plea,
And wait before Him *patiently*.

No soul that ever *felt* its need,
And His deliverance sought,
Was ever left to cry in vain,
Or to confusion brought ;
Ah, no ! tried saint, *wait patiently*,
He soon will hear and answer thee.

Stanzas.

Oh, that the dimness of mine eyes
Would pass ; and I could see
My precious Saviour, as He is,
Before the crystal sea !

How would my heart, upleaping, rise,
At the transporting sight !
How would my lips break forth to praise
In strains of deep delight !

How would my spirit long to dwell
Beneath His radiant smile,
Within the home of light and joy,
Which sin may not defile !

Yet, patience ! Soon it will be so ;
These eyes of mine shall see
My Saviour in His beauty there,
And I shall like Him be !

Onward, Upward, Homeward.

“Look upward.”—Isaiah viii. 21.

“Onward, upward, homeward,”
Hastily I flee ;
From this world of sorrow,
With my Lord to be ;
Onward to the glory ; upward to the prize ;
Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

“Onward, upward, homeward,”
Here I find no rest ;
Treading o’er the desert
Which my Saviour press’d ;
Onward to the glory ; upward to the prize ;
Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

“Onward, upward, homeward,”

I shall soon be there;

Soon its joys and pleasures

I, through grace, shall share;

Onward to the glory; upward to the prize;

Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

“Onward, upward, homeward,”

Come along with me;

Ye who love the Saviour

Bear me company;

Onward to the glory; upward to the prize;

Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

“Onward, upward, homeward,”

Press with vigour on,

Yet a “little while,”

And the race is won!

Onward to the glory; upward to the prize;

Homeward to the mansions far above the skies.

See “The Revival,” No. 225, for Music to the above.

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