

SONGS OF SALVATION

AND

Records of Christian Life.

BY

JOHN JEWELL PENSTONE.

Illustrated with Etchings

by the Author.

Oxford:

T. SHIRIMPTON & SON, BROAD STREET,

London:

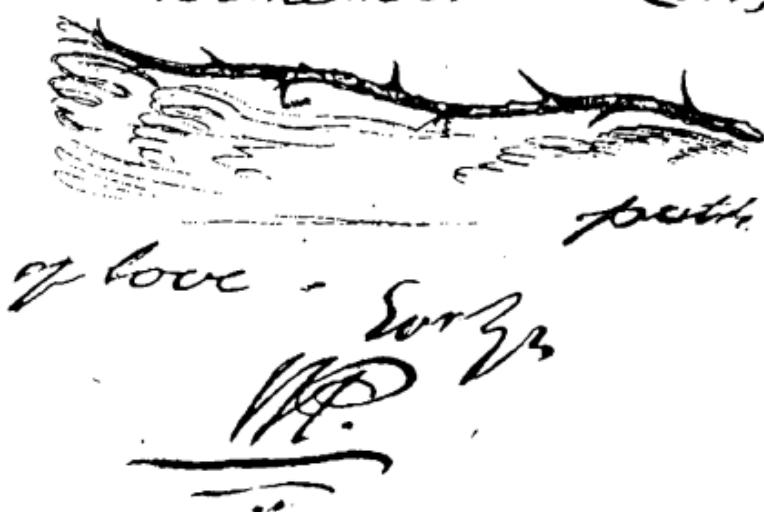
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1876.

Eighteen Pence.

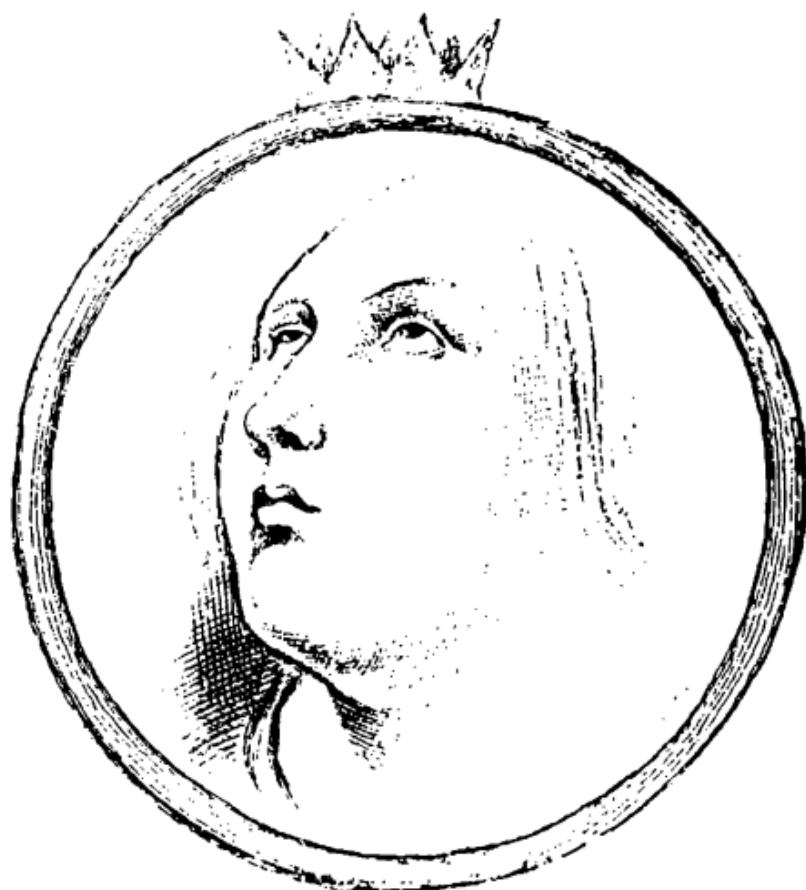


—Remember the Lord;



path
of love — work
W.P.

Stanford in California. B. C.
Aug 1. 1876.



Con. H. A.

JL.

SONGS OF SALVATION
AND
RECORDS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY

JOHN JEWELL PENSTONE,
STANFORD-IN-THE-VALE, BERKS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FORTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR.

*God's present love is perfect, as the days
When we above shall utter all His praise;
He will not love us better when we bow
In realms of glory, than He loves us now.—*

A Thought of Grace in a Day of Sorrow.

Oxford:

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—
1876.

SONGS OF SALVATION
AND
RECORDS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 28.—The Light of the World.
- 28.—The Farewell.
- 30.—The Servant's Path.
- 32.—The Fellowship and Feast.
- 37.—The Praise of God.
- 39.—The Tomb not dark.
- 39.—A Record.
- 46.—A Record. Part II.
- 49.—A Record. Part III.
- 51.—Neutrality.
- 52.—On Human Authorities.
- 53.—The Unloved Ruler of the last days.
- 55.—The Remonstrance.
- 58.—To a Brother and Sister in Affliction.
- 59.—Enough.

NOTE.

I HARDLY need apologize for intruding upon public notice. Generally, such apologies are more impertinent than the intrusion.

I am quite conscious that neither these Hymns, nor Records, rise much into the domain of Poetry. I have, however, been most anxious that they should be kept within the bounds of Truth; in which case I need not despair of their being owned of a beloved Master among His people, and for the service of His name.

Some have already appeared separately. I now trust that in a collected form they will continue to be acceptable.

The Etchings were an after-thought to this Edition. They are by my own hand, from designs of my own, with the exception of the "Eye of Faith," which I have done little more than adapt from the Drawing by Raffaelle, belonging to the University of Oxford.

A very limited number of First Proofs on India Paper have been taken of the Plate containing the "Lord's Path of Love," and "A Reading Meeting in 1838." These I will supply by post separately to the few who may prize the Recollections of the past, if an early application is made to my address.

JOHN JEWELL PENSTONE.

Stanford-in-the-Vale, Berks,
Michaelmas, 1876.



SONGS OF SALVATION

AND

RECORDS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I.

The Thirst of the Saviour.

*"Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink." —John iv. 7.
"Jesus saith, I thirst." —John xix. 28.*

LORD, Thou didst thirst at Jacob's well
For ruined, thoughtless souls ;
When the poor outcast heard Thee tell
Whence living water rolls.

But when Thou thirstedst on the cross,
Men mocked Thy misery ;
Gall, vinegar, with cruel scoffs,
And scorn they offered Thee.
Content to be despised, abhorred,
Redemption to secure ;
Thy thirst for our salvation, Lord !
Made Thee that cross endure.

II.

Onward and Homeward.

A Song of Present Salvation.

"In My Father's house are many mansions." —John xiv. 2.

ONWARD and Homeward hastening,
Our souls with praise o'erflow,
For even now we're tasting
Salvation's joys below.

We wander not in darkness,
 We know the Home we seek ;
 The Spirit shews its brightness
 To willing hearts, though weak.

And strengthened by the story
 Which doth our spirits move,
 As sons, and heirs of glory,
 We haste to **HIM** we love.

O restful home of blessing !
 O blessed home of rest !
 Our hearts, this hope possessing,
 Eternally are blest.

III.

Salvation !

“ For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”—Luke ii. 30.

SING how Christ passed the angels by
 To drink man’s cup of woe ;
 And left the honours of the sky,
 Our shame and curse to know.

Sing, how **HE** bore our crushing load
 Of sins upon the tree ;
 How now **HE** intercedes with God
 For those His blood made free.

The captive’s chain for ever broke,
 The prison gates are burst ;
 Whilst quickened souls by grace awoke
 For God’s salvation thirst.

Lo ! God’s salvation now is nigh
 To all who on **Him** call ;
 Hark ! ’tis the Gospel’s welcome cry !
 Before the Saviour fall.

We're marching on to glory bright,
 In heaven with Christ to reign :
 We soon shall see enthroned in light
 The Lamb for sinners slain :
 God's pilgrims then with palms shall rest,
 No tear their eyes will dim,
 For evermore, supremely blest,
 Their songs will be of **HIM**.

IV.

The Obedient One.

"In Thee I am well pleased."—Luke iii. 22.

SEE ! ascending from the water,
 Heaven is opened to His sight ;
 God the Spirit comes to meet Him,
 Jordan's margin glows with light.

Lo ! the Father from the glory,
 Shews His pleasure, tells His love ;
 Son of God ! Thy wondrous story
 Stirs all hearts in heaven above.

Holy angels view God's pleasure
 Making radiant all the throne,
 As the Spirit without measure
 Rests on God's belovèd ONE.

Joy of God, of saints, and angels,
 Humbled Thy Father to obey ;
 We will ponder what Thou sayest,
 What Thou sufferest on Thy way.

V.

The Baptist's Delight.

Looking upon Jesus as He walked." —John i. 36.

DEHOOLD Him as He walks,
DMark His sweet lowly ways,
 In every step He constant seeks
 That God may have the praise.

Pure, spotless Lamb ! He bows,
 Though Lord of earth and sky ;
 Thus God's own Son and Servant shews
 The path of liberty.

VI.

The Christiann's Life.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."
 —Philip. ii. 5.

LORD ! Thou to us art all things ; having Thee,
LOur service here is perfect liberty ;
 Thy ways, to God so sweet, His children move,
 To follow in Thy path of peace and love.

We would be like Thee, Lord, in everything,
 Gentle and patient, drinking at the spring
 Of light and blessing, with no foot of pride
 Wandering one moment from Thy holy side.

We would be like Thee, who with loving thought,
 Never Thine own, but others' profit sought ;
 Our wills we'd ever willingly resign
 Into Thy hands, and know no will but Thine.

LORD ! we would learn, when flesh is soaring high,
 Down at Thy feet in lowliness to lie,
 Content and happy in the bumblest state
 To trust Thy Word, and for Thy pleasure wait.

VII.

To the Chief Shepherd.

“There shall be one fold (flock) and one Shepherd.”—John x. 16.

Shepherd, so faithful, so watchful, and holy,
Who soughtest Thy flock in a thorn-covered
land,

And rescued Thy wandering sheep from their folly,
Their misery and sin, with Omnipotent hand.

Shepherd of God ! for His flock ever caring,
Still tending, and feeding, and leading them on
To pastures of rest, Thyself never sparing
That they might partake of the spoil Thou hast
won.

Shepherd ! so watchful, whose eyes never slumber,
How blessed to know we are kept by Thy side,
Whilst mercies still flow on our head without
number,
No harm can befall us, no sorrow betide.

VIII.

Devotion.

*“That with purpose of heart they would cleave unto
the Lord.”—Acts xi. 23.*

More devoted, Lord, to Thee,
In our ways, O let us be !
Earnest, patient, prayerful, still
May we seek to do Thy will.

Thou hast made our cause Thy care,
Bidden us Thy joy to share ;
Let that joy remain our strength,
Till we see Thy face at length.

And the very "little while"
 We may through the desert toil,
 Keep us in Thy path of light,
 Ever happy, always bright.

More *devoted* still to Thee
 In our ways, O let us be !
 Listening for the welcome word
 That shall call us to Thee, Lord.

IX.

A Note of the Gospel Trumpet.

*"Listen ! the trump is sounding
 High notes of jubilee."*

FROM the brightest glory,—sitting
 Pleading on God's throne on high,
 Hear the Lord's own voice inviting,
 Sinner ! tell me, will you die ?
 Will you perish ? has He suffered
 For your sins, and can you turn
 Away from pardon freely offered ?
 Will you treat such love with scorn ?
 O for grace, hard hearts to soften ;
 Power to win the alien mind ;
 Ears to hear the ONE, who often
 Pleads in accents soft and kind !

X.

Our Hope.

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—The last prayer of
 the Bible.—Rev. xxii. 20.

WE soon shall see Thy face,
 Shall hear Thy welcome voice ;
 Beside Thee find our blessed place ;
 And in Thy love rejoice.

Thy death has made secure
 Our life in heaven above ;
 Through endless ages will endure
 Our raptures, and Thy love.
 With harps of gold we'll praise ;
 In thrones of light we'll sing ;
 Seraphs such songs can never raise,
 As saints to Jesus bring.
 To men alone 'tis given,
 In glory near the throne,
 To raise the loftiest note of heaven,
 And know as we are known.

XI.

The Shepherds of Bethlehem.

A Shepherd's Song.

(In this, and those that follow, we have the Lord's Nativity, Temptation, Transfiguration, and Crucifixion, dwelt upon in special songs of salvation and praise.)

PART I.

WE sing the LORD of David's line,
 And Son of David too,
 To Israel's King what praise divine
 Eternally is due !

We'll tell of Him to earth who came
 With man on earth to dwell ;
 And gladly join to exalt His name,
 The blest Emmanuel.

What wonders did His birth attend,
 What joyful sounds were heard,
 What sights, what hosts of heaven descend
 Upon the incarnate WORD !

JESUS, the name by seraph given,
 Sent from JEHOVAH's throne,
 Child of the Virgin, all in heaven
 And earth Thy name shall own.

MAN of the Holy Ghost conceived,
 Anointed CHRIST of God,
 By Shepherds was Thy birth believed,
 By Shepherds told abroad.

PART II.

"Seen of angels" and the "multitude of the heavenly host" might comprehend not angelic beings only, as Gabriel, but heavenly "messengers" also, as Moses and Elias, and others, who of old time lived and died in faith in the incarnation, but beheld it not in the body,—yet may have been witnesses in spirit of the fulfilment of the promise given through them, and on which they rested. At the birth of a Royal Heir, all the ministers of state and leading men of the kingdom are summoned to be present. So at Bethlehem, might not the spirits of Abraham, and David, with others, whose testimony to JESUS is the spirit of prophecy, have been present? Of course, not seeing with, and unseen by, mortal eye.

SEE! clouds of spirit witnesses
 Are thronging Judah's land,
 Who prophesied of times of grace
 When Christ should in it stand.

They are not seen by mortal eyes,
 Nor in their flesh behold
 The LORD, whose coming from the skies
 Their happy strains foretold.*

* "Blessed are your eyes, for they see: . . . many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them." *Matt. xiii. 16, 17.* It will be remembered that the hope of

In spirit, they with deep amaze
 May view His lowly bed,
 Whilst Shepherds mean upon Him gaze
 With reverence and dread.

Martyrs and ministers of heaven
 Wait humbly in the shade,
 Whilst living men have to them given
 Joys that shall never fade.

They will not always silent be,
 But join the enraptured throng,
 When finished is God's mystery,
 And learnt the eternal song.

PART III.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—John xx. 29.

BLESSED those witnesses who view
 The birth of Israel's King ;
 Who see fulfilled God's Word so true,
 And offerings gladly bring.

More blessed still their lot will be
 Who'll walk with Him below ;
 Hear His sweet voice, yet wondering see
 His sufferings and His woe.

But, beyond all, most blest *are* those
 Who not with mortal sight,
 By grace constrained in faith repose
 On Jesus, God's delight.

the saints of the past dispensation was to see the Lord in the flesh upon earth, they themselves being here to receive Him. This was not permitted them : it was granted to the disciples. But now the Word saith, "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him (so) no more." 2 Cor. v. 16.

Who *trusted*, when no sound was heard,
Believed, who nothing saw,
Rested, convinced that from His WORD
 Our God would ne'er withdraw.

XII.

The Contented One.

“Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight.”—Matt. xi. 26.

CHRIST never sought His own
 Glory, renown, or state;
 He walked this world for God alone,
 Whose word shall make Him great.

The adversary may
 Taunt Him with kingdoms bright;
 He turns His blessed head away
 From all the glittering sight.

Babes, and the poor, He claims,
 His Father's gift so dear;
 Upon His heart inscribed their names,
 They will content Him here.

Our God will soon reward
 His patient Servant's ways;
 The universe shall hail Him Lord,
 The heavens declare His praise.

XIII.

Cabor.

"We beheld His glory."—John i. 14.

"We were eye-witnesses of His majesty."—2 Pet. i. 16.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory."—Jas. ii. 1.

HE was transfigured in their sight,
 His face shone as the sun ;
 And all His raiment, like the light,
 Dazzling to look upon ;
 Whiter than driven snow the robe
 That did His form array ;
 Whilst o'er Him shining, hung a cloud
 Of radiant, heavenly day.

Whilst HE in prayer did lowly bend,
 The highest glory came,
 Honour and majesty descend
 Upon the Son of Man.

The earth has never known before
 A scene so bright as this,
 Earnest of what remains in store,
 When HE shall reign in peace.

Peter hath uttered words in fear,
 Not knowing what he said ;
 The FATHER's voice bids all to hear,
 Whilst the bright rays o'er-spread
 His well-beloved, in whom His heart
 Delighteth evermore ;

Lord, speak ! we listen, O impart
 Thy mind whilst we adore.

We many blessed lessons learn
 From this high glorious scene ;
 And by it plainly we discern
 That nought could come between

The person of our precious Lord,
 And all God's glory bright;
 By saints and patriarchs adored,
 The Lord of power and might.

XIV.

Calvary.

"And sitting down they watched Him there."—
 Matt. xxvii. 36.

HE whom we lately looked upon
 On Tabor's favoured height,
 With heavenly glory shining in
 His chosen servants' sight,
 Is now,—O view most dolorous !
 Seen hanging on the tree,
 Accurst of God, by man abhorred
 To set the accursèd free.

He bows His head in sorrow deep
 That men should treat Him so ;
 Lo ! Israel's King is put to shame,
 With pain and bitter woe ;
 Yet speaks the word of loving care
 For those He leaves behind,
 And even the robber at His side
 God's Paradise shall find.

He whom we lately looked upon,
 Fair, glorious as the sun,
 His countenance is marred with blows,
 Disfigured is His form ;
 He looks in vain for comforters,
 Acquaintances, or friend,
 Forsaken is He by them all,
 Whilst murderers mocking bend.

They scorn Him, they defy Him, who
 Could crush without a blow ;
 " Let Israel's King descend," they cry
 " And we will own Him now ;"
 The hours pass on till noontide comes
 In mockery, torture, scorn,
 When darkness dense and dreadful* hides
 From sight His wounded form.

—*And all are silent as the grave ;*
 They mock the Lord no more,
 None can behold that bruised One,
 Not even to adore ;
 When judgment's cup from God's own hand
 He drinks in perfect love,
 None are allowed to gaze on Him
 In earth or Heaven above.

PART II.

There were none to help the Saviour,
 To wipe His bleeding brow ;
 Angels were wont with awe to wait ;
 None durst approach Him now :
 God's wrath was burning against sin,
 Who'll bear that scorching flame ?
 He undestroyed alone could be
 Who to redeem us came.

Eternal wrath must be the doom
 Of all who venture near
 To God in judgment's dreadful hour ;
 No flesh hath standing there ;

* " And the sun was darkened."—Luke xxiii. 45.

The *very* God we sinned against
 Alone could set us free,
 And this is why for us Christ hung
 Accursèd on the tree.

Apostles, angels, seraphs, saints !
 His wondrous work is done,
 " 'Tis FINISHED ! " Let all Heaven hear,
 The victory is won :
 " 'Tis FINISHED ! " Be it known that men,
 Though lost in sin and shame,
 May for that work accepted be,
 Believing in His NAME.

NOTE.—The Lord Jesus when transfigured on the Holy Mount had on His right hand and on His left, Moses and Elias, the most honoured ones of Israel. When crucified, He had on His right hand and on His left two of the most dishonoured and degraded. What a lesson on the humiliation of love !

TABOR AND CALVARY.

XV.

The Sower.

" *The sower soweth the Word.*"—Mark iv. 14.

SOW on thy seeds of glory,
 'Mid suffering, scorn, and loss,
 Tell out the blessed story
 Of JESU's shame and Cross.

Sow on, the seed is precious,
 Though barren seems the soil,
 Hope on, thy Lord is righteous,
 He'll recompense thy toil.

HE who the seed prepareth,
 Can fertile make the ground,
 His own blest Word declareth,
 From HIM our fruit is found.

Then cast thy seeds of glory
 Abroad in every place,
 The unceasing wondrous story
 Revealed in Jesu's face.

XVI.

The Cities of Refuge.—Joshua xx.
 “Flee for thy life.”

ETERNAL woe before thee,
 God's anger o'er thy head ;
 Who is it doth implore thee ?
 But HE who for thee bled ;
 Then wherefore so delayest
 Thou to flee to Mercy's gate ;
 Flee for thy life, thou mayest
 Now,—**FLEE!** ere it be too late.

Thy conscience doth accuse thee,
 Thou art not fit to die,
 God's Christ will not refuse thee
 If thou to Him dost fly ;
 The Saviour's side was opened,
 Pierced were His hands and feet,
 Thus holiness declareth
 Where God and man may meet.

Do not delay to haste away ;
 There life is freely given,
 By precious blood redeemed to God
 All welcomed are to Heaven. .2

*Listen ! the trump is sounding
 High notes of jubilee,
 Look up ! see Grace abounding ;
 O Sinner, Grace for thee !*

XVII.

Ours.

"He that hath the Son hath life." — 1 John v. 12.

POSSESSING Thee, Lord Jesus,
 Entirely,—only,—THEE,
 From doubt and darkness frees us,
 And makes for ever free.

To know Thee, is to love Thee ;
 To love, is to obey ;
 For grace we'll daily prove Thee,
 And grace find for each day.

We would lay all upon Thee,
 Our sorrows, and our care ;
 Nor ever wander from Thee,
 And never more despair.

For all things we would seek thee,
 And welcomed, gladly come,
 Thy words, Thy ways, bespeak Thee
 Thy people's help alone.

Still let us hear Thee saying
 "Ye weary, learn of Me,"
 Still may our hearts be praying
 That we might learners be.

And may we in Thy favour
 Live only—and thus grow
 To be *of* Thee a savour,
 To all we meet below.

XVIII.

The Dirge.

"—*This is the whole of man.*"—Eccl. xii. 13.

"THE days of the years of my life have been
Few and evil," old Jacob said;
Yet how few upon earth have so many seen,
Since he slept his sleep with the dead!

And most of those who but half his time
Have sojourned, and sorrowed below,
Found all this world but a barren clime,
And its pomp but a passing show.

The allotted time for the children of men
But brings them at last to the tomb;
And the longest life who would live again,
In sorrow their days to consume?

Let the children of light with joy haste on
To their bright happy home on high;
Their hopes are above, not *under* the sun,
And their prospects can never die.

XIX.

"All flesh is Grass."

A Midsummer Dirge.

MOW on! all flesh is grass,
Soon down;
Man's glories quickly pass,
All's gone;
Earth's brightest flowers fade,
Man's deadly sin has made
The fertile and fair glade
His tomb.

Once more! with sharpened scythe
Sweep round;
The sorrowing, the blythe,
Fall down.

The rich, the poor, the low,
The wise, the foolish too,
The old, the young, all go;
Sweep round!

XX

Triumph.

"In all these things we are more than conquerors."—
Rom. viii. 37.

RISE, and droop no more in sadness,
Jesus, He is risen now!
Hail your living Lord with gladness,
View the crowns upon His brow.

Diadems of life and blessing,
Telling of the victory won;
He is ours, and Him possessing,
Heaven and earth are all our own.

*More than conquerors, in His favour
Here are we supremely blest,
Those He loves, He loves for ever;
RISE to Heaven, and sing the rest!*

TELL HIM WHAT HE IS in worship,
 Loftiest note of living praise!
There, whilst seraphs bend in silence,
 SAINTS the eternal anthems raise.

XXI.

Life's Comfort.

"Bind up the broken-hearted."

GO ! tell God's broken-hearted ones
 That Jesus for them lives ;
 His precious blood for sin atones ;
 He life eternal gives.

Go ! tell them, that because He lives,
 Their life is now secure ;
 The power and glory He receives
 For ever will endure.

Tell them, that in their Father's Home,
 Their mansions He prepares ;
 Tell them, that He will quickly come
 And wipe away their tears.

Tell them, the "Man of Joy" above,
 Once "Man of Sorrows" here,
 Remembers them in perfect love
 Who soon His throne shall share.

XXII.

The Ploughman.*

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom."—Luke ix. 62.

NO ploughman, putting forth his hand,
 Can hold his course aright,
 If looking back across the land,
 He deems his furrow straight.

* It was usual for the ploughman when striking out his furrow to place at the end of the field a certain mark on which his eye could rest to ensure a straight line,—hence the allusion.

His eye is off the guiding mark,
 No wonder, if he stray
 Aside, he spoils the level work,
 And crooked ploughs his way.

Then look not back, if you would win
 The gracious MASTER's smile ;
 And pride avoid, that hateful sin,
 But lowly, onward toil.

Be fixed the eye on God's great prize,
 Of heavenly calling sure ;
 Be fixed the heart above the skies,
 So shall thy work endure.

Steadfastly toil a little while,
 Bearing thy Lord in mind ;
 Let nought around thy hopes beguile,
 Nor cast one look behind.

XXIII.

Harvest Home.

"Gather the wheat into my barn."—Matt. xiii. 30.

HOW joyful to hear
 Of a harvest-home time,
 When our MASTER so dear,
 In His glory will shine :
 His own care spread the feast,
 His own hand pour the wine,
 To welcome His guests
 At His harvest-home time.

We'll sing the rich grace
 Which has made us to see
 All our hopes in the place
 Where our Master will be,

When the wheat will be stored
 In His Heavenly Barn,
 And He praised and adored
 Who is **LORD** of the farm.

When the labourers' toil
 Shall for ever be done,
 And weeds cannot spoil
 The crop He hath sown ;
 In His bright happy home
 We for ever shall dwell,
 And at Christ's harvest-home,
 Of His glory we'll tell.

The songs we shall sing
 When that happy time comes,
 Will make Heaven ring
 Through all its high thrones ;
 Their echoes shall sound
 Whilst angels attend,
 All the universe round
 And the world without end.

XXIV.

Constraining Love.

"How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"—Rom. vi. 2.

HOW shall we live to sin,
 Who with the Lord have died ?
 We cannot longer dwell therein,
 Since He was crucified.

How can we go astray,
 And grieve His loving heart ?
 Who watches o'er us night and day,
 And will not from us part.

He owns our names before
 God's throne, 'mid glory bright ;
 For us prepares eternal store
 Of undisclosed delight.

Then we will live for Him,
 In love to us who died ;
 As His, who gave His blood to win,
 And keep us near His side.

XXV.

The Summer Morning's Song.

THE pearly light of the early dawn,
 Is a pleasant thing to see ;
 And the perfume sweet of the summer morn
 Has many a charm for me.

The breathing gale, with its gentle wail,
 May soothe as it passeth by ;
 Yet to ease a wounded heart all fail
 In the pleasant earth and sky.

The fairest flowers, in the brightest bowers,
 Will wither and die full soon ;
 And the joy of our happiest earthly hours
 Is briefer than summer's noon.

But the light of love in His face above,
 Who pleads with the Father to-day,
 Is a pleasanter sight than the morning bright,
 And it never can pass away.

XXVI.

The Children of the Night.

A song when the earth is trembling, and men's hearts are failing them for fear.

AIR.—“Pilgrims of the Night.”

HARK, hark! my soul, prophetic words are sounding

Forth from long ages past, through present days:
Echoes from future years return, surrounding
Thy way with light, and all thy path with praise.

Prophets of JESUS, witnesses bright,
Telling of glory to children of the light,
Telling of glory to children of the light.

Clearer and brighter shine high hopes within thee,
Built on that WORD which never can decay:
Sweet is the thought, He who suffered to win
thee,
Quickly is coming to bear thee away.

Prophets of JESUS, etc.

What if earth tremble, Heaven hath firm foundations;
| be,
Fear not, though shattered human hopes may
And all hearts fail amid the wreck of nations;
Look up, my soul! no harm can come to thee.

Prophets of JESUS, etc.

Men have despised thee, for thy course thou takest
From all their hopes apart to walk alone;
Lo! JESUS comes, earth's scorn thou now forsakes,
And its dark doom, to sit upon His throne.

Prophets of JESUS, etc.

XXVII.

“Come.”

“*Christ's at His coming.*”—1 Cor. xv. 23.

BLESSED Lord ! we hear Thee saying,
 “I am COMING, *coming* soon,”
 And we join Thy people praying,
 “Even so, Lord JESUS, come.”

Yes ! even so, Lord Jesus, come,
 Even so, Lord Jesus, come,
 Lord ! even so, yes ! even so,
 O, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

AMEN.

XXVIII.

To Four Sisters, in remembrance of a pleasant sojourn
at Northlands.

The Burden Bearer.

“*He careth for you.*”—1 Pet. v. 7.

ADA.

THERE is a load of care that every heart
 Must feel that hears Creation's groans
 around ;

But there is ONE who ever bears the part
 We could not bear, 'twould crush us to the ground.
 On Him thy burden cast who bids thee come,
 'Twill make thee lightsome for thy journey Home.

Thou may'st be roughly used in this world's wild,
 It treated HIM with hate and bitter scorns ;
 But be content,—When Jesus once hath smiled
 Upon thy path, thy feet can trample thorns
 Beneath them. O remember ! HE
 Once wore the tangled crown of thorns for thee.

XXIX.

Decision.

“Nothing wavering.”—James i. 6.

DEAR Annie! decision is best
 Whatever the matter in hand,
 For the wavering spirit is cast
 On a doubtful and dangerous strand ;
 How blest is thy lot then, who, taught
 By thy Lord to say “Yes” to His Word,
 Art distracted no longer in thought,
 For His will to thine own is preferred.

When the heart is with diligence kept
 Decision for life is all bright ;
 Yet many a Christian has wept
 Whilst wavering, shrinking from light :
 But thou shalt not weep whilst the Lord
 In His grace will thy pathway illumine ;
 Nor stumble whilst led by His Word
 Through all this world’s sadness and gloom.

XXX.

ROSA! the lovely flower that bears thy name
 As fragrant is in lowly cottage homes,
 As in Kings’ palaces : He who doth claim
 Our hearts, can make them happy ‘neath high
 domes,
 Or humble roofs alike. That Christian gives
 The sweetest perfume to His Lord, who lives
 Always beneath His smile, whence constant grace
 Descends around and gladdens every place.

XXXI.

SEPTIMA ! perfection's number speaks thy name,

And may perfection be thy ceaseless aim :
 May nothing mean or base disturb thy heart,
 But may'st thou diligently choose the part
 That Mary chose, to sit with patient love . . .
 At Jesu's feet, and all His words approve ;
 Drink, at their very source, life-giving streams ;
 See, in its very centre, glory's beams ;
 Hear of Salvation from the Saviour's voice,
 And in His blessed ways of truth rejoice :
 So shall thy path through Earth be perfect peace,
 Until thy path on earth at length shall cease.

XXXII.

The broken-hearted Minister.

An Incident.

I visited, some years ago, one who had been for a long season a minister in a well-known denomination, but who had fallen under displeasure, so far as I could learn, through non-compliance with certain rules. There seemed much heart for Christ and souls about him. The last time I saw him, on what proved his death-bed, he turned his face to the wall and cried like a child, exclaiming, " My dear sir, if I die, I die a broken-hearted man ! " It was well that he had neither wife nor children to be involved in his fate, for he had been most carefully ruined, as it was quite needless he should be, I dare say ; for Ecclesiastical order demanded it, and tender-hearted Charity was told to stand in a corner, with her apron over her eyes, whilst the deed was done.

THEY day may close in sorrow,
 Thy night be spent in pain,
 Yet there is God's to-morrow,
 Like sunshine after rain :

Thy hopes of earthly promise
 May all now scattered be ;
 Thy Lord will not go from His
 Word. *He'll* remember thee.

Thy name that once was cherished
 May to reproach be given ;
 Thy fondest hopes all perished,
 Thine Anchor's fast in Heaven.
 If cruel men oppress thee,
 'Tis but a little while ;
 Thy Lord will then redress thee,
 With His heart-gladdening smile.

If crafty men assail thee,
 For standing in their way ;
 Whilst godly men bewail thee,
 As some perchance yet may ;
 'Tis not for thee to murmur,
 Or let thy cause be known,
 Save to the heart's discerner,
 Who makes thy grief His own.

It may be thine to strengthen
 God's little flock around ;
 And as life's shadows lengthen,
 More may thy work abound ;
 Then when Earth's day departeth,
 'Twill bring no night to thee,
 No fears its close imparteth,
 Thy Saviour sets thee free.

XXXIII.

The "Fount of every Blessing."

THERE is a Fountain flowing from above,
 With blessings richer than man's heart could
 crave,

To crown our life with choicest gifts of love
By the same Hands that once were pierc'd to save.

CHRIST is that Fountain whence the living streams
Of grace and mercy, freely, ever flow ;
His eye, undimmed by glory's brightest beams,
Marks well the need of those He loves below.

And as HE sees, so surely HE supplies,
They cannot want till His resources fail ;
Cheer up, ye saints ! your Lord above the skies,
On earth who died to save, lives to prevail.

XXXIV.

“I am the Light of the World.”—THE LORD.

‘ L ORD, lift our souls from shadows
 Into Thy light ;
 Where Thou art, all is bright,
 There comes no night,
 For Thou art there.

XXXV.

“The Farewell.”

A Solace in the days of Separation.

“We may sometimes have to separate from our brethren's ways, but never from the family hopes.”

WE shall meet again where the Lord's glory
 shineth
 Over all the bright scene, upon every glad brow ;
We shall meet where the perfect day never
 declineth,
 Where, adoring, the face-cover'd Seraphim bow.

We may not meet here, for the foe hath succeeded
 In casting dense shadows of doubt and dismay
 Upon footprints that once were most lovingly
 heeded, [way.

When together we walked in the Heavenward
 But there we shall meet, where dark fears, care,
 and sorrow, [love:

Will not ever invade those sweet dwellings of
 We shall meet where our happy hearts dread no
 to-morrow [above.

Coming—with its sad farewells and partings—
 Again we shall meet, who of this world are weary,

Yet more weary of self than of all things beside;
 Meet, when we have done with the wilderness
 dreary,

In the Home of the ONE who in love for us died.

Again we shall meet, where man cannot distress
 us, [tray;

No temptation disturb, no false friendship be;
 Where earth's low ambition can never possess us;

And hope's fairest prospect will not fade away.

For our Lord, in His love, to His glory will take
 us; [sky

Not all that has passed since the stars in the
 Shone forth at His Word, can move *Him* to forsake
 us, [nigh.

Soon again we shall meet, for His coming draws
 O, then we shall meet! the deep joys of that hour
 Of full blessing and bliss will make ample
 amends [power,

For the soul-wounding thorn, and the enemy's
 For the malice of foes, and forsakings of friends.

Again we shall meet, on the bright bridal morning
 Which the Lamb's own espous'd one is waiting
 for still,
 When wondering worlds will survey her adorning,
 And praises the earth and the heavens shall fill.
 Shall meet, and be like Him for ever in glory,
 Near His heart, on His throne, our place will
 be then ;
 With praises unweariedly telling the story
 Of the Lord whose delights were with children
 of men.

XXXVI.

The Servant's Path.

"Let us lay aside every weight."—Heb. xii. 1.

PART I.

SERVANT of Christ, stand fast amid the scorn
 Of men who little know or love thy Lord ;
 Turn not aside from toil ; cease not to warn,
 Comfort, and teach. Trust Him for thy reward ;
 A few more moments' suffering, and then
 Cometh full rest from all thy heart's deep pain.
 For grace pray much, for much thou needest grace,
 If men thy work deride,—what can they more ?
 Christ's weary feet thy path on earth still trace ;
 If thorns wound thee, they pierced Him long
 before ; [round
 Look up, cheer up ! though clouds seem gathering
 Thy path of service, still 'tis hallowed ground.
 Have friends forsaken thee, and cast thy name
 Out as a worthless thing ? Take courage then ;
Go tell thy Master, for they did the same
 To Him, who with long-suffering toiled for men :
 He was unfailing in all service here ;
 Thy failures cost thee many a bitter tear.

Self-vindication shun : if in the right,
 What gainest thou by taking from God's hand
 Thy cause ? if wrong, how darest thou invite
 Satan himself thy friend in need to stand ?
 Leave all with God ; if right, He'll prove thee so ;
 If wrong, for pardon thou must to Him go.

PART II.

Be not men's servant : think what costly price
 Was paid that thou may'st His own bondsman be,
 Whose service perfect freedom is. Let this
 Hold fast thy heart. His claim is great to thee :
 None should thy soul enthrall, to whom 'tis given
 On earth to serve with liberty of Heaven.

Be wise, be watchful : wily men surround
 Thy steps. *Be careful, for they seek with care*
To trip thee up. See that no cause be found
 In thee thy Master to reproach. The Lord
 May even the hardest hearts to grace dispose,
 And God His righteous judgments thus disclose.
 Cleave to the poor, Christ's image in them is,
 Count it great honour if they love thee well :
 Nought can repay thee if thou losest this ;
 Though with the wise and wealthy thou should'st
 dwell,

Thy Master oftentimes would pass thy door,
 To hold communion with His much-loved poor.
 "The time is short :" seek little here below,
 Earth's goods will cumber thee, and drag thee
 down ;

Let daily food suffice, care not to know
 Thought for a morrow that may never come.
 Thou canst not perish whilst thy Lord is nigh,
 'Twill be His care thy need still to supply.

PART III.

Let no mixed motive e'er distract thy mind.
 With single eye thy steadfast path pursue.
 To earth's poor treasures always be thou blind,
 And the world's pleasures still with scorn eschew
 In grace delivered from its coming doom,
 Let not its paltry objects thee entomb.

Sit still before thy Lord as days pass by,
 And shew Him all thy overflowing heart ;
 He seeks to cheer thee with His loving eye,
 He loves to hear thee all thy thoughts impar
 His stores in Heaven are all unrolled for thee
 Think of such love, and to Him constant be.

Each day below has only to be spent
 In pleasing and in praising that dear Lord
 Who may to-morrow come. Then be content
 To pass thy time according to His word ;
 In loving, serving, waiting, gladly find
 Thy daily exercise of heart and mind.

XXXVII.

The Fellowship and the Feast of the Disciples
 upon the First Day of the Week.

“Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread,” etc.—Acts xx. 7.

FAIR is the morning light that ushers in
 The week's first day, when saints together
 meet ;
 This day they toil not earthly bread to win,
 Nor care is theirs who come to Jesu's feet.

"This is the Day our Blessèd Lord arose,
 Let us be glad," they to each other cry ;
 "He, by His death, hath conquered all His foes,
 And captive led captivity on high."

Though we may be a poor and slighted band,
 And bear no name on earth but our dear Lord's,
 There's nothing binders keeping His command,
 "REMEMBER ME," were His own parting words.

Lord, we'll remember Thee, Thy grief, Thy pain,
 Thy death for us upon the shameful tree ;
 We glory in Thy cross, thence all our gain ;
 And will through endless years remember Thee.

[Fellowship, with silent waiting upon God.]

And now they sit together round the board,
 Spread with the precious symbols of His love ;
 Lo ! deepest silence reigns, whilst He, adored
 By all, doth mightily His presence prove.

Sacred the season when by subject souls
 Nothing is heard but that ONE loving heart
 For ever beating, as He gently moulds
 Each thought, each wish, *true worship* to impart.

Who shall disturb this holy deep repose,
 This peaceful leaning on the Saviour's breast ?
 Whilst He in secret doth to each disclose
 The love that giveth all such perfect rest.

Sweet restful peace, with calm and holy joy
 The SPIRIT ministers in matchless grace,
 And skill divine, to those whose blest employ
 Is to sit still and all His pleasure trace.

What if all “gift” for once should silent be ?

To rest with Christ must surely be a boon
Beyond all price : thus Heaven’s true liberty,
The liberty that waits for God, is known.

There was a time in Israel’s day of power,

When Glory filled the Temple’s court of praise ;
Room was not left for man in that bright hour
One note to sound, or golden censer ruse.

[The silence broken with Praise.—

“*Praise waiteth for Thee, O God !*”]

How real the fellowship the Head bestows !

How true the union thus His members know !
The Body with the life of Heaven glows,
Then holiest songs in holiest accents flow.

They may possess no pleasing minstrel’s voice

Their note of praise to lead with tutored skill :
God gives the song,—their music is His choice
Who tunes the heart, and makes the spirit thrill.

Thus no harsh discord wounds the tender ear ;

Softer than Eden’s rivers is the flow
Of praise unhindered, as uprising here
In WORSHIP’s joy, they all with reverence bow.

“Thou art the everlasting Word,

The Father’s only Son ;

God manifest, God seen and heard,

The heaven’s Beloved One.

Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou

That every knee to Thee should bow.

“ In Thee most perfectly expressed,
 The Father’s self doth shine ;
 Fulness of Godhead, too ; the Blest
 Eternally Divine.

Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
 That every knee to Thee should bow.

“ Image of th’ Infinite Unseen,
 Whose being none can know :
 Brightness of light no eye hath seen,
 God’s love revealed below.

Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
 That every knee to Thee should bow.

“ The higher mysteries of Thy fame
 The creature’s grasp transcend :
 The Father only Thy blest name
 Of Son can comprehend.

Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
 That every knee to Thee should bow.

“ Yet loving Thee, on whom His love
 Ineffable doth rest.

The worshippers, O Lord, above
 As one with Thee, are blest.

Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
 That every knee to Thee should bow.”

Thus is HE worshipped, in whose name they bring
 Their praise to God, with strains of happy song ;
 As children, too, they “ ABBA, FATHER,” sing ;
 And the bright moments swiftly pass along.

From some full heart thanksgivings now proceed
 Over the Cup of blessing, and the Bread.*
 These tell a tale of Love that met man’s need,
 Saints learn the lesson, and are richly fed.

* In 1 Cor. x. 16, the blessing is over the cup, and the bread is broken.

In 1 Cor. xi. 24, the thanksgiving is upon the bread, and the cup is given.

The order has a meaning in each chapter.

[The Bread and Wine are passed round.—

“ *Thy love is better than wine.*”—Song of Songs i. 2.]

Feeding on death! how solemn is their place
Who feast at such a cost in life and joy!
What tongue can tell the heights and depths of
grace

Which gives to men such wonderful employ.

O happy Table! and far sweeter food
Than all we taste beside whilst on our way!
CHRIST DIED, in Him we live; His precious blood
Makes glad our hearts through God's eternal
day.

[“The Communion of the Body of Christ.”—1 Cor. x. 16.]

We're also taught that He who made the skies,
Had purposed in His MIND, ere worlds were
formed,

A BODY for the Lord, whose joys should rise
In the Lord's heart, to His own self conformed.

That BODY by His SPIRIT now baptized
Into the UNITY that knows no rent,
This feast may keep beyond all others prized,
And joy in God, with holiest content.

We WORSHIP at His feet, as fully known,
And knowing blessing by the SPIRIT given,
Have fellowship with Christ *before* the throne*
Of God, and antedate the joy of Heaven.

* *Before the throne* of God is the only right thought a worshipper could have in fellowship. The Lord Himself is *upon* the throne of His Father, where none else could ever be. We have a blessed place *within the veil*, and

No visionary theories fill the mind,
 Or cunningly devised tales the heart
 Of those, who ever in their midst shall find
 One who well knows how needed grace to im-
 part.

Poor is all ministry without His power
 And guidance, who delights on earth to dwell
 To glorify the Son, and seeks to shower
 All blessings upon those Christ loves so well.

But the calm utterance of God's precious Word
 By whomsoever spoken, holds their hearts
 Attentive, for they know their gracious Lord
 Designs to *bless* in all that He imparts.

The saints are surely taught to profit, when
 All is cast down that feedeth human pride ;
 God's servants speak not of themselves, but Him
 Who sits in glory at His Father's side.

XXXVIII.

The Praise of God. 1.

FATHER ! in Thy love reposing ;
 Saviour ! all that love disclosing ;
 Spirit ! in that love inclosing ;
 We praise, we praise Thee, O our God.

before the throne, who shall presently sit with Christ on His throne ; but no place or glory will ever cause to cease our happy prostration in Worship before our God. The unmeasured pressure in imaginative and unhumbled minds of some figures of the Church may disturb this eternal principle of glory and blessing : indeed, has done so.

Father! to Thee ever coming;
 Jesus! none by Thee presuming;
 Spirit! all our hearts illumining;

We praise, we praise Thee, O our God.

O Father! Thou to us art known
 By Revelation of Thy Son,
 Who sitteth with Thee in Thy throne.

We praise, we praise Thee, O our God.

O Holy Spirit! it was Thine
 To impart new nature and divine,
 Making each living one Thy shrine
 Of praise for ever, blessed God.

Strength. 2.

THROUGH God the Holy Ghost
 We strengthened stand,
 He setteth Christ, the Lord,
 At God's right hand,

So fully in our view, that earth and hell combine
 In vain to stay our steps, or make our hopes decline.

Through God the Holy Ghost,
 Of Righteousness

The Hope, makes us still patient wait,
 And keeps in peace

Our hearts when all around seems to be failing
 fast; [last.]

With Christ our life is hid, we shall o'ercome at

Through God the Holy Ghost,
 The love of God

Makes every trial sweet,
 Still sent to prove

To all His saints, His care, His faithfulness,
 And makes us sing by night, by day, His grace.

XXXIX.

AFTER long years of wasting and decay
Death renewes life; they think not right
who deem

A scythe the fittest emblem of his sway,
Or "King of terrors" term him, though he
seem

To sweep our friends with iron hand away,
He but removes them nearer to the dawning day.

The tomb's not dark, or else the saints had staid
On earth until their Lord with light should
come; [made,

Morn breaketh nearest* where their graves are
Sleeping, yet waking, they, whose present home
Is in His bosom, nor are such afraid

To leave awhile their dust where Jesus once hath
laid.

* "Tho dead in Christ shall rise first."—*1 Thess.* iv. 16.

XL.

A Record.

"Call to remembrance the former days."—*Heb.* x. 32.

Some time has elapsed since I began to collect materials and documents from various quarters as proofs and illustrations of "Personal Recollections of the Lord's Work in England during the last Forty Years," a work which in MS. has far outgrown my original design. As might be supposed, those Christians with whom I have had communion, worshipped, and walked most in fellowship of service in the Gospel during nearly that period, have occupied no little space in those "Recollections;" when they will appear in print I know not. I at one time thought of separating the records of the Brethren (so called) from the rest of the book, but on more mature consideration I saw this would be impossible. A little

while since, however, I threw into the present versified form a few incidents of interest, suggestive to the thoughtful of much more than I have noticed here.

He who shall call to memory, amidst the Church movements of this century, the days past, must expect little thanks from such as have not learnt the lesson of past days; but such as walk before God in the scene cannot be disappointed.

PART I.

MANY long years ago, a little band [drawn, Of Christians found themselves together Directed doubtless by a Father's hand They met, unshrinking from reproach and scorn, And bending low before the Lord they loved Confessed how far from Him their ways had proved.

Whilst weeping oftentimes, they pensive dwelt On their past path, then tears flowed faster still; And much together at His feet they knelt, Whilst deep conviction made each heart to thrill With sacred sorrow, as with lowly shame They owned what wrong was done to JESU's name. The Church had failed, they felt, in witness here To that bright ONE who sitteth in God's throne; Still were her hopes and blessings to them dear; They asked to serve HIM, even if alone Their path must thenceforth be from all they sought, [not. And valued once; for them earth's hopes were They sought with diligence to walk apart From all desilement, to God's calling true; Some, places left of pride; things that the heart Of man doth ever seek for, no more knew Their presence, who stood waiting for their Lord, And waiting, quitted all that He abhorred.



Proceedings in the World of God.
V. I. 1838.

Some few had wealth : their wealth they gladly
poured

Forth at His feet whose poverty had made
Them rich for ever, serving their loved Lord
With all they had ; earth's honours too were laid
Aside as things of small account to those
Whose portion is with Him who died and rose,—

With Him whose home and throne are in the sky,
Where all are *rich*, with God's own blessing blest !
Where all is bright, beneath His loving eye ;
And all are peaceful, in His perfect rest ;
There they find treasure for the longing heart,
And there true pleasure which shall ne'er depart.

And some had talents rare that still command
Rewards and honour from a tasteful age ;
Great skill in arts that need the gifted hand,
And sciences that lofty minds engage ;
But now no more they sought the laurel crown,
Nor cared to rank with men of high renown.

Yet not neglectful of the appointed task
Of human life,—to toil with sweating brow,
In labour for the bread they daily ask
Of His wise hand, who doth in mercy bow,
Providing all things His loved children need
Who like a Father, giveth food indeed.

Unseemly and unlawful callings *then*
Never one moment occupied their thought ;
With garments undefiled in sight of men
To please their Lord their chastened spirits sought ;
Their deepest care His glory to maintain,
His care their blessing, none trust Him in vain.

Sufficient for them, that on high their names
 Were by Him written in life's glorious Book ;
 To them sufficient, that the eternal claims
 Of Christ were felt ; to Him alone they look
 For their reward, and find it in His smile
 Who owns their service, and approves their toil.

[“Separation for conscience' sake towards God is not sectarianism.”]

And these from modes that man had long held dear
 Of worship, went forth ; *not in wrath, or spleen,*
Offence, or distrust ; for God's people here
 They truly loved ; and many a tear was seen
 To fall at quitting *for awhile* the side
 Of those for whom they knew the Saviour died.*

God's WORD they read together, and with care
 Each other aided as each grace had found ;
 They learnt in lowliness, nor did they dare
 With finite limits His deep things to bound ;
 Mere human thoughts of God they left behind ;
 In His own Word His THOUGHTS OF CHRIST TO
 FIND.

God's SPIRIT they could trust, who doth impart
 All knowledge to the mind, life to the soul,
 Peace to the conscience, gladness to the heart,
 Whilst HE can so each thought and word control
 That, as our worship to the throne ascends
 Scraps in wonder hush, for God attends.

* See “The Farewell,” XXXV.

When they assembled in the Lord's own name,
 They felt His Spirit would their service guide;
 They set not up man's order to restrain
 Man's flesh; nor sought man's wisdom to provide;
 He gave most freely who doth always love
 To bless His saints would they His presence
 prove.

[Worship.]

O Holy Worship! nearest Heaven's joy
 That we can know on earth: to bow in light
 Before our Lord, and the blest hour employ
 In telling forth with praise our deep delight
 In that blest ONE, the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Who in the throne eternally shall reign.

To TELL GOD WHAT HE IS, in grace made known
 By Revelation of Himself below,
Is perfect Worship, whilst we gladly own
 Our ruined natures never could Him know;
 But new created by His power now
 His way we learn as we adoring bow.

[Ministry to the Saints.]

To be a servant of Christ's Body blest
 Is wondrous privilege, must ever be
 A place of honour,—but these men confess
 They felt it greater blessing to be free—
 (As members of that Body loved so well),
 Not of themselves, but of their Lord to tell.

The best of Preachers *is the man who makes*
His hearers do without him; having done
 The work his Master gives, all that partakes;

Of self-declaring must obscure the ONE
 Whom to exalt before His people's eyes
 God always seeks, whatever man may prize.

Yet *Pastors* faithful for His sheep He finds,
 Whose patient, loving work will stand approved ;
 Not wandering "stars," distressing simple minds
 Will God select ; His saints are too much loved
 For Him to yield them to the care of men
 Whose boastful words of pride we hear again.

With unjudged flesh who dares God's Word to
 expound

Shall with a scourge of scorpions beaten be ;
 Who trifles with God's liberty, will bound
 In Satan's chain a dismal captive lie ;
 Hell's mock and scorn will every one rebuke,
 Who spake of holiness, nor sin forsook.

Back to warm sunshine we'll return, nor stay
 Longer, where soon the sun's declining brings
 The shades of night ; fast flies the brightest day,
 And darkness quickly shrouds the fairest things ;
 Whilst in our spirits lit is memory's lamp,
 We'll dwell on scenes that bear a holier stamp.

Ah ! but alas ! we cannot tread down here
 Shores where no lengthening deepening shadows
 come.

The brightest prospect has its gloom, and where
 The sun ascends to his midsummer noon,
 There purple shadows soon begin to creep
 Behind his path, and spread to darkness deep.

No painter's hand, however skilled to trace
 Earth's glowing landscape bathed in colours bright,
 Could without *shadow* on the canvas place

Those costly transcripts of the rainbow light,
O'er which men linger with admiring gaze,
Till their hearts long for nature's softer rays.

Still, this is natural, and it will be so
Till that sweet Home where *all* is light is gained ;
But moral shadows bringing shame and woe,
Are blots of fearful dye ; where Christ is named
Iniquity should never have a shrine,
Nor thought, nor word, from holiness decline.

* * * * *

Thrice mighty power ! that could win away
Men's hearts from things that bind them down so
fast :

O power of grace ! that cheareth with its ray,
Guiding Thy saints in days of suffering past ;
Lord ! let that power invigorate once more,
And the sweet freshness of first love restore.

Spots of this world have freckled thy fair face,
Spouse of the Lamb ! once poor and humble too :
Couldst thou not bear prosperity's increase ?
Couldst thou not keep earth's outcast Lord in
view ? [name,
Nor leave that world which, scorning His blest
Yet feeds on smoke, but soon will fast in flame ?

Those happy days ! ah ! when will they return ?
Must Thy loved Church, dear Lord, still ruin see
Around her path ? Shall still in patience mourn
The sorrowing few who fain would view her free
From all the bondage of man's trammelled state ?
O Lord ! how long shall Thy poor mourners wait ?

XLI.

A Record.

"God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light ; bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar."—
Psalm cxviii. 27.

PART II.

“ ‘TIS unwise to remember.” Did I hear
Aright? What earthling so would ever
plead

If bubbling speculation, stock, or share
Demanded memory? DO let some hearts bleed
With recollections of a time of joy,
Memories no “Testimony” can destroy.

Must we still hear, “ ‘Tis wisdom to forget
The days of old”? What graceless prudence this?
What! not remember when saints feebly met
In conscious weakness? which could never miss
Its end in waiting on a God of power,
Finding His presence in the darkest hour.

“ We’ve further light,” I hear a good man say,
“ Than when the Brethren first began to meet
“ In Jesu’s name; a better witness,—nay
“ A Testimony more advanced than sweet
“ Little assemblies of the ‘two or three’
“ Could ever know, deeper Church truths have
we.”

With all my heart I’m glad: but tell me first,
Kindly and truly, if your views have made
Your souls for deeper holiness to thirst;
If further light has made us more afraid
Than e’er before we were, to grieve and pain
The Lord we love, who for our sins was slain?

Else I stand still,—although I freely own
I love the TRUTHS you love no less than you
Can love them: but when God makes known
 Light, hid from ages, to a remnant few,
 He marks that few with such peculiar grace
 That by it men their heavenly teaching trace.

Blest Light! not flickering moonshine, that they
 say

Makes putrid in the East the food it shines on.
 This might be so, and thus perhaps, we may
 Account for a condition that reminds one
 Much of corruption, even with the saints,
 When loftiest doctrine taketh earthliest taints.

But Scripture light received in God's blest way,
 Cheers and invigorates, the while it searches
 Both heart and conscience with its crystal ray,
 And purifies the walk, when the poor Church is
 Shutting her eyes, and studying to find
 Not how to see—but how to wander blind.

* * * *

Many had light in Prophecy; they led
 Men's prospects to God's future, there they knelt
 Adoring as His certain page they read.
 'Twas dawn in life's horizon, and they felt
 His coming nigh, who will His Bride take home
 From this judged world's dark close and dreadful
 doom.

God's Word of Prophecy so long laid by,
 Or like a picture hung upon the wall
 Unnoticed by the once familiar eye,

Will faithful men to their watch-tower recall
 Once more, "*What of the night?*" with solemn
 sound
 For weal or woe must pass the Churches round.

Some yet declare the time is hastening on
 When God's dark clouds of anger will arise;
 Already may be heard earth's shuddering moan,
 For earth with man's sad end hath sympathies,
 Often appealed to* when his deafened ear
 Could not receive the warn of judgment near.

Some did not "see the Church" (perhaps they'd
 ask
 If closely pressed, *whose* Church they did not see?)
 Yet loved their Father's children, and their task,
 Their happy task! was patiently to free
 The members of Christ's Body everywhere
 To walk in light, Christ's liberty to share.

But without doubt the glorious Gospel sound,
 Clear as the bells of heaven, far and wide
 Rose in their preaching, and the conscience found
 Of thousands, telling that since Jesus died,
 The way was opened to the throne of God,
 Our sins are washed away in Jesus' blood.

* "O earth! earth! hear the word of the Lord."

XLII.

A Record.

“They that were scattered abroad.”—Acts viii. 4.

ANNO DOMINI 1845.

PART III.

THERE came a time when o'er these men a
cloud
At Plymouth gathered, if it elsewhere burst.
'Tis not for me to tell that shame aloud :
Surely the Adversary did his worst ;
Shew me what time in the historic page
When God gave blessing, Satan did not rage.

Division came, and faithful ones retired
Sorrowing and shamed to many a lone retreat
Awhile to weep, and others who desired
Strife to avoid, withdrew with hasty feet ;
Whilst disappointed men unhumbled stood,
And scorned and scolded in high scoffing mood.

A mighty wreck upon a *hidden rock*
Ecclesiastical, still causing tears !
Not bitter words contemptuously *they* spoke,
Who saw before them fall the toil of years,
If their hearts trusted in the God they loved,
Though every earthly hope seemed far removed.

Some ranged the Continent, hoping to find
Solace in travel in those days of scorn ;
Clambered the Jura, listened to the wind
Moan round Pilatus ; or, ere earliest dawn
Rose up to view the sun when forth he came,
Making Alps' snows seem sheets of ambient flame.

Geneva's lake, that "mirror of the sky,"
 Allured a few on its bright breast to seek
 Nature's sweet soothing ; children's lullaby.
Others sought not these things, but where the
 weak
 And poor ones of Christ's flock were gathered,
 there
 They hasted, knowing such their griefs would
 share.

Great swelling words then dwelt not on their
 tongue,
Their hearts were humbled, and their steps with
care
They took, well knowing as they passed along,
 That round their feet would still be many a snare
 No eye could penetrate but His alone,
 To whom they trusted 'mid the deepening gloom.

* * * * *

Men who might once the flock of God have led
 To verdant pastures where sweet waters flow ;
 Who from the Word of life might then have fed
 The hungry with true food. Where are they now ?
 What sorrow and what shame the heart must fill,
 To think how many are not with us still.

We have our cross to bear in every grief ;
 We have to take our share in every shame ;
 Denouncing heresies is poor relief
 To loving hearts who sigh that JESU's name
 May yet be vindicated where 'twas wronged.
 Shame and confusion to us all belonged.



XLIII.

Neutralitv.

Neutralitv is impossible to the Christian if Christ's glory is in question; but "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

NEUTRALITY! what's that? when earnest men

Are battling with the foe for very life,
Say, do you mean "Neutralitv" is then
To slip aside like children from the strife?
Is the Lord's Name a plaything quite become?
And have you leave when tired to quit the room?

A good man once told of a visit made
To one well known, with age and honour crown'd,
At Plymouth dwelling, whence the saddening raid
Of evil and division spread around: [glad,
Where Truth was given that might make angels
And saints were driven until well-nigh mad.

This aged man spake thus: "I might have heard
"What you exclusives had to say, but you
"So badly have behaved." Thus he preferred
To take the course so very many do,
And quietly to rest, whilst men more bold
War in the field to guard the threatened fold.

The other then replied ('tis with a sigh
Of sorrow that I now his words recall):
"Yes, what you say I grant; I don't deny
"That what we did had failure in it all.
"Ah! we have badly acted, true, most true!
"But yet we something did,—but where were
you?"

“ The Brethren greatly failed, too well I know,
 “ That which in us was wrong cannot be hid,
 “ Poor were our efforts all,—but what did you ?
 “ *You let Christ be attacked, and nothing did.*”
 This is Neutrality. He well explained
 A term that far too much repute has gained.

XLIV.

On Human Authorities.

“ *Of making many books there is no end.*”—Eccles. xii. 12.

THE best of books the best of men indite
 Are but like sign-posts at wild crossings
 placed ;
 Some may be blurred, whilst others, new and
 bright,
 If turned awry send wanderers o'er the waste ;
 Like watchful servants, some to God's Word
 straight
 Point, and there leave you. They've no need to
 wait.

I once a visit to a good man paid,
 In happy Christian converse passed the hour ;
 But, by-and-by, a reference was made
 To an oft-quoted text about God's power
 And man's free-will. My friend with ardour true
 To his system cried, “ I cannot hold your view
 “ Of that deep passage.” “ Well,” I simply said,
 “ I think 'tis right.” He to his bookease went,
 Drew forth a ponderous tome in which he read,
 Then spoke : “ I see your view is right ; content
 “ Am I, for Gill declares the same about
 “ That Scripture I could ne'er before make out.”

You smile,—with reason, for 'twas most absurd.
 Gill formed his views, no doubt, on many a text ;
 Instead of helping him to read God's Word,
 Gill was his standard when he felt perplexed :
 God's Word shone bright before him, but he still
 Preferred the lantern light of Doctor Gill.

One of the greatest honours God put upon Brethren (so called) was in causing to be brought out among them the "Englishman's Hebrew and Chaldee Concordance," also the "Englishman's Greek Concordance." It has been well observed that one good Concordance is worth scores of Commentaries, useful as no doubt they have been to many.

XLV.

The Unloved Ruler of the Lust Days, Contrasted with the loved and lowly Lamb of God.

"Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms ; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof ; that opened not the house of his prisoners ?" —Isaiah xiv. 16, 17.

"Draw me, we will run after thee." —Canticles i.

HE who will rule the multitude at last,
 Binding strong nations to his mighty car,
 Turning each fruitful kingdom to a waste,
 With blood-red weapon writing deeds of war,
 By millions flattered whilst they waiting stand,
 Wondering what next Earth's monarch will command.

The Conqueror whose iron tocsins sound
 This world's last knell, although he means it not,
 Will in his Brazen Babylon gather round
 Him all men seek for who have God forgot ;
 Nothing shall there be wanting to delight
 Their flesh and sense fair pictured to the sight.

But in the midst of all this pomp and glare,
 Earth's giant ruler unloved sits in state;
 None by his side, no friend, or partner dear,
 Not one to whom he could his joys relate,
 Or tell his sorrows; in his gloomy breast
 No moment's pause for love's delicious rest.

The Macedonian had his Clitus, well
 He loved the man his cruel javelin slew;
 Cæsar's heart yearned towards Brutus as he fell
 Beneath his stroke, hiding the pang from view;
 Even the stern Corsican had those he loved,
 On whom he thought when from their side re-
 moved.

But thou, lone Lord of an applauding world!
 Never shalt look upon a friendly face,
 Or meet one loving gaze, till thou shalt, hurled
 Quick into hell, that fiery flame embrace;
 For thee none weep* when all thy pomps depart,
 Thy glories could not win a single heart.

UNLIKE that lowly ONE, who often here
 Had not wherein to rest His blesse'd head,
 Yet gathered to Him those who held most dear
 His words of life, and sought still to be led
 His path in this cold world of shame and loss,
 Counting for Him all else but dung and dross.

* When the city of his greatness falls, enervated and dethroned or abdicated kings, merchants, ship-masters, and traders, wail most miserably for *that*, but not a tear is shed for its owner. The mere merchandizers of the last days shew unfavourably by the side even of the horrible warriors of the Antichristian armies. At all events, the last do not weep like children because they can no longer for mere gain corrupt and enslave men. When they wail it is for fear of the wrath of God and the Lamb. Lovers of gain fear nothing but losing it.



Daniel Gran' H. 6.

He won the hearts of those who were His own,
 When poor, down-trodden, 'midst the hate of
 men; [throne
 And drew them to Him by His cross, whose
 Shall soon display His faithful friends again.
 Myriads have loved Him too, who ne'er beheld
 His blessed face, nor death their love has quelled.
 He gives them nothing in this world of sin
 To charm the senses, or allure the soul ;
 His pleasures, where sin's blight has never been,
 His steps are where life's endless waters roll.
 Now is their way a path of scorn and pain ;
 They suffer here, who with their Lord shall reign.
 And when the nations shall at length be brought
 To own their only true and faithful Lord,
 Glory and blessing man's heart never sought
 Or dreamt of, shall be their most bright reward.
 All holy, and all glorious, as He is,
 Will they then be who share His heavenly bliss.

XLVI.

The Remonstrance.

On hearing a person boast that the Church in this century
 was being restored to its Primitive simplicity, etc., etc.

*"That say in the pride and stoutness of heart, The bricks
 are fallen down, but we will build with hewn stones : the
 sycomores are cut down, but we will change them into
 cedars." — Isaiah ix. 9, 10.*

WHERE pert smug undertakers block the
 ways,*
 Gloomy their jokes, ghastly their merriest gibe,

* Abney Park Cemetery, at Stoke Newington, near London, is too well known to require any description here. So many of the Lord's dead are there buried, that it is

There often in the very happiest days
 Of early life I've turned my steps aside
 To view wild flowerets in the green grass grow,
 Where now so many precious saints lie low.

Tombs of the dead ! you tell us that they were
 Fond parents, duteous children, husbands kind,
 And wives beloved, friends constant and sincere,
 Honest and upright, learned and refined :
 Well, so they were ! Why should we cast a shade
 Of unbelief o'er records grief has made ?

Here once Watts lived, here studied, prayed, and
 sung, [deem

Helping the Church's praise ; some Christians
 Few sweeter notes e'er dwelt on mortal tongue
 Than his, when Jesus was the happy theme.

No doubt ; for sure I am that theme may well
 Cause human songs even angels' notes to excel.

(Dear gracious Watts ! yet, had he lived to hear
 As we have done, his Hymns with alterations
 Turned into nonsense, really I quite fear
 He would have shewn some "nervous irrita-
 tions,"

Like gentle Christians, who in later times
 Pardon all sins, but meddling with their
 rhymes.)

probable that most Christians into whose hands these lines
 will come, have on some occasion of sorrow visited it.
 To the writer, who knew it from the beginning, it has an
 especial interest, although for thirty years, until lately, he
 had not entered its gates.

Its association with Dr. Watts, who for so long a time
 lived where the Cemetery now stands, will always cause it
 to be a spot of interest to some. There is a gigantic statue
 of the Doctor (who, by the way, was a very little man) in
 the grounds. It is much admired by amateurs of the stone-
 cutting art. Others see other things.

Up yon bright hill,—but stay, we'll tarry here
 Among the dead. I'll tell you why I brought
 You to a place to me and many dear,
 And what the lesson that these tombs have taught;
 Though all they teach us cannot now revive
 The sleeping dead whose memories yet survive.

God only can do that, and in His time
 That He will do. Save His, the mightiest hand
 That ever swayed earth's sceptre cannot find
 Strength to cope with, or power to withstand
 The right and might of that hard, cruel grave,
 That holds with iron grasp alike the monarch and
 the slave.

Can man restore the Church? poor helpless worm,
 Restore thyself! bring from this silent grave
 The unbidden dead, the floweret thou hast torn
 From yonder stalk revive, make still the ocean's
 wave,

Brighten the blaze of evening's glowing star,
 Turn the earth backward, make men cease to war;
 Cause each to love his neighbour as himself,
 Make fishes leave the sea and live on shore,
 Carnal professors hate their sties of filth,
 Worldlings love Heaver! Then, thou may'st re-
 store,

And not till then, that o'er which angels sorrow,
 Only to view it fall again to-morrow.

Self-judgment and self-distrust mark the saints
 Who trembling tread the heavenward way below;
 No arm of power theirs, yet never faints
 The heart of those who God's resources know;
 Shrink not the failure of the Church to see,
 Face thou the light, 'twill work thy liberty.

*Be what you are ; in broken fragments now
 The once fair vessel's wrecked upon the strand,
 But HE will help the feeble ones who bow
 Submissive, and yet bring them safe to land.
 Quit man's poor shell of form without the power,
 Be real and true, make God your refuge tower.*

XLVII.

To a Brother and Sister in Affliction.

*"God dealeth with you as with sons." —
 Heb. xii. 7.*

CHASTENED ! Thrice blessed is the way He
 taketh

To make us sharers of His holiness.

HUMBLED ! yet knowing that HE ne'er forsaketh
 The saints for whom HE died, Who lives to
 bless.

SORROWING ! and yet rejoicing in His favour,
 Who stooped to be with all our griefs acquainted.

CAST DOWN ! yet calling Him our own for ever,
 Who bore our sins, Himself by sin untainted.

BEREAVED ! yet the path with glory streaming,
 And all things ours, whether we wake or sleep;

WEEPING ! with smiles through tears of sorrow
 beaming, [reap.

Soon shall tho mourners His bright harvest

BRUISED ! yet never shall the reed be broken
 By His dear hand, though shaken with the

DYING ! yet living, He Himself the token [wind.
 That we have left the power of death behind.

WEARIED ! but patient on His arm reclining,

Quitting the wilderness with all its woe.

FAINTING ! yet never at His will repining,

Who gently weans us from all things below.

AGED ! yet life untouched, all fresh, and glowing

With dew of youth, springs up for evermore.

HELPLESS ! still strength from God's resources
flowing [poor.

Gives power and joy, although despised and

CHASTENED ! yet killed not ;—not like man He
woundeth, [rebuke.

Healthful His strokes, heart-strengthening His
Cling to His arm, who all our steps surroundeth

With light from Heaven that we on Him may
look.

CHASTENED ! yea, scourged, that with the glad
reception

Of sons and daughters we might welcomed be
In that bright circle where no heart's deception,
Or fleshly will, can keep us, Lord, from THEE !

XLVIII.

Enough.

“ Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”

NOW am I His henceforth, whate'er betide,
Sickness or health, in weal as well as woe ;
If friends should smile, and gather to my side,
Or all desert, and treat me as a foe ;
If whispering slanderers should my path assail,
Or foes avowed to harass me prevail.

Still am I His, and though the furnace burn
 With heat intense it cannot me destroy ;
 He'll oft send sorrows, and my heart shall learn
 How my loved Lord can Satan's rage employ,
 Only to make more sweet to me His LOVE,
 Only to make me more His MERCY prove.

Now sealed as His alone, I wait the day
 When He shall come to take me up on high ;
 My thoughts, my hopes rise from the world away,
 Nor find I rest in all beneath the sky ;
 "My joy, my life, my crown," to Him I owe,
 My every moment spent on earth below.

And, ever as the days seem lingering on,
 My heart impatient for His coming yearns ;
 Whilst in the silent night I make my moan,
 Dim seems the brightest star till HE returns,
 Who is the Bright and Morning Star to me,
 Till the day break, and earth's dark shadows flee.