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Hymns  
for  
Little Children.



*Proprietor*. 5.

# Hymns for Little Children.



*Humphreys & Co.  
New York*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“THE LORD OF THE FOREST,” “VERSES FOR HOLY SEASONS,”  
AND “THE BARON’S LITTLE DAUGHTER.”



“OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS THOU HAST  
PERFECTED PRAISE.”—S. MATT. XXI. 16.

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHTH THOUSAND.

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TO  
MY LITTLE GODSONS,  
I INSCRIBE THESE SIMPLE LINES,  
HOPING THAT  
THE LANGUAGE OF VERSE, WHICH CHILDREN LOVE,  
MAY HELP TO IMPRESS ON THEIR MINDS  
WHAT THEY ARE,  
WHAT I HAVE PROMISED FOR THEM,  
AND  
WHAT THEY MUST SEEK TO BE.

J. F. A.



## Notice.

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THE title of this little book shows it to be of a kind which stands in as small need as any of preface or explanation. Children, and those interested in children will feel at once whether it suits them or not. These few lines, however, are prefixed, because the writer of the Hymns wished for some kind of clerical *imprimatur*, and the Clergyman to whom she applied, thinks and hopes that they will not only be found useful in the way which she earnestly desires, but will also win a high place for themselves in the estimation of all who know how to value true poetry and primitive devotion.

It seems right to add, that the profits of the publication, if any, will be applied to the support of a school for deaf and dumb children maintained altogether by voluntary offerings, in a small town in the north of Ireland.

J. K.

HURSLEY, March 28, 1848.







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#### PRAYER—

My good child, know this, that thou art not able to  
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# Hymns for Little Children.



1.

## Morning Hymn.



Now the dreary night is done,  
Comes again the glorious sun,  
Crimson clouds, and silver white,  
Wait upon his breaking light.

Glistening in the garden beds,  
Flowers lift up their dewy heads,  
And the shrill cock claps his wings,  
And the merry lark upsprings.

B

When the eastern sky is red,  
 I, too, lift my little head.  
 When the lark sings loud and gay,  
 I, too, rise to praise and pray.

SAVIOUR, to Thy cottage home  
 Once the daylight used to come;  
 Thou hast ofttimes seen it break  
 Brightly o'er that eastern lake.

Child of Mary, Thou dost know,  
 What of danger, joy, or woe,  
 Shall to-day my portion be,  
 Let me meet it all in Thee.

Thou wast meek and undefiled,  
 Make me holy, too, and mild;  
 Thou didst foil the tempter's power,  
 Help me in temptation's hour.

Thou didst love Thy Mother here,  
 Make me gentle, kind and dear;  
 Thou wast subject to her word,  
 Teach me to obey, O LORD.

Fretful feeling, passion, pride,  
 Never did with Thee abide;  
 Make me watch myself to-day,  
 That they lead me not astray.



With Thee, LORD, I would arise,  
To Thee look with opening eyes,  
All the day be at my side,  
SAVIOUR, PATTERN, KING, and GUIDE.







2.

**Evening Hymn.**

---

ON the dark hill's western side  
The last purple gleam has died,  
Twilight to one solemn hue  
Changes all, both green and blue.

In the fold and in the nest,  
Birds and lambs are gone to rest,  
Labour's weary task is o'er,  
Closely shut the cottage door.

SAVIOUR, ere in sweet repose  
I my weary eyelids close,  
While my mother through the gloom  
Singeth from the outer room ;

While across the curtain white,  
With a dim uncertain light,  
On the floor the faint stars shine,  
Let my latest thought be Thine.

'Twas a starry night of old,  
When rejoicing Angels told  
The poor shepherds of Thy birth,  
God become a Child on earth.

Soft and quiet is the bed,  
Where I lay my little head ;  
Thou hadst but a manger bare,  
Rugged straw for pillow fair.

- SAVIOUR, 'twas to win me grace,  
Thou didst stoop to that poor place,  
Loving with a perfect love  
Child, and man, and GOD above.

Hear me as alone I lie,  
Plead for me with GOD on high ;  
All that stained my soul to-day,  
Wash it in Thy Blood away.

If my slumbers broken be,  
Waking let me think of Thee :  
Darkness cannot make me fear,  
If I feel that Thou art near.

Happy now I turn to sleep ;  
Thou wilt watch around me keep.  
Him no danger e'er can harm,  
Who lies cradled on Thine Arm.



3.

**Hymn of the Holy Trinity.**

---

WE are little Christian children,  
We can run, and talk, and play ;  
The Great God of earth and Heaven,  
Made, and keeps us every day.

We are little Christian children ;  
CHRIST, the SON of GOD Most High,  
With His precious Blood redeemed us,  
Dying that we might not die.

We are little Christian children,  
GOD the HOLY GHOST is here,  
Dwelling in our hearts to make us,  
Kind and holy, good and dear.

We are little Christian children,  
Saved by Him Who loved us most,  
We believe in GOD Almighty,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.



4.

## Holy Baptism.



**WE** were only little babies,  
Knowing neither good nor harm,  
When the Priest of God Most Holy  
Took us gently in his arm.

And he sprinkled our young faces  
With the water clear and bright,  
And he signed our SAVIOUR'S token  
On our little foreheads white.

In the Name of God the FATHER,  
Of the SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
He baptized us then, and made us  
Soldiers in our Master's host.

Then we promised by our sureties,  
Vowing for us solemnly,  
Manfully to fight His battles,  
Gentle, kind, and good to be.

At our posts beneath His banner,  
We must watch, and strive, and pray,  
By the Grace of God within us  
Growing better every day.

For the little flowers grow brightly  
In the early morning dew,  
And when God's good SPIRIT feeds them,  
Children's hearts grow holy too.

We must keep our early promise,  
We must guard what He has given,  
Till the LORD, Who loved and saved us,  
Take us to our home in Heaven.



5.

**The First Promise.**



**TO RENOUNCE THE DEVIL AND ALL HIS WORKS.**

Do no sinful action,  
Speak no angry word,  
Ye belong to JESUS,  
Children of the LORD.

CHRIST is kind and gentle,  
CHRIST is pure and true,  
And His little children  
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit  
Watching round you still,  
And he tries to tempt you  
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,  
Though 'tis hard for you  
To resist the evil,  
And the good to do.

For ye promised truly  
In your infant days,  
To renounce him wholly,  
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians,  
Ye must learn to fight  
With the bad within you,  
And to do the right.

CHRIST is your own Master,  
He is good and true,  
And His little children  
Must be holy too.



## 6

## THE POMPS AND VANITY OF THIS WICKED WORLD.

AT Nazareth in olden time  
A peasant's cottage stood,  
Where Joseph the poor carpenter  
Toiled for his daily food.

An humble Virgin lived with him,  
Beneath that lowly shed,  
And there her Son our SAVIOUR CHRIST,  
In poverty was bred.

He had no glory here on earth,  
No riches and no state ;  
His Christian children must not care  
For being rich or great.

Fine clothes, fine houses, pretty things,  
That please our longing eyes.  
Would only make our hearts forget  
Our treasure in the skies.

It would be wrong on pomp or dress  
To spend our thoughts or hours ;  
Another lesson CHRIST hath taught,  
Showing the simple flowers.

There's not a yellow buttercup  
Returning with the spring,  
But it can boast a golden crown,  
As bright as any king.

The red rose and the lily fair,  
That charm our summer's day ;  
There's not a lady in the land  
As finely dressed as they.



They feel no proud, no foolish thoughts,  
 Because they are so fair ;  
 They wish for nothing, quite content  
 With sunshine and sweet air.

GOD gave to them their colours bright,  
 To us faith, hope, and love,  
 And bade us fear the things of earth,  
 And seek the things above.



## 7.

AND ALL THE SINFUL LUSTS OF THE FLESH.

WE were washed in holy water,  
 We were set CHRIST'S Church within,  
 Gifted with His HOLY SPIRIT,  
 And forgiven all our sin.

But though born again and granted  
 Grace to pray and strength to fight,  
 Still remains our sinful nature,  
 Weakened, not extinguished quite.

Sinful thoughts of pride and passion,  
 Greedy wishes, selfish care,  
 In our human hearts lie hidden,  
 Ready to awaken there.

Still the wrong way will seem pleasant,  
Still the right way will seem hard ;  
All our life we shall be tempted,  
We must ever be on guard.

We are soldiers doing battle,  
Day by day, and hour by hour,  
Each one with his own temptations  
Striving in the SPIRIT'S power ;

Still that SPIRIT stronger groweth  
In the hearts that hold It fast ;  
He will help us, teach us, crown us,  
More than conquerors at the last.





8.

The Second Promise.

TO BELIEVE ALL THE ARTICLES OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Of the Creed.

I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

How good is the Almighty God,  
How merciful and mild,  
Who is to me a FATHER dear,  
And I His favoured child.

There's no one in the whole wide earth,  
Not my own mother even,  
Who loves me half as well as He,  
My FATHER high in Heaven.

Did He not give His Own dear SON  
To die for sinful men ?  
To turn them from their wicked ways,  
And bring them back again ;

Back to the place that they had lost,  
Back to their FATHER's love,  
Their FATHER the Great GOD of all,  
Their home, His Heaven above !

And I am called by CHRIST's dear Name,  
I took the solemn vow  
That made me His for evermore,  
GOD is my FATHER NOW.



## 9.

## MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

ALL things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The LORD GOD made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them, high or lowly,  
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,  
 The river running by,  
 The sunset, and the morning,  
 That brightens up the sky ;

The cold wind in the winter,  
 The pleasant summer sun,  
 The ripe fruits in the garden,  
 He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
 The meadows where we play,  
 The rushes by the water,  
 We gather every day ;—

He gave us eyes to see them,  
 And lips that we might tell,  
 How great is GOD Almighty,  
 Who has made all things well.



## 10.

AND IN JESUS CHRIST HIS ONLY SON OUR LORD.

WHEN we speak of the LORD JESUS,  
 When His awful Name is said,  
 We will repeat it solemnly,  
 We will bow the head.

For our LORD He is, and Master,  
And He left His FATHER's side ;  
He was born a little Baby,  
Here He lived and died.

'Twas for us He left His glory,  
Died the death of pain and shame :  
We will try to do Him honour,  
We will love His Name.

In the holy Church we say It,  
Speaking all with one accord,  
In our quiet homes we read it  
In God's Holy Word.

JESUS CHRIST our LORD, and Master,—  
Whensoe'er that Name is said,  
We will repeat it solemnly,  
We will bow the head.



## 11.

WHO WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST,  
BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

ONCE in royal David's city  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed, -  
 Where a mother laid her Baby,  
 In a manger for His bed.  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 JESUS CHRIST her little Child.

He came down to earth from Heaven,  
 Who is GOD and LORD of all,  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall;  
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
 Lived on earth our SAVIOUR Holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood,  
 He would honour and obey,  
 Love and watch the lowly maiden  
 In whose gentle arms He lay.  
 Christian children all must be  
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's Pattern,  
 Day by day like us He grew,  
 He was little, weak, and helpless,  
 Tears and smiles like us He knew,  
 And He feeleth for our sadness,  
 And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
 Through His own redeeming love,  
 For that Child so dear and gentle  
 Is our LORD in Heaven above ;  
 And He leads His children on  
 To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,  
 With the oxen standing by,  
 We shall see Him ; but in Heaven,  
 Set at God's right Hand on high ;  
 When like stars His children crowned,  
 All in white shall wait around.

---

## 12.

SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE,  
 WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD, AND BURIED.

THERE is a green hill far away,  
 Without a city wall,  
 Where the dear LORD was crucified  
 Who died to save us all.



We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us,  
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to Heaven,  
Saved by His precious Blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of Heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming Blood,  
And try His works to do.



## 13.

HE DESCENDED INTO HELL, THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN  
FROM THE DEAD.

THE rich man did of Pilate crave  
The lifeless body of the LORD,  
And laid it in his own new grave ;  
There all night long with spear and sword,  
The Roman soldiers watched the stone,  
Where the world's SAVIOUR lay alone.

But with the first day's dawning bright,  
That heavy stone was rolled away,  
Two glorious Angels all in white,  
Sat where the SAVIOUR'S Body lay :  
The watch, the seal, were all in vain,  
The LORD of Life was risen again.

There are short graves in churchyard ground,  
Where little children buried lie,  
Each underneath his narrow mound,  
With stiff cold hand, and close shut eye  
Bright morning sunbeams kiss the spot,  
Yet day by day they open not.

But surely as our SAVIOUR rose  
 On Easter morn from Joseph's cave,  
 Shall all those mounds at last unclose,  
 And Christian people leave the grave.  
 He died, He slept, He rose to be  
 An earnest of our victory.

LORD, Who for us so cold and deep  
 Down in that garden grave hast lain,  
 When we like Thee must fall asleep,  
 Be with us in our hour of pain,  
 That strengthened by Thy Grace Divine,  
 Alive or dead we may be Thine.



## 14.

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, AND SITTETH AT THE RIGHT HAND  
 OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, FROM THENCE HE SHALL  
 COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

Up in Heaven, up in Heaven,  
 In the bright place far away,  
 He Whom bad men crucified,  
 Sitteth at His FATHER'S side,  
 Till the Judgment Day.

And He loves His little children,  
 And He pleadeth for them there,  
 Asking the Great God of Heaven  
 That their sins may be forgiven,  
 And He hears their prayer.

Never more a helpless Baby,  
 Born in poverty and pain,  
 But with awful glory crowned,  
 With His Angels standing round,  
 He shall come again.

Then the wicked souls shall tremble,  
 And the good souls shall rejoice;  
 Parents, children, every one,  
 Then shall stand before His throne,  
 And shall hear His voice.

And all faithful holy Christians,  
 Who their Master's work have done,  
 Shall appear at His right hand,  
 And inherit the fair land  
 That His love has won.

---

 15.

## I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

I KNEW a little sickly child;  
 The long long summer's day,  
 When all the world was green and bright,  
 Alone in bed he lay.  
 There used to come a little dove  
 Before his window small,  
 And sing to him with her sweet voice  
 Out of the fir tree tall.

And when the sick child better grew,  
And he could crawl along,  
Close to that window he would creep,  
And listen to her song ;  
And he was gentle in his speech,  
And quiet at his play ;  
He would not for the world have made  
That sweet bird fly away.

There is a Holy Dove that sings  
To every Christian child,  
That whispers to his little heart  
A song as sweet and mild.  
It is the HOLY SPIRIT of GOD,  
That speaks his soul within,  
That leads him on to all things good,  
And holds him back from sin.

And he must hear that still small voice,  
Nor tempt It to depart,  
The SPIRIT great and wonderful,  
That whispers to his heart ;  
He must be pure, and good, and true,  
Must strive, and watch, and pray,  
For unresisted sin at last  
Will drive that Dove away.

## 16.

## THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

LITTLE children must be quiet,  
When to Holy Church they go,  
They must sit with serious faces,  
Must not play or whisper low.

For the Church is God's Own Temple,  
Where men go for praise and prayer,  
And the Great God will not love them  
Who forget His presence there.

They were little Jewish children,  
Who within the temple cried,  
"Honour to the Son of David,"  
Standing at our SAVIOUR'S side.

How much more should Christian children  
Know His Name and praise Him too,  
Who of His own Church are members,  
Sons of GOD, and born anew.

They must walk in reverent order,  
Stand for praise and kneel for prayer,  
For the Church is God's own Temple,  
And His presence dwelleth there.

D

## 16.\*

## THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE faithful men of every land,  
Who CHRIST'S Own rule obey,  
The holy dead of every time—  
The Church of CHRIST, are they.

The Saints who die, and leave us now,  
The Good of long ago,  
Women, and men, and children young,  
Still living here below ;

Who have the same eternal hope,  
The same unceasing care,  
One universal hymn of praise,  
One general voice of prayer.

All members of one body vast  
With JESUS for their Head,  
And sacraments whereby their souls  
Are born again and fed ;

And Bishops good to order them,  
And Priests to train and teach,—  
This is the holy Church, wherein  
We have our places each.

Since we are members, then, of CHRIST,  
How holy should we be,  
How faithful to obey our Head,  
In truth and purity !

Since we are all made one in Him,  
How gentle should we prove,  
How peaceful in our ways and words,  
How tender in our love !

So shall our Head at all times near,  
Dwell in His members blest,  
So lead us in His Church on earth,  
Safe to His Church at rest.

---

17.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

THE Saints of GOD are holy men,  
And women good and children dear,  
All those who ever loved the LORD,  
Who live in faith and fear.

They are not all together now,  
For some are dead and gone before,  
And some are striving still on earth,  
Their trial is not o'er.



Great numbers are they of all states,  
And born in every place and land,  
Who never saw each other's face,  
Nor touched each other's hand.

But they are all made one in CHRIST,  
They love each other tenderly,  
The old and young, the rich and poor  
Of that great company.

CHRIST's little children called His Own,  
And saved by His redeeming Blood,  
They must be little Saints on earth,  
And all the Saints are good.

They must not fight or disobey,  
For Saints do never things like these ;  
They must be holy, meek, and mild,  
And try the LORD to please.

And there shall come a glorious Day,  
When all the good Saints every one,  
Shall meet within their FATHER's home,  
And stand before His Throne.



## 18.

## THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

ONCE in baptismal waters bright  
He washed our sinful spirits white,  
Forgave us once for all.

But we have sometimes sinned since then ;  
Now who shall make us clean again ?  
And who shall hear our call ?

There is One only who forgives,  
CHRIST Who was born, Who died, Who lives,  
Pleading beside the Throne ;  
Who hath His HOLY SPIRIT sent,  
To bless that precious Sacrament  
That made us first His Own.

Who when His Holy Church within,  
Confession sad of all our sin  
We make on bended knee,  
Accepts the penitential prayer,  
And bids His Minister declare  
Our pardon full and free.

He only hears the sinner's cry,  
He only dries the mourner's eye,  
No father half so mild,  
Not half so kind a mother's kiss,  
When pardoning what is done amiss,  
She soothes her sorrowing child.

We must take heed to cast no stain  
 On souls He bought with so much pain,  
 And with His Blood made pure ;  
 And we must trust to Him alone,  
 Who did for all our guilt atone,  
 Who made our pardon sure.

~~—————~~  
 19.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

WITHIN the churchyard side by side,  
 Are many long low graves,  
 And some have stones set over them,—  
 On some the green grass waves.

Full many a little Christian child,  
 Woman and man, lies there ;  
 And we pass by them every time  
 When we go in to prayer.

They cannot hear our footsteps come,  
 They do not see us pass,  
 They cannot feel the bright warm sun,  
 That shines upon the grass.

They do not hear when the great bell  
 Is ringing over-head ;  
 They cannot rise and come to Church  
 With us, for they are dead,

But we believe a Day shall come,  
When all the dead will rise,  
When they who sleep down in the grave  
Will ope again their eyes.

For CHRIST our LORD was buried once,  
He died and rose again,  
He conquered death, He left the grave,  
And so will Christian men.

So when the friends we loved the best  
Lie in their churchyard bed,  
We must not cry too bitterly  
Over the happy dead ;

Because for our dear SAVIOUR'S sake,  
Our sins are all forgiven,  
And Christians only fall asleep,  
To wake again in heaven.

---

## 20.

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

EVERY morning the red sun  
Rises warm and bright,  
But the evening cometh on,  
And the dark cold night.  
There's a bright land far away,  
Where 'tis never ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers  
Open bright and gay,  
Till the chilly autumn hours  
Wither them away.  
There's a land we have not seen,  
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise  
All the summer long,  
But in colder shorter days  
They forget their song.  
There's a place where Angels sing  
Ceaseless praises to their King.

CHRIST our LORD is ever near  
Those who follow Him,  
But we cannot see Him here,  
For our eyes are dim.  
There is a most happy place,  
Where men always see His face.

Who shall go to that bright land?  
All who do the right:  
Holy children there shall stand,  
In their robes of white.  
For that Heaven so bright and blest,  
Is our everlasting rest.



21.

## The Third Promise.

TO KEEP GOD'S HOLY WILL AND COMMANDMENTS, AND WALK  
IN THE SAME ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE.

### Of the Commandments.

I.

THERE is One God, but One alone,  
He made all things in earth and Heaven ;  
To Him all love and praise are due,  
All worship must be given.

The little birds sing happy songs,  
The flowers grow brightly everywhere ;  
They do not know the Great LORD GOD,  
Who made them all so fair.

But we are not like senseless flowers,  
We are not like the little birds,  
For we can love Him with our hearts,  
And praise Him with our words.

O! if the Great Almighty God,  
Will hear the prayers that children pray,  
If He will let us love His Name,  
And serve Him day by day ;

If we may turn and cling to Him,  
Before Whose face the Angels fall,  
Sure we must give Him our whole hearts,  
And love Him best of all.



## 22.

## II.

THERE are strange countries far away  
Where GOD'S Name is unknown,  
Where children live who say their prayers  
To gods of wood and stone.

But Christian children go to Church  
They kneel at home in prayer ;  
And GOD, Who is a Spirit, hears  
And answers everywhere.

His ear is open to their call,  
In childhood, age, and youth,  
And they must always worship Him  
In spirit and in truth.

They must not think of other things,  
Light toys or merry play,  
When they are listening to God's Word,  
Or kneeling down to pray.

For they who worship at God's throne,  
With hearts so dull and dim,  
Make idols of their foolish thoughts,  
And love them more than Him.

They may not kneel to any form,  
Or picture that man paints,  
Of CHRIST, or of His Mother dear,  
Or of His blessed Saints.

They may not worship or bow down  
To cross of stone or wood,  
Though it be our redemption's sign,—  
Such worship is not good.

For we must pray to God alone,  
Who is in Heaven on high,  
Who is on earth with us unseen,  
Who always hears our cry.





## 23.

## III.

HUSH ! little Christian child,  
Speak not that Holy Name,  
Not with a laughing lip,  
Not in thy playful game ;  
For the Great God of all  
Heareth each word we say,  
He will remember it  
In the great Judgment Day.

Hush ! for His hosts unseen  
Are watching over thee ;  
His Angels spread their wings,  
Thy shelter kind to be.  
Wilt thou with words profane,  
Rash, and undutiful,  
Scatter thine Angel guards,  
Glorious and beautiful ?

Honour God's Holy Name,  
Speak It with thought and care,  
Sing to It holy hymns,  
Breathe It in earnest prayer ;  
But not with sudden cry,  
In thy light joy or pain,  
"God will hold guilty all  
Who take His Name in vain."

## 24.

## IV.

PUT the spade and wheel away ;  
Do no weary work to-day ;  
Let the way-worn horse go free,  
And the field uncultured be ;  
Leave the flail beside the corn,  
All must rest on Sunday morn.  
For the LORD, Who died to save,  
Rose to-day from Joseph's grave,  
And with rest and holy mirth,  
We will keep His feast on earth.  
Hark, I hear the sweet Church bells,  
And their quiet music tells,  
How to keep CHRIST's holyday  
In the happiest, fittest way :  
How His children here may meet,  
All in saintly service sweet,  
And in presence of their LORD,  
Sing His praise, and hear His word :  
With our fathers and our mothers,  
With our sisters and our brothers,  
To the Holy Church we go,  
The dear Church of high and low,  
Where the poor man meanly dressed,  
Is as welcome as the best.

E

And the rich and poor may gather,  
 Kneeling to their common FATHER:—  
 Yes, our risen LORD is there,  
 Listening kindly to our prayer,—  
 Thus should Christian people all  
 Hold their Master's festival ;  
 Thus with joyous rest and praise,  
 His Own children keep His days.



## 25.

## V.

LITTLE birds sleep sweetly  
 In their soft round nests,  
 Crouching in the cover  
 Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet  
 All the summer night,  
 With their old ewe mothers  
 Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet  
 Lie our little heads,  
 With our own dear mothers  
 Sitting' by our beds.

And their soft sweet voices  
Sing our hush-a-bies,  
While the room grows darker  
As we shut our eyes.

And we play at evening  
Round our father's knees,  
Birds are not so merry,  
Singing on the trees :

Lambs are not so happy,  
'Mid the meadow flowers ;  
They have play and pleasure,  
But not love like ours.

But the heart that's loving,  
Works of love will do ;  
Those who dearly cherish,  
We must honour too :

To our father's teaching  
Listen day by day,  
And our mother's bidding  
Cheerfully obey.

For when in His childhood  
Our dear LORD was here,  
He too was obedient  
To His Mother dear.

And His little children  
 Must be good as He,  
 Gentle, and submissive,  
 As He used to be.



## 26.

## VI.

Do not quarrel, do not chide ;  
 You must love each other :  
 Every comrade at your side  
 Is your Christian brother :  
 You have all been born anew ;  
 Love and peace are fit for you.

You became by that new birth  
 To the LORD most holy,  
 And His sainted ones on earth  
 Peaceful are and lowly.  
 Ye are Saints, and ye must be  
 Worthy of such company.

Give not back the hasty blow,  
 Though 'tis given wrongly ;  
 Let the foolish scoffer go,  
 Though he tempt thee strongly :  
 Keep thy gentle LORD in mind,  
 Who was always meek and kind.

He gave back no angry word,  
 When they did offend Him ;  
 He that was the Angels' LORD,  
 Called none to defend Him,  
 Not when hated and abused,  
 Scorned, and spitted on, and bruised.

But He suffered patiently  
 Pain and cruel chiding :  
 Meek and patient you must be,  
 In His Church abiding ;  
 Pride and anger would be shame,  
 For the Saints who bear His Name.

---

 27.

## VII.

I LOVE the little snowdrop flower.  
 The first in all the year,  
 Without a stain upon its leaf,  
 So snowy white and clear.

I love a little modest child,  
 That speaketh quietly,  
 That blushes up to its blue eyes,  
 And hardly answers me.

I sometimes think the Church's Saints  
Are flowers so fair and bright,  
And that her little children are  
Her snowdrops sweet and white.

For pure of heart and innocent,  
And teachable, and mild,  
And modest in its ways and words,  
Should be a Christian child.

I do not like a loud rough tone,  
A look too boldly set,  
A greedy hand outstretched to seize  
Whatever it can get.

I'd rather meet with downcast eyes,  
Sweet voices low and faint ;  
For gentleness and modesty  
Become a little Saint.



28.

VIII.

ON the goods that are not thine,  
Little Christian, lay no finger ;  
Round thy neighbours' better things  
Let no wistful glances linger.

Pilfer not the smallest thing,  
Touch it not, howe'er thou need it,  
Though the owner have enough,  
Though he know it not, nor heed it.

Taste not the forbidden fruit,  
Though resistance be a trial ;  
Grasping hand and roving eye,  
Early teach them self-denial.

Upright heart and honest name  
To the poorest are a treasure,  
Better than ill-gotten wealth,  
Better far than pomp and pleasure.

Poor and needy though thou art,  
Gladly take what GOD has given,  
With clean hand and humble heart,  
Passing through the world to Heaven.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~  
29.

IX.

O CHRISTIAN child ! in CHRIST'S Own Church  
So late baptized and born anew,  
Let all thy thoughts be upright thoughts,  
Let all thy words be true.



The little lips that every day  
Say prayers to GOD at morn and eve,  
They were not made for wicked words,  
That injure or deceive.

The hearts where GOD's great Spirit dwells,  
To cleanse, and teach, and sanctify,  
Should never think a wicked thought,  
Should never frame a lie.

The LORD GOD sits in Heaven above,  
The GOD Who is all pure and true,  
And CHRIST our LORD is at His side,  
Beholding all we do.

The wicked father of all lies,  
Goes to and fro, and watches nigh,  
And he rejoices when he gets  
A Christian child to lie.

You cannot see the Holy GOD,  
Nor that bad spirit tempting you ;  
But you can watch, and never speak  
A word that is not true.

For CHRIST Who looks into our hearts,  
Sees all we think, hears all we say,  
Will surely help us to be good,  
If we but watch and pray.

## 30.

## X.

Saw ye never in the meadows,  
Where your little feet did pass,  
Down below, the sweet white daisies,  
Growing in the long green grass ?

They are like to little children,  
Children bred in lowly cot,  
Who are modest, meek, and quiet,  
And contented with their lot.

Saw you never lilac blossoms,  
Or acacia white and red,  
Waving brightly in the sunshine,  
On the tall trees overhead ?

They are like to other children,  
Children of the high and great,  
Who are gracious, good, and gentle,  
Serving God in their estate.

Christian children, high and lowly,  
Try like little flowers to be,—  
Day by day the tall tree-blossom  
Gives to God its fragrance free.

Day by day the little daisy  
Looks up with its yellow eye  
Never murmurs, never wishes  
It were hanging up on high

God has given each his station ;  
Some have riches and high place,  
Some have lowly homes and labour,—  
All may have His precious Grace.

You must be content and quiet,  
Your appointed stations in ;  
For to envy, or to covet  
'Others' goods, is mortal sin.

And the air is just as pleasant,  
And as bright the sunny sky,  
To the daisy by the footpath,  
As to flowers that bloom on high.

And God loveth all His children,  
Rich and poor, and high and low,  
And they all shall meet in Heaven,  
Who have served Him here below.



## 31.

### Prayer.

**MY GOODCHILD, KNOW THIS, THAT THOU ART NOT ABLE TO DO THESE THINGS OF THYSELF, NOR TO WALK IN THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD, AND TO SERVE HIM, WITHOUT HIS SPECIAL GRACE; WHICH THOU MUST LEARN AT ALL TIMES TO CALL FOR BY DILIGENT PRAYER.**

WAKE, little child, the morn is gay,  
The air is fresh and cool;  
But pause awhile, and kneel to pray,  
Before you go to merry play,  
Before you go to school.

Kneel down and speak the holy words,  
God loves your simple prayer,  
Above the sweet songs of the birds,  
The bleating of the gentle herds,  
The flowers that scent the air.

And when the quiet evenings come,  
And dewdrops wet the sod,  
When bats and owls begin to roam,  
And flocks and herds are driven home,  
Then kneel again to God.

Because you need Him day and night,  
To shield you with His arm,  
To help you always to do right,  
To feed your soul and give it light,  
And keep you safe from harm.



32.

## The Lord's Prayer.

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.

Is there a little orphan child,  
Father and mother gone,  
Who deems himself quite desolate,  
Left in the world alone ?

It is not so—while CHRIST'S Own words,  
On every lip are laid,  
While each a FATHER hath in Heaven,  
To cheer him and to aid.

O ! let him seek the churchyard ground,  
Some quiet summer even,  
When calmly on his father's grave  
Looks down the sunset heaven ;

And let him gaze on the blue sky,  
And dry the tears that gather  
In his dim eyes, and breathe a prayer  
Unto his other FATHER.

Ye happier children, who below  
 Still share a father's love,  
 Remember earthly love is taught  
 To lead to things above.

Remember, when ye court his smile,  
 Or prattling climb his knee,  
 Ye have a FATHER ever near,  
 More kind, more good than he.

Give Him a love as fond and free,  
 As fully trust His might,  
 Hold converse with Him day by day,  
 And with as great delight.

For household duties, loves, and joys,  
 Losses and cares are given,  
 To train the sons of GOD to reach  
 Their FATHER'S House in Heaven.

---

### 33.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

HALLOWED be our FATHER'S Name,  
 In the hall and in the cot ;  
 Holy hearts, delight to honour,  
 Lips profane, repeat it not.

F

Hallowed be our SAVIOUR'S Name,  
Of the high and of the low ;  
Every mouth declare His praises,  
Every knee before Him bow.

Hallowed be the SPIRIT'S Name,  
Fount eternal, gentle Dove,  
Him all Christians inly cherish,  
Hear His voice, and learn His love.

Hallow we our FATHER'S Name,  
We, His new-born little ones,  
Love It, like obedient daughters,  
Honour It like dutious sons.

Hallow we our SAVIOUR'S Name,  
Let our feet His temple tread,  
Speak It there with praise and blessing,  
Bowing with uncovered head.

Hallow we the HOLY GHOST,  
Let Him rule our hearts within,  
Seek Him, hold Him, love Him better,  
Every hour we strive with sin.

Ever hallowed be Thy Name,  
Thereby called, and therein blessed,  
MAKER, SAVIOUR, kind RENEWER,  
In Thee only we have rest.

## 34.

## THY KINGDOM COME.

WHY do we say, "Thy kingdom come  
Because our KING is far away,  
And till He come to us again,  
We wait, and watch, and pray.

Because some hearts are cold and hard,  
And some are traitors to His cause,  
They do not honour the great KING,  
They will not keep His laws.

And we would see through all the earth  
His Holy Name beloved alone,  
And every knee in homage bowed  
Before His kingly Throne.

The happy dead who rest with Him  
Are ever praying the same prayer,  
For when CHRIST'S kingdom comes again  
His Saints will all be there.

But if we say these solemn words,  
And hope to share His triumph hour,  
Our hearts must be His kingdom now,  
Where He alone hath power.



They must be holy, pure, and true,  
 Obeying CHRIST in *every* thing,  
 For they who own His gentle rule,  
 Can have no other king.

So shall our souls be ready found,  
 When from the country far away,  
 Our KING returns in glory crowned,  
 To hail His Sovereign sway.



## 35.

THEY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

THE Angels stand around Thy Throne,  
 And wait Thy bidding every one,  
 As stars around the full bright moon,  
 Or clouds beneath the setting sun.

Fair creatures, beautiful and bright,  
 They do the will of GOD on high,  
 His ministers to us on earth,  
 Unseen their white wings gliding by.

And children too, may do GOD's will,  
 Each in his lowly, earthly place;  
 For CHRIST hath said, "our Angels bright  
 Always behold the FATHER'S Face."

LORD, when we say, "Thy will be done,"  
 May heart to lip be ever true :  
 O ! give us grace to serve Thee here,  
 As gladly as the Angels do.

Like Him, the lowly Child, Who dwelt  
 Where gleams the Galilean sea,  
 Whose meat it was to do Thy will,—  
 Our Guide, our Trust, our Pattern, He.

And if Thou send us pain or grief,  
 If loss or anguish e'er befall,  
 Still teach us though with quivering lip  
 To say, "Thy will be done in all."

Thus did our LORD in anguish pray,  
 Saying, "Not My will, LORD, but Thine;"  
 So kneel we at our FATHER'S Feet,  
 And all our wills to Him resign.



## 36.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

THE raven builds her nest on high,  
 The loud winds rock her craving brood,  
 The forest echoes to their cry ;  
 Who gives the ravens food ?

The lion goeth forth to roam  
Wild sandy hills and plains among,  
He leaves his little whelps at home:  
Who feeds the lion's young?

God hears the hungry lions howl,  
He feeds the raven hoarse and grey:  
Cares He alone for beast and fowl?  
Are we less dear than they?

Nay, Christian Child, kneel down and own  
The Hand that feeds thee day by day,  
Nor careless with thy lip alone,  
For "all things needful" pray.

God made thy cottage home so dear,  
Gave store enough for frugal fare:  
If richer homes have better cheer,  
'Twas God Who sent it there.

But better far than garners stored,  
Than bread that honest toil may win,  
Than blessings of the laden board,  
The food He gives within.

The lion and the raven die,  
They only ask life's common bread  
Our souls shall live eternally,  
And they too must be fed.

Then not alone for earthly food,  
 Teach us with lisping tongue to pray;—  
 The heavenly meat that makes us good,  
 LORD, give us day by day.



## 37.

AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THEM THAT  
 TRESPASS AGAINST US.

WHEN thou art kneeling down at night,  
 Beside thy mother's knee to pray,  
 And thinking over all thy sins,  
 Done through the busy day;

Then call to mind thy brother's wrong,  
 To strife by angry passions driven,  
 And in thy heart forgive him all,  
 As thou wouldst be forgiven.

Go, throw thy little arms around  
 His neck, and kiss him tenderly,  
 Nor turn away with pouting lip,  
 And sullen tearful eye.

Thou hast sinned more against thy God  
 Than ever brother did to thee;  
 If He should turn away His face,  
 How wretched wouldst thou be.



Dost thou remember when thy LORD  
 Hung on His cruel Cross so long,  
 How in His agony He prayed  
 For those who did Him wrong ?

They nailed His hands, they pierced His feet,  
 Their angry hearts no pity knew,  
 "FATHER, forgive them," was His cry,  
 "They know not what they do."

Go, seek thy little brother's side,  
 And press to his thy rosy cheek,  
 And whisper the forgiveness free  
 He is too proud to seek.

Then as the brightest ray from heaven  
 Doth on the glittering dewdrop fall,  
 Thy penitence shall be received,  
 And GOD forgive thee all.



### 38.

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

THERE is a land where flowers are fair,  
 And pleasant paths run through the woods :  
 But evil beasts are lurking there,  
 And there the pois'nous adder broods.


If we were in that land afar,  
And for the sake of those sweet flowers,  
Should wander where such dangers are,  
A cruel doom would sure be ours.

More foolish he, who to the way  
Of strong temptation turns his feet,  
Who listens what the wicked say,  
Who looks on the forbidden sweet.

O! when we asked at morning hour  
That God would make us good to-day,  
And keep us from temptation's power,  
Did heart and lip together pray?

Not, if we seek the dangerous spot,  
Where we are tempted most to sin,  
If for a moment be forgot  
Our tempter, and the strife within.

He spreads his snares in every place,  
His voice is sweet, his arm is strong;—  
LORD, keep us by Thy stronger Grace,  
Nor let our wavering feet go wrong.



## 39.

BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

CHILD, ere thou wander forth to play,  
Thy LORD'S OWN words be duly said,  
That thou from sin and danger dread  
Delivered be to-day.

The spirit dark that works within,  
Will whisper evil to thy heart,  
Will turn thee from the better part,  
And tempt thy soul to sin.

Thou canst not tell what danger near,  
What sorrow never dreamed before,  
This one short day may have in store,  
What sudden pain or fear.

As I have seen a boat go down  
In quiet waters suddenly,  
When not a wave was on the sea,  
Nor in the sky a frown.

But happy still in all distress,  
The child that to his father flies,  
The heart that on its GOD relies  
For strength and holiness.

God's glorious Angels watch him round,  
 God's SPIRIT on his soul is shed ;  
 In vain the tempter's snares are spread,  
 He walks on guarded ground.

Why should he dread misfortune's blast,  
 Why should he tremble at the foe,  
 Or fear for pain, or shame, or woe ?  
 His heart is anchored fast.

Like lily flower that to and fro  
 Is tossed upon the waters wide,  
 What cares it for the changeful tide ?  
 Its root is firm below.



## 40.

THEREFORE I SAY, AMEN, SO BE IT.

So be it, LORD ; the prayers are prayed,  
 But still we pause on bended knee,  
 And lingering though the words are said,  
 Look fondly up to Thee.

So be it, LORD ; let nothing bad  
 Scatter our incense on the air,  
 No wandering thoughts that we have had  
 Arise to cloud our prayer.



So be it, FATHER ; yet awhile  
We hang upon Thy patient ear,  
And in the brightness of Thy smile  
A moment tarry here.

Like one who on a cloudy day  
Has caught a glimpse of the blue sky,  
And though the gleam have passed away,  
Still looks with longing eye.

Or like a strain of music sweet,  
That dies away in mountain ground,  
Till one by one the hills repeat  
The solitary sound ;

So down the full Church falls alone  
The Pastor's voice ; it sinks, and then,  
Sweet echo to that solemn tone,  
We breathe our soft " Amen."





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## HYMNS AND MEDITATIONS.

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### I.

“ My times are in Thy hand.”—PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come,  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

B

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And to wipe the weeping eyes ;  
 And a heart at leisure from itself,  
 To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will  
 That hurries to and fro,  
 Seeking for some great thing to do,  
 Or secret thing to know ;  
 I would be treated as a child,  
 And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
 In whatsoe'er estate,  
 I have a fellowship with hearts  
 To keep and cultivate ;  
 And a work of lowly love to do  
 For the Lord on whom I wait.



So I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at Thy side ;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee—  
More careful—not to serve Thee much,  
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,  
That call for patient care ;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer ;  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me ;  
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"  
That makes Thy children "free ;"  
And a life of self-renouncing love,  
Is a life of liberty.

## II.

“Thou maintainest my lot.”—PSALM xvi. 5.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,  
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,  
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,  
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they wish might always be,  
Accepting what they look for only,  
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see  
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,  
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,  
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease  
From restless wishes prone to sin,  
And, in Thy own exceeding peace,  
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,  
As air we breathe,—as light we see;  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

### III.

“ If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do  
it.”—JOHN xiv. 14.

My prayer to the promise shall cling—  
I will not give heed to a doubt ;  
For I ask for the one needful thing,  
Which I cannot be happy without.

A spirit of lowly repose  
In the love of the Lamb that was slain,  
A heart to be touched with his woes,  
And a care not to grieve Him again—

The peace that my Saviour has bought,  
The cheerfulness nothing can dim,  
The love that can bring every thought  
Into perfect obedience to Him—



The wisdom his mercy to own  
In the way he directs me to take,—  
To glory in Jesus alone,  
And to love, and do good for His sake.

All this Thou hast offered to me  
In the promise whereon I will rest;  
For faith, O my Saviour, in Thee,  
Is the substance of all my request.

Thy Word has commanded my prayer,  
Thy Spirit has taught me to pray;  
And all my unholy despair  
Is ready to vanish away.

Thou wilt not be weary of me,  
Thy promise my faith will sustain,  
And soon, very soon, I shall see  
That I have not been asking in vain.

#### IV.

“ I, even I, am He that comforteth you.”

—ISAIAH li. 12.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,  
My Heavenly Friend, to me,  
While through the hidden way of faith  
I journey home with Thee,  
Learning by quiet thankfulness  
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace  
My feet would often stray,  
Thy mercy follows all my steps,  
And will not turn away ;  
Yea, thou wilt comfort me at last,  
As none beneath Thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place,  
 I hush my hastened breath,  
 To hear the comfortable words  
 Thy loving Spirit saith ;  
 And feel my safety in Thy hand  
 From every kind of death.

O there is nothing in the world  
 To weigh against Thy will ;  
 Even the dark times I dread the most  
 Thy covenant fulfil ;  
 And when the pleasant morning dawns  
 I find Thee with me still.

Then in the secret of my soul,  
 Though hosts my peace invade,  
 Though through a waste and weary land  
 My lonely way be made,  
 Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—  
 I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place  
I would awhile abide,  
Till with the solace of Thy love  
My heart is satisfied ;  
And all my hopes of happiness  
Stay calmly at Thy side.

V.

“ I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.”—ISAIAH xliv. 3.

SOURCE of my spirit's deep desire

For living joys that shall not perish,

The patient hope Thy words inspire,

Still let Thy tender mercy cherish.

On Thee my humbled soul would wait,

Her utmost weakness calmly learning,

And see Thy grace its way create,

Through thorns and briers which Thou  
art burning.\*

\* Isaiah xxvii. 4.

Gladly my inmost heart would know  
The love that now it faintly traces,  
And see the streams from Zion flow  
O'er all its waste and desert places.

And still I hope—O not in vain !  
I know, this holy seed possessing,  
Thou wilt come down like gentle rain,  
And make the barren ground a blessing.

## VI.

'The Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed  
it.'—EXODUS xx. 11.

BEAM on us brightly, blessed day,  
Dawn softly for our Saviour's sake ;  
And waft thy sweetness o'er our way,  
To draw us Heavenward when we wake.

O holy life that shall not end,  
Light that will never cease to be—  
May every Sabbath-day we spend  
Add to our happiness in Thee.

## VII.

“ In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.”—ISAIAH xxx. 15.

WITH a heart full of anxious request,  
Which my Father in heaven bestowed,  
I wandered, alone and distressed,  
In search of a quiet abode.  
Astray and distracted I cried—  
Lord, where would'st Thou have me to be?  
And the voice of the Lamb that had died  
Said, “ Come, my beloved, to ME.”

I went—for He mightily wins  
Weary souls to His peaceful retreat—  
And He gave me forgiveness of sins,  
And songs that I love to repeat ;



And oft as my enemies came,  
My views of His glory to dim,  
He taught me to trust in His name,  
And to triumph by leaning on Him.

Made pure by the blood that He shed,  
My heart in His presence was free ;  
I was hungry and thirsty— He fed—  
I was sick, and He comforted me ;  
He gave me the blessing complete—  
The hope that is with me to-day,  
And a quiet abode at His feet,  
That shall not be taken away.

## VIII.

“ The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.”—  
PSALM xvi. 5.

THOUGH some good things of lower worth,  
My heart is called on to resign,  
Of all the gifts in heaven and earth,  
The greatest and the best is mine :  
The love of God in Christ made known—  
The love that is enough alone,  
My Father's love is all my own.

My soul's Restorer, let me learn  
In that deep love to live and rest—  
Let me the precious thing discern  
Of which I am indeed possess'd.

My treasure let me feel and see,  
 And let my moments as they flee,  
 Unfold my endless life in Thee.

Let me not dwell so much within  
 My bounded heart, with anxious heed—  
 Where all my searches meet with sin,  
 And nothing satisfies my need—  
 It shuts me from the sound and sight  
 Of that pure world of life and light,  
 Which has no breadth, or length, or height.

Let me Thy power, Thy beauty see—  
 So shall the hopeless labour cease,  
 And my free heart shall follow Thee  
 Through paths of everlasting peace.  
 My strength Thy gift—my life Thy care,  
 I shall forget to seek elsewhere  
 The wealth to which my soul is heir.

I was not called to walk alone,  
To clothe *myself* with love and light ;  
And for Thy glory, not my own,  
My soul is precious in Thy sight.  
My evil heart can never be  
A home, a heritage for me—  
But Thou canst make it fit for Thee.

IX.

“ I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.”—  
PSALM xxxiii. 4.

IN Heavenly Love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear,  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back ?  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.

His Wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,—  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen,  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where the dark clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

## X.

“ There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”—PROV. xviii. 24.

WOULD that I were more closely bound  
To my Beloved, who ever lives—  
Would that my soul were always found  
Abiding in the peace He gives—  
Would that I might more clearly see  
His love an heritage for me—  
More surely know, more meekly own,  
His bounteous grace my strength alone!

And much I wish—but I will pray  
For wisdom that the lowly find,—  
And, O my Saviour, every day,  
More of Thy meek and quiet mind.

The comfort of a mind at rest  
 From every care Thou hast not blest,  
 A heart from all the world set free,  
 To worship and to wait on Thee.

Ah! my Beloved who wilt not die,  
 Whose spirit does not change with mine,  
 Put doubts of my affection by,  
 And make me free to sing of Thine.  
 The more Thy goodness I confess,  
 I shall not surely love Thee less—  
 The more myself alone I see,  
 The farther off I feel from Thee.

Thou art my life's restoring rest,  
 In Thee for safety let me hide,—  
 And win me for Thy grateful guest  
 By love that will not be denied.



Try me with Thy refining fire,  
Array me in Thy white attire,  
Be Wisdom, Righteousness to me,  
The River of my pleasures be,  
And fill my life with love of Thee.

## XI.

“I will bless the Lord at all times.”

—PSALM xxxiv. 1.

TENDER mercies, on my way  
Falling softly like the dew,  
Sent me freshly every day,  
I will bless THE LORD for you.

Though I have not all I would,  
Though to greater bliss I go,  
Every present gift of good  
To eternal love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,  
Well of joy for which I long,  
Let the song I sing to Thee  
Be an everlasting song.

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## XII.

“Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive;  
and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon  
Thee.”—PSALM lxxxvi. 5.

MY SAVIOUR, whose infinite grace  
Most kindly encompasses me,  
Whose goodness more brightly I trace,  
The more of my life that I see.—  
The sins that I mournfully own,  
Thy meekness and mercy exalt,—  
And sweet is the voice from Thy throne,  
That tenderly shews me a fault.

Even now, while my praises arise,  
A sorrowful spirit is mine ;  
A spirit Thou wilt not despise,  
For oh ! it is mourning with Thine.

My joy is in light from above,  
The light which Thy kindness displays,  
My grief is for lack of the love  
That would tune my whole life to Thy  
praise.

My faithful Redeemer, forgive  
The sin it has grieved Thee to see,  
And let me remember to live  
In the Spirit that glorifies Thee.  
Though much in Thy child Thou hast borne,  
Thy counsels still gently repeat,  
And give me, if still I must mourn,  
To mourn as a child at Thy feet.

### XIII.

“ I know whom I have believed.”—2 TIMOTHY i. 2.

How can I err in trusting Thee,  
O Thou in whom I move and live ?  
Since Thou hast given Thy life for me,  
What lack I which Thou wilt not give ?

Truly in Thee my soul believes—  
Truly on Thee my hope is stayed ;  
Thy precious words my heart receives,  
And waits for Thy expected aid.

O, who can err in trusting Thee ?  
Thy pleasure is Thy children's bliss,  
And our eternal life will be  
Beyond our largest faith in this.

## XIV.

### AN EVENING SONG AFTER A DAY OF DIFFICULTY.

LORD, a happy child of Thine,  
Patient through the love of Thee,  
In the light, the life divine,  
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on Thy tender care,  
Thou hast led my soul aright ;  
Fervent was my morning prayer,  
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour, Guardian true,  
All my life is Thine to keep :  
At Thy feet my work I do,  
In Thy arms I fall asleep.

XV.

“I will trust in the covert of thy wings.”—  
PSALM lxi. 4.

UNDER Thy wings, my God, I rest,  
Under Thy shadow safely lie—  
By Thy own strength in peace possessed,  
While dreaded evils pass me by.

With strong desire I here can stay  
To see Thy love its work complete ;  
Here I can wait a long delay,  
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.

My place of lowly service too,  
Beneath Thy sheltering wings I see—  
For all the work I have to do  
Is done through strengthening rest in  
Thee.

I would not rise this rest above,  
I do not mourn my low estate,  
Sure of my riches in Thy love,  
I feel it good to trust and wait.

In faith and patience is repose,  
In faith and rest my strength shall be ;  
And when Thy joy the church o'erflows,  
I know that it will visit me.



## XVI.

“For the Lord shall comfort Zion : He shall comfort all her waste places ; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord ; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.”—ISAIAH li. 3.

“Sing, O Heavens; and be joyful, O Earth; for the Lord hath comforted His people.”—ISAIAH xlix. 13.

A LIVING, loving, lasting word,  
My listening ear believing heard,  
While bending down in prayer ;  
Like a sweet breeze that none can stay,  
It passed my soul upon its way,  
And left a blessing there.

Then joyful thoughts that come and go,  
By paths the holy angels know,

Encamped around my soul ;  
As in a dream of blest repose,  
'Mid withered reeds a river rose,  
And through the desert stole.

I lifted up my eyes to see—  
The wilderness was glad for me,  
Its thorns were bright with bloom ;  
And onward travellers still in sight,  
Marked out a path of shining light,  
And shade unmixed with gloom.

O sweet the strains of those before,  
“ The weary knees are weak no more,  
The faithful heart is strong ;”  
But sweeter, nearer, from above,  
That word of everlasting love,  
The promise and the song.

## XVII.

“ I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in  
His word do I hope.”—PSALM cxxx. 5.

MY SAVIOUR, on the word of truth

In earnest hope I live,

I ask for all the precious things

Thy boundless love can give.

I look for many a lesser light

About my path to shine,

But chiefly long to walk with Thee,

And only trust in Thine.

In holy expectation held,

Thy strength my heart shall stay,

For Thy right hand will never let

My trust be cast away.

Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet,  
In many a deadly strife,  
By the stronghold of hope in Thee,  
The hope of endless life.

Thou knowest that I am not blest  
As Thou would'st have me be,  
Till all the peace and joy of faith  
Possess my soul in Thee ;  
And still I seek 'mid many fears,  
With yearnings unexpressed,  
The comfort of Thy strengthening love,  
Thy soothing, settling rest.

It is not as Thou wilt with me,  
Till, humbled in the dust,  
I know no place in all my heart  
Wherein to put my trust,

Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,  
The Lowly and the Meek,  
That fulness which Thy own redeemed  
Go nowhere else to seek.

Then, O my Saviour, on my soul  
Cast down, but not dismayed,  
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand,  
In tender mercy laid.  
And while I wait for all Thy joys  
My yearning heart to fill,  
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,  
And at Thy feet sit still.

## XVIII.

To —

Love, heavenly love possessing,  
And life without decline,  
Our Father's greatest blessing,  
O dearly loved, is thine.  
Around thee, in thy weakness,  
Our Saviour's arms we see ;  
We know our Best Beloved  
Is watching over thee.

In God, thy God confiding,  
We yield thee to His will ;  
Through faith of His providing,  
Our hearts are calm and still.

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In thy unweary patience  
His faithfulness we see ;  
We know our Best Beloved  
Is watching over thee.

## XIX.

“ I believe in the communion of saints.”—  
CHURCH SERVICE.

O loving spirit do not go !

Thy presence is a precious thing ;

It makes my tears more softly flow,

And sweetens every song I sing.

My heart with thy rejoicing fill,

And bring me heavenly tidings still.

It soothes my soul to feel thee near,

And I believe that thou wilt stay,—

Because the Lord, thy life, is here,

And He will never go away.

And blest will our communion be,

With thee in Him and Him in thee.



I love to have thee by my side,  
 With thy sweet face so pure and bright,  
 While in my Saviour's robe I hide,  
 A robe like thine, exceeding white;  
 Blest with the blessed ones above,  
 Seen by His light, and with His love.

Thy soul, to heavenly bliss restored,  
 Mine through a sacred veil will see,—  
 That glorious body of our Lord  
 Wherein He died for thee and me.  
 And thou in Him mayst live within,  
 And know my heart without its sin.

Oft in my secret communings  
 With thoughts of those who count thee dear,  
 I speak to thee of many things  
 That others would not care to hear;  
 Now that no pain thy love can share,  
 I like to think that *thou* wilt care.

I hear thee in the song of birds,  
Thee in the gladdening flowers I see,  
And earth has music for the words  
That came to us from heaven through thee.  
Hope, joy, the good that God has willed,  
Thy hope confirmed—thy joy fulfilled.

I do not bid thee now farewell,  
(A prayer unmeet for life like thine),  
With thy beloved in heaven I dwell,  
And thy beloved on earth are mine,  
My heart with them, and theirs with thee,  
How canst thou, dear one, distant be?

We tarry still upon the road,  
Our path goes on, we know not where,  
But God is always our abode,  
And we are sure to meet thee there :

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Our life His charge, our work His will,  
To love thee is delightful still.

Soon, yes, it must be soon, we know,  
Our work of faith and love complete,  
We to thy happy home shall go,  
And find thee at our Father's feet.  
There His Beloved prepares our place,  
And we shall see thee face to face.

Meanwhile, to thee with whom we live  
A hidden life by night and day,  
Pain we are sure we cannot give,  
But pleasure I believe we may :  
And this belief henceforth shall be  
New life, new strength, new joy to me.

## XX.

### A NEW YEAR'S MORNING SONG.

“He hath put a new song in my mouth, even thanksgiving unto our God.”—PSALM xl. 3.

THANKSGIVING and the voice of melody,

This new year's morning, call me from  
my sleep—

A new sweet song is in my heart for Thee,

Thou faithful tender Shepherd of the  
sheep,

Thou knowest where to find and how  
to keep

The feeble feet that tremble where they  
stray,—

O'er the dark mountains—through the  
whelming deep—

Thy everlasting mercy makes its way.

The past is not so dark as once it seemed,  
 For there Thy footprints, now distinct, I  
     see ;

And seed in weakness sown, from death  
     redeemed,  
 Is springing up, and bearing fruit in Thee.  
 Not all that hath been, Lord, henceforth  
     shall be—

A low, sweet, cheering strain is in mine ear,  
 Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody,  
 Are leading in from Heaven a blest new  
     year.

With voice subdued, my listening spirit  
     sings,  
 As backward on the trodden path I gaze,  
 While ministering angels fold their wings  
 To fill with lowly thoughts my song of  
     praise.

The shadow of the past on future days,  
Will make them clear to my instructed  
sight ;

For the heart's knowledge of Thy sacred  
ways,  
Even in its deepest darkest shades, is  
light.

I am not stronger—yet I do not fear

The present pain, the conflict yet to be ;  
Experience is a kind voice in mine ear,  
And all my failures bid me lean on Thee.

No future suffering can seem strange to  
me,  
While in the hidden part I feel and  
know

The wisdom of a child at rest and free  
In the tried love, whose judgment keeps  
him low.

## XXI.

“Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness; to the end that my glory may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever.”—  
PSALM xxx. 11, 12.

STRENGTH of the still secluded thought,  
That fears, yet longs, its joy to show—  
The hope, the awe, in mercy taught  
To make me strong, to keep me low—  
Now shall my girded heart rejoice,—  
In praise poured out, in love expressed,—  
Now will I bless Thee, with a voice  
That shall not break this sacred rest.

Once, moved by every mortal pain,  
By every pleasure quickly past,  
I feared to speak in joyful strain  
Of hidden life that might not last.  
Now, from a well that will not fail,  
In Thee my deep rejoicing springs—  
Now, from Thy rest “within the veil,”  
My spirit looks on passing things.

Once, with Thy tired ones homeward bent,  
In hope that rose their fears above,  
My leaping heart could be content  
To greet them with a silent love ;  
I too had walked with weary feet,  
And heard the exulting shout too near—  
I too had felt the toil and heat,  
The wind and storm I did not fear.



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     In hope that rose their fears above,  
 My leaping heart could be content  
     To greet them with a silent love ;  
 I too had walked with weary feet,  
     And heard the exulting shout too near—  
 I too had felt the toil and heat,  
     The wind and storm I did not fear.

Perhaps the Heavenward look in store,  
 The speechless prayer for strength or rest,  
 Might help those needy spirits more  
 Than hope set forth, or joy expressed.  
 But I was changed, I knew not how,  
 By the same love that chose their ways,—  
 I might be just as weary now,  
 And yet rejoice to hear Thy praise.

Now would I cheer the faint in heart  
 With sound of joy they too shall see ;  
 Now would I put the fear apart,  
 That bids me hide Thy strength in me.  
 What though the mortal flesh be frail,  
 The willing spirit prone to sink—  
 There is a stream in Baca's vale,  
 Whereof thy feeblest child may drink.

Some, in their sorrow, may not know  
    How near their feet those waters glide—  
How peaceful fruits for healing grow,  
    And flowers for beauty by their side.  
They may not see, with weeping eyes  
    Upon the dreary desert bent,  
How glorious straight before them, lies  
    The Eden of their soul's content.

But O my Saviour, I can see  
    For them, what once for me was seen ;  
I know, whate'er their sufferings be,  
    The tender mercy which they mean.  
I do not watch, with anxious care,  
    To see the end of their distress—  
Thou knowest what the heart must bear,  
    The human heart which Thou wilt bless.

And in their daily deepening need

Of heavenly love, for strength or rest,

They are already blest indeed—

Yea, and much more they shall be blest.

Wrapt in the spirit of Thy praise,

As from Gerizim's height, I see

Blessing poured out on all the ways,

That prove Thy children's need of Thee.

O wondrous love, so strong to smite—

So meek the opposing will to tame !

It was thy Hand put forth in might,

That led me through the flood, the flame.

When, needing strength to bear thy rod,

By the smooth stream I found repose,

It was Thy grace, All-seeing God,

Thy love that smote me, ere I rose.

How could I look for lengthened rest,  
     With thy deep sufferings scarcely known,  
 Or lay for ever on Thy breast,  
     The perfect heart which Thou wilt own ?  
 The heart, that guilty of Thy woes,  
     Looks only upon Thee to mourn,  
 And feels the cross thy love bestows,  
     A burden easy to be borne.

And yet that pause was not in vain—  
     It was a blessing meet to give  
 Strength, for the labour and the pain,  
     Whereby alone my soul might live.  
 How gently thence Thy mighty hand  
     My lingering spirit onward bare !  
 How precious, in a barren land,  
     The footprints of Thy people were !

There many hearts that knew Thy ways  
The safety of my feet could see—  
And there I heard the song of praise,  
That Faith poured out to Heaven for me.  
Oh, more than all the ease I sought,  
That song the desert path could bless—  
And dearer in my deepest thought,  
The love that met me in distress.

Now that Thy mercies on my head,  
The oil of joy for mourning pour,—  
Not as I will my steps be led,  
But as Thou wilt for evermore.  
Henceforth, whate'er my heart's desire,  
Fulfil in me Thy own design,  
I need the fountain and the fire—  
And both, O King of Saints, are Thine.

Now that my sense of rest in Thee,  
Rules over every rising fear,  
Pain, pleasure, all I feel and see,  
Thy counsels to my soul endear.  
Now can my girded heart rejoice,  
In praise poured out, in love expressed—  
Now may I bless Thee, with a voice  
That shall not break this sacred rest.



XXII.

NATURAL AFFECTION IN THE  
NEW CREATURE.

“ It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual  
body.”—1 COR. xv. 44.

JESUS, Lord of Heaven above,  
Earth beneath is all Thy own :  
In the depths of Heavenly love  
Let my human heart be sown.

Let the love that as a grain  
None on earth might care to see,  
Buried in Thy grave remain,  
Be a precious seed to Thee.

Thou wilt raise it, though it die,  
 Thou wilt see it hidden there—  
 Thou wilt guard it with Thine eye  
 From the spirits of the air.

None shall take it thence away ;  
 It is sown for Thy delight :  
 Thou wilt shine on it by day,—  
 Thou wilt shield it in the night.

Where the silent waters flow,  
 It shall multiply its root ;  
 It shall blossom, it shall grow,  
 It shall bear immortal fruit.

Sown in weakness, raised in power—  
 Sown in suffering, raised in peace—  
 It shall brave the blighting hour,  
 In the year of drought increase.

Never hurt by sun or storm,  
    Blest its every stage shall be ;  
Dying in its mortal form—  
    Living evermore in Thee.

## XXIII.

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind  
is staid on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.”—  
ISAIAH xxvi. 3.

OH, this is blessing, this is rest—  
    Into Thine arms, O Lord, I flee:  
I hide me in Thy faithful breast,  
    And pour out all my soul to Thee.  
There is a host dissuading me,—  
    But, all their voices far above,  
I hear Thy words—“O taste and see  
    The comfort of a Saviour’s love.”  
And, hushing every adverse sound,  
    Songs of defence my soul surround,  
As if all saints encamped about  
    One trusting heart pursued by doubt.

And O, how solemn, yet how sweet  
     Their one assured, persuasive strain !  
 “ The Lord of Hosts is thy retreat,  
     The Man who bore thy sin, thy pain.  
 Still in His hand thy times remain—  
     Still of His body thou art part,  
 And He will prove his right to reign  
     O'er all things that concern thy heart.”  
 O tenderness—O truth divine !  
 Lord, I am altogether thine.  
 I have bowed down—I need not flee—  
 Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

And now I count supremely kind,  
     The rule that once I thought severe ;  
 And precious to my altered mind,  
     At length, Thy least reproofs appear.

Now to the love that casts out fear,

Mercy and truth, indeed seem one ;

Why should I hold my ease so dear ?

The work of training must be done.

I must be taught what I would know—

I must be led where I would go—

And all the rest ordained for me,

Till that which is not seen I see

Is to be found in trusting Thee.

## XXIV.

“ The Lord is my portion, saith my soul ; therefore will I hope in Him.”—LAMENTATIONS iii. 24.

My heart is resting, O my God,—

I will give thanks and sing ;

My heart is at the secret source

Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made

No hand but Thine shall fill—

For the waters of the Earth have failed,

And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,

And here all day they rise—

I seek the treasure of Thy love,

And close at hand it lies.

And a "new song" is in my mouth  
To long loved music set—  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known—  
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast  
For what is most my own.  
I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see ;  
But the hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love  
That sets my heart at rest—  
A calm assurance for to-day —  
That to be poor is best.



A prayer reposing on His truth  
 Who hath made all things mine,  
 That draws my captive will to Him,  
 And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,  
 For want and toil and loss—  
 For the death that sin makes hard and slow,  
 Upon my Saviour's cross—  
 Thanks for the little spring of love  
 That gives me strength to say,  
 " If they will leave me part in Him,  
 Let all things pass away."

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,  
 But it will not come too late—  
 And the songs of patient spirits rise  
 From the place wherein I wait ;

While in the faith that makes no haste  
 My soul has time to see  
 A kneeling host of Thy redeemed,  
 In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around  
 Responsive to my prayer ;  
 I hear the voice of my desire  
 Resounding everywhere.  
 But the earnest of eternal joy,  
 In every prayer I trace ;  
 I see the glory of the Lord  
 On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,  
 Those spirits have been sent  
 To share the travail of my soul,  
 Or show me what it meant !

And I long to do some work of love

No spoiling hand could touch,

For the poor and suffering of Thy flock

Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now

With the thankful song I sing ;

For thy people know the secret source

Of every precious thing.

The heart that ministers for Thee

In Thy own work will rest ;

And the subject spirit of a child

Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love,

That waits all day on Thee,

With the service of a watchful heart

Which no one else can see—

The faith that, in a hidden way  
No other eye may know,  
Finds all its daily work prepared,  
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God,  
My heart is in Thy care—  
I hear the voice of joy and health  
Resounding everywhere.  
“Thou art my portion,” saith my soul,  
Ten thousand voices say,  
And the music of their glad Amen,  
Will never die away.

## XXV.

“ I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope ; and she shall sing there.”  
—HOSEA ii. 14, 15.

“ I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”—  
PSALM cxix. 75.

I WILL love Thee, O Lord, my strength—

    Thee shall my rescued heart embrace ;

Thy love, in all its breadth and length,

    Shall be my peaceful dwelling place.

Whom have I on the earth beside ?

    Thy cross, Thy crown of thorns I see ;

Thou who to save my life hast died,

    I will have fellowship with Thee.

Surely Thy human heart has borne

My greatest grief, my least distress—

Surely I see my Saviour mourn

With the bowed spirit He will bless.

Nailed to Thy cross, I would not fly

The pain it grieves Thy soul to give :

If because Thou hast died I die,

Because Thou livest I shall live.

How could a moment's pang destroy

My heart's confirmed repose in Thee ?

*Thy presence* is sufficient joy

To one reclaimed and spared like me.

It is enough that I am Thine—

Almighty to redeem from sin ;

Thou shalt subdue, correct, refine

The heart which Thou hast died to win.

Now, through this light and passing pain,

The travail of Thy soul I see—

I know Thou hast not borne in vain  
The mortal anguish due to me ;  
Thoughts of a love unfelt before  
In comfort on my heart descend—  
This suffering must have cost Thee more  
Than I can ever comprehend.

Yet, through a sacred sympathy,  
I of Thy precious death partake !  
I feel my fellowship with Thee,  
And with the Father for Thy sake.  
I see the source of all Thy woe,  
Thy resurrection's power I feel—  
And streams of " living water " flow \*  
Through the dry desert where I kneel.

Shielded from every fear of wrath,—  
Looking through love on all that is—

\* St. John vii. 38, 39.

I see about my troubled path  
 A cloud of tranquil witnesses.  
 Happy the chastening to endure,  
 That makes me one, in love and trust,  
 With all the lowly, all the pure,  
 All the tried spirits of the just.

Thy children's sympathy is sweet,  
 But all is measured—all in part ;  
 Into Thy love my hopes retreat,  
 For that which satisfies the heart.

There may be other love in store,  
 But none whereof Thy child may say—  
 My strength, my life, for evermore,  
 My ample portion day by day.

Such solace as around me grows,  
 Thou for my need shalt still prepare—  
 But make Thy bosom my repose,  
 And fix my expectation there.



For Thou canst cherish and uphold  
 Life, that no eye but Thine may see—  
 And no rough wind, no heat, or cold,  
 Shall hurt the love that clings to Thee.

In to Thy silent place of prayer,  
 The anxious wandering mind recall—  
 Dwell 'mid Thy own creation there,  
 Restoring, claiming, hallowing all.  
 Then the calm spirit, won from sin,  
 Thy perfect sacrifice shall be—  
 And all the ransomed powers therein  
 Shall go forth, glorifying Thee.

Out of this spirit of Thy grace,  
 O, who can tell what light has beamed !  
 I see the solitary place,  
 A garden for Thy own redeemed.

I see the desolated ground,  
 With dews of Heavenly kindness fed—  
 And fruits of joy and love surround  
 The heart which Thou hast comforted.

O knowledge all my thoughts above!  
 This thirsty vale I could not flee,\*  
 This yearning for unbounded love  
 Has been "a door of hope" to me.  
 Who would go forth in haste by flight,  
 From the dry land which Thou wilt bless—  
 Sown with the everlasting light,  
 That shows Thy "very faithfulness!"

Thou hast loved me, O Lord, my strength—  
 On Thee my yielded heart shall lean;  
 Thy guiding love in all its length  
 Shall teach me all Thy judgments mean.

\* Hosea ii. 6.

And I will ask Thee for a sign

That many an anxious eye may see—

Give me the love that rests in Thine,

For those whom thou hast tried like me.

Love that believes, is always sweet

To fearful hearts, which Thou wilt guide,

And mine may win some timid feet,

To the deep River's quiet side.

While from that River's fertile banks,

My resting eye their portion sees—

O that my soul might yield Thee thanks,

By comforting the least of these !

## XXVI.

“Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts : all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command His lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.”—PSALM xlii. 7, 8.

Go not far from me, O my strength,  
Whom all my times obey ;  
Take from me anything Thou wilt,  
But go not Thou away,—  
And let the storm that does Thy work  
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,  
In weakness and distress :  
I will not ask for greater ease,  
Lest I should love Thee less.

Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me  
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts  
For my deliverance care,  
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,  
Art teaching me to bear—  
By the sweet voice of thankful song,  
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path,  
No outward eye can trace,  
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,  
With darkness on its face,  
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,  
As in a secret place.

O comforter of God's redeemed,  
Whom the world does not see,

What hand should pluck me from the flood,  
 That casts my soul on Thee ?  
 Who would not suffer pain like mine,  
 To be consoled like me ?

When I am feeble as a child,  
 And flesh and heart give way,  
 Then on Thy everlasting strength  
 With passive trust I stay.  
 And the rough wind becomes a song,  
 The darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,  
 Though silent anguish show  
 The love that in their hours of sleep,  
 Unthanked may come and go.  
 And blessed are the ears that hear,  
 Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn, in Thee,  
    Though patient suffering teach  
The secret of enduring strength,  
    And praise too deep for speech—  
*Peace* that no pressure from without,  
    No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,  
    For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;  
There is no curse in this my pain,  
    For He was crucified.  
And it is *fellowship* with Him  
    That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength—  
    My heart is strong to bear ;  
I will be joyful in Thy love,  
    And peaceful in Thy care.  
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,  
    According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,  
 How blest soe'er it be—  
 Yet may the chastened child be glad  
 His Father's face to see ;  
 And oh, it is not hard to bear  
 What must be borne in Thee.

It is not hard to bear by faith,  
 In Thy own bosom laid,  
 The trial of a soul redeemed,  
 For Thy rejoicing made.  
 Well may the heart in patience rest,  
 That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,  
 Almighty to restore—  
 Borne onward—sin and death behind,  
 And love and life before—  
 Oh, let my soul abound in hope,  
 And praise Thee more and more !



Deep unto deep may call, but I  
With peaceful heart will say—  
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
No waves can take away ;  
And let the storm that speeds me home,  
Deal with me as it may.

## XXVII.

“ God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.”—  
1 COR. i. 9.

BOWED with a burden none can weigh save  
Thee,  
Strength of my life, on Thee I cast my  
care ;

My heart must prove its own infirmity,  
But what shall move me, if my God be  
there ?

Oh for a thankful song with every breath,  
While amid fading flowers and withering  
grass,  
I, with Thee, through the grave and gate of  
death,  
On to my joyful resurrection pass.

Armed with the spirit of my Master's  
     mind,  
 How shall I spare a thought that He  
     would slay?  
 Lord, I would leave those things which are  
     behind,  
 And press towards Heaven through all the  
     narrow way.

Bright be my prospect as I pass along ;—  
     An ardent service at the cost of all,—  
 Love by untiring ministry made strong,  
     And ready for the first, the softest call.

Yes, God is faithful—and my lot is cast ;—  
     Oh not myself to serve, my own to be !  
 Light of my life, the darkness now is past,  
     And I beneath the Cross can work for  
     Thee.

## XXVIII.

“ He that loveth his life shall lose it ; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.”—JOHN xii. 25.

SWEET be Thy words of sternest truth,  
My risen Lord to me !  
Hid in the secret of my heart  
Their deepest treasure be ;  
That I may comprehend the joy  
Of sacrifice for Thee.

And softly let the light of life  
Before Thy servant shine,  
That through the gloom, with steadfast will,  
My soul may follow Thine—

Calm in the depth of one desire,  
 And strong in one design.

But never let me think I see  
 Thy heavenly things aright,  
 Unless the single eye of love  
 Fill my whole mind with light,  
 And to be like Thee in Thy death  
 Seems glorious\* in my sight.

That willing sacrifice of Thine  
 My meditation make,  
 Till to the true delight of life  
 My soul with songs awake,—  
 And all that spoils me of myself  
 Be treasure for Thy sake.

The tenderest heart Thy hands have made,  
 Beneath Thy rule may rest ;

\* 2 Peter i. 3.

For He who made it for Himself  
 Knows what will shield it best,—  
 The feeblest lover of Thy law  
 Dwells safely in Thy breast.

Now through a strait and painful way  
 My weary feet must press ;  
 But what shall hurt the struggling soul  
 Which thou hast died to bless,  
 Or prompt a spirit to complain,  
 That *knows* its blessedness !

Nor seems it strange to one who weighs  
 The joy of liberty,  
 This death of suffering to himself,  
 This life of love to Thee,  
 Which gives the lowly power to reign  
 And makes the servant free.

O let no timid, faithless thought  
    Prevail my bonds to spare !  
Lord, I *can* drink Thy bitter cup,  
    Thy fiery trial share,—  
I can deny myself for Thee,  
    And for Thy glory care.

Only the unction of Thy love,  
    With every cross be mine—  
Till these Thy words,—so firm to gird,  
    So searching to refine—  
Be sweet unto Thy servant's soul  
    Even as they are to Thine.

## XXIX.

“ It is a faithful saying : For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him : if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.”—2 TIMOTHY ii. 11, 12.

“ Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”—2 COR. xii. 9.

COMPASSED about with songs, my soul was  
still—

But not for lack of light its bliss to see ;  
Thy heart, my Father, could the temple fill,  
And its deep silence was a song to Thee.  
My mind reposed in its captivity,  
By the clear evidence of love subdued ;



I was content to die, that I might be  
Redeemed for ever from my solitude.  
All that was in me to Thy throne aspired,  
Longed for Thy heavenly glory to be  
meet,—  
Devotion was the joy to be desired,  
And the one thought of sacrifice was  
sweet.

But He who knew my frame was training me  
For service needing strength that cannot  
wane,  
And teaching me my frail mortality  
By solemn reckonings of the weight of  
pain.  
I in my weakness—how was I to reign,  
When suffering was the only way to  
power?

And would my spirit in His strength  
 remain,

When watching was a strife for one short  
 hour?

Could I with stedfast heart myself deny?

Could I with patient love the Cross  
 endure?

Should I be every day content to die,

To keep my daily life in Him secure?

Then with fresh sweetness, from the saints  
 in light,

One song of victory to my soul made  
 known,

How the hid treasure of the Church's might

Was in the power of her Beloved alone.

And then Thy glory to my heart was shown,

Even as the glory of the blest above;—

I knew Thy stedfast spirit was my own,  
By the pure joy of Thy reflected love.  
And the mind communed with me that was  
his  
Who said "When I am weak then am I  
strong"—  
Until the voice of my infirmities  
Made harmony with that triumphant  
song.

### XXX.

“ Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it,  
and in the breadth of it: for I will give it unto thee.”

—GEN. xiii. 17.

“ All things are yours.....things present.”—  
1 COR. iii. 21, 22.

WHILE toil and warfare urge us on our way,  
And heart is answering heart in signs of  
pain,

Have we no words of strengthening joy to  
say—

No songs for those who suffer but to reign ?

Oh for the faithful mind, the stedfast eye,  
To keep our Leader's glory full in sight,  
And make our converse, even while we die,  
An interchange of triumph and delight.

Behold, the paths of life are ours—we see  
 Our blest inheritance where'er we tread ;  
 Sorrow and danger our security,  
 And disappointment lifting up our head.

Kings unto God, we may not doubt our  
 power,  
 We may not languish when He says, “ Be  
 strong ”—  
 We must move on through every adverse  
 hour,  
 And take possession as we pass along.

Yes, all is for us—nothing shall withstand  
 Our faithful, valiant, persevering claim ;—  
 The rod of God's Anointed in our hand,  
 And our assurance His unchanging name.

We need no haste where He has said " Be  
still "—

No peace where He has charged us to  
contend ;

Only the fearless love to do His will,  
And to show forth His honour to the end.

O ye that faint and die, arise and live !  
Sing, ye that all things have a charge to  
bless !

If He is faithful who hath sworn to give,  
Then be ye also faithful, and possess.

Take thy whole portion with thy Master's  
mind—

Toil, hindrance, hardness, with His virtue  
take—

And think how short a time thy heart may find  
To labour or to suffer for His sake.

Behold, the paths of life are ours—we see  
Our blest inheritance where'er we tread ;  
Sorrow and danger our security,  
And disappointment lifting up our head.

Kings unto God, we may not doubt our  
power,  
We may not languish when He says, "Be  
strong"—  
We must move on through every adverse  
hour,  
And take possession as we pass along.

Yes, all is for us—nothing shall withstand  
Our faithful, valiant, persevering claim ;—  
The rod of God's Anointed in our hand,  
And our assurance His unchanging name.

We need no haste where He has said " Be  
still "—

No peace where He has charged us to  
contend ;

Only the fearless love to do His will,  
And to show forth His honour to the end.

O ye that faint and die, arise and live !  
Sing, ye that all things have a charge to  
bless !

If He is faithful who hath sworn to give,  
Then be ye also faithful, and possess.

Take thy whole portion with thy Master's  
mind—

Toil, hindrance, hardness, with His virtue  
take—

And think how short a time thy heart may find  
To labour or to suffer for His sake.



Count all the pains that speed thee to thy  
rest

Among the riches of thy purchased right ;  
Yea, bind them in His name upon thy breast,  
As jewels for the Bride, the Lamb's delight.

And love shall teach us while on Him we lean,  
That, in the certainty of coming bliss,  
We may be yearning for a world unseen,  
Yet wear our beautiful array in this.

Ours be a loyal love, for service tried,  
To show, by deeds and words and looks  
that cheer,

How He can bless the scene in which He  
died,

And fill His house with glory even here.

## XXXI.

“Jesus said unto His disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.”—**MATT. xvi. 24.**

“I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment; that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures.”—**PROV. viii. 20, 21.**

HEAVENLY things my soul hath seen,  
Things the Holy Spirit shows,—  
Things on which the heart can lean  
When the flesh has no repose.  
All was light, and life, and rest—  
Love was mine, and I was blest :  
Every pain I had to bear  
Proved my Shepherd's tender care ;  
Everything I had to do  
Taught my heart that He was true :

I could choose the way He trod,  
I could give my will to God.  
Waters still and pastures green,  
Pleasant paths my soul hath seen.

Is it all a vision gone !

Was the gladness all in vain ?

Oh to travel firmly on !

Oh to tread those paths again !

Lord, on Thee my help is laid ;  
Thou art true, but I have strayed ;—  
Left Thee with a froward will,  
Strayed from One who loves me still.  
Through the tangled waste I see,  
Seek the sheep that pants for Thee.  
Show me the forsaken track,  
Lead Thy wanderer safely back :  
Let no fear my steps withhold  
From the flock within Thy fold.

Sacred memories do not cease—

Still my heart, where'er I go,  
Sees the river of thy peace

Through those pleasant pastures flow.  
Still, amid the desert drear,  
Songs of heavenly love I hear.  
Heavenly love! the sound is sweet,  
Lo, it stays my wandering feet,—  
Leads to Thee for all I lack,—  
Softly bids me welcome back.  
Thoughts of perfect gifts it brings,  
Thoughts of deep enduring things,—  
Thoughts of joy I yet may see  
Hidden in Thy word for me.

O my Saviour! never more  
From my treasure to depart,  
Now my failing will restore,  
Fix the purpose of my heart.

Let Thy Spirit in me be  
 Springing up in love to Thee.  
 Listening, following day by day,  
 Stedfast in my onward way,  
 Girded with Thy faithful mind,  
 Pleasant paths I yet shall find.  
 Fountains at my feet shall rise,  
 Riches hid shall meet mine eyes.

Songs of glory to my God  
     In the desert shall be heard !  
 There is comfort in Thy rod,  
     Power in Thy reproving word.  
 In a spirit all Thine own  
 Make Thy hardest sayings known.  
 They will gird me with Thy strength,  
 Bear me all my journey's length ;  
 Give me for the daily strife,  
 Joy and health and plenteous life.

Hid within for precious fruit,  
Love shall take eternal root—  
Love that in the Spirit lives ;  
Love that grows by all it gives.  
'Neath a rule so firm to bless,  
I shall learn Thy gentleness.  
Show it forth in all I do,—  
Making others feel it too.

Saviour ! fast the moments flee—  
O decide my will to-day.  
Bind my heart to follow Thee  
Ere the song has died away.  
Never let a fear or pain  
Turn me to myself again.  
Though my strength has failed me long,  
Let Thy promise make me strong—  
Strong my nature to withstand,—  
Strong to hold Thy guiding hand.

All the joy before me set  
Teach me never to forget.  
If indeed with Thee to stay  
I must choose a narrow way,—  
If my inmost heart must give  
All its purpose, thus to live,—  
Still, my portion Thou must be,  
Still my spirit cries for Thee.  
Oh for all Thy light to shine!  
Oh for love to keep me Thine.

## XXXII.

"I commune with mine own heart."—PSALM  
lxxvii. 6.

Each another step I take  
In my wilful wandering way,  
Still I have a choice to make—  
Shall I alter while I may?

Patient love is waiting still  
In my Saviour's heart for me;  
Love to bend my froward will,  
Love to make me really free.

Far from Him, what can I gain?  
Want and shame, and bondage vile—  
Better far to bear the pain  
Of His yoke a little while.



Soon I might its comfort find ;  
    Soon my thankful heart might cry,  
“ In Thy meek obedient mind,  
    As Thou walkest so would I.”

In His paths what could I lack ?  
    God's own hand my cup would fill :  
Hark ! my Saviour calls me back—  
    Shall I turn with all my will ?

Still His wisdom I may get—  
    Learn to labour while I pray.  
Striving till my feet be set  
    Firmly in the narrow way.

### XXXIII.

#### A RESURRECTION HYMN.

“The Lord is risen.”

DEAR SAVIOUR of a dying world  
Where grief and change must be,  
In the new grave where Thou wast laid  
My heart lies down with Thee.  
Oh, not in cold despair of joy,  
Or weariness of pain,  
But from a hope that shall not die,  
To rise and live again.

I would arise in all Thy strength  
My place on earth to fill,  
To work out all my time of war  
With love's unflinching will.

Firm against every doubt of Thee  
For all my future way—  
To walk in Heaven's eternal light  
Throughout the changing day,

Ah, such a day as Thou shalt own  
When suns have ceased to shine!  
A day of burdens borne by Thee,  
And work that all was Thine.  
Speed Thy bright rising in my heart,  
Thy righteous kingdom speed,—  
Till my whole life in concord say,  
“The Lord is risen indeed.”

Oh, for an impulse from Thy love  
With every coming breath,  
To sing that sweet undying song  
Amid the wrecks of death!  
A “hail!” to every mortal pang  
That bids me take my right,

To glory in the blessed life  
Which Thou hast brought to light.

I long to see the hallowed earth  
In new creation rise,  
To find the germs of Eden hid  
Where its fallen beauty lies,—  
To feel the spring-tide of a soul  
By one deep love set free,  
Made meet to lay aside her dust  
And be at home with Thee.

And then—there shall be yet an end—  
An end how full to bless !  
How dear to those who watch for Thee  
With human tenderness.  
Then shall the saying come to pass  
That makes our hope complete ;  
And, rising from the conquered grave,  
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes—they shall meet, and face to face  
By heart to heart be known,  
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of life,  
And perfect in their own.  
For this corruptible must rise  
From its corruption free,  
And this frail mortal must put on  
Thine immortality.

Shine then, Thou Resurrection Light,  
Upon our sorrows shine !  
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,  
As all our griefs were Thine.  
Now in this changing dying life  
Our faded hopes restore,  
Till, in Thy triumph perfected,  
We taste of death no more.

## XXXIV.

### A NEW YEAR HYMN.

SUNLIGHT of the heavenly day,  
Mighty to revive and cheer,  
Bless our yet untrodden way,  
Lead us through the entered year.  
Where the shades of death we see,  
Let Thy living brightness be—  
Let it speed our lingering feet—  
Let it shine on all we meet.  
While before our chastened gaze,  
Earthly pleasures fade and fail,  
Thou, the light of all our days—  
Thou, our stedfast glory, hail!

Forward, though the path be hid ;  
     Though we pass the lurking foe ;  
 Though the sound of war forbid,  
     Girt with gladness, let us go.  
     Bold in Thy protecting care,  
     Strong to prove Thee faithful there ;  
     Through the desert or the sea,  
     On, to reign in life with Thee.  
 Ah, with more than fearless heart,  
     Homeward be our faces set ;  
 Show us in our present part  
     Wealth we have not measured yet.

Open thou beneath our tread  
     Springs, the distance could not show ;  
 From the holy Fountain-head,  
     Let them rise where'er we go.  
     Rather give us eyes to see—  
     Love awake to love in Thee—

**Hearts that, trusting in Thy care,**

**Find its traces everywhere.**

**Teach us, as we pass along,**

**In the shining of Thy face,**

**Many a sweet thanksgiving song,**

**Even in a dreary place.**

**While with firm unyielding will,**

**For the victor's crown we strive,**

**Gracious Saviour, keep us still**

**To Thy gentlest signs alive—**

**Where the stormy wind is heard,**

**Quick to every tender word,**

**And for all our journey's length,**

**Armed with meekness more than**

**strength.**

**In the shadow of Thy hand,**

**We can brave the uprooting gale,**

**And a little child may stand**

**Where the soldier's heart would fail.**

L



Oft a desolating blast

Bears the seed of comfort too,  
 And the patient soul at last  
 Finds a garden where it blew ;  
 So, where nothing cheers our sight,  
 Germs of love may spring to light,  
 Bright 'mid earth's oppressive shades,  
 Fresh beside the leaf that fades.

Let the precious seed abound—

Make the tempest strong to bless,  
 Strong to claim our thorny ground  
 For the fruits of holiness.

Lord of all ! we cannot know

What our paths may yet unfold ;  
 But the part that love would show—  
 Wise to save us—Thou hast told.  
 By our hearts' unmeasured price—  
 By thy life-long sacrifice—

By Thy death to set us free,  
Lead us on to joy in Thee.  
On to greet the perfect day,  
Blessed end of time and strife—  
On, through all the shining way,  
Brightness of our human life.

XXXV.

BEREAVEMENT.

Flow on, Thou Fountain of my joy,

Through all the wilderness !

Thou seest what will work for good,

Thou knowest how to bless.

Get Thyself glory, O my God,

Be praised in my distress !

Oh let Thy true refining love

Its utmost pleasure see ;

And lift not up Thy faithful hand

Whate'er my cry may be,

Till I am strong for Thy renown,

And pure for use to Thee.

I know Thine eye has weighed the path  
 To Thy lost creature's bliss.  
 No comfort could supply the need  
 Of grief so sore as this ;—  
 No joy could wake my heart so well  
 To Thy full preciousness.

Thou wast the Source of all that love  
 Which makes me glad no more,—  
 And Thou hast taken to Thyself  
 What was Thine own before.  
 Thine, and mine too, O Good to give,  
 O Faithful to restore.

That loving spirit is withdrawn  
 From every shade of sin ;  
 And I in sympathy with her  
 A holier life begin.  
 Yes ! to her new delight in Thee,  
 I, Lord, can enter in.

She with Thee, wheresoe'er Thou art,

In fellowship untold !

She in Thee, living by my Bread,

My Hope, my heart's Stronghold !

Oh ! 'tis a song for days of grief,

Whate'er their depths enfold.

As one whose mother comforts him,

I will lift up my head.

No wound of Thine shall take the life

From words which Thou hast said,

And in the fulness of Thy truth

*I shall be comforted.*

XXXVI.

“As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him.”—DEUT. xxxi. 11, 12.

WHEN the eagle stirs her nest,  
Fills it with disturbing things,  
Then her young ones cannot rest—  
They must mount upon her wings.

If the nest were easy still,  
They might tarry where it lies;  
But the loving mother's will  
Makes it easier to arise.

Easier—for herself is there,  
Her own guarded work above,  
Rising, stooping in the air,  
Bent to raise them with her love.

Comfort done away below,  
Feeble wings they lift at length,  
And the mother whom they know  
Bears them upward in her strength.

She has lived upon the wing,  
She has found her joy on high—  
And she knows their precious thing  
Is the freedom of the sky.

So the Lord alone can know  
What His helpless children need ;  
Where 'tis good for them to go  
Only He who *bears* can lead.

Whatsoe'er on earth be dim,  
Upward soaring we shall see :  
In the heavenly light with Him  
Heavenly will our vision be.

When our restful things depart,  
Courage let the signal bring !  
Let us rise with all our heart,  
Fearless on the eagle's wing.



XXXVII.

FOR \_\_\_\_\_.

“ I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end.”—JER. xxix. 11.

THOU knowest,—oh, the precious truth  
That bids my soul be strong !  
The care, the never weary care,  
That cannot lead me wrong !  
There is a blessed end for me,  
Whereon Thine eyes are set ;  
Thou hast a comfort in Thy love,  
Too great to show me yet.

I do not know the weight of joy  
That in Thy heart shall be,  
When those who suffer with Thee now  
Are glorified with Thee ;  
But I have solace in the thought,  
That, whatsoe'er it do,  
I cannot feel a single pang  
Thou art not feeling too.

Tho' to Thy ever listening love  
Some longing thoughts I tell,  
Bone of Thy bone, flesh of Thy flesh,  
Thou dealest with me well.  
And still I know that I may pray,  
And never pause to doubt,  
That Thou wilt give me health and ease,  
Or bless me more without.

It must be good to share Thy cross,  
Thou bearer of my sin ;

And through the breaches of my strength,  
To feel Thy grace come in.  
To know Thee in Thy glorious power,  
As only need can teach—  
Oh, is not *this* the joyful end  
Which Thou wilt have me reach ?

Then let my brightest hopes for earth  
At Thy disposal be,  
And only show me more and more  
Of those I hold in Thee.  
My portion is not in the world,  
Whate'er Thy heart provide,  
And to have all my wealth in Heaven  
Is peace on every side.

## XXXVIII.

“ He found him in a desert land.”—

DEUT. xxxii. 10.

“ I have loved you, saith the Lord.”—

MALACHI i. 2.

OUR God, we want Thee, only Thee—

No fruitful fields, no wells we see ;

We only hear Thy call.

Thou wilt not leave us in the waste,

Our trusting hearts shall not make haste,

In paths where *Thou art all.*

We want Thee, for we are Thine own,

A portion for Thy soul alone,

Of weakness and of need.

A flock all helpless 'mid alarms

For Thee to gather with Thine arms,

For Thee to shield and feed.

M

And at Thy call, through valleys deep,  
O'er dreary plains, or mountains steep,  
    How brave the weak may be !  
With one assurance, one desire,  
We would go deeper, farther, higher,  
    Intent alone on Thee.

For Thou hast loved us—we are sought  
With many a precious patient thought,  
    Which all our paths confess.  
And in the dignity divine,  
And in the riches that are Thine,  
    We seek our blessedness.

Lord of our hearts ! Thy treasure see ;  
And all Thou canst not take to Thee  
    Let pain and death destroy.  
Only find in us, pure and whole,  
For the Beloved of Thy soul,  
    A heritage of joy.

XXXIX.

“ Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.”—ST. MATT. xvi. 25.

OH ! there is more than ear hath heard,  
Light of the World, in this Thy word !  
It speaks the living soul to win ;  
It claims the loving heart within ;  
It tells us, inly understood,  
That Thou art God, that Thou art good.  
Here our fallen nature raised we see,—  
Here our lost glory shines in Thee,—  
And man sees man in mortal strife,  
A witness that *to love* is life.

Yes, *for Thy sake*—O strong to bear !  
The secret of Thy strength was there.

'Twas not the power which gave us breath  
That urged Thee through the gates of death,  
That bade Thee tread the press alone  
To make the Father's message known.  
It was Thy spirit's deep intent ;  
It was Thy love for Him who sent ;  
It was His joy that bore Thee through,  
And he who sees Thee sees Him too.

Yes, *for Thy sake*, O God Most High,  
O ! Man Most Meek, we too can die.  
Die to the death which Thou hast slain,  
Die to the deepest source of pain,  
And walk, by Love's sustaining store,  
As seekers of our own no more.

We can hear more than ear hath heard,  
Life of the World ! in this Thy word ;  
And wastes shall break forth into song,  
As in its power we pass along.

For lo! in hidden deep accord,  
The servant *may be* like his Lord.  
And Thy love our love shining through,  
May tell the world that Thou art true,  
Till those who see us, see Thee too.





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