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Lyra Anglicana

HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THE

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A. *R*
Of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Incumbent
of St. Paul's, Whitechapel.

“Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my
pilgrimage.”—PSALM cxix. 54.

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TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,

AS A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE KINDLY INTEREST
HER GRACE HAS TAKEN IN THE MISSION-WORK
CARRIED ON IN CONNECTION WITH

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, WHITECHAPEL,

THIS COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS,

WITH HER GRACE'S PERMISSION,

IS VERY GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.



P R E F A C E.

A FEW words will explain the object of this Collection of Hymns and Sacred Songs. It is intended as a Supplement to the many books of a similar character already published. I have therefore purposely excluded many well-known and favourite hymns, on the ground that nearly all of them are to be found in those collections to which I have referred. A considerable number of those inserted in this Book will be new to the majority of readers, but I venture to believe that, when known and appreciated, they will be added to the list of those Sacred Songs most dear to Christian hearts,

It would be almost impossible to over-rate the value of really good hymns for private as well as public use. Next to the Bible itself, hymns have done more to influence our views, and mould our theology, than any other instrumentality whatever. There is a power in hymns which never dies. Easily learned in the days of childhood and of youth; often repeated; seldom, if ever, forgotten, they abide with us, a most precious heritage amid all the changes of our earthly life. They form a fitting and most welcome expression for every kind of deep religious feeling: they are with us to speak of Faith and Hope in hours of trial and sorrow; with us to animate to all earnest Christian effort; with us as the rich Consolation of individual hearts, and as one common bond of Fellowship between the living members of Christ's mystical Body.

If the present Collection should tend in any way to further these blessed ends, I shall indeed rejoice, and shall consider any labour on my part as more than abundantly repaid.

I have to acknowledge, with many sincere thanks, the kindness of those publishers and authors who have allowed me the free use of various hymns and poems, the copyright of which belongs to them.

Among the former I must make especial mention of Messrs. Longman and Co., the publishers of "Lyra Domestica;" Messrs. Nisbet and Co., the publishers of the "Three Wakings;" the proprietor of the "Lays of the Sanctuary;" Messrs. Edmondston and Douglas, the publishers of the Rev. J. D. Burns' Poems; the Editor of "Hymns for the Household of Faith,"—Wertheim, Macintosh, and Co.,—one of the best modern Collections with which I am acquainted; and Mr. Yapp, of Welbeck Street, the publisher of "Whispers in the Palms," by Mrs. Shipton, and of "Wild Thyme gathered on the Mountains of Israel."

Among the latter, of my old friend and companion, Charles Lawrence Ford, so many of whose contributions enrich the following pages; of Dr.

Bonar, the well-known Author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope;" of the Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther;" and of Mrs. Alexander, the most beautiful hymn writer of modern days. The first Poem in the Volume, "The Burial of Moses," is the copyright of Mr. J. Masters, who requests me to state that I have paid a stipulated sum for its use, and that such sum has been forwarded to an Asylum for Mutes in the North of Ireland, for whose benefit the work from which it is taken was originally written.

I have only further to add, that the profits arising from the sale of this Collection will be devoted to the Missionary Work among the Sailors of the Port of London, to which reference is made in the Dedication.

R. H. B.

St. Paul's Parsonage, Whitechapel.

London, October, 1861.



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LYRA ANGLICANA.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

“And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.”—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;

B

Lyra Anglicana.

Noifelefly as the fpring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without found of mufic,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great proceffion fwept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous fight ;
Perchance the lion ftalking,
Still fhuns that hallowed fpot,
For beaft and bird have feen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reverfed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They fhew the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his mafterlefs fteed
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the nobleft of the land,
We lay the fage to reft,
And give the bard an honour'd place,
With cofly marble drefed,

In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This, the most gifted poet
That ever breath'd a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
The hill side for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

Lyra Anglicana.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-Peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.



THY WAY, NOT MINE.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best ;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot :
 I would not, if I might ;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine ; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

BONAR.



STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

FATHER ! for Thy kindest word
 Thankful fongs to Thee I fing ;
 Sick at heart with hope deferred,
 All my caufe to Thee I bring.
 Sweet the found I hear from Thee,—
 Caft thy burden upon Me.

As a father, bending low,
 Liftens to his lifping child,
 So to me Thy pity fhow,
 By the world and fin beguiled.
 Holy is Thy law, and juft ;
 Yet remember I am duft.

Spare me, Thou who loveft to spare !
 Gently on me lay Thy hand !
 Grafp the bruifed reed with care !
 Let the fmoking flax be fanned ;
 Firm my faltering steps uphold ;
 Tried, let me come forth like gold.

O remember Him who died
 With His life my foul to fave ;
 Let me clasp the Crucified,
 Till I reach the awful grave ;
 Then, the light affliction o'er,
 Heaven is mine for evermore !

C. L. FORD.

*MINE HOUR IS NOT YET COME.**From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."*

66



ESUS' hour is not yet come :"—

Let this word thine answer be,
 Pilgrim asking for thy home,
 Longing to be blest and free.
 Yet a season tarry on,
 Nobly borne is nobly done.

While oppressing cares and fears,
 Night and day no respite leave ;
 Still prolonged through many years,
 None to help thee or relieve ;
 Hold the word of promise fast,
 Till deliverance comes at last.

Every creature-hope and trust,
 Every earthly prop or stay,
 May be prostrate in the dust,
 May have failed or passed away ;
 Then, when darkest falls the night,
 Jesus comes, and all is light.

Lyra Anglicana.

Yea, the Comforter draws nigh
 To the breaking, bursting heart ;
 For, with tender sympathy,
 He has seen and felt its smart :
 Through its darkest hours of ill,
 He is waiting, watching still.

Dost thou ask, *when* comes His hour ?
 Then when it shall aid thee best ;
 Trust His faithfulness and power,
 Trust in Him and quiet rest.
 Suffer on, and hope, and wait :
 Jesus never comes too late.

Blessed day which hastens fast,
 End of conflict and of sin !
 Death itself shall die at last,
 Heaven's eternal joys begin !
 Then eternity shall prove
 God is Light and God is Love !

SPITTA.



HYMN FOR EPIPHANY.

IN the far-off Eastern clime,
Eighteen hundred years ago,
At the solemn midnight time,
When the stars in brightness glow,
There appear'd a wondrous light
Gleaming through the shades of night.


As it sped along the sky
Eastern Magi mark'd its way ;
Following, with wistful eye,
To the place where Jesus lay ;—
Following, tho' it led them far,
For it was the Promised Star.

And its lustre grew not dim
'Till its onward course was stay'd,
And the wise men worship'd Him
By whose power the world was made ;
'Till before His feet they bring
Each his costliest offering !

Thou, our true and only Light,
Shine on us with heav'nly ray ;
And at last, thro' death's dark night,
Bring us to Thy perfect day ;
There Thy blessed face to see,
In one glad Epiphany.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

“But unto you that fear my Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.”—MAL. iv. 2.

 HE sick man in his chamber,
Through the long weary night
Toss'd on his restless pillow,
How longs he for the light !

He counts the hours that linger,
Heavy with clouds and rain,
And a great weight of darkness
Lies on his fever'd brain.

He hears the loud clock ticking,
And the owl hoot afar ;
While glimmers the pale night-light,
And fades the midnight star ;

Till eastward in the Heaven
He sees at last the sign—
O'er the far purple mountain
A single silver line.

It broadens and it deepens
To a sea of red and gold,
With clouds of rosy amber
Around its glory roll'd.

Till each pane of his window
Is silver'd o'er and o'er,
And lines of golden arrows
Lie on the dusky floor.

The sick foul lieth weary
In the world's soft unrest,
With clouds of care and sorrow
And weight of sins oppress.

Out of the night she crieth,
Out of the narrow room :
O Saviour, gentle Saviour,
Wilt Thou not pierce the gloom ?

Break on this night of longing,
Where hand in hand we grope,
Through wastes of vain endeavour,
'Neath stars of fruitless hope.

O'er the great hills of sadness
That hem us darkly in,
Rough with our tears and losses,
And black with many a sin ;—

Rise, rise above the mountains,
With healing on Thy wings ;
Break, break into the chambers,
Where pain in secret stings.

Come while the morning tarries,
Our waiting eyes to bless ;
Look through the lowly lattice—
Bright Sun of Righteousness !

Lyra Anglicana.

Set for the hearts that love Thee
Thy token up above—
The white rays of redemption,
And the red fire of love.

Out of our gloom we call Thee,
Out of our helpless night ;
Sun of the world, sweet Saviour !
Show us Thy perfect light.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."



THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

UNCOMPLAINING, though with care
 grown hoary,
 I desire to wear no crown of glory,
 Where my Saviour wore a crown of
 thorn ;

Not in paths of roses would I dally,
 Where my Saviour trod the gloomy valley,
 Where He suffered bitter pain and scorn.

Lord, fend forth Thy light and truth to lead me
 In the way wherein Thy faints precede me,
 With Thy Holy Spirit for my guide ;
 Let me choose the path of self-denial,
 Shunning no sharp crosses or bitter trial,
 Which my Saviour's steps have sanctified.

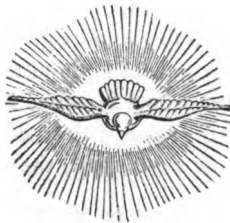
Give me, Thou, who art the soul's renewer,
 Stedfast faith, which day by day grows truer ;
 Kindle love, the fruit of faith, in me,—
 Love, which puts the soul in active motion ;
 Love, which fills the heart with true devotion,
 And which leads me through the world to Thee.

Many a painful step must be ascended,
 Ere my weary pilgrimage is ended,
 And in Heaven I see Thee face to face :
 O then, reach Thy hand, dear Lord, to raise me,
 For, alas ! the giddy height dismays me ;
 Guide, uphold me with Thine arm of grace !

On the wide world's ocean rudely driven,
Let me gaze upon Thine own bright Heaven,
The sweet haven where I long to be ;
Give me now the comfort of possessing
What I value as the highest blessing,
Perfect peace through stedfast faith in Thee !

Here I am, a sojourner and stranger,
Worn with hardship and exposed to danger,
Like a pilgrim with my staff in hand ;
With the cross upon my breast I wander
To the promised Canaan which lies yonder,
My beloved and longed-for Fatherland !

C. J. SPITTA.



FOR THOSE AT SEA.

“These men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders
in the deep.”—PSALM cvii. 24.

FTERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bid’st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger’s hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wherefoe’er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

*I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, FOR THOU
ART WITH ME.*

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 light 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.

A. L. WARING.

*MINE HOUSE SHALL BE CALLED AN
HOUSE OF PRAYER.*

THERE'S music in the morning air,
 A holy voice and sweet,
 For calling to the house of prayer
 The humblest peasant's feet.
 From hill and vale, and distant moor,
 Long as the chime is heard,
 Each cottage feeds its tenants poor
 For God's enriching Word.

Still where the British power hath trod
 The Cross of faith ascends,
 And like a radiant arch of God,
 The light of Scripture bends.
 Deep in the forest wilderness
 The wood-built church is known ;
 A sheltering wing in man's distress,
 Spread like the Saviour's own.

The warrior from his armed tent,
 The seaman from the tide,—
 Far as the Sabbath chimes are sent,
 In Christian nations wide,—
 Thousands and tens of thousands bring
 Their sorrows to His shrine,
 And taste the never-failing spring
 Of Jesus' love divine !

If, at an earthly chime, the tread
Of million, million feet
Approach whene'er the Gospel's read
In God's own temple seat ;
How blest the fight, from death's dark sleep,
To see God's faints arise,
And countless hosts of angels keep
The Sabbath of the skies !

C. SWAIN.



*RABBI, WHERE DWELLEST THOU?—
COME AND SEE.*



MASTER, where abideſt Thou ?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we ſeek,
For the wants which prefs us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canſt Thou take our ſins away ?
May we find reſoſe in Thee ?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, "Come and ſee."

Maſter, where abideſt Thou ?
We would leave the paſt behind ;
We would ſcale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee ;
From the living Truth once more
Breathes the anſwer, "Come and ſee."

Maſter, where abideſt Thou ?
How ſhall we Thine image beſt
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breaſt ?
Still a look is all our might :
Looking draws the heart to Thee,
Sends us from the abſorbing ſight
With the meſſage, "Come and ſee."

Master, where abideſt Thou ?
 All the ſprings of life are low ;
 Sin and grief our ſpirits bow,
 And we wait Thy call to go.
 From the depths of happy reſt,
 Where the juſt abide with Thee ;
 From the Voice which makes them bleſt,
 Comes the ſummons, “ Come and ſee.”

Chriſtian ! tell it to thy brother,
 From life’s dawning till its end ;
 Every hand may claſp another,
 And the loneliſt bring a friend ;
 Till the veil is drawn aſide,
 And from where her home ſhall be
 Burſts upon the enfranchiſed Bride
 The triumphant “ Come and ſee.”

Author of the “ Three Wakings.”



THE ISRAELITES AT THE RED SEA.

BEHIND them lies the desert waste ;
 Before, the pathless deep ;
 And on their track with vengeful haste
 Egypt's dark squadrons sweep ;
 Till in the sunset's last red glow
 Flashes the armour of the foe !

Then rose to heaven a mighty cry ;
 A people's voice was on the air—
 In every heart, in every eye,
 Rebellion and despair :
 "Why didst thou thus our steps beguile ?
 Were there no graves beside the Nile ?

"Where are the pleasant things and fair
 That grow by Egypt's streams ?
 Is this lone waste, the lion's lair,
 The Canaan of our dreams ?—
 This dark blue sea, this barren strand,
 The pathway to the Promised Land ?"

The word is spoken !—o'er the wave
 Is stretched the leader's mystic rod ;
 And safely, through the yawning grave
 Where human foot had never trod,
 They reach at dawn the distant shore—
 Their buried foes are seen no more !

Lyra Anglicana.

O Lord ! when, like Thy fons of old,
 We wander through a barren waste,
 Where Hope is faint and Love is cold,
 And bitter to our earthly taste
 The stream that in the desert flows,
 The daily bread Thy hand bestows,—

When haunting dreams of pleasant things
 Make the lone wilderness more drear,
 Where every hour in passing brings
 Some present pain, some threat'ning fear,
 And stretched before our shrinking eyes,
 Like a dark sea, the future lies,—

Then, Lord, be Thou at hand to guide,
 Thy Cross be there our path to mark :
 Though high may swell the stormy tide,
 In heaven is light, though earth be dark :
 Like those who cross'd that Eastern sea,
 We *shall* be safe who trust in Thee !

E. E. WHITE.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."



SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

HE brought her box of alabafter,
 The precious spikenard filled the
 room
 With honour worthy of the Master,
 A costly, rare, and rich perfume.

Her tears for sin fell hot and thickly
 On His dear feet, outstretcht and bare ;
 Unconscious how she wiped them quickly
 With the long ringlets of her hair.

And richly fall those raven tresses
 Adown her cheek like willow leaves,
 As stooping still, with fond careffes,
 She plies her task of love, and grieves.

O may we thus, like loving Mary,
 Ever our choicest offerings bring,
 Nor grudging of our toil, nor chary
 Of costly service to our King.

Methinks I hear from Christian lowly,
 Some hallowed voice at evening rise,
 Or quiet morn, or in the holy
 Unclouded calm of Sabbath skies,—

I bring my box of alabaſter,
Of earthly loves I break the ſhrine,
And pour affections, purer, vaſter,
On that dear head— thoſe feet of Thine.

The joys I prized, the hopes I cheriſht,
The faireſt flowers my fancy wove,
Behold my fondeſt idols periſht,
Receive the incenſe of my love !

What though the ſcornful world deriding
Such waſte of love, of ſervice, fears,
Still let me pour, through taunt and chiding,
The rich libation of my tears.

I bring my box of alabaſter,—
Accepted let the offering riſe !
So grateful tears ſhall flow the faſter,
In founts of gladneſs, from my eyes !

C. L. FORD.



THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

“And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her,
and said unto her, Weep not.”—LUKE vii. 13.

FORTH from the city gate,
As evening shadows lengthen o'er the
plain,
And the hush'd crowd in reverent silence
wait,
Pass'd out a funeral train.

Only one mourner there,
Slowly, with feeble steps, following the dead,
In the sad travail of the soul's despair
Bow'd down her stricken head.

For him she wept forlorn,
Of care the solace, and of age the stay,
Whose silver cord was broken ere the morn
Had brighten'd into day.

Thus hath it ever been,—
Time the destroyer sweeps relentless by,
When hopes are strong and leaves of promise green,
And manhood's heart beats high.

Who comes of stately mien,
As one with travel weary, seeking rest,—
Whose aspect gentle, and whose brow serene,
Speak of a mission blest ?

'Tis He, with power to save,
Who where desponding grief his vigil kept,
Knowing all human sufferings, at the grave
Of Lazarus wept.

Thus spake He,—“ Weep no more !
Be still, sad heart ! Be dry, ye moisten'd eyes !
Thus to the living I the dead restore :
Sleeper, awake, arise ! ”

Then at His bidding came
To those cold lips the warm, returning breath ;
Then did He kindle life's extinguish'd flame,
Victor o'er Sin and Death.

And thus He ever stands,—
Friend of the fallen, wiping all tears away,
Wherever Sorrow lifts her suppliant hands,
And Faith remains to pray.

Where'er the wretched flee,
From the rude conflict of this world distressed,
Consoling words He whispers,—“ Come to me,
And I will give you rest ! ”

Till at the second birth,
He bids the woes and wrongs of ages cease,
And brings to an emancipated earth,
Judgment, and truth, and peace ;

And gathers all His own
From the four winds to that eternal shore,
Where Mercy fits upon the great white throne,
And Death shall be no more.

W. R. NEALE.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."



MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE.

HARK! hark! my foul! angelic fongs
 are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
 wave-beat shore!

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
 And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
 God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
 Ere Death finds out his victims in the dark!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

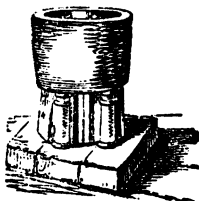
Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul ! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea ;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

From "Oratory Hymns."



FULL SATISFACTION.

NOT here! not here! Not where the
 sparkling waters
 Fade into mocking fands as we draw
 near,
 Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
 “I shall be satisfied!”—but oh, not here!

Not here—where all the dreams of blifs deceive us,
 Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
 Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
 Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
 With rapture earth’s sojourners may not know,
 Where Heaven’s repose the weary heart is stilling,
 And peacefully life’s time-toss’d currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
 Lies the fair Country where our hearts abide,
 And of its blifs is nought more wondrous told us
 Than these few words, “I shall be satisfied.”


Satisfied! Satisfied! The spirit’s yearning
 For sweet companionship with kindred minds—
 The silent love that here meets no returning—
 The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? The foul's vague longing—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O! what defires upon my heart are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward Home, where, all my wanderings
ending,
I shall see Thee, and "shall be satisfied!"



WATCH AND PRAY.


 HE night is dark—behold, the shade
 was deeper
 In the still garden of Gethsemane,
 When that calm voice awoke the weary
 sleeper,
 “Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with
 Me?”

O thou, so weary of thy self-denials,
 And so impatient of thy little crosses,
 Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials—
 To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou always suffer’st tribulation?
 What if thy Christian warfare never cease?
 The gaining of the quiet habitation
 Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

Here are we all to suffer, walking lonely
 The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone;
 Watch thou this hour in trustful patience only,
 This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

And He will come in His own time from Heaven,
 To set His earnest-hearted children free;
 Watch only through this dark and painful even,
 And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

*THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN
A WEARY LAND.*

THE pathways of Thy land are little
changed
Since Thou wert there ;
The busy world through other ways
has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet ;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low ;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee ;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them
From height to height,
The white roofs of discrowned Jerufalem
Burst on our fight.

These ways were strewed with garments once and
palm,

Which we tread thus ;

Here through Thy triumph on Thou passedst, calm,
On to Thy Cross.

The waves have washt fresh sand upon the shore
Of Galilee ;

But chifell'd on the hill-sides evermore,
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering land,
Nor time effaced :

Where Thy feet trod to blefs we still may stand ;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these ;

Where'er the poor and tried and suffering are,
Thy steps faith fees.

Nor with fond sad regrets Thy steps we trace ;
Thou art not dead !

Our path is onward till we see Thy face
And hear Thy tread.

And now wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,

There is Thy presence, there Thy Holy Land—
Thou, Thou art there !

Author of the "Three Wakings."

*LOVEST THOU ME MORE THAN
THESE ?*



ESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea ;
Day by day His sweet voice foundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow Me.

Jefus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love Me more.

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love Me more than these.

Jefus calls us—By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all !

*BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR,
AND KNOCK.*


IN the filent midnight watches
 Lift—thy bosom door !
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore !
 Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating :
 'Tis thy heart of sin ;
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
 " Rife and let Me in."

Death comes on with recklefs footsteps
 To the hall and hut ;
 Think you Death will tarry, knocking,
 When the door is shut ?
 Jefus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But the door is faft ;
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,
 Death breaks in at laft.

Then 'tis time to ftand entreating
 Chrift to let thee in ;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy fin.
 Nay, alas ! thou guilty creature,
 Haft thou, then, forgot ?
 Jefus waited long to know thee,
 Now He knows thee not.

A. C. COXE.

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.


 IS not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
 And fin is here.
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
 A dropping tear.

We have no time to sport away the hours ;
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives but only one have we—

Frañ, fleeting man !

How sacred should that one life ever be—

That narrow span !

Day after day filled up with blessed toil ;

Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil !

Our being is no shadow of thin air,

No vacant dream :

No fable of the things that never were,

But only seem.

'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,

Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night—

No idle tale :

No cloud that floats along a sky of light,

On summer gale.

They are the true realities of earth—

Friends and companions even from our birth.

O, life below, how brief, how poor, how fad !
One heavy sigh.

O, life above, how long, and fair, and glad !
An endless joy.

Oh ! to have done for aye with dying here !
Oh ! to begin the living in yon sphere !

O, day of time, how dark ! O, sky and earth,
How dull your hue !


O, day of Christ, how bright ! O, sky and earth,
Made fair and new !

Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green !
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene !

DR. BONAR.



LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS.

OD the Father, be Thou near,
 Save from every harm to-night ;
 Make us all Thy children dear,
 In the darknes be our Light.


God the Saviour, be our Peace,
 Put away our sins to-night ;
 Speak the word of full release,
 Turn our darknes into light.

Holy Spirit, deign to come,
 Sanctify us all to-night ;
 In our hearts prepare Thy home,
 Then our darknes shall be light.

Holy Trinity, be nigh !
 Mystry of love adored,
 Help to live and help to die,—
 Lighten all our darknes, Lord !

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

“And when the evening was come, He was there alone”—
MATT. xiv. 23.

 THOU didst love the evening hours,
Saviour of the world and me,
And the closing of the flowers
Brought a welcome rest to Thee,
As the hireling gladly sees
The long shadows of the trees.

Rest, but not on beds of down,
Curtained close in soft repose ;
Thou didst seek the mountain's crown ;
Where the shady olive grows,
Thou didst find a place of prayer,
Commune with Thy Father there.

Ah ! methinks I see Thee now,
Toiling up the mountain side ;
Cool night breezes fan Thy brow,
Day's long griefs and cares subside ;
Far below the Eastern steep
Salem lies in double sleep !

All day long those hands of Thine
 Mercy's almoners have been ;
All day long those eyes Divine
 Sights of want and woe have seen ;
All day long those ears have heard
Many a harsh and sinful word.

Rest Thee, Saviour, rest Thee now !
 Let Thy weary eyelids close ;
On the lonely mountain-brow
 Nought shall break Thy calm repose ;
Of Thy slumbers shall be born
Strength for toil with coming morn.

Angel hands Thy couch shall spread
 On the green and mossy sward ;
At Thy feet, and at Thy head,
 Cherubs shall keep watch and ward.
Bright, like his at Luz, shall be
Midnight visions unto Thee !

Nay—He rests not—see Him there,
 Kneeling low upon the sod,
All the burden of His prayer
 Pouring forth as man to God ;
Far away from earthly jars,
In the clear, calm light of stars.

For Himself He prays awhile
 Strength to do His will on earth—
He whose spirit knew no guile,
 Bore no taint of sinful birth—

Lyra Anglicana.

Strength to bear His Father's frown,
Grace to spurn the proffered crown :

Then for those few simple sheep,
 Earnest of His future fold,
Fervent yearnings upward leap,
 Faith and Hope for them grow bold ;
Angel censers through the air
Waft the perfume of His prayer.

But the first grey light of morning
 Pierces thro' the olive shade ;
Early birds, with gentle warning,
 Carol thro' the leafy glade ;
All unrested, save by prayer,
Jesus drinks the morning air.

Saviour ! let the evening hours
 Dear to us, Thy children, be ;
With clasped hands, as folded flowers,
 Praying earnestly to Thee.
Let our vesper worship rise
Incense-like before 'Thine eyes ;—

Then, when that dark eventide
 Closes in our life's long day,
And, like some steep mountain side,
 Frowns the last and lonesome way,
Bright to us that path shall be,
Found alone, O Lord, with Thee !

C. L. FORD.

*NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER
THAN WHEN WE BELIEVED.*



NE sweetly folemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I'm nearer Home to-day
Than I have ever been before.

Nearer my Father's House,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white Throne,
Nearer the jasper fea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the Crofs,
Nearer gaining the Crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream,
That leads me at laft to the Light.

Clofer, clofer my steps
Come to the dark abyfm,
Clofer death to my lips
Preffes the awful chrysm.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death ;—

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink,
For it may be I'm nearer Home—
Nearer now than I think !

CAREY.



THE SOUL'S LITANY.

IN the hour of trial,
 Jesus ! pray for me,
 Left, by base denial,
 I depart from Thee ;
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor, for fear or favour,
 Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its fordid treasures
 Spread, to work me harm :
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.


If, with fore affliction,
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice ;
 Then upon Thine altar,
 Freely offered up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

Lyra Anglicana.

When, in duſt and aſhes,
To the grave I ſink,
While heaven's glory ſaſhes,
O'er the ſhelving brink ;
On Thy truth relying
Thro' that mortal ſtrife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.



THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT.

OURCE 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 Thine 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 !

A. L. WARING.

E

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

SWEET is the solemn hour of prayer,
 And sweet, with hush of falling eve,
 To bend the knee with reverent air,
 And words to the Unseen to weave;
 To loosen all the chains that bound
 Our heart amid the throngs of men—
 Oh, angels listen to the sound
 That falls like music then.

I see the mighty Angel stand
 Before the altar-throne above,
 The golden censer in his hand,
 Presenting to the Lord of love;
 Lipings of infant lips are there;
 Contrition's first and faintest sigh;
 And many a wild and fervent prayer
 From those that wait to die.

The groans of souls that suffer long
 In proud Oppression's dungeon-glooms,
 And smothered bursts of holy song
 From saints that hide in upper rooms;
 The long loud litany of grief
 From all the myriad forms of woe,
 And prayers beside the cypress leaf,
 Where the mute mourners go.

How burns the fragrant incense poured
In quiet haunts, at close of day,
From loving hearts that, like their Lord,
Steal from the world to pause and pray !
How swell the hallelujahs, caught
From many a glad assembled choir,
With all symphonious accents brought
To aid the sacred lyre !

To-night, while this frail song I twine,
What countless lips are moved in prayer !
And grander, holier harps than mine
Melodious mingle on the air :
But Thou, who hear'st the lowliest tune
In worship made, look down on me !
The night shall brighten as the noon,
If but Thy face I see.

And Thou, who, in Thy earthly years,
Didst climb the mount at eve to pray,
And by Thy own strong cries and tears
Hallow for us this living way,—
When in Thy Name our twos and threes
Are gathered, if Thyself be there,
How blest we rise who bend our knees
In the still hour of prayer !

C. L. FORD.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

NO Gospel like this Feast
 Spread for Thy Church by Thee ;
 Nor prophet nor evangelist
 Preach the glad news so free.

All our Redemption cost,
 All our Redemption won ;
 All it has won for us, the lost—
 All it cost Thee, the Son ;—

Thine was the bitter price,
 Ours is the free gift given ;
 Thine was the Blood of Sacrifice,
 Ours is the wine of Heaven !

For Thee, the burning thirst,
 The shame, the mortal strife,
 The broken heart, the side transfierced ;
 To us, the Bread of Life !

To Thee, our curse and doom
 Wrapt round Thee with our sin ;
 The horror of that mid-day gloom,
 The deeper night within.

To us, Thy home in light,
Thy "Come, ye bleffed, come!"
Thy bridal raiment pure and white,
Thy Father's welcome home.

Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest Day
Meeting before our fight ;


From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God :

Till, from self's chains releas'd,
One fight alone we see—
Still at the Crofs, as at the Feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee !

Author of the "Three Wakings."



THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.


 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
 Here would I touch and handle things
 unseen ;
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal
 grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
 This is the heavenly table spread for me ;
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
 The feast, tho' not the love, is passed and gone ;
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here ;
 Nearer than ever ; still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
 It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed ;
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My wisdom and my teacher, both in one ;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood ;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace ;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee ;
Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear.

But see, the Pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward thro' the desert-night ;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
It leads me to the heritage of light.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great Bridal Feast of bliss and love.

BONAR.



*THE CHASTISEMENT OF OUR PEACE
WAS UPON HIM.*

DARKLY rose the guilty morning,
When, the King of Glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem :
See the Christ, His Cross up-bearing,
See Him stricken, spit on, wearing
The thorn-platted diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
Not the hands that rudely nailed Him,
Slew Him on the cursed tree ;
Ours the sin from heaven that called Him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled Him
In the sad Gethsemane.

For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary ;
Yet He for His murderers pleaded,
Lord, by us that prayer is needed ;
We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,
By Thy precious cross and passion,
By Thy blood and agony,
By Thy glorious resurrection,
By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,
Make us Thine eternally.

MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
 Far did I rove, and found no certain
 home ;
 At last I sought them in His sheltering
 breast,

Who opens His arms and bids the weary come ;
 In Christ I found a home, a rest divine,
 And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes ! He is mine ! and nought of earthly things—
 Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
 The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings—
 Could tempt me to forego His love an hour :
 “ Go, worthless world,” I cry, “ with all that’s thine ;
 Go, I my Saviour’s am, and He is mine.”

The good I have is from His stores supplied,
 The ill is only what He deems the best ;
 He for my friend, I’m rich with nought beside,
 And poor without Him, though of all possess ;
 Changes may come,—I take, or I resign,
 Content while I am His, and He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,—

A glorious sun that wanes not, nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storms He walks unseen,

And sweetly on His people's darkness shines :
All may depart,—I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,

But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,

I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.



REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

“Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord
Jesus Christ.”

THERE was a ship, one eve autumnal,
onward
Steer'd o'er an ocean lake ;
Steer'd by some strong hand ever as if
funward ;

Behind an angry wake,
Before there stretch'd a sea that grew intenfer,
With silver-fire far spread,
Up to a hill mist-gloried, like a censer,
With smoke encompass'd ;
It seem'd as if two seas met brink to brink,
A silver flood beyond a lake of ink.

There was a soul that eve autumnal failing
Beyond the earth's dark bars,
Toward the land of sunsets never paling,
Toward Heaven's sea of stars ;
Behind there was a wake of billows toffing,
Before a glory lay.
O happy soul ! with all fail fet, just crossing
Into the Far-away.
The gloom and gleam, the calmness and the strife,
Were death before thee, and behind thee life.

And as that ship went up the waters stately,
 Upon her topmasts tall
I saw two sails, whereof the one was greatly
 Dark, as a funeral pall.
But oh ! the next's pure whiteness who shall utter ?
 Like a shell-snowy strand,
Or when a sunbeam falleth through the shutter
 On a dead baby's hand ;
But both alike across the surging sea
Help'd to the haven where the bark would be.

And as that soul went onward, sweetly speeding
 Unto its home and light,
Repentance made it sorrowful exceeding,
 Faith made it wondrous bright ;
Repentance dark with shadowy recollections,
 And longings unfuffed,
Faith white and pure with sunniest affections .
 Full from the face of Christ :
But both across the sun-besilvered tide
Help'd to the haven where the heart would ride.

REV. W. ALEXANDER.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."



*MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR
THEE.*

ALL unfeen the Master walketh
By the toiling fervant's side ;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any forrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown ;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

AS it Thy sweet voice, O Father, that speaks
 to my soul once more,
 Chasing the clouds that gather, filling the
 waves that roar ?

It comes like a burst of music, while a light from
 above doth shine,—

“Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have
 is thine.”

Was it meet to make merry, Father ? Was it meet
 to be glad for me,

Who sat with the swineherds rather, forgetful of
 Home and Thee ?

Till, hungry and faint and weary, and fain for the
 husks to pine,

I sought in my shame the dwelling and the bread
 that once was mine.

But I am not worthy, Father—not fit to be called
 Thy son !

Servant or hireling, rather, is the name my deeds
 have won ;

Yet still, as the elder brethren, I hear the kind words
 Divine,

“Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have
 is thine.”

Still let me be with Thee, Father, and ever be Thou
with me ;

When the clouds and tempests gather, O then let
me trust in Thee ;

Let me hide in Thy quiet shadow, let me dwell in
Thy secret shrine,

The home of the men that love Thee, the souls that
Thou callest Thine.

Then up to Thyself, O Father, when glad from the
earth I go,

My soul Thou shalt gently gather, my body shall
guard below ;

I shall hear, through the lapse of ages, when the stars
have ceased to shine,

“Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have
is thine.”

C. L. FORD.



THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT.

THOU, to our woe Who down didst come,
 Who one with us wouldst be,
 Wilt lift us to Thy heavenly home,
 Wilt make us one with Thee.

Our earthly garments Thou hast worn,
 And we Thy robes shall wear !
 Our mortal burdens Thou hast borne,
 And we Thy blifs may bear !

Oh, mighty grace ! our life to live,
 To make our earth Divine ;
 Oh, mighty grace ! Thy Heaven to give,
 And lift our life to Thine !

Oh, strange the gifts and marvellous,
 By Thee received and given !
 Thou tookest woe and death from us,
 And we receive Thy Heaven !



VISION FROM THE APOCALYPSE.

I SAW again. Behold! Heaven's open
 door; *
 Behold! a throne,—the Seraphim stood
 o'er it,—
 The white-robed elders fell upon the floor,
 And flung their crowns before it.

I saw a wondrous book—an angel strong †
 To heaven and earth proclaimed his loud
 appeals—
 But a hush passed across the seraph's song,
 For none might loose the seals.

Then, fast as rain, to death cry of the year,
 Tears of St. John to that sad cry were given; ‡
 It was a wondrous thing to see a tear
 Fall on the floor of Heaven.

And a sweet voice said, "Weep not; wherefore fails,
 Eagle of God, thy heart, the high and leal?
 The Lion out of Judah's tribe prevails
 To loose the seven-fold seal."

'Twas Israel's voice, and straightway up above,
 Stood in the midst a wondrous Lamb, snow-white, §
 Heart-wounded with the deep, sweet wounds of love,
 Eternal, infinite.

* Rev. iv.

† Rev. v. 2.

‡ Rev. v. 4.

§ Rev. v. 6.

Then rose the song no ear had heard before ;
 Then, from the white-robed throng, high anthem
 woke ;
 And fast as spring tide on the sealess shore,
 The Hallelujahs broke.

Who dreams of God when passionate youth is nigh,
 When first life's weary waste his feet have trod—
 Who seeth angels' footfalls in the sky,
 Working the works of God ;

His sun shall fade as gently as it rose,
 Thro' the dark woof of death's approaching night ;
 His faith shall shoot, at life's prophetic close,*
 Some threads of golden light.

For him the silver ladder shall be set—
 His Saviour shall receive his latest breath—
 He walketh to a fadeless coronet,
 Up thro' the gate of death !

REV. W. ALEXANDER.

* Heb. xi. 13.



*THIS IS MY BELOVED, AND THIS IS
MY FRIEND.*



JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts !
 Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light
 of men !
 From the best blifs that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

 Thy truth unchanged hath ever flood ;
 Thou favest those that on Thee call ;
 To them that feek Thee, Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee—All in All !

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still ;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay !
 Make all our moments calm and bright ;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,—
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

S. BERNARD.

Translated by Palmer.

SUNDAY.

OW beautiful upon the mountains
 Are thy blest feet, fair Sabbath
 morn !

Where'er they fall, celestial fountains
 Uprise, and holier life is born.

More solemn, yet more sweet, the voices
 Of birds, and brooks, and breezes chime ;
 All nature with thy joy rejoices,
 Yet owns, subdued, the hallowed time.

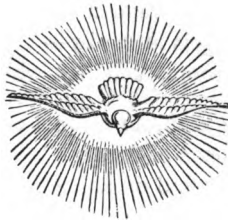
Thrice welcome guest ! soft influence shedding
 Propitious, like some planet fair !
 Thy halcyon wings, serenely spreading,
 Smooth the rough waves of toil and care.

O well for man, to whom is given
 One day from meaner thoughts relieved !
 O ill for man, if all the seven
 For earthly needs he toiled and grieved !

O fons of toil, in respite holy,
 Come forth the works of God to see !
 But first, within His temple lowly,
 Unbare the head, and bow the knee !

Thus, week by week, in glad succession,
Sweet rest the Sabbath light affords,
Till Christ o'er all shall take possession,
And every day shall be the Lord's.

C. L. FORD.



EASTER DAY.

PATHWAY opens from the tomb,
 The grave's a grave no more !
 Stoop down : look into that sweet room :
 Pass through the unsealed door :
 Linger a moment by the bed,
 Where lay but yesterday the Church's Head.

What is there there to make thee fear ?
 A folded chamber-vest,
 Akin to that which thou shalt wear,
 When for thy slumber drest ;
 Two gentle angels fitting by—
 How sweet a room, methinks, wherein to lie !

No gloomy vault, no charnel cell,
 No emblems of decay,
 No solemn sound of passing bell,
 To say, "He's gone away ;"—
 But angel-whispers soft and clear,
 And He, the risen Jesus, standing near.

"Why weepest thou ? Whom seekest thou ?"
 'Tis not the gardener's voice,
 But His to Whom all knees shall bow,
 In Whom all hearts rejoice ;
 The voice of Him who yesterday
 Within that rock was Death's resistless prey.

“Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?
The living with the dead?”

Take young spring flowers and deck thy brow,
For life with joy is wed:
The grave is now the grave no more;
Why fear to pass that bridal-chamber door?

Take flowers and strew them all around
The room where Jesus lay:
But softly tread; 'tis hallowed ground,
And this is Easter-day.
“The Lord is risen, as He said,”
And thou shalt rise with Him, thy risen Head.



THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

Soft, with worn and weary feet,
 We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
 The thought—how comforting and
 sweet!—

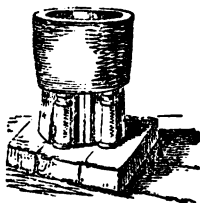
Christ trod this toilfome path before :
 Our wants and weakneses He knows,
 From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
 Or sorrow, in our path appear ?
 The sweet remembrance will remain—
 More deeply did He suffer here.
 His life, how truly sad and brief,
 Filled up with sorrow, pain, and grief.

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
 And whisper evil things within,
 So did he, in the desert way,
 Affail our Lord with thoughts of sin ;
 When worn, and in a feeble hour,
 The Tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin ;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy !

WILBERFORCE.



REST FOR THE WEARY.

H, weary in the morning,
 When soft the dew-drops fall,
 And weary at the noontide,
 When God's sun shines on all :
 And weary at the nightfall,
 When, each day's labour o'er,
 I count my mis-spent moments
 As lost for evermore.

Oh, weary of the turmoil,
 The striving, and the care,
 And weary of the burden
 Which we of earth must bear ;
 Oh, weary of vain longings,
 And weary with vain fears,
 And wearier with heart-sorrows,
 Than with the weight of years.

Yes, like a ray of sunlight,
 The Word shines through the gloom,
 And after winter's darkness
 Comes spring in fresher bloom ;
 And after vainly searching,
 We find a resting meet—
 For rest, and hope, and glory,
 Are found at Jesus' feet.

God never fends a forrow
Without the healing balm,
And bids us fight no battles,
But for the victor's palm.
Yet we, by earth's mist blinded,
Knew not His holy will,
Till, o'er the troubled waters,
His voice said, "Peace, be still!"

We will go forth and conquer,
Depending on His grace ;
The lowliest station near Him
Must be an honoured place :
And after battle, victory ;
And after victory, rest—
Like the beloved apostle,
Upon the Master's breast !

From "Hymns for the Household of Faith."



*THEY SHALL LOOK UPON ME WHOM
THEY HAVE PIERCED.*

(A FRAGMENT.)



SALEM ! for thy long drear night of
woe,
What tears of bitterest grief might justly
flow !

But though at morning's dawn and evening's close
Thy wandering children find no sweet repose—
Though exiled now, 'mid many an alien throng
Scattered and lone—a by-word and a song—
Though Israel be not gathered,* and the cry
Of 'Allah' rises proudly to the sky,
As still at eventide those massive stones
Send a sad echo to their yearning moans :
Fear not, O Sion ! wipe thy tearful eyes—
Shake off thy bands, and from the dust arise !
Thy dead shall live—the bones all dry and pale †
With moving myriads shall fill the vale,
For those few tombs that now bestrew the sod,
So shall thy feed be, as the stars of God !
E'en now the gloomy shadows flee away,
And Faith exulting waits the break of day !

* Isa. xlix. 5.

† Isa. xxvi. 19.

I know not if the visions glimps'd of old,
In glowing strains, by gifted Prophets told,
Shall find their full fruition 'neath a sky
Where sorrow reigns, and all are born to die !
Nor if on Sion's summit e'er again
Shall rise the turrets of a stately fane ;
And, brought to their ancestral home once more,
Ephraim and Judah, side by side, adore :
But this I know—o'er all their darkened light
Their God shall pour a flood of holiest light :
They shall behold—and as they gaze shall mourn—*
The spotless Lamb, who all 'their griefs hath borne ;'
Before His Cross—the true Messiah—fall ;
The Man of Sorrows—yet the Lord of all !

And this I know—in Sion's fairer shrine,
From Eden's ruins reared, by power Divine,
As precious stones they shall for ever stand,
'Mid jewels garnered by no mortal hand.
E'en now Heaven's azure portals wide unfold ;
I catch the echoing strains from harps of gold :
Nearest the Throne, with blaze of glory dim,
Thy sons, O Judah ! chaunt the loftiest hymn !
And Israel's ransomed multitudes are seen
Casting their crowns before the "Nazarene."

* Zech. xii. 10.

THE DOUBLE CHALICE.

“**T**HE cup my Father giveth Me!”
 How deep
 With holy import are these golden
 words!

Art thou of those, who tearful vigils keep,
 While earth no cup of joy or peace affords?
 While all around—above—looks dark and drear—
 No friend to solace, and no kinsman near?

Art thou alone, with none to sympathize,
 With none to understand thy secret grief,
 Kindly to ask thee, “Why those bosom sighs,—
 Whose speechless voice in vain implores relief?”
 Ponder this word, aye, ponder it again,
 Till sorrow smile, like sunshine after rain.

For know, the cup that Jesus drank for thee,
 Was drugged with *that* thy lips may never know:
 Sweet was the gall that mocked Him on the tree
 To that deep Garden-cup of secret woe,
 When those He prayed to watch through that dark
 hour,
 Untended left Him to its midnight power.

“The cup my Father giveth Me!” ’Tis o’er!—
Not *such* the cup His hand doth place in thine;
That cup was emptied, to be filled no more;
The cup He handeth thee is cheering wine;
Sweet earnest-token of the joy to come,
When He shall pledge His kinsman-guests at Home.

“Shall I not drink it?” hear Him meekly say;
“Shall I not drink the cup my Father gives?”
And canst *thou*, then, when welcomed, turn away,
Nor quaff the cup of life from Him who lives?
Sweet pledge of love—Hope’s life-draught—until He
Who drank Death’s cup shall share Life’s cup with
thee.



THE VIGIL.

“When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.”—PSALM lxi. 2.

FATHER, my cup is full !
 My trembling soul I raise ;
 Oh, save me in this solemn hour,
 Thy might and love to praise !

Father, my cup is full !
 But One hath drank before,
 And for our sins Thy face was hid,
 When the bitter draught ran o'er.

Father, my cup is full !
 But Thou dost bid me drink ;
 I know Thy love the chalice mixed,
 And yet I faint—I shrink.

Alone He drank the cup,
 The holy, sinless One,
 That not one soul on earth again
 Should drain the dregs alone.

Father, forsake me not !
 Oh, Christ ! I look to Thee ;
 And by Thy midnight agony,
 Do Thou remember me.

ANNA SHIPTON.

CHASTENING.

THOU whose sacred feet have trod
 The thorny path of woe,
 Forbid that I should slight the rod,
 Or faint beneath the blow.
 My spirit to its chastening stroke
 I meekly would resign,
 Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
 That tells me I am Thine.
 Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
 To suffer as a son,—
 To say, though lying in the dust,
 My Father's will be done !

 I know that trial works for ends
 Too high for sense to trace,—
 That oft in dark attire He sends
 Some embassy of grace.
 May none depart till I have gained
 The blessing which it bears,
 And learn, though late, I entertained
 An angel unawares.
 So shall I bless the hour that sent
 The mercy of the rod,
 And build an altar by the tent
 Where I have met with God.

REV. J. D. BURNS.

O LORD, THOU KNOWEST!

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and
 sorrow
 Of the sad heart that comes to Thee
 for rest.
 Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,—
 I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
 And lay them at Thy feet—Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past—how long and blindly
 On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
 strayed,—
 How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
 He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
 And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the
 pain,
 And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present—each temptation,
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
 All to myself assigned of tribulation,
 Or to beloved ones, than self more dear !
 All penfive memories, as I journey on,
 Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone !

Thou knowest all the future—gleams of gladness,
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,—
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last :—
Oh, what could confidence and hope afford
To tread that path, but this—*Thou knowest, Lord!*

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing,—
As *man*, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
Oh, Saviour ! Thou hast wept, and Thou hast
loved !

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete :
Then rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known !

Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther."



EARTH'S ANGELS.

WHY come not spirits from the
 realms of glory
 To visit earth, as in the days of
 old—

The times of ancient writ and ancient story,—
 Is heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed when sunset clouds, receding,
 Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
 To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
 Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight stars in distant chillness
 Were calmly burning, listened late and long—
 But nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,
 Bearing no echo of the seraphs' song.

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
 When other stars before the One grew dim?
 Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,
 Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?
 There gleams no wing along the empyrean now,
 And many a tear from human eye has started
 Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

Yet earth has angels, tho' their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below ;
Tho' harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,—
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread ;
Where smitten heads were drooping like the willow,
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering Cherubim in air,
I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred ;
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.


I have seen angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's hearth ;
And when they passed the fallen have arisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast,
The blandishments of wealth and ease withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppressed.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing rich flowers along his path of life,
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty,—
I call her *angel*, but he called her *wife*.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft, with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

SOWING AND REAPING.


 OW ye beside all waters,
 Where the dew of heaven may fall,
 Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary,
 For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
 Sow, though the thorns may wound thee ;
 One wore the thorns for thee ;
 And, though the cold world scorn thee,
 Patient and hopeful be.
 Sow ye beside all waters,
 With a blessing and a prayer ;
 Name Him whose hand upholds thee,
 And sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeth
 Its warm and cheering ray,
 For the rain of heaven descendeth
 When the sunbeams pass away.
 Sow when the tempest lowers,
 For calmer days will break,
 And the seed, in darkness nourish'd,
 A goodly plant may make.
 Sow when the morning breaketh
 In beauty o'er the land ;
 And, when the evening falleth,
 Withhold not thou thine hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
 In its cold and sterile pride ;
Some cleft there may be riven,
 Where the little feed may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish,
 And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
 Will the scatter'd grain be found.
Work while the daylight lasteth,
 Ere the shades of night come on ;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
 And the labourers' work is done.

Work ! in the wild waste places,
 Though none thy love may own,
God guides the down of the thistle
 The wand'ring wind hath sown.
Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
 Or call thy labour vain ?
The Word that for Him thou bearest,
 Shall return to Him again.
On !—with thine heart in Heaven,
 Thy strength—thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
 In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Sow by the wayfide gladly,
 In the damp, dark caverns low,
Where sunlight feldom reacheth,
 Nor healthful streamlets flow ;

Where the withering air of poison
 Is the young bud's earliest breath,
 And the wild, unwholesome blossom,
 Bears in its beauty—"Death."
 The ground impure, o'ertrodden
 By life's disfiguring years,
 Though blood and guilt have stained it,
 May yet be soft from tears.


Watch not the clouds above thee ;
 Let the whirlwind round thee sweep ;
 God may the seed-time give thee,
 But another's hand may reap.
 Have faith, though ne'er beholding
 The seed burst from its tomb,
 Thou know'st not which may perish,
 Or what be spared to bloom.
 Room on the narrowest ridges
 The ripen'd grain will find,
 That the Lord of the harvest coming,
 In the harvest sheaves may bind.

ANNA SHIPTON.



THE WELL AT SYCHAR.

ON FINDING IT FILLED UP BY THE ARABS.


THEY have stopp'd the sacred well which
 the Patriarchs dug of old,
 Where they water'd the patient flocks at
 noon, from the depths so pure and cold:
 Where the Saviour asked to drink, and found at
 noon repose :
 But the living spring He opened then no human
 hands can close.
 They have scattered the ancient stones, where at
 noon He sat to rest :
 None ever shall rest by that well again, and think
 how His accents blest'd :
 But the Rest for the burdened heart, the Shade in
 the weary land,
 The riven Rock, with its living streams, for ever
 unmoved shall stand.
 Earth has no Temple now, no beautiful House of
 God,
 Or earth is all one temple-floor, which those sacred
 feet have trod.
 But in Heaven there is a Throne, a Home, and a
 House of Prayer ;
 Thyself the Temple ; Thyself the Sun. Our pil-
 grimage endeth there !

Author of the "Three Wakings."

EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL EUCHARIST.

IT is the folemn time
 Of myfteries fublime ;
 There is deep filence through the Houfe of
 Prayer ;
 For, lo ! with reverence high,
 A little band draw nigh
 To eat and drink their laft Communion there.

'Tis their laft Sabbath-day
 Ere the fwift bark away
 From their own native land fhall bear them far ;
 And they no more may come
 To this their holy home,
 With morning fun or evening's rifing ftar.

No more with humble cry
 Of folemn Litany
 Their voices 'mid the faithful band fhall rife ;
 Nor in the holy fong,
 Their lips have hymn'd fo long,
 Afcend with loud thankfgiving to the skies.

For o'er the diftant fea
 Their future home muft be,
 Mid lonesome woods, and rocks, and wilds un-
 known ;
 Where fhall be none to tell
 Of all they loved fo well,
 Of houfehold joys and cherifh'd pleasures flown.

Then shall their thoughts return
To their old homes, and yearn
For the sweet Sunday-bell of other times :
But they shall yearn in vain,
Never for them again
Shall sound the music of those village chimes.

Parting from all beside,
To meet on life's dark tide
They know not what of sorrow and of change,
They fain would lean for rest
Upon His loving breast,
Who from His own no trouble shall estrange.

And therefore 'tis, that now
They come with quiv'ring brow,
And tearful eye, this last high Feast to seek :
Matron and sturdy fire,
And youth's quench'd glance of fire,
And maiden bending low in silence meek.

O noble Pilgrim band !
'Tis better thus to stand,
Than girt with brazen helm or gleaming sword.
Yours is the shield of Faith
That mocks the darts of Death ;
Your falchion is the Spirit of your Lord !

Ye bear no gems nor gold
Forth from your homes of old ;
Dark penury hath forced you hence away :

But ye, we trust, have won,
Through God's Eternal Son,
That crown of glory which shall not decay.

The trials of your lot
Soon may be all forgot ;
Ye shall pass onward to the distant shore,
And your remembrance fade,
Even as the morning shade :
The place that knew you once shall know no more.

But in your hearts shall lie
A sweet glad memory
Of this blest hour, to guide and cheer you on,
Until at length you come
To that Eternal Home,
Whither your Saviour hath before you gone.

Rev. G. W. BRAMELD, M.A.

From "Lays of the Sanctuary."



BEHOLD THE MAN.

66 **B**EHOLD the Lamb of God !”
 Behold, believe and live ;
 Behold His all-atoning blood,
 And life receive.

Look from thyself to Him,
 Behold Him on the tree ;
 What though the eye of faith be dim,
 He looks on thee.

That meek, that languid eye,
 Turns from Himself away ;
 Invites the trembling sinner nigh,
 And bids him stay.

Stay with Him near the Tree,
 Stay with Him near the Tomb ;
 Stay till the risen Lord you see,
 Stay “ till He come.”



MINISTERING ANGELS.

THEY are evermore around us, tho'
 unfeen to mortal sight,
 In the golden hour of sunshine, and in
 forrow's starlefs night,
 Deepening earth's most sacred pleasures, with the
 peace of sin forgiven,
 Whispering to the lonely mourner of the painlefs
 joys of heaven.

Lovingly they come to help us, when our faith is
 cold and weak,
 Guiding us along the pathway to the blessed Home
 we seek ;
 In our hearts we hear their voices, breathing
 sympathy and love,
 Echoes of the spirit-language in the sinlefs world
 above.

They are with us in the conflict, with their words
 of hope and cheer,
 When the foe of our salvation and his armed hosts
 draw near ;
 And a greater One is with us, and we shrink not
 from the strife,
 While the Lord of angels leads us on the battle-field
 of life.

Seldom do we think upon them, seldom we believe
them nigh,—

Like the child who deems in sunshine that the stars
have left the sky ;

So by this world's pleasures dazzled, scarce we feel
their presence true,—

In foolishness and fickleness are we not children too?

Seeing all our guilt and weakness, looking down
with pitying eyes,

For the foolish things we cling to, and the Heaven
that we despise,

They have been our guardian angels since this
weary world began,

And they still are watching o'er us for His sake Who
died for man !



ONE BY ONE.

NE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall ;
 Some are coming, some are going,—
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each ;
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from Heaven,
 Joys are sent thee here below ;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee :
 Do not fear an armed band ;
 One will fade as others reach thee,
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
 See how small each moment's pain ;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do, or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou fet each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching Heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. PROCTOR.



*IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN
TO RECEIVE.*



O give to those we love is sweet,
And memories sweet behind it leaves;
We bear no crosses, no trial meet,
The heart that gives, itself receives.

The kindly look, the thankful tone,
The added link to friendship's chain,
Were more than recompence, alone,
For aught of sacrifice or pain.

And oft—unasked and undesired—
The gift with answering gift is paid;
For grateful love, by love inspired,
Rests not till meet return is made.

But oh! to those whose scanty smile,
And scantier thanks, reluctant spoken,
Reveal that in their hearts the while
They deem too small each friendly token;

To hearts that never loved the giver,
Or fondest love with hate repay,—
To such as these must Bounty's river
Flow on, and widen day by day?

What faith the sun?—"Alike on all,
Evil or good, behold me shine!"
And lo! the gentle rain-drops fall
Impartial, on the corn and vine.

How many a beam aside must turn,
How many a cloud withhold its dews,
If God should wait till mortals learn
His gifts with grateful hearts to use !

Give, then, nor deem thy labour vain,
Though small return on earth be shown :
There is Who marks thy every pain,
And counts each humblest gift His own.

Give to the hand outstretched that pleads,
And give to him that asks thee not ;
The forest oft are secret needs,
And fairer falls the gift unfought.

Yea, give to those who in thy need
No blessing, but their curse have given ;
That man is blessed in his deed
Who giveth like the Lord of heaven.

C. L. FORD.



THE GREAT COMMISSION.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”—ST. MARK xvi. 15.



When in sleep the mother deems
 She holds her dead child in her
 bosom,
 And feels a waxen hand, and dreams
 She sees again her perished blossom;

And dearer, sweeter seems to her
 That image wan than any other ;
 So should the thought within thee stir,
 Of thy lost children, Island Mother !

No voice of dreams—it haunts thy soul,
 Across the blue Pacific's water—
 Above the wild Atlantic's roll—
 From many an exiled son and daughter.

No visioned forms, they wander there
 Beneath old woods' primeval shadows ;
 Thro' coral-girded islands fair,
 By frozen rocks and sun-burnt meadows.

Thy living dead ! for whom the spring
 Is dried, of spiritual being,
 And every sacramental thing
 That leads to the unseen All-seeing !

They hear no more, when Sundays come,
The old bells fwing in village towers ;
A message from the Angels' home
Unto this work-day world of ours !

No more they seek in reverent haste
Christ's Wedding-Feast within His palace ;
Nor eat the precious bread, nor taste
The wine-drop in the sacred chalice !

For them no calm chance words are said
By pastoral lips in love and meetness ;
Like breathings from a violet bed,
That touch the common air with sweetness.

Therefore, lift up thine arm this day ;
Bid the Church meet them, Island Mother !
Left they forget her as they stray,
And falsely deem they find another !

C. F. A.



WORDS.

“Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.”—PSALM cxli. 3.



NEVER say a careless word
Hath not the power to pain!
The shaft may ope some hidden wound,
That closes not again.

Weigh well those light-winged messengers;
God marked thy heedless word,
And with it too, the falling tear,
The heart-pang that it stirred.

Words!—What are words? An idle breath,
That floateth lightly by,
Smiles on the lip that uttered them,
In tones of melody.
Yet have they strength to wound or bless,
Lightly as they are flung;
Still writ upon some human heart,
Told by an Angel's tongue.

Words!—What are words? A simple word
Hath spells to call the tears
That long have lain a sealed fount,
Unclosed through mournful years.
Back from the unseen sepulchre,
A word hath summoned forth
A form—that hath its place no more
Among the things of earth.

Words!—heed them well ; some whifpered one
Hath yet a power to fling
A fhadow on the brow ; the Soul
In agony to wring ;
A name—forbidden, or forgot,
That fometimes, unawares,
Murmurs upon our wak'ning lips,
And mingles in our prayers.

O words—sweet words ! A bleffing comes
Softly from kindly lips ;
Tender endearing tones, that break
The fpirit's drear eclipse.
Oh ! are there not some cherifhed tones
In the deep heart enshrined,
Uttered but once—they paff'd—and left
A track of light behind ?

Words!—What are words ? Ah ! know'ft thou not
The houfehold names of love ?
The thoufand tender memories,
That float their graves above ?
Long buried by the world's cold tread,
Yet 'mid the crowd they rife,
And fmile, as Angel-guefts would fmile,
With gentle earneft eyes.

Thou haft been bleft, if never bent
Thine head, in anguish low,
To hide the trembling lip—the tear
That harfh words caufed to flow.

Striving in vain to mask the pain,
Veiled by thy silent pride,
The faint smile of the blanching lip,
That strove the pang to hide.

But, oh! more blest! if memory brings
No record of the past,
Where angry glance and cruel word
Their withering shadow cast;
Where no dead eye fell mournfully,
When on the quivering Soul
Thy bitter words went echoing
Like the loud thunder roll.

By God's eternal dwelling-place,
Those words went floating by,
And still the echo wanders on,
Throughout eternity.
And whispering yet within thine heart,
"The still small voice" is heard,
And thou shalt cry, "O God! forgive
My heedless bitter word!"

Are there no words, that from the fount
Of life and blessing come,
Cheering the sorrowing Soul with love,
And leading wanderers home?
O Christ! write Thou Thy words of peace
Upon our hearts, and be
The guard of each winged messenger
That upward flies to Thee.

ANNA SHIPTON.

GETHSEMANE.

HE knelt—the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but His Father's eye
 Looked thro' the lonely garden's shade
 On that dread agony !
 The Lord of all, above, beneath,
 Was bowed with sorrow unto death !

The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The stars might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 So to o'ershadow Him !
 That He who gave man's breath might know
 The very depths of human woe !

He proved them all !—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread,
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,
 All gather'd round His head ;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
 Yet passed it not—that cup away !

It passed not—tho' the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath His tread ;
 It passed not—tho' to Him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead !
 But there was sent Him from on high
 A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way?
Thro' Him—thro' Him that path Who trod,—
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

MRS. HEMANS.



*THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL
REAP IN JOY.*



E have not sowed in vain !
 Though the heavens seem as brass,
 And piercing the crust of the burning
 plain,
 Ye scan not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,
 And waters of life on high ;
 One morn ye shall wake, and the Spring's soft green
 O'er the moistened fields shall lie.

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
 Light on the darkened brow,
 The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
 Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer ?
 Then ye went not forth in vain ;
 "The Sower, the Son of man," was there,
 And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet sign of Spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening shower
On the dry, hard ground that ring.

But the harvest-home ye'll keep,
The Summer of life ye'll share,
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together *there*.

Author of the "Three Wakings."



HOW LONG ?

“How long, Lord? wilt Thou hide Thyself for ever? Return,
O Lord, how long?—PSALM lxxxix. 46; xc. 13.

HOW long, O Lord, in weariness and
sorrow,
Must Thy poor people tread the
pilgrim road,
Mourning to-day and fearing for to-morrow,—
Finding no place of rest, no sure abode?—

Sighing o'er faded flowers and cisterns broken;
Gazing on setting suns, that rise no more;
Listening to sad farewells, and last words spoken
By loved ones leaving us on Jordan's shore!

How long, through snares of error and temptation,
Shall noblest spirits stumble on their way?
How long, through darkening storms of tribulation,
Must we press forward to eternal day?

How long shall passing faults and trifles sever
Hearts that have known affection's holy tie?
When shall the slanderer's tale be hushed for ever,
And brethren see in all things eye to eye?

How long shall last the night of toil and sadness,
The midnight hour of gloomy doubts and fears?
When shall it dawn, that promised morn of gladness,
When Thine own hand shall wipe away our tears?

How long, O Lord? Our hearts are sad and weary,
Our voices join the whole creation's groan ;
With eager gaze we watch for Thine appearing,
When wilt Thou come again, and claim Thine own?

Return! return! come in Thy power and glory,
With all Thy rifen faints and angel throng ;
Bring to a close time's strange, mysterious story,
How long dost Thou delay,—O Lord, how long?

'Author of "Hymns from the Land of Luther."



WILLOWS BY THE WATER-COURSES.

THE Willows still their penfile branches
 wave,
 As once they waved by Chebar's
 Eastern stream ;

O when shall Israel waken from the grave,
 Her mouth with laughter filled like those that
 dream ?

Long has she weeping gone—in tears has sowed,
 While yearning for her home—her loved abode.

O when shall she her sackcloth garment doff,
 And clothe herself in beauty's joyous dress ?
 Forget that she was once the Paynim's scoff,
 And glory in "The Lord our Righteousness" ?
 Take down her harp, and tune it to the strain
 Which she shall lift when Salem smiles again ?

Take boughs of goodly trees, the joyous Palm,
 The Willows of the brook, and keep the feast ;
 The mourner's wounds are healed with oil and balm,
 The captive's tears are dried, her sorrows cease ;
 Rejoice with praise ; let harp and cymbal tell
 "How goodly are thy tents, O Israel !"

Take boughs of Olive, Myrtle, and of Pine ;
In songs rehearse the goodness of the Lord ;
Bless Him for corn and milk, for oil and wine,
For all the plenty heaped upon the board.
The songs of Zion now her daughters sing,
Her children cry, " Hosannah to the King !"

As Willows spring beside the winding stream,
So shall thy children's offspring flourish now ;
Thy long captivity becomes a dream—
A sweet memorial is that Willow-bough
Of all thy sorrows, of that tear-steeped bread,
On which, by Chebar's stream, thy soul was fed.

Planted again in Canaan's fruitful ground,
Her streams shall nourish thy wide-spreading root ;
On thee no yellow leaf shall e'er be found,
For Hermon's dew shall feed each verdant shoot.
" What hath Jehovah wrought ?" the nations cry :
" Great things for us !" the ransomed tribes reply.



THE TEN VIRGINS.

HAD a vision of the night.

It seem'd

There was a long red tract of barren land,
Blockt in by black hills, where a half-moon dream'd
Of morn, and whiten'd.

Drifts of dry brown sand,
This way and that, were heapt below : and flats
Of water :—glaring shallows, where strange bats
Came and went, and moths flicker'd.

To the right,

A dusky road that crept along the waste
Like a white snake : and, further up, I traced
The shadow of a great house, far in sight :
A hundred casements all ablaze with light :
And forms that flit athwart them as in haste :
And a slow music, such as sometimes kings
Command at mighty revels, softly sent
From viol, and flute, and tabor, and the strings
Of many a sweet and slumbrous instrument,
That wound into the mute heart of the night
Out of that distance.

Then I could perceive
A glory pouring thro' an open door,

And in the light five women. I believe
They wore white vestments, all of them. They
were

Quite calm ; and each still face unearthly fair,
Unearthly quiet. So like statues all,
Waiting they stood without that lighted hall ;
And in their hands, like a blue star, they held
Each one a silver lamp.

Then I beheld
A shadow in the doorway. And One came
Crown'd for a feast. I could not see the Face.
The Form was not all human. As the flame
Stream'd over it, a preference took the place
With awe.

He, turning, took them by the hand,
And led them each up the white stairway, and
The door closed.

At that moment the moon dipp'd
Behind a rag of purple vapour, ript
Off a great cloud, some dead wind, ere it spent
Its last breath, had blown open, and so rent
You saw behind blue pools of light, and there
A wild star swimming in the lurid air.
The dream was darken'd. And a sense of loss
Fell like a nightmare on the land : because
The moon yet linger'd in her cloud-eclipse.

Then, in the dark, swell'd fullenly across
The waste a wail of women.

Her blue lips

The moon drew up out of the cloud.

Again

I had a vision on that midnight plain.

Five women : and the beauty of despair
 Upon their faces : locks of wild wet hair,
 Clammy with anguish, wander'd low and loose
 O'er their bare breasts, that seem'd too fill'd with
 trouble

To feel the damp crawl of the midnight dews
 That trickled down them. One was bent half-double,
 A dimm'd heap, that hung o'er the last spark
 Of a lamp slowly dying. As she blew
 The dull light redder, and the dry wick flew
 In crumbling sparkles all about the dark,
 I saw a light of horror in her eyes ;
 A wild light on her flushed cheek ; a wild white
 On her dry lips ; an agony of surprise
 Fearfully fair.

The lamp dropp'd. From my sight
 She fell into the dark.

Beside her, fat

One without motion : and her stern face flat
 Against the dark sky.

One, as still as death,

Hollow'd her hands about her lamp, for fear
 Some motion of the midnight, or her breath,
 Should fan out the last flicker. Rosy-clear
 The light oozed, thro' her fingers, o'er her face.

There was a ruin'd beauty hovering there
 Over deep pain, and dash't with lurid grace
 A waning bloom.

The light grew dim and blear :
 And she, too, slowly darken'd in her place.

Another, with her white hands hotly lockt
 About her damp knees, muttering madness, rockt
 Forward, and backward. But at last she stopp'd,
 And her dark head upon her bosom dropp'd
 Motionless.

Then one rose up with a cry
 To the great moon ; and stretch'd a wrathful arm
 Of wild expostulation to the sky,
 Murmuring—" These earth-lamps fail us ! and what
 harm ?

Does not the moon shine ? Let us rise and haste
 To meet the Bridegroom yonder o'er the waste !
 For now I seem to catch once more the tone
 Of viols on the night. 'Twere better done,
 At worst, to perish near the golden gate,
 And fall in fight of glory one by one,
 Than here all night upon the wild, to wait
 Uncertain ills. Away ! the hour is late !"

Again the moon dipp'd.

I could see no more.
 Not the least gleam of light did heaven afford.

At last, I heard a knocking on a door,

And some one crying "Open to us, Lord!"
There was an awful pause.

I heard my heart

Beat.

Then a Voice—"I know you not. Depart."
I caught, within, a glimpse of glory. And
The door closed.


Still in darkness dream'd the land.
I could not see those women. Not a breath!
Darkness, and awe: a darkness more than death.
The darkness took them. * * * * *

OWEN MEREDITH.



CHRIST AT SYCHAR.

“Jefus faith unto her, Give Me to drink.”—JOHN iv. 7.

66 IVE Me to drink!” And who and
what art Thou
That askest drink of me, a child of
earth?

O wondrous suppliant ! Yes, I know Thee now,
Though once a stranger to Thy matchless worth.

Give Thee to drink ! Yes, had I seen Thee here,
Athirst and weary, seated on the well,
O how my heart had throb’d Thine heart to cheer,
This feeble tongue it hath no words to tell.

But Jefus fay—what would’st Thou have me do
To prove the love I *then* would fain have showed ?
“ I have a little band, a faithful few,
Pilgrims and strangers on their homeward road.

“ Whene’er you see *them* weary on the way,
Athirst or fainting, *then* remember Me ;
Think then thou hearest Me, the Master, fay,
‘ Give Me to drink.’ This boon I crave of thee.

“ And, oh ! when thou shalt sit with Me beside
The river of life's water, cool and clear,
The same which issued from My wounded side,
When in death's agony I thirsted here,

“ I will give thee to drink—oh ! such a draught
Of life and love from My unbounded store,
As no poor thirsting spirit ever quaffed,
When thou shalt drink with Me and thirst no more.”



LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

“Always abounding in the work of the Lord.”—

I COR. xv. 58.



COME, labour on !

Who dares stand idle on the harvest
plain,

While all around him waves the golden
grain ?

And to each servant does the Master say,

“Go, work to-day !”

Come, labour on !

Claim the high calling Angels cannot share,—

To young and old the Gospel gladness bear ;

Redeem the time, its hours too swiftly fly,

The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on !

The labourers are few, the field is wide,

New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied ;

From voices distant far, or near at home,

The call is “Come !”

Come, labour on !

The enemy is watching, night and day,

To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away.

While we in sleep our duty have forgot,

He slumbered not.

Come, labour on !
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear !
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

Come, labour on !
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,—
“Servants, well done !”

Come, labour on !
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessed are those who to the end endure ;—
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee !

Author of “Hymns from the Land of Luther.”



VESPERS.

NOW many thousands are worshipping
 now !
 The Lord looks down where His
 loved ones bow !
 Solemn and sweet are the strains that rise
 From the haunts of earth to the holy skies.

Where the tall cathedral rears its dome,
 The long, loud notes of the organ roam
 Through Gothic arches, and nave, and aisle,
 Where the last red beams of the sunlight smile.

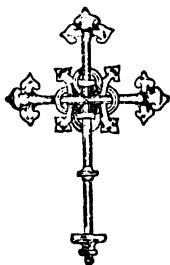
Bright Angels hover where childhood sings,
 And the first faint prayer of the contrite springs ;
 And they gather the soft low words that come
 Where the household kneel by the hearth of home

In the low, dim light of the sick man's room,
 Soft voices are soothing the hour of gloom ;
 And the parting soul breaks out in praise,
 As she bids farewell to her earthly days.

And far in the heart of the unknown land
 The traveller kneels with his weary band ;
 And hark ! where the ship speeds fast and free,
 A sound of prayer o'er the surging sea !

But the curtains of night the landscape shade ;
And the voices of earth in silence fade :
There's a Land where Life hath no shade nor care—
How many thousands are worshipping there !

C. L. FORD.



EVEN-SONG.

COME to Thee to-night,
 In my lone closet where no eye can see,
 And dare to crave communion high with
 Thee,
 Father of love and light !

Softly the moonbeams shine
 On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
 While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
 Steal through the flumbering vine.

Thou gavest the calm repose
 That rests on all,—the air, the birds, the flower,
 The human spirit in its weary hours,
 Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer ;
 The silent praises of the glorious sky,
 And the earth's orisons, profound and high,
 To Heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
 In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
 Trusting the merits of Thy Son alone
 Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray!

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart;
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore;
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,
Whom Thou hast called Thine own.


And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe affliction's grief and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be Thou their solace, and their joy, and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake!

THE SLEEP OF THE BELOVED.

“So He giveth His beloved sleep.”—PSALM cxxvii. 2.

 UNLIGHT has vanished, and the weary
 earth
 Lies resting from a long day's toil and
 pain,
 And, looking for a new dawn's early birth,
 Seeks strength in slumber for its toil again.

We too would rest ; but ere we close the eye
 Upon the conscioufness of waking thought,
 Would calmly turn it to yon star-bright sky,
 And lift the soul to Him who slumbers not.

Above us is Thy hand, with tender care
 Distilling over us the dew of sleep :
 Darknes seems loaded with oblivious air,
 In deep forgetfulness each sense to sleep.

Thou hast provided midnight's hour of peace,
 Thou stretchest over us the wing of rest ;
 With more than all a parent's tenderness,
 Foldest us sleeping to Thy gentle breast.


Grief flies away ; care quits our easy couch,
 Till, wakened by Thy hand, when breaks the day,
 Like the lone prophet by the Angel's touch,
 We rise to tread again our pilgrim-way.

God of our life ! God of each day and night !
Oh, keep us still till life's short race is run !
Until there dawns the long, long day of Light,
That knows no night, yet needs no star nor sun.

DR. BONAR.



THE CHARMER.

66  E need some charmer, for our
 hearts are fore
 With longings for the things
 that may not be—
 Faint for the friends that shall return no more,
 Dark with distrust, or wrung with agony.

“What is this life? And what to us is Death?
 Whence came we? whither go? And where are
 those

Who, in a moment stricken from our side,
 Passed to that land of shadow and repose?

“Are they all dust? and dust must we become?
 Or are they living in some unknown clime?
 Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
 And live anew beyond the waves of Time?

“Oh, man divine!—on thee our souls have hung,
 Thou wert our teacher in these questions high;
 But ah! this day divides thee from our side,
 And veils in dust thy kindly guiding eye.”

So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round
 When Socrates lay calmly down to die—
 So spake the Sage, prophetic of the hour
 When Earth's fair Morning Star should rise on
 high.

They found him not, those youths of foul divine,
Long seeking, wandering, watching on life's shore:
Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
Death came and found them—doubting as before.

But years passed on—and lo ! the Charmer came,
Pure, silent, sweet as comes the silver dew—
And the world knew Him not—He walked alone,
Encircled only by His trusting few.

Like the Athenian Sage—rejected, scorned,
Betrayed, condemned, His day of doom drew nigh ;
He drew His faithful few more closely round,
And told them that *His* hour was come to die.

“Let not your heart be troubled,” then He said :
“My Father's house has mansions large and fair ;
I go before you to prepare your place ;
I will return to take you with Me there.”—

And since that hour the awful foe is charmed,
And life and death are glorified and fair :
Whither He went we know—the way we know,
And with firm step press on to meet Him there.

H. B. STOWE.



*TOUCHED WITH A FEELING OF OUR
INFIRMITIES.*



WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken
foul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can folve the finner's wound.

When forrow fwells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the finner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jefus' blood that wafhes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unfeal that cleansing tide,
We have no fhelter from our fin
But in Thy wounded fide.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

COMMUNION HYMN.

HE cometh, on yon hallowed Board
 The ready Feast doth duly shew,
 Where wait the chalice and the bread,
 Like gems within their veil of snow.

He cometh, as He came of old,
 Suddenly to His Father's thrine,
 Into the hearts He died to make
 Meet temples for His grace Divine.

He cometh, as the Bridegroom comes,
 Unto the Feast Himself has spread ;
 His flesh and blood the heavenly food
 Wherewith the wedding guests are fed.

He cometh—gentle as the dew,
 And sweet as drops of honey clear,
 And good as God's own manna shower,
 To longing souls that meet Him here.

He cometh—let not one withdraw,
 Nor fear to bring repented sin ;
 There's blood to wash, there's bread to feed,
 And Christ Himself to enter in.

He cometh—praifes in the Church,
 And hymns of praife in Heaven above,
 And in our hearts repentant faith,
 And love that fprings to meet His love.

II.

O Jefus, bruifed and wounded more
 Than burfted grape, or bread of wheat ;
 The Life of Life within our fouls,
 The Cup of our Salvation fweet :

We come to fhew Thy dying hour,
 Thy ftreaming vein, Thy broken flefh ;
 And ftill the blood is warm to fave,
 And ftill the fragrant wounds are frefh.

O Heart that, with a double tide
 Of blood and water, maketh pure ;
 O Flefh once offered on the crofs,
 The gift that makes our pardon fure :

Let never more our finful fouls
 The anguish of Thy Crofs renew ;
 Nor forge again the cruel nails
 That pierced Thy victim Body through.

Come, Bread of Heaven, to feed our fouls,
 And with Thee Jefus enter in ;
 Come, Wine of God, and as we drink
 His precious blood, wafh out our fin.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

*ABSENT FROM THE BODY, PRESENT
WITH THE LORD.*

BESIDE the dark grave standing,
We fow, in filent tears,
The feed of incorruption,
The pilgrim full of years !

His Home is reached already,
We ftill are on the road ;
Death was the gate of Heaven,
It took him to his God.

He fees what we but look for,
He hath what we ftill lack ;
The foe no more can spoil him,
Who ftill befets our track.

His difembodied fpirit
Is with the Lord at reft,
And while we ftill are weeping,
He is fupremely bleft.

He wears a crown of glory,
And lifts the palm on high,
And fwells, with faints and angels,
The chorus of the fky.

Lyra Anglicana.

We still, poor weary pilgrims,
In this dark valley roam,
Until again we see him,
And share his happy Home !


C. J. SPITTA.

Translated by Maffie.



THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

ACTS XII.


 HE Apostle slept,—a light shone in the
 prison,
 An Angel touched his side ;
 “ Arise !” he said ; and quickly he hath
 risen,
 His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,
 They heard no sound of feet ;
 The gates fly open, and the faint, still dreaming,
 Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
 In nature's parting strife,
 A friendly Angel stands where he reposes,
 To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
 The spirit from its clay ;
 From sin's temptations, and from life's distresses,
 He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
 It takes its silent flight ;
 And feels its freedom in the large expansion
 Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,
It now is far from them ;
For it has reached the City of the faintly,
The New Jerufalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The los of one they love :
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A Festival above !

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral-bell tolls flow ;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro ;

And saying as they meet, " Rejoice ! another,
Long waited for, is come ;
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's Home !"

REV. J. D. BURNS.



*"I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION
OF THE BODY."*

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 fet free ;
 Made meet to lay aside her dust,
 And be at home with Thee.

And then—there shall be yet an end—
 An end now full to blefs !
 How dear to those who watch for Thee
 With human tendernefs.
 Then shall the faying 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 likenefs, 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.

A. L. WARING.



ARE YOU READY?

WHAT and if the day is breaking,
 Day so long by fears foretold,
 When, from slumbers deep awaking,
 Saints their Saviour shall behold ;

Are you ready ? are you ready ?
 Or is still your bosom cold ?

Is it cold to Him who fought thee
 In this wilderneys forlorn ?
 Cold to Him, the Friend who bought thee,
 Nor complained of nail or thorn ?

Are you ready ? are you ready ?
 Or do you His yearning scorn ?

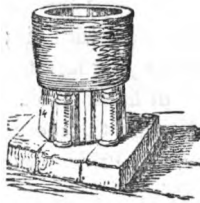
Are you clothed in bridal raiment,
 Woven by anointed hands ;
 Given thee without thy payment,
 Pledge of Love's unwearied hands ?

Are you ready ? are you ready ?
 See the portal open stands.

Are you waft in holy water,
 You so long by sin defiled ?
 Should He say, " My son," " My daughter,"
 Can you say, " Behold Thy child " ?

Are you ready, are you ready,
 Thus by Jesus to be styled ?

Are you ready for the meeting
With the Saviour in the air ?
Longing for that holy greeting
With the ransomed myriads there ?
If not ready, if not ready,
Oh ! for that great Day prepare !



*BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM
COMETH.*



REJOICE, rejoice, believers !
 And let your lights appear ;
 The evening is advancing,
 The darker night is near.
 The Bridegroom is arising ;
 And soon will He draw nigh :
 Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle,
 At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil ;
 Look now for your salvation,
 The end of sin and toil.
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
 Go, meet Him as He cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.

Oh ! wife and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Till in your jubilations,
 Ye meet the angel-choir.
 The Marriage Feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand ;
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear ;
Arise, Thou Sun so looked for,
O'er this benighted sphere !
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with Thee !

LAURENTI.



THE JERUSALEM THAT IS ABOVE.

BRIEF life is here our portion ;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is *there*.

O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest :
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown :

And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Sion in her anguish
 With Babylon must cope :

But He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known ;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

PART II.

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unktion to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and light, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion !
O Paradise of Joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;

The Lamb is all thy splendour
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

L

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The fardis and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays ;

Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 The faints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ,

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

PART III.

Jerusalem the golden !
 With milk and honey blest !
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh ! I know not
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Ange,
And all the martyr throng :

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The Home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest :
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

HERE AND THERE.

WHAT no human eye hath seen,
 What no mortal ear hath heard,
 What on thought hath never been
 In its noblest flights conferred,—
 This hath God prepared in store
 For His people evermore !

When the shaded pilgrim land
 Fades before my closing eye,
 Then, revealed on either hand,
 Heaven's own scenery shall lie ;
 Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
 Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright ;
 Life's pure river, murmuring low ;
 Forms of loveliness and light,
 Lost to earth long time ago,—
 Yes, mine own lamented long,
 Shine amid the Angel throng !

Many a joyful sight was given,
 Many a lovely vision here ;
 Hill and vale, and starry even,
 Friendship's smile, affection's tear ;

These were shadows, fent in love,
Of realities above !

When upon my wearied ear
Earth's last echoes faintly die,
Then shall Angel harps draw near,
All the chorus of the sky ;
Long-hushed voices blend again,
Sweetly, in that welcome strain.

Here were sweet and varied tones,
Bird and breeze, and fountain's fall ;
Yet Creation's travail-groans
Ever sadly sigh'd through all.
There no discord jars the air ;
Harmony is perfect there !

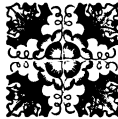
When this aching heart shall rest,
All its busy pulses o'er,
From her mortal robes undrest,
Shall my spirit upward soar.
Then shall unimagined joy
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm
Often came to soothe my breast ;
Hours of deep and holy calm,
Earnests of eternal rest.
But the bliss was here unknown
Which shall there be all my own !

Jefus reigns, the Life, the Sun
Of that wondrous world above ;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light and all is love.
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect Day !

LANGE.

From "Hymns from the Land of Luther."



EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.

COME, Lord, and tarry not ;
 Bring the long-looked-for day ;
 Oh, why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay ?

Come, for Thy faints still wait ;
 Daily ascends their sigh ;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come :
 Dost Thou not hear the cry ?

Come, for creation groans,
 Impatient of Thy stay,
 Worn out with these long years of ill,
 These ages of delay.

Come, for Thy Israel pines,
 An exile from Thy fold ;
 O call to mind Thy faithful word,
 And bless them as of old.

Come, for love waxes cold,
 Its steps are faint and slow ;
 Faith now is lost in unbelief,
 Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in Thy fickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth ;
Sower and Reaper Thou !

Come, in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace,
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

BONAR.



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