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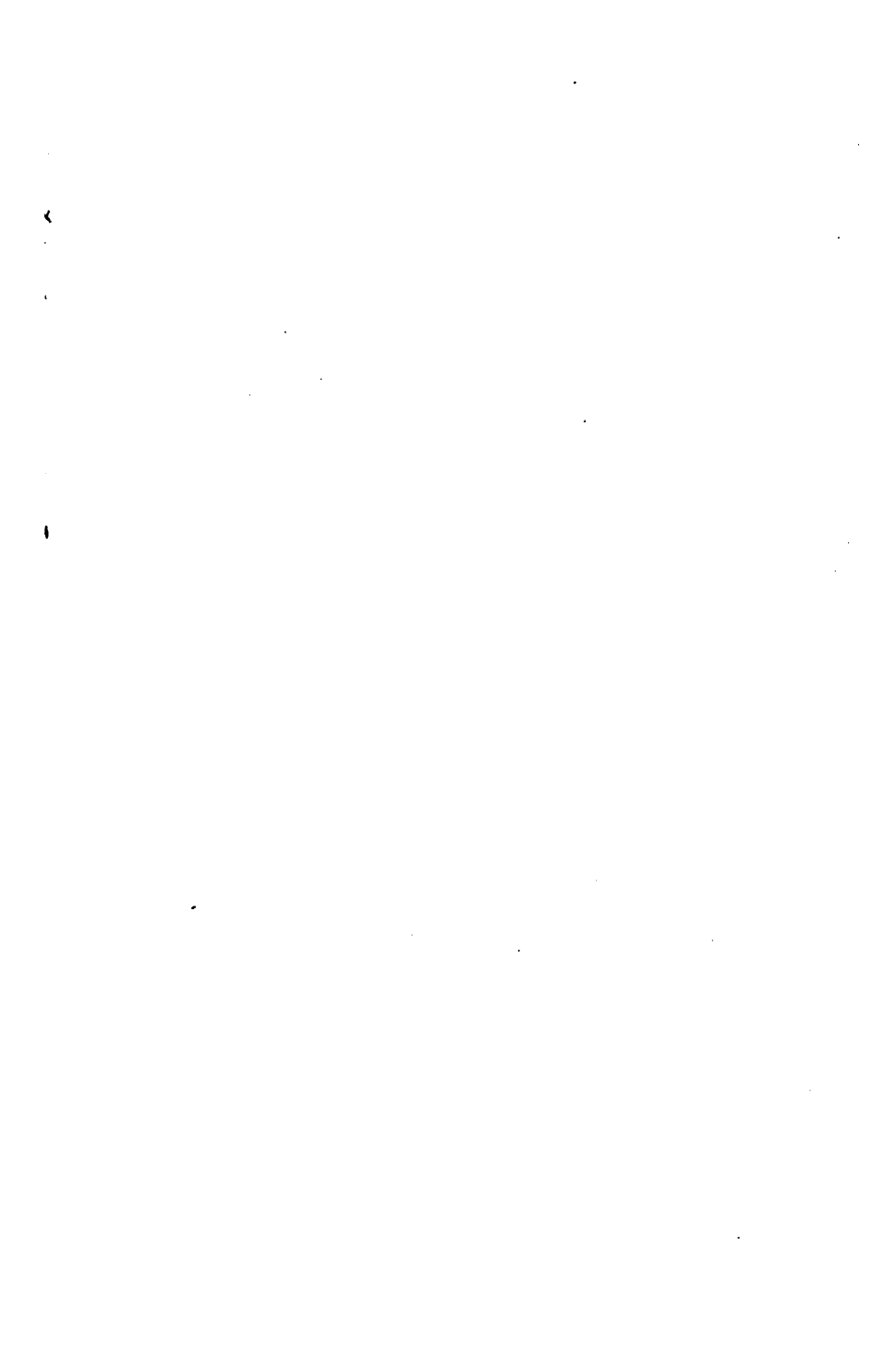
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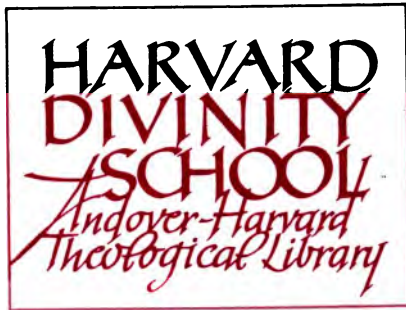
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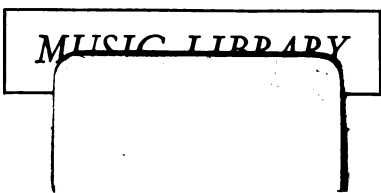
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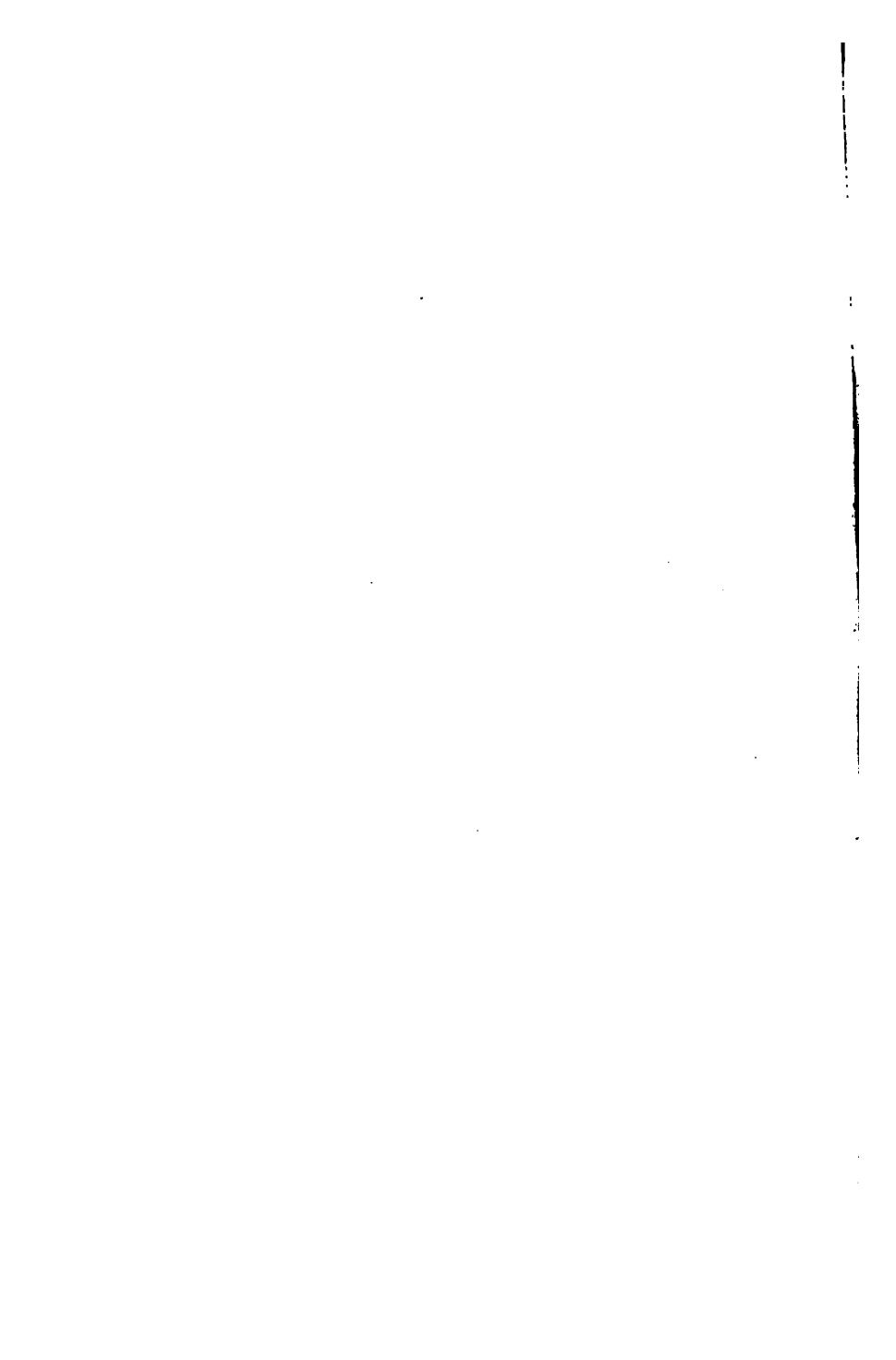




Herrie Greenslet,  
Cambridge.





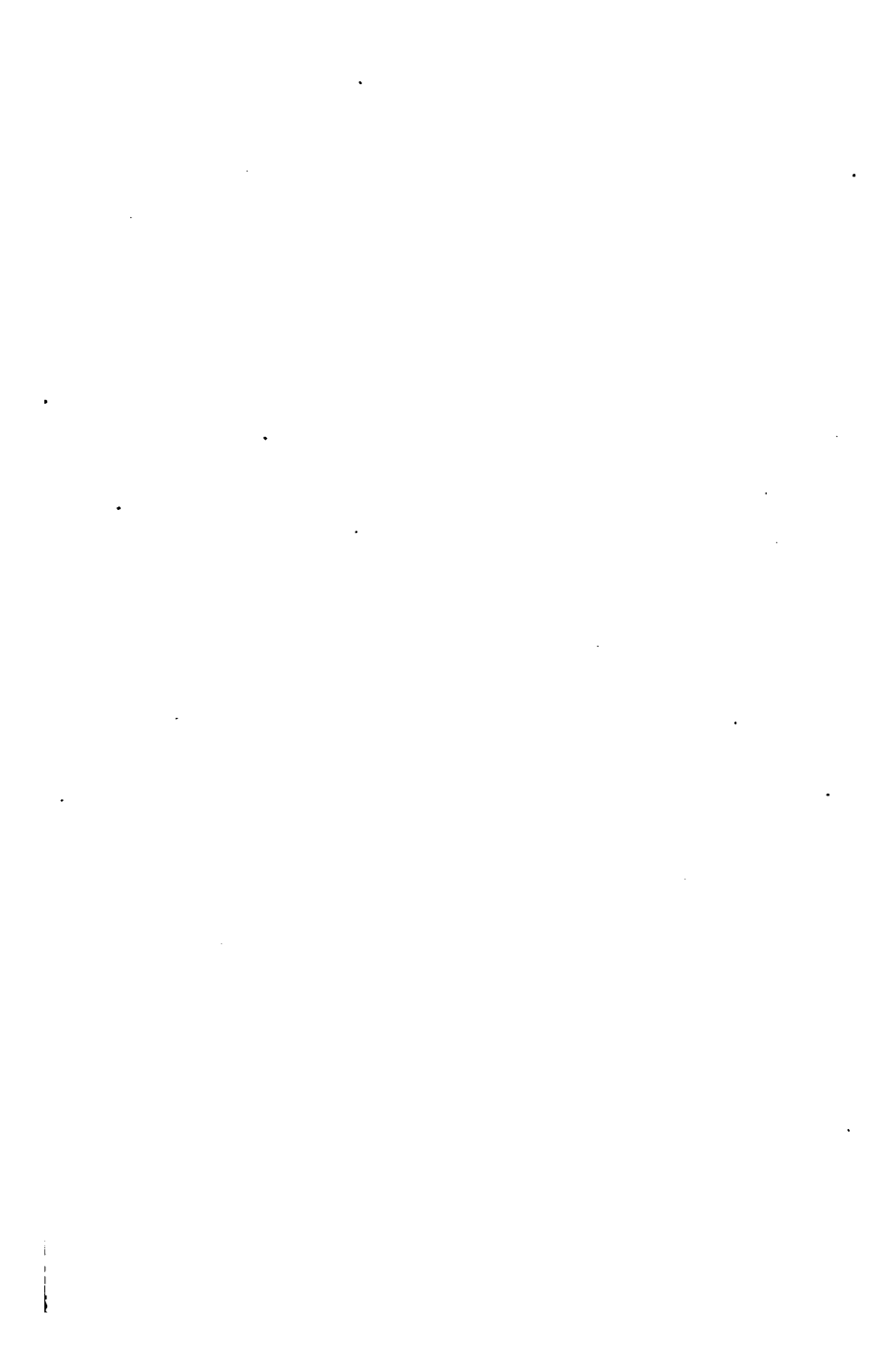


HYMNS

BY

HORATIUS BONAR

**OXFORD: HORACE HART  
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY**







*Wm. H. Woodbury*

*Wm. H. Woodbury*

*Horatius Bonar*

# HORATIUS

SELECTED LATIN ANTHOLOGY

H. N. BONAR

WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF SALICEMETER  
FIVE FACSIMILES OF ORIGINAL MSS.  
AND A GLOSSARY

HENRY FROWDE

LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW  
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

1904

1821

HYMNS  
BY  
HORATIUS BONAR

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY HIS SON

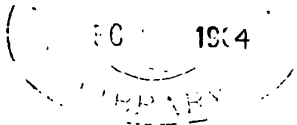
H. N. BONAR

WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF SOME OF THE HYMNS  
FIVE FACSIMILES OF ORIGINAL MSS.  
AND A PORTRAIT

HENRY FROWDE  
LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW  
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

1904

~~102/2, 43~~



Ferris Greenslet  
Cambridge  
NOTE

I am much indebted to the courtesy of the following publishers for permission to include in this volume the hymns by my father of which they own the copyright. I take this opportunity of thanking them for their kindness.

Messrs. Nisbet, London, for the pieces selected from *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, *The Song of the New Creation*, *Hymns of the Nativity*, *Communion Hymns*, and *My Old Letters*.

Messrs. Morgan and Scott, London, for the hymns taken from their *Sacred Songs and Solos*.

Messrs. Castell Brothers, London, for the three hymns which appear at pp. 197, 211, and 236 of this volume.

The only piece printed in this selection which has not already appeared in an authorized collection of my father's hymns is:

'Belovèd, let us love: love is of God' (p. 196); but there is no doubt as to its authorship, as I possess the original manuscript.

I think it right to mention that in the following pages I have shortened several of the hymns by omitting here and there a few lines which did not seem to be absolutely necessary.

I have never given the date of a hymn unless I could do so with certainty.

H. N. BONAR.

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# HORATIUS BONAR

## AND HIS HYMNS

HORATIUS BONAR was born on December 19, 1808, in Edinburgh, and, like his brothers, was educated at the High School and University of that city. He had not a mathematical turn of mind, but early in life showed a great liking for English literature and the ancient classics. At school he was fortunate enough to be under masters who grounded him thoroughly in these latter subjects. The only relic of his school-work which I possess is a wonderfully accurate prose translation of the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, written by him in his thirteenth year. It is impossible to tell when he first began to write verse, but some pieces of his have been preserved in a Students' Magazine, *The College Observer*, of which he seems to have been one of the editors. The first of these poems appeared in November 1827, at which date the writer was not quite nineteen years of age. The titles of a few of these may give some indication of their nature: 'All that's Bright

must Fade,' 'The Lonely Hearth,' 'The Departed,' 'Niobe,' 'Sunrise,' and 'Our Homes.'

The following (dated November 23, 1827) is one of the very first poems the writer ever published, and as such has a special value :

THE LONELY HEARTH.

HE stood bewildered on his lonely hearth ;  
 Sadness was written on his fixèd brow ;  
 For he had witnessed happy days of mirth,  
 Where silence dwells and desolation now.  
 The grief he felt he recked not to avow ;  
 Proudly he stood, yet sorrowfully too ;—  
 The latest leaf upon the topmost bough  
 Of a tall oak, aloft that lately threw  
 Its hundred leafy arms, when Summer days were  
 new.

Friendless and homeless, how unlike the past !  
 Once-honoured scion of a noble stem !  
 But now forsaken, desolate,—the last  
 Bright jewel of a kingly diadem :  
 The last dim dewdrop of all those that gem  
 The still, grey dawning, ere the sunbeams fall.  
 He trod his once-glad halls, but found in them  
 Naught but his shivered household-gods ; for all  
 Was tomb-like, hushed, and dark as with a funeral  
 pall.

Only one piece written at this time was put to any subsequent use. It is dated January 29, 1828,

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and is entitled 'Ode: with reference to the late events in South America' (i. e. the independence of Chili), and runs as follows:

THEY sung the song of Liberty,  
On mountain and on plain;  
And every echo of the land  
Pealed back the song again.

'T was poured upon the morning's dew,  
In the calm ev'n it floats;  
And the breeze from Chili's woody heights  
Gave back the gladsome notes.

'T was sung by peasant in his cot,  
'T was sung in palaced hall:  
Each bondsman shaking free his chain  
Answered to Freedom's call.

They planted, 'mid the oppressor's threats,  
The flag of Liberty:  
That banner floats unthreatened now,—  
The land, the land is free!

The morning's newly-wakened ray,  
Shot on the Andes down,  
Saw Slavery groaning in its bonds,  
And saw the tyrants' frown.

The noonday saw the rising war,  
Like tumult of the sea;  
And the evening beam bore back the song,—  
The land, the land is free!



If we compare this with 'The Two Eras of the Land' (p. 54 in this volume) we see how this early poem was used as the foundation of the later one, the scene being changed from Chili to Scotland. Though the metre has been altered, every one of the six verses of this boyish ode can be easily identified in the longer piece. The rest of these student verses call for no special comment. They are, naturally, not sacred, but are all of rather a grave tone.

Towards the end of the winter session the little magazine's existence came to an end with the issue of its twenty-third number. On its last page there appears a semi-editorial valedictory poem of my father's which is worth quoting :

## FAREWELL.

Feb. 15, 1828.

As the lone traveller ever turns his sight  
To gaze upon the beauties left behind,—  
As a bright torch streams backward to the night  
On the dark waste, flung back by adverse wind :  
Oh ! even thus returns the musing mind  
To the glad hours where childhood's lucid streams  
Flowed in a brighter crystal unconfined.  
Oh, let me steep myself in memory's beams,—  
Memory the mirror of the past, the treasury of young  
dreams !

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Wake, wake again, ye days of sunniness !  
Fair once, but fairer now, when long-drawn years  
Have hallowed all your haunts of youthful bliss ;  
And fond, fond memory still your joys endears,  
When on its hill of prospect, all appears  
Sunshine beneath, and joy ; our early morn  
Clad in unwonted beauty : all grief's tears  
Pearled into laughter's gem-drops, to adorn,  
Not gloom the past ; ye days of youth, oh, when  
will ye return ?

And ye too, Academics, parting thus,  
Farewell ! And when, in future days,  
The dreams of other hours come over us  
Like breathings of the Spring, or twilight rays,  
The record of gone glory,—holy lays,  
Of deep-toned melody, that slowly swell  
O'er the dark spirit, telling of old ways,  
When our youth's dew all clearly on us fell,  
Forget us not ; and now, once more, companions,  
fare-ye-well !

These student poems are the only early verses of the writer's which have been preserved. I never knew of their existence till the beginning of this year (1904), when I came upon the slim paper-bound magazine among a bundle of old manuscripts. Whatever their poetical merits may be, they show at any rate that their author had, even at this

period of his life, some facility in expressing himself in rhyme.

On the completion of his theological course my father was appointed assistant to the Rev. James Lewis, of St. John's Church, at Leith. An important part of his work there was among the young people in the church's mission district. Besides his ordinary services and house-to-house visitation, he had charge of a Sabbath school, which grew and prospered under his supervision. I have in my possession a little red-bound notebook containing the names of the 283 girls and boys who were present at the meeting which bade him farewell when he left Leith to go to Kelso in 1837. When he first began his work among the young, he found himself hampered by the listlessness of the girls and boys in the matter of public worship. This was largely due to the fact that they had hardly any children's hymns to sing. They were accustomed to use in their worship psalms and a few hymns not suited in word or tune to young people's needs, and they cared little for what ought to have been the brightest part of the service. Yet they were fond of music, and on week-days could sing songs heartily enough. Now, though he had little ear for music himself, my father soon realized the reason for this

defect in the children's services ; and, while considering what steps could be taken to set matters right, it occurred to him that if verses, set to well-known tunes, were provided, the meetings would be brightened. So he tried an experiment : he chose some of the more lively tunes which the scholars liked to sing, and set himself to write words to them. The first two tunes which he utilized were 'Heber' and 'The Flowers of the Forest.' The words which he wrote to these were printed on little leaflets for the children's use, and were distributed throughout the school. To his delight the experiment succeeded, and the children were interested in the verses specially written for them. This is how his first two hymns,

and                    'I lay my sins on Jesus'

    'The morning, the bright and the beautiful  
        morning,'

came to be written. But after a little it became obvious that, if the interest and improvement in the service were to be maintained, more hymns must be provided. My father made careful search through various books, and selected a few pieces which seemed to be suitable : these he caused to

be printed on sheets, along with three new ones from his own pen :

‘I was a wandering sheep’

being the best-known of them. The other two are now little known. They were

‘There was gladness in Zion,’

set (like a previous hymn) to the tune of ‘The Flowers of the Forest’; and the last of the trio was

‘For thee we long and pray,  
O blessèd Sabbath-morn,’

which was written in the flowing metre of the well-known version of Psalm 148 :

‘The Lord of Heaven confess;  
On high His glory raise.’

Some other hymns were also written about this time, but were never afterwards reprinted. They served their purpose, and were then allowed to be forgotten.

It was probably in the year 1836 that my father first wrote a hymn not primarily intended for the young. To encourage his faithful fellow workers in his mission district, he wrote (to the tune of the ‘Old Hundredth’) the now familiar hymn

‘Go, labour on.’

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He left Leith in November 1837, after four years' work there; and for the farewell meeting a leaflet was printed containing two hymns which were to be sung. One of them (evidently written by some friend for the occasion) began:

'Since we are called to part  
From our beloved friend.'

On the other side of the page appeared six verses, the first of which began:

'T is thus we press the hand and part.'

When this latter hymn was afterwards republished in the *Hymns of Faith and Hope* it was considerably altered and improved.

My father was ordained minister of the North Parish Church, Kelso, on November 30, 1837. Once fairly settled in a charge of his own, he began to write and publish a great deal of prose of which it is not my intention to say anything here. But after a few years he brought out a little hymn-book for the young. It was a small unbound book, and contained some of the hymns which he had found useful among the Leith children, only a few of his own composition being included.

Gradually, however, the habit of expressing himself in verse grew on him, and he began to jot

down in one or other of his many notebooks stray poetical ideas of his own, suggestions for verses, and here and there a hymn or a poem, though years passed before any of them were published. Most of these notebooks are in my possession: as I write now I have seven or eight of them lying before me. They contain most of the better-known hymns, hastily written down in pencil in his spare moments; they are full of contractions, with an occasional word or phrase in shorthand; sometimes a line is struck out and another substituted, yet in nearly every case the complete hymn, almost as it was afterwards published, can be gleaned from this rough draft. Sometimes on the margin, or in a blank corner of a page, several possible rhymes are written down. Sometimes, again, there are quaint little sketches or profiles of faces, drawn half-unconsciously while the poet's thoughts were busy working out the theme of his hymn.

It is not always easy to ascertain when some of these hymns were written, but I find that three can be placed within a year or two of 1840. I mention them specially, because they were among the first pieces written, not for singing, but because the writer had now found that he could speak his

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message in verse quite as clearly and profitably as in prose. These hymns are not very well known, but they may be of interest as showing how it was that my father was led on towards poetry when he had as yet published nothing but prose. The hymns are :

‘The Son of God, in mighty love,’

of which there are two or three manuscript versions ;

‘That clime is not like this dull clime of ours’ ;

and

‘I thought upon my sins, and I was sad.’

Then followed the Disruption in 1843, during which year the busy man’s life and thoughts were occupied with matters which demanded action rather than contemplation, and I am not able to say with certainty that any hymn was written about this time. But my father began to find that a few of his first hymns had crept into religious periodicals, and had thus reached people outside his own circle, and indeed outside his own country ; and this fact showed him that others were being helped by his poetry, and made him turn his thoughts more seriously to this part of his work.

In 1845 he published a neatly-bound little collection of three hundred hymns by various



manuscript under the title *The Living Water*. Some six-  
teen or seventeen of its two pages were included  
in it, but the mentioning of none of them, or  
indeed of any of the name, was indicated, and no  
name appeared in the title-page or in the preface,  
which merely stated very briefly that the volume  
was "designed both for general use and for Sabbath-  
schools." Among the hymns now associated with  
the name of Bonar which appeared in print for the  
first time were:

'This is not my place of resting';

'All that I was, my sin, my guilt';

and

'The Church has waited long.'

Somewhere about this time he wrote the very  
familiar hymn:

'I heard the voice of Jesus say,'

though he did not publish it until several years had  
passed. In the manuscript book it occupies the  
next page to 'The Church has waited long.' Though  
there are several interlineations and alternative  
readings in this rough pencil draft, a study of it  
shows that before the author laid it aside, the hymn  
as we now know it was almost complete. The  
lines which differ are only (1) 'The Living Water

*freely take* instead of 'The Living Water, thirsty one,' and (2)

'Look unto Me, thy *day shall break,*  
And all thy *path* be bright,'

instead of

'Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.'

Once 'and' is changed into 'my' and 'the' into 'this,' but otherwise the published hymn is the same as the first pencilled version of it. The accompanying facsimile of the page of the notebook will help to explain these remarks.

During the ten years following 1846 many more well-known hymns were written. In one of the notebooks used prior to 1850 I find the manuscript of:

'Oppressed with noonday's scorching heat,  
To yonder cross I flee';

which, however, in the original version began:

'I come in haste to yonder cross.'

On the next page, written in a bold hand, occurs an idea, to be used at some future time for a hymn. Evidently my father committed it to paper lest the thought should escape him. The two unrhymed lines are of special value and interest, as they are

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the only trace to be found in any of the notebooks of one of the best-kept of his hymns. The lines run as follows:

'A few more suns shall rise and set,  
A few more years shall come and go;'

presently these words were elaborated into the now familiar:

'A few more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,'

which was written to be sung to the tune of 'Selma.'

In the autumn of 1843 the *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy* was begun, and my father undertook its editorship: this he retained during all its twenty-five years' existence, and in every single issue he published one hymn of his own. When, some years later, he took up the editorship of the *Christian Treasury*, several of his poetical pieces first saw the light in its pages.

About 1850 a good many verses which I may call sacred poems rather than hymns were written. They were not intended for public worship, but were simply the expression of the writer's devotional thoughts.

Among these pieces in his notebooks are scattered many outlines of hymns and poems, while very

frequently some unoccupied corner of a page is filled in with a couplet or a fragmentary verse or two, never intended to form a hymn, but jotted down to express some idea which seemed to be worth preserving. Many of these fragments are prayers rather than hymns. I quote two of them to show how their author sometimes used verse to express his own personal spiritual longings. There is one which is full of force if not of finished poetic beauty :

‘By Thy cross, incarnate God,  
Hear me when with Thee I plead ;  
By the merits of Thy blood  
Succour me in this my need !  
By Thy Name, all names above,  
Oh, regard my bitter cry ;  
By Thy finished work of love,  
Jesus, hear me, or I die !’

There is another fragment, a confession of sin :

‘There never came an emptier soul to Thee,  
Never, never !  
All want and weariness and sin,  
Evil without me and within,  
To Thee, O Lord, I flee, I flee !  
Wilt Thou say nay to me ?’

The first volume of my father's collected poems did not appear till 1857. It may be noted that

more than twenty years had elapsed between the writing of his first hymns and their publication in an authorized collection with the author's name attached.

This book was the first of the three volumes bearing the title of *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, and it contained 115 hymns. Most of those which I have just mentioned were among their number. Others, which have since gained popularity, are :

‘Yes, for me, for me He careth’;

‘These are the crowns that we shall wear’;

‘Calm me, my God’;

‘No shadows yonder’;

‘Up and away, like the dew of the morning’;

and the well-known Communion hymn :

‘Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face.’

It was my father's custom to go once a year to assist his brother Dr. John Bonar, of Greenock, at his Communion; and in response to the latter's request for a hymn to be read aloud at the close of the service this Communion hymn was written, in October 1855.

About this time intervened a journey of some five months in the East. My father went to Egypt,

and travelled by camel through the desert of Sinai to Palestine. His visit to these two countries made a very deep impression on him, and coloured to some extent all his subsequent preaching and writing. One effect of the journey was to direct his verse for the time being into fresh channels, and a great many of the poems written at this time were suggested by Eastern scenes or Bible incidents. Curiously enough, no notebooks containing anything written at this time, either in prose or verse, have been preserved.

In 1861 the second volume of the *Hymns of Faith and Hope* was published. It contained 123 pieces, many of which are now little known, because, being poems on Eastern subjects, they have not been included in hymn-books. But the following hymns which appeared in it are fairly familiar ones :

‘Not what these hands have done’;

‘Thou must be true thyself’;

and

‘Make use of me, my God.’

Shortly after this time he was asked to assist in the compilation of the English Presbyterian Hymn-book. He helped in the preparation of this volume in many ways, both by his counsel, and by allowing

the full use of his published hymns. Three hymns appear to have been written specially for this collection, viz. :

‘No, not despairingly’;

‘Glory be to God the Father’;

and

‘When the weary, seeking rest.’

The origin of the last-named hymn is interesting. My father was asked to provide words to the music, and was specially requested to furnish a fitting refrain to the two lovely lines of Mendelssohn’s, with which Callcott’s tune ‘Intercession’ ends. In searching for a Scripture theme containing some reiterated phrase almost of the nature of a refrain, he was struck with Solomon’s prayer at the dedication of the Temple (2 Chronicles vi) in which every separate petition concludes with substantially the same words. This idea was taken for his starting-point, and Solomon’s words: ‘Hear Thou from Heaven Thy dwelling-place, and forgive,’ became the familiar couplet :

‘Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,

In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.’

This foundation once provided, the rest of the hymn was built upon it. This hymn my father liked, as he often told me, as well as any he had

ever written ; for, though he saw flaws in its poetry, the subject and working out and whole tone of it seemed to him far better than many other of his pieces which had attained greater popularity. These hymns to which I have just referred came out in the third volume of *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, which was published in 1866. It contained about one hundred hymns, and translations of forty-seven of the Psalms.

In this year he left Kelso for Edinburgh, where he undertook the charge of a new church. The pressure of city work slightly retarded the flow of his hymns, though it by no means stopped it. When I look back on the way in which his day was filled with the affairs of his own ministerial work, I wonder how he could possibly make room in his life for anything else. Yet he edited a magazine (for a considerable time, two of them), and was, in addition, perpetually publishing prose works. In fact, one special table in his study was entirely devoted to proof-sheets, and he used to say that for a period of thirty years he had been continually in the hands of three separate printers, for his editorial, his prose and his poetical work.

In 1872 *The Song of the New Creation, and other*



*Pieces* was published. Few of the poems contained in it were written for congregational use; they were chiefly of a meditative or devotional character, and for this reason not many of them have appeared in collections of hymns.

For several years after this book appeared very few hymns were written, for a long blank-verse poem occupied most of my father's leisure, and absorbed many of the ideas which otherwise he might have put into rhyme. *My Old Letters* consists of meditations on many subjects, suggested to the writer by his re-reading the letters received in his earlier days from old friends. In this volume there are many pages of only half-veiled autobiography, and there are descriptions of places where holidays were spent, which can be recognized without much difficulty. In it there are many passages which are well worth being preserved; and, although a small volume like this is not the place for them, I cannot refrain from one quotation as a specimen:

'A little bluer, and it will be dawn;  
A little fairer, and it will be morn;  
A little brighter, and it will be noon:  
And then the tide of day begins to ebb!—  
Is this the story of our common life?

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A little paler, and it will be eve;  
A little shadier, and the twilight falls;  
A little darker, and the night has come:  
And then the blank broad midnight! Is this life?’

This somewhat bulky volume was published in 1877, and about that time hymns again begin to appear in the notebooks, several being specially written for Mr. Sankey, the American evangelist. The story of one hymn which has become generally known may be of interest. Mr. Sankey wished to use as a solo Tennyson's sad and beautiful poem from ‘Guinevere’:

‘Late, late, so late, and dark the night and chill.’

He composed a tune for it, but copyright difficulties arose and hindered his including the words in his hymn-book. So, being left with a tune without the words, he asked my father to write a hymn to it, keeping if possible to the same Scriptural theme. This was done, and

‘Yet there is room’

was the result.

‘Rejoice and be glad!’

and

‘Watch, brethren, watch!’

were also written about this time. The order of the verses was changed in Mr. Sankey's hymn-

book, where this latter hymn is known by the first line of the second verse : ' Pray, brethren, pray !'

In 1879 these and other hymns and poems were brought together in a volume called *Hymns of the Nativity, and other Pieces*.

Two years later a little collection of thirty *Communion Hymns* was issued, a few of which had already appeared in previous volumes. Most of these hymns were known to my father's own congregation already. It was his custom at the close of every Communion service to read aloud some hymn or poem bearing on the subject which had been the theme of the sermon and table-addresses. This was often selected from some old hymn-book, sometimes it was a translation from the German, but many a time it was specially written by himself for the occasion. In this little collection appears that perfect exposition of the author's standpoint before God :

' On merit not my own I stand.'

The last volume of my father's poems, *Until the Day Break*, was published by me shortly after his death. I collected the best hymns which had not appeared in any of the previously-mentioned books. He left behind him some fragments and

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unfinished pieces, but also a good many completed poems of great beauty, such as

‘When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns’;

‘Praise goeth up to Thee’;

‘I know not in what watch He comes’;

and that quaint little Christmas piece

‘We went to Bethlehem.’

I have often been asked which was the last hymn my father ever wrote, for some confusion has arisen about this matter. It was wrongly stated in print that the lines of ‘In Me ye shall have peace,’ with its references to sickness and sleeplessness, had been written when he was very near his end. As a matter of fact it was composed in 1880, nine years before his death. It was sent to his old friend and publisher, James Watson, to comfort him in his last illness, and it reached him, and was read to him, the day before he died. So far as I can tell, the verses ‘Long years of peace’ (which I place at the end of this volume) were the last he ever penned.

Having said so much about the history and chronology of the hymns, let me now give a few facts about my father’s literary training and favourite authors.

During his student days he carried his studies far beyond the subjects prescribed for the regular curriculum. Two of his holiday occupations were sketching and geology : he was very fond of history, both ancient and modern, and he never lost an opportunity of reading a good biography or book of travel. For a time philosophy occupied much of his attention ; indeed in 1826 he gained a prize in the Moral Philosophy class of Professor Wilson, better known to the outside world as 'Christopher North.' But the man who really influenced his life was Dr. Chalmers, then Professor of Theology, under whose marvellously attractive power the young divinity student was brought when he entered his classes in 1829. My father always considered Chalmers the greatest man he had ever met.

Much might be written about the books and the authors whose influence is to be noted in the hymns. The fact which strikes me is the thorough way in which they were all studied, not only for personal profit or for pleasure, but with a view to their being of use at some future period. My father had an intimate acquaintance with Patristic literature, and with the Greek and Latin hymns of the early Church : but it was his profound know-

ledge of the ordinary classics which always impressed me most, as he was so much at home among them. I do not think that he loved any secular writer as he loved Homer. In conversation he frequently quoted and alluded to the *Odysey*, and in his own poem *My Old Letters* he makes frequent reference to it. The following quotation will show what I mean :

‘ Oh, my own Ithaca, my home, my home !  
(Spake he not thus, the wanderer of the isles ?)  
‘ Barren it may be, but oh, beautiful  
Beyond all other islands of the wave !  
In thoughts and dreams I turn to thee . . . ’

Euripides and Sophocles were great favourites also ; I have heard him grow enthusiastic over the *Antigone*. Virgil he knew nearly as well as Homer ; often would he read the *Aeneid* to me and with me. Cicero he read frequently ; Horace he cared little for, except the *Ars Poetica*.

As to his English reading, Chaucer he knew and valued and often quoted ; and very familiar he made me with such lines as :

‘ But of Christe’s love and His apostles twelve  
He taught, but first he followed it himselfe.’

Spenser was a poet whose writings he also knew intimately. As to Shakespeare, I have in my

possession an early notebook of my father's, devoted entirely to this author. Every single play had been gone through, and from each, the most beautiful passages, the remarkable phrases or striking words, had been noted down. Much the same affectionate study was given to Milton: for a well-worn copy of his poems is marked in a most thorough way, and probably my father knew his writings better than those of any other poet ancient or modern. He did not owe much to the later poets, though he knew and read them all. Sir Walter Scott's verses he much appreciated, for he always loved a narrative poem. Three other favourites of his were Campbell, Cowper, and Coleridge. He used to say that the latter's piece 'Love' was the most perfect love-poem he had ever read. One other poet ought not to be excluded from this list of favourites. My father had a pocket edition of Ossian, which he used to carry about with him in holiday time; and he would often read aloud from its pages as we rambled on the hillside or by the sea-shore.

A word or two about my father's methods of hymn-writing may be added. His pen was perpetually at work, and in every spare moment he was constantly jotting down something or other.

But it was generally when he was away from his ordinary work that he wrote poetry. Of course much which he wrote he never published: but when travelling, or on a leisurely country walk, a notebook was always in his pocket; and any idea which occurred to him as likely to be of use in the future was written down, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse. Much of this he afterwards destroyed; he only kept what seemed the most valuable. He was often surprised at the popularity of some of his hymns of which he himself did not think very much, as e.g. 'I lay my sins on Jesus,' which he used to say might be good gospel, but was not good poetry. But the fact that this hymn had helped so many people outweighed everything else. I cannot help thinking that it was better in its original form, as first written down in the notebook. Here is the draft of its first two verses as they occurred to the writer:

'I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
From all their guilt He frees us,  
He bears Himself the load.  
I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fulness dwells in Him;  
He heals all my diseases,  
My soul He doth redeem.



' I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
He takes them all from me ;  
I cast my cares on Jesus,  
My shield and tower is He.  
I give myself to Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.'

But he was not concerned about small imperfections in the structure of his verse, if that verse carried his message to his fellow men. The words of one of his own hymns were his constant prayer :

' Make use of me, my God !  
Let me not be forgot ;  
A broken vessel cast aside,  
One whom Thou needest not.'

His mind was always full of his work, and even when he was at leisure he was thinking of being of use to others. Therefore to write verses was one of his holiday recreations. And how he loved to take a holiday ! No one enjoyed the open air more than he. His love for the sea was deep, and he was more than content when he was on some sea-beach (it might be in Arran, or East Lothian, or Fife), lonely and wave-beaten, where he could wander on the shore and watch the waters. One

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can understand something of his affection for the sea from his poem 'Summer Ocean, written when staying at North Berwick :

'Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee,  
Miss the thunder of thy roar,  
Miss the music of thy ripple,  
Miss thy sorrow-soothing shore!  
Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee  
When the sea shall be no more!'

Often at the sea-shore as a boy, after our swim, I used to withdraw and sit aloof and watch my father pacing up and down some level beach or stretch of turf, writing, sometimes repeating a line or two aloud to try how it sounded to the ear, ere he committed it to paper. Sometimes, instead of writing, he would read some book of poetry or travel or biography: but from each and all of these, at one time or another, thoughts worthy of being preserved were extracted and jotted down.

One notable feature of his hymns is that they belong to all Churches, and are used in Christian worship all over the world. In this way his message reached many who probably would not have appreciated the prose writings of a Presbyterian.

I can remember his amusement on being told of a High-Church lady at Torquay, a great admirer

of his hymns, who had been astonished to find herself face to face with a member of his congregation. 'What!' she exclaimed, 'is Bonar the hymn-writer still alive? I always understood he was a mediaeval saint.'

It is a remarkable and instructive fact that a good many of the hymns of so strong a Protestant are used by Roman Catholics in their worship. It was my father's invariable custom, when applied to for permission to use his hymns, to grant this, free of charge, on condition that the words should not be altered. It mattered not who applied, I am not aware that any one willing to accept this condition was ever refused permission. Therefore some of his best-known hymns are to be found in Roman Catholic hymnals. It may be of interest if I quote a few sentences from a letter received by him from an American priest in 1885: '... While there are, as you know, not a few hymns in your books containing doctrines which a Catholic priest could not conscientiously sanction or republish, there are very many others which faithfully express the sentiments of a devout soul seeking, above all, the fulfilment of the adorable will of God, and aspiring to a higher and closer union with Him. . . May I use these good and inspiring words. . . and

in future editions acknowledge my indebtedness for your kind permission?' From this letter it appears that no less than forty-one of my father's hymns had been set to music for the use of Roman Catholics. I mention five which seem to be the most frequently used by them: 'Thy way, not mine, O Lord'; 'Go up, go up, my heart'; 'When the weary, seeking rest' (to which, however, a singularly infelicitous verse has been added at the end); 'I was a wandering sheep'; and 'I heard the voice of Jesus say.' My father was more than once remonstrated with for granting such permission. I can remember his answer to one who strongly advised him to refuse to allow any Roman Catholic to reprint his hymns. He said: 'Would you think it right if I were to decline an invitation to preach to a willing audience merely because they were Roman Catholics?'

One side of his character was scarcely suspected by those who did not know him in private. He had a strong sense of humour, which he very rarely allowed to show itself in public. But it found vent in verse, in a little family manuscript magazine which was maintained among a circle of relatives for many years. We always issued this during holiday time, and received many contributions

from my father and his brother, Dr. Andrew Bonar. In fact very few numbers appeared without something from the pen of both of them. The poems and rhymes which he wrote for this holiday magazine show the writer of the *Hymns of Faith and Hope* in a light which would astonish many of those who only knew him through his published writings. The fun and happiness of these merry verses is charming; and never was the writer so well pleased as when he had an opportunity of quizzing his brother. I venture to give one instance of this, and quote some verses from a long poem describing an incident which happened at Anwoth (in Samuel Rutherford's country-side), where Dr. Andrew Bonar spent a holiday shortly after he had held the office of Moderator in the Free Church of Scotland. This is how my father describes his brother :

'A second Rutherford he seemed,  
But statelier in his mien,  
For in the great Assembly he  
Had Moderator been.'

Then follows the story of his attempting to rescue a half-smothered duck from a quagmire :

'A duck of noble ancestry,  
A Covenanting bird  
Whose Anwoth sires had oft been fed  
By the great Rutherford.'

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At first, we were told, the Moderator shrank from the task :

‘ His valour in a moment cooled  
At touch of that dark ooze,  
He would have risked his life to save,  
But could not risk his shoes.

. . . . .

‘ Make haste, poor drowning duck!’ he cried,  
As to and fro he ran,  
Shouting with awful voice, as none  
But Moderators can.’

Finally, the bird was brought to land by means of an old basket, its rescuer remaining dry-shod : and

‘ The grateful duck went curtseying home,  
And, though in woful plight,  
It turned again and yet again  
To gaze upon the knight.

. . . . .

‘ Ne’er had the great man got before  
So shrill a vote of thanks  
As on that memorable day  
On Disdhu’s verdant banks.

‘ And many a duck shall tell the tale  
To ducklings gathered round,  
How the great mother-duck was saved  
By Andrew the renowned.’

I also append a quotation from another of his pieces, written in rather a sterner mood, about a public character. These lines were the outcome of a study of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* :

'There's Tammas the Ercildon prophet,—  
 Him Tammas the Rhymer they ca';  
 Tammas Boston, the true Ettrick shepherd;  
 Tammas Chalmers, the grandest of a':  
 There are Tammases clever and stupid,  
 There are Tammases big and sma',  
 There are Tammases no' very canny:—  
 But here is the queerest of a':  
 He's Tammas of Ecclefechan,  
 And he's no' like the rest ava.'  
     He's aye gruntin' and growlin',  
     Or greetin' and yowlin',  
     Or flytin and bitin',  
     Or moanin' and groanin';  
     And what he's believin'  
     In earth or in heaven  
     Naebody kens ava.'

In conclusion, I find that, from first to last (excluding about sixty translations of different Psalms), there have been published over 600 hymns and poems by Horatius Bonar. A number of these are translations and imitations from Latin and Greek, and are, therefore, not absolutely original. I have tried to bring together all the best hymns

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into this volume. I have included, however, a few pieces which I feel are not up to my father's best standard. I have been driven to do this, because incorrect and mutilated versions have appeared in popular collections of hymns set to music. I do not so much complain that to some of my father's grave hymns tinkling choruses have been added, but I do complain that compilers should deliberately have added verses of their own composition to two of them—viz. to 'The cross, it standeth fast,' and to 'Up and away, like the dew of the morning': the text and even the metre of these hymns have been altered mercilessly.

To me my father's hymns bring not only their clear ringing message of faith and hope, but something more. For, through them all (like a quiet persistent undertone) there sounds that other message which was never altogether absent from their author's speaking and writing, from the first day of his ministry till the day when he closed his last sermon with the words: 'In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.'

HORATIUS N. BONAR.

*July, 1904.*



LIST OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

BORN DECEMBER 19, 1808. DIED JULY 31, 1889.

*The page-numbers quoted below refer to the present  
volume.*

|   | PAGES                |
|---|----------------------|
| 1. Hymns of Faith and Hope. Vol. I. 1857.   | 5-72                 |
| 2. Hymns of Faith and Hope. Vol. II. 1861.  | 72-126               |
| 3. Hymns of Faith and Hope. Vol. III. 1866. | 127-155              |
| 4. Song of the New Creation. 1872.          | 156-176              |
| 5. My Old Letters. 1877. . . .              | 1-3                  |
| 6. Hymns of the Nativity. 1879. . . .       | 176-196              |
| 7. Communion Hymns. 1881. . . .             | 215-235 <sup>1</sup> |
| 8. Until the Day Break. 1890. . . .         | 197-214              |

<sup>1</sup> *Several hymns from previous volumes are included here.*

*NOT* written down in haste, but in the quiet  
Of thoughtful seasons, still to memory dear,  
When the whole soul was calm and the world's riot,  
Even in its echo, came not to my ear ;  
What I have thought, and felt, and seen, and  
heard, is here.

*Sometimes the cloud, but oft the happier noonlight  
Floated above me, as I mused and sung :  
At times the stars, at times the mellow moonlight  
Gave ripeness to the fruit of pen and tongue  
While o'er my ravelled dreams the years and ages  
hung.*

*In days of public strife, when sharp and stinging,  
The angry words went daily to and fro,  
Friend against friend the polished missiles flinging,  
Each seeking who could launch the keenest blow,  
I went to thee, my harp, and bade thy numbers  
flow.*

*In hours of heaviness thy solace seeking,  
I took thee up and woke the trembling tone  
Of the deep melody within thee, speaking  
Like the heart-broken thrush, that sits alone,  
Mourning its spoiled nest, and all its nestlings  
gone.*

*Into these pages peace-thoughts weave their bright-  
ness ;  
The peace that has been, is, and is to be*

*Is here ; peace-blossoms in their tranquil whiteness  
I've shaken, as I passed from tree to tree,  
Relics of many a strange and broken history.*

*Lie there, my pen ! Only a little longer,  
And then thy work shall be for ever done :  
Death in these pulses daily groweth stronger ;  
Life's ruby drops are oozing one by one ;  
The dreams that flowed through thee shall soon be  
dreamed alone !*

*Rest kindly now, beside what thou hast written :  
Let that a little longer linger here ;  
By age unwithered, and by time unsmitten,  
True leaves of health, that never can grow sere,  
From the great tree of life, plant of a purer  
sphere !*

*Thou art the lute with which I sang my sadness,  
When sadness like a cloud begirt my way ;  
Thou art the harp whose strings gave out my glad-  
ness,  
When burst the sunshine of a happier day,  
Resting upon my soul with sweet and silent ray.*

*The sickle thou with which I have been reaping  
My great life-harvest here on earth ; and now  
'Mid these my sheaves I lay me down unweeping,—  
Nay, full of joy, in life's still evening-glow,  
And wipe the reaper's sweat from this toil-fur-  
rowed brow.*

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*From this right hand its cunning is departing,  
This wrinkled palm proclaims its work is done :  
Look back, fond reaper, to thy place of starting,—  
Days, months, and years, a lifetime past and  
gone ;—  
Say, which is best, thy rising or thy setting sun ?  
I may not stay. These hills that smile around me  
Are full of music, and its happy glow  
Beckons me upward ; all that here has bound me  
Seems now dissolving ; daily I outgrow  
The chains and drags of earth. I rise, I go,  
I go !*

*August, 1876.*



## SELECTED HYMNS



### Divine Order.

'T IS first the true and then the beautiful,  
Not first the beautiful and then the true ;  
First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,  
Then the gay garden rich in scent and hue.

'T is first the good and then the beautiful,  
Not first the beautiful and then the good ;  
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,  
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful,  
But first the sorrowful and then the glad ;  
Tears for a day, for earth of tears is full,  
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,  
But first the dark, and after that the bright ;  
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,  
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

'T is first the night,—stern night of storm and war,—  
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies ;  
Then the far sparkle of the Morning-star,  
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.

**The Meeting-Place.**

**W**HERE the faded flower shall freshen,  
 Freshen never more to fade ;  
 Where the shaded sky shall brighten,  
 Brighten never more to shade :  
 Where the sun-blaze never scorches ;  
 Where the star-beams cease to chill ;  
 Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
 Of the wood, or wave, or hill :  
 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
 And the noon the joy prolong,  
 Where the daylight dies in fragrance,  
 'Mid the burst of holy song :  
     Brother, we shall meet and rest  
     'Mid the holy and the blest !

Where no shadow shall bewilder,  
     Where life's vain parade is o'er,  
 Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
     And the dreamer dreams no more :  
 Where no bond is ever sundered ;  
     Partings, claspings, sob and moan,  
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
     Heavy noontide,—all are done :  
 Where the child has found its mother,  
     Where the mother finds the child,  
 Where dear families are gathered,  
     That were scattered on the wild :  
     Brother, we shall meet and rest  
     'Mid the holy and the blest !

Where the hidden wound is healèd,  
Where the blighted life re-blooms,  
Where the smitten heart the freshness  
Of its buoyant youth resumes :  
Where the love that here we lavish  
On the withering leaves of time,  
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on  
In an ever spring-bright clime :  
Where we find the joy of loving,  
As we never loved before,  
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,  
Loving once and evermore :  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest !

Where a blasted world shall brighten  
Underneath a bluer sphere,  
And a softer, gentler sunshine  
Shed its healing splendour here :  
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
Putting on their robe of green,  
And a purer, fairer Eden  
Be where only wastes have been :  
Where a King in kingly glory,  
Such as earth has never known,  
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,  
Claim and wear the holy crown :  
Brother, we shall meet and rest  
'Mid the holy and the blest !



**A Stranger here.**

I MISS the dear paternal dwelling,  
Which mem'ry still undimmed recalls,  
A thousand early stories telling,  
I miss the venerable walls.

I miss the chamber of my childhood,  
I miss the shade of boyhood's tree,  
The glen, the path, the cliff, the wild-wood,  
The music of the well-known sea.

I miss the ivied haunt of moonlight,  
I miss the forest and the stream,  
I miss the fragrant grove of noonlight,  
I miss our mountain's sunset gleam.

I miss the green slope, where reposing,  
I mused upon the near and far,  
Marked, one by one, each floweret closing,  
Watched, one by one, each opening star.

I miss the well-remembered faces,  
The voices, forms of fresher days:  
Time ploughs not up these deep-drawn traces,  
These lines no ages can erase.

I miss them all, for, unforgetting,  
My spirit o'er the past still strays;  
And, much its wasted years regretting,  
It treads again these shaded ways.

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I mourn not that each early token  
Is now to me a faded flower ;  
Nor that the magic snare is broken,  
That held me with its mystic power.

I murmur not that now a stranger  
I pass along the smiling earth ;  
I know the snare, I dread the danger,  
I hate the haunts, I shun the mirth.

My hopes are passing upward, onward,  
And with my hopes my heart has gone ;  
My eye is turning skyward, sunward,  
Where glory brightens round yon throne.

My spirit seeks its dwelling yonder ;  
And faith fore-dates the joyful day,  
When these old skies shall cease to sunder  
The one dear, love-linked family.

Well pleased I find years rolling o'er me,  
And hear, each day, time's measured tread ;  
Far fewer clouds now stretch before me,  
*Behind* me is the darkness spread.

And summer's suns are swiftly setting,  
And life moves downward in their train,  
And autumn dews are fondly wetting  
The faded cheek of earth in vain.

December moons are coldly waning,  
And life with them is on the wane ;  
Storm-laden skies, with sad complaining,  
Bend blackly o'er the unsmiling main.

My future from my past unlinking,  
 Each dying year untwines the spell ;  
 The visible is swiftly sinking,  
 Uprises the invisible.

To light, unchanging and eternal,  
 From mists that sadden this bleak waste,  
 To scenes that smile for ever verpal,  
 From winter's blackening leaf, I haste.

1852.



### Ocean Teachings.

‘This great and wide sea.’—Ps. civ. 25.

**T**HAT rising storm ! It has awakened me ;  
 My slumbering spirit starts to life anew ;  
 That blinding spray-drift, how it falls upon me,  
 As on the weary flower the freshening dew !  
 That rugged rock-fringe that girds in the ocean,  
 And calls the foam from its translucent blue,  
 It seems to pour strange strength into my spirit,—  
 Strength for endurance, strength for conflict too.  
 And these bright ocean-birds, these billow-rangers,  
 The snowy-breasted,—each a wingèd wave,—  
 They tell me how to joy in storm and dangers,  
 When surges whiten, or when whirlwinds rave.  
 And these green-stretching fields, these peaceful  
 hollows,  
 That hear the tempest, but take no alarm,  
 Has not their placid verdure sweetly taught me  
 The peace within, when all without is storm ?

And thou keen sun-flash, through the cloud-wreath  
bursting,  
    Silvering the sea, the sward, the rock, the foam,  
What light within me has thy pure gleam kindled !  
    'T is from the land of light that thou art come.

And of that time how blithely art thou telling,  
    When cloud and change and tempest shall take  
    wing ;  
Each beam of thine prophetic of the glory,  
    Creation's daybreak, earth's long-promised  
    spring.

Even thus it is my God me daily teacheth  
    Sweet knowledge out of all I hear and see ;  
Each object has a heavenly voice within it,  
    Each scene, however troubled, speaks to me.

For all upon this earth is broken beauty ;  
    Yet out of all, what strange, deep lessons rise !  
Each hour is giving out its heaven-sent wisdom,  
    A message from the sea, the shore, the skies.

*Fetlar, Shetland. 1857.*



### No more Sea.

*Καὶ ἡ θάλασσα οὐκ ἔστιν ἔτι.*—REV. xxi. 1.

SUMMER Ocean, idly washing  
    This grey rock on which I lean ;  
Summer Ocean, broadly flashing  
    With thy hues of gold and green ;

Gently swelling, wildly dashing  
O'er yon island-studded scene ;  
Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee,  
Miss the thunder of thy roar,  
Miss the music of thy ripple,  
Miss thy sorrow-soothing shore,—  
Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee,  
When 'the sea shall be no more.'  
Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee,  
As along thy strand I range ;  
Or as here I sit and watch thee  
In thy moods of endless change,  
Mirthful moods of morning gladness,  
Musing moods of sunset sadness ;  
When the dying winds caress thee,  
And the sinking sunbeams kiss thee,  
And the crimson cloudlets press thee,  
And all nature seems to bless thee!—  
Summer Ocean, how I'll miss thee,  
Miss the wonders of thy shore,  
Miss the magic of thy grandeur,  
When 'the sea shall be no more.'

And yet sometimes in my musings,  
When I think of what shall be ;  
In the day of earth's new glory,  
Still I seem to roam by thee.  
As if all had not departed,  
But the glory lingered still ;  
As if that which made thee lovely,  
Had remained unchangeable.

Only that which marred thy beauty,  
Only *that* had passed away ;  
Sullen wilds of Ocean-moorland,  
Bloated features of decay.  
Only that dark waste of waters,  
Line ne'er fathomed, eye ne'er scanned,  
Only *that* shall shrink and vanish,  
Yielding back the imprisoned land.  
Yielding back earth's fertile hollows,  
Long-submerged and hidden plains ;  
Giving up a thousand valleys  
Of the ancient world's domains.  
Leaving still bright azure ranges,  
Winding round this rocky tower ;  
Leaving still yon gem-bright island,  
Sparkling like an ocean flower.  
Leaving still some placid stretches,  
Where the sunbeams bathe at noon,  
Leaving still some lake-like reaches,  
Mirrors for the silver moon.  
Only all of gloom and horror,  
Idle wastes of endless brine,  
Haunts of darkness, storm, and danger,—  
These shall be no longer thine.  
Backward ebbing, wave and ripple,  
Wondrous scenes shall then disclose ;  
And, like earth's, the wastes of ocean  
Then shall blossom as the rose.

*North Berwick.* 1854.

**The Cloudless.**

**N**O shadows yonder !  
All light and song ;  
Each day I wonder,  
And say, How long  
Shall time me sunder  
From that dear throng ?

No weeping yonder !  
All fled away ;  
While here I wander  
Each weary day ;  
And sigh as I ponder  
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder !  
Time and space never  
Again shall sunder ;  
Hearts cannot sever ;  
Dearer and fonder  
Hands clasp for ever.

None wanting yonder,  
Bought by the Lamb !  
All gathered under  
The ever-green palm ;  
Loud as night's thunder  
Ascends the glad psalm.

**The Land of Light.**

**T**HAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours ;  
All, all is brightness there.

A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,  
And a far milder air.

No calm below is like that calm above,  
No region here is like that realm of love ;  
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,  
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,  
Tinged with earth's change and care.  
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers  
No broken sunshine there !

One everlasting stretch of azure pours  
Its stainless splendour o'er those sinless shores,  
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,  
There Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

Those dwellers there are not like these of earth,  
No mortal stain they bear ;  
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth,—  
Whence, and how came they there ?

Earth was their native soil ; from sin and shame,  
Through tribulation they to glory came ;  
Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,  
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

Those robes of theirs are not like these below ;  
No angel's half so bright !  
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow ?  
Whence came that radiant white ?



Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,  
 Fair as the light those robes of theirs became.  
 And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,  
 They wander where the freshest pastures lie,  
 Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky!



**The Seen and the Unseen.**

ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.

**H**A! yon burst of crystal splendour,  
 Sunlight, starlight blent in one;  
 Starlight set in arctic azure,  
 Sunlight from the burning zone!  
 Gold and silver, gems and marble,  
 All creation's jewelry:  
 Earth's uncovered waste of riches,  
 Treasures of the ancient sea.  
 Heir of glory,  
 What is that to thee and me?

Iris and Aurora braided,  
 How the woven colours shine!  
 Snow-gleams from an Alpine summit,  
 Torchlight from a spar-roofed mine.  
 Like Arabia's matchless palace,  
 Child of magic's strong decree,  
 One vast globe of living sapphire,  
 Floor, walls, columns, canopy.  
 Heir of glory,  
 What is that to thee and me?

---

Forms of beauty, shapes of wonder,  
Trophies of triumphant toil ;  
Never Athens, Rome, Palmyra,  
Gazed on such a costly spoil.  
Dazzling the bewildered vision,  
More than princely pomp we see :  
What the blaze of the Alhambra,  
Dome of emerald, to thee ?  
Heir of glory,  
What is that to thee and me ?

Farthest cities pour their riches,  
Farthest empires muster here,  
Art her jubilee proclaiming  
To the nations far and near.  
From the crowd, in wonder gazing,  
Science claims the prostrate knee :  
This her temple, diamond-blazing,  
Shrine of her idolatry.  
Heir of glory,  
What is that to thee and me ?

Listen to her tale of wonder,  
Of her plastic, potent spell,  
'Tis a big and braggart story,  
Yet she tells it fair and well.  
She the gifted, gay magician,  
Mistress of earth, air, and sea,  
This majestic apparition,  
Offspring of her sorcery.  
Heir of glory,  
What is that to thee and me ?

What to that for which we're waiting,  
Is this glittering earthly toy?  
Heavenly glory, holy splendour,  
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.  
Not the gems that time can tarnish,  
Not the hues that dim and die,  
Not the glow that cheats the lover,  
Shaded with mortality.

Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,  
Not the gleams that come and go,  
Not the mirth whose end is madness,  
Not the joy whose fruit is woe;  
Not the notes that die at sunset,  
Not the fashion of a day;  
But the everlasting beauty,  
And the endless melody.

Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal,  
City of the jasper wall,  
City of the golden pavement,  
Seat of endless festival.

City of Jehovah, Salem,  
City of eternity,  
To thy bridal-hall of gladness,  
From this prison would I flee.

Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,  
    Fairest of what earth calls fair,  
How I need thy fairer image,  
    To undo the syren snare!  
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter  
    Lure me with his radiant lie,  
As if sin were sin no longer,  
    Life were no more vanity.  
    Heir of glory,  
What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,  
    My low spirit to upbear;  
Yes, I need thee; earth's enchantments  
    So beguile me with their glare.  
Let me see thee, then these fetters  
    Break asunder; I am free:  
Then this pomp no longer chains me;  
    Faith has won the victory.  
    Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,  
    No excess of brilliance palls,  
Salem, city of the holy,  
    We shall be within thy walls!  
There beside yon crystal river,  
    There beneath life's wondrous tree,  
There with nought to cloud or sever,  
    Ever with the Lamb to be.  
    Heir of glory,  
That shall be for thee and me!

**Advent.**

THE Church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see ;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.  
Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,  
And still, in weeds of widowhood,  
She weeps a mourner yet.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

Saint after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died ;  
And as they left us one by one,  
We laid them side by side.  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn,  
We laid them but to ripen there,  
Till the last glorious morn.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

The serpent's brood increase,  
The powers of hell grow bold,  
The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
And love is waxing cold.  
How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy and true and good,  
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,  
Her sighs and tears and blood ?  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come !

We long to hear Thy voice,  
To see Thee face to face,  
To share Thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share Thy grace.  
Should not the loving bride  
The absent Bridegroom mourn?  
Should she not wear the weeds of grief  
Until her Lord return?  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that voice,  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice.  
Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!



**Things hoped for.**

**T**HESE are the crowns that we shall wear  
When all Thy saints are crowned;  
These are the palms that we shall bear  
On yonder holy ground.

Far off as yet, reserved in heaven  
Above that veiling sky,  
They sparkle, like the star of even,  
To hope's far-piercing eye.

These are the robes, unsoiled and white,  
Which then we shall put on,  
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,  
We sit on yonder throne.

That city with the jewelled crest,  
Like some new-lighted sun;  
A blaze of burning amethyst,  
Ten thousand orbs in one;—

That is the city of the saints,  
Where we so soon shall stand,  
When we shall strike these desert tents,  
And quit this desert sand.

These are the everlasting hills,  
With summits bathed in day,  
The slopes down which the living rills  
Soft-lapsing take their way.

Fair vision! how thy distant gleam  
Brightens time's saddest hue;  
Far fairer than the fairest dream,  
And yet so strangely true!

Thy light makes even the darkest page  
In memory's scroll grow fair;  
Blanching the lines which tears and age  
Had only deepened there.

With thee in view, the rugged slope  
Becomes a level way,  
Smoothed by the magic of thy hope,  
And gladdened by thy ray.

Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!  
And welcome sorrow too!  
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,  
With such a prize in view.

Come crown and throne, come robe and palm,  
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!  
Come, holy city of the Lamb!  
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

1853.



**Dora Diovissima.**

**F**AR down the ages now,  
Her journey well-nigh done,  
The pilgrim Church pursues her way  
In haste to reach the crown.

The story of the past  
Comes up before her view;  
How well it seems to suit her still,  
Old, and yet ever new.

'Tis the same story still,  
Of sin and weariness,  
Of grace and love still flowing down  
To pardon and to bless.

'Tis the old sorrow still,  
The briar and the thorn;  
And 'tis the same old solace yet,  
The hope of coming morn.



No wider is the gate,  
No broader is the way,  
No smoother is the ancient path  
That leads to light and day.

No lighter is the load  
Beneath whose weight we cry,  
No tamer grows the rebel flesh,  
Nor less our enemy.

No sweeter is the cup,  
Nor less our lot of ill;  
'T was tribulation ages since,  
'T is tribulation still.

Dawn lingers on yon cliff;  
But oh, how slow to spring!  
Morning still nestles on yon wave,  
Afraid to try its wing.

No slacker grows the fight,  
No feebler is the foe;  
Nor less the need of armour tried,  
Of shield and spear and bow.

Nor less we feel the blank  
Of earth's still absent King,  
Whose presence is of all our bliss  
The everlasting spring.

Thus onward still we press,  
Through evil and through good,  
Through pain and poverty and want,  
Through peril and through blood.

---

Still faithful to our God,  
And to our Captain true,  
We follow where He leads the way,  
The kingdom in our view.

1856.



**Rest Ponder.**

**T**HIS is not my place of resting,  
Mine's a city yet to come ;  
Onwards to it I am hasting,  
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,  
O'er it shines a nightless day ;  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse has passed away.

There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us,  
By the streams of life along ;  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain ;  
Never more be sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again.

**A Little While.**

**B**EYOND the smiling and the weeping  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting  
I shall be soon !  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

---

Beyond the gathering and the strewing  
I shall be soon!  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet hope!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
I shall be soon!  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet hope!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever  
I shall be soon!  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet hope!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

**Not Very Far.**

**S**URELY yon heaven, where angels see God's  
face,  
Is not so distant as we deem  
From this low earth! 'T is but a little space,  
The narrow crossing of a slender stream ;  
'T is but a veil, which winds might blow aside :  
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide  
From the bright dwelling of the glorified,—  
The Land of which I dream !

These peaks are nearer heaven than earth below,  
These hills are higher than they seem ;  
'T is not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow  
Of the o'er-bending azure, as we deem.  
'T is the blue floor of heaven that they up-bear ;  
And, like some old and wildly-rugged stair,  
They lift us to the land where all is fair,—  
The Land of which I dream !

These ocean waves, in their unmeasured sweep,  
Are brighter, bluer than they seem ;  
True image here of the celestial deep,  
Fed from the fulness of the unfailing stream,—  
Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest,  
With not a breath to stir its silent breast,  
The sea that laves the land where all are blest,—  
The Land of which I dream !

And these keen stars, the bridal gems of night,  
Are purer, lovelier than they seem ;  
Filled from the inner fountain of deep light,  
They pour down heaven's own beam ;  
Clear speaking from their throne of glorious blue,  
In accents ever ancient, ever new,  
Of the glad home above, beyond our view,—  
The Land of which I dream !

This life of ours, these lingering years of earth,  
Are briefer, swifter than they seem ;  
A little while, and the great second birth  
Of time shall come, the prophet's ancient theme !  
Then He, the King, the Judge at length shall come,  
And for this desert, where we sadly roam,  
Shall give the kingdom for our endless home,—  
The Land of which I dream !

1850.



### **The Everlasting Memorial.**

**U**P and away, like the dew of the morning,  
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun ;  
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb, all forgotten,  
The brief race of time well and patiently run  
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,  
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,  
 The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?  
 The things we have lived for, let them be our story  
 We ourselves but remembered by what we have  
 done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing  
 (As its summer and autumn moved silently on)  
 The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season;  
 I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me  
 To reap down those fields which in spring I have  
 sown;  
 He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by  
 the reaper,  
 He is only remembered by what he has done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;  
 So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;  
 Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be re-  
 membered;—  
 Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

1856.



**Our One Life.**

'TIS not for man to trifle! Life is brief,  
 And sin 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,  
One, only one ;  
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.  
'T is 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, and poor, and sad !  
One heavy sigh.  
O life above, how long, how fair, and glad !  
An endless joy.  
Oh, to be done with daily dying here !  
Now 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.

1852.



**Earth's Beauty.**

WHERE the wave murmurs not,  
 Where the gust eddies not,  
 Where the stream rushes not,  
 Where the cliff shadows not,  
 Where the wood darkens not,  
 I would not be !

Bright though the heavens were,  
 Rich though the flowers there,  
 Sweet though the fragrant air,  
 And all as Eden fair,  
 Yet as a dweller there  
 I would not be !

O wave, and breeze, and rill, and rock, and wood,  
 Was it not God Himself that called you GOOD ?

**The Night and the Morning.**

TO dream a troubled dream, and then awaken  
 To the soft gladness of a summer sky ;  
 To dream ourselves alone, unloved, forsaken,  
 And then to wake 'mid smiles, and love, and  
 joy.

To look at evening on the storm's rude motion,  
 The cloudy tumult of the fretted deep,  
 And then at day-burst upon that same ocean,  
 Soothed to the stillness of its stillest sleep,—

So runs our course, so tells the Church her story,  
So to the end shall it be ever told ;  
Brief shame on earth, but after shame the glory,  
That wanes not, dims not, never waxes old.

Lord Jesus, come, and end this troubled dream-  
ing !

Dark shadows vanish, rosy twilight break !  
Morn of the true and real, burst forth, calm beam-  
ing !

Day of the beautiful, arise, awake !

1849.



**Day-Spring.**

THE loving morn is springing  
From night's unloving gloom,  
And earth seems now arising  
In beauty from the tomb.

See daylight far above us,  
Tingeing each cloudy wreath,  
Ere it showers itself in splendour  
Upon the plain beneath.

'T is sparkling on the mountain-peak,  
'T is hurrying down the vale,  
'T is bursting through the forest-boughs,  
'T is freshening in the gale.

'T is mingling with the river's smile,  
'T is glistening in the dew,  
'T is flinging far its silver net,  
O'er ocean's braided blue.

'T is blushing o'er the meadow's gold,  
'T is alighting on the flower,  
Unfolding every gentle bud  
To the gladness of the hour.

'T is gilding the old ruin's moss,  
'T is gleaming from the spire ;  
And through the crumbling window-shaf  
It shoots its living fire.

'T is quivering in the village-smoke,  
That curls the low roof o'er ;  
It beats against the castle gate,  
And at the cottage door.

O'er the churchyard it is resting,  
On stone, and grass, and mould,  
Giving voice to each grey tombstone,  
As to Memnon's harp of old.

Oh, the gay burst of beauty  
That is flushing over earth,  
And calling forth its millions  
To holy morning mirth !

Yet look we for a sunrise  
More beautiful than this,  
And watch we for a dawning  
Of purer light and bliss ;

When a far fairer morning  
O'er greener hills shall rise,  
And a far fresher sunlight  
Look down from bluer skies.

Is not creation weary?  
Has sin not reigned too long?  
Hear, Lord, Thy Church's pleading,  
Come, end her day of wrong!

1856.

**Newly Fallen Asleep.**

PAST all pain for ever,  
Done with sickness now;  
Let me close thine eyes, mother,  
Let me smooth thy brow.  
Rest, and health, and gladness,  
These thy portion now;  
Let me press thy hand, mother,  
Let me kiss thy brow.

Eyes that shall never weep;  
Life's tears all shed,  
Its farewells said,—  
These shall be thine!  
All well with thee;  
Oh, would that they were mine!

A brow without a shade;  
Each wrinkle smoothed,  
Each throbbing soothed,  
That shall be thine!  
All well with thee;  
Oh, would that it were mine!

A tongue that stammers not  
In tuneful praise,  
Through endless days,  
That shall be thine!  
All well with thee;  
Oh, would that it were mine!

A voice that trembles not;  
All quivering past,  
Death's sigh the last;  
That shall be thine!  
All well with thee;  
Oh, would that it were mine!

Limbs that shall never tire,  
Nor ask to rest,  
In service blest;  
These shall be thine!  
All well with thee;  
Oh, would that they were mine!

A frame that cannot ache;  
Earth's labours done,  
Life's battle won;  
That shall be thine!  
All well with thee;  
Oh, would that it were mine!

A heart that flutters not;  
No timid throb,  
No quick-breathed sob;

That shall be thine !  
All well with thee ;  
Oh, would that it were mine !

A will that swerveth not,  
At frown or smile,  
At threat or wile ;  
That shall be thine !  
All well with thee ;  
Oh, would that it were mine !

A soul still upward bent  
On higher flight,  
With wing of light ;  
That shall be thine !  
All well with thee ;  
Oh, would that it were mine !

Hours without fret or care ;  
The race well run,  
The prize well won ;  
These shall be thine !  
All well with thee ;  
Oh, would that they were mine !

Days without toil or grief ;  
Time's burdens borne,  
With strength well worn ;  
These shall be thine !  
All well with thee ;  
Oh, would that they were mine !

Rest without broken dreams,  
 Or wakeful fears,  
 Or hidden tears;  
 That shall be thine!  
 All well with thee;  
 Oh, would that it were mine!  
 Life that shall fear no death;  
 God's life above,  
 Of light and love;  
 That shall be thine!  
 All well with thee;  
 Oh, would that it were mine!  
 Morn that shall light the tomb,  
 And call from dust  
 The slumbering just;  
 That shall be thine!  
 All well with thee;  
 Oh, would that it were mine!

*Written after the death of his mother, Aug. 1854.*



**The Flesh Resting in Hope.**

LIE down, frail body, here,  
 Earth has no fairer bed,  
 No gentler pillow to afford;  
 Come, rest thy home-sick head.  
 Through these well-guarded gates  
 No foe can entrance gain;  
 No sickness wastes, nor once intrudes  
 The memory of pain.

---

The tossings of the night,  
The frettings of the day,  
All end, and, like a cloud of dawn,  
Melt from thy skies away.

Foot-sore and worn thou art,  
Breathless with toil and fight;  
How welcome now the long-sought sleep  
Of this all-tranquil night.

Brief night and quiet couch  
In some star-lighted room,  
Watched but by one beloved eye,  
Whose light dispels all gloom.

A sky without a cloud,  
A sea without a wave,—  
These are but shadows of thy rest  
In this thy peaceful grave.

Rest for the toiling hand,  
Rest for the thought-worn brow,  
Rest for the weary way-sore feet,  
Rest from all labour now.

Soon shall the trump of God  
Give out the welcome sound,  
That shakes the silent chamber-walls,  
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

Ye dwellers in the dust,  
Awake, come forth, and sing;  
Sharp has your frost of winter been,  
But bright shall be your spring.



**A Pilgrim's Song.**

A FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest,  
Asleep within the tomb.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !

A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that bright day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !

A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !

A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,

A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away!

A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way,  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
The eternal Sabbath-day.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that sweet day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away!

'Tis but a little while,  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away!



#### **Quis Separabit?**

'TIS thus they press the hand and part,  
Thus have they bid farewell again;  
Yet still they commune, heart with heart,  
Linked by a never-broken chain.

Still one in life and one in death,  
One in their hope of rest above;  
One in their joy, their trust, their faith,  
One in each other's faithful love.

Yet must they part, and parting, weep;  
What else has earth for them in store?  
These farewell pangs, how sharp and deep;  
These farewell words, how sad and sore!

Yet shall they meet again in peace,  
To sing the song of festal joy,  
Where none shall bid their gladness cease,  
And none their fellowship destroy.

Where none shall beckon them away,  
Nor bid their festival be done;  
Their meeting-time the eternal day,  
Their meeting-place the eternal throne.

There, hand in hand, firm linked at last,  
And, heart to heart, enfolded all,  
They'll smile upon the troubled past,  
And wonder why they wept at all.

Then let them press the hand and part,  
The dearly loved, the fondly loving,  
Still, still in spirit and in heart,  
The undivided, unremoving.

**Strength by the Way.**

JESUS, while this rough desert-soil  
I tread, be Thou my guide and stay;  
Nerve me for conflict and for toil;  
Uphold me on my stranger-way!

Jesus, in heaviness and fear,  
'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray;  
For earth's last night is drawing near,  
Oh, cheer me on my stranger-way!

Jesus, in solitude and grief,  
When sun and stars withhold their ray,  
Make haste, make haste to my relief,  
Oh, light me on my stranger-way!

Jesus, in weakness of this flesh,  
When Satan grasps me for his prey,  
Oh, give me victory afresh,  
And speed me on my stranger-way!

Jesus, my righteousness and strength,  
My more than life, my more than day,  
Bring, bring deliverance at length;  
Oh, come and end my stranger-way!

**The Sleep of the Beloved.**

'So He giveth His beloved sleep.'—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

SUNLIGHT 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 consciousness 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 ;  
 Darkness seems loaded with oblivious air,  
 In deep forgetfulness each sense to steep.

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.



### **Mine and Thine.**

'Didicisti quod nihil tui boni præcesserat, et gratia Dei  
 conversus es ad Deum.'—AUGUSTINE.

**A**LL that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,  
 My death was all my own ;  
 All that I *am*, I owe to Thee,  
 My gracious God alone.

The evil of my former state  
Was mine, and only mine ;  
The good in which I now rejoice  
Is Thine, and only Thine.

The darkness of my former state,  
The bondage all was mine ;  
The light of life in which I walk,  
The liberty is Thine.

Thy grace first made me feel my sin,  
It taught me to believe ;  
Then, in believing, peace I found,  
And now I live, I live.

All that I am, even here on earth,  
All that I hope to be,  
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.



### **The Sin-Beater.**

'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised  
for our iniquities.'—ISA. liii. 5.

**T**HY works, not mine, O Christ,  
Speak gladness to this heart ;  
They tell me all is done,  
They bid my fear depart.  
To whom, save Thee,  
Who can alone  
For sin atone,  
Lord, shall I flee ?

Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,  
 Have wept my guilt away,  
 And turned this night of mine  
 Into a blessed day.

*Refrain.*

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,  
 Has borne the awful load  
 Of sins, that none in heaven  
 Or earth could bear, but God.

*Refrain.*

Thy death, not mine, O Christ,  
 Has paid the ransom due;  
 Ten thousand deaths like mine  
 Would have been all too few.

*Refrain.*

Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
 Alone can cover me;  
 No righteousness avails  
 Save that which is of Thee.

*Refrain.*

‡

#### The Substitute.

'Jesu, plene caritate,  
 Manus tuae perforatae  
 Laxent mea crimina;  
 Latus tuum lanceatum,  
 Caput spinis coronatum,  
 Haec sint medicamina.'—OLD HYMN.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
 The spotless Lamb of God;  
 He bears them all, and frees us  
 From the accursed load.





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I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fulness dwells in Him ;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child.  
I long to be with Jesus  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

**Lost but Found.**

'Arte mirâ, miro consilio,  
 Quaerens ovem suam summus opilio,  
 Ut nos revocaret ab exilio.'—OLD HYMN.

I WAS a wandering sheep,  
 I did not love the fold ;  
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
 I would not be controlled.  
 I was a wayward child,  
 I did not love my home ;  
 I did not love my Father's voice,  
 I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
 The Father sought His child ;  
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
 O'er deserts waste and wild.  
 They found me nigh to death,  
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
 They bound me with the bands of love,  
 They saved the wandering one !

They spoke in tender love,  
 They raised my drooping head :  
 They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
 My fainting soul they fed.  
 They washed my filth away,  
 They made me clean and fair ;  
 They brought me to my home in peace,—  
 The long-sought wanderer !

Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'T was He that loved my soul,  
'T was He that washed me in His blood,  
'T was He that made me whole.  
'T was He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'T was He that brought me to the fold,  
'T is He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled ;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold !  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam ;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.



### **The Word made Flesh.**

**T**HE Son of God, in mighty love,  
Came down to Bethlehem for me ;  
Forsook His throne of light above,  
An infant upon earth to be.

In love, the Father's sinless Child  
Sojourned at Nazareth for me ;  
With sinners dwelt the Undefined,  
The Holy One in Galilee.

Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore,  
Became a Man of griefs for me ;

In love, though rich, becoming poor,  
That I through Him enriched might be.

Though Lord of all, above, below,  
He went to Olivet for me,  
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,  
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

The ever blessèd Son of God  
Went up to Calvary for me,  
There paid my debt, there bore my load  
In His own body on the tree.

Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,  
Went down into the grave for me,  
There overcame my enemies,  
There won the glorious victory.

In love the whole dark path He trod,  
To consecrate a way for me,  
Each bitter footstep marked with blood,  
From Bethlehem to Calvary.

'T is finished all: the veil is rent,  
The welcome sure, the access free;  
Now then we leave our banishment,  
O Father, to return to Thee!



#### **The Voice of Jesus.**

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.

I came I saw I conquered  
 In my life I see  
 And I see  
 I see I see I see

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I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.  
I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water: thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.  
I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am this dark world's Light,  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of life I'll walk,  
Till travelling days are done.



### **A Bethlehem Hymn.**

'Mundum implens, in praesepe jacens.'—AUGUSTINE.

**H**E has come! the Christ of God;  
Left for us His glad abode,  
Stooping from His throne of bliss,  
To this darksome wilderness.  
He has come! the Prince of Peace;  
Come to bid our sorrows cease;



Come to scatter with His light  
All the shadows of our night.

He, the mighty King, has come!  
Making this poor earth His home;  
Come to bear our sin's sad load,—  
Son of David, Son of God!

He has come, whose name of grace  
Speaks deliverance to our race;  
Left for us His glad abode,—  
Son of Mary, Son of God!

Unto us a Child is born!  
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn  
Among all the morns of time,  
Half so glorious in its prime!

Unto us a Son is given!  
He has come from God's own heaven,  
Bringing with Him from above,  
Holy peace and holy love.



#### **The Shadow of the Cross.**

**O**PPRESSED with noonday's scorching heat,  
To yonder cross I flee;  
Beneath its shelter take my seat;  
No shade like this for me!

Beneath that cross clear waters burst,  
A fountain sparkling free;  
And there I quench my desert thirst,—  
No spring like this for me!

A stranger here, I pitch my tent  
Beneath this spreading tree ;  
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent,—  
No home like this for me !  
For burdened ones a resting-place  
Beside that cross I see ;  
Here I cast off my weariness,—  
No rest like this for me !



**Child's Morning Hymn.**

' He wakeneth morning by morning ; He wakeneth mine  
ear to hear.'—ISA. l. 4.

**T**HE morning, the bright and the beautiful  
morning  
Is up, and the sunshine is all on the wing ;  
With its fresh flush of gladness the landscape  
adorning,  
A gladness which nothing but morning can bring.  
The earth is awaking, the sky and the ocean,  
The river and forest, the mountain and plain ;  
The city is stirring its living commotion,  
And the pulse of the world is reviving again.  
And we too awake, for our Heavenly Father,  
Who soothed us so gently to sleep on His breast,  
And made the soft stillness of evening to gather  
Around us, now calls us again from our rest.  
But ere to our labours and duties returning,  
We hasten to give Him the praise that is meet,

And in solemn devotion the first hours of morning,  
 Our freest and freshest, we lay at His feet.

Oh now, let us haste to our Heavenly Father,  
 And ere the fair skies of life's dawning be dim,  
 Let us come with glad hearts, let us come  
 altogether,  
 And the morn of our youth let us hallow to Him.



**The Two Eras of the Land.**

**O**F old they sung the song of liberty,  
 They sung it upon mountain and on plain,  
 Till every echo of both land and sea  
 Pealed back the song again.

They poured it on the morning's genial gale,  
 It floated out upon the evening's calm,  
 And the rich stream-breeze from each fragrant vale  
 Gave back the song in balm.

The peasant sang it in his straw-roofed cot,  
 The noble sang it in his princely hall,  
 Till the vexed land, responding to the note,  
 Rose up at freedom's call.

The blithe blue morning's newly wakened ray  
 Of cloudless summer, coming freshly down,  
 Saw chains and bondage, tears and slavery,  
 The tyrant's sword and frown.

The northern noon-day saw the rising war,  
 Like sudden tempest on a wind-swept sea,  
 The shout rose upwards to the evening star,—  
 The land, the land is free !

Amid the oppressor's threats they planted high  
The ancient flag of sacred liberty,  
That banner floats unthreatened to the sky,—  
The Bruce hath set them free !

They sung the song of liberty again,  
'T was a still louder song than that of yore,  
It went like thunder-notes o'er hill and plain,  
It woke each echoing shore.

It woke the heart of age and heedless youth,  
It woke the spirit of the sleeping land,  
It roused them to the voice of holy truth,  
Who could that voice withstand ?

Hear ye the truth, and hearing it obey,  
Know ye the truth, the truth shall make you free,  
Love not the midnight, love the lightsome day,  
'T is life and liberty.

The Free One makes you free ; be slaves to none,  
Priest, prince or self, in body or in soul ;  
Serve thou with all thy strength thy God alone,  
Yield but to His control.

Round went the message, over rock and plain,  
Like burning words from lips of prophet old,  
Priest, king and lord opposed the voice in vain,  
It would not be controlled.

Wide o'er the land went forth the new-born day,  
Brightening alike the cot, the hall, the throne,  
Long years of darkness vanish at its ray,  
Ages of night have gone.

The Christ has come, the Breaker of all chains,  
 The Giver of the heavenly liberty ;  
 Peace, light and freedom to these hills and plains :  
 The land, the land is free !



**The Inner Calm.**

**C**ALM me, my God, and keep me calm,  
 While these hot breezes blow,  
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
 Soft resting on Thy breast,  
 Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
 And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm ;  
 Let Thine outstretchèd wing  
 Be like the shade of Elim's palm,  
 Beside her desert-spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
 The sounds my ear that greet,  
 Calm in the closet's solitude,  
 Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
 Calm in my hour of pain,  
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
 Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power  
My listening spirit stir ;  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,  
Which storms assail in vain ;  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.



**Sursum Corda.**

**G**O up, go up, my heart,  
Dwell with thy God above,  
For here thou canst not rest,  
Nor here give out thy love.

Go up, go up, my heart,  
Be not a trifler here ;  
Ascend above these clouds,  
Dwell in a higher sphere.

Let not thy love flow out  
To things so soiled and dim ;  
Go up to heaven and God,  
Take up thy love to Him.

Waste not thy precious stores  
On creature-love below ;

To God that wealth belongs,  
On Him that wealth bestow.

Go up, reluctant heart,  
Take up thy rest above ;  
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts,  
Ascend, my lingering love !



**The Elder Brother.**

**Y**ES, for me, for me He careth  
With a brother's tender care ;  
Yes, with me, with me He shareth  
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,  
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day ;  
Yes, even me, even me He snatcheth  
From the perils of the way.

Yes, for me He standeth pleading  
At the mercy-seat above,  
Ever for me interceding,  
Constant in untiring love.

Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth  
Joys unearthly, love and light ;  
And to cover me He spreadeth  
His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth,  
I in Him, and He in me ;  
And my empty soul He filleth  
Here and through eternity.

Thus I wait for His returning,  
Singing all the way to heaven ;  
Such the joyful song of morning,  
Such the tranquil song of even.

¶

**Ever Dear.**

I CLOSE my heavy eye,  
Saviour, ever near !  
I lift my soul on high  
Through the darkness drear.  
Be Thou my light, I cry,  
Saviour, ever dear !  
I feel Thine arms around,  
Saviour, ever near !  
With Thee let me be found,  
So shall I never fear,  
Whatever ills abound,  
Saviour, ever dear !  
Thine is the day and night,  
Saviour, ever near !  
Thine is the dark and light ;  
Be Thou my covert here.  
O shield me with Thy might,  
Saviour, ever dear !  
And when I come to die,  
Saviour, ever near !  
Receive my parting sigh ;  
And, in my hour of fear,  
Be to my spirit nigh,  
Saviour, ever dear !



**Summer Gladness.**

**W**HAT a world, with all its sorrows!  
 What a scene, would it but stay!  
 What an earth, if all its morrows  
 Were as fair as this to-day!  
 When earth's summer-pulse is beating  
 With the fever-fire of June,  
 And the flowers fling up their greeting,  
 Quivering to the joyous noon.  
 When the streamlet, smiling gladly,  
 Hurries calmly, brightly by,  
 Not a voice around speaks sadly,  
 Not a murmur nor a sigh.  
 Sunbeams, with their fond caresses,  
 Smooth each rosebud's velvet fold,  
 Lingering in the glowing tresses  
 Of yon rich laburnum's gold.  
 Nature all its gay adorning  
 Opens to the day's bright bliss,  
 Like a child at early morning,  
 Wakened by its mother's kiss.  
 What a world, when all its sorrow  
 Shall for ever pass away!  
 What an earth, when each to-morrow  
 Shall be fairer than to-day!

**The Useful Life.**

**G**O, labour on; spend, and be spent,—  
 Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
 It is the way the Master went,  
 Should not the servant tread it still?

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Go, labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;  
The Master praises,—what are men ?

Go, labour on ; enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer ;  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labour on ; your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;  
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek  
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown !

Go, labour on, while it is day ;  
The world's dark night is hastening on ;  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,  
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;  
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;  
Be wise the erring soul to win ;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home.  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight peal, Behold, I come !

'Twas I that did it.

I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall  
I mark their wrathful mien ;  
Their shouts of 'Crucify!' appal,  
With blasphemy between.

And of that shouting multitude  
I feel that I am one ;  
And in that din of voices rude  
I recognize my own.

I see the scourges tear His back,  
I see the piercing crown ;  
And of that crowd who smite and mock,  
I feel that I am one.

Around yon cross the throng I see,  
Mocking the Sufferer's groan ;  
Yet still my voice it seems to be,  
As if I mocked alone.

'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,  
I nailed Him to the tree,  
I crucified the Christ of God,  
I joined the mockery.

Yet not the less that blood avails  
To cleanse away my sin,  
And not the less that cross prevails  
To give me peace within.

**Passing Through.**

I WALK as one who knows that he is treading  
A stranger soil,  
As one round whom a serpent-world is spreading  
Its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday delivered  
From a sharp chain,  
Who trembles lest the bond so newly severed  
Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing  
Ungential air,  
For whom, as wiles, the tempter still is wreathing  
The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger,  
For sin is near;  
But, looking up, I pass along, a stranger,  
In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me downward,  
Its spell is gone;  
My course is now right upward, and right onward,  
To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of time's dark night is stealing  
In gloom away;  
Speed Thy fair dawn of light, and joy, and healing,  
Thou Star of day!

For Thee, its God, its King, the long-rejected,  
Earth groans and cries;  
For Thee, the long-beloved, the long-expected,  
Thy Bride still sighs.

**Nothing Between.**

FONDLY, fondly returneth the daylight  
 To the old hill's grey peak ere the dawn  
 has begun;  
 Slowly, slowly recedeth the daylight  
 From the old hill's grey peak when the long  
 day is done.

Softly, softly returneth the ripple  
 To its rest on the sand of yon green-margined  
 bay;

Sadly, sadly recedeth the ripple  
 To mingle again with the sea's drifting spray.  
 Gladly, gladly the dew of the twilight  
 Floats up to the rainbow at blush of the dawn;  
 Slowly, slowly the dew of the twilight  
 Seeks again the dark sod when the sun is with-  
 drawn.

It is thus, even thus, that the sunlight of heaven  
 Returns and retires with the morn and the even;  
 Thus slowly retiring as sleep seals the eye,  
 Returning at day-spring with joy from on high.  
 Night's last gleam and truest, my God's gracious  
 love,  
 Morn's first beam and fondest, His joy from above.

Yet, 't is not night alone that comes between  
 My God and me, to mar the peaceful scene;

But the world's blazing day, hour after hour,  
Beats on my head, and with its scorching power  
Dries up my dew and sap, nay, dims my eye  
With its bewildering blaze of vanity.  
Then comes the quiet and the cool of night,  
To give me back the calm, of which the light  
Of this gay world had sought me to bereave.  
O gentle shadows of the tranquil eve!  
Eve, with thy stillness and soul-soothing balm,  
What do I owe thee for thy solemn calm?  
Thou comest down like some peace-bringing dove,  
To soothe and cheer me with thy silent love.



**Come, Lord.**

'*Senuit mundus.*'—AUGUSTINE.

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

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.



**Thy Way, not Mine.**

**T**HY 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.



### **Links.**

**A**RE there not voices strangely sweet,  
And tones of music strangely dear ?  
So lovingly the soul they greet,  
So kindly steal they on the ear !



We know not why they strike so deep,  
We cannot tell the secret spring  
Within us which they wake from sleep,  
Nor how such thoughts their notes can bring.

We ask not why, nor how they thrill  
So keenly through the inmost soul,  
And why, when ceased, we listen still,  
As though they yet upon us stole.

We feel the sweetness of the voice,  
We love the richness of the tone;  
It makes us sorrow or rejoice,  
Compelling us its power to own.

Are there not words, too, strangely sweet,  
Thoughts, musings, memories, strangely dear?  
So lovingly the soul they greet,  
So gently steal they on the ear!

Common the words may be and weak,  
The passing stranger owns them not;  
To other ears in vain they speak,  
Unknown, unrelished, or forgot.

Rich in old thoughts these words appear,  
Part of our being's mighty whole,  
Linked with our life's strange story here,  
Knit to each feeling of our soul.

Linked with the scenes of days gone past,  
With all life's earnest hopes and fears;  
Linked with the smiles that did not last,  
The joys and griefs of faded years.

Linked with old dreams once dreamt in youth,  
When dreams were gladder, truer things ;  
When each night's vision of bright truth  
Lent to each buoyant day its wings.

Linked with the whisper of the trees,  
When summer eves were fair and still,  
Set to the music of the breeze,  
Or murmur of the twilight rill.

Linked with some scene of sacred calm,  
Of holy places, holy days ;  
Linked with the prayer, the hymn, the psalm,  
The multitude's glad voice of praise.

Linked with the names of holy men,  
Martyr, or saint, or brother dear,  
Some parted, ne'er to meet again,  
Some still our fellow-pilgrims here.

Linked with that Name of names, the name  
Of Him who bought us with His blood,  
Who bore for us the wrath and shame,  
The Virgin's Son, the Christ of God.



### **The City.**

**T**HOU art no child of the city !  
Hadst thou known it as I have done,  
Thou wouldst not have smiled with pity,  
As if joy were with thee alone,—

With thee, the unfettered ranger  
Of the forest and moorland free ;  
As if gloom, and toil, and danger  
Could alone in a city be.

The smoke, the din, and the bustle  
Of the city, I know them well ;  
And I know the gentle rustle  
Of the leaves in your breezy dell.

Day's hurry and evening's riot  
In the city, I know them all ;  
I know, too, the loving quiet  
Of your glen at the day's sweet fall.

I know, too, each grim old alley,  
With the blanched ray, flickering through ;  
I know each sweep of your valley,  
Where the rosy light dies in dew.

I know, too, the stifling sadness  
Of the summer noon's sultry street ;  
I've breathed the air of your gladness,  
Where the streams and the breezes meet.

I know the dun haunts of fever,  
Where the blossoms of youth decay ;  
I know where your free broad river  
Sweeps disease on its breast away.

Yet despite your earnest pity,  
And despite its own smoke and din,  
I cling to yon crowded city,  
Though I shrink from its woe and sin.

---

For I know its boundless measure  
Of the true, and the good, and fair,  
Its vast and far-gathered treasure,  
All the wealth of soul that is there.

You may smile, or sneer, or pity,  
You may fancy it weak and strange ;  
My eye to yon smoky city  
Still returns from its widest range.

My heart, in its inmost beatings,  
Ever lingers around its homes ;  
My soul wakes up in its greetings,  
To the gleam of its spires and domes.

You call it life's weary common,  
At the best but an idle fair,  
The market of man and woman,—  
But the choice of the race are there.

The wonders of life and gladness,  
All the wonders of hope and fear ;  
The wonders of death and sadness,  
All the wonders of time are there.

In your lone lake's still face yonder,  
By your rivulet's bursting glee,  
Deep truth I may read and ponder  
Of the earth and its mystery.

There seems, in yon city's motion,  
Yet a mightier truth for me ;  
'Tis the sound of life's great ocean,  
'Tis the tides of the human sea.

O'er the fields of earth lie scattered  
 Noble fruitage and blossoms rare ;  
 Yon city the store has gathered,  
 And the garner of hearts is there.

You may prize the lonely lustre  
 Of your pearl or emerald green ;  
 What is that to the gorgeous cluster  
 On the brow of the crownèd queen ?

And the home to which I'm hasting  
 Is not in some silent glen ;  
 The place where my hopes are resting  
 Is a city of living men.

The crowds are there ; but the sadness  
 Is fled, with the toil and pain :  
 Nought is heard but the song of gladness ;  
 'T is the city of holy men.

And wilt thou my sad fate pity,  
 Wilt thou grieve o'er my heavy doom,  
 When within that resplendent city  
 I shall find my glorious home ?

1855.



**Be True.**

**T**HOU must be true thyself,  
 If thou the truth wouldst teach.  
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
 Another's soul wouldst reach :  
 It needs the overflow of heart  
 To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
 Shall the world's famine feed;  
 Speak truly, and each word of thine  
 Shall be a fruitful seed;  
 Live truly, and thy life shall be  
 A great and noble creed.



**Who are These, and Whence came They?**

'Et de Hierosolymis et de Britannia aequaliter patet aula  
 coelestis.'—JEROME. *Ep. ad Paulinum.*

**N**OT from Jerusalem alone,  
 To heaven the path ascends;  
 As near, as sure, as straight the way  
 That leads to the celestial day,  
 From farthest realms extends;  
 Frigid or torrid zone.

What matters how or whence we start?  
 One is the crown to all;  
 One is the hard but glorious race,  
 Whatever be our starting-place;—  
 Rings round the earth the call  
 That says, Arise, Depart!

From the balm-breathing, sun-loved isles  
 Of the bright Southern Sea,  
 From the dead North's cloud-shadow'd pole,  
 We gather to one gladsome goal,  
 One common home in thee,  
 City of sun and smiles!

The cold rough billow hinders none;  
Nor helps the calm, fair main;  
The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,  
The verdure of Tahitian bloom,  
The sands of Mizraim's plain,  
Or peaks of Lebanon.

As from the green lands of the vine,  
So from the snow-wastes pale,  
We find the ever open road  
To the dear city of our God;  
From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,  
Or terraced Palestine.

Not from swift Jordan's sacred stream  
Alone we mount above;  
Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone,  
Rivers unsainted and unknown;—  
From each, the home of love  
Beckons with heavenly gleam.

Not from grey Olivet alone  
We see the gates of light;  
From Morven's heath or Jungfrau's snow  
We welcome the descending glow  
Of pearl and chrysolite,  
And the unsetting sun.

Not from Jerusalem alone  
The Church ascends to God;  
Strangers of every tongue and clime,  
Pilgrims of every land and time,  
Throng the well-trodden road  
That leads up to the throne.

**The New Jerusalem.**

**B**ATHED in unfallen sunlight,  
Itself a sun-born gem,  
Fair gleams the glorious city,  
The new Jerusalem!  
City fairest,  
Splendour rarest,  
Let me gaze on thee!

Calm in her queenly glory,  
She sits, all joy and light;  
Pure in her bridal beauty,  
Her raiment festal-white!  
Home of gladness,  
Free from sadness,  
Let me dwell in thee!

Shading her golden pavement  
The tree of life is seen,  
Its fruit-rich branches waving,  
Celestial evergreen.  
Tree of wonder,  
Let me under  
Thee for ever rest!

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,  
Bright in its crystal gleam,  
Bursts out the living fountain,  
Swells on the living stream.  
Blessed river,  
Let me ever  
Feast my eye on thee!



Stream of true life and gladness,  
 Spring of all health and peace;  
 No harps by thee hang silent,  
 Nor happy voices cease.

Tranquil river,  
 Let me ever  
 Sit and sing by thee!

River of God, I greet thee,  
 Not now afar, but near;  
 My soul to thy still waters  
 Hastes in its thirstings here.

Holy river,  
 Let me ever  
 Drink of only thee!

1859.



### **The Love of God.**

**O** LOVE of God, how strong and true!  
 Eternal and yet ever new,  
 Uncomprehended and unbought,  
 Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

O love of God, how deep and great!  
 Far deeper than man's deepest hate;  
 Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,  
 Changeless, eternal, infinite.

O heavenly love, how precious still,  
 In days of weariness and ill!  
 In nights of pain and helplessness,  
 To heal, to comfort, and to bless.

O wide-embracing, wondrous love !  
We read thee in the sky above,  
We read thee in the earth below,  
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

We read thee in the flowers, the trees,  
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,  
The songs of birds upon the wing,  
The joy of summer and of spring.

We read thee best in Him who came,  
To bear for us the cross of shame ;  
Sent by the Father from on high,  
Our life to live, our death to die.

We read thee in the manger-bed  
On which His infancy was laid ;  
And Nazareth that love reveals,  
Nestling amid its lonely hills.

We read thee in the tears once shed  
Over doomed Salem's guilty head,  
In the cold tomb of Bethany,  
And blood-drops of Gethsemane.

We read thy power to bless and save,  
Even in the darkness of the grave ;  
Still more in resurrection-light,  
We read the fulness of thy might.

O love of God, our shield and stay  
Through all the perils of our way ;  
Eternal love, in thee we rest,  
For ever safe, for ever blest !

**The Love that Passeth Knowledge.**

**N**OT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!  
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;  
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,  
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

It is Thy perfect love that casts out fear;  
I know the voice that speaks the 'It is I;'  
And in these well-known words of heavenly cheer  
I hear the joy that bids each sorrow fly.

Thy name is Love! I hear it from yon cross;  
Thy name is Love! I read it in yon tomb;  
All meaner love is perishable dross,  
But this shall light me through time's thickest  
gloom.

It blesses now, and shall for ever bless;  
It saves me now, and shall for ever save;  
It holds me up in days of helplessness;  
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

More of Thyself, Oh, shew me hour by hour,  
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;  
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power,  
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word!

**Redeem the Time.**

**D**EATH worketh,  
Let me work too ;  
Death undoeth,  
Let me do.

Busy as death my work I ply,  
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Time worketh,  
Let me work too ;  
Time undoeth,  
Let me do.

Busy as time my work I ply,  
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Sin worketh,  
Let me work too ;  
Sin undoeth,  
Let me do.

Busy as sin my work I ply,  
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.



**The Good Fight.**

**I** CAME and saw, and hoped to conquer,  
As the great Roman once had done :  
His was the one hour's torrent shock of battle ;  
My field was harder to be won.

I came and saw, but did not conquer,  
The foes were fierce, their weapons strong ;  
I came, I saw, but yet I did not conquer,  
For me the fight was sore and long.

They said the war was brief and easy,  
A word, a look, would crush the throng ;  
To some it may have been a moment's conflict,  
To me it has been sore and long.

They said the threats were coward bluster,  
To brave men they could work no wrong ;  
So some may boast of swift and easy battle,  
To me it has been sore and long.

And yet I know that I shall conquer,  
Though sore and hard the fight may be :  
I know, I know I shall be more than victor,  
Through Him who won the fight for me.

I fight, not fearful of the issue,  
My victory is sure and near ;  
Yet, not the less with hand and eye all watchful  
Grasp I my buckler and my spear.

For I must fight, if I would conquer,  
'Tis not by flight that fields are won ;  
And I must conquer, if I would inherit  
The victor's joy, and crown, and throne.

**Sunset by the Sea.**

**M**Y watch upon this sea-swept cliff is done !  
I've marked for hours yon slow-descending  
sun,

And seen him plunge into the golden swell  
Of yon bright ocean that he loves so well.

I linger, watching how yon wavelets seem  
To miss the glory of the vanished gleam ;  
And marking how yon summer-blushing blue  
Takes on the sadness of the twilight hue.

How can I go ? That shadowy, solemn wave  
Seems like a loved one's newly covered grave,  
And all around, above me, seems to move  
The joy and grief of unforgotten love.

I linger o'er the long wave's darkening flow,  
But the cold sea-moan bids me rise and go ;  
And yon faint sun-glow on the quivering main  
Says, Go, to-morrow we shall meet again.

It may be we shall meet as we have done,  
And that I greet once more yon matchless sun ;  
It may be that I come to gaze again  
On the pale splendour of yon purple plain.

But though no dawn should light these faded skies,  
Though that expected sun should never rise,  
I have a Sun, whose everlasting gold  
Lights up a day that never shall grow old.

I have a Sun within, a Sun above,  
A heaven whose radiance is the joy of love :  
Earth's suns may sink, and rise again no more ;  
I need them not on that unchanging shore.

I go where night and darkness never come,  
To the dear day-spring of a sinless home ;  
No pensive musings such as sunset brings !  
No bitter heartaches over dried-up springs !

This shore I quit, these rocks, this wondrous sea,  
Of all things great the greatest still to me ;  
These golden gleams of sunset's lingering bliss ;  
Yon far-off dimple from the dying kiss

Of wave and sky ; this gentle, gentle song  
Of the lone sea-breeze as it sighs along ;  
The sweet low ripple-note that comes and goes  
From this grey sand-slope where the tide still flows.

These, these I leave ; yet, leaving, turn again  
To love and muse, yet feel no parting pain :  
These are but withered leaves, the goodly tree  
Which bears them all remaineth yet for me.

I need not miss the star-beam, if the star  
Abideth still to shine in love afar ;  
The gift may fade, the Giver still is mine,  
With all His love and light and grace divine.

**He is Coming.**

**H**E is coming; and the tidings  
Are rolling wide and far;  
As light flows out in gladness,  
From yon fair morning-star.

He is coming; and the tidings  
Sweep through the willing air,  
With hope that ends for ever  
Time's ages of despair.

Old earth from dreams and slumber  
Wakes up and says, Amen;  
Land and ocean bid Him welcome,  
Flood and forest join the strain.

He is coming; and the mountains  
Of Judea ring again;  
Jerusalem awakens,  
And shouts her glad Amen.



**Heaven at Last.**

'Denique coelum.'—OLD MOTTO.

**A**NGEL-VOICES sweetly singing,  
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,  
News of wondrous gladness bringing:  
Ah, 't is heaven at last!



Sin for ever left behind us ;  
Earthly visions cease to blind us,  
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us :  
    Ah, 't is heaven at last !

On the jasper threshold standing,  
Like a pilgrim safely landing,  
See, the strange bright scene expanding !  
    Ah, 't is heaven at last !

What a city ! what a glory !  
Far beyond the brightest story  
Of the ages old and hoary :  
    Ah, 't is heaven at last !

Not a tear-drop ever falleth,  
Not a pleasure ever palleth ;  
Song to song for ever calleth :  
    Ah, 't is heaven at last !

Christ Himself the living splendour,  
Christ the sunlight mild and tender ;  
Praises to the Lamb we render :  
    Ah, 't is heaven at last !

Broken death's dread bands that bound us,  
Life and victory around us ;  
Christ the King Himself hath crowned us :  
    Ah, 't is heaven at last !

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**The Graves of Ocean.**

'The sea gave up the dead which were in it.'—REV. xx. 13.

**D**EEP down beneath the unresting surge  
There is a peaceful tomb :  
Storm raves above, calm reigns below ;  
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe,  
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,  
The weary find a home.

Calm shelter from time's vexing winds,  
Sure anchorage at last !  
The blinding sea-drift blinds not here,  
No breaker's boom the sleepers fear,  
No angry typhoon hovers near ;  
Their latest storm is past.

Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,  
Though on the lonely main ;  
As soft the pillow of the deep,  
As tranquil the uncurtained sleep,  
As on the couch where fond ones weep ;  
And they shall rise again !

Not safer on the sea of glass,  
Before the throne of God :  
As sacred is that ocean-cave,  
Where weeds instead of myrtles wave ;  
As near to God that unknown grave,  
As the dear churchyard's sod.

O'er the loved clay God sets His watch :  
The angels guard it well,  
Till summoned by the trumpet loud,  
Like star emerging from the cloud,  
Or blossom from its sheltering shroud,  
It leaves its ocean-cell.

The sea shall give them back, though death  
The well-known form destroy ;  
Nor rock, nor sand, nor foam can chain,  
Nor mortal prison-house retain :  
Each atom shall awake again,  
And rise with song and joy.

O Morning-star ! O risen Lord !  
Destroyer of the tomb !  
Star of the living and the dead,  
Lift up at length Thy long-veiled head,  
O'er land and sea Thy glories shed :  
Light of the morning, come !

Into each tomb Thy radiance pour ;  
Let life, not death, prevail.  
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste !  
Call up the dead of ages past,  
Gather Thy precious gems at last,  
From ocean's deepest vale.

Speak, mighty Life, and wake the dead !  
Like statue from the stone,  
Like music from long-broken strings,  
Like gushings from deserted springs,  
Like dew upon the dawn's soft wings,  
Rouse each beloved one !

**Vox Matutina.**

**E**ARTH'S lamps are growing dim :  
The Church's early hymn  
Comes up in slow, soft sound,  
Like music from the ground ;  
Her old prophetic psalm  
Fills the deep twilight calm !

Not yet his blossom-wreath  
Of beams from climes beneath,  
The happy sun has bound  
These mountain-peaks around ;  
Hardly yon cloudlet high  
Has caught the radiancy.

Only the stars look pale,  
As if some luminous veil  
Were passing o'er their face,  
Taking, yet adding grace,  
Hiding, yet giving light  
To these fair gems of night.

The beacon-lights still gleam  
Along the ocean-stream ;  
Goes up no city smoke,  
No city-hum has broke  
Earth's sleep, or sounded forth  
Another morning's birth.

Shake off from us the night,  
 O God! as sons of light,  
 Prepare us for the day,  
 That, at the first faint ray  
 Of morn in eastern skies,  
 We may with joy arise.

What though night's silence still  
 Broods over plain and hill,  
 These shades shall soon be past,  
 The Day-star comes at last,  
 And we shall welcome Him  
 With our clear morning-hymn!



**Homewards.**

**D**RIPPING down the troubled river,  
 To the tranquil, tranquil shore;  
 Dropping down the misty river,  
 Time's willow-shaded river,  
 To the spring-embosomed shore;  
 Where the sweet light shineth ever,  
 And the sun goes down no more:  
 O wondrous, wondrous shore!

Dropping down the winding river,  
 To the wide and welcome sea;  
 Dropping down the narrow river,  
 Man's weary, wayward river,  
 To the blue and ample sea;

Where no tempest wrecketh ever,  
Where the sky is fair and free :  
O joyous, joyous sea !

Dropping down the noisy river,  
To our peaceful, peaceful home ;  
Dropping down the turbid river,  
Earth's bustling, crowded river,  
To our gentle, gentle home ;  
Where the rough roar riseth never,  
And the vexings cannot come :  
O loved and longed-for home !

Dropping down the rapid river,  
To the dear and deathless land ;  
Dropping down the well-known river,  
Life's swollen and rushing river,  
To the resurrection land ;  
Where the living live for ever,  
And the dead have joined the band :  
O fair and blessed land !

1860.

**§ Go to Life.**

**I** GO to life, and not to death,  
From darkness to life's native sky ;  
I go from sickness and from pain  
To health and immortality.  
Let our farewell then be tearless,  
Since I bid farewell to tears ;  
Write this day of my departure  
Festive in your coming years.

I go from poverty to wealth,  
From rags to raiment angel-fair,  
From the pale leanness of this flesh  
To beauty such as saints shall wear.  
Let our farewell then be tearless,  
Since I bid farewell to tears ;  
Write this day of my departure  
Festive in your coming years.

I go from chains to liberty ;  
These fetters will be broken soon ;  
Forth over Eden's fragrant fields  
I walk beneath a glorious noon.  
Let our farewell then be tearless,  
Since I bid farewell to tears ;  
Write this day of my departure  
Festive in your coming years.

For toil there comes the crownèd rest ;  
Instead of burdens, eagle's wings ;  
And I, even I, this life-long thirst  
Shall quench at everlasting springs.  
Let our farewell then be tearless,  
Since I bid farewell to tears ;  
Write this day of my departure  
Festive in your coming years.

God lives ! Who says that I must die ?  
I cannot, while Jehovah liveth !  
Christ lives ! I cannot die, but live ;  
He life to me for ever giveth.

---

Let our farewell then be tearless,  
Since I bid farewell to tears ;  
Write this day of my departure  
Festive in your coming years.



**Be Liveth Long who Liveth Well.**

**H**E liveth long who liveth well !  
All other life is short and vain ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !  
All else is being flung away ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him,  
Who freely gave it, freely give,  
Else is that being but a dream,  
'T is but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well ;  
Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too ;  
He is the wisest who can tell  
How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;  
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;  
Be what thou prayest to be made ;  
Let the great Master's steps be thine.



---

Fill up each hour with what will last ;  
 Buy up the moments as they go ;  
 The life above, when this is past,  
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap ;  
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;  
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;  
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;  
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;  
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
 And find a harvest-home of light.



**The Christ of God.**

**T**O know the Christ of God,  
 The everlasting Son ;  
 To know what He on earth  
 For guilty man has done :  
 This is the first and last  
 Of all that's true and wise ;  
 The circle that contains all light  
 Beneath, above, the skies.  
 Father, unseal my eyes,  
 Unveil my veiled heart,  
 Reveal this Christ to me !

---

The Christ, the incarnate Son,  
The Christ, the eternal Word ;  
The Christ, heaven's glorious King,  
The Christ, earth's coming Lord.  
The Christ, the sum of all  
Jehovah's power and grace,  
God's treasure-house of truth and love,  
The brightness of His face.  
Father, unseal my eyes,  
Unveil my veiled heart,  
Reveal this Christ to me !

The Christ who took man's flesh,  
Who lived man's life below ;  
Who died man's death for man,—  
The death of shame and woe.  
The Christ who from the cross  
Descended to man's grave,  
Then rose in victory and joy,  
Mighty to bless and save !  
Father, unseal my eyes,  
Unveil my veiled heart,  
Reveal this Christ to me !

## Is This All?

*SOMETIMES I catch sweet glimpses of His face,  
 But that is all.  
 Sometimes He looks on me and seems to smile,  
 But that is all.  
 Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace,  
 But that is all.  
 Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice  
 Upon me call.*

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke,—  
 ‘Come unto Me?’

Is there no deeper, more enduring rest  
 In Him for thee?

Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?  
 Oh come and see!

Oh come and see! Oh look, and look again;  
 All shall be right;

Oh taste His love, and see that it is good,  
 Thou child of night:

Oh trust thou, trust thou in His grace and power,  
 Then all is bright!

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,  
 But love His love.

Do thou full justice to His tenderness,  
 His mercy prove;

Take Him for what He is; Oh take Him all,  
 And look above!

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage,  
And steadfast peace ;  
Thy love shall rest on His ; thy weary doubts  
For ever cease.  
Thy heart shall find in Him, and in His grace,  
Its rest and bliss !

Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all  
For evermore !  
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways  
For evermore !  
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul  
For evermore !



#### **The Better Will.**

**T**O have each day the thing I wish,  
Lord, that seems best to me ;  
But not to have the thing I wish,  
Lord, that seems best to Thee.

'T is hard to say without a sigh,  
Lord, let Thy will be done ;  
'T is hard to say, My will is Thine,  
And Thine is mine alone.

Most truly then Thy will is done,  
When mine, O Lord, is crossed ;  
'T is good to see my plans o'erthrown,  
My ways in Thine all lost.

Whate'er Thy purpose be, O Lord,  
 In things or great or small,  
 Let each minutest part be done,  
 That Thou may'st still be all.

In all the little things of life,  
 Thyself, Lord, may I see ;  
 In little and in great alike  
 Reveal Thy love to me.

So shall my undivided life  
 To Thee, my God, be given ;  
 And all this earthly course below  
 Be one dear path to heaven.



**He Died and Lives.**

I HEAR the words of love,  
 I gaze upon the blood ;  
 I see the mighty sacrifice,  
 And I have peace with God.

'T is everlasting peace,  
 Sure as Jehovah's name ;  
 'T is stable as His steadfast throne,  
 For evermore the same.

The clouds may go and come,  
 And storms may sweep my sky,  
 This blood-sealed friendship changes not,  
 The cross is ever nigh.

My love is oftentimes low,  
My joy still ebbs and flows ;  
But peace with Him remains the same,  
No change Jehovah knows.

That which can shake the cross  
May shake the peace it gave,  
Which tells me Christ has never died,  
Or never left the grave.

Till then my peace is sure,  
It will not, cannot yield ;  
Jesus, I know, has died and lives ;  
On this firm rock I build.

I change, He changes not,  
The Christ can never die ;  
His love, not mine, the resting-place,  
His truth, not mine, the tie.

The cross still stands unchanged,  
Though heaven is now His home ;  
The mighty stone is rolled away,  
But yonder is His tomb !

And yonder is my peace,  
The grave of all my woes !  
I know the Son of God has come,  
I know He died and rose.

I know He liveth now  
At God's right hand above ;  
I know the throne on which He sits,  
I know His truth and love !

**Begin with God.**

**B**EGIN the day with God !  
He is thy sun and day ;  
He is the radiance of thy dawn,  
To Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn !  
Join the glad woods and hills ;  
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains,  
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Sing thy first song to God !  
Not to thy fellow man ;  
Not to the creatures of His hand,  
But to the glorious One.

Look up beyond these clouds !  
Thither thy pathway lies ;  
Mount up, away, and linger not,  
Thy goal is yonder skies.

Take thy first meal with God !  
He is thy heavenly food ;  
Feed *with* and *on* Him ; He with thee  
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God !  
Let Him go forth with thee ;  
By stream, or sea, or mountain-path,  
Seek still His company.

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Thy first transaction be  
With God Himself above!  
So shall thy business prosper well,  
And all the day be love.



**Light of the World.**

**L**IGHT of the world! for ever, ever shining,  
There is no change in Thee;  
True light of life, all joy and health enshrining,  
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest never;  
To-day shines as the past:  
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever,  
Brightness from first to last!

Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;  
Day fills up all its blue;  
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,  
And love for ever new!

Why walk in darkness? Our true Light yet shineth;  
It is not night, but day!  
All healing and all peace His light enshrineth;  
Why shun His loving ray?

Are night and shadows better, truer, dearer,  
Than day and joy and love?  
Do tremblings and misgivings bring us nearer  
To the great God of love?



Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,  
 Oh stize each mist away!  
 Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;  
 Be our unchanging day!



**The New Song.**

**B**YOND the hills where suns go down,  
 And brightly beckon as they go,  
 I see the land of far renown,  
 The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,  
 And discord of its angry words,  
 I hear the everlasting chime,  
 The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome; and my haste  
 To join it cannot brook delay.  
 O song of morning, come at last,  
 And ye who sing it, come away!

O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,  
 Sound over earth, and fill these skies,  
 Nor ever, ever, ever cease  
 Thy soul-entrancing melodies!

Glad song of this disburdened earth,  
 Which holy voices then shall sing;  
 Praise for creation's second birth,  
 And glory to creation's King!

**Not what these Hands have Done.**

**N**OT what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul ;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.

Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God ;  
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,  
Can bear my awful load.

Thy work alone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin ;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.

Thy love to me, O God,  
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,  
Can rid me of this dark unrest,  
And set my spirit free.

Thy grace alone, O God,  
To me can pardon speak ;  
Thy power alone, O Son of God,  
Can this sore bondage break.

I bless the Christ of God ;  
I rest on love divine ;  
And with unfaltering lip and heart  
I call this Saviour mine.

**Smooth Every Wave.**

**S**MOOTH every wave this heart within ;  
 Let no dark tempest gather there ;  
 Calm every ripple, till my sea  
 Be, like the polished silver, fair.

One word of old stilled raging wind,  
 And 'Peace, be still!' subdued the wave;  
 Let that dear word again be heard,  
 And let the tempest cease to rave.

Jesu ! Thy word is mighty still ;  
 Creation knows it ; let this heart  
 Know it in all its grace and power,  
 Till every tumult thence depart.

**Come, Mighty Spirit.**

**C**OME, mighty Spirit, penetrate  
 This heart and soul of mine ;  
 And my whole being with Thy grace  
 Pervade, O Life divine !

As this clear air surrounds the earth,  
 Thy grace around me roll ;  
 As the fresh light pervades the air,  
 So pierce and fill my soul.

As from these clouds drops down in love  
The precious summer rain,  
So from Thyself pour down the flood  
That freshens all again.

As these fair flowers exhale their scent  
In gladness at our feet,  
So from Thyself let fragrance breathe,  
More heavenly and more sweet.

Thus life within our lifeless hearts  
Shall make its glad abode,  
And we shall shine in beauteous light,  
Filled with the light of God.



### **The Love of God.**

**O** LOVE that casts out fear,  
O love that casts out sin,  
Tarry no more without,  
But come and dwell within.

True sunlight of the soul,  
Surround me as I go ;  
So shall my way be safe,  
My feet no straying know.

Great love of God, come in,  
Well-spring of heavenly peace,  
Thou Living Water, come,  
Spring up, and never cease.

Love of the living God,  
Of Father and of Son,  
Love of the Holy Ghost,  
Fill thou each needy one.

Praise to the Father give,  
The Spirit and the Son ;  
Praise for the mighty love  
Of the great Three-in-One.



*Credo, Domine Opinator.*

[ ASK a perfect creed !  
Oh that to me were given  
The teaching that leads none astray,  
The scholarship of heaven ;  
Sure wisdom and pure light,  
With lowly, loving fear ;  
The steadfast, ever-looking eye,  
The ever-listening ear ;  
Calm faith that grasps the word  
Of Him who cannot lie ;  
That hears alone the voice divine,  
Though crowds are standing by.  
The one whole truth I seek,  
In this sad age of strife ;  
The truth of Him who is the Truth,  
And in whose truth is life.

Truth which contains true rest,  
Which is the grave of doubt,  
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,  
And casts the falsehood out.

O true One, give me truth,  
And let it quench in me  
The thirst of this long-craving heart,  
And set my spirit free.

O Truth of God, destroy  
The cloud, the chain, the war ;  
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,  
My bright and morning-star !



**Up, My Soul, 't is Day.**

**U**P now, my soul, 't is day !  
Lone night has fled away ;  
How soft yon eastern blue !  
How fresh this morning dew !

Peace rests on yon green hill,  
Joy sparkles in yon rill ;  
Join thou earth's song of love,  
That pours from every grove.

Be happy in thy God ;  
On Him cast every load,  
To Him bring every care,  
To Him pour out thy prayer.

To Him thy morning praise  
 With joyful spirit raise,  
 The God of morn and even,  
 The light of earth and heaven.

Be thou His happy child,  
 Loved, blest, and reconciled ;  
 Walk calmly on, each hour  
 Safe in His love and power.

Work for Him gladly here,  
 Without a grudge or fear ;  
 Thy labour shall be light,  
 And all thy days be bright !



**Lucy.**

**A**LL night we watched the ebbing life,  
 As if its flight to stay ;  
 Till, as the dawn was coming up,  
 Our last hope passed away.

She was the music of our home,  
 A day that knew no night,  
 The fragrance of our garden-bower,  
 A thing all smiles and light.

Above the couch we bent and prayed,  
 In the half-lighted room ;  
 As the bright hues of infant-life  
 Sank slowly into gloom.

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Each flutter of the pulse we marked,  
Each quiver of the eye ;  
To the dear lips our ear we laid,  
To catch the last low sigh.

We stroked the little sinking cheeks,  
The forehead pale and fair ;  
We kissed the small, round, ruby mouth,  
For Lucy still was there.

We fondly smoothed the scattered curls  
Of her rich golden hair ;  
We held the gentle palm in ours,  
For Lucy still was there.

At last the fluttering pulse stood still.  
The death-frost through her clay  
Stole slowly ; and, as morn came up,  
Our sweet flower passed away.

The form remained ; but there was now  
No soul our love to share ;  
No warm responding lip to kiss ;  
For Lucy was not there.

Farewell, with weeping hearts we said,  
Child of our love and care !  
And then we ceased to kiss those lips,  
For Lucy was not there.

But years are moving quickly past,  
And time will soon be o'er ;  
Death shall be swallowed up of life  
On the immortal shore.



Then shall we clasp that hand once more,  
And smooth that golden hair ;  
Then shall we kiss those lips again,  
When Lucy shall be there.

*August 20, 1858.*



### Sunset and Sunrise.

To H. N. B.

THIS day of war and weariness  
Will soon with me be done ;  
But thine, my child of love and joy,  
Is only now begun.

Time's years of fever and unrest  
Are nearly run for me ;  
But life, with all its ill and good,  
Is still in store for thee.

My flowers have faded, and my fruit  
Is drooping from the tree ;  
The blossoms of the golden year  
Are opening all on thee.

My harvest, with its gathered sheaves,  
Is almost over now ;  
But thine is coming up, my child,  
When I am lying low.

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'T is May, all May upon thy cheek,  
'T is autumn now on mine ;  
The chill of eve is on my brow,  
The dew of morn on thine.

I've seen what thou art yet to see,  
And felt what thou must feel ;  
I know each winding of the way,  
Each rock, and stream, and hill.

My eyes ere long shall weep their last,  
Their springs will soon run dry ;  
But all thy tears are yet to flow,  
Ere thou shalt rest on high.

The farewells dying on my lips  
Are living still on thine ;  
'T is sunrise on thy glowing peaks,  
'T is sunset upon mine.

I leave the banquet-hall of time  
As thou art coming in ;  
Take thou my place, and be thy feast  
Sweeter than mine has been.

I quit the battlefield of life,  
I give my sword to thee ;  
It is thy father's father's sword,  
It leads to victory.

I leave the warfare and the work,  
The watching and the way,  
For thee to finish, when this head  
Rests on its couch of clay.

Go, then, fill up with useful deeds  
 Thy threescore years and ten,  
 Till He, who bade thee rise and work,  
 Bids thee lie down again.

Then lay thee down and rest, as all  
 Thy fathets have lain down ;  
 Waiting the resurrection-joy,  
 The glory and the crown !



#### The Master's Touch.

**I**N the still air the music lies unheard ;  
 In the rough marble beauty hides unseen ;  
 To wake the music and the beauty, needs  
 The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand,  
 Let not the music that is in us die ;  
 Great Sculptor, hew and polish us ; nor let,  
 Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke ; do with us as Thou wilt ;  
 Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred ;  
 Complete Thy purpose, that we may become  
 Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

**Summer of the Silent Heart.**

**T** WAS summer, and its youngest kiss  
Fell on the rose-red lip of June ;  
Veiled in delicious haze, the sun  
Made, for our vale, its tenderest noon.

The gentlest of all gentle winds  
Stole o'er the silver of the stream  
'T was summer lapt in autumn's sleep,  
The stillness of spring's stillest dream.

Away, away, among the woods,  
Where winds are rambling, let me too  
Rove, feeding on the summer air,  
Tasting the freshness of its dew.

O summer of the silent heart,  
How rich the song your sunshine sings !  
O luxury of tranquil thought,  
This dreamy hour of sunshine brings !

O sunshine of the laughing lip,  
Soften your colours for a day ;  
Take on this mild and mellow light,  
Mingle the quiet with the gay.

O shadows of the pensive heart,  
Glow into sunlight, as the love  
Comes down, in ever-gushing streams,  
From the great heart of God above.

The shadow and the sunlight thus  
 God tempers for us here below,  
 Mixing for us the joy and fear,  
 The safest cup for man below.

§

*Use Me.*

**M**AKE use of me, my God!  
 Let me not be forgot;  
 A broken vessel cast aside,  
 One whom Thou needest not.

I am Thy creature, Lord,  
 And made by hands divine;  
 And I am part, however mean,  
 Of this great world of Thine.

Thou usest all Thy works,  
 The weakest things that be;  
 Each has a service of its own,  
 For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,  
 The tiny drops of dew,  
 The giant peak and little hill:  
 My God, oh use me too!

Thou usest tree and flower,  
 The rivers vast and small,  
 The eagle great, the little bird  
 That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,  
The little hidden lake,  
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,  
The lily in the brake.

The huge rock in the vale,  
The sand-grain by the sea,  
The thunder of the rolling cloud,  
The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve Thee here,  
All creatures great and small ;  
Make use of me, of me, my God,  
The meanest of them all !



### Mount Dor.

NUMBERS XX. 23-29.

THEY have left the camp, with its tents out-  
spreading,

Like a garden of lilies on Edom's plain ;  
They are climbing the mountain, in silence treading  
A path which *one* shall not tread again.  
Two aged brothers the way are leading,  
There follows a youth in the solemn train.

O'er a sister's bier they have just been bending ;  
The desert prophetess sleeps hard by.  
With her toilsome sojourn nearly ending,  
With Judah's mountains before her eye,  
The echoes of Kadesh and Canaan blending,  
She has calmly turned her aside to die !

They come not to gaze on the matchless glory,  
On grandeur the like of which earth has not,—  
A billowy ocean of mountains hoary,  
A chaos of cliffs round this awful spot ;  
A vision like that in some old-world story,  
Too terrible ever to be forgot.

The desert rainbow that gleams before ye,  
But leaves your solitude doubly bleak ;  
The shadows of sunset fall ghastly o'er ye ;  
Cliff frowns upon cliff, and peak on peak :  
O rocks of the desolate, lean and hoary,  
What lip of man can your grandeur speak !

Splintered, and blasted, and thunder-smitten,  
Not a smile above, nor a hope below ;  
Shivered, and scorched, and hunger-bitten,  
No earthly lightning has seamed your brow :  
On each stone the Avenger's pen has written  
Horror and ruin, and death and woe.

The king and the priest move on unspaking,  
The desert-priest and the desert-king ;  
'T is a grave, a mountain-grave they are seeking,  
Fit end of a great life-wandering !  
And here, till the day of the glory-streaking,  
This desert-eagle must fold his wing.

The fetters of age have but lightly bound him,  
This bold sharp steep he can bravely breast ;  
With his six-score wondrous years around him,  
He climbs like youth to the mountain's crest.

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The mortal moment at last has found him,  
Willing to tarry, yet glad to rest.

Is that a tear-drop his dim eye leaving,  
As he looks his last on yon desert sun?  
Is that a sigh his faint bosom heaving,  
As he lays his ephod in silence down?  
'T was a passing mist, to his sky still cleaving;  
But the sky has brightened,—the cloud is gone!

In his shroud of rock they have gently wound him,  
'T is a Bethel-pillow that love has given;  
I see no gloom of the grave around him,  
The deathbed fetters have all been riven:  
'T is the angel of life, not of death, that has found  
him,  
And this is to him the gate of heaven.

He has seen the tombs of old Mizraim's wonder,  
Where the haughty Pharaohs embalmed recline;  
But no pyramid tomb, with its costly grandeur,  
Can once be compared with this mountain-shrine;  
No monarch of Memphis is swathed in splendour,  
High priest of the desert, like this of thine.

Not with thy nation thy bones are lying,  
Nor Israel's hills shall thy burial see;  
Yet with Edom's vultures around thee flying,  
Safe and unrifled thy dust shall be:  
Oh who would not covet so calm a dying,  
And who would not rest by the side of thee?



Not with thy fathers thy slumber tasting ;  
From sister and brother thou seem'st to flee ;  
Not in Shechem's plain are thy ashes wasting,  
Not in Machpelah thy grave shall be.  
In the land of the stranger thy dust is resting ;  
Yet who would not sleep by the side of thee ?

Alone and safe, in the happy keeping  
Of rocks and sands, till the glorious morn,  
They have laid thee down for thy lonely sleeping,  
Waysore and weary and labour-worn ;  
While faintly the sound of a nation's weeping  
From the vale beneath thee is upward borne.

As one familiar with gentle sorrow,  
With a dirge-like wailing the wind goes by,  
And echo lovingly seems to borrow  
The plaintive note of the mourner's cry,  
Which comes to-day and is gone to-morrow,  
Leaving nought for thee but the stranger's sigh.

Alone and safe, in the holy keeping  
Of Him who holdeth the grave's cold key,  
They have laid thee down for the blessèd sleeping,  
The quiet rest which His dear ones see.  
And why o'er thee should *we* weep the weeping ;  
For who would not rest by the side of thee ?

Three Hebrew cradles, the Nile palms under,  
Rocked three sweet babes upon Egypt's plain ;  
Three desert-graves must these dear ones sunder,  
Three sorrowful links of a broken chain,

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Kadesh and Hor, and Nebo yonder,—  
Three waymarks now, for the pilgrim-train.

Are these my waymarks, these tombs of ages?  
Are these my guides to the land of rest?  
Are these grim rock-tombs the stony pages,  
Which show how to follow the holy blest,  
And bid me rise 'bove each storm that rages,  
Like a weary dove to its olive nest?

Is death my way to the home undying?  
Is the desert my path to the Eden plain?  
Are these lone links that are round me lying,  
To be gathered, and all re-knit again?  
And is there, beyond this land of sighing,  
A refuge for ever from death and pain?

On this rugged cliff, while the sun is dying  
Behind yon majestic mountain wall,  
I stand,—not a cloudlet above me flying,  
Not a foot is stirring, no voices call,—  
A traveller lonely, a stranger, trying  
To muse o'er this wondrous funeral.

In silence we stand till the faint stars cover  
This grave of ages. Yes, thus would we  
Still look and linger, and gaze and hover  
About this cave where thy dust may be.  
Great priest of the desert, thy toil is over,  
And who would not rest by the side of thee?

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And night, the wan night is bending over  
 The twilight couch of the dying day,  
 With dewy eyes, like a weeping lover,  
 That doats on the beauty that will not stay,  
 And sighs that the mould so soon must cover  
 Each golden smile of the well-loved clay.

The night of ages bends softly o'er us,—  
 Four thousand autumns have well-nigh fled;  
 Love watches still the old tomb before us  
 Of sainted dust in its mountain-bed,  
 Till the longed-for trump shall awake the chorus,  
 From desert and field, of the blessed dead.



#### The Desert Journey.

SAFE across the waters,  
 Here in peace we stand,  
 See the wrecks of Egypt  
 Strewed along the sand.

Safe across the waters,  
 Foes for ever gone,  
 Now we march in safety,  
 God our guide alone.

'T is the silent desert,  
 Sand and rock and waste;  
 But the chain is broken,  
 And the peril past.

Onward, then, right onward !  
This our watchword still,  
Till we reach the glory  
Of the wondrous hill.

For the journey girded,  
Haste we on our way,  
The pillar-cloud above us,  
Guide by night and day.

Burning skies bend o'er us,  
Beneath, the burning soil ;  
Jehovah ever near us  
In our thirst and toil.

On through waste and blackness,  
O'er our desert road,  
On till Sinai greets us,  
Mountain of our God.

On past Edom's valley,  
Moab's mountain-wall,  
Jordan's sea-broad rushings,  
The pillar-cloud o'er all.

Past the palm-shaded city,  
Rock and hill our road,  
On till Salem greets us,  
City of our God !

**Jordan by Moonlight.**

**M**OONLIGHT upon this sacred stream!  
How softly glad its waters gleam,  
Like infant's smile or childhood's dream,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon the shaggy wood,  
That, age on age, has calmly stood,  
Fringing this river's holy flood,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon these hills of gloom,  
Old Moab's watch-tower and his tomb,  
Each peak a monumental dome,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon the lone unrest  
Of yon dark sea's slow-heaving breast,  
Unloved, untenanted, unblest,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon these yellow sands,  
Where yon wan ruin crumbling stands,  
The savage home of Arab bands,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight on yon far western height,  
At whose green base, a gem of light,  
Jerusalem sits fair and bright,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon yon nearer hill,  
Whence springs the prophet-healèd rill,  
Fruitful and sweet, and pleasant still,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight in yonder matchless sky,  
In which, bright bending from on high,  
Star seems with star in light to vie,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight on Pisgah's watch-tower grand,  
Whence the loved prophet saw the land  
Stretching afar from strand to strand,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight on Nebo's peak and cave,  
Where, looking down on Jordan's wave,  
God for His prophet dug the grave,—  
Beautiful!

Moonlight upon my lonely tent,  
Which, like some marble monument,  
Gleams to a spotless firmament,—  
Beautiful!

**Bethlehem.**

THEY speak to me of princely Tyre,  
That old Phœnician gem,  
Great Sidon's daughter of the north;  
But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Rome and Babylon,—  
 What can compare with them?  
 So let them praise their pride and pomp;  
 But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They praise the hundred-gated Thebes,  
 Old Mizraim's diadem,  
 The city of the sand-girt Nile;  
 But I will speak of Bethlehem.

They speak of Athens, star of Greece,  
 Her hill of Mars, her Academe,  
 Haunts of old wisdom and fair art;  
 But I will speak of Bethlehem.

Dear city, where heaven met with earth,  
 Whence sprang the rod from Jesse's stem,  
 Where Jacob's star first shone,—of thee  
 I'll speak, O happy Bethlehem!



**Seek the Things Above.**

**S**IGH not for palm and vine,  
 Nor for the sun-loved land which palm  
 and vine are shading;  
**Call** not its verdure glorious and unfading,  
 Nor its bright air delicious and divine!  
 That chiller land of thine,  
 Where spring the oak and pine,  
 Without or palm or vine,  
 Or glossy olive-grove,  
 Is worthier of thy love.

Sigh not for cloudless skies,  
Nor for the magic vales o'er which these skies  
are bending ;  
Praise not the glowing orb which every hour is  
sending  
Its light-flood, never ebbing, never ending,  
On the fair paradise  
That underneath it lies ;  
Pouring o'er earth and sea  
Its breathless brilliancy ;  
Filling the summer air  
With its untempered glare.

The greenest land which earth's clear streams are  
washing,  
The freshest shore on which earth's sea is dashing.  
Covet no sunnier strand,  
Gleaming with golden sand.  
If thou wilt still be sighing,  
For fairer climes than this,  
For realms of richer bliss,  
Sigh for the land of the undying,  
On which no blight nor curse is lying,  
Where all is holiness  
And everlasting peace ;  
Where God, upon His throne,  
Gives joy for aye ;  
The Lamb, the Light and Sun,  
Sheds glorious day.



**The Gain of Loss.**

**N**AY, give me back my blossoms,  
Said the palm-tree to the Nile;  
But the stream passed on unheeding,  
With its old familiar smile.

Give back my golden ringlets,  
Said the palm-tree to the Nile;  
But the stream swept by in silence,  
With its dimple and its smile.

With its dimple and its smile it passed,  
With its dimple and its smile,  
All heedless of the palm's low wail,  
That sunny, sunny Nile!

By Rodah's island-garden,  
With its ripple and its smile;  
By Shubra's myrtle hedgerows,  
It swept, that glorious Nile!

By Gizeh's great palm-forest  
It flashed its stately smile;  
By Bulak's river-harbour,  
That old majestic Nile!

By pyramid and palace,  
With its never-ending smile;  
By tomb, and mosque, and mazar,  
It flowed, that mighty Nile!

Come, give me back my blossoms,  
Sighed the palm-tree to the Nile;  
But the river flowed unheeding,  
With its soft and silver smile.

With its soft and silver smile it flowed,  
With its soft and silver smile,  
All heedless of the palm-tree's sigh,  
That strange, long-wandering Nile!

It seemed to say, 'Tis better far  
To leave your flowers to me;  
I will bear their yellow beauty on  
To the wondering, wondering sea.

'Tis better they should float away  
Upon my dusky wave,  
Than find upon their native stem  
A useless home and grave.

If your sweet flowers remain with you,  
Fruitless your boughs must be;  
'Tis their departure brings the fruit:  
Give your bright flowers to me.

Nay, ask not back your blossoms,  
To the palm-tree said the Nile;  
Let me keep them, said the river,  
With its sweet and sunny smile.

And the palm gave up its blossoms  
To its friend so wise and old,  
And saw them all, unsighing,  
Float down the river's gold.

The amber tresses vanished,  
And the dear spring-fragrance fled,  
But the welcome fruit in clusters  
Came richly up instead.

'T is thus we gain by losing,  
And win by failure here ;  
We doff the gleaming tinsel,  
The golden crown to wear.

Our sickness is our healing,  
Our weakness is our might ;  
Life is but death's fair offspring,  
And day the child of night.

'T is thus we rise by setting,  
Through darkness reach our day,  
Our own ways hourly losing,  
To find the eternal way.

'T is by defeat we conquer,  
Grow rich by growing poor ;  
And from our largest givings  
We draw our fullest store.

Then let the blossoms perish,  
And let the fragrance go ;  
All the surer and the larger  
Is the harvest we shall know.

All the sweeter and the louder  
Our song of harvest-home,  
When earth's ripe autumn smileth,  
And the reaping-day has come.

**Cross and Throne.**

**T**HE cross, it standeth fast.  
Hallelujah !  
The winds of hell have blown,  
Yet 't is not overthrown.  
Hallelujah !  
It shall stand for ever.

It is the old cross still,  
Hallelujah !  
On which the living One  
Did for man's sin atone.  
Hallelujah !  
It shall stand for ever.

Old cross, on thee I lean.  
Hallelujah !  
Old, and yet ever new,  
I glory still in you.  
Hallelujah !  
Thou shalt stand for ever.

Beneath thy shade I sit,  
Hallelujah !  
O tree of health divine,  
My refuge, even mine.  
Hallelujah !  
Thou shalt stand for ever.

The blood is on thee yet,—  
                                   Hallelujah!  
 The blood that maketh clean  
 The soul from stain and sin;  
                                   Hallelujah!  
                   Thou shalt stand for ever.

And yet beyond thee still,—  
                                   Hallelujah!  
 I look and see a throne,  
 Christ's throne and mine in one;  
                                   Hallelujah!  
                   Throne and cross for ever.



**The War Song of the Church.**

**S**OUNDS the trumpet from afar!  
 Soldiers of the holy war,  
 Rise; for you your Captain waits;  
 Rise, the foe is at the gates.

Arm! the conflict has begun;  
 Fight! the battle must be won;  
 Lift the banner to the sky,  
 Wave its blazing folds on high.

Banner of the blessed tree,—  
 Round its glory gather ye!  
 Warriors of the crown and cross,  
 What is earthly gain or loss?

Life with death, and death with life  
Closes now in deadly strife;  
Help us with Thy shield and sword,  
King and Captain, mighty Lord!

King of glory Thou alone,  
King of kings, Thy name we own!  
With Thy banner overhead,  
Not ten thousand foes we dread.

Spare not toil, nor blood, nor pain,  
Not a stroke descends in vain;  
Wounded, still no foot we yield  
On this ancient battle-field.

More than conquerors even now,  
With the war-sweat on our brow,  
Onward o'er the well-marked road,  
March we as the host of God.

Royal is the sword we wield,  
Royal is our battle-field,  
Royal is our victory,  
Royal shall our triumph be.



**Upward.**

**U**PWARD, where the stars are burning,  
Silent, silent, in their turning  
Round the never-changing pole;  
Upward, where the sky is brightest,  
Upward, where the blue is lightest,  
Lift I now my longing soul.

Far above that arch of gladness,  
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,  
Are the many mansions fair.  
Far from pain and sin and folly,  
In that palace of the holy,  
I would find my mansion there.

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,  
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,  
And the discord never comes ;  
Where life's stream is ever laving,  
And the palm is ever waving,  
That must be the home of homes.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
By ten thousand voices greeted,  
Lord of lords, and Kings of kings.  
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,  
Son of God, they own, they own Him ;  
With His name the city rings.

Blessing, honour, without measure,  
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,  
Lay we at His blessèd feet.  
Poor the praise that now we render,  
Loud shall be our voices yonder,  
When before His throne we meet.

**The Work that Saves.**

**D**ONE is the work that saves,  
Once and for ever done;  
Finished the righteousness  
That clothes the unrighteous one.  
The love that blesses us below  
Is flowing freely to us now.

The sacrifice is o'er,  
The veil is rent in twain,  
The mercy-seat is red  
With blood of victim slain;  
Why stand ye then without, in fear?  
The blood divine invites us near.

The gate is open wide;  
The new and living way  
Is clear and free and bright,  
With love and peace and day.  
Into the holiest now we come,  
Our present and our endless home.

Upon the mercy-seat  
The High Priest sits within;  
The blood is in His hand  
Which makes and keeps us clean.  
With boldness let us now draw near  
That blood has banished every fear.





O King of peace, this peace bestow  
Upon a stranger here below ;  
O God of peace, Thy peace impart  
To every troubled trembling heart.

Peace from the Father and the Son,  
Peace from the Spirit, all His own ;  
Peace that shall never more be lost,  
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



### **The White Raiment.**

THE babe, the bride, the quiet dead,  
Clad in peculiar raiment all,  
Yet each puts on the spotless white  
Of cradle, shroud, and bridal hall.

The babe, the bride, the shrouded dead,  
Each entering on an untried home,  
Wears the one badge, the one fair hue,  
Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

Of death and life, of mirth and grief,  
We take it as the symbol true ;  
It suits the smile, it suits the sigh,  
That raiment of the stainless hue.

Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom,  
That diapason of the light ;  
Not the soft sunset's silken glow,  
Or flush of gorgeous chrysolite.

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 3. OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE  
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**There laid they Jesus.**

**R**EST, weary Son of God; and I, with Thee,  
Rest in that rest of Thine.  
My weariness was Thine; Thou barest it,  
And now Thy rest is mine.

Rest, weary Son of God, we joy to think  
That all Thy toil is done.  
No ache, no pang, no sigh for Thee again;  
Thy joy is now begun.

Thy life on earth was one sad weariness;  
Nowhere to lay Thine head.  
Thy days were toil and heat; Thy lonely nights  
Sought some cold mountain bed.

How calmly in that tomb Thou liest now,  
Thy rest how still and deep.  
O'er Thee in love the Father rests, He gives  
To His belovèd sleep.

On Bethel-pillow now Thy head is laid  
In Joseph's rock-hewn cell;  
Thy watchers are the angels of Thy God,  
They guard Thy slumbers well.

With Thee Thy God and Father still abides,  
And Thou art not alone.  
He in that still dark chamber is with Thee  
The well-belovèd Son.

Oh, silent, silent is Thy earthly tomb !  
The raging of Thy foes  
Is ended all ; nor Jew nor Roman now  
Can ruffle Thy repose.

No rabble-roar, nor din, nor scoff,  
Can reach Thy holy ear ;  
Hatred may shout, or love draw near to weep,  
But nought now canst Thou hear.

Rest, weary Son of God ! Thy work is done,  
And all Thy burdens borne ;  
Rest on that stone, till the third sun has brought  
Thine everlasting morn.

Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest,  
Upon the throne above,  
Rise, weary Son of man, to carry out  
Thy glorious work of love.

Ours may be yet a way of strife and toil,  
But Thou from all art free ;  
Our future is an unknown weariness,  
But all is well with Thee.



**Come Unto Me.**

A SINFUL man am I,  
Therefore I come to Thee ;  
To Thee the Holy and the Just,  
That Thou mayest pity me.

Wert Thou not holy, Lord,  
Why should I come to Thee?  
It is Thy holiness that makes  
Thee, Lord, so meet for me.

Wert Thou not gracious, Lord,  
I must in dread depart;  
It is the riches of Thy grace  
That win and draw my heart.

Wert Thou not righteous, Lord,  
I dare not come to Thee;  
It is a righteous pardon, Lord,  
Alone that suiteth me.

Our God is love,—we come;  
Our God is light,—we stay;  
Abiding ever in His word,  
And walking in His way.

Mercy and truth are His,  
Unchanging faithfulness;  
The cross is all our boast and trust,  
And Jesus is our peace.

We give Thee glory, Lord,  
Thy majesty adore;  
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
We bless for evermore.

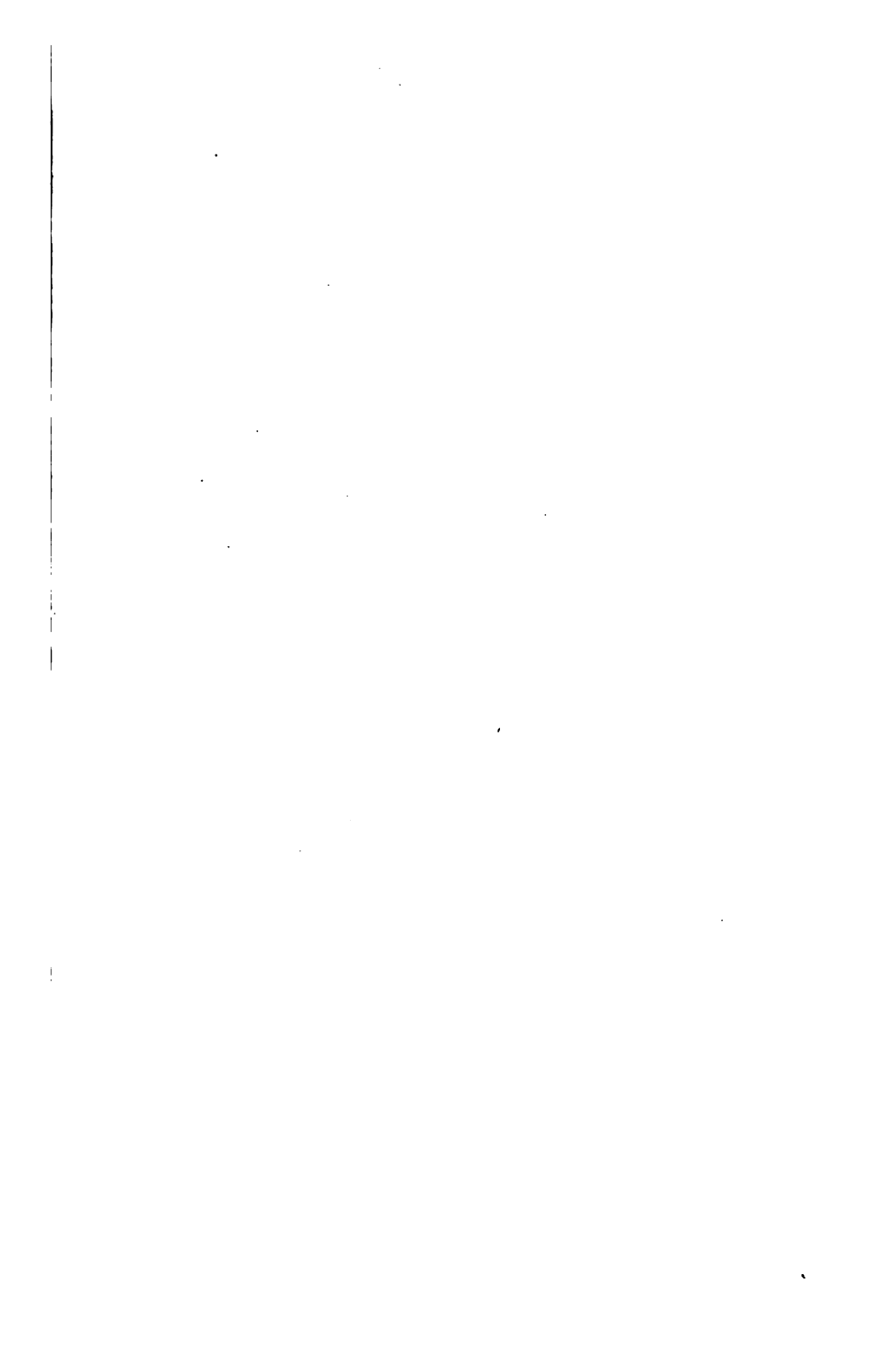
**The Cross.**

**B**Y the cross of Jesus standing,  
Love our straitened souls expanding,  
Taste we now the peace and grace!  
Health from yonder tree is flowing,  
Heavenly light is on it glowing,  
From the blessed Sufferer's face.

Here the holy, happy greeting,  
Here the calm and joyful meeting,  
God with man in glad accord;  
Love that cross to us is telling,  
Darkness, doubt, and fear dispelling;  
Love in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Here is pardon's pledge and token,  
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,  
Righteous peace securely made.  
Brightens now the brow once shaded,  
Freshens now the face once faded,  
Peace with God now makes us glad.

All the love of God is yonder,  
Love above all thought and wonder,  
Perfect love that casts out fear.  
Strength like dew is here distilling,  
Glorious life our souls is filling,  
Life eternal, only here!





Confession & peace

No; not despairingly

Come I to thee;

No, not distrustingly

Bend I the knee.

Thou hath gone over me

Yet in this state my plea,

Jesus hath died.

---

Here the living water wellet,  
Here the Rock, now smitten, telleth  
Of salvation freely given.  
This the fount of love and pity,  
This the pathway to the city,  
This the very gate of heaven!



**Confession and Peace.**

**N**O, not despairingly  
Come I to Thee;  
No, not distrustingly  
Bend I the knee.  
Sin hath gone over me,  
Yet is this still my plea,  
Jesus hath died.

Ah, mine iniquity  
Crimson has been:  
Infinite, infinite,  
Sin upon sin:  
Sin of not loving Thee,  
Sin of not trusting Thee,  
Infinite sin.

Lord, I confess to Thee  
Sadly my sin;  
All I am tell I Thee,  
All I have been.

Purge Thou my sin away,  
Wash Thou my soul this day;  
Lord, make me clean.

Faithful and just art Thou,  
Forgiving all;  
Loving and kind art Thou  
When poor ones call.  
Lord, let the cleansing blood,  
Blood of the Lamb of God,  
Pass o'er my soul.

Then all is peace and light  
This soul within;  
Thus shall I walk with Thee  
The loved unseen.  
Leaning on Thee, my God,  
Guided along the road,  
Nothing between.



### **Resurrection.**

**S**OON this corruptible  
Shall, from the tomb,  
Rise incorruptible,  
Leaving the gloom.  
Soon shall this mortal frame  
Spring from its bed of shame,  
When Christ hath come.

Bright morn of morns to me,  
When I arise,  
Leaving the grave behind ;  
When these dull eyes  
Shall my Redeemer see  
In immortality,  
In yonder skies !

Then shall the glorious hope  
Come from on high ;  
Death shall be swallowed up  
In victory.  
Then shall we gladly sing,  
Death, where is now thy sting,  
Thy victory ?

Grave, where thy triumph now,  
Thy victory ?  
Where are thy captives now ?  
Set free, set free !  
Torn from thy grasp are they,  
Plucked from thy power away,  
Set free, set free !

Thanks then to God our Lord,  
Thanks ever be !  
Praises to Christ our Lord  
For ever be !  
Who, o'er the mortal gloom,  
Who, o'er the hateful tomb,  
Gives victory.

**Intercession.**

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,  
To Thy goodness flee ;  
When the heavy-laden cast  
All their load on Thee ;  
When the troubled, seeking peace,  
On Thy name shall call ;  
When the sinner, seeking life,  
At Thy feet shall fall :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,  
Lifts his soul above ;  
When the prodigal looks back  
To his father's love ;  
When the proud man, from his pride,  
Stoops to seek Thy face ;  
When the burdened brings his guilt  
To Thy throne of grace :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end ;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend ;

---

When the sailor on the wave  
Bows the fervent knee ;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care,  
In the city crowd ;  
When the shepherd on the moor,  
Names the name of God ;  
When the learned and the high,  
Tired of earthly fame,  
Upon higher joys intent,  
Name the blessed name :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip,  
Youth, or maiden fair ;  
When the aged, weak and grey,  
Seek Thy face in prayer ;  
When the widow weeps to Thee,  
Sad and lone and low ;  
When the orphan brings to Thee  
All his orphan woe :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,  
Heaves her heavy groan ;  
When Thy Salem's exiled sons  
Breathe their bitter moan ;

When Thy widowed, weeping Church,  
 Looking for a home,  
 Sendeth up her silent sigh,  
 Come, Lord Jesus, come !  
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.



**Dressing on.**

**T**HIS is the day of toil,  
 Beneath earth's sultry noon,  
 This is the day of service true ;  
 But the rest cometh soon.  
 Hallelujah !  
 There remains a rest for us.

Serve we our God in faith,  
 No work for Him is vain ;  
 Blessèd and holy is the toil,  
 And infinite the gain.  
 Hallelujah !  
 There remains a rest for us.

Spend and be spent would we,  
 While lasteth time's brief day ;  
 No turning back in coward fear,  
 No lingering by the way.  
 Hallelujah !  
 There remains a rest for us.

No fear of man or fiend,  
No shrinking from the cross ;  
We know what we have left behind,  
We know the gain and loss.  
Hallelujah !  
There remains a rest for us.

Onward we press in haste,  
Upward our journey still ;  
Ours is the path the Master trod,  
Through good report and ill.  
Hallelujah !  
There remains a rest for us.

We have forsaken all,  
Jesus, to follow Thee,  
We counted well the cost, O Lord,  
We pay it cheerfully.  
Hallelujah !  
There remains a rest for us.

The way may rougher grow,  
The weariness increase ;  
We gird our loins and hasten on,  
The end, the end is peace.  
Hallelujah !  
There remains a rest for us.



**We Follow Thee.**

**T**HROUGH good report and evil, Lord,  
Still guided by Thy faithful word,  
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,  
We follow Thee.

In silence of the lonely night,  
In the full glow of day's clear light,  
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,  
We follow Thee.

Strengthened by Thee, we forward go,  
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe ;  
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,  
We follow Thee.

With enemies on every side,  
We lean on Thee, the Crucified ;  
Forsaking all on earth beside,  
We follow Thee.

Great Master, point Thou out the way,  
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray ;  
Then in the path that leads to day,  
We follow Thee.

Thou hast passed on before our face,  
Thy footsteps on the way we trace ;  
Oh keep us, aid us by Thy grace :  
We follow Thee.

Whom have we in the heaven above,  
Whom on this earth save Thee to love?  
Still in Thy light we onward move :  
We follow Thee.

**Light for Work.**

**L**ORD, give me light to do Thy work ;  
For only, Lord, from Thee  
Can come the light, by which these eyes  
The way of work can see.

The way is narrow, often dark,  
With lights and shadows strewn ;  
I wander oft, and think it Thine,  
When walking in my own.

Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,  
And pleasant is the way ;  
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I  
All prone to go astray.

Oh send me light to do Thy work !  
More light, more wisdom give !  
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,  
While on Thine earth I live.

The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord ;  
It is Thy race we run ;  
Give light, and then shall all I do  
Be well and truly done.

**Thankful Remembrances.**

I LOOK along the past, and gather themes  
For praise to Thee, my ever-gracious God.  
It is a past of mercy, and it teems  
With goodness at each step along the road.

Not always gladness and prosperity,  
But always goodness from Thy patient hand ;  
Always the love that, even in saddest day,  
Traced its clear prints upon time's silent sand.

I thank Thee for a holy ancestry ;  
I bless Thee for a godly parentage ;  
For seeds of truth and light and purity,  
Sown in this heart from childhood's earliest age.

For word and church and watchful ministry,—  
The beacon and the tutor and the guide ;  
For the parental hand and lip and eye,  
That kept me far from snares on every side.

I thank Thee for a true and noble creed,  
For wisdom, poetry, and gentle song ;  
For the bright flower, and for the wayside weed,  
The friendship of the kind and brave and strong.

I thank the love that kept my life from sin,  
Even when my heart was far from God and truth ;  
That gave me, for a lifetime's heritage,  
The purities of unpolluted youth ;

That kept my eyes from gazing on the wrong,  
And taught them all the sweetness of the right ;  
That made me, in my quiet hours, to long  
To get beyond this darkness into light ;

That shewed me that the world was not a rest,  
Even when it looked the loveliest, and its face  
Shone with the gladness of the glowing east,  
When it foretells a noon of cloudlessness ;

That told me that all pomp was but a name ;  
That gold and silver were not life and joy ;  
That what to-day bestowed of love or fame,  
To-morrow's breath would wither and destroy ;

That kept me from the riotous and rude,  
The oath, the lust, the revel, the lewd song ;  
That drew my footsteps to the wise and good,  
And bid me shun the pleasure-loving throng ;

That made me feel, even amid scenes most bright,  
At times a strange, dark void and vacancy ;  
A longing for the real and infinite,  
For something that would fill and satisfy ;

For suns that would not set ; for stars and skies  
O'er which no sorrow-laden cloud would sweep ;  
Beauty that lives, and love that never dies ;  
A deeper and diviner fellowship.

If earthly beauty, said I, be so fair,  
How fairer far the beautiful above !  
If creature love be so exceeding dear,  
How dearer far the uncreated love !

O birth-place of the loveliness and light,  
 That shine so sweetly over earth and sea !  
 How excellent must Thou, the infinite,  
 Eternal Source of all that beauty, be !  
 Show me Thyself, then all is well with me,  
 Being of beings, fulness evermore ;  
 Then shall my soul possess, my God, in Thee  
 Its never-emptying, everlasting store.  
 So shall the world be crucified to me,  
 So to the world shall I be crucified ;  
 Thy face in righteousness, Lord, I shall see ;  
 When I awake, I shall be satisfied.



**Let us not rend it.**

**S**EAMLESS and fair !  
 Let us not rend Thy perfect raiment, Lord !  
 But ever keep it whole throughout,  
 Maintaining in Thy Church a blest accord.  
 Let all be one !  
 One Church, one faith, one love, one hope,  
 one joy.  
 One Bridegroom, and one holy bride.  
 This unity divine let none destroy.  
 One temple vast !  
 Built of living stones by Thine own hand,  
 One household, and one brotherhood,  
 Knit all together by love's perfect band.

Let truth prevail!

Truth ever true, not shifting with the wind.  
Walk we in light, as sons of noon,  
The shadows that divide us left behind.

Let love prevail!

Love, the most excellent of gifts divine;  
The love that seeketh not her own,  
Long-suffering love, all-patient, Lord, like Thine.

Let love prevail!

The love that envies not, that thinks no ill,  
That faileth not, but ever lives,  
All things believing, hoping, bearing still.

So be it, Lord!

Even here on earth, where all things broken lie;  
So shall it be in love's own day,  
In love's own kingdom everlastingly.



**The Song of the Lamb.**

**I**NTO the heaven of the heavens hath He gone;  
Sitteth He now in the joy of the throne;  
Weareth He now of the kingdom the crown;  
Singeth He now the new song with His own.

Dwelleth the light of the glory with Him,  
Light of a glory that cannot grow dim,  
Light in its silence and beauty and calm,  
Light in its gladness and brightness and balm.

Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war,  
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar ;  
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end,  
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.

Soundeth the heaven of the heavens with His name,  
Ringeth the earth with His glory and fame ;  
Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flower,  
Echo His praises and tell of His power.

Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,  
Ever descendeth the love from on high ;  
Blessing, and honour, and glory, and praise,  
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

Life of all life, and true Light of all light,  
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright ;  
Son of the Salem whose lamp is the Lamb,  
Theme of the ever new, ever glad psalm !

Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,  
Take we the robe, and the harp, and the palm ;  
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,  
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power,  
Wisdom, and riches, and strength evermore,  
Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,  
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

**Praise.**

**G**LORY be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Glory be to God the Spirit,  
Great Jehovah, Three in One;  
Glory, glory,  
While eternal ages run!

Glory be to Him who loved us,  
Washed us from each spot and stain;  
Glory be to Him who bought us,  
Made us kings with Him to reign;  
Glory, glory,  
To the Lamb that once was slain.

Glory to the King of angels,  
Glory to the Church's King,  
Glory to the King of nations,  
Heaven and earth your praises bring:  
Glory, glory,  
To the King of glory bring!

Glory, blessing, praise eternal!  
Thus the choir of angels sings;  
Honour, riches, power, dominion!  
Thus its praise creation brings;  
Glory, glory,  
Glory to the King of kings!



**Prayer for the Children.**

**F**ATHER, our children keep!  
We know not what is coming on the earth;  
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing,  
Oh keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them  
birth.

Father, draw nearer us!  
Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;  
Oh clasp our children closer to Thy side,  
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

Them in Thy chambers hide!  
Oh hide them and preserve them calm and safe,  
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,  
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

Oh keep them undefiled!  
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin;  
That, clothed in white, through the bright city-  
gates,  
They may with us in triumph enter in.

**The Time of Flowers.**

SONG OF SOLOMON, ii. 8.

**H**OW sweetly doth He shew His face,  
How gently speak and say,  
Rise up, My love, My fair one, rise,  
And come away!  
Past is the winter and the cold,  
The rain is o'er and gone;  
The flowers appear upon the earth,  
Now glows the sun!

The singing of the birds is come;  
All listening now we stand;  
The turtle-dove's low note is heard  
Through all the land.  
The fig-tree buds, the tender vines  
Are fragrant as the day;  
Arise, My love, My beautiful,  
And come away!

My dove, who in yon rock of rocks  
Dost in My love rejoice,  
Come, let Me see thy countenance,  
And hear thy voice.  
Mine my Belovèd is, I His;  
Among the lilies He  
Feedeth, until the morning breaks  
And shadows flee!

## Evening by Evening.

Advesperascit ; et inclinavit dies.

GOOD-NIGHT, ye gems of beauty,

Good-night, thou gentle blue ;  
On quiet bed I lay me,

And bid farewell to you.

Good-night, ye wakeful woodlands,

Good-night, ye sleeping flowers,  
Amid whose smiles and odours

I've passed day's wayward hours.

Good-night, ye star-tipt mountains,

Old friends, the tried and true ;

Good-night, ye wandering waters ;

Ocean, good-night to you.

Good-night to all, but not to Thee,

My God, who ever art with me.

Good-night, dear faces round me,

Night's hours will swiftly run ;

And we shall say, Good-morning,

At the ascending sun.

The farewell hour is coming,

The last good-night is near,

When I shall part in silence

With those who love me here.

Then, all my farewells over,

Just passing out of sight,

Unweeping and untrembling,

I'll *look* my last good-night.

Good-night to all, but not to Thee,

My God, who ever art with me.

Yet not good-night for ever ;  
For He who is my day  
Will wake me soon ;—I see Him  
Already on His way.  
No, not good-night for ever ;  
I shall but sleep in Him,  
Who shall arouse me early,  
While yet the dawn is dim,—  
Who shall arouse me early,  
And bid this flesh arise,  
In glorious resurrection,  
To meet Him in the skies.  
Good-night to all, but not to Thee,  
My God, who ever art with me.

I see Him,—lo, He cometh !  
Himself the morning light,  
To bring the dawn of gladness,  
The dawn that knows no night.  
O Bridegroom of the morning !  
Bright Bringer of the day,  
Put on Thy fair adorning,  
Thy beautiful array.  
Lord Jesus, Star of evening,  
Yet Star of morning too ;  
Earth's uncreated Splendour,  
Rise on our longing view.  
Good-night to all, but not to Thee,  
My God, who ever art with me.

**Homeward.**

**T**O my belovèd ones my steps are moving ;  
Not hard the road that ends in love and  
home.

Have done my eyes, have done my feet with roving ;  
'T is to the well-known gate I look and come.

*Your* watch is now on the eternal mountains ;  
*Our* eyes are gazing upward from afar.  
*Your* rest is now by the clear-welling fountains ;  
*Ours* is the journey still, the toil and war.

Years have gone by since the last words were spoken ;  
O loved and saved, how gladly shall we meet  
In the home-city, where no ties are broken,  
Where love is perfect, fellowship complete !

I see your crowns, the wreaths which cannot wither,  
And from the city-walls ye beckon me ;  
'Come up, and tarry not. Oh, come up hither,  
To this dear land of light we welcome thee !'

Only a little while : a little longer  
Of tarrance here upon these death-swept plains.  
O well-belovèd, death is growing stronger,  
And life more feeble in these ebbing veins.

To follow you we are each day preparing ;  
And where you are, there we shall shortly be.  
Death is to us but as an angel, bearing  
The keys of life and immortality.

Yet not the less we say, 'Twere surely better  
That He should come and summon us away  
To meet Him in the sky, ere yet the fetter  
Of dark corruption bind our crumbling clay.

Then ye who slept, and we who knew no sleeping,  
Should meet together each to tell his tale;  
The tale of earthly weariness and weeping,  
The short strange story of Time's cloudy vail.

Come then, Lord Jesus, come! Thy Church is  
calling;  
The world is old, though still its skies are blue.  
Its flowers are fading, and its leaves are falling;  
Come in Thy glory to make all things new.



### **Divine Discipline.**

*Patior ut videam.*

I SUFFER, that I may behold, when pain  
Has passed away, Thy face in righteousness.  
It is the suffering here that fits the soul  
For the bright vision of eternal bliss.

I suffer, that these dim, dim eyes of mine  
May be thus purified, and made to see  
Afar off even, now, and farther still,  
In the vast vistas of eternity.

Only the touch of suffering can remove  
This earth-born dulness from my narrow sight ;  
Only the healing which the rod imparts  
Can fit me for beholding holy light.

I suffer, that I may behold the cross  
In all its fitness for a soul like mine ;  
Who but a sufferer knows what such a cross  
Can mean, or see its glory fully shine ?

I suffer here, that I may taste the joy  
Hereafter in the city of the blest ;  
That I may bear the brilliance that shall burst  
Upon us in the Paradise of rest.

Our present light affliction, which endures  
But for a moment, worketh for us there  
A weight of glory, such as sorrow here  
Alone can fit us to possess or bear.

Only the pressure of a loving hand,  
A hand as tender as divinely wise,  
Can lift these drooping eyelids, and impart  
True health and vigour to these sickly eyes.

I suffer, that I may be strong to gaze  
Upon the glory yet to be revealed ;  
Glory which we shall yet in joy behold,  
When earthly vision shall be purged and healed.

O silent arrows of the Lord my God,  
O secret touches of a hand unseen,  
O sharpness of the sweet but bitter rod,  
Yet softness of the still small voice within !

**The Mighty God.**

**A**SCRIBE ye strength to God !  
The mighty Lord is He,  
The God of majesty,  
Jehovah is His name ;  
O'er all the earth His fame :  
Ascribe ye strength to God !

His strength is in the clouds !  
Girded with glorious might,  
Compassed about with night ;  
Yet light His dwelling-place,  
And light in all His ways.  
His strength is in the clouds !

He rideth on the heavens !  
The heaven of heavens is His,  
With all its light and bliss ;  
His are the stars of light,  
His is the solemn night.  
He rideth on the heavens !

Sing loud to God our strength !  
Rejoice and praise His name,  
Rejoice and sound His fame ;  
Rejoice and tell His grace,  
Rejoice before His face.  
Sing loud to God our strength !



His kingdom knows no end !  
 The King of kings is He,  
 The Lord of lords is He,  
 The God of gods is He,  
 The Judge of earth is He.  
 His kingdom knows no end !



**Divine Acquaintanceship.**

**A**CQUAINT thyself with God !  
 Know thou His tender love ;  
 So shall the healing sunshine fall  
 Upon thee from above.  
 Acquaint thyself with God !  
 In Him alone is peace,—  
 Rest for the weary child of time,  
 And everlasting bliss.

Acquaint thyself with God !  
 Choose thou the better part ;  
 So shall His heavenly sunlight be  
 The day-spring of thy heart.  
 Acquaint thyself with God !  
 He bids thee seek His face,  
 That thus thy youthful soul may taste  
 The sweetness of His grace.

Acquaint thyself with God !  
 In Jesus and His cross  
 Read there that love which makes all loss  
 But gain, all gain but loss.

Acquaint thyself with God  
In childhood's joyous prime ;  
So shall thy life a foretaste prove  
Of heaven's long summer-time.



**Praise.**

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, all things that be !  
Sky, sun, and moon, with every star ;  
All things above, below, Him praise,  
In whom we live, and move, and are.  
Praise ye the Lord !  
Praise Him with one accord ;  
Praise Him for evermore.

Praise ye the everlasting God !  
The God of majesty and might ;  
The God of grace, and truth, and love,  
The God of glory infinite.  
Praise ye the Lord !  
Praise Him with one accord ;  
Praise Him for evermore.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The one Jehovah, God, and Lord ;—  
Creator of the earth and heaven,  
For ever be His name adored.  
Praise ye the Lord !  
Praise Him with one accord ;  
Praise Him for evermore.

**The Fountainhead of Beauty.**

I WAS in love with hill and vale,  
The noon's warm flush, the starlight pale,  
The murmur of the midnight gale,  
The mirth of wayward streams.  
I wooed the silence of the night,  
The blushes of the bursting light,  
The sea's green depths, the heaven's blue height,  
And days went by in dreams.

I sought the shadows of the wood,  
I woke the glen's low solitude ;  
I mused above the mountain-flood,—  
Days of the rock and grove !  
The tide's great ebb and flow, to me  
Was speech, and psalm, and minstrelsy ;  
O musical and mighty sea !  
Young life went by in love.

And shall I cease to love you now,  
Ye hills above, ye rocks below,  
Because I see your beauty flow  
From God the only wise ?  
Shall I not love you, praise you more,  
And fill me with your beauty's store,  
The glory of earth's wondrous shore,  
And splendour of its skies ?

When faith has now restored to me  
All childhood's dear simplicity,  
And, in heaven's own sweet liberty,  
    Made me once more a child ;  
When, standing by the cross, I read  
All nature in the light thence shed,  
No darkness and no guilty dread,—  
    Bright with the undefiled.



### Intercession.

**W**HEN it is well with thee before thy God,  
    Remember those with whom it is not well ;  
Bear them upon thy heart before that God  
    In whose glad presence thou hast learned to  
    dwell.

Pray for thy friends : let the full heart go out  
    For all thou lovest here ; forget not one :  
Count o'er the precious names ; nor let a doubt  
    Obtrude that God upon thy cry can frown.

For the dear Church of God thy prayers prolong,  
    The one wide family of God below,  
The little flock of every tribe and tongue ;  
    All one in faith, in love, in joy and woe.

For all the many members of that throng,  
    And for each fellow-pilgrim lone and faint ;  
Known or unknown, the feeble or the strong,  
    For each hard-pressed and sorrow-stricken saint.

Plead for the bleeding heart and burdened soul,  
 Plead for the weary and the wounded here ;  
 Ask that the God of health would make them  
     whole,  
 And the great Comforter dispense His cheer.

Plead for the weary earth, upon whose breast  
 Ages of evil and unrighteousness  
 Have lain, unbroken by one hour of rest ;  
 Plead for the hast'ning of the age of peace.

Plead for the advent of the promised King,  
 The reign of heavenly glory here on earth,  
 The budding of the world's eternal spring,  
 The coming of creation's second birth.



**Taken Away from the Evil to Come.**

H. R. B.

**H**E died to live ; for Jesus died :  
 He lives, to die no more.  
 Why weep for one whose tears are dried,  
 For whom all death is o'er ?

You miss the little footstep here,  
 You miss the golden smile ;  
 You miss the sunny locks so fair,  
 You miss the playful wile.

Yet all is well ; you part to meet  
And clasp your gem once more,  
When all shall deathless be, and sweet,  
On the eternal shore.

In the first opening stage of life  
The little traveller failed ;  
Too rough the road, too full of strife,—  
The gentle spirit quailed !

He laid him down to sleep, and slept  
In smiling sleep away :  
He waked not, though we called and wept ;  
He would not,—would not stay.

Gently he sighed, and gently sank  
Ere morning had begun ;  
Closing his eyes, as if he shrank  
From gazing on the sun.

In the first storm the little bark  
Went down beneath the foam ;  
In its first flight the little lark  
Soared to its kindred home.

*March, 1869.*

**Light of Life.**

LIGHT of life, so softly shining  
From the blood-besprinkled tree,  
Never waning nor declining,  
Shine, shine on me!

Light of life, so sweetly gleaming  
Down upon our troubled sea,  
With the love of Jesus beaming,  
Shine, shine on me!

Light of life, that knows no fading ;  
From all changes Thou art free.  
Holy Light, that knows no shading,  
Shine, shine on me!

Light of life, that knows no setting,  
Day and night Thy beams we see,  
Joy and peace in us begetting,  
Shine, shine on me!

Light of life, in childhood's gladness,  
To Thy radiance we would flee ;  
Be our strength in days of sadness,  
Shine, shine on me!

Light of life, all health bestowing,  
Lift we up our eyes to Thee ;  
From the cross of Jesus flowing,  
Shine, shine on me!

**The Seamless Raiment.**

‘If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole.’—  
MATT. ix. 21.

**H**EM of the seamless robe,  
Through which the virtue poured ;  
Which told that He from whom it came  
Was earth’s great King and Lord.  
With tremulous eager hand,  
Thee would I touch and grasp ;  
No force of man nor wiles of hell  
My hand should e’er unclasp.

Hem of the seamless robe,  
Which clothed our High Priest here,  
When in the lowliness of love  
He trod our earthly sphere ;  
When with His priestly hand  
He came and cleansed and healed ;  
When in the fulness of His grace  
He all that cleansing sealed.

True health, through thee, from Him  
Into this soul shall flow ;  
The health of heaven, the life of God  
Begun on earth below.  
Instead of feebleness,  
Strength shall my portion be ;  
Instead of ashes, beauty then  
Shall brightly compass me.



One touch of that fair robe  
Hath all this healing given ;  
I need but this for blessedness,  
I need but this for heaven.  
Out from its Wearer comes  
An energy divine,  
Pervading with transforming power  
This tainted soul of mine.

Who touches it is free !  
His chains are snapt in twain ;  
Immortal purity is his,  
Instead of mortal stain.  
Through it flows priestly power  
To liberate the soul ;  
It purges sin, it casts out ill,  
It makes the bruised whole.

Through it pours royal strength,  
The endless life to give ;  
It wakes the sleeper from his sleep,  
It bids the dead man live.  
This priestly-royal robe,  
The robe without a seam,  
Has wrought strange miracles on earth,  
Beyond the dreamer's dream.

Thrown o'er the soul, it works  
To quicken and to save ;  
Thrown o'er the tomb-enshrouded dust,  
It disenchants the grave.

Thrown over this sad earth,  
As yet its folds shall be,  
It shall wipe out the wasting curse,  
And bid corruption flee.

Ages of sickness then  
Shall in a moment go ;  
The age of everlasting health  
Shall be begun below.  
Ages of darkness end ;  
Light, with its fair array,  
Long veiled within the seamless robe,  
Shall burst forth into day.



#### *Elijah's Ascension.*

ON his Lord's bosom now  
He resteth from his toil ;  
Done is his fiery warfare here,  
Purged of all earthly soil.

The fiery chariot comes ;  
He knoweth well for whom :  
It halts, he enters it, and goes  
In awful splendour home.

At Jordan's margin green  
He lays his burden down,  
Shakes off mortality, and mounts  
To his eternal crown.

He does not stay to doff  
The well-worn mantle here ;  
Just as he is he passes up,  
Without a care or fear.

All travel-stained his feet,  
His sandals soiled and torn ;  
His raiment rough, and strange, and old,  
With life's sore journey worn.

With weary limbs that day,  
On farewell errands bound,  
Bethel's rough hills he climbed, then sought  
The river-plain renowned ;—

The plain where Israel's camp  
First stood on Canaan's shore ;  
The pillar-glory overheard,  
Marching in light before.

Smiting the water's strength,  
He parts the flood in twain,  
Moves o'er its dark uncovered bed,  
Not to return again.

Here, where of old the Lord  
In wondrous grace came down  
To lay His honoured saint to rest,  
Deep in a grave unknown,—

Here He descends again,  
In fiery chariot driven,  
To snatch from death His prophet-saint,  
And bear him up to heaven.

Far above Nebo's height  
He moves triumphant on ;  
From higher peaks than Pisgah's, sees  
That goodly Lebanon.

All the fair land he leaves,  
Beneath his feet now lies ;  
And Salem in her zone of hills  
Looks up to see him rise.

His mighty works are done ;  
These flaming coursers bear  
This over-wearied son of toil  
Beyond both hope and fear.

He needs no armour now,  
No buckler for his breast ;  
His fight is fought, his victory won,  
He rests where warriors rest.

But now he heard the noise  
Of Jordan's turbid roar ;  
Next moment he is by the fount  
Where living waters pour.

Fair are the palms he left  
Behind him as he rose ;  
But fairer far the palms which shade  
Life's river as it flows.

Fair is Samaria's hill,  
Bright is its crown of pride ;  
More fair the city where *she* dwells,—  
The Lamb's immortal Bride.

There, in his Father's house,  
 The pilgrim rests at last,  
 His Cherith-days, his Horeb-nights  
 Of pilgrimage all past.

No more he wars with kings,  
 Or fights with sin and wrong;  
 His are the crown, and palm, and harp,  
 And his the endless song.

#### **The Strength of Evil.**

**I**N this great world of ours  
 Nothing is small or poor;  
 For each hour's smallest thing is knit  
 To the long evermore.

The common deed or word,  
 Of which we took no heed,  
 Ends in a vast eternity,  
 As in the tree the seed.

No room to trifle here;  
 To jest away life's hours,  
 As if we were but born to laugh,  
 And sport among the flowers.

Sin spreadeth round and round  
 In all we hear or see;  
 Each drop enough to poison earth  
 And stain eternity.

Its lightest touch is death ;  
And from each spark there come  
Fires, through the ages spreading wide,  
The harbingers of doom.

The soul that sinneth dies !  
He who has swerved aside  
From the full-hearted love of God,  
He has already died.

Yet as the one sad sin  
Brought death, and woe, and strife,  
So the one Righteousness has brought  
The everlasting life.



### **The Double Star.**

**L**ONG ages came and went ;  
And, sick with hope deferred,  
The Church's voice grew faint ; she seemed  
Unnoticed and unheard.  
At length to her a Child was born,  
At length a Son was given ;  
The dayspring broke on earth,  
The love came down from heaven.

Long years have come and gone,  
And, with uplifted eye,  
The Church, with calm and silent hope,  
Has watched the eastern sky.

At length the voice shall yet be heard,  
 With which all earth shall ring :  
 Lo, this is God, our God,  
 This the long-promised King.



**Made of a Woman.**

**T**HE Christ of God hath come,  
 Long promised, long delayed !  
 True God, from heaven He cometh down ;  
 True man, of woman made.  
 The Son of God is here :  
 O fair and welcome morn ;  
 God manifest in flesh hath come,  
 To us a Child is born !  
 In lowliness He lies,  
 That blessèd Babe of heaven ;  
 Our God for us becometh man,  
 To us a Son is given !

He cometh in His love,  
 For us on earth to live ;  
 Bearing the burden of our guilt,  
 For us His life to give.  
 O many-sided love,  
 So boundless and so free !  
 Love of the cradle and the cross,  
 What joy we find in thee !

---

He cometh in His grace,  
The guilty to forgive;  
He cometh in His glorious power,  
That maketh dead men live.

He comes to live our life,  
He comes to weep our tears,  
To give us sympathy in all  
Our sorrows and our fears.  
He comes to die our death,  
To enter our dark tomb,  
To conquer our last enemy,  
And rob the grave of gloom.  
He cometh, clothed in light,  
To bid our darkness flee;  
For night to give us day, for death  
His immortality.

The Christ of God we sing,  
The Babe of Bethlehem!  
And on His infant head we place  
The royal diadem.  
The crown of thorns is His,  
That child of poverty,  
Who on this earth of ours can find  
No place His head to lay.  
The crown of heaven is His,  
And angels own Him there.  
The crown of earth shall yet be His,  
And we that crown shall share.



**The Foreglow.**

**T**HE angel has come down,  
The glory now has shone,  
The shepherds see the light and hear the voice.  
Fear not; behold I bring  
Glad tidings of your King;  
Let all the nations of the earth rejoice.

Sing a new song to-night,  
Sing, all ye stars of light,  
The Lord of Glory leaves His glorious heaven.  
To earth behold Him come  
From His celestial home;  
To us a Child is born, a Son is given!

O music of the past,  
The sweetest and the last  
Of all the notes of ages gone is this,  
That tells of the great birth,  
That sings of peace on earth,  
And man restored to more than primal bliss!

O lingering night, speed on!  
Arise, thou golden sun,  
And bring up in its joy the day of days,  
When the eternal Word,  
Creation's King and Lord,  
Takes flesh that He may flesh to glory raise!

O wailing winds, be still,  
O'er sea and plain and hill ;  
O storm and thunder, cease your tumult, cease ;  
And breathe, thou loving gale,  
Thy odours soft exhale,  
To greet the coming of the Prince of Peace !

He comes to breathe our air,  
Our very flesh to wear ;  
He comes to die our death, to bear our load ;  
He comes to still our fears,  
To wipe our falling tears,  
To heal and bless,—Jesus, the Son of God !

Upon yon silent peak  
I see the foreglow break,  
That tells of glory earth has never known ;  
The glory of the King,  
To whom all tribes shall bring  
The homage, and the honour, and the crown.

Sing out, ye sons of men,  
A louder, loftier strain !  
Lift up your voice, O happy Bethlehem !  
Let psalm and hymn ascend,  
And with the incense blend  
Arising from thy shrine, Jerusalem !

**The Song of Life.**

SWEET song of life ! oh, sound again,—  
Sound in this realm of death and pain,  
A louder, sweeter, fuller strain !

Sweet song of life ! breathe out again  
Thy low, long, lingering refrain,  
And bind us in thy blessed chain.

Be it a song of sympathies,  
Knitting together good and wise,  
As wave o'er wave its ripples rise.

A varied, ever-winding song,  
To which all cadences belong,  
Plaintive or glad, serene or strong ;

The relics of an ancient lay,  
The sunshine of an August day,  
The grandeur of great minstrelsy.

Be it a song the soul to fill,  
Its tumults to control or still,  
To nerve the ever-trembling will.

Song of the everlasting age !  
Our children's children's heritage ;  
Song of the mighty pilgrimage !

---

Song of the future and the past,  
Of love that shall for ever last,  
O'er us thy spell celestial cast.

Oh! die not down, but sweetly rise  
Above the jar of broken sighs,  
Above earth's din of angry cries.

Come up and fill the happy air,  
Chime in with all the good and fair,  
Oh! chime away all sin and care.

Awake! as once in Eden's bloom,  
When Paradise contained no tomb,  
Thy healing melody resume.

Pervade this being with thy strain,  
Charm from our limbs this binding chain,  
Let all this soul be song again.

Dear song of life! pass not away;  
Fair music of eternal day,  
For ever, ever with us stay!

Filled with thy solemn melody  
Let sky and earth, let land and sea,  
For ever and for ever be!

**The Training.**

(FROM THE DUTCH.)

**B**ELOVÈD children, let the Master train you !  
 Surely to you He meaneth nothing ill ;  
 His love to you can never know decreasing,  
 He knoweth what He does,—’t is wisdom still.  
 Patience in heavy days of dark distress  
 Works out for you the heavenly blessedness.

At last to enter the eternal glory,  
 The dross of earth, and all life’s base alloy,  
 For ever purged by the Divine Refiner ;  
 Ah, this is bliss ! this is of joys the joy !  
 God’s dearest child is he who, longest tried,  
 Thus enters in, refined and purified.

**The Cry of the Needy.**

(THE ANNUAL INTERCESSION.)

**A**LL the earth this day is crying  
 To the Lord of all the earth ;  
 All Thy churches, Lord, are pleading  
 As they wait the glorious birth,—  
 Birth of the new earth and heavens,  
 Long deferred, but promised long,—  
 Birth of nations to the glory  
 That shall fill all lands with song.

Never was the world more needy,  
Human hearts more sad and poor;  
Crying blindly for a healer,  
Seeking not the heavenly cure.  
Never was the harvest greater;  
Yet the reapers, where are they?  
Far and few, where most are needed,  
Fainting in the heat of day.

Father, in this day of weakness,  
Weary hand, and fainting knee,  
In this hour of fear and darkness,  
Now for help we turn to Thee!  
Let the sighing of the needy  
Come into Thy listening ear;  
Let Thy people, in their pleading,  
Know Thee gracious, find Thee near!

These our cries of sin and weakness  
On Thy mercy-seat we lay,  
To Thy heavenly love appealing,  
There we leave them, Lord, this day.  
There the sprinkled blood shall own them  
As we lay them at Thy feet,  
Perfumed with the priestly fragrance,  
Incense ever pure and sweet.

MONTREUX. *Jan.* 1873.

**Yet there is Room.**

**Y**ET there is room ! The Lamb's bright hall of  
 song,  
 With its fair glory, beckons thee along.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

Day is declining, and the sun is low,  
 The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

The bridal hall is filling for the feast ;  
 Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee ;  
 Make haste, make haste, 't is not too full for thee.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

Yet there is room ! Still open stands the gate,—  
 The gate of love ; it is not yet too late.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

Oh, enter in ! That banquet is for thee ;  
 That cup of everlasting joy is free.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

All heaven is there, all joy ; go in, go in !  
 The angels beckon thee the prize to win.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call ;  
 Come, lingerer, come, enter that festal hall.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom ;  
Then the last, low, long cry, ' No room, no room !'  
No room, no room ; O woful cry, ' No room !'



**Re-knitted Companionship.**

UPON this earth we lived and loved ;  
Ours was a fellowship of light :  
The outer circle might be dark,  
But all within was fair and bright,—  
A day without a night !

The friendship grew apace, and heart  
Was knit to heart each gentle day  
With closer bonds of truth, which seemed  
As if they never could decay.  
Years stole in light away !

The earth was bright to us ; the sky  
Bent overhead in beauty ; all  
Around us was a paradise.  
Our sun knew neither cloud nor fall ;  
Life was one festival !

We said, as onward still we walked,  
' This oneness cannot change or fade ;  
To-morrow shall be as to-day,  
With brightness everywhere inlaid.'  
Our spirits knew no shade.



With never-weary feet we swept  
The dewy dawn, or at sweet eve  
Wandered at will; life's golden links  
Thus daily did we interweave.  
This was for us to live!

One faith, one hope was ours,—the faith  
That can the cloudiest night illumine,  
That seeth the unseen; the hope  
That looks into the joy to come,  
Foredating rest and home!

We parted: one went up, to be  
Where partings are forgotten; where  
Life in its fulness dwells; where love  
Breathes its bright perfume through the air,  
And every face is fair.

And I was left behind, to wait  
A solemn while on earth, to long  
For the eternal meeting, where  
All sing together with one tongue  
The everlasting song!

The earth is lonelier now, when he  
Who walked with me its ways is gone;  
But soon the loneliness is o'er,  
The blank forgotten and unknown;  
Not long, not long alone!

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**Easy to be Entreated.**

JOHN iv. 10.

**H**ARD to be won! No, no, that cannot be!  
Easy to be entreated, such is He!  
Kind, meek, and lowly, seeking not His own,  
Thinking no evil, thinking love alone.

Swift to forgive and eager still to hear,  
Bidding the far-off prodigal draw near:  
'Thou wouldst have ask'd, and I,—I would have  
given.'

This surely is the very gate of heaven!

No distance, and no darkness, and no frown;  
He speaks in grace and pity all His own:  
'What willest thou that I should do to thee?'  
'Lord, that these eyes of mine the light may see!'

Oh, willingness above all willingness to give!  
To speak the word that maketh dead men live;  
To give the touch that healeth every ill;  
To say to the wild tempest, 'Peace, be still!'

See, in His hand the cup of blessing, see!  
All that large fulness, sinner, is for thee.  
Oh, take it, as with love it overflows;  
Oh, drink it! 't is the cure of all thy woes.

See how He waits to meet the coming one,  
To clasp in His embrace the long-lost son!  
How glad to succour in life's sore distress,  
To soothe to rest each child of weariness!

How ready with His pardon and His peace,  
 His love, His light, and all His heaven of bliss!  
 Try Him; He will not, cannot say thee nay:  
 Trust Him, though heaven and earth should pass  
 away.



**Asleep in Jesus.**

**T**HEY did not die!  
 They only fell asleep,  
 After their long day's heavy toil  
 Their rest is soft and deep.

They fell asleep!  
 And, round their peaceful bed,  
 Jesus the curtains of the grave  
 Has with His own hand spread.

And yet they wake!  
 Theirs is a waking sleep,  
 In Him whose faithful love shall watch,  
 And His beloved keep.

No troubled dreams!  
 Sweet is the rest they take,  
 In conscious fellowship with Him  
 In whom they sleep or wake.

Farewell, we say,  
 Until the morning light;  
 Brief are the hours of such a sleep;  
 Belovèd ones, good-night!

**The Sailor's Litany.**

**G**REAT Ruler of the land and sea,  
Almighty God, we come to Thee,  
Able to succour and to save  
From perils of the wind and wave.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

Speak to the shadows of the night,  
And turn their darkness into light;  
Smooth down the breaker's rising crest,  
Say to the billow, Be at rest!

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

Soothe the rough ocean's troubled face,  
And bid the hurricane give place  
To the soft breeze that wafts the barque  
Safely alike through light and dark.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

In storm or battle, with Thine arm  
Shield Thou the mariner from harm;  
From foes without, from ills within,  
From deeds, and words, and thoughts of sin.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

O Son of God, in days of ill  
Say to each sorrow, Peace, be still!  
In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,  
Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry.  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

When hidden is each guiding-star,  
Flash out the beacon's light afar;  
From mist, and rock, and shoal, and spray,  
Protect the sailor on his way.  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

Defend from the quick lightning's stroke,  
And from the iceberg's crushing shock;  
Take Thou the helm, and surely guide  
The wanderer o'er the wayward tide.  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

Good Pilot of the awful main,  
Let us not plead Thy love in vain;  
Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,  
Say, It is I, be not afraid.  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

**Fingal's Cave.**

'Objectae salsâ spumant aspergine cautes.'—  
VIRG. *Aen.* iii. 334.

**B**OOMING in, booming in !  
Hear the slow and sullen wave  
Of these waters never-resting,  
As they ripple, as they rave,  
Waking up the hollow silence  
Of that solitary cave,  
Which leans like chiselled tombstone  
O'er some unforgotten grave,  
Or floats like hull forsaken,  
Which no pilot's skill could save,  
Or frowns like ruined fortress,  
Once the dwelling of the brave.

Rushing up, rushing round !  
See the surges swell and leap,  
Charging full each giant column  
Of these cliffs so strange and steep ;  
Falling back upon each other,  
As with restless rush they sweep,  
O'er each rock-shelf blindly flinging  
Mingled foam and tangle-heap ;  
Or into calm soft-sinking,  
See the wavelets gently creep,—  
Coming, going, rising, falling,  
Half awake and half asleep,—  
O'er that pavement so fantastic,  
The mosaic of the deep.

Wailing low, wailing loud!  
With its sorrowful refrain,  
Moaneth deep that gale of shadows,  
Like a dirge above the slain;  
In the calm or in the tempest,  
In the sunshine or the rain,  
In the soothing summer zephyr,  
Or the wintry hurricane,  
With the starlight in its bosom,  
Or the thunder in its train,  
Through these columns of the desert,  
The Palmyra of the main.

Sounding on, sounding still!  
In the night and in the day,  
In the morn's fair flush of splendour,  
In the evening calm and grey,  
Beneath the sun's noon glory,  
Or the moon's serener ray,  
When all other sounds are silent,  
And man is far away:  
None to hear the mighty music,  
But the sea-fowl on the spray,  
Or the ear above that listens  
To His own creation's lay.

**The Fog-horn.**

ST. ABB'S HEAD.

**N**OON! yet no sunshine! Somewhere outside  
the sun  
Is wandering. Everywhere  
The wan mist gathers, and its heavy breath  
Thickens the summer air.  
Vainly the pilot holds the obedient helm,  
Or quits it in despair.  
Then bursts the fog-horn's penetrating note,  
'Beware, beware!'

The moon is up, full moon, yet not a gleam  
On headland, tower, or tree;  
No pearl-edged cloud alights upon the peak,  
No silver on the sea.  
Out sounds the fog-horn through the thickening  
shade,  
Thrice welcome messenger,  
As with weird spectre-voice it wildly shouts,  
'Beware, beware!'

'T is night, deep night! With careful hands they  
light  
The beacon's welcome blaze.  
In vain, in vain; it cannot penetrate  
The impenetrable haze,



Or help to guide the helpless mariner  
Through the bewildering maze.  
Oh, worse than darkness, sea-mist swallowing up  
All light's divinest rays!  
Then rushes out the fog-horn's frantic note,  
'Beware, beware!'

Oh, mist more terrible than winter-storm,  
More perilous than darkness of the night,  
Palsying the pilot's skill, and making vain  
The trusted potency of light!  
Art thou now settling down upon our world,  
Mocking the age which man has named the  
bright?  
One hope remains, though sad, the fog-horn's note,  
Like voice of one far out of mortal sight,—  
The voice that crieth in the wilderness,  
To time's bemisted traveller,  
'Beware, beware!'

The mist has gathered round us on all sides,  
Stifling the burdened air,  
Dissolving sun, and sea, and cliff  
In one unmeaning glare,  
From the vast varied vision of the deep  
Effacing all things fair.  
Shadows and chaos seem returned to earth,  
But let not faith despair;  
Above, beyond this mist, unquenchable,  
The Light is everywhere!

*Sept. 1877.*

**Watch-Fight.**

**W**ATCH, brethren, watch !  
The year is dying ;  
Watch, brethren, watch !  
Old Time is flying.  
Watch as men watch the parting breath,  
Watch as men watch for life or death.  
Eternity is drawing nigh,  
Eternity, eternity !

Pray, brethren, pray !  
The sands are falling ;  
Pray, brethren, pray !  
God's voice is calling.  
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,  
We kneel upon the edge of Time.  
Eternity is drawing nigh,  
Eternity, eternity !

Praise, brethren, praise !  
The skies are rending ;  
Praise, brethren, praise !  
The fight is ending.  
Behold, the glory draweth near,  
The King Himself will soon be here !  
Eternity is drawing nigh,  
Eternity, eternity !

Look, brethren, look !  
 The day is breaking ;  
 Hark, brethren, hark !  
 The dead are waking.  
 With girded loins we ready stand,  
 Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand !  
 Eternity is drawing nigh,  
 Eternity, eternity !



**Love is of God.**

**B**ELOVÈD, let us love : love is of God ;  
 In God alone hath love its true abode.

Belovèd, let us love : for they who love,  
 They only, are His sons, born from above.

Belovèd, let us love : for love is rest,  
 And he who loveth not abides unblest.

Belovèd, let us love : for love is light,  
 And he who loveth not dwelleth in night.

Belovèd, let us love : for only thus  
 Shall we behold that God who loveth us.

**Until the Day Break.**

**F**OR the vision of the Bridegroom  
Waits the well-belovèd bride,  
Severed only for a season  
From her Well-belovèd's side.  
For the hour when morn ascendeth,  
And the shadows disappear,  
For the signs of heavenly glory,  
She is waiting, waiting here !  
Morn of morns, it comes at last,  
All the gloom of ages past.  
For the day of days the brightest  
She is waiting, waiting here !

For the coming of the Bridegroom,  
Whom, though yet unseen we love,  
For the King of saints, returning  
In His glory from above ;  
For the shout that shakes the prison,  
For the trumpet loud and clear,  
For the voice of the archangel,  
She is waiting, waiting here !

*Refrain.*

For the light beyond the darkness,  
When the reign of sin is done,  
When the storm has ceased its raging,  
And the haven has been won ;

For the joy beyond the sorrow,  
 Joy of the eternal year,  
 For the resurrection splendour  
 She is waiting, waiting here!

*Refrain.*

For the day of ended battle,  
 For the victor's palm and crown,  
 For the day of recognition,  
 When the King shall claim His own;  
 For the day when He who loved her  
 Shall in glory reappear,  
 For the day of revelation,  
 She is waiting, waiting here!

*Refrain.*



### Angel Ministers.

Λειτουργικὰ πνεύματα.—HEB. i. 14.

**D**OES the way seem long and lonely?  
 Does the silence whisper fear,  
 As if enemies were watching,  
 And no loving eye were near?  
 On each side are unseen friends;  
 Every step an angel tends.

Angel-legions all about thee,  
 Death and danger to repel;  
 Angels o'er thee and before thee,  
 What are all the hosts of hell?  
 Perils thicken, tempests chafe,  
 Fiends assail thee; thou art safe.

Angel-guards, how near and gracious ;  
Angel-shields, how broad and bright ;  
Angel-eyes, how quick and tender ;  
Angel-hands, how full of might !  
What a wondrous company,  
Pilgrim, waiteth upon thee !

Not the thousand times ten thousand  
Of man's proudest war array,  
Not the steel of bannered squadrons  
Could thee shield so well as they,  
Sent from heaven as ministers  
Of the Kingdom's blessèd heirs.

Hopeless oft may seem the ventures  
Of the pilgrim-march below ;  
Never will thy guards desert thee,  
Never fear to face thy foe ;  
Caring for thee day and night,  
In the journey or the fight.

Gabriel, Michael,—who I know not,  
May be leader of the host ;  
Named or unnamed they will keep thee,  
Fearing, fainting, danger-tost ;  
Wounded oft and battle-worn,  
Thou canst never be o'erborne.

Yet 't is not angelic legions,  
With their skill, and care, and might,  
That can guard thee from the perils  
Of the darkness or the light.

'Tis the King of angels who  
Can conduct thee safely through.

Lean on Him to whom the legions  
Of the angelic host belong,  
Captain of the heavenly army,  
True and faithful, wise and strong.  
Hands may slacken, eyes grow dim  
Only, only lean on Him.



**Under Thy Shadow.**

**U**NDER Thy shadow,  
Shepherd and King,  
Safe from all evil,  
Under Thy wing.  
Strangers and pilgrims,  
Forwards we move,  
Calm in Thy keeping,  
Strong in Thy love.

Leaning upon Thee,  
Close by Thy side,  
In Thy communion  
We would abide.  
Closer still clinging,  
Saviour, to Thee,  
Daily our journey  
Upwards shall be.

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Goodness and mercy  
Ever attend,  
Guidance and keeping  
On to the end ;  
Solace in sorrow,  
Brightness in gloom,  
Light everlasting  
Over the tomb.

Counsel and comfort  
Whate'er befall  
Thou wilt afford us,  
Saviour, in all.  
Let Thy glad presence  
Still with us dwell :  
Nothing shall harm us,  
All shall be well.

Faint yet pursuing,  
Upwards we rise ;  
See the bright city,  
Yonder the prize !  
On to the haven,  
To the calm shore,  
In the fair city  
Safe evermore.

*July, 1883.*



**Rejoice and be Glad.**

**R**EJOICE and be glad! The Redeemer has  
come!  
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.  
Sound His praises; tell the story  
Of Him who was slain.  
Sound His praises; tell with gladness,  
He liveth again.

Rejoice and be glad! It is sunshine at last!  
The clouds have departed; the shadows are past.  
*Refrain.*

Rejoice and be glad! For the blood has been shed!  
Redemption is finished; the price has been paid.  
*Refrain.*

Rejoice and be glad! Now the pardon is free!  
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.  
*Refrain.*

Rejoice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain  
O'er death is triumphant and liveth again.  
*Refrain.*

Rejoice and be glad! For our King is on high!  
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.  
*Refrain.*

Rejoice and be glad ! For He cometh again,  
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain !  
    Sound His praises ; tell the story  
    Of Him who was slain.  
    Sound His praises ; tell with gladness,  
    He cometh again.



**The Day of Satisfaction.**

**W**HEN I shall wake on that fair morn of  
    morns,  
After whose dawning never night returns,  
And with whose glory day eternal burns,  
    I shall be satisfied !

When I shall see Thy glory face to face,  
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,  
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace,  
    I shall be satisfied !

When I shall meet with those whom I have loved,  
Clasp in my eager arms the long removed,  
When I shall find how faithful Thou hast proved,  
    I shall be satisfied !

When this vile body shall arise again,  
Purged by Thy power from every taint and stain,  
Delivered from all weakness and all pain,  
    I shall be satisfied !



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We parted at the river ;  
They hasted on before,  
And we behind them tarried  
On this tempestuous shore.

They went to be with Jesus,  
We could not stay their flight :  
They rose above the darkness,  
We still remain in night.

They sweetly sleep in Jesus,  
Beyond the fear of ill ;  
Theirs is the blessed resting,  
Ours is the watching still.

The day of meeting cometh,  
The drying up of tears,  
The day of glad reunion  
In the long eternal years.

The parting was so bitter ;  
The meeting will be sweet,  
The sweeter for the parting,  
When we our loved ones meet.

We could not guess the purpose  
Of parting us below.  
But what just now we know not,  
We shall hereafter know.

CULLODEN. *July 10, 1874.*

**Praise goeth up to Thee.**

**F**ROM this green earth of ours,  
From this wide rolling sea,  
From these fair hills and vales,  
Praise goeth up to Thee.

From every field and plain,  
From every flower and tree,  
From every stream and rill,  
Praise goeth up to Thee.

God of the heaven and earth,  
Thou Lord of all we see,  
From this creation of Thy hand,  
Praise goeth up to Thee.

From men of every clime,  
From lips of bond and free,  
From age and infancy,  
Praise goeth up to Thee.

From all that e'er hath been,  
From all that yet shall be,  
Of Thy vast handiwork,  
Praise goeth up to Thee.





**Your Redemption Draweth Nigh.**

LUKE xxi. 28.

I KNOW not in what watch He comes,  
Or at what hour He may appear,  
Whether at midnight or at morn,  
Or in what season of the year ;  
I only know that He is near.

I know not what of time remains  
To run its course in this low sphere,  
Or what awaits of calm or storm,  
Of joy or grief, or hope or fear ;  
I only know that He is near.

I know not what is yet to run  
Of spring or summer, green or sere,  
Of death or life, of pain or peace,  
Of shade or sunshine, song or tear ;  
I only know that He is near.

I cannot tell my future lot,  
Or that of those than self more dear ;  
Nor guess how much of history  
Still to the Church abideth here ;  
I only know that He is near.

The centuries have gone and come,  
Dark centuries of absence drear ;  
I dare not chide the long delay,  
Nor ask when I His voice shall hear ;  
I only know that He is near.



I do not think it can be long  
 Till in His glory He appear;  
 And yet I dare not name the day,  
 Nor fix the solemn Advent year;  
 I only know that He is near.

*March 13, 1880.*



**Welcome.**

LUKE xv. 20.

**I**N the land of strangers,  
 Whither thou art gone,  
 Hear a far voice calling,  
 My son, My son!  
 Welcome, wanderer, welcome,  
 Welcome back to home!

From the land of hunger,  
 Fainting, famished, lone,  
 Come to love and gladness,  
 My son, My son!

*Refrain.*

Quit these haunts of riot,  
 Wasted, woe-begone,  
 Sick at heart and weary,  
 My son, My son!

*Refrain.*

See the door still open :  
 Thou art still My own ;  
 Eyes of love are on thee  
 My son, My son !

*Refrain.*

See the well-spread table  
 Unforgotten one !  
 Here is rest and plenty  
 My son, My son !

*Refrain.*

Thou art friendless, homeless,  
 Hopeless and undone :  
 Mine is love unchanging,  
 My son, My son !

*Refrain.*

*Dec. 1881.*



**In Me ye shall have Peace.**

**L**ONG days and nights upon this restless bed  
 Of daily, nightly weariness and pain !—  
 Yet Thou art here, my ever-gracious Lord,  
 Thy well-known voice speaks not to me in vain :—  
 ‘ In Me ye shall have peace !’

The darkness seemeth long, and even the light  
 No respite brings with it, no soothing rest  
 For this worn frame ; yet in the midst of all  
 Thy love revives. Father, Thy will is best.  
 ‘ In Me ye shall have peace !’

Sleep cometh not, when most I seem to need  
Its kindly balm. O Father, be to me  
Better than sleep; and let these sleepless hours  
Be hours of blessed fellowship with Thee.  
'In Me ye shall have peace!'

Not always *seen* the wisdom and the love,  
And sometimes hard to be believed, when pain  
Wrestles with faith, and almost overcomes.  
Yet even in conflict Thy sure words sustain :—  
'In Me ye shall have peace!'

Father, the flesh is weak; fain would I rise  
Above its weakness into things unseen.  
Lift Thou me up; give me the open ear,  
To hear the voice that speaketh from within :—  
'In Me ye shall have peace!'

Father, the hour is come; the hour when I  
Shall with these fading eyes behold Thy face,  
And drink in all the fulness of Thy love;—  
Till then, oh, speak to me Thy words of grace :  
'In Me ye shall have peace!'

*'Written for my dear old friend James Watson, lying on his  
bed of pain. August 28, 1880.'*

**Peace on Earth.**

**H**ERE Peace alighted once,  
But could not find a home.  
To Him who brought it, Earth  
Could give no room.

Him and His peace man would not have  
And in this Child of peace  
Man saw no heavenly excellence,  
No grace, no comeliness.

Peace in that cradle lay,  
The Prince of Peace was there;  
The fulness of His peace  
He brought with man to share.

That crib all heaven contains;  
Th' eternal Life there lay;  
There is the open Gate,  
And there the living Way.



**Where is He that is born King?**

MATT. ii. 2.

**W**E went to Bethlehem,  
But found the Babe was gone,  
The manger empty and alone.  
'And whither has He fled?'  
'To Calvary,' they said,  
'To suffer in our stead.'

We went to Calvary,  
 But found the Sufferer gone,  
 The place all dark and lone.  
 'Whither?' we asked.  
 'Into the heavens,' they said,  
 'Up to the Throne,  
 For us to intercede.'  
 So then to heaven we'll go;  
 The Babe is not below.



### Everlasting Remembrance.

'O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of Me.'—Is. xlv. 21.

**F**ORGOTTEN! no; that cannot be:  
 All other names may pass away,  
 But thine, My Israel, shall remain  
 In everlasting memory.

Forgotten! no; that cannot be:  
 Inscribed upon My palms thou art;  
 The name I gave in days of old  
 Is graven still upon My heart.

Forgotten! no; that cannot be:  
 Belovèd of thy God art thou,  
 His crown for ever on thy head,  
 His name for ever on thy brow.

Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be :  
He who upon thee named His name  
Assures thee of eternal love,  
A love for evermore the same.

Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be :  
The oath of Him that cannot lie  
Is on thy city and thy land,  
An oath to all eternity.

Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be :  
The grace of ages deep and broad  
Is grace without decay, the grace,  
O Israel, of the Lord thy God.

Forgotten ! no ; that cannot be :  
Sun, moon, and stars may cease to shine,  
But thou shalt be remembered still,  
For thou art His, and He is thine.

*Nov. 11, 1882.*



### **My Holyday.**

**S**TAY, stay behind me here, my busy thoughts,  
While I go yonder for a little while ;  
Nay, do not follow me, let me forget  
My city stir, and fret, and heat, and toil.

Tarry behind me : vex me, touch me not,  
Ye endless aches of heart, and brow, and brain ;  
Vanish like mist, each scene that would recall  
My vision to the crowd and street again.

Pursue me not : but let me calmly go  
To the retirement which the Master sought,  
Set free from all that would encumber me,  
Or mar the oneness of the heavenly thought.

The stillness of the closet's stillest hush,  
The lonely silence of the lonely wood,  
The stream, the sea, the cliff, the dusky moor  
Shall furnish me with fruitful solitude.

Tarry behind me for a season, then,  
Belovèd workers for the Master here ;  
I go that I may find in gentle rest  
New fitness for the work so grand and dear.

Tarry behind, leave me, dear friends, alone,  
Companions of my days and nights of toil ;  
I shall return to you refreshed for work ;  
Leave me alone with God, alone awhile.

I would return to work with you on earth,  
The health of my whole man revived, restored,  
Again to labour with you side by side,  
In the one vineyard of our common Lord.

*August 23, 1882.*

## COMMUNION HYMNS

### The Supper of Thanksgiving.

FOR the bread and for the wine,  
For the pledge that seals Him mine,  
For the words of love divine,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the feast of love and peace,  
Bidding all our sorrows cease,  
Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

Only bread and only wine,  
Yet to faith the solemn sign  
Of the heavenly and divine!  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the words that turn our eye  
To the cross of Calvary,  
Bidding us in faith draw nigh,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the words that tell of home,  
Pointing us beyond the tomb,  
'Do ye this until I come,'  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.



For that coming, here foreshown,  
 For that day to man unknown,  
 For the glory and the throne,  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.



### **The Feast Day.**

**T**HIS is the day of fellowship and love ;  
 And this the hour of happy festival,  
 Now earth holds converse with the Heaven above,  
 Into His presence here the King His own doth  
 call.

Here is the upper chamber, calm as heaven,  
 Where the Lord keepeth His true passover,  
 With His true Israel ; the dark angel sees  
 The blood-besprinkled door, and cannot enter  
 here.

O upper chamber, guest-room, far apart  
 From earthly tumult, where no stranger comes ;  
 Chamber of peace, and ante-room of heaven,  
 Earnest and symbol here of the one home of  
 homes.

This is the table of the ages past,  
 Round which the Church of every time and  
 tongue  
 Has gathered in its joy, to celebrate  
 The one great sacrifice with never-ending song.

---

This is the board at which the Master sits  
In heavenly grace, to commune with His own ;  
The peace that passeth understanding here  
He gives, the love that passeth knowledge  
maketh known.

These are the viands set before His guests,  
Celestial shewbread, by our Aaron given ;  
Our great Melchizedec's true bread and wine,  
The more than angels' food, the fare of highest  
Heaven.

Here is the shadow of the tree of life,  
Where the one household, bought with precious  
blood,  
Rest for a season in their onward march  
To the one resting-place;—city and home of God.

Behold the family of the redeemed,  
Washed in one blood, clothed in one raiment  
rare ;  
All, all, by birth the children of the night,  
But now, each one a king and priest, a son and  
heir.

Behold the banner waving o'er our head,  
With love inscribed upon each beauteous fold,  
The royal banner, gleaming far and wide,  
And by the King's own hand in all its light  
unrolled.

Peace like a river floweth on and on,  
 For He who is our peace, draws sweetly near ;  
 The well-known voice once heard on earth now  
 speaks,  
 From heaven, in changeless love, 'Lo, I am  
 with you here !'

Truth sparkles out, and words become twice bright,  
 As we together take the bread and wine,  
 These signs are love's own pledges, here we sing  
 'I my Belovèd's am, and my Belovèd's mine.'

And as we sit and muse, and love, and hope,  
 The symbols speak, though every lip is dumb ;  
 Uttering as from the opened heavens above,  
 The soul-reviving words 'Behold I come, I come !'

*January 30, 1881.*



### Communion.

'Christusque nobis sit cibus,  
 Potusque noster sit Christus,  
 Lacti bibamus sobriam  
 Ebrietatem Spiritus.'—OLD HYMN.

ONE Christ we feed upon, one living Christ,  
 Who once was dead, but lives for ever now ;  
 One is the cup of blessing which we bless,  
 True symbol of the blood which from the cross  
 did flow.

Oh feed me daily on the living bread,  
Refresh me hourly with the living wine !  
Oh satisfy my famished soul with food,  
And quench my thirst with fruit of the eternal  
vine !

Thy flesh is meat indeed, my God and Lord ;  
Thy blood is drink indeed for evermore :  
On Thee alone I feed, of Thee I drink,  
That into this sick soul the heavenly health may  
pour.

My life, my everlasting life art Thou,  
My health, my joy, my strength, I owe to Thee :  
Because Thou livest, I shall also live,  
And where Thou art in glory, there I too shall be .

Thou *with* us, and Thou *in* us,—this is life ;  
All that the Father is, in Thee we see :  
O Christ of God, what art Thou not to us,  
And what of wealth is there we may not find in  
Thee !

Great All in all, eternal Word made flesh,  
Alpha and Omega, creation's King,  
The Church's Head, the Church's Bridegroom too,  
Thee, blessèd Saviour, Thee we celebrate and  
sing.

Chief of ten thousand, lovely and beloved,  
The Rose of Sharon, ever fresh and fair,  
In Thee is all created beauty found,  
All uncreated excellence is truly there.

---

O Christ, we praise Thee for Thy glory great,  
 But for Thy death of love we praise Thee  
 most!  
 We praise Thee, Son of the eternal God,  
 We praise the Father too, we praise the Holy  
 Ghost!



**The City of the Forgiven.**

ISA. xxxiii. 24.

**C**ITY of celestial health,  
 Into which no sickness comes;  
 Where, in everlasting wealth,  
 We shall find our home of homes.  
 City of the tranquil breast,  
 Where the heartache is unknown;  
 Harbour of securest rest,  
 Life's long tempest past and gone:  
 There, amid the holy blest,  
 I shall be a welcome guest,  
 I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of eternal love,  
 Dwelling-place of the forgiven,  
 Glory of the realm above,  
 Centre of the sinless heaven,

---

Palace of the crownèd host ;  
Army upon army see,  
Gathered from earth's countless lost,  
Clothed in heavenly purity :  
There, amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of the cleansed and fair,  
With the raiment like the light ;  
Sons of morning, shining there,  
Sons of gladness ever bright.  
City of unweeping eyes,  
Where the tear-drop falleth not ;  
Sorrows, farewells, broken ties,  
All for evermore forgot :  
There, amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of unsetting suns,  
Where the sky is clear and pure,  
Where the earthly-gathered ones  
Find themselves in peace secure.  
City of the feast and song,  
Seat of sacred mirth above,  
Where the voices, sweet and strong,  
Sing the endless song of love :  
There, amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City where the ransomed meet  
 From a thousand lands afar;  
 Where the parted we shall greet,  
 Safe from earthly storm and war;  
 Where the Bridegroom clasps his bride,  
 Reached at last the blessed goal,  
 Seats her at His happy side,  
 Best-belovèd of His soul:  
 There, amid the holy blest,  
 I shall be a welcome guest,  
 I a sinner, and at rest.



**Oh Love that passeth knowledge.**

**T**HE love of Heaven has come to earth,  
 The love of God to sinful men;  
 The love that giveth life and light,  
 Through Him who died and rose again.  
 This word of love to man He speaks:  
 What shall that word of love unsay?  
*'As far as east is from the west,  
 So far I bear your sins away.'*

The peace of Heaven has come to earth,  
 The peace of God to sinners here;  
 It shineth sweetly from the cross,  
 It takes from us each guilty fear.

---

This word of peace to man He speaks ;  
Who shall that word of peace unsay ?  
*'As far as east is from the west,  
So far I bear your sins away.'*

O sons of sorrow and of sin,  
Life from the God of life receive !  
He loveth not to see you die,  
Oh, listen, and your souls shall live !  
The word of life to man He speaks ;  
Who shall that word of life unsay ?  
*'As far as east is from the west,  
So far I bear your sins away.'*

O children of the cross and crown,  
Whose life is hid with Christ in God,  
Sing ye each day the song of light,  
The song of freedom through the blood.  
'T is He who gives that song of light ;  
Who shall His words of grace unsay ?  
*'As far as east is from the west,  
So far I bear your sins away.'*

O children of the festival,  
To whom the crown and throne belong,  
Sing at His table here on earth  
The prelude of the endless song.  
'T is He who biddeth us rejoice ;  
Who shall His words of grace unsay ?  
*'As far as east is from the west,  
So far I bear your sins away.'*



## Complete in Dim.

HE bore the sin!  
Alone He bore the load;  
For us He drank the cup,—  
Jesus, the Son of God.  
He bore the sin!

He paid the debt!  
He paid it with His blood;  
Each claim He satisfied,—  
All that we owe to God.  
He paid the debt!

He made the peace!  
He silences each fear;  
He is Himself the peace,  
By blood He brings us near.  
He made the peace!

He did the work!  
The law He magnified;  
Our lifetime's failure He  
Hath gloriously supplied.  
He did the work!

The foe He fought!  
Our foe and His He slew;  
He leads us in the war,  
Almighty to subdue.  
The foe He fought!

He won the life!  
Life by His death He won;  
That life He giveth us,  
The glory and the crown.  
He won the life!



**The Drops of the Night.**

SONG OF SOLOMON, v. 2.

**O**UT in the dew and cold He stands,  
The drops of night are on His hair:  
In patient love He waits without;  
And who, who keeps Him there?

All heaven is in His earnest voice,  
All glory on His brow so fair:  
In sorrowing love He stands without;  
And who, who keeps Him there?

'Open to Me, belovèd one,  
With Me thy heart and dwelling share:'  
But still at the barred door He stands;  
And who, who keeps Him there?

He hath no place to lay His head,  
No one a home or roof will spare:  
No one respondeth when He knocks;  
And who, who keeps Him there?

The winds are out, the storm is up,  
Freezing and sharp the midnight air:  
He does not leave, but knocketh on;  
And who, who keeps Him there?

Our ear is sealed, our heart is cold,  
And we refuse both hearth and fare:  
He speaks, we hear not: Ah, 't is we,  
Yes, we who keep Him there!

But now no more we shut Thee out,  
O Thou, the fairest of the fair:  
Come in, Thou blessed One; we will  
No longer keep Thee there.

He cometh in, my board I spread,  
My wine and viands I prepare:  
The night-drops fall, the night-winds blow;  
He is no longer there.

He sups with me, and I with Him,  
I wipe the night-drops from His hair:  
I hear no more His knock without;  
He is no longer there.

**The Supper and the Advent.**

**T**ILL He come we own His name,  
Round His table gathering ;  
One in love and faith and hope,  
Waiting for an absent King.  
Blessèd table, where the Lord  
Sets for us His choicest cheer ;  
Angels have no feast like this,  
Angels wait, but sit not here.

Till He come we eat this bread,  
Seated round this heaven-spread board ;  
Till He come we meet and feast,  
In remembrance of the Lord.  
In the banquet-house of love,  
In the Bridegroom's garden fair ;  
Thus we sit and feast and praise,—  
Angels look, but cannot share.

Till He come we take this cup,—  
Cup of blessing and of love ;  
Till He come we drink this wine,  
Emblem of the wine above,—  
Emblem of the blood once shed,  
Blood of Him our sins who bare ;  
Angels look, but do not drink,  
Angels never taste such fare.

Till He come, beneath the shade  
Of His love we sit and sing ;  
Over us His banner waves,  
In His hall of banqueting.

Happy chamber, where the Lord  
Spreads the feast with viands rare;  
Angels now are looking on,  
Angels serve, but cannot share.

Till He come, we wear the badge  
Of the ancient stranger-band;  
Leaning on our pilgrim-staff,  
Till we reach the glorious land.  
Humbles here, like Him we love,  
Watch we still in faith and prayer;  
Angels have no watch like ours,  
Angels have no cross to bear.

Till He come, we fain would keep  
These our robes of earth unsoiled:  
Looking for the festal dress,  
Raiment of the undefiled.  
Ha! these robes of purest light,  
Fairest still among the fair!  
Angels gaze, but cannot claim,  
Angels no such raiment wear.

Till He come we keep the feast,  
Emblem of the feast above;  
Marriage supper of the Lamb,  
Festival of joy and love.  
Angels hear the bridal song,  
Angels set the festal fare;  
Angels hear, but cannot join,  
Angels wait, but cannot share.

**Christ for us.**

**O**N merit not my own I stand ;  
On doings which I have not done,  
Merit beyond what I can claim,  
Doings more perfect than my own.

Upon a life I have not lived,  
Upon a death I did not die,  
Another's life, Another's death,  
I stake my whole eternity.

Not on the tears which I have shed :  
Not on the sorrows I have known,  
Another's tears, Another's griefs,  
On them I rest, on them alone.

Jesus, O Son of God, I build  
On what Thy cross has done for me ;  
There both my death and life I read,  
My guilt, my pardon there I see.

Lord, I believe ; oh deal with me  
As one who has Thy word believed !  
I take the gift, Lord look on me  
As one who has Thy gift received.

I taste the love the gift contains,  
I clasp the pardon which it brings,  
And pass up to the living source  
Above, whence all this fulness springs.

Here at Thy feast, I grasp the pledge  
 Which life eternal to me seals,  
 Here in the bread and wine I read  
 The grace and peace Thy death reveals.

O fulness of the eternal grace,  
 O wonders past all wondering!  
 Here in the hall of love and song,  
 We sing the praises of our King.



#### The Cup of the Lord.

‘The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion  
 of the blood of Christ?’—I COR. X. 16-21.

OF silver or of gold  
 Or cast in meaner mould,  
 It matters not: the chalice is the same.  
 Gemmed or ungemmed, it is  
 The cup of blessedness,  
 Bearing the Owner’s and the Maker’s name:  
 Seal of the marvellous peace,  
 That from the Father came.  
 Drink, drink ye all of this!  
 Love on its lip engraved,  
 Grace in its depth profound,  
 Light sparkling in each drop,  
 All heaven within its round.  
 It is the King’s own cup,  
 Belovèd, drink it up:  
 His blood is drink indeed!

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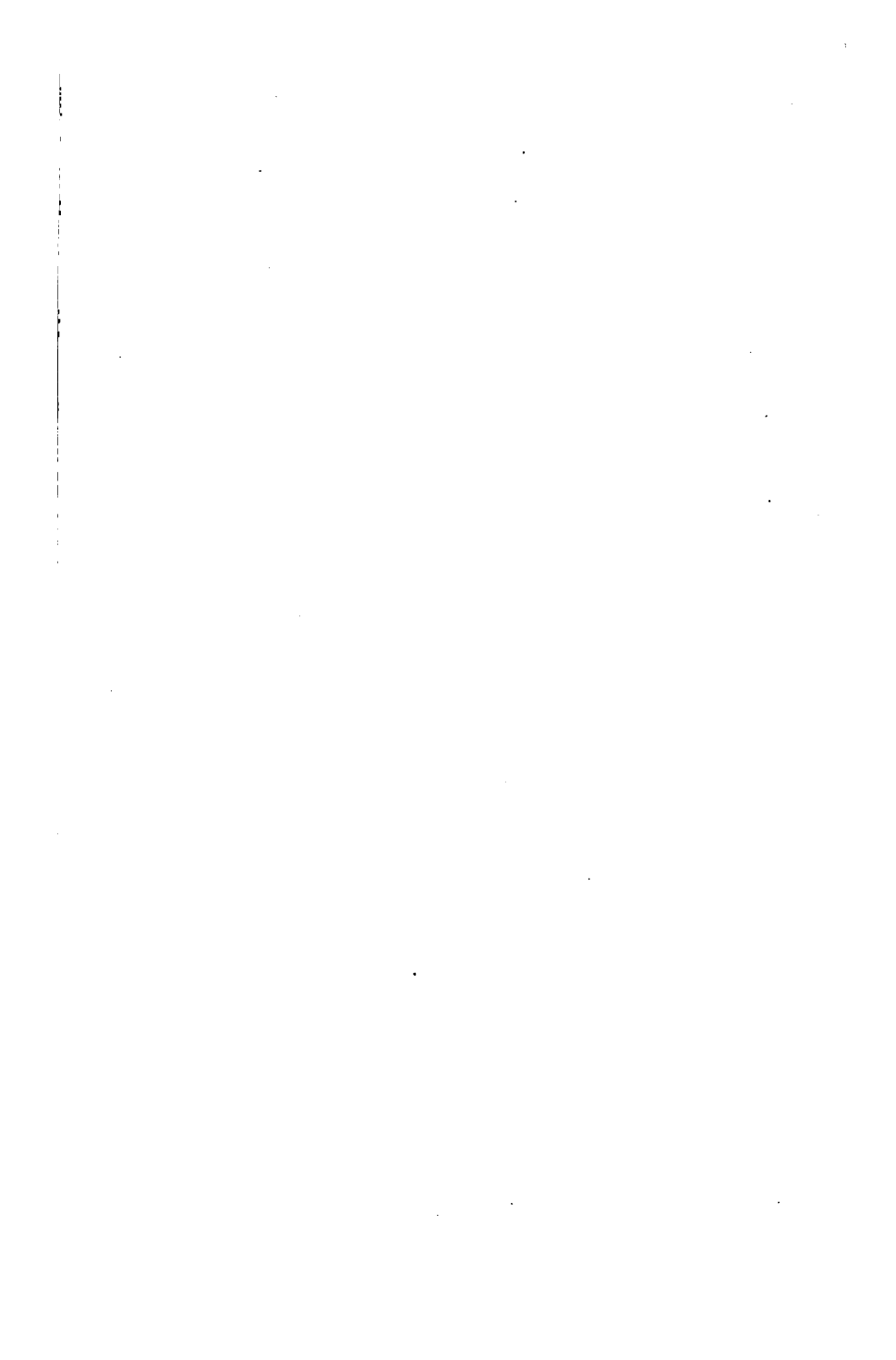
Vessel of fulness! now,  
And evermore, from thee  
We drink the royal wine,  
Wine of eternity.  
Vessel of fulness! there,  
Upon that table fair,  
Thou stand'st, as thou hast stood,—  
Memorial of the mighty death,  
Voice of the covenant blood;  
Pledge of the righteous peace  
Made by the Righteous One,  
Symbol of reconciling blood  
Shed for unrighteous man.  
Cup of the Master, we  
In faith would drink of thee:  
His blood is drink indeed!

Cup of the ages past!  
Cup of the present hour!  
Cup of the years to come,  
Still full of joy and power:  
We take thee in our hands,  
Thee to our lips we press;  
We drink, with ancient men,  
The fulness of thy bliss,  
Thy undiluted wine,  
Still perfect and divine,  
Fruit of the one True Vine!  
Cup of the ages, here  
We taste thy holy cheer:  
His blood is drink indeed!



Cup of the Church! from which  
The blood-bought family  
Of every clime have drunk,  
Cup of Gethsemane,  
And cup of Calvary;  
Cup of the cross and grave,—  
What numbers without number have  
Partaken of thy grace,  
The white-robed multitude  
Of every tribe and race!  
One table and one loaf,  
One cup from age to age;  
Our fathers' portion thou,  
Our children's heritage.  
Cup of God's Israel,  
Thy virtue cannot fail:  
His blood is drink indeed!

Christ's cup and ours thou art!  
The one same chalice pours  
For both its wine of peace,  
Wine of the Father's love  
Descending from above.  
Sweet cup of hope and heaven,  
Of everlasting grace,  
By our Redeemer given,  
Seal of celestial bliss,  
Of glory and of light,  
For ever pure and bright.  
Round thee in weakness here,  
The children of the cross





With happy hearts unite.  
Cup of the covenant! seal  
The peace celestial:  
His blood is drink indeed!

He is Himself the wine,  
Refreshing and divine:  
He is Himself the cup;  
Take it, and drink it up.  
It overflows with bliss,  
With health and holiness.

From His once-smitten side  
The blessed stream has burst  
Which has all wants supplied,  
And quenched our soul's deep thirst!  
He is the board and feast  
For each God-bidden guest:  
His blood is drink indeed!



**This do in Remembrance of Me.**

**H**ERE, 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, though not the love, is past 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 through 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.

*Oct. 1855.*



**Post-Communion Hymn.**

**N**OW in parting, Father, bless us ;  
Saviour, still Thy peace bestow ;  
Gracious Comforter, be with us,  
As we from this table go !  
Bless us, bless us,  
Father, Son, and Spirit now !

Bless us here, while still as strangers,  
Onward to our home we move ;  
Bless us with eternal blessings,  
In our Father's house above.  
Ever, ever,  
Dwelling in the light of love.

**Abiding Peace.**

**L**ONG years of peace:  
When far from me seemed gloom and  
death,  
When sorrow seemed an old man's dream,  
May I not once more feel your breath?

Long years of peace:  
I see afar in front of me  
A heaven made up of years like yours,  
A whole, a bright eternity.

Long years of peace:  
I think of you as yet to come,  
And wonder when Time's last New Year  
Shall gladly bid me welcome Home.

*Written for New-Year's Day, 1886.*

NOTE.—*This was the last hymn written by Horatius Bonar.*

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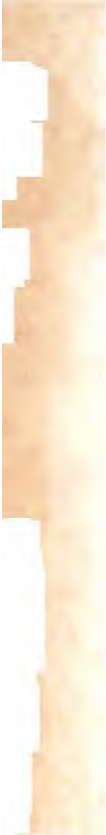
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