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UNDER THE SURFACE





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UNDER THE SURFACE.

UNDER THE SURFACE

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

AUTHOR OF 'THE MINISTRY OF SONG,' ETC.



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PRINTED BY JOHN GREIG AND SON.

TO MY FELLOW-MEMBERS

OF THE

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

WITH THE PRAYER

THAT OUR WORK 'UNDER THE SURFACE' MAY BE 'MORE

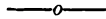
AND MORE CROWNED WITH OUR MASTER'S

BLESSING.





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I.

Under the Surface.

‘MAN’S GOINGS ARE OF THE LORD ; HOW CAN A MAN THEN
UNDERSTAND HIS OWN WAY ?’—

PROV. XX. 24.


A





UNDER THE SURFACE.

I.

 N the surface, foam and roar,
Restless heave and passionate dash,
Shingle rattle along the shore,
Gathering boom and thundering crash.

2. Under the surface, soft green light,
A hush of peace and an endless calm,
Winds and waves from a choral height,
Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

3. On the surface, swell and swirl,
Tossing weed and drifting waif,
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl,
Where wreck-watching rocks they chafe.

UNDER THE SURFACE.

4. Under the surface, loveliest forms,
Feathery fronds with crimson curl,
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms,
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

II.

5. On the surface, lilies white,
A painted skiff with a singing crew,
Sky-reflections soft and bright,
Tremulous crimson, gold and blue.
6. Under the surface, life in death,
Slimy tangle and oozy moans,
Creeping things with watery breath,
Blackening roots and whitening bones.
7. On the surface, a shining reach,
A crystal couch for the moonbeams' rest,
Starry ripples along the beach,
Sunset songs from the breezy west.
8. Under the surface, glooms and fears,
Traucherous currents swift and strong,
Deafening rush in the drowning ears,—
Have ye rightly read my song ?

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY! So you say,
 So do I *not* believe!
 For no men or women that live to-day,
 Be they as good or as bad as they may,
 Ever would dare to leave
 In faintest pencil or boldest ink
 All they truly and really think,
 What they have said and what they have done,
 What they have lived and what they have felt,
 Under the stars or under the sun.
 At the touch of a pen the dewdrops melt,
 And the jewels are lost in the grass,
 Though you count the blades as you pass.
 At the touch of a pen the lightning is fixed,
 An innocent streak on a broken cloud;
 And the thunder that pealed so fierce and loud,
 With musical echo is softly mixed.
 Autobiography? No!

It never was written yet, I trow.

Grant that they try !

Still they must fail !

Words are too pale

For the fervour and glow of the lava-flow.

Can they paint the flash of an eye ?

How much less the flash of a heart,

Or its delicate ripple and glitter and gleam,

Swift and sparkling, suddenly darkling,

Crimson and gold tints, exquisite soul-tints,

Changing like dawnflush touching a dream !

Where is the art

That shall give the play of blending lights

From the porphyry rock on the pool below ?

Or the bird-shadow traced on the sunlit heights

Of golden rose and snow ?

You say 'tis a fact that the books exist,

Printed and published in Mudie's list,

Some in two volumes, and some in one—

Autobiographies plenty. But look !

I will tell you what is done

By the writers, confidentially !

They cut little pieces out of their lives

And join them together,
 Making them up as a readable book,
 And call it an autobiography,
 Though little enough of the life survives.

What if we went in the sweet May weather
 To a wood that I know which hangs on a hill,
 And reaches down to a tinkling brook,
 That sings the flowers to sleep at night,
 And calls them again with the earliest light.

Under the delicate flush of green,
 Hardly shading the bank below,
 Pale anemones peep between

The mossy stumps where the violets grow ;
 Wide clouds of bluebells stretch away
 And primrose constellations rise,—

Turn where we may

Some new loveliness meets our eyes.
 The first white butterflies flit around,
 Bees are murmuring close to the ground,
 The cuckoo's happy shout is heard.

Hark again !

Was it echo, or was it bird ?
 All the air is full of song,

A carolling chorus around and above ;
From the wood-pigeon's call so soft and long,
To merriest twitter and marvellous trill,
Every one sings at his own sweet will,
True to the key-note of joyous love.

Well, it is lovely ! is it not ?
But we must not stay on the fairy spot,
 So we gather a nosegay with care :
 A primrose here and a bluebell there,
And something that we have never seen,
 Probably therefore a specimen rare ;
Stitchwort, with stem of transparent green,
 The white-veined woodsorrel, and a spray
 Of tender-leaved and budding May.
We carry home the fragrant load,
In a close, warm hand, by a dusty road ;
The sun grows hotter every hour ;
Already the woodsorrel pines for the shade ;
 We watch it fade,
And throw away the fair little flower ;
We forgot that it could not last an hour
Away from the cool moss where it grows.
Then the stitchworts droop and close ;

There is nothing to shew but a tangle of green,
For the white-rayed stars will no more be seen.

Then the anemones, can they survive ?

Even now they are hardly alive.

Ha ! where is it, our unknown spray ?

Dropped on the way !

Perhaps we shall never find one again.

At last we come in with the few that are left,

Of freshness and fragrance bereft ;

A sorry display.

Now, do we say,

‘ Here is the wood where we rambled to-day ?

See, we have brought it to you ; .

Believe us, indeed it is true.

This is the wood ! ’ do we say ?

So much for the bright and pleasant side.

There is another. We did not bring

All that was hidden under the wing

Of the radiant-plumaged Spring.

We never tried

To spy, or watch, or away to bear,

Much that was just as truly there.

What have we seen ?

Hush, ah hush !
Curled and withered fern between,
And dead leaves under the living green,
Thick and damp. A clammy feather,
All that remains of a singing thrush
Killed by a weasel long ago,
In the hungry winter weather.
Nettles in unfriendly row,
And last year's brambles, sharp and brown,
Grimly guarding a hawthorn crown.
A pale leaf trying to reach the light
By a long weak stem, but smothered down,
Dying in darkness, with none to see.
The rotting trunk of a willow tree,
Leafless, ready to fall from the bank ;
A poisonous fungus, cold and white,
And a hemlock growing strong and rank.
A tuft of fur and a ruddy stain,
Where a wounded hare has escaped the snare,
Only perhaps to be caught again.
No specimens we bring of these,
Lest they should disturb our ease,
And spoil the story of the May,

And make you think our holiday
Was far less pleasant than we say.

Ah no! We write our lives indeed,
But in a cipher none can read,
Except the author. He may pore
The life-accumulating lore

For evermore,

And find the records strange and true,
Bring wisdom old and new.

But though he break the seal,
No power has he to give the key,

No license to reveal.

We wait the all-declaring day,
When love shall know as it is known.

Till then, the secrets of our lives are ours and
God's alone.



COMPENSATION.



THE compensating springs! O the balancings
of life,

Hidden away in the workings under the seeming
strife!

Slowing the fret and the friction, weighting the
whirl and the force,

Evolving the truest power from each unconscious
source.

2. How shall we gauge the whole, who can only guess
a part?

How can we read the life, when we cannot spell the
heart?

How shall we measure another, we who can never
know

From the juttings above the surface the depth of
the vein below?

3. Even our present way is known to ourselves alone,
Height and abyss and torrent, flower and thorn and
stone;
But we gaze on another's path as a far-off mountain
scene,
Scanning the outlined hills, but never the vales
between.
4. How shall we judge their present, we who have
never seen
That which is past for ever, and that which might
have been?
Measuring by ourselves, unwise indeed are we,
Measuring what we *know* by what we can hardly *see*.
5. Ah! if we knew it all we should surely understand
That the balance of sorrow and joy is held with an
even hand,
That the scale of success or loss shall never overflow,
And that compensation is twined with the lot of
high and low.
6. The easy path in the lowland hath little of grand
or new,

But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious
view ;
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the
height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud is nearer
the stars of light.

7. Launch on the foaming stream that bears you along
like a dart,—
There is danger of rapid and rock, there is tension
of muscle and heart ;
Glide on the easy current, monotonous, calm, and
slow,
You are spared the quiver and strain in the safe and
quiet flow.
8. O the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many
strings,
While each, all vocal with love, in tuneful harmony
rings !
But O, the wail and the discord, when one and
another is rent
Tensionless, broken, or lost, from the cherished
instrument.

9. For rapture of love is linked with the pain or fear
of loss,
And the hand that takes the crown must ache with
many a cross ;
Yet he who hath never a conflict hath never a
victor's palm,
And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and
calm.
10. Only between the storms can the Alpine traveller
know
Transcendent glory of clearness, marvels of gleam
and glow ;
Had he the brightness unbroken of cloudless
summer days,
This had been dimmed by the dust and the veil of
a brooding haze.
11. Who would dare the choice, *neither* or *both* to know,
The finest quiver of joy or the agony-thrill of woe ?
Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite
bliss,
For the heart that is dull to that can never be
strung to this.

12. Great is the peril or toil if the glory or gain be
great ;
Never an earthly gift without responsible weight ;
Never a treasure without a following shade of care ;
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare.
13. For the swift is not the safe, and the sweet is not
the strong ;
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is not
the long ;
The much is not the most, and the wide is not the
deep,
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb is
only neap.
14. Then hush! oh hush! for the Father knows what
thou knowest not,
The need and the thorn and the shadow linked
with the fairest lot ;
Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen
snare,
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what
thou could'st not bear.

15. Hush! oh, hush! for the Father portioneth as He
will
To all His beloved children, and shall they not be
still?
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the best?
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect rest?
16. Hush! oh, hush! for the Father, whose ways are
true and just,
Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for thy
perfect trust;
The cup He is slowly filling shall soon be full to
the brim,
And infinite compensations for ever be found in
Him.
17. Hush! oh, hush! for the Father hath fulness of
joy in store,
Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures for
evermore;
Blessing and honour and glory, endless, infinite
bliss;—
Child of His love and His choice, oh, canst thou
not wait for this?

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE ills we see,—

The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,—

Have all one key :

This strange, sad world is but our Father's school ;
All chance and change His love shall grandly overrule.

How sweet to know

The trials which we cannot comprehend
Have each their own divinely-purposed end.

He traineth so

For higher learning, ever onward reaching
For fuller knowledge yet, and His own deeper teaching.

He traineth thus

That we may teach the lessons we are taught ;
That younger learners may be further brought,

Led on by us :

Well may we wait, or toil, or suffer long,
For His dear service so to be made fit and strong.

He traineth so

That we may shine for Him in this dark world,
And bear His standard dauntlessly unfurled ;

That we may shew

His praise, by lives that mirror back His love,—
His witnesses on earth, as He is ours above.

Nor only here

The rich result of all our God doth teach
His scholars, slow at best, until we reach

A nobler sphere :

Then, not till then, our training is complete,
And the true life begins for which He made us meet.

Are children trained

Only that they may reach some higher class ?

Only for some few school-room years that pass

Till growth is gained ?

Is it not rather for the years beyond

To which the father looks with hopes so fair and fond ?

Bold thought, flash on
Into the far depths of Eternity ;
When Time shall be a faint star-memory,
So long, long gone :
Only not lost to our immortal sight,
Because it ever bears Redemption's quenchless light.

Flash on, and stand
Among thy bright companions,—spirits blest,
Inhabiting through ages of glad rest
The Shining Land ;
Each singing bliss into each other's hearts,—
Outpouring mighty joy that God's full hand imparts.

If sweet below
To minister to those whom God doth love,
What will it be to minister above !
His praise to shew
In some new strain amid the ransomed choir ;
To touch their joy and love with note of living fire :

With perfect praise,
With interchange of rapturous revelation
From Christ Himself, the burning adoration

Yet higher to raise,
For ever and for ever so to bring
More glory and still more, to Him, our gracious King.

Look on to this
Through all perplexities of grief and strife,—
To this, thy true maturity of life,
Thy coming bliss ;
That such high gifts thy future dower may be,
And for such service high thy God prepareth thee.

What though to-day
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For His strange dealings through the trial-season,
Trust and obey :
And, like the child whose story follows here,
In after life and light all shall be plain and clear.

ALICE'S STORY.

PART I.

The firelight softly glanced upon
Dark braids and sunny curls,

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

Where, in a many-windowed room,
Yet dim with late November gloom,
Were busy groups of girls.

Some sat apart to learn alone ;
Some studied side by side ;
Some gathered round a master's chair
In reverent silence ; others there
For readiest answer tried.

For one young name a summons came,
And Alice quickly rose :
The rapid pen aside is laid ;
The call once heard must be obeyed
At once,—as well she knows.

Yet with no joyous step or smile
She hastens now away,
A teacher's earnest look to meet,
Whose hand is filled with music sweet,
As hers shall be one day.

Beside her at the instrument
A place her teacher takes,

With patient eye, yet keenest ear ;
And Alice knows that he will hear
The slightest fault she makes.

Oh, such a music-task as this
Was never hers before !
So long and hard, so strange and stern,—
A piece she thinks she cannot learn,
Though practised o'er and o'er.

It is not beautiful to her,—
She cannot grasp the whole :
The Master's thought was great and deep,—
A mighty storm, to seize and sweep
The wind-harp of the soul.

She only plays it note by note,
With undeveloped heart ;
She does not glimpse the splendour through
Each chord, so difficult and new,
Of veiled and varied art.

Unwonted beat and weird repeat
She cannot understand ;

She stumbles on with clouded brow,—
Her cheek is flushed, and aching now
The weary little hand.

She looked up in her teacher's face ;
Tears were not far away :
' *Must* I go on till it is done ?
Oh, let me change it, sir, for one
That I can better play.

' I cannot make it beautiful,—
It has no tune to sing ;
And when I am at home I fear
My friends will never care to hear
This long and dreary thing.'

He said, ' If you might freely choose,
My child, what would you learn ?'
' Oh, I would have the " Shower of Pearls,"
Or " Soldier's March," like other girls,
And quick approval earn ;

' Or sweet Italian melodies,
With brilliant run and shake :

If you would only give me such,
I think that I could please you much,—
Such progress I should make.'

'Learn this, and it will please me more,'
Said he, with kindest voice :
'And though 'tis now so hard to play,
Trust me, you will be glad some day
That I have ruled your choice.'

Tears trembled on the lash, and now
His face she could not see ;
Once more she pleaded, as they fell,
'But I shall never play it well :
It is too hard for me !'

'One thing I grant,' he said : 'that you
May fully, freely tell
Your father, who is kind and wise :
And, Alice, what he shall advise,
Say, will it not be well ?'

Again she came, and stumblingly
The hard sonata played :

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

Another week had passed away,
With toilsome practice every day,
Yet small the progress made.

Her father's writing, bold and clear,
Lay on the instrument :
' Your letter safely came to me,
And now shall answer lovingly
To my dear child be sent.

' The hardest gained is best retained ;
You learn not for to-day :
I cannot grant your fond request ;
Your teacher certainly knows best,—
So trust him and obey.'

The teacher spoke ; she listened well,
No word of his to miss :
' Alice, I want to make of you
An artist, noble, high, and true ;
And no light thing is this.

' There's happier, better work in store
Than merry tunes to play :

You have a mission to fulfil,—
You do not know it ; but I will
Prepare you as I may.

‘ Will you believe that I know best,
And persevere, my child ? ’
She answered, with a little sigh,
‘ Yes : I will trust, and I will try ; ’
And then her teacher smiled.

PART II.

Long has the school been left behind,
For years have passed away :
We find her now where evening light
Fades not into the darksome night,
But melts into the day.

There, in an arched and lofty room,
She stands, in fair white dress ;
Where grace and colour and sweet sound
Combine and cluster all around,
And rarest taste express.

'Tis Alice still, but woman grown
In hand and head and heart :
And those who now around her throng
Are skilled in music and in song,
In learning and in art.

It was an evening of delight
To be remembered long,
With many a reach of vivid thought,
And many a vision artist-wrought,
And,—crown of all that friendship brought,—
The eloquence of song.

The North is bright, with lingering light
To Northern summers given,—
A tender loveliness that stays
When twilight falls upon the days,
As silence falls in heaven.

'Now, Alice : now the time is come !
Sweet music you have poured ;
But, in this gentle twilight fall,
Give now the very best of all
That in your heart is stored.

‘ Give now the Master’s masterpiece ;
All silent we will be :
And you shall stir our inmost souls,
While, like a fiery river, rolls
Beethoven’s harmony.’

An instrument was by her side,—
A new and glad possession,
Whose perfect answering conveyed
Each delicate and subtle shade
Of varying expression.

She needed no reminding score,
For memory was true :
And what is learnt in childish years
Deep graven on the mind appears
Our life’s whole journey through.

And so she only had to let
The long-known music flow
From happy heart and steady hand,
As with a magic flame-command,
Enkindling in the listening band
A full responsive glow.

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

Through shade more beautiful than light,
Through hush of softest word,
Through calm and silence, still and deep
As angel-love or seraph-sleep,
The opening notes were heard.

THE SONATA.

PART I. (ADAGIO.)

Soft and slow,
Ever a gentle underflow,
Soft and slow,
Murmuring peacefully on below.
A twilight song ; while the shadows sleep
Dusk and deep,
Over the fountain, under the fern,
Solemn and still :
Waiting for moonlight over the hill
To touch the bend of the lulling burn,
And make it show
As a diamond bow,

Shooting arrows of glancing light
 In luminous flight
To the gloomy head of the waterfall ;
 Again to break,
 In silvery flake,
Under the wild and grim rock-wall.
A twilight song, a song of love,
Softer than nightingale, sweeter than dove ;
Loving and longing, loving and yearning,
With a hidden glow of electric burning
 Ever returning ;
Melting again in calm repeat,
 Slow and sweet,
 Sweet and slow ;
While ever the gentle underflow
Murmurs lovingly on below,
In notes that seem to come from far,—
 From the setting star
 In the paling west,
 Faint and more faint,
Like the parting hymn of a dying saint
 Sinking to rest.

A moment of deep hush ; then wakes again
With sudden sparkle of delight,—a new and joyous
strain.

PART II. (ALLEGRETTO.)

Awake! awake!
For life is sweet:
Awake! awake!
New hopes to greet.
The shadows are fleeting,
The substance is sure;
The joys thou art meeting
Shall ever endure.
Awake! awake!
For twilight now
That veiled the lake
Where dark woods bow,
In moonlight resplendent
Is passing away;
For brightness ascendant
Turns night into day.
Oh, listen! yet listen!
The moonlight song

Where still waters glisten
Is floating along :
A melodious ripple of silver sound
In golden rhythm of light-bars bound,
Linked with the loveliness all around.
A song of hope,
That soars beyond
The farthest scope
Of a vision fond ;
While the loneliest silence of solemn night,
And the depth of shadow beneath our feet,
Only make the song more sweet,—
Only make the sacred light
Yet more tender, yet more bright :
And song and radiance both entwining
In radiant singing and musical shining
Float on and on
Till the night is gone,
Ever for rest
Far too blest.
Then wake, then wake
From slumberous leisure !
Arise and take
Thy truest pleasure !

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

A life is before thee which cannot decay ;
A glimpse and an echo are given to-day
Of glory and music not far away.
Take the bliss that is offered thee :
Hope on, hope ever, and thou shalt be
Blest for aye !

Once more a pause is made :
While deeper still the silence, deeper yet the shade.

PART III. (PRESTO AGITATO.)

Now in awful tempest swelling,
Fallen hosts anew rebelling,
Battle shout and lava torrent
Mingle in a strife abhorrent.
Fiery cataracts are leaping,
Passion-driven stars are sweeping
In a labyrinth of courses ;
Space is torn with clashing forces :
'Tis a fearful new rehearsal
Of old chaos universal.

Hush! and hark! and hear aright,
And you shall know
It is not so!

'Tis the roar of chariot-wheels,
That nothing hinders, nothing bars,
Whose flint-sparkles are the stars

Flashing bright:
And the mighty thunder-peals
Are the trampling of its steeds.

On it speeds,
Crushing wrongs like river-reeds,
By the grandly simple might
Of Eternal Right.

'Tis a song,—a battle song,—
And a shout of victory,
Darting through the conflict strong
Terror to the enemy.

Rising, while the moon is setting
That beheld the struggle sore;
Rising still, while not forgetting
That the battle is not o'er;
Rising, while the day is breaking
O'er the hills, serene and strong;

Rising, while the birds are waking
With their myriad-throated song
Rising! yet with much to do
Ere the strife be ended!
For loud confusion
And wild delusion
Are rampant still, and still are blended
With the song of triumph bursting through.
It rises to fall again;
Falls, but to rise:
Hushed, but to call again
Loud to the skies.
Resounding like thunder
In conquering march,
That reverberates under
The resonant arch.

Sternly triumphant o'er wrongful might,
In whirlwind of battle, in tempest of fight,
See the singers before us,
In warrior chorus,
Never despairing,
Never yielding:
Ever preparing

And faithfully wielding
Weapons kept bright,
And armour of light ;
Shattering barriers that seemed adamantine,
Spurning the depth and scaling the height ;
While over all the turmoil and fray
Shines, in the dawn that heralds the day,
Star-lit, a crown amaranthine.

Yea : a mighty song,
Of joy and triumph strong :
Magnificent in madness,
And glorious in gladness.
Every obstacle is hurled
To an infinite abyss ;
Giant standards are unfurled,—
Banners of a far-off world
Calling followers from this :
Calling, calling : shall it be
To noble failure and heroic death ?
Is the shout of victory
Lifted with a parting breath,
Failing fast ?
Is the only crown at last

Death : death ?

No !

'Tis not so !

For light and life

End the war and crown the strife.

Joy to the faithful one full shall be given !

Rising in splendour that never shall set,

The morning of triumph shall dawn on thee yet,

When gladness and love for ever have met

In heaven.

She ended. For a little space

The music still seemed swelling ;

As it were too sweet and rare

Like common sound to leave the air

As a deserted dwelling.

Then, through the flow of loving thanks

And murmuring delight,

And marvel at the Master's art,

One rich approval reached her heart

More than all else that night.

One who had also freely brought
His own high gift of song,
Drew near and spoke : ' For many a year
That marvellous work has been most dear,—
Known, loved, and studied long.

' I own, like you, allegiance true,
And deemed my insight clear ;
But never guessed until to-night
The depths of meaning and the might
Of what you rendered here.

' The Master has been much to me ;
But more than ever now I see
That there is none above him.
You have been his interpreter :
To you it has been given to stir
The souls of all who love him.'

Then swift up-flashed a memory,—
A long-forgotten day ;
A memory of tears once shed,
Of aching hand and puzzled head,
And of the father's word that said,
' Trust and obey.'

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

The lesson learnt in patience then
Was lit by love and duty :
The toiling time was quickly past,
The trusting time had fled fast,
And Alice understood at last
Its mysteries of beauty.

O glad, perpetual harvest-time
After the sowing days !
For all her life rich joy of sound,
And deep delight to loved ones round,
And to the Master,—praise !

CONCLUSION.

Ye read her story.
Take home the lesson with a spirit-smile :
Darkness and mystery a little while,
Then—light and glory,
And ministry 'mid saint and seraph band,
And service of high praise in the Eternal Land !

II. .

Our God.

‘THIS GOD IS OUR GOD FOR EVER AND EVER.’—

PSA. xlviii. 14.





THE INFINITY OF GOD.

PSA. cxxxix. 6.—‘*Too wonderful for me.*’

HOLY and Infinite! Viewless, Eternal!
Veiled in the glory that none can sustain,
None comprehendeth Thy being supernal,
Nor can the Heaven of heavens contain.

2. Holy and Infinite! limitless, boundless,
All Thy perfections, and powers, and praise!
Ocean of mystery! awful and soundless
All Thine unsearchable judgments and ways!
3. King of Eternity! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain
But for Thy marvellous manifestation,
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain!

4. Therefore archangels and angels adore Thee,
Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire ;
Therefore we praise Thee, rejoicing before Thee,
Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.
5. Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear Thee, and who shall not laud ?
Anthems of glory Thy universe raises,
Holy and Infinite ! Father and God !



THE SPIRITUALITY OF GOD.

JOHN iv. 24.—‘*God is a Spirit.*’

WHAT know we, Holy God, of Thee,
 Thy being and Thine essence pure?
 Too bright the very mystery
 For mortal vision to endure.

2. We only know Thy word sublime,
 Thou art a Spirit! Perfect! One!
 Unlimited by space or time,
 Unknown but through the eternal Son.
3. By change untouched, by thought untraced,
 And by created eye unseen,
 In *Thy great Present* is embraced
 All that shall be, all that hath been.
4. O Father of our spirits, now
 We seek thee in our Saviour's face;
 In truth and spirit we would bow,
 And worship where we cannot trace.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

1 TIM. i. 17.—‘*The King eternal, immortal, invisible.*’



ING Eternal and Immortal !

We, the children of an hour,
 Bend in lowly adoration,
 Rise in raptured admiration,
 At the whisper of Thy power.
 Myriad ages in Thy sight
 Are but as the fleeting day ;
 Like a vision of the night,
 Worlds may rise and pass away.

2. All Thy glories are eternal,
 None shall ever pass away ;
 Truth and mercy all victorious,
 Righteousness and love all glorious,
 Shine with everlasting ray ;

All resplendent, ere the light
 Bade primeval darkness flee ;
All transcendent, through the flight
 Of eternities to be.

3. Thou art God from everlasting,
 And to everlasting art !
Ere the dawn of shadowy ages,
Dimly guessed by angel sages,
 Ere the beat of seraph-heart ;
 Thou, Jehovah, art the same,
 And Thy years shall have no end ;
Changeless nature, changeless name,
 Ever Father, God, and Friend.



THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

PSA. xlv. 10.—*‘Be still, and know that I am God.’*



OD Almighty! King of nations! earth Thy foot-
stool, heaven Thy throne!

Thine the greatness, power, and glory, Thine
the kingdom, Lord, alone!

Life and death are in Thy keeping, and Thy will
ordaineth all:

From the armies of Thy heavens to an unseen
insect's fall.

2. Reigning, guiding, all-commanding, ruling myriad
worlds of light;

Now exalting, now abasing, none can stay Thy hand
of might!

Working all things by Thy power, by the counsel of
Thy will,

Thou art God! enough to know it, and to hear Thy
word: *‘Be still!’*

3. In Thy sovereignty rejoicing, we Thy children bow
and praise,
For we know that kind and loving, just and true,
are all Thy ways.
While Thy heart of sovereign mercy, and Thine arm
of sovereign might,
For our great and strong salvation in Thy sovereign
grace unite.



THE ESSENTIAL BLESSEDNESS OF GOD.

1 TIM. vi. 16.—*'Dwelling in the light.'*



GLORIOUS God and King,
 O gracious Father, hear
 The praise our hearts would bring
 To Thee, who, ever near,
 Yet in eternity dost dwell,
 Immortal and invisible.

2. Around Thee all is light,
 And rest of perfect love,
 And glory full and bright,
 All human thought above.
 Thyself the Fountain infinite
 Of all ineffable delight.

3. O depth of holy bliss,
 Essential and Divine,
 What thought can measure this,—
 Thy joy, *Thy* glory,—Thine !

Yet such our treasure evermore,
Thy fulness is Thy children's store.

4. O Father, Thy great grace
 We magnify and praise ;
 Called to that blessed place,
 With Thee through endless days
Thy joy to share, Thy joy to be,
Thy glory all unveiled to see !



THINE IS THE POWER.



OUR Father, our Father, who dwellest in light,
 We lean on Thy love, and we rest on Thy
 might ;

In weakness and weariness joy shall abound,
 For strength everlasting in Thee shall be found :
 Our Refuge, our Helper, in conflict and woe,
 Our mighty Defender, how blessed to know
 That Thine is the Power !

2. Our Father, Thy promise we earnestly claim,
 The sanctified heart that shall hallow Thy Name,
 In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout the wide
 world,
 Be Thy Name as a banner of glory unfurled ;
 Let it triumph o'er evil and darkness and guilt,
 We know Thou canst do it, we know that Thou wilt,
 For Thine is the Power !

3. Our Father, we long for the glorious day
When all shall adore Thee, and all shall obey.
Oh hasten Thy kingdom, oh shew forth Thy might,
And wave o'er the nations Thy sceptre of right.
Oh make up Thy jewels, the crown of Thy love,
And reign in our hearts as thou reignest above,
For Thine is the Power!

4. Our Father, we pray that Thy will may be done,
For full acquiescence is heaven begun—
Both in us and by us Thy purpose be wrought,
In word and in action, in spirit and thought,
And thou canst enable us thus to fulfil,
With holy rejoicing, Thy glorious will,
For Thine is the Power!

5. Our Father, Thou carest; Thou knowest indeed
Our inmost desires, our manifold need;
The fount of Thy mercies shall never be dry,
For Thy riches in glory shall mete the supply;
Our bread shall be given, our water be sure,
And nothing shall fail, for Thy word shall endure,
And Thine is the Power!

6. Our Father, forgive us, for we have transgressed,
Have wounded Thy love, and forsaken Thy breast ;
In the peace of Thy pardon henceforth let us live,
That through Thy forgiveness we too may forgive ;
The Son of Thy love, who hath taught us to pray,
For Thy treasures of mercy hath opened the way,
And Thine is the Power !
7. Thou knowest our dangers, Thou knowest our frame,
But a tower of strength is Thy glorious name ;
Oh, lead us not into temptation, we pray,
But keep us, and let us not stumble or stray ;
Thy children shall under Thy shadow abide ;
In Thee as our Guide and our Shield we confide,
For Thine is the Power !
8. Our Father, deliver Thy children from sin,
From evil without and from evil within,
From this world, with its manifold evil and wrong,
From the wiles of the Evil One, subtle and strong ;
Till, as Christ overcame, we, too, conquer and sing,
All glory to Thee, our victorious King,
For Thine is the Power !

9. Our Father, Thy children rejoice in Thy reign,
Rejoice in Thy highness, and praise Thee again !
Yea, Thine is the kingdom and Thine is the might,
And Thine is the glory transcendently bright ;
For ever and ever that glory shall shine,
For ever and ever that kingdom be Thine,
For Thine is the Power !





III.

Our Saviour.

'WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE.'—

1 PET. I. 8.





THE ONE REALITY.

SOG-WREATHS of doubt in blinding eddies
drifted,
Whirlwinds of fancy, countergusts of thought,
Shadowless shadows where warm lives were
sought,

Numb feet, that feel not their own tread, uplifted
On clouds of formless wonder, lightning-rifted !

What marvel that the whole world's life should seem,
To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,
From which the real and restful is out-sifted !

Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing Dove
Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows flee,

The dream is past. A clear calm sky above,
Firm rock beneath ; a royal-scrolled tree,

And One, thorn-diademed, the King of Love,
The Son of God who gave Himself for me.

TO THEE.

JOHN vi. 68.—*'Lord, to whom shall we go?'*



BRING my sins to Thee,
 The sins I cannot count,
 That all may cleanséd be
 In Thy once opened Fount.
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
 The burden is too great for me.

2. My heart to Thee I bring,
 The heart I cannot read ;
 A faithless, wandering thing,
 An evil heart indeed.
 I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
 That fixed and faithful it may be.


3. To Thee I bring my care,
 The care I cannot flee,
 Thou wilt not only share,
 But bear it all for me.

O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

4. I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.
5. My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.
6. My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

CONFIDENCE.

I.


 N Thee I trust, on Thee I rest,
 O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest!
 No earthly friend, no brother knows
 My weariness, my wants, my woes.
 On Thee I call
 Who knowest all.
 O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest,
 In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

II.

Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness,
 With lip and life I long to bless.
 Thy faithfulness shall be my tower,
 My sun Thy love, my shield Thy power.
 In darkest night,
 In fiercest fight,
 With lip and life I long to bless
 Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness.

I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.



COULD not do without Thee,
 O Saviour of the lost !
 Whose precious blood redeemed me,
 At such tremendous cost.
 Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
 Thy precious blood must be
 My only hope and comfort,
 My glory and my plea !

2. I could not do without Thee !
 I cannot stand alone,
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own.
 But thou, beloved Saviour,
 Art all in all to me ;
 And weakness will be power,
 If leaning hard on Thee.

3. I could not do without Thee !
For oh ! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How *could* I do without Thee ?
I do not know the way ;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.
4. I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear !
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee.
5. I could not do without Thee !
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,

And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine!


6. I could not do without Thee!
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, 'It is I.'



'JESUS ONLY.'

MATT. xvii. 8.

I.


 'JESUS only!' In the shadow
 Of the cloud so chill and dim,
 We are clinging, loving, trusting,
 He with us, and we with Him;
 All unseen, though ever nigh,
 'Jesus only'—all our cry.

II.

'Jesus only!' In the glory,
 When the shadows all are flown,
 Seeing Him in all His beauty,
 Satisfied with Him alone;
 May we join His ransomed throng,
 'Jesus only'—all our song!

IS IT FOR ME?

CANT. i. 7.—‘*O Thou whom my soul loveth.*’



Is it for me, dear Saviour
 Thy glory and Thy rest?
 For me, so weak and sinful,
 O shall *I* thus be blessed?

Is it for me to see Thee
 In all Thy glorious grace,
 And gaze in endless rapture
 On Thy belovèd Face?

2. Is it for me to listen
 To Thy belovèd Voice,
 And hear its sweetest music
 Bid even me rejoice?
 Is it for me, Thy welcome,
 Thy gracious ‘Enter in?’
 For me, Thy ‘Come, ye blessed!’
 For me, so full of sin?

3. O Saviour, precious Saviour,
My heart is at Thy feet,
I bless Thee and I love Thee,
And Thee I long to meet.
A thrill of solemn gladness
Has hushed my very heart,
To think that I shall really
Behold Thee as Thou art ;
4. Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face ;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace ;
And be with Thee for ever,
And never grieve Thee more !
Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,
And lovingly adore.



HIDDEN IN LIGHT.



WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
 The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,
 And smile for joy. We say, 'How fair
 they are,
 Tree, rock, and heather-bloom, so clear and bright !'
 But when the sun draws near in westering might,
 Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze
 Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
 And wonder at the glorious, holy light.
 Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness ! that we,
 Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly run,
 So overflowed with love and light may be
 So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,
 That not our light, but Thine, the world may see,
 New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won.



HE IS THY LORD.

PSA. xlv. 11.—‘*So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.*’



JESUS, beloved Master, art Thou near ?

My heart goes forth to Thee ! Thy precious
Word

Has flashed a bright yet tender thrill, a touch
Of living light, all through my silent soul.

I had not looked for it. I was too tired
For earnest search, and could not rise above
A sense of weary pain, that drew a veil
Of mist and lonely gloom before my eyes.
But as I lay and waited for the sleep
That had been asked, the Book beside my hand
Lured me to glance at lightly opening leaves.
Did not Thy loving Spirit guide the glance
That fell upon the unsought word of power :
‘*He is thy Lord !*’ So simple, yet so strong,
So all embracing ! oh it was enough
To chase away all mists and glooms of life.

'*He is thy Lord!*' Thyself, O Saviour dear,
And not another. Whom have I but Thee
In heaven or earth? And whom should I desire!
For Thou hast said, '*So shall the King desire thee!*'
And well may I respond in wondering love,
'Thou art my Lord, and I will worship Thee.'

'*He is thy Lord!*' So certainly! I know
My glad allegiance has been given to Thee,
Because Thine all-compelling love and grace
Have won the citadel which else had stood
Defiant, till God's wrath had laid it low.
So certainly! a fact which cannot change
Because Thou changest not, my glorious Lord.

'*He is THY Lord!*' Oh mine! though other lords
Have had dominion, now I know Thy name,
And its great music is the only key
To which my soul vibrates in full accord,
Blending with other notes but as they blend
With this. Oh mine! But dare I say it, I,
Who fail and wander, mourning every day
Some sin-made discord, or some tuneless string?
It would be greater daring to deny,

To say, 'Not mine,' when Thou hast proved to me
That I am Thine, by promise sealed with blood.

'*He is thy LORD!*' Oh I am *glad* of this,
So glad that Thou art Master, Sovereign, King!
Only I want Thy rule to be supreme
And absolute; no lurking rebel thought,
No traitor in disguise to pass its bounds.
So glad,—because it is such rest to know
That Thou hast ordered and appointed all,
And wilt yet order and appoint my lot.
For though so much I cannot understand,
And would not choose, has been, and yet may be,
Thou choosest and Thou rulest, THOU, my Lord!
And this is peace, such peace,—I hardly pause
To look beyond to all the coming joy
And glory of Thy full and visible reign:
Thou reignest now—'*He is thy Lord*' to-day!

My *Lord!* My heart hath said it joyfully.
Nay, could it be my own cold, treacherous heart?
'Tis comfort to remember that we have
No will or power to think one holy thought,
And thereby estimate His power in us.—

'No man can say that Jesus is the Lord,
But by the Holy Ghost.' Then it must be
That all the sweetness of the word, 'Thy Lord,'
And all the long glad echoes that it woke,
Are whispers of the Spirit, and a seal
Upon His work, as yet so faintly seen.

'My Lord, my God!' Thou hearest, blessed Lord,
Thou knowest how, like Mary, I would bend
At Thy belovèd feet, if Thou wert here!
'If Thou wert here?' But surely Thou *art* here,
And I believe it, though I cannot see.
I should not love Thee now wert Thou not near,
Looking on me in love. Yea, Thou dost meet
Those that remember Thee. Look on me still,
Lord Jesus Christ, and let Thy look give strength
To work for Thee with single heart and eye.



OUR KING.

PSA. xlv. 11.—‘*Worship thou Him.*’



SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above :

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King !

2. O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought :
- We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King !

3. In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine ;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King !

4. Oh grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love :
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King !



ASCENSION SONG.

EPH. iv. 8.—‘*He ascended up on high.*’

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
 Angel voices ring,
 Pearly gates are opened—
 Opened for the King ;
 Christ, the King of Glory,
 Jesus, King of Love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To His throne above.
 All His work is ended,
 Joyfully we sing,
 Jesus hath ascended !
 Glory to our King !

2. He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
 Now is crowned with glory
 At His Father's side.

Never more to suffer,
Never more to die :
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

3. Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace ;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you ;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

ADVENT SONG.



THOU art coming, O my Saviour !
 Thou art coming, O my King !
 In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
 In Thy glory all-transcendent ;
 Well may we rejoice and sing !
 Coming ! In the opening east,
 Herald brightness slowly swells ;
 Coming ! O my glorious Priest,
 Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

2. Thou art coming, Thou art coming !
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 We shall bless Thee, we shall shew Thee
 All our hearts could never say !
 What an anthem that will be,
 Ringing out our love to Thee,
 Pouring out our rapture sweet
 At Thine own all-glorious feet !

3. Thou art coming ! Rays of glory
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Touch the mountain and the river
With a golden glowing quiver,
Thrill of light and music blent.
Earth is brightened when this gleam
Falls on flower and rock and stream ;
Life is brightened when this ray
Falls upon its darkest day.
4. Not a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear !
Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought !
Oh how marvellous will be
All the bliss Thy pain hath bought !
5. Thou art coming ! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss.

Shewing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

6. Thou art coming ! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail ;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure :
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure !

7. O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord !
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord !
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned !
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned !

IV.

Our Work.

'WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM.'—

2 COR. vi. 1.

'SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS; COME BEFORE HIS
PRESENCE WITH SINGING.'—

PSA. c. 2.





‘HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?’

PSA. li. 15.—‘*O Lord, open Thou my lips ; and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.*’

HAVE you not a word for Jesus ? not a word to say for Him ?

He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim !

HE IS LISTENING ; does He hear you speaking of the things of earth,

Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth ?

He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you,

Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true ;

Does He hear you telling others something of His
love untold,
Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mercies
manifold ?

2. Have you not a word for Jesus ? Will the world
His praise proclaim ?
Who shall speak if ye are silent ? ye who know and
love His name.
You, whom He hath called and chosen His own
witnesses to be,
Will you tell your gracious Master, 'Lord, we cannot
speak for Thee !'
'Cannot!' though He suffered for you, died because
He loved you so !
'Cannot!' though He has forgiven, making scarlet
white as snow !
'Cannot!' though His grace abounding is your
freely promised aid !
'Cannot!' though He stands beside you, though He
says, 'Be not afraid !'
3. Have you not a word for Jesus ? Some, perchance,
while ye are dumb,

Wait and weary for your message, hoping *you* will
bid them 'come' ;

Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just outside
the door,

Longing for *your* hand to lead them into rest for
evermore.

Yours may be the joy and honour His redeemèd
ones to bring,

Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and
King.

Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's
joy to share,

All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you
to dare ?

4. What shall be our word for Jesus? Master, give it
day by day ;

Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what to say.
Give us holy love and patience ; grant us deep
humility,

That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be
full of Thee ;

Give us zeal and faith and fervour, make us winning,
make us wise,

Single-hearted, strong and fearless,—Thou hast
called us, we will rise!

Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every
loving word;

And by hearts prepared and opened be our message
always heard!

5. Yes, we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes we
will be

Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy
gracious 'Come to Me.'

Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee, and to prove our
love, would lay

Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy blessed
feet to-day.

Many an effort it may cost us, many a heart-beat,
many a fear,

But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and Thy
help is always near.

Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our
faithless shame,

Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy
dear Name.

6. Yes, we have a word for Jesus! we will bravely
speak for Thee,
And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we
would henceforth be :
In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own
shall wave above,
With Thy crimson Name of Mercy, and Thy golden
Name of Love.
Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy present
smile,
Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the
brightening 'little while.'
Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou wilt here
accept and own,
And confess them in Thy glory, when we see Thee
on Thy throne.



A WORKER'S PRAYER.



LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone ;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet ;
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
3. O strengthen me, that while I stand
 Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
 I may stretch out a loving hand
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
4. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart ;
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

5. O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
6. O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
7. O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just *as* Thou wilt, and *when*, and *where* ;
Until Thy blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.



OUR COMMISSION.

REV. xxii. 17.—‘ *And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.
And let him that heareth say, Come.*’



E who hear the blessed call
 Of the Spirit and the Bride :
 Hear the Master's word to all,
 Your commission and your guide—
 ‘ And let him that heareth say,
 Come,’ to all yet far away.

2. ‘ Come !’ alike to age and youth,
 Tell them of our Friend above,
 Of His beauty and His truth,
 Preciousness and grace and love.
 Tell them what you know is true,
 Tell them what He is to you.

3. 'Come!' to those who never heard
 Why the Saviour's blood was shed ;
 Bear to them the message-word
 That can quicken from the dead ;
 Tell them Jesus 'died for all,'
 Tell them of His loving call.

4. 'Come!' to those who do not care
 For the Saviour's precious death,
 Having not a thought to spare
 For the gracious words He saith.
 Ere the shadows gather deep,
 Rouse them from their fatal sleep.

5. 'Come!' to those who, while they hear,
 Linger, hardly knowing why ;
 Tell them that the Lord is near,
 Tell them Jesus passes by.
 Call them *now* ; oh, do not wait,
 Lest to-morrow be too late.

6. 'Come!' to those who wander far,
 Seeking, never finding, rest ;

Point them to the Morning Star ;
Shew them how they may be blest
With the love that cannot cease,
Joyful hope and perfect peace.

7. 'Come !' to those who draw in vain
From the broken cisterns here,
Drinking but to thirst again ;
Tell them of the fountain near.
Living water, flowing still,
Free for 'whosoever will.'
8. 'Come !' to those who faint and groan
Under some unuttered grief,
Hearts that suffer all alone ;
Try to bring them true relief.
Tell them 'Jesus wept,' and He
Still is full of sympathy.
9. 'Come !' to those who feel their sin,
Fearing to be lost at last,
Mourning for the plague within,
Mourning for transgressions past ;
Tell them Jesus calls them in,
Heavy laden with their sin.

10. Such as these as all around,
 Meeting, passing, every day ;
Ye who know the joyful sound,
 Have ye not a word to say ?
Ye who hear that blessed 'Come,'
Sweet and clear, can ye be dumb ?
11. Brothers, sisters, do not wait,
 Speak for Him who speaks to you !
Wherefore should you hesitate ?
 This is no great thing to do.
Jesus only bids you say,
 'Come !' and will you not obey ?
12. Lord ! to Thy command we bow,
 Touch our lips with altar fire ;
Let Thy Spirit kindle now
 Faith and zeal, and strong desire ;
So that henceforth we may be
Fellow-workers, Lord, with Thee.



SINGING FOR JESUS.

PSA. xxviii. 7.—*‘With my song will I praise Him.’*



SINGING for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
 Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love;
 All adoration we joyously bring,
 Longing to praise as we praise Him above.

2. Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
 Telling His love and His marvellous grace;
 Love from eternity, love without end,
 Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.
3. Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
 Many to love Him, and join in the song;
 Calling the weary and wandering in,
 Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

4. Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light ;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark ;
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.

5. Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives ;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

6. Singing for Jesus, Oh singing with joy !
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.



A SILENCE AND A SONG.



AM alone, dear Master—
 Alone in heart with Thee !
 Though merry faces round me
 And loving looks I see.

2. There's a hush among the blithe ones,
 While a pleasant voice is heard,
 A truce to all the tournament
 Of flashing wit and word.
3. And in that truce of silence,
 I lay aside my lance,
 And through the light and music send
 One happy upward glance.
4. I know not what the song may be,
 The words I cannot hear,
 'Tis but a gentle melody,
 All simple, soft and clear.

5. But the sweetness and the quiet
 Have set my spirit free,
And I turn in loving gladness,
 Dear Master, now to Thee.

6. I know I love Thee better
 Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
 Which nothing can destroy.

7. I know that Thou art nearer still
 Than all this merry throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
 Than any lovely song.

8. Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
 Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
 I could not but be sad.

9. I bless Thee for these pleasant hours
 With sunny-hearted friends,
But more for this sweet moment's calm
 Thy loving-kindness sends.

10. O Master, gracious Master,
What will Thy presence be,
If such a thrill of joy can crown
One upward look to Thee?
11. 'Tis ending now, that gentle song,
And they will call for me ;
They know the music I love best,—
My song shall be for Thee !
12. For Thee, who hast so lovèd us,
And whom not having seen,
We love ; on whom in all our joy,
As in our grief, we lean.
13. Be near me still, and tune my notes,
And make them sweet and strong
To waft Thy words to many a heart,
Upon the wings of song.
14. I know that all will listen,
For my very heart shall sing,
And it shall be Thy praise alone,
My glorious Lord and King.

THE COMING OF THE HEALER.

MATT. xiv. 34-36.—*‘They came into the land of Gennesaret. And when the men of that place had knowledge of Him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment ; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.’*



FROM the watch of lonely mountain prayer, in
gathering storm and blast ;

From the path no mortal foot could tread, o'er
waters wild and vast,

HE came, the glorious Son of God, with healing,
love, and light,

To the land of far Gennesaret, that lay in shadowy
night.

2. O blessed morning, sunrise true, upon that gloomy
shore !

Where they who walked in darkness long, the
Light of Life adore.

Oh blessed coming to the land of Death's usurping
 sway,
For where those shining footsteps fall, the shadows
 flee away!

3. But *when* the Light had touched the hills by
 slumbering Galilee,
The golden wave must roll afar towards the western
 sea :
And *when* the men had knowledge of the Holy One
 of God,
Then they sent out through all the land, and spread
 His fame abroad.
4. And *then* they brought the suffering ones, the lonely,
 or the dear,
And laid them at the Healer's feet, from far away,
 or near :
Then bent before the Wondrous One, and earnestly
 besought
That they might only touch the hem around His
 garment wrought.

5. He heard the prayer, and gave the will and strength
to touch the hem ;
And gave the faith, and virtue flowed from Him,
and healed them :
For every one whose feeblest touch thus met the
Saviour's power,
Rose up in perfect health and strength in that
accepted hour.
6. O Tender One, O Mighty One, who never sent away
The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art The Same to-day !
The Same in Love, the Same in Power, and Thou
art waiting still,
To heal the multitudes that come, yea, ' whosoever
will ' !
7. *We* know Thee, blessed Saviour, who hast ' filled
us with good things,'
Thou hast arisen on our land, with healing in Thy
wings,
Thou hast arisen on our hearts, with light and life
Divine,
Now bid us be Thy messengers, bid us ' arise and
shine ' !

8. Oh let Thy Spirit fire our zeal, that we may now
 ‘send out,’
And tell that Thou art come ‘in all the country
 round about,’—
That Thou art waiting now to heal, that Thou art
 strong to save,
That Thou hast spoilt the Spoiler, Death, and
 triumphed o’er the grave.
9. Oh make us fervent in the quest, that we may bring
 them in,
The weary and the wounded, and the sufferers from
 sin,
The stricken and the dying, let us seek them out
 for Thee,
And lay them at Thy glorious feet, that healed they
 may be.
10. Oh pour upon our waiting hearts the Spirit of
 Thy grace,
That we may plead with Thee to shew the
 brightness of Thy face,

Beseeching Thee to grant the will and strength
and faith to such

As lie in helpless misery, Thy garment's hem to
touch.

11. And then, Lord Jesus, make them whole, that they
may rise and bring
New praise and glory unto Thee, our Healer and
our King :
Yea, let Thy saving health be known through all
the earth abroad,
So shall the people praise Thy Name, our Saviour
and our God.



ANOTHER FOR CHRIST.



ANOTHER called, another brought, dear Master,
to Thy feet!

Oh where are words to tell the joy so wonderful
and sweet!

Oh where are words to give Thee thanks that Thou
indeed hast heard,

That Thou hast proved and sealed anew Thy faithful
promise-word!

2. We prayed so long with fervent hope and patient
faith that she

With all her early wealth of love might give her-
self to Thee;

Well knowing that our prayer must be the echo of
Thy will,


Itself the earnest and the pledge that Thou wilt all
fulfil.

3. And now the prayer is turned to praise, and with
the angel-throng,
Who even now are pouring forth a new and joyful
song,
Our hearts ascend, our whispers blend, in deepest
thrill of praise,
The happiest Alleluia-hymn that human heart can
raise.
4. Oh joy to know that Thou hast found Thy fair and
weary dove,
Rejoicing o'er the wanderer now, and resting in
Thy love,
That *Thou* art glad, that Thou hast seen the travail
of Thy soul,
Thy blessèd Name emblazoned on a new and living
scroll!
5. O Master, blessed Master, it is hard indeed to
know
That thousands round our daily path misunderstand
Thee so!
Despisèd and rejected yet, no beauty they can see,
O King of glory and of grace, belovèd Lord, in Thee!

6. Not even as a lovely song of pleasant voice appears
The story of Thy wondrous love in dull and drowsy
ears ;
'Tis nothing to the passers-by, who coldly turn
aside,
That Thou hast poured Thy precious blood, that
Thou wast crucified.
7. O Saviour, precious Saviour, come in all Thy power
and grace,
And take away the veil that hides the glory of Thy
face !
Oh manifest the marvels of Thy tenderness and love,
And let Thy Name be blessed and praised all other
names above.
8. Oh vindicate Thyself, and shew how perfect are Thy
ways,
Untraceable, because too bright for weak and
mortal gaze ;
Shine forth, O Sun, and bid the scales of darkening
evil fall,
Thou Altogether Lovely One, Thou glorious All-
in-all !

9. Yet conquering Thy word goes forth on all-
triumphant way!
'Ye *shall* be gathered one by one,' 'tis true afresh
to-day!
And so we hush the yearning cry, 'How long, O
Lord, how long?'
A sweet new token Thou hast given to change it
into song.
10. So once again we praise Thee, with Thy holy ones
above,
Because another heart has seen Thy great and
mighty love;
Another heart will own Thee Lord and worship
Thee as King,
And grateful love and glowing praise and willing
service bring.
11. Another voice to 'tell it out' what great things
Thou hast done,
Another life to live for Thee, another witness won,
Another faithful soldier on our Captain's side
enrolled,
Another heart to read aright Thy heart of love
untold!

'HOW WONDERFUL!'

E answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I
brought,

With blessing more than I had asked or thought—
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.
I stood amazed, and whispered, 'Can it be
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that He hath answered me!'
O faithless heart! He *said* that He would hear
And answer thy poor prayer, and He *hath* heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!



VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH.

JUDE 3.—*'Ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.'*



UNFURL the Christian Standard! lift it manfully
on high,

And rally where its shining folds wave out
against the sky!

Away with weak half-heartedness, with faithlessness
and fear!

Unfurl the Christian Standard, and follow with a
cheer!

2. In God's own name we set it up, this banner brave
and bright,
Uplifted for the cause of Christ, the cause of Truth
and Right;
The cause that none can overthrow, the cause that
must prevail,
Because the promise of the Lord can never, never fail!

3. Now, who is on the Lord's side, who? come, throng
His battle-field;
Be strong, and shew that ye are men! come forth
with sword and shield!
What peace, while traitorous Evil stalks in false
array of light?
What peace, while enemies of Christ are gathering
for the fight?

4. Unfurl the Christian Standard, with firm and fear-
less hands!
For no pale flag of compromise with Error's legion
bands,
And no faint-hearted flag of truce with Mischief and
with Wrong,
Should lead the soldiers of the Cross, the faithful
and the strong.


5. Unfurl the Christian Standard, and follow through
the strife
The noble army who have won the martyr's crown
of life;

Our ancestors could die for Truth, could brave the
deadly glow,
And shall we let the standard fall, and yield it to
the foe?

6. But if ye dare not hold it fast, yours only is the
loss,
For it *shall* be victorious, this Standard of the
Cross!
It shall not suffer, though ye rest beneath your
sheltering trees,
And cast away the victor's crown for love of timid
ease.

7. The Lord of Hosts, in whom alone our weakness
shall be strong,
Shall lead us on to conquest with a mighty battle
song;
And soon the warfare shall be past, the glorious
triumph won,
The kingdoms of this world *shall* be the kingdoms of
His Son!

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

 T was Easter Monday morning,
 A dull and showery day ;
 We were sorry for the children
 Who could not run and play.

I heard a sound of singing
 As I passed along the street—
 An unseen tiny chorus
 Of tiny voices sweet.

Beneath a sheltering doorway,
 Safe from the April weather,
 Eight happy little singers
 Sat lovingly together.

Five crowding on the doorstep
 With arms entwined, and three
 On broken stool or baby chair,
 Close clustering knee to knee.

They sang about the 'happy land,'
So very 'far away,'
And happier faces never shone
In any game of play.

And then they sang it all again,
And gently rocked each other;
Then said the little leader,
'Now let us sing another!'

'Now *I* will say a hymn to you!'
(Oh the sixteen eyes were bright!)
So I said them 'Little Jessie,'
As they listened with delight.

JESSIE'S FRIEND.

'Little Jessie, darling pet,
Do you want a Friend?
One who never will forget,
Loving to the end?

H

One whom you can tell, when sad,
Everything that grieves,
One who loves to make you glad,
One who never leaves ?

‘ Such a loving Friend is ours
Near us all the day,
Helping us in lesson-hours,
Smiling on our play ;
Keeping us from doing wrong,
Guarding everywhere ;
Listening to each happy song,
And each little prayer.’

‘ Jessie, if you only knew
What He is to me,
Surely you would love Him too,
You would “ come and see.”
Come, and you will find it true,
Happy you will be !
Jesus says, and says to you,
“ Come, oh come, to Me.”’

‘Now tell me who, if you can guess,
Was little Jessie’s Friend ?
Who is the Friend that loves so much,
And loveth to the end ?’

I would that you had seen the smile
On every sunny face,
It made a palace of delight
Out of that dismal place.

As, reverently yet joyously,
They answered without fear,
‘It’s Jesus !’ That belovéd Name
Had never seemed more dear.

And then we talked awhile of Him ;
They knew the story well,
His holy life, His precious death,
Those rosy lips could tell.

All beautiful, and wonderful,
And sweet and true it seemed,
Such hold no fairy tale had gained
That ever fancy dreamed.

So, to be good and kind all day
These little children tried,
Because they knew *He* was so good,
Because *He* bled and died.

Blest knowledge! Oh what human lore
Can be compared, with such!
'Who taught you this, dear little ones?
Where did you learn so much?'

Again the bright eyes cheerily
Looked up from step and stool;
They answered (mark the answer well!),
'*We learnt it all at school!*'

At school, at school! And shall we take
The Book of books away?
Withhold it from the little ones?
Leave them at will to stray—

Upon dark mountains, helplessly,
Without the guiding light
That God entrusts to *us*, until
They perish in the night?

What was the world before that Book
Went forth in glorious might?
Availed the lore of Greece and Rome
To chase its Stygian night?

We send the messengers of life
To many a distant strand,
And shall we tie the tongues that teach
The poor of our own land?

Shall husks and chaff be freely given,
And not the Bread of Life?
And shall the Word of Peace become
A centre of mad strife?

Shall those who name the Name of Christ
His own great gift withhold?
Our Lamp, our Chart, our Sword, our Song,
Our Pearl, our most fine Gold!

Why would ye have 'no Bible taught?'
Is it for *fear*? or shame?
Out, out upon such coward hearts,
False to their Master's name!

If God be God, if truth be truth,
If Christian men be men,
Let them arise and fight the fight,
Though it were one to ten!

With battle-cry of valiant faith,
Let Britain's sons arise,—
'Our children *shall* be taught the Word
That only maketh wise!'

So, dauntlessly, will we unfurl
Our banner bright and broad,
The cause of His dear Word of Life,
Our cause, the Cause of God.



TELL IT OUT.

PSA. xcvi. 10.—‘*Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.*’—(PRAYER-BOOK VERSION.)

TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is
King!

Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and
sing!

Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase;
That the mighty King of glory is the King of Peace.
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may
roar,

That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for
evermore!

Tell it out, &c.

2. Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns!

Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains !

Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives ;

Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives ;

Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save ;

Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

Tell it out, &c.

3. Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above !

Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations that His name is Love !

Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out among the highways, and the lanes at home :

Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam ;

Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,

Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea !

Tell it out, &c.

SISTERS.



- H! for a fiery scroll, and a trumpet of thunder
 might,
 To startle the silken dreams of English women
 at ease,
 Circled with peace and joy, and dwelling where truth
 and light
 Are shining fair as the stars, and free as the
 western breeze !
2. Oh ! for a clarion voice to reach and stir their nest,
 With the story of sisters' woes, gathering day by
 day
 Over the Indian homes (sepulchres rather than rest),
 Till they rouse in the strength of the Lord, and
 roll the stone away.
3. *Sisters!* Scorn not the name, for ye cannot alter
 the fact !

Deem ye the darker tint of the glowing south
shall be


Valid excuse above for the Priest's and Levite's act,
If ye pass on the other side, and say that ye did
not see ?

4. *Sisters!* Yea, and they lie, not by the side of the
road,
But hidden in loathsome caves, in crushed and
quivering throngs,
Down-trodden, degraded, and dark, beneath the
invisible load
Of centuries, echoing groans, black with inherited
wron
5. Made like our own strange selves, with memory,
mind, and will ;
Made with a heart to love, and a soul to live for
ever !
Sisters! Is there no chord vibrating in musical
thrill,
At the fall of that gentle word, to issue in bright
endeavour ?

6. *Sisters!* Ye who have known the Elder Brother's
love,
Ye who have sat at His feet, and leant on His
gracious breast,
Whose hearts are glad with the hope of His own
blest home above,
Will ye not seek them out, and lead them to Him
for rest?
7. Is it too great a thing? Will not *one* rise and go,
Laying her joys aside, as the Master laid them
down?
Seeking His lone and lost in the veiled abodes of
woe,
Winning His Indian gems to shine in His glorious
crown!



AN INDIAN FLAG.


 HE golden gates were opening
 For another welcome guest ;
 For a ransomed heir of glory
 Was entering into rest.

2. The first in far Umritzur
 Who heard the joyful sound,
 The first who came to Jesus
 Within its gloomy bound.
3. Dark children of the Punjaub
 Stood by his dying bed,
 And saw Christ's fearless witness
 Safe through the valley led.
4. And they whose faithful sowing
 Had not been all in vain,
 Watched, while the angels waited,
 Their sheaf of ripened grain.

5. He spoke :—‘ We have a custom,
Honour and love to pay,
By setting up a banner
For friends who are away.
6. ‘ And now my heart’s desire,
While waiting for the end,
Is to raise a flag for Jesus,
My best and greatest Friend.
7. ‘ So take my house and sell it,
And all the gold shall be
To raise a flag for Jesus,
Instead of one for me.’
8. And now in far Umritzur,
That flag is waving bright,
Amid the heathen darkness,
A clear and shining light.
9. A house where all may gather
The words of peace to hear,
And seek the only Saviour
Without restraint or fear.

10. Where patient toil of teaching,
 And kindly deeds abound ;
Where holy festivals are kept,
 And holy songs resound.
11. First convert of Umritzur,
 Well hast thou led the way ;
Now, who will rise and follow ?
 Who dares to answer, ' Nay ! '
12. Oh, children of salvation,
 Oh, dwellers in the light !
Have ye no ' flag for Jesus,'
 Far-waving, fair and bright ?
13. Will ye not band together,
 And, working hand in hand,
Set up a ' flag for Jesus,'
 In that wide heathen land ?
14. In many an Indian city,
 Oh, let a standard wave,
Our gift of love and honour,
 To Him who came to save.

15. To Him beneath whose banner
Of wondrous love we rest ;
Our Friend, the Friend of sinners,
The Greatest and the Best.



THE LULL OF ETERNITY.*



ANY a voice has echoed the cry for 'a lull in
life,'

Fainting under the noontide, fainting under
the strife.

Is it the wisest longing? is it the truest gain?
Is not the Master withholding possible loss and pain?

2. Perhaps if He sent the lull we might fail of our
heart's desire!

Swift and sharp the concussion striking out living
fire,

Mighty and long the friction resulting in living
glow,

Heat that is force of the spirit, energy fruitful in
flow.

* Sequel to 'A Lull in Life.' See 'The Ministry of Song,'
page 199 (Pocket Edition).

3. What if the blast should falter, what if the fire be
 stilled,
 What if the molten metal cool ere the mould be
 filled ?
 What if the hands hang down when a work is
 almost done ?
 What if the sword be dropped when a battle is
 almost won ?
4. Past many an unseen Maelstrom the strong wind
 drives the skiff,
 When a lull might drift it onward to fatal swirl or
 cliff.
 Faithful the guide that spurreth, sternly forbidding
 repose,
 When treacherous slumber lureth to pause amid
 Alpine snows.
5. The lull of Time may be darkness, falling in lonely
 night,
 But the lull of Eternity neareth, rising in full calm
 light ;
 The earthly lull may be silence, desolate, deep and
 cold,

But the heavenly lull shall be music sweeter a
thousandfold.

6. *Here*, it is 'calling apart,' and the place may be
desert indeed,
Leaving and losing the blessings linked with our
busy need;
There!—why should I say it? hath not the heart
leapt up,
Swift and glad, to the contrast, filling the full, full
cup?
7. Still shall the key-word ringing, echo the same
sweet '*Come!*'
'Come' with the blessed myriads safe in the
Father's home;
'Come'—for the work is over, 'come'—for the
feast is spread,
'Come'—for the crown of glory waits for the weary
head.
8. When the rest of faith is ended, and the rest in
hope is past,
The rest of love remaineth, Sabbath of life at last.

No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the day,
But golden stillness of glory, never to pass away.

9. Time with its pressure of moments, mocking us as
they fell

With relentless beat of a footstep, hour by hour
the knell

Of a hope or an aspiration, then shall have passed
away,

Leaving a grand calm leisure, leisure of endless
day.

10. Leisure that cannot be dimmed by the touch of
time or place,

Finding its counterpart measure only in infinite
space;

Full, and yet ever filling, leisure without alloy,
Eternity's seal on the limitless charter of heavenly
joy.


11. Leisure to fathom the fathomless, leisure to seek
and to know

Marvels and secrets and glories eternity only can
show;

Leisure of holiest gladness, leisure of holiest love,
Leisure to drink from the Fountain of infinite peace
above.

12. Art thou patiently toiling, waiting the Master's
will,
For a rest that never seems nearer, a hush that is
far off still ?
Does it seem that the noisy city never will let thee
hear
The sound of His gentle footsteps drawing, it may
be, near ?
13. Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noon-day
glare and heat
Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions high
and sweet ?
What though ' a lull in life ' may never be made
for thee,
Soon shall a ' better thing ' be thine, the Lull of
Eternity.

THE SOWERS.

N the morning sow thy seed, nor stay thy hand
at evening hour,

Never asking which shall prosper—both may
yield thee fruit and flower :

Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest ; though thy grain
be small and bare,

God shall clothe it as He pleases, for the harvest full
and fair ;

Though it sink in turbid waters, hidden from thy
yearning sight,

It shall spring in strength and beauty, ripening in
celestial light ;

Ever springing, ever ripening ;—not alone in earthly
soil,

Not alone among the shadows, where the weary
workers toil ;

Gracious first-fruits there may meet thee of the reaping-
time begun ;

But upon the Hill of Zion, 'neath the Uncreated Sun,

First the *fulness* of the blessing shall the faithful
labourer see,
Gathering fruit to life eternal, harvest of Eternity.

Let us watch awhile the sowers, let us mark their
tiny grain,
Scattered oft in doubt and trembling, sown in weakness
or in pain ;
Then let Faith, with radiant finger, lift the veil from
unseen things,
Where the golden sheaves are bending and the harvest
anthem rings.

I.

‘ Such as I have I sow, it is not much,’
Said one who loved the Master of the field ;
‘ Only a quiet word, a gentle touch
Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield
No quick response ; I tremble, yet I speak
For Him who knows the heart, so loving, yet so weak.’

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,
Or traced with timid pen ; yet oft they fell

On soil prepared, which she would never know,
 Until the tender blade sprang up to tell
That not in vain her labour had been spent ;
Then with new faith and hope more bravely on she went.

II.

‘ I had much seed to sow,’ said one ; ‘ I planned
 To fill broad furrows, and to watch it spring
And water it with care. But now the hand
 Of Him to whom I sought great sheaves to bring,
Is laid upon His labourer, and I wait,
Weak, helpless, useless, at His palace gate.

‘ Now I have nothing, only day by day
 Grace to sustain me till the day is done ;
And some sweet passing glimpses by the way
 Of Him, the Altogether Lovely One ;
And some strange things to learn, unlearnt before,
That make the suffering light, if it but teach me more.’

Yet, from the hush of that secluded room,
 Forth floated wingèd seeds of thought and prayer ;
These, reaching many a desert place to bloom,
 And pleasant fruit an hundred-fold to bear ;

Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh,
To fall again with showers of blessing from on high.

III.

‘What can I sow?’ thought one, to whom God gave
Sweet notes and skilful fingers—‘Can my song
Be cast upon the waters, as they lave
My feet with grateful echo, soft and long,
Or break in sunny spray of fair applaud?
Shall this be found one day as fruit to Thee, my God?’

She sang, and all were hushed: O sweeter fall
The notes that pour from fervent fount of love,
Than studied flow of sweetest madrigal!
She sang of One who listened from above,
She cast the song at His belovèd feet;—
Some said, ‘How strange!’ And others felt, ‘How
sweet!’

IV.

Another stood, with basket stored indeed,
And powerful hand both full and faithful found,

And cast God's own imperishable seed
Upon the darkly heaving waste around :
Yet oft in weariness and oft in woe,
Did that good sower store, and then go forth to sow.

The tide of human hearts still ebb'd and flow'd,
Less like the fruitful flood than barren sea ;
He saw not where it fell, and yet he sowed :
'Not void shall it return,' said God, 'to Me'!
The precious seed, so swiftly borne away,
A singing reaper's hand shall fill with sheaves one day.

v.

Another watched the sowers longingly.
'I cannot sow such seed as they,' he said ;
'No shining grain of thought is given to me,
No fiery words of power bravely sped :
Will others give me of their bounteous store ?
My hand may scatter that, if I can do no more.'

So by the wayside he went forth to sow
The silent seeds, each wrapped in fruitful prayer,
With glad humility ; content to know
The volume lent, the leaflet culled with care,

The message placed in stranger hands, were all
Beneath His guiding eye who notes the sparrows fall.

VI.

An opening blossom, bright with early dew,
Whose rosy lips had touched the Living Spring
Before the thirst of earth was felt; who knew
The children's Saviour, and the children's King,
Said, 'What can I sow, mother?' 'Darling boy,
Shew all how glad He makes you, scatter love and
joy!'

That sparkling seed he took in his small hand,
And dropped it tenderly beside the flow
Of sorrows that he could not understand,
And cast it lovingly upon the snow
That shrouded aged hearts, and joyously
Upon the dancing waves of playmates' thoughtless
glee.

VII.

'What seed have I to sow?' said one—'I lie
In stilled and darkened chamber, lone and low;

The silent days and silent nights pass by
In monotone of dimness. Could I throw
Into the nearest furrow one small seed,
It would be life again, a blessed life indeed !'

And so she lay through the lingering month and
year,
No word for Him to speak, no work to do ;
Only to suffer and be still, and hear
That yet the Golden Gate was not in view ;
While hands of love and skill, this charge to keep,
Must leave the whitening plain, where others now
would reap.

Such the sowing ; what the reaping ? Many a full and
precious ear
Waved and ripened, fair and early, for the patient
sowers' cheer.
Not without some gracious witness of God's faithfulness
and love
Toiled they, waiting for the coming of the harvest
home above ;

Word, and prayer, and song, and leaflet, found though
after many days,
Quickening energy and courage, brightening hope and
wakening praise.
Yet how many a seed seemed trodden under foot, and
left to die,
Lost, forgotten by the sower, never traced by human eye;
Many a worker meekly saying; 'Lord, how thankful
will I be,
If but one among a thousand may bring forth good
fruit to Thee !'

One by one, no longer
Gently bid to wait;
One by one, they entered
Through the Golden Gate.
One by one they fell adoring
At the Master's feet,
Heard His welcome, deep and thrilling,
'Enter thou !' each full heart filling,
All its need for ever stilling—
All its restless beat.

Then the gift, the free, the glorious,
 Life with Him, eternal life,—
Erst bestowed amid the weeping,
And the weary vigil keeping,
 And the bitter strife,—

Now in mighty consummation,
 First in all its fulness known,
Dower of glory all transcendent,
Everlasting and resplendent,
 Is their own !

All their own, through Him who loved them,
 And redeemed them unto God !
New and living revelation
Of the marvels of salvation,
Wakes new depths of adoration,
 New and burning laud.

Now they see their gracious Master,
 See Him face to face !
Now they know the great transition
From the veiled to veil-less vision,
 In that bright and blessed place.

What a change has passed upon them !
 Made like Him, the Perfect One,—
Made like Him, whose joy they enter,
Him, the only Crown and Centre
 Of the endless bliss begun.

But Eternity is long,
 And its joys are manifold !
Though the service of its song
 Never falters or grows cold,
Though the billows of its praise
 Never die upon the shore,
Though the blessèd harpers raise
 Alleluias evermore,
Though the eye grows never dim
 Gazing on that mighty Sun,
Ever finding all in Him,
 Every joy complete in one ;—
Yet THE INFINITE is He,
 In his Wisdom and his Might ;
And it needs eternity
 To reveal his Love and Light

To the finite and created !
 Archangelic mind and heart
Never with His bliss was sated,
 Never knew the thousandth part
Of the all-mysterious rays
 Flowing from Essential Light,
Hiding in approachless blaze
 God Himself, the Infinite.

Infinite the ocean-joy
 Opening to his children's view ;
Infinite their varied treasure,
Meted not by mortal measure—
Holy knowledge, holy pleasure,
Through Eternity's great leisure,
 Like its praises, ever new.

So the blessed sowers' gladness
 In the free and royal grace,
Should be crowned with added glory
Woven with their earthly story,
 Linked with time and place.

Glad surprise ! for every service
 Overflowing their reward !

No more sowing, no more weeping,
Only grand and glorious reaping,
All the blessing of their Lord.

I.

She who timidly had scattered
Trembling line or whispered word,
Till the holy work grew dearer,
And the sacred courage clearer,
Now her Master's own voice heard,

Calling shining throngs around her,
All her own fair harvest found;
Then, her humble name confessing,
With His radiant smile of blessing
All her dower of gladness crowned.

II.

'Welcome thou, whose heavenly message
Came with quickening power to me!

O most welcome to the portals
Of this home of bright immortals,
I have waited long for thee !'

'Who art thou? I never saw thee
In my pilgrimage below,'
Said he, marvelling. 'I will shew thee,'
Answered he, 'the love I owe thee,
Full and fervent, for I know thee
By the starlight on thy brow.

'Words that issued from thy chamber
Turned my darkness into light,
Guided footsteps, weak and weary,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Through the valley of the night.

'Come! for many another waits thee!
All unfolded thou shalt see,
Through the ecstatic revelation
Of their endless exultation,
What our God hath wrought by thee.'

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III.

Hark ! a voice all joy-inspiring
 Peals adown the golden floor,
Leading on a white-robed chorus,
Sweet as flute, and yet sonorous
 As the many waters' roar.

She who sang for Jesus heard it !
 ' 'Tis the echo of thy song !'
Said the leader. ' As we listened,
Cold hearts glowed and dim eyes glistened,
 And we learnt to love and long,—

' Till the longing and the loving
 Soared to Him of whom you sang ;
Till our Alleluia, swelling,
Through the glory all-excelling,
 Up the jasper arches rang.'

IV.

'Mid the angel-constellations,
 Like a star of purest flame,

Shining with exceeding brightness,
Robed in snowy-glistening whiteness,
Now a singing reaper came.

Came with fulness of rejoicing
That belovèd smile to meet ;
' Master, lo, I come with singing,
Myriad sheaves of glory bringing
To Thy dear and blessèd feet.'

Followed o'er the golden crystal
Glittering hosts with crown and palm ;
Joining him whose voice had taught them,
To the praise of Him who bought them,
In a new and rapturous psalm.

v.

He who humbly watched the sowers,
Watched the reapers of the Lord ;
Sharing all their jubilation,
Hailing every coronation,
Gladdened by their great reward.

‘ Seed of others long I scattered,
Now their harvest joy is mine,
Kindling holy contemplation
Into glowing adoration,
Into ecstasy divine.’

So he chanted. But the Master
Beckoned through the shining throng ;
While the praises of the choir
Rose into that silence, higher
Than the highest flight of song.

Great and gracious words were spoken
Of his faithful service done,
By the Voice that thrills all heaven ;
And mysterious rule was given
To that meek and marvelling one.

VI.

Found the little child rich harvest
From his tiny seed of love ;
Little footsteps followed surely
In the footprints marked so purely,
Till they met again above.

Aged ones and feeble mourners
 Felt the solace of his smile ;
Hastened on with footsteps lighter,
Battled on with courage brighter,
 Through the lessening ' little while,'

Till they too had joined the mansions
 Where the weary are at rest.
Could that little one forget them ?
Oh how joyously he met them
 In his dear home safe and blest !

And the Saviour, who had called him,
 Smiled upon His little one ;
On his brow, so fair and tender,
Set a crown of heavenly splendour,
 With the gracious word ' Well done !'

VII.

Yet again a wondrous anthem
 Rang across the crystal sea ;
Harps and voices all harmonious,
Nearer, nearer, sweet, symphonious,
 Meet for heaven's own jubilee.

One by one the singers gathered,
 Ever swelling that great song,
Till a mighty chorus thundered,
Till the listening seraphs wondered,
 As its triumph pealed along.

Onward came they with rejoicing,
 Bearing one upon their wings,
With their waving palms victorious,
To the presence-chamber glorious
 Of the very King of kings.

And a whisper, clear and thrilling,
 Fell upon her ravished ear—
'Lo, *thy* harvest song ascending!
Lo, *thy* golden sheaves are bending
 Full and precious, round thee here!'

'Nay,' she said, 'I have no harvest,
 For I had no power to sow;
Burdening others, daily dying,
Year by year in weakness lying,
 Still and silent, lone and low.'

Then a flash of sudden glory
 Lit her long life-mystery ;
By that heavenly intuition
All the secret of her mission
 Shone, revealed in radiancy.

And she knew the sweet memorials
 Of her hidden life had shed
Glories on the sufferer's pillow,
Calmness on the darkling billow,
 Peace upon the dying bed.

Thousand, thousand-fold her guerdon,
 Thousand, thousand-fold her bliss !
While His cup of suffering sharing,
All His will so meekly bearing,
He was gloriously preparing
 This for her, and her for this !

He that goeth forth and weepeth, seed of grace in
 sorrow bringing,
Laden with his sheaves of glory, doubtless shall return
 with singing.



V.

Our Blessings.

‘ BLESSED BE THE GOD AND FATHER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,
WHO HATH BLESSED US WITH ALL SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS
IN HEAVENLY PLACES IN CHRIST.’—

EPH. i. 3.





EVERLASTING BLESSINGS.

ECCLES. iii. 14.—*'I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever.'*



WHAT everlasting blessings God outpoureth
on His own !

Ours by promise true and faithful, spoken
from the eternal throne ;

Ours by His eternal purpose ere the universe had
place ;

Ours by everlasting covenant, ours by free and royal
grace.

2. With salvation everlasting He shall save us, He
shall bless

With the largess of Messiah, everlasting righteous-
ness ;

Ours the everlasting mercy all His wondrous dealings
prove ;
Ours His everlasting kindness, fruit of everlasting
love.

3. In the Lord Jehovah trusting, everlasting strength
have we ;
He Himself our Sun, our Glory, Everlasting Light
shall be ;
Everlasting life is ours, purchased by The Life laid
down ;
And our heads, oft bowed and weary, everlasting
joy shall crown.
4. We shall dwell with Christ for ever, when the
shadows flee away,
In the everlasting glory of the everlasting day.
Unto Thee, belovèd Saviour, everlasting thanks
belong,
Everlasting adoration, everlasting laud and song !



ACCEPTED.

EPH. i. 6.—‘*Accepted in the Beloved.*’ COL. i. 28.—‘*Perfect in Christ Jesus.*’ COL. ii. 10.—‘*Complete in Him.*’



ACCEPTED, Perfect, and Complete,
 For God's inheritance made meet!
 How true, how glorious, and how sweet!


2. In the Belovèd—by the King
 Accepted, though not anything
 But forfeit lives had we to bring.
3. And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,
 On Him our great transgressions laid,
 We in His righteousness arrayed.
4. Complete in Him, our glorious Head,
 With Jesus raisèd from the dead,
 And by His mighty Spirit led!

5. O blessèd Lord, is this for me ?
Then let my whole life henceforth be
One Alleluia-song to Thee !



FRESH SPRINGS.

PSA. lxxxvii. 7.—‘*All my fresh springs shall be in Thee.*’
—(PRAYER-BOOK VERSION.)

EAR the Father's ancient promise!
Listen, thirsty, weary one!
‘I will pour My Holy Spirit
On Thy chosen seed, O Son.’
Promise to the Lord's Anointed,
Gift of God to Him for thee!
Now, by covenant appointed,
All thy springs in Him shall be.

2. Springs of life in desert places
Shall thy God unseal for thee;
Quickening and reviving graces,
Dew-like, healing, sweet and free.
Springs of sweet refreshment flowing,
When thy work is hard or long,
Courage, hope, and power bestowing,
Lightening labour with a song.

3. Springs of peace, when conflict heightens,
Thine uplifted eye shall see ;
Peace that strengthens, calms, and brightens,
Peace, itself a victory.
Springs of comfort, strangely springing
Through the bitter wells of woe ;
Founts of hidden gladness, bringing
Joy that earth can ne'er bestow.
4. Thine, O Christian, is this treasure,
To thy risen Head assured !
Thine in full and gracious measure,
Thine by covenant secured !
Now arise ! His word possessing,
Claim the promise of the Lord ;
Plead through Christ for showers of blessing,
Till the Spirit be outpoured !



FAITHFUL PROMISES.

(New Year's Hymn.)

ISAIAH xli. 10.



STANDING at the portal

Of the opening year,
 Words of comfort meet us,
 Hushing every fear.

Spoken through the silence
 By our Father's voice,
 Tender, strong, and faithful,
 Making us rejoice.

Onward, then, and fear not,
 Children of the Day!
 For His word shall never,
 Never pass away!

2. I, the Lord, am with thee,
 Be thou not afraid!

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FAITHFUL PROMISES.

I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed !
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own Right Hand ;
Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day !
For His word shall never,
Never pass away !


3. For the year before us,
Oh what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound ;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day !
For His word shall never,
Never pass away !

4. He will never fail us,
 He will not forsake ;
His eternal covenant
 He will never break !
Resting on His promise,
 What have we to fear ?
God is all-sufficient
 For the coming year.
 Onward, then, and fear not,
 Children of the Day !
For His word shall never,
 Never pass away !



THE FAITHFUL COMFORTER.

HEB. ix. 15, 23.—‘*The Holy Ghost.—He is faithful.*’

 O Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia!

2. To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great Covenant of Grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

3. To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

4. To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

5. To Thee, whose faithful truth is shewn,
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

6. To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

7. To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

8. To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen!



UNDER HIS SHADOW.

(Communion Hymn.)

CANT. ii. 3.—‘*I sat down under His shadow with great delight.*’



IT down beneath His shadow,
 And rest with great delight;
 The faith that now beholds Him
 Is pledge of future sight.

2. Our Master's love remember,
 Exceeding great and free;
 Lift up thy heart in gladness,
 For He remembers thee.
3. Bring every weary burden,
 Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
 He calls the heavy laden,
 And gives them kind relief.

4. His righteousness 'all glorious'
Thy festal robe shall be ;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

5. A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

6. Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed !



COVENANT BLESSINGS.

2 SAM. xxiii. 5.— *‘ He hath made with me an everlasting covenant,
ordered in all things and sure. ’*



JEHOVAH'S Covenant shall endure,
All ordered, everlasting, sure!
O child of God, rejoice to trace
Thy portion in its glorious grace.

2. 'Tis thine, for Christ is given to be
The Covenant of God to thee:
In Him, God's golden scroll of light,
The darkest truths are clear and bright.
3. O sorrowing sinner, well He knew,
Ere time began, what He would do!
Then rest thy hope within the veil;
His covenant mercies shall not fail.
4. O doubting one, the Eternal Three
Are pledged in faithfulness for thee;

Claim every promise, sweet and sure,
By covenant oath of God secure.

5. O waiting one, each moment's fall
Is marked by Love that planned them all;
Thy times, all ordered by His hand,
In God's eternal covenant stand.

6. O feeble one, look up and see
Strong consolation sworn for thee;
Jehovah's glorious arm is shown,
His covenant strength is all thine own.


7. O mourning one, each stroke of love
A covenant blessing yet shall prove;
His covenant love shall be thy stay;
His covenant grace be as thy day.

8. O Love that chose, O Love that died,
O Love that sealed and sanctified,
All glory, glory, glory be,
O covenant, Triune God, to Thee!

THE TRIUNE PRESENCE.

(Birthday or New Year's Hymn.)

EXODUS iii. 12.—*'Certainly I will be with thee.'*

 CERTAINLY I will be with thee!' Father, I
have found it true:

To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set
my seal anew.

All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou my help
indeed hast been,

Marvellous the loving-kindness every day and hour
hath seen.

2. 'Certainly I will be with thee!' Let me feel it,
Saviour dear,
Let me know that Thou art with me, very precious,
very near.

On this day of solemn pausing, with Thyself all
longing still,
Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy peace
my spirit fill.

3. 'Certainly I will be with thee!' Blessèd Spirit,
come to me,
Rest upon me, dwell within me, let my heart Thy
temple be ;
Through the trackless year before me, Holy One,
with me abide !
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, be my ever-
present Guide.

4. 'Certainly I will be with thee!' Starry promise
in the night !
All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before its
light.
'Certainly I will be with thee!' He hath spoken :
I have heard !
True of old, and true this moment, I will trust
Jehovah's word.



VI.

Now and Afterward.

'NEVERTHELESS, AFTERWARD.'—

HEB. xii. 11.

'AND AFTERWARD RECEIVE ME TO GLORY.

PSA. lxxiii. 24.





NOW AND AFTERWARD.

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long ;
Afterward the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

2. Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing ;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot !
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3. Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind faint gropings in the sea ;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

4. Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

5. Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong ;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

6. Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

7. Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now ;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's ' Enter thou !'

'TEMPTED AND TRIED!'

'TEMPTED and tried!'

Oh! the terrible tide

May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wide!

Yet its fury is vain,

For the Lord shall restrain;

And for ever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

'Tempted and tried!'

There is One at thy side,

And never in vain shall His children confide!

He shall save and defend,

For He loves to the end,

Adorable Master and glorious Friend!

'Tempted and tried!'

Whate'er may betide,

In His secret pavilion His children shall hide!

'Neath the shadowing wing

Of Eternity's King

His children shall trust and His servants shall sing.

M

'Tempted and tried !'
Yet the Lord shall abide
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward !
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord !

'Tempted and tried !'
The Saviour who died
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side.
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And for ever and ever His glory shalt share.



NOT FORSAKEN.

Answer to an extremely beautiful, but utterly melancholy sonnet, entitled 'Forsaken.'



H, not forsaken ! God gives better things
 Than thou hast asked in thy forlornest hour.
 Love's promises shall be fulfilled in power.
 Not death, but life ; not silence, but the strings
 Of angel-harps ; no deep, cold sea, but springs
 Of living water ; no dim, wearied sight,
 Nor time- nor tear-mist, but the joy of light ;
 Not sleep, but rest that happy service brings ;
 And no forgotten name thy lot shall be
 But God's remembrance. Thou canst never drift
 Beyond His love. Would I could reach thee
 where
 The shadows droop so heavily, and lift
 The cold weight from thy life.—And if I care
 For one unknown, oh how much more doth HE !

LISTENING IN DARKNESS—SPEAKING IN LIGHT.

MATT. x. 27.—*‘What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye also in light.’*

HE hath spoken in the darkness,
 In the silence of the night,
 Spoken sweetly of the Father,
 Words of life and love and light.
 Floating through the sombre stillness
 Came the loved and loving Voice,
 Speaking peace and solemn gladness,
 That His children might rejoice.
 What He tells thee in the darkness,
 Songs He giveth in the night—
 Rise and speak it in the morning,
 Rise and sing them in the light!

2. He hath spoken in the darkness,
 In the silence of thy grief,
 Sympathy so deep and tender,
 Mighty for thy heart relief.

Speaking in thy night of sorrow
Words of comfort and of calm,
Gently on thy wounded spirit
Pouring true and healing balm.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Weary watcher for the day,
Grateful lip and life should utter
When the shadows flee away.

3. He is speaking in the darkness,
Though thou canst not see His face,
More than angels ever needed,
Mercy, pardon, love, and grace.
Speaking of the many mansions,
Where, in safe and holy rest,
Thou shalt be with Him for ever,
Perfectly and always blest.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Whispers through Time's lonely night,
Thou shalt speak in glorious praises,
In the everlasting light!

EVENING TEARS AND MORNING SONGS.

PSA. xxx. 5 (MARGIN).—‘*Weeping may endure in the evening,
but singing cometh in the morning.*’



IN the evening there is weeping,
Lengthening shadows, failing sight;
Silent darkness slowly creeping
Over all things dear and bright.

2. In the evening there is weeping,
Lasting all the twilight through;
Phantom shadows, never sleeping,
Wakening slumbers of the true.
3. In the morning cometh singing,
Cometh joy and cometh sight,
When the sun ariseth, bringing
Healing on his wings of light.

4. In the morning cometh singing,
Songs that ne'er in silence end,
Angel minstrels ever bringing
Praises new with thine to blend.

5. Are the twilight shadows casting
Heavy glooms upon thy heart ?
Soon in radiance everlasting
Night for ever shall depart.

6. Art thou weeping, sad and lonely,
Through the evening of thy days ?
All thy sighing shall be only
Prelude of more perfect praise.

7. Darkest hour is nearest dawning,
Solemn herald of the day ;
Singing cometh in the morning,
God shall wipe thy tears away !



PEACEABLE FRUIT.

HEB. xii. 11.—‘*Nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness.*’



WHAT shall Thine ‘afterward’ be, O Lord,
 For this dark and suffering night?
 Father, *what* shall Thine ‘afterward’ be?
 Hast Thou a morning of joy for me,
 And a new and joyous light?


2. What shall Thine ‘afterward’ be, O Lord,
 For the moan that I cannot stay?
 Shall it issue in some new song of praise,
 Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,
 When the night hath passed away?
3. What shall Thine ‘afterward’ be, O Lord,
 For this helplessness of pain?
 A clearer view of my home above,
 Of my Father’s strength and my Father’s love?
 Shall this be my lasting gain?

4. What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord?
How long must Thy child endure?
Thou knowest! 'Tis well that I know it not!
Thine 'afterward' cometh, I cannot tell what,
But I know that Thy word is sure.
5. What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord?
I wonder and wait to see,
(While to Thy chastening Hand I bow),
What 'peaceable fruit' may be ripening now,
Ripening fast for me!



RIGHT!

SCENE I.

 HE summer sun was high and strong,
 And dust was on the traveller's feet ;
 Oh weary was the stage and long,
 And burning was the early heat.

There was a pause. For Ernest stood
 Upon the borders of a wood.
 Between him and his homè it lay,
 Stretching in mystery away.
 What might be there he could not tell
 Of briery steep, or mossy dell,
 Of bog or brake, of glen or glade,
 All hidden by the dim green shade.
 He had not passed that way before,
 And wonderingly he waited now,
 While mystic voices, o'er and o'er,
 Soft whispered on from bough to bough.

Oh was it only wind and trees
That made such gentle whisperings?
Or was it some sweet spirit-breeze
That bore a message on its wings,
And bid the traveller that day
Go forward on his woodland way?

How should he know? He had no clue,
And more than one fair opening lay
Before him, where the broad boughs threw
Cool, restful shade across the way.
Which should he choose? He could not trace
The onward track by vision keen;
The drooping branches interlace,
Not far the winding paths are seen.
Oh for a sign! Were choice not right,
Was no return, for well he knew
The hours were short, and swift the night;
Once entered, he must hasten through.

For what hath been can never be
As if it had not been at all;
We gaze, but nevermore can we
Retrace one footstep's wavering fall.

Oh how we need from day to day
A guiding Hand for all the way ;
Oh how we need from hour to hour
That faithful, ever-present Power !

Which should he choose? He pondered long,
And with the sounds of bird and bee,
He blent an oft-repeated song,
A soft and suppliant melody.

‘ Oh for a light from heaven,
Clear and divine,
Now on the paths before me
Brightly to shine !
Oh for a hand to beckon !
Oh for a voice to say,
“ Follow in firm assurance—
This is the way !”

‘ Listening to mingling voices,
Seeking a guiding hand,
Watching for light from heaven,
Waiting I stand—

Onward and homeward pressing,
Nothing my feet should stay,
Might I but plainly hear it,—
“This is the way!”

Was it indeed an answer given,
That whisper through the tree-tops o'er him?
Was it indeed a light from heaven,
That fell upon the path before him?
Or was it only that he met
The wayward playing of the breeze,
Parting the heavy boughs to let
The sunshine fall among the trees?
Again he listened—did it say,
'This is the onward, homeward way'?
Perhaps it did. He would not wait,
But pressing towards a Mansion Gate
That, yet unseen, all surely stood
Beyond the untried, unknown wood,
And trusting that his prayer was heard,
Although he caught no answering word,
And gazing on with calm, clear eye
The straightest, surest path to spy

(Not seeking out the smooth and bright,
If he might only choose the right),
With hopeful heart and manly tread,
Into the forest depths he sped.

SCENE II.

Hours flit on, and the sunshine fails in the zenith of
day;

Hours flit on, and the loud wind crashes and moans
o'er the ridge;

Heavily beateth the strong rain, lashing the miry clay,
Hoarsely roareth the torrent under the quivering
bridge.

Under the shivering pine-trees, over the slippery stone,
Over the rugged boulder, over the cold wet weed,
Ernest the traveller passeth, storm-beaten, weary and
lone,

Only following faintly whither the path may lead.

Leading down to the valleys, dank in the shadow of
death,

Leading on through the briers, poisonous, keen and
sore;

Leading up to the grim rocks, mounted with panting
breath,

Only to gain a glimpse of sterner toil before.

Faint and wounded and bleeding, hungry, thirsty and
chill,

Hardly a step before him seen through the tangled
brake,

Rougher and wilder the storm-blast, steeper the thorn-
grown hill,

Brave heart and bright eye and strong limb, well
may they quiver and ache!

Was it indeed the *right* way? Was it a God-led choice,
Followed in faith and patience, and chosen not for
ease?

Was it a false, false gleam, and a mocking, mocking
voice

That fell on the woodland pathway, and murmured
among the trees?

Oh the dire mistake ! fatal freedom to choose !

Had he but taken a fair path, sheltered, level and
straight,

Never a thorn to wound him, never a stone to bruise,
Leading safely and softly on to the Mansion Gate !

Was it the wail of a windharp, cadencing weird and long,
Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying to wake again ?
Is it the voice of a brave heart striving to utter in song
Agony, prayer and reliance, courage and wonder
and pain ?

‘ Onward and homeward ever,
Battling with dark distress,
Faltering, but yielding never,
Still shall my faint feet press.
Why was no beckoning hand
Sent in my doubt and need ?
Why did no true guide stand
Guiding me right indeed ?
Why ? They will tell me all
When I have reached the gate,
Where, in the shining hall,
Many my coming wait.

' Oh the terrible night,
 Falling without a star!
Darkness anear, but light—
 Glorious light afar.
Oh the perilous way!
 Oh the pitiless blast!
Long though I suffer and stray
 There will be rest at last.
Perhaps I have far to go!
 Perhaps but a little way!
Well that I do not know!
 Onward! I must not stay.

' Splinter and thorn and brier
 Yet may be sore and keen;
Rocks may be rougher and higher,
 Hollows more chill between.
There may be torrents to cross,
 Bridgeless, and fierce with foam;
Rest in the wild wood were loss,
 There will be rest at home.
Battling with dark distress,
 Faltering, but yielding never,
Still shall my faint feet press
 Onward and homeward ever!'

N

Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying, dying, — and
gone,—

Gone that Æolian cadence, silent the firm refrain ;
Only the howl of the storm-wind rages cruelly on ;
Has the traveller fallen, vanquished by toil and
pain ?

SCENE III.

Morning, morning on the mountains, golden-vestured,
snowy-browed !

Morning light of clear resplendence, shining forth
without a cloud ;

Morning songs of jubilation, thrilling through the
crystal air ;

Morning joy upon all faces, new and radiant, pure and
fair.

At the portals of the mansion, Ernest stands and gazes
back.

There is light upon the river, light upon the forest
track ;

Light upon the darkest valley, light upon the sternest
height;
Light upon the brake and bramble, everywhere that
glorious light!

Strong and joyous stands the traveller, in the morning
glory now,
Not a shade upon the brightness of the cool and
peaceful brow;
Not a trace of weary faintness, not a touch of lingering
pain,
Not a scar to wake the memory of the suffering hours
again.

Onward by the winding pathway, many another
journeyed fast,
Hastening to the princely mansion by the way that he
had passed;
Spared the doubting and the erring by those footsteps
bravely placed
In the clogging mire, or trampling on the wounding
bramble-waste.

Some had followed close behind him, pressing to the
selfsame mark,
Cheered and guided by the refrain of that singer in
the dark ;
Some were near him in the tempest, while he thought
himself alone,
And regained a long-lost pathway, following that
beckoning tone.

Some who patiently, yet feebly, sought to reach that
mansion too,
Caught the unseen singer's courage, battled on with
vigour new ;
Some, exhausted in the struggle, sunk in slumber chill
and deep,
Started at that strange voice near them, rousing from
their fatal sleep.

Now they meet and gather round him, and together
enter in,
Where the rest is consummated and the joys of home
begin,

Where the tempest cannot reach them, where the
wanderings are past,
Where the sorrows of the journey not a single shadow
cast.

Singing once in dismal forest, singing once in cruel
storm,
Singing now at home in gladness in the sunshine
bright and warm,
Once again the voice resoundeth, pouring forth a happy
song,
While a chorus of rejoicing swells the sweet notes full
and long.

• 'Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross.
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh,
Home after wandering,
Praise after cry.

RIGHT!

' Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain.
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

' Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb.
After long agony
Rapture of bliss!
Right was the pathway
Leading to this!'



THE COL DE BALM.



UNSHINE and silence on the Col de Balm!
 I stood above the mists, above the rush
 Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush
 Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm,
 With hallelujah light, a seen though silent psalm :—


Crossed with one discord, only one. For Love
 Cried out, and would be heard. 'If ye were here,
 O friends, so far away and yet so near,
 Then were the anthem perfect!' And the cry
 Threaded the concords of that Alpine harmony.

Not vain the same fond cry if first I stand
 Upon the mountain of our God, and long,
 Even in the glory, and with His new song
 Upon my lips, that you should come and share
 The bliss of heaven, imperfect still till all are there.

Dear ones! shall it be mine to watch you come
Up from the shadows and the valley mist,
To tread the jacinth and the amethyst,
To rest and sing upon the stormless height,
In the deep calm of love and everlasting light?



'EYE HATH NOT SEEN.'


 YOU never write of heaven,
 Though you write of heavenly themes ;
 You never paint the glory
 But in reflected gleams !'

My pencil only pictures
 What I have known and seen :
 How can I tell the joys that dwell
 Where I have never been ?

2. I sing the songs of Zion,
 But I would never dare
 To imitate the chorus,
 Like many waters, there.
 I sketch the sunny landscape,
 But can I paint the sun ?
 Can that by art, which human heart
 Conceiveth not, be won ?

3. The Laplander that never
Hath left his flowerless snows,
Might make another realise
The fragrance of the rose :
The blind might teach his brother,
Each subtle tint to know,
Of lovely lights and summer sights,
Of shadow and of glow.
4. To whom all sound is silence,
The dumb man might impart
The spirit-winged marvels
Of Handel's sacred art.
But never, sister, never,
Was told by mortal breath,
What they behold, o'er whom hath rolled
The one dark wave of death.
5. Yet angel-echoes reach us,
Borne on from star to star,
And glimpses of our purchased home,
Not always faint and far.
No harp seraphic brings them,
No poet's glowing word,

By One alone revealed and known—
The Spirit of the Lord.

6. Have we not bent in sadness
 Before the mercy-seat,
And longed with speechless longing
 To kiss the Master's feet?
And though for precious ointment
 We had but tears to bring,
We let them flow, and could not go
 Till we had seen our King.

7. Then came a flash of seeing
 How every cloud should pass,
And vision should be perfect,
 Undimmed by darkling glass.
The glory that excelleth
 Shone out with sudden ray,
We seemed to stand so near 'the land'
 No longer 'far away'—

8. The glisten of the white robe,
 The waving of the palm,

The ended sin and sorrow,
 The sweet eternal calm,
 The holy adoration
 That perfect love shall bring,
 And, face to face, in glorious grace,
 The beauty of the King!

9. Oh this is more than poem,
 And more than highest song ;
 A witness with our spirit,
 Though hidden, full and strong.
 'Tis no new revelation
 Vouchsafed to saint or sage,
 But light from God cast bright and broad
 Upon the sacred page.
10. Our fairest dream can never
 Outshine that holy light,
 Our noblest thought can never soar
 Beyond that word of might.
 Our whole anticipation,
 Our Master's best reward,
 Our crown of bliss,—is summed in this—
 'For ever with the Lord!'

VII.

The Church of Christ.

‘WHOM HE DID PREDESTINATE, THEM HE ALSO CALLED ; AND
WHOM HE CALLED, THEM HE ALSO JUSTIFIED ; AND WHOM
HE JUSTIFIED, THEM HE ALSO GLORIFIED.’—
ROM. viii. 30.

-
- I. CHOSEN.* *IV. SANCTIFIED.*
II. CALLED. *V. JOINED TO CHRIST.*
III. JUSTIFIED. *VI. PRESENTED FAULTLESS.*
VII. GLORIFIED.





I.

CHOSEN IN CHRIST.

EPH. i. 4.—*‘ He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation
of the world.’*



THOU chosen Church of Jesus, glorious, blessed,
and secure,

Founded on the One Foundation, which for
ever shall endure ;

Not thy holiness or beauty can thy strength and
safety be,

But the everlasting love wherewith Jehovah lovèd
thee.

2. Chosen—by His own good pleasure, by the counsel
of His will,

Mystery of power and wisdom working for His
 people still;
 Chosen—in thy mighty Saviour, ere one ray of
 quickening light
 Beamed upon the chaos, waiting for the Word of
 sovereign might.

3. Chosen—through the Holy Spirit, through the
 sanctifying grace
 Poured upon His precious vessels, meetened for the
 heavenly place;
 Chosen—to shew forth His praises, to be holy in
 His sight;
 Chosen—unto grace and glory, chosen unto life and
 light.
4. Blessèd be the God and Father of our Saviour Jesus
 Christ,
 Who hath blessed us with such blessings all
 uncounted and unpriced!
 Let our high and holy calling, and our strong
 salvation be,
 Theme of never-ending praises, God of sovereign
 grace, to Thee!

II.

CALLED.

HEB. iii. 1.—*'Partakers of the heavenly calling.'*



OLY brethren, called and chosen by the
sovereign Voice of Might,

See your high and holy calling out of dark-
ness into light!

Called according to His purpose and the riches of
His love ;

Won to listen by the leading of the gentle heavenly
Dove!

2. Called to suffer with our Master, patiently to run
His race ;

Called a blessing to inherit, called to holiness and
grace ;

o

Called to fellowship with Jesus, by the Ever-
Faithful One ;
Called to His eternal glory, to the kingdom of His
Son.

3. Whom He calleth He preserveth, and His glory
they shall see ;
He is faithful that hath called you ; He will do it,
fear not ye !
Therefore, holy brethren, onward ! thus ye make
your calling sure ;
For the prize of this high calling, bravely to the end
endure.



III.

JUSTIFIED.

JER. xxxiii. 16.—*'This is the name wherewith she shall be called,
The Lord our Righteousness.'*



ISRAEL of God, awaken! Church of Christ, arise
and shine!

Mourning garb and soiled raiment henceforth
be no longer thine!

For the Lord thy God hath clothed thee with a new
and glorious dress,

With the garments of salvation, with the robe of
righteousness.

2. By the grace of God the Father, thou art freely
justified,

Through the great redemption purchased by the
blood of Him who died;

By His life, for thee fulfilling God's command
exceeding broad,

By His glorious resurrection, seal and signet of
thy God.

3. Therefore, justified for ever by the faith which He
hath given,

Peace, and joy, and hope abounding, smooth thy
trial path to heaven :

Unto Him betrothed for ever, who thy life shall
crown and bless,

By His name thou shalt be called, Christ, 'The
Lord our Righteousness!'



IV.

SANCTIFIED.

1 COR. i. 2. — '*Sanctified in Christ Jesus.*'



CHURCH of God, beloved and chosen, Church of
Christ, for whom He died,

Claim thy gifts and praise thy Giver!—'*Ye
are washed and sanctified.*'

Sanctified by God the Father, and by Jesus Christ
His Son,

And by God the Holy Spirit, Holy, Holy Three
in One.

2. By His will He sanctifieth, by the Spirit's power
within ;

By the loving Hand that chasteneth fruits of
righteousness to win ;

By His truth and by His promise, by the Word,
 His gift unpriced,
 By His own blood, and by union with the risen life
 of Christ.

3. Holiness by faith in Jesus, not by effort of thine
 own,—

Sin's dominion crushed and broken by the power
 of grace alone,—

God's own holiness within thee, His own beauty on
 thy brow,—

This shall be thy pilgrim brightness, this thy
 blessed portion now.

4. He will sanctify thee wholly, body, spirit, soul
 shall be

Blameless till thy Saviour's coming in His glorious
 majesty!

He hath perfected for ever those whom He hath
 sanctified;

Spotless, glorious and holy, is the Church, His
 chosen Bride.

v.

JOINED TO CHRIST.

EPH. i. 22, 23.—‘*Head over all things to the church, which is His body.*’



JOINED to Christ in mystic union,
 We Thy members, Thou our Head,
 Sealed by deep and true communion,
 Risen with Thee, who once were dead—
 Saviour, we would humbly claim
 All the power of this Thy name.

2. Instant sympathy to brighten
 All their weakness and their woe,
 Guiding grace their way to lighten,
 Shall Thy loving members know ;
 All their sorrows Thou dost bear,
 All Thy gladness they shall share.

3. Make Thy members every hour
For Thy blessed service meet ;
Earnest tongues, and arms of power,
Skilful hands, and hastening feet,
Ever ready to fulfil
All Thy word and all Thy will.
4. Everlasting life Thou givest,
Everlasting love to see ;
They shall live because Thou livest,
And their life is hid with Thee.
Safe Thy members shall be found,
When their glorious Head is crowned !



VI.

PRESENTED FAULTLESS.

HEB. ii. 13.—*Behold I and the children which God hath given Me.*



OUR Saviour and our King,
 Enthroned and crowned above,
 Shall with exceeding gladness bring
 The children of His love.

2. All that the Father gave
 His glory shall behold ;
 Not one whom Jesus came to save
 Is missing from His fold.

3. He shall confess His own
 From every clime and coast,
 Before His Father's glorious throne,
 Before the angel host.

PRESENTED FAULTLESS.

4. ' O righteous Father, see,
In spotless robes arrayed,
Thy chosen gifts of love to Me,
Before the worlds were made.

5. ' By new creation Thine,
By purpose and by grace,
By right of full redemption Mine,
Faultless before Thy face.

6. ' As Thou hast lovèd Me,
So hast Thou lovèd them ;
Thy precious jewels they shall be,
My glorious diadem !'



VII.

GLORIFIED.

1 PETER v. 10, 11.—‘*The God of all grace, who hath called you unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus . . . to Him be glory.*’



SOVEREIGN Lord and gracious Master,
 Thou didst freely choose Thine own,
 Thou hast called with mighty calling,
 Thou wilt save, and keep from falling;
 Thine the glory, thine alone!
 Yet Thy hand shall crown in heaven
 All the grace Thy love hath given;
 Just, though undeserved, reward
 From our glorious, gracious Lord.

2. From the martyr and apostle
 To the sainted baby boy,
 Every consecrated chalice
 In the King of glory's palace
 Overflows with holy joy,

Sovereign choice of gift and dower,
Differing honour, differing power,—
Yet are all alike in this,
Perfect love and perfect bliss.

3. In those heavenly constellations

Lo! what differing glories meet;
Stars of radiance soft and tender,
Stars of full and dazzling splendour,
All in God's own light complete;
Brightest they whose holy feet,
Faithful to His service sweet,
Nearest to their Master trod,
Winning wandering souls to God.

4. O the rapture of that vision!

(Every earthly passion o'er),
Our Redeemer's coronation,
And the blissful exaltation
Of the dear ones gone before.
Grace that shone for Christ below,
Changed to glory we shall know;
And before His unveiled face
Sing the glory of His grace.

VIII.

Lights and Shadows of Spring-time.





THE MESSAGE OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

‘GOOD-BYE, my mother!’

The brown-haired boy, with merry reverence,
Turned from the window where she leant, to meet
His holiday companions, blithely bound,
With bat and ball for healthy English sport.
She watched his lithesome form, so slight yet strong,
Till, passing from the gate, he waved his cap
And vanished. Then she sighed.

Beside her sat
A friend of years. A different portrait each
Who knew her would have drawn, for different traits
Shone out in turn as sympathetic gleams
Fell on them or flashed out. And few could tell
The colour of her eyes, or grey or brown,
Because the hue was lost in light or shade ;
Nor if her mouth were large or small, because

The play of thought made visible was there,
Like shifting rainbows on white foam. Her hair
Was dark, and she was rather tall: and this
Was all in which most people would agree.

Not always sigh for sigh or smile for smile
She gave; for now and then fine tact of heart
Suggests an opposite as best response,
Completing by contrasting, like a scarlet flower
With soft green leaves. So with her rippling voice,
Like waters that now murmur low, now leap
In spray-like laughter, Beatrice replied
To Eleanor's slow sigh:—

‘ When he comes home,
How full of cricket stories he will be!
'Tis most amusing when he gives accounts,
Sparkling with boyish wit, yet earnestly,
As if an empire hung upon the match:
Only one needs a glossary of terms!
How well he knows the interest with which
You hear! I mark, he intersperses all
With rough pet names, shy veils of tenderness
For his dear mother. Eleanor, I think
Your Hubert has not merely head and hand,
As all his comrades know, but true heart too,

As you alone know fully. Well for him
 That he has such a heart to meet his own,
 And well for you; for 'tis a blessed gift,
 Not shared by all alike—the power to love :
 And not less blessed for proportioned pain,
 Its fiery seal, its royal crown of thorns.'

' So seems it, Beatrice, to you, who find
 No lurking danger in its concentration,
 Because you have so many near and dear.
 Not so to me. I tremble when I think
 How much I love him; but I turn away
 From thinking of it, just to love him more;—
 Indeed, I fear, too much.'

' Dear Eleanor,
 Do you love him as much as Christ loves us?
 Let your lips answer me.'

' Why ask me, dear?
 Our hearts are finite, Christ is infinite.

' Then, till you reach the standard of that love,
 Let neither fears nor well-meant warning voice
 Distress you with "too much." For HE hath said—
How much—and who shall dare to change His
 measure—

"That ye should love, AS I have lovèd you."

P

Oh, sweet command, that goes so far beyond
 The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart !
 A bare permission had been much ; but He,
 Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,
 Chose graciously to *bid* us do the thing
 That makes our earthly happiness, and set
 A limit that we need not fear to pass,
 Because we cannot. Oh the breadth, and length,
 And depth, and height of love that passeth knowledge !
 Yet Jesus said, " AS I have lovèd you." '

' O Beatrice, I long to feel the sunshine
 That this should bring ; but there are other words
 Which fall in chill eclipse. 'Tis written, " Keep
 Yourselves from idols." How shall I obey ?'

' Dear, not by loving less, but loving more.
 It is not that we love our precious ones
 Too much, but God too little. As the lamp
 A miner bears upon his shadowed brow,
 Is only dazzling in the grimy dark,
 And has no glare against the summer sky,
 So, set the tiny torch of our best love
 In the great sunshine of the Love of God,
 And, though full fed and fanned, it casts no shade
 And dazzles not, o'erflowed with mightier light.'

She watched, in hope to see the pale lips curve
More peacefully in answer to her words.
But Eleanor's quick spirit bridged too soon
The gap between one ridge of anxious thought
And that beyond, to see the glen between,
Where pastures green and waters still were spread.
So, answering not her friend's thought, but her own,
She said, "'Tis but half true that love is power,
'Tis sometimes weakness.'

‘Nay! You have not found
It thus at all. See how the bold bright boy,
Wilful and wayward else, will follow prompt
The magnet of your wish, with sudden swerve
From his own bent or fancy.’

‘That is true,
And oh, so sweet to me! But by the power
I gauge the weakness. Beatrice, your heart
Has ached with longing for some stranger soul
That it might flee from danger to the One,
The Only Refuge; you have felt keen pain
In calling those who will not come to Him
Who waits to give them life; but I, I strive
For one far more than all the world to me,—
My boy, my only one, and fatherless,

Just entering the labyrinth of life
Without its only clue, with nothing but
My feeble hand to shield from powers of ill.

‘ His mind is opening fast, and I have tried
To shew the excellency of the knowledge
Of Jesus Christ our Lord ; he listens well,
To please his mother, whom he would not grieve ;
But never pulse of interest I feel,
And echoless the name of Jesus falls,
While classic heroes stir him with delight.
My boy, my only one ! I taught him words,
When years ago his tiny feet peeped out
From the white nightgown in the nursery hush ;
And folding firm the busy little hands,
He lisped “ Our Father.” But *words* are not *prayer*.
I put the lamp of life in his small hand,
Filling his memory with shining truths
And starry promises. He learnt them all
For love of me, just as he would have learn
Some uncouth string of barbarous names,
Had I so wished : no more. They are no light
To him, no strength, no joy. O Beatrice,
’Tis this that presses on my weary heart,
And makes it more than widowed. For I know

That he who is not lost, but gone before,
Is only waiting till I come ; for death
Has only parted us a little while,
And has not severed e'en the finest strand
In the eternal cable of our love :
The very strain has twined it closer still,
And added strength. The music of his life
Is nowise stilled, but blended so with songs
Around the throne of God, that our poor ears
No longer hear it. Hubert's life is mute
As yet ; and what if all my tuning fail !'

And Eleanor looked up among the clouds
With weary, wistful eyes, while Beatrice
Sent a far-passing glance beyond them all,
Beyond the sunshine too.

A sudden smile
Rose from within and overflowed her lips
And made them beautiful. Poor Eleanor
Deemed it the herald of some happy thought,
Some message, it might be, from God to her,
Wrapped in the simple words of friend to friend.
We do not always know it when we have
The privilege to be God's messengers,
Nor who shall be His messengers to us.

Unconsciously a pale responsive smile
 Gleamed out to welcome it, and hardly waned
 As unexpected change of subject came.

‘I did not tell you, did I, of my gift,
 My beautiful Æolian harp?’

‘Oh no!

I was too full of mine, my boy, and you
 Too full of ready sympathy with me.’

‘Nay, do not say “*too full*,” that could not be,
 Yours is so great a gift, so great a care!
 I shall not tire of thinking with you thus,
 Until I do not love you, which means never.
 But as we turn from gazing on the sea
 To lift admiringly a tiny shell,
 So you shall turn from your great interest
 To hear of my Æolian treasure now.
 Say, have you ever seen one?’

‘Never, dear;

But visible, and almost audible,
 Your words shall make it.’

‘There’s not much to see :
 Two plain smooth boards, one thick, one very thin,
 With seven tensioned strings upon the under,
 Just covered by the upper, and a space

That you might lay a finger in between.
Yet one can almost reverence the thing
For very marvel at its spirit tones
And mysteries of music, that we love
But cannot understand.'

 'But tell me more,
Dear Beatrice: what is its music like?
Whence comes it? and what does it say to you?'
 'Tis easier to answer what and whence
Than your third question, for not twice
I hear the same soul-message from its strings.
But I will tell you of the first it brought;
Your heart will follow mine, and trace the under-
 thought.

I.

 'A friend, a kind, dear friend
Gave me this harp, that should be all my own,
That it might speak to me in twilight lone
 When other sounds were fled; that it might
 send
Sweet messages of calming, cheering might,
Sweet sudden thrills of strange and exquisite delight.

II.

‘ Upon the strings I laid my hand,
And all were tuned in unison ; one tone
Was yielded by the seven, one alone,
 In quick obedience to my touch-command.
It could not be that this was all he meant
Of promised music, when my little harp was sent.

III.

‘ To win the tones I found the way
In his own letter, mine before the gift :
“ You cannot wake its music till you lift
 The closed sash. Take up and gently lay
Your harp where it may meet the freshening air,
Then wait and listen.” This I did, and left it there.

IV.

‘ I waited till the sun had set
And twilight fell upon the autumn sea ;
I watched, and saw the north wind touch a tree,
 Dark outlined on the paling gold, and yet
My harp was mute. I cried, “ Awake, O north !
Come to my harp, and call its answering music forth.”

V.

'Like stars that tremble into light
Out of the purple dark, a low, sweet note
Just trembled out of silence, antidote
To any doubt; for never finger might
Produce that note, so different, so new:
Melodious pledge that all he promised should come true.

VI.

'It seemed to die; but who could say
Whether or when it passed the border-line
'Twixt sound and silence? for no ear so fine
That it can trace the subtle shades away;
Like prism-rays prolonged beyond our ken,
Like memories that fade, we know not how or when.

VII.

'Then strange vibrations rose and fell,
Like far sea-murmurs blending in a dream
With madrigals, whose fairy singers seem
Now near, now distant; and a curfew bell,
Whose proper tone in one air-filling crowd
Of strong harmonics hides, as in a dazzling cloud.

VIII.

‘ Then delicately twining falls
Of silvery chords, that quiver with sweet pain,
And melt in tremulous minors, mount again,
 Brightening to fullest concords, calm recalls,
And measured pulsings, soft and sweet and slow,
Which emphasizing touch love’s quiet underglow.

IX.

‘ A silence. Then a solemn wail,
Swelling far up among the harmonies,
And shattering the crystal melodies
 To fleeting fragments glisteningly pale,
Yet only to combine them all anew
By resolutions strange, yet always sweet and true.

X.

‘ Anon a thrill of all the strings;
And then a flash of music, swift and bright,
Like a first throb of weird Auroral light,
 Then crimson coruscations from the wings
Of the Pole-Spirit; then ecstatic beat,
As if an angel-host went forth on shining feet.

XI.


‘Soon passed the sounding starlit march,
And then one swelling note grew full and long,
While, like a far-off old cathedral song,
Through dreamy length of echoing aisle and
arch,
Float softest harmonies around, above,
Like flowing chordal robes of blessing and of love.

XII.

‘Thus, while the holy stars did shine
And listen, these Æolian marvels breathed ;
While love and peace and gratitude enwreathed
With rich delight in one fair crown were mine.
The wind that bloweth where it listeth brought
This glory of harp-music,—not my skill or thought.’

She ceased. Then Eleanor looked up,
And said, ‘O Beatrice, I too have tried
My finger-skill in vain. But opening now
My window, like wise Daniel, I will set
My little harp therein, and listening wait
The breath of heaven, the Spirit of our God.’

BABY'S TURN!

INY feet so busy in a tiny patter out of sight,
 Little hands escaping from protecting doily
 white,

One in lifted eagerness, and one that grasps the
 baby chair,—

All impatience! Baby darling, must not sister have
 a share?

2. Only just a moment, dearie; coming, coming! don't
 be vexed!

Only just a moment, darling, then we'll see whose
 turn is next!

Ah, she knows as well as we do! Baby's turn is
 come at last;

Now the little mouth may open; gently, gently, not
 too fast!

3. Baby's turn! To-day 'tis only for the fruit so nice
 and sweet,

But a far-away to-morrow hastens on with silent
feet ;

When the yesterdays of life are clearest in our
dimming gaze,

Baby's vision will be filled with brightly realised
to-days.

4. Baby's turn for fair unfolding in the sunny girlhood
time,

For the blossom and the breezes, for the carol and
the chime ;

Baby's turn to wear the crown of womanhood upon
her brow,

Heavier but nobler than the fairy gold which
glitters now.

5. Baby's turn to care for others, and to kiss away the
tear,

For the joy of ministration to the suffering or the
dear,

For the happiness of giving help and comfort, love
and life,

Whether walking all alone, or as a blessed and
blessing wife.

6. Baby's turn for this and more, if God should give
her length of days;—
For the calmness of experience and the retrospect of
praise,
For the silver trace of sorrows glistening in the
sunset ray,
For the evening stillness falling on the turmoil of
the day.
7. What though Baby's turn may come for bitter
griefs and wearing fears!
Love shall lighten every trial,—Love that prays and
Love that hears.
See! she watches and she wonders till the reverie is
o'er;
Did she think she was forgotten? Now 'tis Baby's
turn once more!



THE CHILDREN'S TRIUMPH.



HE Sunbeams came to my window,
 And said, 'Come out and see
 The sparkle on the river,
 The blossom on the tree!'
 But never a moment parleyed I
 With the bright-haired Sunbeams' call!
 Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they laid,
 I drew it away to the curtain-shade,
 Where a sunbeam could not fall.

2. The Robins came to my window,
 And said, 'Come out and sing!
 Come out and join the chorus
 Of the festival of Spring!'
 But never a carol would I trill
 In the festival of May;
 But I sat alone in my shadowy room,
 And worked away in its quiet gloom,
 And the Robins flew away.

3. The Children came to my window,
And said, 'Come out and play!
Come out with us in the sunshine,
'Tis such a glorious day!'
Then never another word I wrote,
And my desk was put away!
When the Children called me what could I do?
The Robins might fail and the Sunbeams too,
But the Children won the day.



THE FIRST SMILE.



SMILE, a smile, my darling,
 After the weeks of pain ;
 The restless eye, the shaded brow
 Lit with a welcome brightness now,
 The first sweet smile again !

2. A smile, a smile, my darling !
 Not many days ago
 We hailed the first fair snowdrop white,
 Pale and sweet in the early light,
 After the frost and snow.

3. More welcome than the snowdrop,
 More gladdening than the sun,
 The pale sweet smile that dawned at last,
 Although so faint, and fleeting fast,
 Although the only one.

4. We hail it as the herald
Of sunny summer days,
Of blessings for our darling boy,
Of peaceful love, and thankful joy,
And fuller note of praise.



THE SUNDAY BOOK.



READ to him, Connie, read as you sit,
 Cosy and warm in the great arm-chair,
 Let your hand press lovingly, lightly there,
 Let the gentle touch of your sunny hair
 Over his cheek like a soft breeze flit.

2. Read to him, Connie! The house is still,
 The week-day lessons, the week-day play,
 And the week-day worries are hushed away
 In the golden calm of the Holy Day ;
 He will listen now if ever he will.

3. Read to him, Connie, read while you may !
 For the years will pass, and he must go
 Out in the cold world's treacherous flow,
 Danger and trial and evil to know,
 He may drift in the dark, far, far away.

4. Now he is happy and safe in the nest,
Teach him to warble the songs of home,
Teach him to soar but never to roam,
Only to soar to a starry dome
Linking with heaven the hearts he loves best.

5. Read to him, Connie! Read what you love,
Holy and sweet be your Sabbath choice ;
And the music that dwells in a sister's voice
Shall lure him to listen while angels rejoice,
As the soft tones blend with the harps above.

6. Read to him, Connie! Read of the ONE
Who loves him most, yes, more than you!
Read of that love, so great, so true,
Love everlasting, yet ever new ;
For who can tell but his heart may be won !

7. Read to him, Connie! For it may be
That your Sunday book, like a silver bar
Of steady light from a guiding star,
May gleam in memory, clear and far,
Across the waves of a wintry sea.

A M Y.

MAL. i. 2. — *'I have loved you, saith the Lord.'*



M Y, this thy promise be,
M arvellous and sweet and free,
' Y ea, the Lord hath loved thee.'

H e hath loved thee, and H e knows
A ll thy fears and all thy foes ;
V ictor thou shalt surely be
E ver through H is love to thee.
R est in quiet joy on this,—
G reater love hath none than H is :
A nd may this thy life-song be,
L ove to H im who loveth thee.



'IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD.*'



ONLY one dark December time,
 With chill and gloomy hours;
 And *now*—the 'everlasting spring,'
 The 'never-withering flowers.'

2. Only one week of weary pains,
 With suffering oppressed;
 And *now*—the Sabbath that remains,
 God's everlasting rest.

3. Only one word of earthly speech,
 The sweetest and the first;
 And *now*—the songs that angels sing
 From baby lips have burst.

* In memory of J. S., who fell asleep December 6. 1870, aged seven months. The day before his death he fixed his eyes upon his mother with a long gaze of wonderful intelligence and love, and after repeated effort, uttered distinctly the 'one word'—'*Mamma!*'

4. Only one journey, fondly borne
 In arms of tenderest love ;
And *now*—no wanderings more for him,
 Safe in the home above.


5. Yes, safe for ever, safe and blest,
 Where they 'go no more out ;'
With Jesus, whom he never grieved
 By any sin or doubt.

6. Not preluded by tearful prayer,
 His happy praise shall swell,
And joy of 'welcome' shall be his
 Who never knew 'farewell.'



AT HOME TO-NIGHT.

I.


THE lessons are done and the prizes won,
 And the counted weeks are past ;
 O the holiday joys of the girls and boys
 Who are ' home to-night ' at last !
 O the ringing beat of the springing feet,
 As into the hall they rush, !
 O the tender bliss of the first home kiss,
 With its moment of fervent hush.
 So much to tell and to hear as well,
 As they gather around the glow !
 Who would not part, for the joy of heart
 That only the parted can know—
 At home to-night !

II.

But all have not met, there are travellers yet
 Speeding along through the dark,

By tunnel and bridge, past river and ridge,
To the distant, yet nearing mark.
But hearts are warm, for the winter storm
Has never a chill for love :
And faces are bright in the flickering light
Of the small dim lamp above.
And voices of gladness rise over the madness
Of the whirl and the rush and the roar,
For rapid and strong it bears them along
To a home and an open door—
Yes, home to-night !

III.

O home to-night, yes, home to-night,
Through the pearly gate and the open door !
Some happy feet on the golden street
Are entering now to ' go out no more.'
For the work is done and the rest begun,
And the training time is for ever past,
And the home of rest in the mansions blest
Is safely, joyously reached at last.
O the love and light in that home to-night !
O the songs of bliss and the harps of gold !

O the glory shed on the new-crowned head !
O the telling of love that can ne'er be told—
O the welcome that waits at the shining gates,
For those who are following far, yet near ;
When all shall meet at His glorious feet
In the light and the love of His home so dear !
Yes, 'home to-night!'

NOTE.—These verses, written a few days before Christmas, were suggested by the remark of a young friend, after picturing the merry 'breaking up' of her old schoolfellows,—'They will all be at home to-night.' The thought arose—'Perhaps some of Christ's little ones, who have been learning in His school, may be reaching His home to-night!' And while the third stanza was being written, a telegram came bearing the sad and unexpected tidings that a dear little girl of twelve years old had indeed just reached home, after a short illness, and entered the presence of the Saviour whom she had early learnt to love. The coincidence of the thought with the very hour of her departure, being unconnected with any idea of her illness, was remarkable.

TWO RINGS.



HE stood by the western window,
 In the midsummer twilight fair;
 And the sunset breeze leapt from the trees
 To lift her heavy hair.

2. Loving and lingering that good-night,
 Which again and again was said,
 As ever a fresh excuse was found
 To 'put off going to bed.'
3. She took a ring from the table,
 Blue, with a diamond eye;
 A forget-me-not that would never fade
 'Neath any wintry sky.
4. She placed it on her little hand,
 And danced with sudden glee;
 'Look at my ring, my pretty ring!
 It is mine just now, you see!'

5. She laughed her merry ringing laugh,
I answered with a sigh,
Strange echo to my darling's mirth,
Though scarcely knowing why.

6. Her childish beauty touched my heart,
And rose to a vision fair
Of far-off days, when another ring
That little hand might wear.

7. And mine—it might be pulseless then
Under the churchyard tree ;
So I drew her gently to my side,
And took her on my knee.

8. 'It shall be yours, my darling,'
I said ; 'but not to-day ;
It *shall* be yours, my darling,
When I am gone away.'

9. She glanced up quickly in my face,
Not sure that she heard aright ;
And the shadow that fell in the sweet brown eyes
Was sweeter than any light.

10. Then she bent her head and kissed the ring,
 With a kiss both grave and long ;
Hardly the kiss of a little child,
 So fervent and so strong.
11. And hardly the tones of a little child,
 That spoke so earnestly,—
‘ Yes ; I will always wear it,
 Mine it shall always be.
12. ‘ But oh ! ’—(and the eyes, love-brightened,
 Shone with a sudden tear),
‘ I hope I shall never wear it,
 Never, oh never, dear !’
-
13. Five summers smoothly passed away,
 And the sixth was drawing nigh,
While herald glory woke the earth,
 And filled the dazzling sky.
14. An April morning, radiant
 With June-like gleam and glow,
Arose as fair as if the world
 No shade of grief could know.

15. A tiny packet came for me,
 With many a dark-edged fold,
And safe within it lay a ring,—
 A little ring of gold.
16. O well I knew its carving quaint
 Of old ancestral days ;
Last seen upon a waving hand
 In slanting autumn rays.
17. O fair young hand that waved good-bye
 With passing grace and glee !
We knew not that it was farewell,—
 The *last* farewell for me.
18. The sweet bright spring that touched the earth
 With all-renewing might,
For *her* eternal beauty brought
 Eternal life and light.
19. All through the solemn Passion week
 She lay so still and sweet,
A carven lily, white and pure,
 For God's own temple meet ;—

20. Until the day when Jesus died,
The Saviour whom she knew,
The Shepherd whom she followed home
The shadowy portal through.

21. And when the evening gently closed
That sad and sacred day,
They left the last kiss on her brow,
And took the ring away.

22. Two rings are always on my hand,
The azure and the gold,
And they shall gleam together till
My tale of life is told.





IX.

Songs.

B





'BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.'



CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!

Is it really come again?

With its memories and greetings,

With its joy and with its pain.

There's a minor in the carol,

And a shadow in the light,

And a spray of cypress twining

With the holly wreath to-night.

And the hush is never broken

By laughter light and low,

As we listen in the starlight

To the 'bells across the snow.'

2. O Christmas, merry Christmas!

'Tis not so very long

Since other voices blended
 With the carol and the song!
 If we could but hear them singing
 As they are singing now,
 If we could but see the radiance
 Of the crown on each dear brow :
 There would be no sigh to smother,
 No hidden tear to flow,
 As we listen in the starlight
 To the 'bells across the snow.'

3. O Christmas, merry Christmas !
 This nevermore can be ;
 We cannot bring again the days
 Of our unshadowed glee.
 But Christmas, happy Christmas,
 Sweet herald of goodwill,
 With holy songs of glory
 Brings holy gladness still.
 For peace and hope may brighten,
 And patient love may glow,
 As we listen in the starlight
 To the 'bells across the snow.'

SINGING AT SUNSET.



DID you hear it at the sunset?
 Happy, happy thrush!
 Carolling and trilling
 Through the evening hush.
 Singing at the sunset,
 Singing, singing sweet,
 Where the shadows and the splendour
 Softly, softly meet;
 Pouring out the full notes,
 Ringing, ringing loud,
 When the gold is on the beeches,
 And the crimson on the cloud!
 Singing at the sunset!
 Happy, happy song!

2. Shall we listen in the sunset,
 Listen, listen long,
 Silent for the glory,
 Silent for the song?


SINGING AT SUNSET.

Singing at the sunset,
Angel voices hear,
And the harpings of the harpers
Ringing, ringing clear ;
Nearing all the gladness,
Leaving all the gloom,
When the light is on the River,
And the glory on the tomb !
Singing at the sunset !
Happy, happy song.



HEATHER LINTIE.*

I.


 EATHER Lintie, tell me, pray,
 Why the Snow-wreath went away?

'Silent Snow-wreath sat alone,
 Till she heard the laughing call
 Of the merriest stream of all

In the land.

Down the steep from stone to stone,
 Shyly creeping, smiling, weeping,
 While a sunbeam held her hand,
 Snow-wreath found her home ere long,
 Silence melted into song.

Now she flows, but not alone,
 Singing and rejoicing.'

* 'Heather Lintie,' a Scotch linnet; 'Burnie,' a little brook.

II.

‘Heather Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why the Burnie went away?’

‘Burnie laughed adown the hill,
Keeping all the flowers awake,
Till she saw the purple lake
 Deep and still.
Down the glen from stone to stone,
Blithely dancing, glinting, glancing,
Singing on in silver tone,
Burnie found her home ere long,
Silence sweeter far than song;
 Now she flows, but not alone,
 Resting and rejoicing.’

III.

‘Heather Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why you do not fly away?’

Heather Lintie plumed her wing,
Sang about a happy nest,
Made with one who loved her best
 In the spring.

Where beneath a boulder-stone,
In the heather all together,
 Warmly nestle, all her own.
Heather Lintie will not roam
From her sweet and hidden home.
 So she sings, but not alone,
 Loving and rejoicing.



SUNBEAM AND DEWDROP.



SUNBEAM, O sunbeam!

I would be a sunbeam too!
 When the winter chill
 Hushes lark and rill;
 When the thunder-showers
 Bow the weeping flowers;
 When the shadows creep,
 Cold, and dark, and deep;
 We would follow, swift and bright,
 Blending all our love and light,
 Chasing winter, grim and hoary,
 Shining all the tears away;
 Turning all the gloom to glory,
 All the darkness into day.

2. O dewdrop, O dewdrop,
 I would be a dewdrop too!

When the fatal glow,
Sultry, still and slow,
Makes the scentless flowers
Droop in withering bowers,
Leaf and shade and bloom
Touched with early doom :
We would follow, sweet and bright,
Blending life and love and light :
Making what was parched and dreary,
Glad and lovely, fresh and fair,
Softly cheering what was weary,
Sparkling, starlike, everywhere.



DREAM-SINGING.



DREAMT that I was singing,
 Singing all for thee ;
 And still the notes went ringing
 Far over land and sea.

2. Went ringing till they found thee,
 Though so far away,
 And softly floating round thee,
 Made music all the day.
3. Made music that could cheer thee,
 Full of gentle glee ;
 Then leaving echoes near thee,
 Came back again to me.
4. Came back with love and blessing
 On their spirit-wings,
 With musical expressing
 Of sweet and holy things.

5. I dreamt that I was singing,
Come again to me!
And all its fairy ringing
No more a dream shall be!



SHE WAITS FOR ME.



'WAIT for thee!' I said it in the splendour
 Of golden moons beneath the lonely palms.
 'I wait for thee!' An echo, clear and tender,
 Fell from the height across the silver calms.
 For I had waited long,
 And hope was growing weary,
 Though faith and love were strong,
 And lit the path so dreary,—
 Till o'er the coral sea
 My love should come to me,
 'I wait for thee.'

2. 'I wait for thee!' I said it in my dreaming,
 Then fell a hush beyond the hush of night ;
 And, fairer far than southern waters gleaming,
 A Presence passed in soft celestial light.

Then calm and sweet and clear,
A spirit voice came singing,
Far, far away, yet near,
Like star-bells' crystal ringing.
Oh well my own heart knew
That voice so clear and true—
'I wait for thee!'

3. 'She waits for me!' I said it in my weeping,
For nevermore she cometh o'er the sea;
She waits for me! A glorious vigil keeping
Beyond the stars, she waiteth there for me.
And now I wait awhile
Beneath the palm-trees lonely,
And learn once more to smile,
For she hath gladness only.
Beside the Crystal Sea,
Until the shadows flee,
She waits for me.



A Mountain Cantata.

**'THAT THY NAME IS NEAR, THY WONDROUS WORKS
DECLARE.'**—PSA. lxxv. 1.




THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

(ZELLA, DORA, LISETTA.)

*A CANTATA.*Part I.—*Sunrise.*

(1.) DAWN CHORUS.


 HE stars die out, and the moon grows dim,
 Slowly, softly, the dark is paling !
 Comes o'er the eastern horizon-rim,
 Slowly, softly, a bright unveiling.

2. The white mist floats in the vale at rest,
 Ghostly, dimly, a silver shiver ;
 The golden east and the purple west
 Flushing deep with a crimson quiver.

3. The mountains gleam with expectant light,
Near and grandly, or far and faintly,
In festal robing of solemn white,
Waiting, waiting, serene and saintly.
-
4. Lo! on the mountain-crest, sudden and fair,
Bright herald of morning, the rose-tint is there!
Peak after peak lighteth up with the glow
That crowneth with ruby the Alpine snow.
5. Summit on summit, and crest beyond crest,
The beacons are spreading away to the west;
Crimson and fire and amber and rose,
Touch with life and with glory the Alpine snows.

(2.) CHORALE.

1. Father, who hast made the mountains,
Who hast formed each tiny flower,
Who hast filled the crystal fountains,
Who hast sent us sun and shower :
Hear Thy children's morning prayer,
Asking for Thy guardian care ;
Keep and guide us all the day,
Lead us safely all the way.

2. Let Thy glorious creation
 Be the whisper of Thy power ;
 New and wondrous revelation
 Still unfolding every hour.
Let the blessing of Thy love
 Rest upon us from above ;
And may evening gladness be
 Full of thanks and praise to Thee.

(3.) RECITATIVE. *Dora.*

Our pleasant summer work begins. You go,
O merry Zella, with the obedient herd
To upland pastures, singing all the way.
And you, Lisetta, to the sterner heights,
Where only foot of Alpine goat may pass,
Or step of mountain-maiden. It is mine
To work at home, preparing smooth white cheese
For winter store, and often needed gain.
And mine the joy of welcoming once more
My loving sisters when the evening falls.

(4.) SONG. *Dora.*

1. The morning light flingeth
 Its wakening ray,

And as the day bringeth
 The work of the day,
 The happy heart singeth;
 Awake and away!

2. No life can be dreary
 When work is delight;
 Though evening be weary,
 Rest cometh at night;
 And all will be cheery,
 If faithful and right.

3. When duty is treasure,
 And labour a joy,
 How sweet is the leisure
 Of ended employ!
 Then only can pleasure
 Be free from alloy.

[Repeat v. 1.]

(5.) SONG. *Zella.*

1. Away, away! with the break of day,
 To the sunny upland slope!
 Away, away! while the earliest ray
 Tells of radiant joy and hope.

2. With the gentle herd that know the word
Of kindness and of care,
While with footsteps free they follow me,
As I lead them anywhere.
3. Away, away! with a merry lay,
And the chime of a hundred bells;
Away, away! with a carol gay,
And an echo from the fells.
4. To the pastures high, where the shining sky
Looks down on a wealth of flowers;
To the sapphire spots, where forget-me-nots
Smile on through the lonely hours.
5. Away, away! while the breezes play
In the fragrant summer morn;
Away, away! while the rock-walls grey
Resound with the Alpen-horn.
6. To the crags all bright in the golden light
With floral diadems,
As fresh and fair, as 'rich and rare,'
As any royal gems.

7. Away, away! while the rainbow spray
 Wreathes the silver waterfalls;
 Away, away! Oh I cannot stay
 When the voice of the morning calls.

(6.) RECITATIVE. *Lisetta.*

Adieu, my Dora! Zella dear, adieu!
 The quick light tinkle of the goat-bells now
 Reminds me they are waiting for my call,
 To follow where small flowers have dared to peep
 And laugh, beside the glacier and the snow.
 I shall not go alone, your love shall go with me.

(7.) DUET. *Zella and Dora.*

1. Adieu, adieu till eventide!
 The hours will quickly pass,
 The shadow of the rocks will glide
 Across the sunny grass.
 We shall not mourn the lessening light,
 For we shall meet at home to-night.
2. Adieu, adieu till eventide!
 The hour of home and rest,

The hour that finds us side by side,
The sweetest and the best.
For love is joy, and love is light,
And we shall meet at home to-night!

3. Adieu, adieu till eventide!
'Tis but a little while!
We would not stay the morning's pride,
Or noontide's dazzling smile.
But welcome evening's waning light,
For we shall meet at home to-night!

Part II.—Noon.

(8.) SONG. *Lisetta.*

1. It is noon upon the mountains, and the breeze has
died away,
And the rainbow of the morning passes from the
torrent spray,
And a calm of golden silence falls upon the
glistening snow,
While the shadows of the noon-clouds rest upon
the glen below.

2. It is noon upon the mountains, noon upon the giant
rocks ;
Hushed the tinkle of the goat-bells, and the bleating
of the flocks ;
They are sleeping on the gentians and upon the
craggy height,
In the glow of Alpine noontide, in the glory of the
light.
3. It is noon upon the mountains: I will rest beside
the snow,
Glittering summits far above me, blue-veined glaciers
far below ;
I will rest upon the gentians, till the quiet shadows
creep,
Cool and soft, along the mountains, waking me from
pleasant sleep.

(9.) NOON CHORUS.

1. Rest ! while the noon is high,
Rest while the glow
Falls from the summer sky
Over the snow.

Rest ! where the Alpen-rose
 Crimsons the height,
Piercing the mountain-snows,
 Purpling the light.
Rest ! while the waterfalls,
 Murmuring deep
Far-away lullabies,
 Hush thee to sleep.
 Rest ! while the noon, &c.

2. Rest ! where the mountains rise,
 Shining and white ;
Piercing the deep blue skies,
 Solemn and bright.
Sleep ! while the silence falls,
 Soothing to rest,
Sweetest of lullabies,
 Calming and blest.
 Rest ! while the noon, &c.

(10.) RECITATIVE. *Lisetta.*

Where am I ? I was sleeping by the snow
Upon the Alpen-roses in the noon.
But am I dreaming now ? The sun is low,

'Tis twilight in the valley, and I hear
 No music of the goat-bells. Oh I fear
 It is no dream, but night is coming soon,
 And I am all alone upon the height,
 And there are small faint tracks, too quickly lost,
 That need sure foot and eye in fullest light,
 And crags to leap, and torrents to be crossed !
 I go ! may Power and Love still guard and guide
 aright.

(11.) SONG. *Lisetta.*

1. Alone, alone ! yet around me stand
 God's mountains, still and grand !
 Still and grand, serene and bright,
 Sentinels clothed in armour white,
 And helmeted with scarlet light.
 His Power is near,
 I need not fear.
 Beneath the shadow of His Throne,
 Alone, alone, yet not alone !

2. Alone, alone ! yet beneath me sleep
 The flowers His hand doth keep.

Small and fair, by crag or dell,
Trustfully closing star and bell,
Eve by eve as twilight fell.

His Love is near,

I need not fear.

Beneath the rainbow of His Throne,
Alone, alone, yet not alone!

3. Alone, alone! yet I will not fear,
For Power and Love are near!
Step by step, by rock and rill,
Trustfully onward, onward still,
I follow home with hope and will!
So near, so near!
I do not fear!
Beneath the Presence of His Throne.
Alone, alone, yet not alone!
-

Part III.—Sunset.

(12.) SUNSET CHORUS.

1. It is coming, it is coming,
That marvellous up-summing
Of the loveliest and grandest all in one :
The great transfiguration,
And the royal coronation,
Of the Monarch of the mountains by the priestly Sun.

2. Watch breathlessly and harken,
While the forest throne-steps darken,
His investiture in crimson and in fire ;
Not a herald-trumpet ringeth,
Not a pæan echo flingeth,
There is music of a silence that is mightier far, and
higher.

3. Then in radiant obedience,
A flush of bright allegiance
Lights up the vassal-summits and the proud peaks all
around ;

And a thrill of mystic glory
Quivers on the glaciers hoary,
As the ecstasy is full, and the mighty brow is crowned.

4. Crowned with ruby of resplendence,
 In unspeakable transcendence,
'Neath a canopy of purple and of gold outspread,
 With rock-sceptres upward pointing,
 While the glorious anointing
Of the consecrating sunlight is poured upon his head.

5. Then a swift and still transition
 Falls upon the gorgeous vision,
And the ruby and the fire pass noiselessly away ;
 But the paling of the splendour
 Leaves a roselight, clear and tender,
And lovelier than the loveliest dream that melts before
 the day.

6. Oh to keep it, oh to hold it,
 While the tremulous rays enfold it!
Oh to drink in all the beauty, and never thirst again !
 Yet less lovely if less fleeting !
 For the mingling and the meeting
Of the wonder and the rapture can but overflow in pain.

7. It is passing, it is passing !
 While the softening glow is glassing
 In the crystal of the heavens all the fairest of its rose.
 Ever faintly and more faintly,
 Ever saintly and more saintly,
 Glean the snowy heights around us in holiest repose.

8. O pure and perfect whiteness !
 O mystery of brightness
 Upon those still, majestic brows shed solemnly abroad !
 Like the calm and blessed sleeping
 Of saints in Christ's own keeping,
 When the smile of holy peace is left, last witness for
 their God.

(13.) SONG. *Dora.*

1. The tuneful chime of the herd is still,
 For the milking hour is past,
 And tinkle, tinkle, along the hill,
 The goat-bells come at last.
 But sister, sister, where art thou ?
 We watch and wait for thy coming now.

2. The crimson fades from the farthest height,
And the rose-fire pales away ;
And softly, softly, the shroud of night
Enfolds the dying day.
But sister, sister, where art thou ?
We watch and wait for thy coming now.
3. The cold wind swells from the icy steep,
And the pine-trees quake and moan ;
And darkly, darkly, the grey clouds creep,
And thou art all alone.
O sister, sister, where art thou ?
We watch and wait for thy coming now.

(14.) DUET. *Zella and Dora.*

1. We will seek thee, we will find thee,
Though the night-winds howl and sweep !
We will follow through the torrent,
We will follow up the steep.
Follow where the Alpen-roses
Make the mountain all aglow,
Follow, follow through the forest,
Follow, follow to the snow !

T

And our Alpine call shall echo
From the rock and from the height,
Till a gladder tone rebounding,
Thine own merry voice resounding,
Fill us with a great delight.
Lisetta! Lisetta!
Hush and harken! Call again!
Lisetta! Lisetta!
Harken, harken! All in vain!

2. We will seek thee, we will find thee,
In the wary chamois' haunt;
Toil and terror, doubt and danger,
Loving hearts shall never daunt!
We will follow in the darkness,
We will follow in the light;
Follow, follow till we find thee,
Through the noon or through the night.
We will seek thee, we will find thee,
Never weary till we hear,
Over all the torrents' rushing,
Joyous answer clearly gushing,
Thine own Alpine echo dear!

Lisetta! Lisetta!
 Hush and harken! All in vain!
 Lisetta! Lisetta!
 Harken, harken! Call again!

(15.) TRIO. *Zella, Dora, and Lisetta.*

LISSETTA (*pp*). I am coming!

ZELLA and DORA (*f*). She is coming.

LISSETTA (*p*). I am coming, wait for me!

ZELLA and DORA (*p*). She is coming!

LISSETTA (*mf*). I am coming!

ZELLA and DORA (*f*). Come, oh come, we wait for thee.

Nearer, nearer comes the echo,

Nearer, nearer comes the voice,

Nearer, nearer fall the footsteps,

Making us indeed rejoice.

LISSETTA. I am coming, wait for me!

ZELLA and DORA. Come, oh come, we wait for thee.

ZELLA, DORA, and LISSETTA.

We	{	have sought	her,	}	we	{	have found	her,	}
They	{	me,	they	}	they	{	me,	me,	}

Fear and danger all are past,

Now with joyful song { we lead her }
 { they lead me }
 Safely, safely home at last!

(16.) CHORUS. *Finale.*

Safe home, safe home!
 Fear and danger all are past,
 We are safely home at last!

O the lovelight shed around,
 In a rich and radiant flow,
 When the lost and loved are found,
 Is the sweetest heart can know.
 Fairer than the dawn-light tender,
 Fuller than the noon-tide glow,
 Brighter than the sunset-splendour,
 Purer than the moonlit snow.

Now let the wild cloud sweep,
 Let the wild rain pour!
 Now let the avalanche leap
 With its long grand roar!

Now let the black night fall
On the mountain crest!
Safe are our dear ones all
In our mountain nest.

Safe home, safe home!
Fear and danger all are past,
We are safely home at last.





X.

Disquisitions.





A SEEING HEART.*

TO "FANNY CROSBY."

SWEET blind singer over the sea,
Tuneful and jubilant: how can it be,
That the songs of gladness, which float so far,
As if they fell from the evening star,
Are the notes of one who never may see
'Visible music' of flower and tree,
Purple of mountain, or glitter of snow,
Ruby and gold of the sunset glow,

* Many sweet hymns by Fanny Crosby have become known, and are warmly appreciated in England and Scotland. In answer to the inquiry, 'Who is Fanny Crosby?' the following beautiful reply was received:—'She is a blind lady, whose heart can *see splendidly* in the sunshine of God's love.' Hence the above greeting to a far-off fellow-minister of song.

And never the light of a loving face !
Must not the world be a desolate place
For eyes that are sealed with the seal of years,
Eyes that are open only for tears ?
How can she sing in the dark like this,
What is her fountain of light and bliss ?

Oh, her heart can see, her heart can see !
And its sight is strong, and swift and free.
Never the ken of mortal eye
Could pierce so deep and far and high
As the eagle vision of hearts that dwell
In the lofty, sunlit citadel
Of Faith that overcomes the world,
With banners of Hope and Joy unfurled,
Garrisoned with God's perfect Peace,
Ringing with pœans that never cease,
Flooded with splendour bright and broad,
The glorious light of the Love of God.

Her heart can see, her heart can see !
Well may she sing so joyously !
For the King Himself in His tender grace
Hath shewn her the brightness of His face ;

And who shall pine for a glow-worm light,
When the Sun goes forth in his radiant might!
She can read his law, as a shining chart,
For His finger hath written it on her heart ;
She can read His love, for on all her way
His hand is writing it every day.
'Bright cloud' indeed must that darkness be,
Where 'Jesus only' the heart can see.

Her heart can see ! her heart can see
Beyond the glooms and the mystery,
Glimpses of glory, not far away,
Nearing and brightening day by day ;
Golden crystal and emerald bow,
Lustre of pearl and sapphire glow,
Sparkling river and healing tree,
Evergreen palms of victory,
Harp and crown and raiment white,
Holy and beautiful dwellers in light ;
A throne, and One thereon, whose Face
Is the glory of that glorious place.

Dear blind sister over the sea !
An English heart goes forth to thee.

We are linked by a cable of faith and song,
Flashing bright sympathy swift along ;
One in the East and one in the West,
Singing for Him whom our souls love best,
' Singing for Jesus,' telling His love
All the way to our home above,
Where the severing sea, with its restless tide,
Never shall hinder, and never divide.
Sister, what will our meeting be,
Where our hearts shall sing, and our eyes shall see !



JULY ON THE MOUNTAINS.



HERE is sultry gloom on the mountain brow,
 And a sultry glow beneath.
 Oh for a breeze from the western sea,
 Soft and réviving, sweet and free,
 Over the shadowless hill and lea,
 Over the barren heath.

2. There are clouds and darkness around God's ways,
 And the noon of life grows hot ;
 And though His faithfulness standeth fast
 As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
 Over its glory, solemn and vast,
 Veiling, but changing it not.

3. Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
 From Thy deep, deep sea of love ;
 Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy height,
 Let the brow grow cool and the footsteps light,
 As it comes with holy and soothing might,
 Like the wing of a snowy dove.

MY WINDOW.



UNDER my window my couch is set,
 I have gazed through it long, I am
 gazing yet ;
 While on my table lie
 Without one look, each treasured book,
 And the verses planned,
 Which will have to be copied by and bye,
 For the pencil fell from forgetful hand.

2. Though all that from my couch I see
 Is the topmost bough of a leafless tree,
 Clear pencilled where the blue
 Dies into white as it meets the light
 From the bright south-east,
 I have revelled in my morning view,
 My eyes have had a very feast.

3. Last night I sat without a lamp,
When the clouds broke up their sullen camp.
 Through the tiny pointed arch,
With its one cross-bar, I watched a star,
 As on unknown quest,
Just touch the zenith of its march,
And curve its path to the solemn west.
4. Now all the clouds have fled away,
The Dark has died and the living Day
 Has dropped the stars on her shroud ;
And as I lie the shining sky
 Is so grandly bright,
With so much radiance endowed,
That it trembles with its wealth of light.
5. A wealth that is enough for me ;
I need not mountain, wood, or sea,
 In many-tinted sight ;
This seven-rayed flow of pure white glow
 Through the sapphire air,
This calming glory of the Light,
Is so unutterably fair.

6. It is not idle to employ
Quick-passing moments on a joy,
 Like these sweet morning rays.
So I do not think, but rest and drink
 From the crystal river,
While a dewdrop of rejoicing praise
Floats up to Him, the kind Light-Giver!



CANDLEMAS DAY.



ES, take the greenery away
 That smiled to welcome Christmas Day,
 Untwine the drooping ivy spray.

2. The holly leaves are dusty all,
 Whose glossy darkness robed the wall,
 And one by one the berries fall.
3. Take down the yew, for with a touch
 The leaflets drop, as wearied much
 With light and song, unused to such.
4. Poor evergreens! Why proudly claim
 The glory of your lovely name,
 So soon meet only for the flame?
5. Another Christmas Day will show
 Another green and scarlet glow,
 A fresh array of misletoe.

6. And this new beauty, arch or crown,
Will stiffen, gather dust, grow brown,
And in its turn be taken down.

7. To-night the walls will seem so bare!
Ah, well! look out, look up, for there
The Christmas stars are always fair.

8. They will be shining just as clear
Another and another year,
O'er all our darkened hemisphere.

9. So Christmas mirth has fled fast,
The songs of time can never last,
And all is buried with the past.

10. But Christmas love and joy and peace,
Shall never fade and never cease,
Of God's goodwill the rich increase.



' N O W !'



NIGHT of danger on the sea,
 Of sleeplessness and fear !
 Wave after wave comes thundering
 Against the strong stone pier ;
 Each with a terrible recoil,
 And a grim and gathering might,
 As blast on blast comes howling past,
 Each wild gust wilder than the last,
 All through that awful night.

II.

Well for the ships in the harbour now,
 Which came with the morning tide ;
 With unstrained cable and anchor sure,
 How quietly they ride !

Well for the barque that reached at eve,
Though watched with breathless fear,
It was sheltered first ere the tempest burst,
It is safe inside the pier!

III.

But see! a faint and fitful light
Out on the howling sea!
'Tis a vessel that seeks the harbour mouth,
As in death-agony.
Though the strong stone arms are open wide,
She has missed the only way;
'Tis all too late, for the storm drives fast,
The mighty waves have swept her past,
And against that sheltering pier shall cast
Their wrecked and shattered prey.

IV.

Nearer and nearer the barque is borne,
As over the deck they dash,
Where sailors five are clinging fast
To the sailless stump of the broken mast,
Waiting the final crash.

Is it all too late ? is there succour yet
Those perishing men to reach ?
Life is so near on the firm-built pier,
That else must be death to each.

v.

There are daring hearts and powerful arms,
And swift and steady feet,
And they rush as down to a yawning grave,
In the strong recoil of the mightiest wave,
Treading that awful path to save,
As they trod a homeward street.
Over the boulders and foam they rush
Into the ghastly hollow ;
They fling the rope to the heaving wreck,
The aim was sure, and it strikes the deck,
As the shouts of quick hope follow.

vi.

Reached, but not saved ! there is more to do,
A trumpet note is heard ;
And over the rage and over the roar
Of billowy thunders on the shore,
Rings out the guiding word.

There is one chance, and only one,
 All can be saved, but how?
 'The rope hold fast, but quit the mast
 At the trumpet-signal "NOW!"'

VII.

There is a moment when the sea
 Has spent its furious strength;
 A shuddering pause with a sullen swirl,
 Gathering force again to hurl
 Billow on billow in whirl on whirl;
 That moment comes at length—
 With a single shout the 'Now' peals out,
 And the answering leap is made.
 Well for the simple hearts that just
 Loosing the mast with fearless trust,
 The strange command obeyed!

VIII.

For the rope is good, and the stout arms pull
 Ere the brief storm-lull is o'er;
 It is but a swift and blinding sweep
 Through the waters wild and dark and deep,
 And the men are safe on shore—

Safe! though the fiend-like blast pursue,
Safe! though the waves dash high;
But the ringing cheer that rises clear
Is pierced with a sudden cry:—

IX.

'There are but four drawn up to shore,
And five were on the deck!'
And the straining gaze that conquers gloom
Still traces, drifting on to doom,
One man upon the wreck.
Again they chase in sternest race
The far-recoiling wave;
The rope is thrown to the tossing mark,
But reaches not in the windy dark
The one they strive to save.

X.

Again they rush, and again they fail,
Again, and yet again:
The storm yells back defiance loud,
The breakers rear a rampart proud,
And roar, 'In vain, in vain!'

XI.

Then a giant wave caught up the wreck,
And bore it on its crest ;
One moment it hung quivering there
In horrible arrest.
And the lonely man on the savage sea
A lightning flash uplit,
Still clinging fast to the broken mast
That he had not dared to quit.

XII.

Then horror of great darkness fell,
While eyes flashed inward fire ;
And over all the roar and dash,
Through that great blackness came a crash,
A token sure and dire.
The wave had burst upon the pier,
The wreck was scattered wide ;
Another 'Now' would never reach
The corpse that lay upon the beach
With the receding tide.

XIII.

God's '*Now*' is sounding in your ears,
Oh let it reach your heart!
Not only from your sinfulness
He bids you part;
Your righteousness as filthy rags
Must all relinquished be,
And only Jesus' precious death
Must be your plea.

XIV.

Now trust the one provided rope,
Now quit the broken mast,
Before the hope of safety be
For ever past.
Fear not to trust His simple word,
So sweet, so tried, so true,
And you are safe for evermore,
Yes,—even you!

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.*

ZECH. xiv. 7.—‘ At evening time it shall be light.’



EAR Lord, Thy good and precious Book seems
written all for me ;

Wherever I may open it, I find a word from
Thee.

My eyes are dim, but this one verse is pillow for the
night,

Thy promise that ‘ At Evening Time it shall be ’
surely ‘ light.’

2. It was not always light with me ; for many a sinful
year

I walked in darkness, far from Thee ; but Thou
hast brought me near,

* Written to accompany an engraving :—An old man, worn,
but peaceful, sitting at his cottage door in evening sunlight, with
The Book on his knee.

And washed me in Thy precious blood, and taught
me by Thy grace,
And lifted up on my poor soul the brightness of
Thy Face.

3. My Saviour died in darkness that I might live in
light,
He closed His eyes in death that mine might have
the heavenly sight ;
He gave up all His glory to bring it down to me,
And took the sinner's place that He the sinner's
Friend might be.

4. His Spirit shines upon His Word, and makes it
sweet indeed,
Just like a shining lamp held up beside me as I read ;
And brings it to my mind again alone upon my bed,
Till all abroad within my heart the love of God is
shed.


5. I've nearly passed the shadows and the sorrows
here below ;
A little while—a little while, and He will come, I
know,

And take me to the glory that I think is very near,
Where I shall see Him face to face and His kind
welcome hear.

6. And now my loving Jesus is my Light at Eventide,
The welcome Guest that enters in for ever to abide ;
He never leaves me in the dark, but leads me all
the way,—
So it is light at Evening time, and soon it will be
Day.



'YET SPEAKETH.'


 'ET speaketh!' though the voice is hushed that
 filled

Cathedral nave or choir, like clearest bell,
 With music of God's truth,—that softly thrilled
 The silence of the mourner's heart,—that fell
 So sweetly, oh so sweetly, on the ear
 Of those to whom that voice was dearest of the dear.

2. 'Yet speaketh!' For the echo lingers yet
 Where fifty years ago his voice was heard,
 And old men weep, who never can forget
 Their early gladness through his faithful word;
 O'er all the waves and storms of life between,
 That voice floats on for them still powerful and serene.

3. 'Yet speaketh!' Glowing hymns, like heavenly
 breeze,
 That stir us, and our soft Hosannas lift
 To Hallelujahs;—holy melodies,
 Enrobed in grand sweet harmonies, a gift

Laid wholly on the altar of his God,
Without one thought or care for this world's vain
 applaud:

4. Deep teachings from the Word he held so dear,
 Things new and old in that great treasure found,
A valiant cry, a witness strong and clear,
 A trumpet with no pale, uncertain sound :—
These shall not die, but live; his rich bequest
To that belovèd Church whose servant is at rest.
5. 'Yet speaketh!' In the memory of those
 To whom he was indeed 'a living song,'*
The voice, that like fair morning light arose,
 Rings on with holy influence deep and strong;
Rings on, unmingled with another sound,
The sweetest, clearest still among all others found.
6. 'Yet speaketh!' By that consecrated life,
 The single-hearted, noble, true, and pure,
Which, lifted far above all worldly strife,
 Could all but sin so patiently endure.

* A blind girl, who heard two or three of his last sermons, said, 'He was a living song to me.' She, too, is 'gone home.'


O eloquence! by this he speaketh yet;
For who that knew and loved could evermore forget?

7. 'Yet speaketh!' E'en the shadow, poor and dim,
Of sun-traced portrait, and the cold, white stone
(All that the stranger-artist guessed of him),
Speak to our hearts in gentle spirit-tone,
Vocal with messages of faith and love,
And burning thoughts that fall like swift stars from
above.
8. 'Yet speaketh!' There was no last word of love,
So suddenly on us the sorrow fell;
His bright translation to the home above
Was clouded with no shadow of farewell;
His last Lent evening closed with praise and prayer,
And then began the songs of endless Easter there.
9. 'Yet speaketh!' O my father, now more dear
Than ever, I have cried—'Oh, speak to me
Only once more, once more!' But now I hear
The far-off whisper of thy melody;
Thou art 'yet speaking' on the heavenly hill,
Each word a note of joy,—and shall we not 'be still'?

For New Year's Day, 1874.

'FROM GLORY TO GLORY.'

2 Cor. iii. 18.

 FROM glory unto glory!' Be this our joyous
 song,
 As on the King's own highway we bravely
 march along!
 'From glory unto glory!' O word of stirring cheer,
 As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad
 New Year.

2. Our own belovèd Master, 'hath many things to say ;'
 Look forward to His teaching, unfolding day by
 day ;
 To whispers of His Spirit, while resting at His feet,
 To glowing revelation, to insight clear and sweet.

3. 'From glory unto glory!' Our faith hath seen the
King,
We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly we
sing:
But He hath more to shew us! O thought of untold
bliss!
And we press on exultingly in certain hope to this:—
4. To marvellous outpourings of His 'treasures new
and old,'
To largess of His bounty, paid in the King's own
gold,
To glorious expansion of His mysteries of grace,
To radiant unveilings of the brightness of His
face.
5. 'From glory unto glory!' What great things He
hath done,
What wonders He hath shewn us, what triumphs
He hath won!
We marvel at the records of the blessings of the
year!
But sweeter than the Christmas bells rings out His
promise clear—

6. That 'greater things,' far greater, our longing eyes
shall see !
We can but wait and wonder what 'greater things'
shall be !
But glorious fulfilments rejoicingly we claim,
While pleading in the power of the All-prevailing
Name.
7. 'From glory unto glory!' What mighty blessings
crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so
freely down !
Omnipotence to keep us, Omniscience to guide,
Jehovah's Triune Presence within us to abide !
8. The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way ;
The fulness of His promises crowns every brighten-
ing day ;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realise the fulness of His
love.
9. 'From glory unto glory!' Without a shade of care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear ;

Because we trust Him fully, and know that He will
guide,
And know that He will keep us at His beloved side.

10. ‘From glory unto glory!’ Though tribulation fall,
It cannot touch our treasure, when Christ is all in
all!

Whatever lies before us, there can be nought to
fear,
For what are pain and sorrow when Jesus Christ is
near?

11. ‘From glory unto glory!’ O marvels of the word!
‘With open face beholding the glory of the Lord,’
We, even we (O wondrous grace!) ‘are changed
into the same,’
The image of our Saviour, to glorify His Name.

12. Abiding in His presence, and walking in the light,
And seeking to ‘do always what is pleasing in His
sight,’
We look to Him to keep us ‘all glorious within,’
Because ‘the blood of Jesus Christ *is cleansing* from
all sin.’

13. The things behind forgetting, we only gaze before,
 'From glory unto glory,' that 'shineth more and
 more,'
Because our Lord hath said it, that such shall be
 our way,
(O splendour of the promise!) 'unto the perfect
 day.'
14. 'From glory unto glory!' Our fellow-travellers
 still
Are gathering on the journey! the bright electric
 thrill
Of quick instinctive union, more frequent and more
 sweet,
Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and
 tender beat.
15. And closer yet, and closer the golden bonds shall
 be,
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet, and wider shall the circling glory
 glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty
 love to know.

16. O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith and
love,
Come up into the sunshine, so bright and warm
above !
No longer tread the valley, but clinging to His
hand,
Ascend the shining summits, and view the glorious
land.
17. Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet-
tones more clear,
Our anthems ring so grandly, that all the world
must hear !
Oh royal be our music, for who hath cause to sing,
Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the Children of
the King !
18. Oh let our adoration for all that He hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and
life are one !
And let our consecration be real, and deep, and
true ;
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful
vows renew !—

19. 'In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to
Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and ebermore to be!
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine
alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth
be Thine own !'

20. Now, onward, ever onward, from 'strength to
strength' we go,
While 'grace for grace' abundantly shall from
His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until his Very Presence crown our happiest New
Year !



FINIS.*



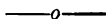
ANOTHER little volume filled with varied verse
 and song,
 Should wake another note of praise, unheard,
 but deep and strong ;
 For He who knows my truest need, and leads me
 day by day,
 Has given the music that hath been such solace on
 my way.

2. I look up to my Father, and know that I am
 heard,
 And ask Him for the glowing thought, and for the
 fitting word :
 I look up to my Father, for I cannot write alone,
 'Tis sweeter far to seek His strength than lean upon
 my own.

* Written on the last leaf of a MS. volume.

3. And so the closing verses of my new-filled book
shall be
A note of praise, dear Father, sung only unto Thee,
To Thee, who hast so helped me, to Thee who hast
so blessed,
The only Friend who knows my heart, the nearest
and the best.
4. I bless Thee, gracious Father, who hast moulded
praise from pain,
And turned a wail of mourning to a trustful calm
refrain,
To many a sorrow giving me an afterward of song,
And wafting it to other hearts in comfort true and
strong.
5. I bless Thee, gracious Father, for Thy pleasant gift
to me,
And earnestly I ask Thee that it may always be
In perfect consecration laid at Thy glorious feet,
Touched with Thine altar-fire, and made an offering
pure and sweet.

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