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WITHIN THE VAIL,
AND OTHER SACRED POEMS

BY
C. L. S.



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Within the Vail

AND OTHER SACRED POEMS

BY

C. L. S.

AUTHOR OF 'O FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS!' ETC.

LONDON

S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO.

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THE following hymns and verses, illustrative of some phases of a believer's experience, have been written at various intervals during the last few years. With some of them the public is already acquainted, and the favour with which these have been received, in their separate form, has emboldened the author to offer this unpretending little collection to the reader.

May these verses find an echo in other hearts, and be of help, especially in hours of trial, by reminding of a Saviour's sympathy and a Father's love. May they help some to take humbly and patiently the chastisement which is sent, not less in tenderness than in wisdom.

We are '*not as yet* come to the rest, and the inheritance.' Thank God, we shall soon enjoy both!

The author will make but one, it is hoped, reasonable, request, namely, that those who are disposed to reproduce any of the following pieces, will do so without altering the form in which, after consideration, the writer has thought it best to leave them.

C. L. S.

OMAGH, 1867.

‘WITHIN THE VAIL.’

HEB. vi. 19, 20.

BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea ;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart ;
I know that, while in heaven He stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free ;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there ! the bleeding Lamb !
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable ' I AM,'
The King of glory and of grace.

One with Himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood ;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ my Saviour and my God.

A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while of mingled joy and sorrow,
A few more years to wander thus below;
To wait the dawning of that golden morrow,
When morn shall break above our night of
woe.

A few more thorns about our pathway
growing,
Ere yet our hands may cull the heavenly
flowers;
The morning comes, but, first, the tearful
sowing,
Ere we repose these weary souls of ours.

A few more hours of weariness and sighing,
Of mourning o'er the power of inner sin;
A little while of daily crucifying,
To this vain world, the evil heart within.

A little longer in this vale of weeping,
Of yearning for the sinless home above;
A little while our marriage garments keeping
Unspotted, by the power of Him we love.

A little while for winning souls to Jesus,
 Ere we behold His beauty face to face ;
 A little while for healing soul diseases,
 By telling others of a Saviour's grace.

A little while to spread the joyful story
 Of Him who made our guilt and curse
 His own ;
 A little while ere we behold the glory,
 To gain fresh jewels for our heavenly crown.

A little while, then we shall dwell for ever
 Within our bright, our everlasting home,
 Where time, or space, or death can no more
 sever
 Our grief-wrung hearts, and pain can never
 come.

'Tis but a *little* while ; the way is dreary,
 The night is dark, but we are nearing land ;
 O for the rest of heaven, for we are weary,
 And long to mingle with the deathless
 band !

ISAIAH liv. 7, 8.

LORD, when my eyes fail to behold Thy glory,
 When I have sought in vain Thy dwelling-
 place,
 When the dark shades of loneliness and
 sorrow
 Hide the sweet sunshine of Thy welcome
 face :—

When o'er my path the mists and darkness
 gather,
 Shading the brightness of a Saviour's love;
 No sin-born cloud then be it, but the rather,
 The shadow of *His wing*—the heavenly
 dove.

Let it not be the dark unwholesome vapour
 Of phantom doubts or guilty fears that rise ;
 But, as the light of some too brilliant taper
 Is guarded from the weary infant's eyes :—

So for a while if Thou Thy face should'st
cover,

Marring the clearness of my earthly sight,
Teach me more glory daily to discover,
In the unveiling of the eternal light.

I will not fear though for a while I wander
With eyes blindfolded, trusting all to Thee ;
Do I not see a radiant city yonder,
A crown of glory laid apart for me !

The land of joy, where I shall be for ever,
A jewel in my Saviour's diadem ;
An endless rest, a sky that shadeth never,
A sinless home, the New Jerusalem.

‘MY FRIEND AND MY FOE.’

I HAVE a foe who seeks to do me ill,
 Lurks in the deep recesses of my heart,
 And strives with vanity my mind to fill ;
 Longing to tempt my soul from Christ apart,
 Sin is that foe.

I have a friend more mighty than my foe,
 Who lives, and loves me better than His
 life ;
 A friend who leadeth me where'er I go ;
 Girds me with strength and arms me for
 the strife,
 That friend is Christ.

I have a foe who triumphs in my shame,
 Who darkens all my intercourse with God ;
 Who fain would draw my thoughts from His
 dear name,
 And turn my heart from resting on the
 blood,
 That foe is sin.

But I've a friend who keepeth guard within,
 And soon shall reign triumphant in my
 breast ;

Who soothes my sorrow, sorrows for my sin ;
 Gives strength when feeble, and when
 weary rest,

Christ is that friend.

He who is now my foe, I thought my friend ;
 Him once I served though hating me the
 while ;

I was his willing slave, nor feared the end,
 But kissed my chains, and loved his traitor
 smile,

Sin *was* my friend.

But one who loved me, though I loved
 Him not,
 Gave but a *look* and broke my heart of
 stone ;

The shepherd found the wanderer He sought ;
 And now I follow Him and Him alone,

Jesus ! my friend !

1861.

COMPLETE IN HIM.

2 Cor. vi. 9, 10.

WHEN we are richest we are then most poor ;
When strongest weak, in weakness most
secure ;
In sorrow often, yet we joyful are ;
In weariness, but never in despair.

Vile and polluted, not one trace of good ;
Yet pure and spotless in the Son of God ;
Troubled, perplexed, dishonoured, and un-
known ;
Cast down and sorrowful, yet not alone.

Upheld and guided, often as we fall ;
As having nothing, yet possessing all ;
Naked and empty, yet with much to give ;
We live in dying, dying while we live.

Certain of victory, yet beset with fears ;
Rejoicing, but our eyes still wet with tears ;
Our manhood shrinking from the strife of sin,
And yet triumphant 'mid the battle din.

Fight on thou chosen soldier of our king ;
 Fight on, fight bravely, and in fighting sing
Of Christ who died, and yet who lives above ;
 And living, pleads His all-prevailing love.

Weep if thou wilt, but not in hopeless grief ;
 The burdened heart in weeping finds relief ;
Yet sink not thou beneath the heavy load,
 The arm that strengthens is the arm of God.

Behold by faith thine own eternal home,
 And be not weary ; thou shalt overcome ;
Yea thou shalt see His beauty face to face,
 And glory in the boundlessness of grace !

JEREMIAH i. 6, 7.

INTO my shadowed spirit, Lord, infuse
 The glory of Thy light ;
 Help me (if such a worm Thy power may use),
 To work for Thee aright ;
 E'en one bright jewel to Thy servant give,
 And then, indeed, 'twere not in vain to live.

So vile I am, so helpless and so cold,
 So ignorant and weak ;
 Forgetful of Thy mercies manifold,
 I cannot dare to speak,
 Unless my heart and tongue Thou dost
 inspire,
 And touch these lips of clay with sacred fire.

Teach me, my Lord, forgetting all I am,
 And all but what Thou art ;
 To tell the glories of Thy matchless name
 To every burdened heart.
 Proclaim the love that set my spirit free
 And point the sinner from his sin to Thee.

Teach me to feel Thy life-imparting love,
In holy zeal to grow ;
To walk with Thee, my risen Lord, above,
Far from the world below.
And earnest, earnest, earnest let me be,
Striving with agony to follow Thee.

REVELATION ii. 5.

O SINNER, remember from whence thou art
fallen,

Remember thy risen Redeemer above;
Remember His life-giving words when He
called thee ;

Remember His love, O remember His love.

Remember how tender the arms that upheld
thee

When clasped to the bosom of infinite
grace ;

Remember those moments of precious com-
munion ;

Remember His face, O remember His face.

Remember the joy of thy Lord when He
found thee,

Remember the peace that He gave thee
within ;

Remember the cords of His mercy that
bound thee ;

Remember thy sin, O remember thy sin.

B

Remember how long thro' the desert He
tracked thee,
Till fainting He found thee, and bid thee
rejoice ;
Then lovingly raised thee, and carried thee
homeward ;
Remember His voice, O remember His
voice.

And think too, O sinner, for what thou hast
left Him,
To taste for a moment the pleasures of
sin ;
To tarry outside, at the gate of the palace,
While Jesus is longing to meet thee within.

For this thou hast followed the world that
condemned Him ;
For this thou hast courted her treacherous
smile ;
Hast added thy thorn to the crown of His
anguish ;
Thy cry to the voices that mock and revile.

Yet, sinner, return to the heart of thy Saviour,
He runneth to meet thee, O wherefore
delay?

Though clothed in the garments of sin and
pollution,
Thy Lord will embrace and receive thee
to-day.

Repent and remember from whence thou art
fallen,

Remember the mercy that met thee before ;
Look up and rejoice for He never forgot
thee ;

Forsake Him no more, O forsake Him no
more.

HOSEA ii. 14, 15.

FAR from the Saviour's side,
 My guilty soul had tried,
 With wayward feet the desert paths to tread,
 On foolish course intent,
 Her eager steps she bent,
 Where here and there each phantom
 pleasure led ;
 Yet ere she reached the glittering show,
 The golden mirage vanished like the
 melting snow.

She blindly hastened on
 Till weary and alone,
 In vain she tried her footsteps to retrace ;
 Dark terrors lay before,
 Dark clouds had gathered o'er,
 And veiled the glory of her Saviour's face ;
 Nor deemed she in her deep despair
 That love Omnipotent upheld her even there.

Yet while she strove to fly,
 His ever watchful eye
Had sadly marked her wanderings each
 day ;

Till to the wilderness
 He lured her by His grace,
 And hedged around with thorns her sinful
 way ;
 Wooed her to trust His love again ;
 Bound up each bleeding wound, and washed
 away each stain.

With gentle force He took
 The heart that Him forsook,
 And broke her living idols one by one ;
 By Marah's bitter tide,
 The flesh He crucified,
 And left her nothing but Himself alone ;
 Bereft of all—she needs must cling
 To Him whose love could make the desert
 waste to sing.

The watchmen at the gate
 Had seen her desolate,
 Had smitten her, and torn away her veil ;
 But JESUS whom she grieved
 Had found her thus bereaved,
 And bent His ear to listen to her tale ;
 Nor shrank He from her guilty stain,
 But to His yearning heart enfolded her again.

‘LET US REASON TOGETHER, SAITH THE LORD.’

Isaiah i. 18.

I SAW a beggar at a palace gate,
 His voice was raised in piteous supplication ;
 Long, long, but vainly did he seem to wait,
 No answer came to crown his expectation.

Behold O Lord, he cried, how long I've
 waited,
 How long I've watched, and wept, and
 hoped, and prayed ;
 O surely now thy wrath must be abated,
 Such prayers, such tears, an entrance must
 have made.

He smote his breast, his soul within him
 dying,
 Sinking beneath such weight of woe
 opprest ;
 When lo ! a treacherous voice beside him
 crying,
 ‘Do what thou canst, and God will do the
 rest.’

Upstarting then, with new-formed resolution,
 His eye rekindled with fresh hope within,
 He cried, 'My works shall cleanse my soul's
 pollution,
 In pleasing God my soul shall lose its sin.'

Wildly he strove in efforts unavailing,
 With puny strokes to cleave those bars in
 twain ;
 But with each stroke his nerveless arm was
 failing,
 When in despair he pleaded once again.

'Lord let me in, behold how I have striven
 With righteous deeds to wash away my sin ;
 For if such labour cannot gain me heaven,
 Who evermore need hope to enter in ?'

He paused in fear, for, lo ! a voice of thunder,
 Solemn and strange, came sweeping from
 the sky ;
 Filled all his soul with terror and with wonder,
 While anguish seized him at that awful cry.

‘ Presumptuous fool! how canst thou bring
before me

So poor a gift as this, thy righteousness;
When yon bright hosts who ceaselessly
adore me,
Are put to shame before my holiness.

‘ Those prayers, those tears, thou dost so
madly cherish,

Think not that they can hide thy guilty
shame;
One glance of mine upon them and they
perish,
Consumed to ashes by these eyes of flame.

‘ Behold thyself a lost and ruined creature,

Thy misery and ruin who can tell;
My curse is branded on thy fairest feature,
Vile and unworthy of all else but hell.

‘ Worthy of hell! yet thou may'st enter heaven,

Worthy of death, yet life may be thine own;
Lost and undone, yet all shall be forgiven,
If thou wilt cast thy soul on me alone.

‘Come as thou art ! in that polluted raiment,
 ’Twas not the righteous Jesus came to call ;
 Come without price, my love demands no
 payment,
 The price was paid, was fully paid for all.’

Not daring to uplift his eyes to heaven,
 With broken heart the suppliant humbly
 cried,
 ‘Can one so guilty ever be forgiven ?
 O God be merciful, since Jesus died.’

‘Lord, I believe that not my prayers or sighing,
 Or righteousness can cleanse my guilty soul ;
 But Jesus, Jesus *only*, living, dying,
 His wounds, His tears can wash away the
 whole.’

O life ! O joy ! the words of faith scarce spoken,
 Than backward rolled those gates of living
 gold ;
 All heaven rejoiced to hear those accents
 broken,
 And shining hosts the joyful story told.

‘WHITHERSOEVER THOU GOEST.’

FATHER I know not why this path is mine,
But, looking up, I know Thy loving hand
Each rugged step has planned ;
And I am resting on that arm of Thine.

Sharp are the thorns I wear,
And strange the road whereby Thou
ledest me ;
But since it leads to Thee
I murmur not, but cast on Thee my care.

I cannot see my way,
But I can journey on, my hand in Thine ;
Nor doubt Thy love Divine,
Though clouds seem gathering darker every
day.

Into thy list'ning ear,
I pour the burden of my sore distress ;
And know that Thou wilt bless
Thy suffering child, and say that Thou art
near.

Near in the cloud by day,
But in the night, this weary night of mine,
How bright Thy love doth shine ;
What glorious beams illumine my onward way !

I know that it is well,
When to Thy child Thou speakest face to
face ;
And in this wilderness,
I feel Thee with me, my Emmanuel !

Thus leaning on thy breast,
My wounded heart of earthly joy bereft,
Hath still one refuge left,
Thy love, unchanging in its perfect rest.

Then Father, do Thy will !
I know that all Thy love appoints is right ;
Faith counts the darkness light,
And through her tears rejoices in Thee still.

ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

MINE eyes shall see Thee, O my Friend, my
 Sov'reign,
 Dear Lord of life and grace !
 These very eyes, bedimm'd with woe and
 watching,
 Shall gaze upon Thy face !

Mine eyes, that now but see in part, and darkly,
 And but in part have known,
 Shall face to face, yet fearlessly, behold Thee,
 O Lamb, upon Thy throne !

Mine eyes shall see Thee, not as once they
 saw Thee,
 Who walked with Thee of old,
 Yet knew Thee not, but in Thy perfect beauty
 I shall Thy face behold !

Light of my life ! O sweet and fair Lord Jesus,
 Joy of my inmost heart ;
 What tongue can tell, what mind conceive
 the rapture
 To see Thee as Thou art ?

O matchless King ! my own, my only
Saviour !

My Royal, Princely One !

When shall these eyes, these wistful eyes be
gladdened,
And filled with Thee alone ?

Hasten, O Lord, Thy feet upon the mountains,
Let the cold shadows flee !

This midnight watching must be well nigh
over

That I have kept for Thee.

Soon shall the morning dawn upon my vigil,
For, daybreak must be near ;

When in the glory of His likeness waking,
With Christ I shall appear.

Mine eyes shall see Him ! then this tongue
unloosened

Her new-born song shall sing ;

That now half-trembling, half-triumphant
falters

‘ *Mine* eyes shall see the King.’

ROMANS viii. 37.

BESET with foes, like some beleaguered city,
 My trembling soul amid the tumult stands,
 Crying, 'Look down, O Christ, in helpful pity
 Increase my faith, lift up my failing hands.'

Thee will I love with all my soul's endeavour,
 Thee only serve, in spite of every foe ;
 I am Thy chosen one, Thine own for ever,
 And Thou art mine, 'mid conflict, toil, and
 woe.

Hast thou not sworn in covenant unfailing
 That Thou wilt leave me never, or forsake ;
 And shall my feeblest cry be unavailing ?
 Nay, Thou wilt front the battle for my sake.

Lo ! while without mine enemies surround me,
 This traitor heart, leagued with the hosts of
 hell,
 Casts wide her gates—but Thou whose love
 has found me,
 Wilt guard the camp, and keep the citadel.

Thou of the blood-stained vesture, O Vic-
torious !

With burning eyes, and many crownèd
head ;

Thou conquering One, with name unknown
but glorious,

Thou, Thou art He that liveth and was
dead.

Thou art *that* Jesus, who, with footsteps
lowly,

Trod, stranger-wise, the busy haunts of
earth ;

Yet whose high deeds, and language pure
and holy

Proclaimed to sinful man Thy sinless
birth.

Thou art that Jesus, who, despised and
hooted,

Shrank in meek anguish, 'neath the Father's
rod ;

The crucified, thorn-crowned, and persecuted,
The Man of Sorrows, yet the Son of God !

Thou bleeding Lamb ! Thou King of kings
transcendent,

Who, dying, death destroyed, his bondage
rent ;

Then rising, left the gloomy grave resplendent
With faith, and hope, and love omnipotent.

O human hearted friend ! O Prince eternal !

Since Thy dear light hath dawn'd upon my
heart,

Take all life's fresh springs, all her pastures
vernal,

For Thou my only joy shalt be and art.

IT IS WELL.

O WELL for the warrior bold
 When the conflict bravely won,
 He hears the voice of his Lord and King
 In the welcome words 'well done.'

O well when the toil is o'er,
 For the way-worn feet that come,
 All torn and bruised from the wilderness,
 To the calm sweet rest of home.

And the weary hearts that shrink
 From the discipline of love ;
 O well for them, when, the school-time 'o'er,
 They enter the life above.

And well to be done with sin,
 And filled with the Saviour's grace ;
 To love with an undivided love,
 And to see Him face to face.

When the soul, worn out with strife
 And temptation by the way,
 Lies down at last at the journey's end,
 And awakes in endless day !

C.

Well too, for the ransomed soul
Of the newly blood-washed child,
When beckoned up to the virgin throng
With a robe all undefiled !

When the glorious morning dawns,
And the blood-bought crown is won,
And 'Victory' bursts from the battle-field
Ere the conflict hath begun.

And the toilful day is o'er,
Or ever the noon-day heat
Hath beaten down on the glad young soul,
Or slackened the eager feet.

And the spirit's fresh young springs
(In the sight of God unpriced),
Pour all the wealth of a new-born love
On the new-found heart of Christ.

August 1866.

FELLOWSHIP WITH JESUS.

O MAN of Sorrows ! hast Thou given to me
 The honour thus Thy crown of thorns to
 wear ?

Am I so blest, dear Lord, to follow Thee?
 Thy fellowship to share ?

In dust and ashes at Thy feet I fall
 And clasp my feeble arms around Thy
 cross ;
 Henceforth I own Thee as my all, my *all*,
 And earthly gain but loss.

This baptism of fire is hard to bear,
 And human hearts will shrink amid the
 flame ;
 Yet scourge me, slay me, if I may but share
 The glory of Thy shame.

Yea crush this self within me, so shall I
 Exalt Thee, Saviour, to Thy rightful throne
 Subdue my will and let this proud heart die
 To all but Thee alone.

Be this the single object of my life
With self-renouncing love Thy cross to
bear ;
To be Thy faithful witness in the strife,
And raise Thy banner there.

And if at times my spirit shrinks in dread,
Or fails beneath the pressure of Thy hand,
Be the eternal arms beneath my head
Within this weary land.

Help me, forsaking all, to follow Thee,
With patient love to suffer for Thy sake ;
And, with a heart from earthly bonds set
free,
My burden meekly take.

Thus satisfy me with Thyself alone,
Tear every idol from my faithless breast ;
Claim and possess me for Thy own, Thy
own,
And then I *must* be blest !

PSALM cxlii. 3.

SAVIOUR, I lift my weary soul to Thee,
 Helpless alike to suffer or to do ;
 My heart is o'erwhelmed, O bear Thou me
 This journey through !

I have no power, no energy, no might,
 Thou hast bereft me, and I am bereft ;
 In darkness, groping thro' a starless night
 My soul is left—

To learn endurance of a life grown old,
 Grey-hearted, withered, one long weary
 moan ;
 A hopeless wanderer on the dreary world
 Alone—alone.

Thy waves and billows close above my head,
 My soul seems sinking to some vast abyss,
 Filled with mute anguish, and with name-
 less dread,
 Lord, why is this ?

Why hast Thou led me out into the night,
 And left me thus to struggle with my fear,
 Forsaken, friendless, far from love or light,
 A stranger here ?

.

O slow of heart ! O faithless and unwise !
 Was not thy Lord Himself a stranger
 here ?
 And lo ! His pilgrim path before thee lies
 Distinct and clear.

Alone, unfriended, up life's weary hill
 The Man of Sorrows toiled with patient
 tread ;
 Obedient, bowing to a Father's will
 His kingly head.

'Forsaken, friendless'—O my child, my child,
 Could'st thou not watch one little hour
 with *me* ?
 Hast thou forgotten, in thine anguish wild,
 Gethsemane ?

Had earth's rude discipline no pain for me,
 Despised, unknown, an outcast in the land?
 O wounded heart, dark clouds may compass
 Thee

On every hand—

But I am with thee, I thy Lord, thy life,
 Mine is the hand that holds the chastening
 rod ;
 Mine is the love that shields thee in the strife,
 I am thy God !

.

Lord I have sinned, before Thy cross I lie,
 How canst Thou stoop to one so vile, so base ;
 Who dared to lift an unbelieving eye
 To Thy blest face :

Yea, dared to doubt. Arise my guilty heart,
 Throw wide thy doors, and let thy monarch
 in ;
 Weep not, O mourner, for thy suffering part
 Weep for thy *sin*.

LAMENTATIONS iii. 32, 33.

It is not that thy Father loves to grieve thee,
 Or loves to see thee weep,
 It is not that He chooseth thus to leave thee
 Thy weary watch to keep ;
 It is not that His power or wisdom faileth
 To rescue thee from ill ;
 'Tis *this*—O wayward heart ; nought else
 availeth,
 To bow thee to His will.

He crushes down the idols thou dost cherish
 Beneath His kingly feet ;
 He bids the blossoms from thy life to perish
 That made that life too sweet.
 He leads thee on from sorrow unto sorrow,
 From twilight unto dark ;
 Fresh storms arise, with every fresh to-morrow
 To toss thy helpless bark.

One billow past, another rolls to meet thee
 Across thine onward track ;
 On every side new trials seem to greet thee,
 As if to turn thee back.

Until thy soul, o'erwhelm'd, in darkness sinking
 Can raise submissive eyes ;
 Yield to His will, and while thy flesh is
 shrinking
 His purpose recognise.

And learn with heart subdued, and bowed in
 spirit,
 Thy cross in faith to bear ;
 Content, if thou His glory but inherit,
 Thy Saviour's cup to share.
 Then, then, that lesson learnt, thy Heavenly
 Father
 Thy blessing shall increase ;
 Not willing to afflict, but choosing rather
 To fill thy soul with peace.

Thy bitter cry has past, and not unheeded,
 Unto His gracious ear ;
 And when He sees the rod no longer needed
 He'll wipe away the tear.
 And, stooping, draw thee from the surging
 billow
 Unto His close embrace ;
 His arm thy stay, His tender love thy pillow,
 His heart thy resting-place !

PSALM cxix. 75.

Thy way is best, my Father,
 Though full of pain and care ;
 Thy will is right, my father,
 However hard to bear.
 Thy path is best, my Father,
 Though far apart from mine ;
 Thy judgments, O my Father,
 With truth and mercy shine.

Thy gifts are best, my Father,
 Though not the gifts I'd choose ;
 Thy choice is right, my Father,
 Whether I gain or lose.
 Thy word is good, my Father,
 That bids me live or die ;
 And I am blest, my Father,
 In bowing silently.

Thy thoughts are deep, my Father,
 Thy love is calm and wise ;
 My future life, my Father,
 Unveiled before Thee lies.
 Thy time is best, my Father,
 Thy purpose to fulfil ;
 O give me strength, my Father,
 To bow me to Thy will.

DESERT YEARNING.*

We stand on Pisgah's summit,
And at our Lord's command
We gaze across the desert
Into the far-off land.
We see the verdant pastures,
Where Christ doth lead His own,
By streams of living waters
Proceeding from the Throne.

Within yon radiant city,
Through gates wide open flung,
We hear the shouts of triumph
That bursts from every tongue.
And 'mid the white-robed armies
That tread the shining streets,
The form of many a lost one
Our gladdened vision greets.

Yet not the pearl-built portals,
Or robes of spotless white,
Or faces of our lost ones,
Enchain our ravished sight.

* Written for the Air '*Jerusalem the Golden.*'

For lo ! amid the glory
We see the Emerald Throne,
While on it One is seated
Who fills our hearts alone.

And from our desert watch-tower
We wait with eager eyes,
From off that Throne of splendour
To see the King arise :
To see Him come in triumph,
Where once He wept in pain,
With all His blood-bought people
Omnipotent to reign.

Thus gazing toward the dawning,
We see His star appear,
The earnest of the promise
That He Himself is near.
O Lord ! dispel this darkness,
And usher in the day !
Why should Thy footsteps linger
So long upon the way ?

How long within this desert
 Must we, Thy children, weep?
 And 'mid the cloudy tempest,
 Our lonely vigil keep?
 How in a stranger country
 Can we exultant sing
 The glorious songs of Zion,
 Apart from Thee, her King?

O Christ! O Friend! O Sovereign
 Of every waiting heart!
 We long with speechless longing
 To see Thee as Thou art:
 We yearn with speechless yearning
 That there our eyes may rest
 Unveiled upon Thy beauty—
 Then haste, Beloved, haste!

For O we thirst, Lord Jesus,
 We watch for Thy return;
 For Thee the spirit panteth,
 The hearts within us burn:
 Our souls go forth to meet thee,
 And though the lips be dumb,
 Our hearts unceasing utter
 'Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

O FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS !

O FOR the robes of whiteness,
O for the tearless eyes ;
O for the glorious brightness,
Of the unclouded skies !

O for the ' no more weeping '
Within the land of love ;
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above !

O for the hour of dying,
My risen Lord to meet ;
O for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet !

O for the bliss of seeing
My Saviour face to face ;
The joy of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place !

Jesus, thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee ;
Soon shall I sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

Meanwhile my soul would enter,
By faith before the throne ;
And all my love would centre
On Thee, and Thee alone.

PSALM cvii. 29, 30.

THE lengthening shadows fall,
 Like some funereal pall,
 Athwart the sunshine of our brief bright day ;
 And on the perilous shore,
 The angry billows roar,
 Foreboding sterner dangers by the way ;
 While o'er the trackless waste appears
 No star to guide us onward through the
 future years.

Tossed on the restless wave,
 Is there no power to save
 Our helpless souls from the unknown abyss?
 Is there no helmsman near,
 Our fragile bark to steer,
 Into the haven of eternal bliss ;
 Or must we drift for evermore,
 Among the cruel breakers on this lonely shore?

Beset with woe and pain,
 Thus faithless, we complain,
 And stretch wild hands of terror and despair ;

With unbelieving eyes
 Uplook we to the skies,
 Cry out in dread, and call our anguish prayer ;
 The while we still refuse to hear
 The sweet persuasive voice that whispers,
 'I am near.'

For on the rolling wave,
 Omnipotent to save,
 The King of kings in mercy cometh nigh ;
 The Heavenly Master stands,
 With outstretched helpful hands,
 But sorrow in His half reproachful eye ;
 Wounded, that in our wild alarm
 We deemed some phantom foe drew near to
 work us harm.

Thus, quelled before His word,
 The tempests own their Lord,
 And awed to silence, hush their angry breath ;
 The billows at His will,
 Who uttered, Peace be still,
 Roll back obedient from their work of death ;
 While now their calm and placid breast,
 Upbears our fragile bark to her more perfect
 rest.

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So, when it seems that we,
Forsaken utterly,
Are left alone to struggle with our pain ;
Beyond our bitter tears,
Born of these pangs and fears,
Ariseth up our buried peace again ;
And in the even-tide of life,
We rise at last victorious o'er the weary strife.

Though starless is the night,
It breaks in cloudless light,
The cross sustains us on our troubled way ;
The dark relentless tomb
Is but the living womb
Whence issues forth the glad eternal day ;
And we shall rest for evermore,
Beyond the breakers on the calm celestial
shore.

1867.

'UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.'

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

JESUS ! thou source of wealth Divine,
 In whom all fulness is ;
 All fulness for each want of mine,
 Was ever wealth like this !

In weakness, grace sufficient still
 To meet my utmost need ;
 In sorrow, faith to learn Thy will,
 And go where Thou dost lead.

Strength for each coming conflict hour,
 To conquer in the fight ;
 Deliverance from temptation's power,
 And from the oppressor's might.

Rest for each heavy-laden heart,
 Bowed down with earthly care ;
 And healing for the cruel smart
 That sin hath planted there.

Thy wisdom for my foolishness,
Wealth for my poverty ;
Fair garments for my nakedness,
White robes to cover me.

Faith gazing backward through the night,
To trace Thy boundless love,
And hope to catch the dawning light
That faith discerns above.

Thus on the threshold of the year
I lay mine hand in Thine ;
Nor dread the dangers lurking there,
Since such a God is mine.

1865.

CONFLICT.

O NOT *this* cross my Father! not this cup!
 'Twere death, 'twere death to part
 This idol of my heart,
 I cannot give it up.

Child, 'twas my hand prepared for thee this
 cross,
 My grace shall bear thee through,
 My strength thy will subdue,
 And change to gain thy loss.

Father, I cannot bend to Thine, my will,
 This stubborn heart will cling
 Unto the cherished thing,
 That holds it captive still.

Come unto Me, my child, my power shall
 break
 The chains that fetter thee,
 Fear not, but trust in Me,
 And I will not forsake.

O Father, bid me not with this to part ;
 I cannot, dare not pray,
 That Thou shouldest take away,
 This treasure of my heart.

Child, thou must lay it down to follow Me ;
 The cross with meekness bear,
 Thy Lord its weight will share,
 And make it light to thee.

Father, the path is dark, and rough the road ;
 O surely there must be
 Some other way to Thee ?
 I sink beneath this load.

My child, thou knowest not, this path is right,
 However dark the way,
 My arm is still thy stay,
 And leads thee to the light.

Father, do with me as it pleaseth Thee,
 My cup with mourning fill
 Only be near me still,
 And undertake for me !

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

ISAIAH lxiii. 1.

THE King of Glory standeth,
Beside that heart of sin,
His mighty voice commandeth,
The raging waves within.
The floods of deepest anguish,
Roll backward at His will,
As o'er the storm ariseth
His mandate, 'Peace be still.'

At times with *sudden* glory,
He speaks and all is done ;
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won.
While we with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true ;
That e'en our Kingly Jesus,
Can form such hearts anew.

He comes in blood-stained garments ;
Upon His brow a crown ;
The gates of brass fly open,
The iron bands drop down.

From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While angels shout triumphant
That Christ is Lord of all.

But sometimes in the stillness
He gently draweth near,
And whispers words of welcome
Into the sinner's ear.
With anxious heart awaiteth
The answer to His cry,
The oft-repeated question,
O wherefore wilt thou die?

Or in the gathering darkness,
With wounded feet and sore ;
The suppliant Saviour standeth,
And knocketh at the door.
The bleak winds howl around Him,
The unbelief and sin ;
Yet Jesus waits, entreating
That He may enter in.

He whispers through the portal,
He woos us with His love ;
He calls us to the kingdom,
That waits for us above.
He speaks of all the gladness,
His yearning heart would give ;
Tells of the flowing fountain,
And bids us wash and live.

O Christ, Thy love is mighty !
Longsuffering is Thy grace !
And glorious is the splendour
That beameth from Thy face !
Our hearts upleap in gladness,
When we behold that love ;
As we go singing onward,
To dwell with Thee above !

CHANGE OF RAIMENT.

‘ O TURN away Thine eyes, my Lord,
Look not upon me now ;
The mark of guilt and misery
Is branded on my brow.

‘ How can I stand before Thy throne
In garments such as these ;
Or show to Thy all-searching eye
This heart of sinfulness ?’

*‘ I have a garment white and fair,
Come, and it shall be thine ;
I will not look upon thy sins,
But on this robe of mine.*

‘ Give me thy heart, that guilty heart,
I ask for nothing more ;
Come, wanderer, to thy Father’s home,
By Me, the only door !’

‘ Lord I desire to come to Thee—
 Yet must I wait a while—
 I am so lifeless, cold, and dead,
 Nor feel that I am vile.’

*‘ I want no righteousness of thine,
 Bring me that heart of stone ;
 No voice can call it into life
 But mine, and mine alone.’*

‘ I do believe ; I come to Thee,
 To Thee my heart I give ;
 I lay my burden at Thy feet,
 And now in Thee I live.’

*‘ My dove, my love, my undefiled,
 There is no spot in thee,
 But comely is thy countenance,
 And fair thou art to Me.’*

‘ Lord I am Thine, and Thou art mine,
 My beauty is Thine own ;
 And by Thy side I soon shall share
 The glories of Thy throne.’

'DURING A VISITATION OF CHOLERA.'

A WAIL from lonely hearthstones,
 Of hearts bereft and riven ;
 A cry of desolation
 Ascended up to heaven ;
 For God hath sent His Angel,
 The dark-winged Pestilence,
 To brood above our city,
 And call his victims hence.

The cry goes forth at midnight,
 As one by one they fall ;
 Or in the streets at noonday,
 Some hear the dreaded call.
 There, where grim want and famine
 Go hand in hand with sin,
 In dark polluted places,
 Death boldly enters in.

He steals by silken couches,
 Through rich luxurious rooms ;
 He turns the hall of feasting
 Into a place of tombs.

And proud hearts bow in anguish,
As loved ones drop and die,
And brave men shrink and tremble,
For death has drawn so nigh.

But 'mid the wild confusion
That reigneth all around—
'Mid cries of pain and terror,
One little band is found ;
A band of few and weak ones,
Whose hearts are strong and brave,
Who tread with smiling faces
The borders of the grave.

They pass along rejoicing,
Without one care opprest,
For on the Master's bosom
These little ones have rest ;
And though beside, around them,
May tens of thousands fall,
They have a place of refuge,
Their Father ruleth all !

They know the heart that loves them,
 And all that He commands :
 Swift death—or life-long labour,
 They welcome at His hands ;
 Swift death, and sudden glory,
 By pestilence or sword—
 Or years of toil and patience,
 In service for their Lord.

They take it meekly, gladly,
 Whate'er their Father gives ;
 For, whether rest or labour,
 They know that Jesus lives.
 And in earth's midnight darkness,
 Faith looking up still sings ;
 And when her nerveless fingers
 Can feel not, yet she clings :

Still clings to Him who loves her,
 With love that ne'er deceives ;
 And Christ the weak one blesses,
 Who sees not, yet believes ;
 Believes alike in darkness
 As when with sunshine blest,
 And on the naked promise
 Lies down in perfect rest.

1866.

'CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.'

LORD I desire to live as one
That bears a blood-bought name ;
As one who fears but grieving Thee,
And knows no other shame.

As one by whom Thy life below
Should never be forgot ;
As one who fain would live apart
From those that love Thee not.

I want to be as one who knows
Thy fellowship of love ;
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond,
The pearl-built gates above.

As one who daily speaks to Thee,
And hears Thy voice Divine,
With depths of tenderness declare,
'Beloved, thou art mine.'

I want to walk as one who knows,
The guilt that lurks within ;
Yet rests in meek dependence
On the resting-place from sin.

Nearer my Saviour's face to dwell,
Than ever yet before ;
And then, to lean upon His breast,
And own Him conqueror.

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