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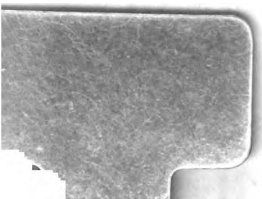


Wayfaring Hymns

147. g.

211.

ANNA WARNER



WAYFARING HYMNS

Original and Translated

BY

ANNA WARNER.

*'For they that say such things declare plainly that they
seek a country.'*—HEB. xi. 14.



L O N D O N

JAMES NISBET & CO., BERNERS STREET

1869.

147. g 211. Digitized by Google

**MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.**



DEDICATION.



I AM asked for a Dedication; and to whom should it be, but to those who in every place, of every colour, of every age—owning ‘not so much as a foot,’ as yet, of the Promised Land—are ‘dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob?’

For they look for a ‘city which hath foundations.’



PREFACE.



THERE is really no need of a preface to this tiny book, except to slightly modify a word on the title-page: the hymns are not *quite* all 'original' or 'translated.' The soldier's hymn, 'Rest,' is an exception.

One or two have appeared in print before, although they will probably be new to most readers. Then of two or three, the thought—or the refrain—came from one mind, and the lines from another: instance 'The Cross-bearer' (from a certain series of little French pictures); and the lines on Mrs. Graham's wonderful words, as she closed her daughter's eyes for ever in this world; as well as

the last hymn in the book. Hymns they are not all, of course, strictly : I use the word because no better comes.

Wayfaring Hymns is meant to be only the first of a series of six or eight pocket-books,—all small, helpful, easy to carry, fit for a wayfarer's use. Such they are meant to be.

THE ISLAND, July 14, 1869.





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WAYFARING HYMNS.



WALKING WITH GOD.

ANOTHER day is ended,
Another mile-stone past :
How have I spent the hours
That glided by so fast ?
Have I with eager striving
Been faithful in each thing ?
Or served I only pleasure—
Myself, and not my King ?

In the sweet fear of Jesus
Did I begin the day ?
With longing and thanksgiving
Did I kneel down to pray,
That, as a ransomed sinner,
Each hour, each thought, might be
To His glad service given,
By whom my soul is free ?

Have I, in the life calling
Where He hath placed my lot,
Been diligent and zealous,
His praise forgetting not?
Ready to serve my neighbour
With open heart and hand,
All for the sake of Jesus,
Obeying His command?

And as the day went softly,
How have I ruled my breast?
Have I found time in business
To glance up towards my rest?
Have I gone my way rejoicing
In God's most precious love,
And rested all my efforts
On Him who rules above?

And while this world's fair sunshine
Shone warm upon my way,
Did I think of God my Father,
Who directed each bright ray?
Or if the day turned stormy,
And the wind grew keen and wild,
Did I clasp the hand that led me,
And follow as a child?

And how have been the hours
That I with friends have spent ?
Was my heart for friendship ready ?
Spoke I only what I meant ?
Was my fervour always gentle ?
My spirit single, true ?
Said I nothing, did I nothing,
Which I now would fain undo ?

And then among my household,
How have I moved this day ?
Has my sweet example bound them
To watch and love and pray ?
Had I grief for every sorrow,
And help for every care ?
When a prize was drawn by others,
Did *my* heart the gladness share ?

Was the very thought of straying
A bitter pain to me ?
Have I fought each wrong desire,
And wrestled to be free ?
And if my heavenly Father
Should call my soul this night,
Am I willing, am I ready,
To appear before His sight ?

O God, let nothing blind me !
 Thou knowest well the whole.
 I feel and daily mourn for
 The weakness of my soul.
 Forgive my sins and failings
 'Through Jesus' blood alone,
 And enter not to judgment—
 Sit not on Thy white throne.

Those whom their sins do weary,
 I know Thou wilt forgive ;
 The mercy that Thou lovest,
 Grant, that my soul may live.
 Now in the long night watches,
 Watch Thou, my Lord, for me ;
 Let me live unto Thy glory,
 Or dying, die to Thee.

GELLERT.

THE WHOLE HEART.

LOVE doth the whole—not part—desire:
 My Lord, so doth Thy love require,
 And such is my heart-cry for Thee.
 Thus love by love shall mount yet higher:
 All mine, all Thine, the bond shall be.

Beloved Lord, I watch Thy pleasure,
By Thine approval all things measure ;
 What Thou dost call for, I resign.
Thou art the satisfying treasure
 Of each wayfarer's heart, and mine.

I am content in each sad hour,
If grief but bind soul, heart, and power,
 All more united in Thy fear.
Keep Thou my pearl—be my strong tower :
 Lord, I renew my covenant here.

Let my poor hand lie empty, weary,
Yet having Thee, life is not dreary ;
 For I have known Thee in my breast ;
And now I cannot live but near Thee,
 And out of Thee can no more rest.

O Love, my guilty soul o'erflowing !
O Power, Thy mighty grace bestowing !
 Hold fast to Thee thy pledged friend.
My hold slips off when storms are blowing ;
 Let Thy hand grasp me till the end.

Let no strange hand disturb or move me :
Close at Thy side, Lord, keep me, love me ;

Deep in my heart, Lord, dwell and shine.
 Now Thou and I, with no third nigh,
 The bond shall be, all mine, all Thine.

TERSTEEGEN.



FIRST THE KINGDOM.

O SOUL, why dost thou weary
 Thyself with earthly things?
 They turn to dust and ashes,
 They speed away with wings.
 Jesus alone can give
 Joys that will ever live.

Call in thy scattered powers
 To bear thee up on high;
 Turn now thy heart towards heaven,
 Through grace mount up and fly.
 Place on thy spirit's throne
 Jesus, and Him alone.

Sweet rest thou dost desire,
 Thy troubled heart to still:
 Haste, then, to the life fountain;
 There richly take at will.
 Jesus can give thee rest,
 Jesus can still thy breast.

Know'st not that this world's glitter
Far other aims doth give,
Than Jesus sets before thee,
For which He bids thee live?
Jesus claims all thy heart—
Not the poor refuse part.

The breath of God hath made thee,
His Spirit fills thy breast ;
And thou by Christ art ransomed,
And chosen to His rest.
Thy home, O soul ! is there :
Shall earth have all thy care ?

Spring up, then, oft in spirit,
Unto the heavenly height,
And leave earth's poor attractions
Behind thee in thy flight,
And near to Jesus stand,
And view thy native land.

Draw near the unsullied fountain
From the Redeemer's throne ;
Himself in fullest measure
That stream will make thine own.
There shalt thou end thy pain,
Nor ever thirst again.

Keep His majestic glory
 Each day before thine eyes ;
 To him with eager praying
 Let thy poor heart arise !
 Make Jesus all thy good—
 Thy soul's sweet daily food.

In simple trust go forward
 Till every wish is still ;
 The love of God thy Father,
 In heaven thy soul shall fill ;
 There shalt thou fully rest,
 There be for ever blessed.

WOLF.



BE OF GOOD CHEER.

ONCE out of Egypt, once set free,
 Fear nothing more that may come to
 thee ;
 Fear not Egypt's following host,
 Fear not Pharaoh's scornful boast.

He may follow, but just to see
The God of the Hebrews fight for thee ;
To see the enclosing waves divide,
And Israel safe on the other side.

What though then the road may lie
Where sands are burning and streams run
dry?
What though mirage be the fairest view?
Palms of victory grow there too!

Not alone through the desert waste,
With staff in hand, we go in haste.
The presence of men may not be found :
The presence of God is all around.

I cannot see Him, but day by day
He goeth before me on the way ;
To seek for me, wherever I'm sent,
A place whereon I may pitch my tent.

The barren sands are rich with bread,
The wilderness sees a table spread ;
The flinty rock gives out a spring,
Making the desert bloom and sing.

Our shoes of peace will never grow old,
Our staff of strength can the world uphold ;
And ever new is our pilgrim dress,
Made of the Lord's own righteousness.

Findest thou not in the hottest day
A shadow of cloud upon thy way?
Seest thou not in the darkest night,
A gleam from the guiding pillar of light?

So press on, till the river is near,
And the hills of Canaan rise bright and clear;
Gather to-day from the desert sand,
But to-morrow the new corn of the land !



SAVED BY HIS LIFE.

JESUS lives ! with Him shall I !
O Death, where now are all thy fears?
My Lord doth live, He dwells on high :
So shall I live, through endless years !
My Lord's own light shall glorify :
This is my trust.

Jesus lives! Upon His head
The crown of empire doth rest;
And with Him I, whom He hath led,
Shall ever reign, for ever blest.
God will do all that He hath said:
This is my trust.

Jesus lives! away all doubt!
Shall God's great love and power decrease?
His grace doth compass us about,
That every sinner may find peace.
Who comes through Christ is not cast out:
This is my trust.

Jesus lives! His life is mine;
Then let my life be wholly His.
Rise up, my soul! arise and shine!
Tread down the sin that in thee is.
The weak His arms of strength entwine:
This is my trust.

Jesus lives! I know it well:
Nothing can come between us twain;
No might of darkness nor of hell,
No principality, no pain.
He will give hosts their hosts to quell:
This is my trust.

Jesus lives! then death for me
Is but the passage into life.
What light within my soul shall be
Mid the dark shadows of that strife!
Since it can cry believingly,
Lord! Lord, my trust!



THERE AND HERE.

WHAT is this host that round the throne,
That near to Jesus stand?
A countless band!
Each robed in white,
Each crowned with light—
A palm in each victorious hand.

How loud their song of joy resounds!
‘Jesus’ its sweet refrain:
‘For He was slain,
And life-blood gave
Our souls to save.’
And angels hear and swell the strain.

Oh these were unto glory borne
On the deep trouble-sea,—
Tossed fearfully!
Now by Christ's blood,
A stronger flood,
They are at rest where they would be.

No more, no more, their souls shall faint
With the day's heat and care:
Storms reach not there;
Their life-work done,
Their life-race run,
Only a weight of joy they bear.

For He who hung upon the cross
Their place in heaven to buy,
Will well supply
Peace, joy, and rest;
Each longing breast
He with himself will satisfy.

He leadeth them to living springs,
Eternal, fresh, and clear.
They know no fear:
The Lord's own hand,
By whom they stand,
Hath wiped away each glittering tear.

Ah, Lord Jesus! look on me,
Wandering in this exile land.
I look up, my Lord, to Thee,
Unto Thee stretch out my hand;
Daily draw my soul more near,
Through the pain, the fight, the fear.

Wash my heart's dark sins away,
Make my garments shining white;
Let Thy blood from day to day
Be my weary soul's delight.
Jesus! bid my faith take wing,
And my heart shout for her King.

Make me as a little child,
New created for Thy praise;
Humble, patient, undefiled,—
Show in me the marks of grace.
Tear the hindering veil away,
Let Thy light make perfect day!

Number me with that blest nation
Who are like, my Lord, to Thee;
Who go in through tribulation:
Let me, too, a conqueror be
Over grief and death and pain,
Till Thy presence I attain.

Help me willingly to serve
As thy minister each day ;
Never falter, never swerve ;
Thou the glory of my way.
If I'm burdened, yet I'm blest—
Thou my shelter, shade, and rest.

When wilt Thou my prayers fulfil?
Come, my Lord! oh, show Thy face!
Hasten now my thirst to still,
Lead me towards Thy dwelling-place.
Dry off my tears, O Love Divine,—
Well, well for me, since Thou art mine.



THE CROSS-BEARER.

WHEN I set out to follow Jesus,
My Lord a cross held out to me;
Which I must take, and bear it onward,
If I would His disciple be.
I turned my head another way,
And said, Not this, my Lord, I pray!

Yet as I could not quite refuse Him,
I sought out many another kind,

And tried among those painted crosses
The smallest of them all to find.
But still the Lord held forth my own :
This must thou bear, and this alone.

Unheeding then my dear Lord's offer,
My burdens all on Him to lay,
I tried myself my cross to lighten
By cutting part of it away.
And still the more I tried to do,
The rest of it more heavy grew.

Well, if I cannot go without it,
I'll make of it the most I may ;
And so I held my cross uplifted,
In sight of all who came that way.
Alas ! my pride found bitterly,
My cross looked small to all but me !

And then I was ashamed to bear it,
Where others walked so free and light ;
And trailed it in the dust behind me,
And tried to keep it out of sight.
Till Jesus said, Art thou indeed
Ashamed to follow as I lead?

No, no ! why, this shall be my glory—
All other things I'll count but loss.
And quickly then I fashioned garlands,
And hung them round about my cross.
Ah, foolish one ! such works are dead :
Bear it *for me*, the Master said.

And still I was not prompt to mind Him,
But let my self-will choose the way ;
And sought me out new forms of service,
And would do all things but obey.
My Lord ! I bless Thee for the pain
Which drove my heart to Thee again.

I bore it then, with Him before me,
Right onward through the day's white heat ;
Till with the toil and pain o'ermastered,
I fainting sank down at His feet.
But for His matchless care that day,
I should have perished where I lay.

But oh ! I grew so very weary
When life and sense crept back once more !
The whole horizon hung with darkness,
And grief where joy had been before :
Better to die, I said, and rest,
Than live with such a burden pressed.

Then Jesus spoke : Bring here thy burden,
 And find in me a full release ;
 Bring all thy sorrows, all thy longings,
 And take instead my perfect peace.
 Trying to bear thy cross alone !
 Child, the mistake is all thine own.

And now my cross is all supported,—
 Part on my Lord, and part on me ;
 But as He is so much the stronger,
 He seems to bear it,—I go free.
 I touch its weight just here and here,—
 Weight that would crush, were He not near.

Or if at times it seemeth heavy,
 And if I droop along the road,
 The Master lays His own sweet promise ¹
 Between my shoulder and the load ;
 Bidding my heart look up, not down,
 Till the cross fades before the crown.



IN DARKNESS, LIGHT.

LORD, make my spirit still !
 All things that vex me, or alarm,

¹ 'The pillow of the promises.'—RUTHERFORD.

Can happen only by Thy righteous will,
Who nothing sendest to my harm.
Thy powerful hand brings changes one
by one ;
But what Thou doest, is well done.

So, in the roughest ways,
Thou ledest on to happiness ;
And who to Thee doth consecrate his days,
Trouble shall meet him but to bless.
The end thereof shall clear and glorious
be,
Though the dull heart fail now to see.

Let me be still and trust.
While Thou art dealing grievous things,
Thy love enfoldeth him who from the dust
Flies to the shadow of Thy wings.
And who in Thy strong wisdom rests and
waits,
The gale shall bring him precious freights.

The use of grief lies hid.
Who hath it clearly understood ?
What folly and imprudence dwell amid
Our hopes and fears for earthly good !

All that would help, or might destroy the
soul,

Who can search out and know the whole?

But Thou, Thou knowest all :

And knowing, choosest still the best.

Father, my heart from murmuring recall,

In this sure confidence to rest.

So in the deepest pain Thy praise I'll sing:

What my God will, let each day bring.

The hour at last shall come,

Which shall my life's whole longing fill ;

When Thou shalt lead our weary spirits home

To the new day on Zion's hill.

Then by our opened eyes it shall be seen,

How perfect all Thy work has been.

Then shall from all my night

The eternal sunshine set me free ;

Then shall my heart breakforth in full delight ;

Then on my lips this song shall be :

The Lord, who my salvation sought and
won,

Hath everything thereto well done !

'ON THEE DO I WAIT ALL THE
DAY.'

I AM waiting on Jesus,—no poor slave,
Seeking the nod of an earthly king;
But waiting on Him who life-blood gave
My soul to His court and love to bring.
I wait for direction, for help, for grace,
But never forgotten, nor out of place.

Waiting on Jesus: I know well
It cannot be I should wait in vain;
He sees the need I can hardly tell,
He counts the throbbings of hope or pain.
His chosen time—not mine—is best,
And even waiting for Him is rest.

Never His help can come too late,
Never His love can move too slow;
His comfort is sure if I but wait,
His presence is with me where I go.
There just before, in sunshine or storm,
If but by the lightning, I see His form.

I wait upon Jesus. O my Lord,
My expectation is all from Thee!

I know in truth I cannot afford
 A pensioner of the world to be.
 I am too poor to win its shine,—
 Too rich to wear it, if Thou art mine.

Oh golden unseen courts, where we
 Are waiting on Jesus all the day!
 From all the trammels of earth set free,
 The fetters of sin all taken away;
 Ready to follow and do and bear,
 For Jesus' sake, and in Jesus' care.



O GOD, MY HEART IS FIXED!

MY whole desire
 Doth deeply turn away
 Out of all time, unto eternal day.
 I give myself, and all I call my own,
 To Christ for ever, to be His alone.

I leave the world,
 Its wealth allures not me:
 With God alone will I contented be.
 The creature shall no longer fill my mind;
 In the Creator what I want I find.

Now, O my God,
My comfort, portion, rest!
Thou, none but Thou, shalt reign within my
breast.

Call me to Thee! call me Thyself—oh speak,
And bind my heart to Thee, whom most I seek!

Then let me dwell
But as a pilgrim here:
One to whom earth seems distant—heaven
more near.

Let this my joy, my life, my life-work, be,
To die to self, to live, my Lord, to Thee.

I know this road
Through narrow straits doth wend,
Wherein my stubborn will must stoop and
bend.

Jesus, I offer unto Thee my will,—
Thy love can make it humble, sweet, and still.

Thou art my King—
My King henceforth alone;
And I Thy servant, Lord, am all Thine own.
Give me Thy strength: oh let Thy dwelling be
In this poor heart that pants, my Lord, for Thee!

TERSTEEGEN.

CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

SEE, what a man is this !
 O glances full of woe,
 O face dishonoured, scorned,
 O lips that long to go,
 O head with death-drops wet,
 O heart so patient yet,
 O soul with death-pains filled,
 O love by grief not killed !

See, what a man is this !
 Ah, see each open wound !
 O sinners, have not ye
 The Holy One thus bound ?
 Made not your lusts each thorn
 With which His brow is torn ?
 Did not your sins betray,
 And on the cross thus slay ?

See, what a man is this !
 Let tears come like a flood :
 It is our guilt that drew
 Those drops of precious blood ;

Pass not by here in vain,
Where pain is over pain;
But through His rent side see
How Christ's heart beats for thee.

See, what a Man is this!
Ah, yes, we want to know,
Thou gracious Friend of men,
How far Thy love could go.
So long as eyes can see,
We will remember Thee;
The pain, the grief, the scorn,
Which Thou for us hast borne.

See, what a Man is this!
Oh look on us in grace!
When full of bitter tears
We fall before Thy face,
Then let those dying eyes
Answer our deep heart-cries,
And Thine atoning blood
Speak for us unto God.

See, what a Man is this!
We look to Thee to-day,
And our whole confidence
Upon Thy suffering lay.

Thy bended head we see,
 And die, our Lord, with Thee.
 So shall we ever live
 The life Thy death doth give!



‘I FLEE UNTO THEE.’

I HAVE at last attained the rock
 Whereon my feeble faith may rest!—
 A rock which storms can never shake—
 A rock from which the wild flood’s crest,
 Though with the force of hell it break,
 Must back rebound,—now hideth me
 Within its cleft.

Deep is my shelter from the sea.
 Be still, my heart! dismiss thy fear:
 My soul can never perish here.

My mingled sins, like angry waves,
 Tossed me about, their helpless prey;
 Death seemed to hold me in his power,
 And every hope was far away.
 My guilty conscience in that hour
 Held up the terrors of the law,

And threatened me
With justice for each breach I saw.
Despairing, to the brink of hell,
Wrestling with life and death, I fell.

Yet in the midst of the death-pain,
Jesus looked down and saw me there.
My grief His tender pity stirred,
He caught my cry of deep despair.
Then through the storm His voice I heard :
' Wouldst thou from death and hell be free?

O soul, come here !

This is the rock once cleft for thee.
Come, come, and hide thee in my breast :
Fly, soul ! here only is thy rest.'

And O my Rock ! how safely now
Doth my weak soul in Thee repose !
Where is the fear it felt before ?
How the wild flood Thy presence knows !
My fainting heart, in Thy great store,
Finds its whole paradise of good,
And strength and peace.

O who but Thou, my Jesus, could
Bestow such love on worthless me ?
Make me to love Thee endlessly !

Now let the roaring winds rush on,
 And stormy sea and depths arise,—
 Ay, e'en the death-flood show its crest,
 And Satan come to claim his prize :
 They cannot reach me on Thy breast.
 In the wild tumult of that day
 I shall be safe.

Mountain and hill may flee away ;
 Yet shall my rock for ever stand,
 And Jesus hold me in His hand. •



‘FEAR NOT: I WILL HELP THEE.’

BEING perplexed, I say,
 Lord, make it right !
 Night is as day to Thee,
 Darkness is light.
 I am afraid to touch
 Things that involve so much ;—
 My trembling hand may shake,
 My skillless hand may break :
 Thine can make no mistake.

Being in grief, I say,
 Lord, heal my breast !

Let Thy hand touch me, Lord ;
Hush me to rest.
Aching with bruise and wound,
Faint on the cold bare ground,—
Seest Thou my grievous plight?
Wrap me in love and light!
Bear me outside the fight.

Being in doubt, I say,
Lord, make it plain!
Which is the true, safe way?
Which would be vain?
I am not wise to know,
Nor sure of foot, to go.
My blind eyes cannot see
What is so clear to Thee.
Lord, make it clear to me.

Being in fear, I say,
Lord, show Thy face!
Shine on my daily path,
Lighting each place.
Little will matter then
How death comes, where or when :
Little, what life may be ;
Little, what griefs I see.
All shall be well, with Thee.

Being in straits, I cry,
Lord, make a way!
Open a door for me:
Help me, I pray!
Gold Thou hast, endless store:
Strength, all I want, and more.
All hearts are in Thy hand,—
Nothing can Thee withstand:
Lord, look, and give command.

Now, Lord, what wait I for?
On Thee alone
My hope is all rested,—
Lord, seal me Thine own!
Only Thine own to be,
Only to live to Thee,
Thine, with each day begun—
Thine, with each set of sun—
Thine, till my work is done.

Then, Lord, then bear Thou me
Safe through the flood;
In Thy courts welcome me,
Bought with Thy blood.
Once prisoner, now unbound;
Once lost, and by Thee found;

Brought home from sin and fears ;
 Brought home from death and tears—
 Home, for unnumbered years !

Amen.



BETTER.

‘ I GIVE thee joy, my darling !’
 Escaped—set free ! set free !
 Thy young life-hours of sorrow
 Wore on, how wearily !
 There is no sorrow yonder,
 Where Jesus welcomes thee.

I give thee joy, my darling !
 Thy sleep is calm and sweet,
 And thy bosom heaves no longer
 With that painful, fluttering beat.
 Till the resurrection morning,
 Lie still, oh tired feet !

I give thee joy, my darling !
 The weight is off thy breast !
 This world is dark and stormy—
 With Jesus, that is best.
 The last tear-drops have fallen :
 Sweet eyes, now take your rest.

I give thee joy, my darling !
See where thy mother stands,
And watches with rejoicing
Those motionless, dear hands ;
And thinks of thy glad spirit
Among the angel bands.

I give thee joy, my darling !
I, left here in the night,
Can see beyond the river
Thy young brow bathed in light ;
And on me falls the radiance
Of thy garments shining white.

I give thee joy, my darling !
For Jesus is thy King ;
And to His blessed presence
He will all His people bring.
There we, one day, together
Shall Hallelujah sing.



A MORNING SONG.

SINCE I one day from yonder sleeping
Which is called Death, shall stir and
rise ;

And free from sin and pain and weeping,
See the fair dawn upon the skies :
Then now, my soul, thyself awake !
Soon will that last long morning break.
All pilgrim cares will be a dream,
O wondrous day, at thy first gleam.

My Father, help me, that no hour
Of all my life accuse me then !
Then be my life—Thine every power—
Thine who hast raised me up again.
I thank thee, Lord!—let every day
Bring me towards Thee a little way ;
Each joy, each grief, their work perform,
And bear me on, through sun and storm.

When my last mortal day hath risen,
And the dark waters near me flow,
Let me look up from this clay prison,
Stretching my hands, and glad to go.
Then let Thy strength in me appear—
Let those around me feel Thee near ;
See heaven's own light upon me shine,
And all the glory, Lord, be Thine.

KLOPSTOCK.

‘I HAVE HOLDEN THEE BY THY
RIGHT HAND.’

THE day has changed—the hours that
should have brought
Sunshine, bring rain ;
And every passing moment now is fraught
With weary pain.

Rain? Nay, the bitter drops are very few :
I may not weep.
There’s no safe channel, oh my tears! for you:
Lie still and deep.

I thought, when I should reach this point, to
A clearer day ; [find
But all my wonted gleams are left behind,
Or fled away.

And at this turn, from whence my fancied road
The desert left,—
Of even the flowers Hope hath sometimes
strewed,
I am bereft.

O God, I pray Thee now to soothe and heal
This sore heart ;

Subdue the weary loneliness I feel,—
Thyself impart.

Fainting and broken, at Thy gracious feet
Myself I lay :
Not always now to me Thy word seems sweet,
Nor even to pray.

And if sometimes my heart, for season brief,
Doth flee to Thee,
'Tis borne on such a tide of bitter grief,
It scarce seems free.

Is this the service I have sworn to give?
Is this the heart
That I have promised should not, while I live,
From Jesus part?

Faith doth not set my feet upon that rock
In sweet repose :
My soul is rather tossed there by the shock
Of surging woes.

And even now, unless Thou hold me fast,
Nearer to Thee,
Will the dark waters sweep me off at last,
Far out to sea.

MY ALL IN ALL.

GOD lives! Can I despair,
As if He were not mine?
Is not my life His care?
Is not His hand divine?
He knows my heart,
And all its smart;
I will not shrink, I will not faint,
But unto Him make all my plaint.

God hears, when none will hear!
My soul, art thou afraid?
My sighs mount to His ear:
Will He refuse His aid?
Nay, when I cry,
He doth reply;
And help comes from His dwelling-place,
And I can triumph in His grace.

God sees!—My heart, be still!
He knows thy deepest pain;
The joys that once did thrill,
The sorrows that remain.

The drops that fall
He counteth all ;
Yea, counts them precious, till the day
When He shall wipe all tears away.

God leads ! I follow then
Through paths that He will show ;
The world and craft of men
May snares around me throw ;
Yet wondrously
He shieldeth me,
And with His love my soul will guide,
That never more my steps may slide.

God gives !—there is no fear
That I of want shall die ;
Though hunger come right near,
Mercy is still more nigh.
He has yet bread !
I shall be fed,—
In thirsty deserts well supplied ;
In days of famine satisfied.

God loves ! although my pain
May doubt His tenderness.
He ever doth remain
Close to my cross, to bless.

In fear, in grief,
 Keep thy belief!
 The Lord doth never leave His own
 In the deep waters all alone!

God lives!—there rest, my soul;
 God hears! before Him bow;
 God sees! and can control;
 God leads! then follow thou.
 God gives and loves,—
 Look up above!

O heart, be done with all thy care!
 Thou shalt live with Him ever there.

SCHMOLKE.



THE MASTER.

WAITING for Him in the darkness,
 Watching for Him in the light;
 Listening to catch His orders
 In the very midst of the fight.
 Seeing His slightest signal
 Across the heads of the throng;
 Hearing His faintest whisper
 Above earth's loudest song.

Dwelling beneath His shadow
In the burden and heat of the day;
Looking for His appearing,
As the hours wear fast away.
Shining,—to give Him glory;
Working,—to praise His name;
Bearing with Him the suffering,
Bearing *for* Him the shame.

Art thou afraid to trust Him,
Seeming so far away?
Wherefore, then, not keep closer,—
Close, as He says we may?
Why, then, not walk beside Him,
Holding His blessed hand;
Patiently walking onward
All through the weary land?
Passing safe through the mazes,
The tangle of grief and care;
Safe through the blossoming garden
Where only the world looks fair.
Crossing with Him the chasm,
As it were, by a single thread;
Fording with Him the river—
Christ leading, as He hath led.

Then up the heights of glory,
 Unfollowed by death or sin ;
 Swift through the pearl-white portal
 Thy feet may enter in.
 Into the realm of music
 Where not a note will jar ;
 Into the clime of sweetness,
 Which not a breath will mar ;
 Where sighs are all out of hearing,
 And tears are all out of sight,
 And the shadows of earth are forgotten
 In the heaven which has no night.
 Where loss yields its long-stored interest,
 And bitter its long-hid sweet ;
 And they sing, ' Unto Him that loved us,'
 And lay down their crowns at His feet.



I CAN DO ALL.

THANKS, thanks be to Thee for Thy pity,
 O my Redeemer, Jesus Christ !
 Thou who without the holy city
 Didst give for me Thy life unpriced !
 Thy grief alone can comfort me :
 What were I, Jesus, without Thee ?

Thou hast for me Thy body broken :

Now know I, I am ever Thine ;
And I have drunk Thy blood's life-token—
My soul is washed in that red wine ;
Freed from its guilt and curse and shame,
Brought back to God, through Thy dear name.

Now is my faith's strong anchor grounded,—

Come life, come death ! I wait Thy word :
With anguish vexed, with cares surrounded,
My soul rejoices in the Lord.

By Thee redeemed, I dread no more
The great white throne, the grave's low door.

By faith I clasp Thee, my salvation ;

Thou only my deliverer art ;
My strength in all life's agitation,
The choice and portion of my heart.
One sign from Thee,—my griefs are done,
And my eternal joys begun.

And when at last the solemn hour,

Which endeth earthly things, shall come ;
Well for me then ! Thy love and power
Have ransomed me : I'm going home ;
And from Thy lips my soul awaits
A welcome through the golden gates.

REST.¹

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now,—
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong,—all that is past :
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

¹ Found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in an hospital near Port Royal, South Carolina.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.



YOUR LIFE IS HID.

HIDDEN with Christ! No eye can see
The changing course which life may
take
To the low sands of that dark sea
Whose waves in long death surges break.
It winds beneath our weary feet,
A little here, a great deal there;
Each pilgrim on the road shall meet
A new, fresh growth of toil and care.

Hidden with Christ! What soul can know
 Through what strange lands his way may
 lie—

Through what wild wilderness of snow,
 With icy rocks and cold grey sky;
 Where neither bird nor flower is seen,
 Nor meadow fair, nor leafy brake;
 But only faith's tall evergreen,
 Wherein the storms sweet music make?

• Hidden with Christ! He goes before, •
 And marks the course that I must tread:
 'So far in this green vale'—no more—
 Then up the torrent's rocky bed!
 I may not falter, though the spray
 My very heart and senses dim:
 In fire by night, and cloud by day,
 My Lord leads on—I follow Him.

Hidden with Christ! Ah, He can tell
 Why, when the scene held out so much,
 The flowers that seemed the fairest, fell,—
 Fell by His hand, ere mine could touch!
 And well doth my Lord Jesus know
 How plants more precious and more rare
 Bloom where the bitter waters flow:
 The same dear hand doth keep them there.

Hidden with Christ! O precious thought!

He knows, and He forgetteth not,—
Knows where the battle will be fought,
And sends His legions to the spot.
From His high throne above the skies
He marks each little step I take :
No danger can His care surprise,
No power His strong defences break.

Hidden with Christ! May I but see

Before me, in each toilsome day,
The form of Him once slain for me,
I'll sing and triumph all the way.
Lord, let the sunshine of Thy face
Shine in my heart, abiding there ;
Then choose my trials, comforts, place,—
I am in glory everywhere !

Hidden with Christ!—there will I rest ;

I would not know it, if I might,
My Lord's true watchword is the best :
'Ye walk by faith, and not by sight.'
How would it help me to discern
The sorrows that are yet in store?
Out of the way I could not turn ;
And Jesus knows,—I ask no more

**'THE DARKNESS HIDETH NOT
FROM THEE.'**

IS the night blackness? doth each star
Refuse upon thy way to shine?
How strong thy consolations are!
The hand that leads thee is divine.
God waiteth for no guiding ray,
To Him the night shines as the day:
It is not dark to the Lord.

Are the mists heavy? closing round
Thy pilgrim road on every side?
Life drawn within that narrow bound,—
The world beyond, forlornly wide?
Poor weary child, are thine eyes dim?
Trust thyself wholly, then, to Him:
It is not dark to the Lord.

Are the clouds thickening? covering all
Thy little spot of fair blue sky?
Do the great drops begin to fall,
And winds and lightnings round thee fly?

Look unto Jesus : fear no more
To follow where He goes before :
It is not dark to the Lord.



COMPLETE IN HIM.

FULL of failings, now my soul
Seeketh in the darkness light ;
Jesus ! hear Thou, show Thy face,
Put the shadows all to flight ;
I entreat Thee, let me see Thee,
Hide no longer in the night !

I perceive it ; my rebellion
Is the cause of all my grief ;
I confess it, and beseech Thee
For forgiveness and relief.
Thou canst give me, O my Jesus,
Help and grace, and new belief.

Ah, with sorrow, from my heart
Seek I Thee, my life and trust !

Long my soul has dwelt in mourning,
Lying prostrate in the dust.
O come hither ! Jesus, hasten !
Thou my soul's deep, only trust !

In the future let me serve Thee
Wisely in Thy chosen way ;
Ever truer, purer, brighter,
Growing like Thee every day ;
Men shall see that all my power
Comes from Thee, whom I obey.

Teach me, lead me, and prepare me !
As Thou wilt, my soul refine :
Let Thy love fill my desire,
And through all my life-work shine.
O what blessing, O what glory,
Thus to cry, Thou mine, I Thine !

Jesus, keep me, till Thy presence
Shineth out before my eyes,
Where Thy children weep no longer,
Where are heard no bitter sighs.
Step by step I'll mount the ladder
On which men to Thee may rise.

COME AND WELCOME.

MY Jesus the sinner receives !
O tell the glad news from on high
To each who the righteous way leaves,
In the broad road of ruin to die.
Salvation is here :
O sinner, draw near !
For Jesus the sinner receives.

We are none of us worthy His grace,
But He in His word hath made known
The pity that shines in His face,
And life's open doorway hath shown.
His blood paved the way,
And enter we may,
For Jesus the sinner receives.

O troubled in spirit, come here,—
All ye who are mourning for sin !
For Jesus bids each one draw near,
No matter how far off he's been.
Think on it, believing ;
Then cease from thy grieving,
For Jesus the sinner receives.

So when a poor sheep is astray,
The good Shepherd leaveth the rest,
And seeks on the mountains all day,
And bringeth it home on His breast.
With such gentle leading,
With such tender pleading,
My Jesus the sinner receives.

I, weary and trembling, come here,
And lay all my sins at Thy feet ;
My Lord, let Thy pity appear,
And let Thy forgiveness be sweet.
This word heals my breast,
My soul findeth rest,
For Jesus the sinner receives.

And now am I strengthened in heart ;
For though my sins come like a flood,
Yet must the dark current depart,
When met by the tide of Thy blood.
My hope stands secure,
The promise is sure,
That Jesus the sinner receives.

My soul now in Jesus doth live ;
And who shall condemn in that day ?

For He who my sentence must give,
Hath borne my transgressions away.
There is no condemnation,
But full, free salvation,
When Jesus the sinner receives.

I know He hath welcomed my soul,
And opened His heaven to me ;
That while endless ages shall roll,
I blessed and near Him shall be.
So then, when I'm dying,
My heart shall be crying,
That Jesus the sinner receives.



**'NOT WITH CORRUPTIBLE
THINGS.'**

THE blood of Christ ! the blood of Christ !
Thou only shalt the glory keep !
Fountain of every blessedness,
Come ! like a flood, full, mighty, deep !
Come, fill my soul with righteousness !
O thou eternal good, unpriced !
The blood of Christ, the blood of Christ !

O covenant blood! O covenant blood!
Thou hast a deed of wonder wrought
Which calls for praises without end.
What man can tell it as he ought?
For thou hast made our God our friend,
Quenched His just anger in thy flood,
O covenant blood! O covenant blood!

O righteous blood! O righteous blood!
O living fountain, full and free,
Salvation flows from thee and heaven;
And all the first man lost shall be
Here in thy current once more given.
My soul's great loss thou makest good,
O righteous blood! O righteous blood!

O powerful blood! O powerful blood!
That makes the guilty sinner clean,
That takes his punishment away,
And brings a full forgiveness in.
Thou dost with love his fears allay,
Right confident is now his mood,—
O powerful blood! O powerful blood!

O lordly blood! O lordly blood!
The wedding robe the law demands,

Poor spotted sons of Adam, come
And take it free from Jesus' hands!
For lepers, blind, and lame, and dumb,
Thy purple makes the title good:
O lordly blood! O lordly blood!

Almighty blood! almighty blood!
Thou dost our battle fight and win;
And for the blessed victory
A spotless dress wilt clothe us in!
Eternal rest we find through thee,—
Our deep wounds heal in thy warm flood:
Almighty blood! almighty blood!

O blood divine! O blood divine!
Thou changest with thy high behest
Death into life, pain into peace,
Curse into blessing, strife to rest,
Anger to boundless stores of grace.
Yes, these great wonders all are thine,
O blood divine! O blood divine!

O precious blood! O precious blood!
O blood of priceless, matchless worth;
All kingly riches cannot be—

Yea, not the heaven and the earth—
 Can ever be compared with thee.
 Thou, thou art my eternal good,
 O precious blood! O precious blood!



THE SONG OF A TIRED SERVANT.

‘**O**NE more day’s work for Jesus,—
 One less of life for me!
 But heaven is nearer,
 And Christ is dearer,
 Than yesterday, to me.
 His love and light
 Fill all my soul to-night.

One more day’s work for Jesus :
 How glorious is my King !
 ’Tis joy, not duty,
 To speak His beauty ;
 My soul mounts on the wing
 At the mere thought
 How Christ her life hath bought.

One more day's work for Jesus.
Sweet, sweet the work has been ;
To tell His story,
To show the glory
Where Christ's flock enter in.
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine !

One more day's work for Jesus :
In hope, in faith, in prayer,
His word I've spoken—
His bread I've broken
To souls faint with despair ;
And bade them flee
To Him who hath saved me.

One more day's work for Jesus—
Yes, and a weary day.
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way ;
And Christ is all,—
Before His face I fall.

O blessed work for Jesus !
O rest at Jesus' feet !—

There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him looks sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve Thee more another day.



