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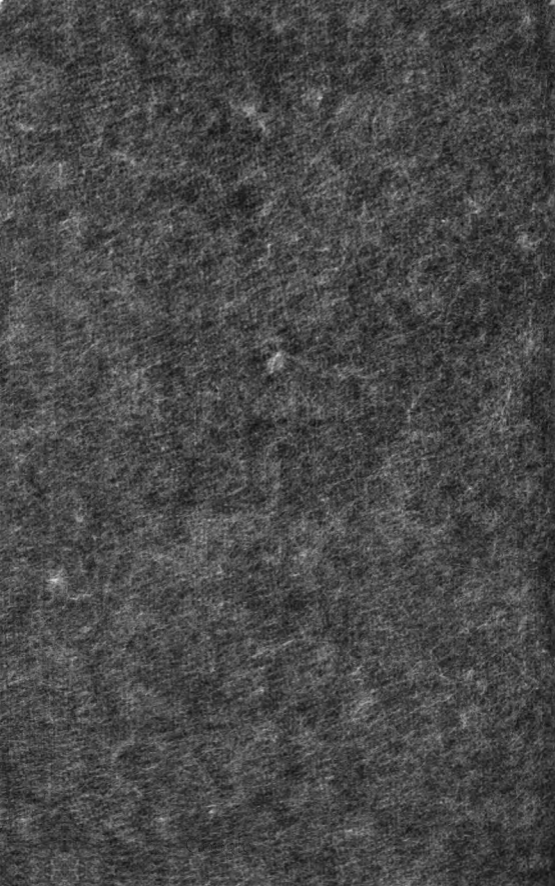
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SACRED POEMS
AND
PROSE.



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SACRED POEMS

AND

PROSE,

BY THE

REV. FREDERICK WHITFIELD, A.B.,

CURATE OF OTLEY, YORKSHIRE.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

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PREFACE.

WITH many of the following Pieces the reader may be familiar, as they have appeared before the Public under the initials "F. W." When I wrote them, I had not the remotest idea of committing them to the Press in the form of a volume; and I have done so only in compliance with the expressed wish of some, to whom they have afforded comfort and consolation.

They are the feeble utterances of a heart that has felt the preciousness of Christ,—and who now desires to lay the tribute, with all its sins and infirmities, at His feet.

I have written for Him, and that is my reward; and if He should deign to acknowledge them, in imparting consolation, or in awakening conviction, I trust I shall be filled with gratitude, and praise Him for His grace. Oh! that a weary, broken-hearted world, would heed their warnings, and learn the lessons of His love! Oh! that they would but come to Him! He would not mock

IV.

them with shadows, nor feed them with husks—He would satisfy their craving souls—He would turn their midnight to noon—He would give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

F. W.

Otley, Yorkshire,

January, 1861.

SACRED POEMS AND PROSE.



JESUS.

THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child ;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day ;
And though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe ;
Who in my sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice ;
It dries each rising tear ;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"—
To trust and never fear.

JESUS! the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear!
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
 Along this thorny road;
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
 From sin and sorrow free,
 I'll sing the new eternal song
 Of Jesus' love to me.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Look unto Jesus! grant, Lord, that I may
 Ever look unto Him, my strength and my stay;
 I would look to Thy blood once shed on the tree,
 Which has purchased salvation for a rebel like me.

Look unto Jesus! O yes, I would dwell
 For ever on His love that saved me from hell;
 He came from on high and suffered for me:
 Oh, shall I not love Him whose grace is so free?

Look unto Jesus! what friend can I meet
 Whose look is so gracious, whose smile is so sweet?
 No look of reproach ever beams from the eye
 Of my own precious Jesus, who dwelleth on high.

Look unto Jesus! His arm cannot fail,
 Though foes may surround me and troubles assail;
 He remembers my weakness, my sorrows, my cares,
 And feels for His child, and his sympathy shares.

Look unto Jesus! O yes, I have found
 A sweet friend in Jesus when trials abound;
 When comforts had failed me, when joys had all
 fled,
 I found them in Jesus my own living Head.

Look unto Jesus! my dear precious Lamb,
 Let me ever look to thee—poor, weak, though I
 am!
 Let me rest on Thy bosom—let me dwell in Thy
 love,
 Till I see Thee in heaven—till I praise Thee above!

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

WHEN dead in sin, and far from God,
 Jesus died for me;
 When Satan held me in his arms,
 'Twas Jesus set me free.
 He loved the sinner in his sin,
 He died to make the sinner clean—
 To purge the guilty soul within:
 'Twas Jesus set it free.

Who shall my soul condemn,
 Since Jesus died for me?
 In Christ I meet my Father—God,
 Since Jesus set me free.
 Why should I fear the darkest hour?
 Why dread the wily tempter's power?
 He cannot now my soul devour,
 Since Jesus died for me.

My soul has found a resting place,
 Since Jesus died for me;
 His blood has brought me near to God—
 'Twas that that set me free!

In Him I've found a friend so dear—
 A friend to dry up every tear :
 My present refuge—God—is near,
 Since Jesus died for me.

Though friends may leave me one by one,
 Yet Jesus is for me :
 He'll faithful prove when all are gone,
 The Friend of friends to me.
 He'll tell me often of his love,
 He'll take me to his home above,
 Where all is glory, all is love,
 And I shall Jesus see.

Then sing I may, with joyful song,
 Of Him who died for me ;
 His name's like fragrance on the breeze,
 Since He has set me free.
 His love has kept me on my way,
 His love has led me day by day :
 God is my portion—God's my stay,
 Since Jesus died for me.

I'll take my harp, I'll tune my song
 To Him who died for me ;
 I'll tell to sinners all around
 How Jesus set me free.
 I'll sing my gracious Saviour's name,
 I'll spread abroad His mighty fame,
 And heaven and earth shall swell the strain,
 Of Him who died for me.

EACH hour of the day presents to us a variety of circumstances that call forth our attention, and the active exercise of our mental and bodily faculties.

These circumstances *command* the entire being: we live in them, move in them, have our being in them, without motive, without aim, and without *conscious* effect. Like the beasts that perish, we live in the *present* without a thought beyond what that present may suggest. We forget that *every one* of these very circumstances, however trivial, are but the machinery in the hand of the Lord to try our faith, to quicken our energies, to enlist our sympathies, to draw out our affections, and to glorify Him. Each difficulty that casts its shadow over our path, each sorrow that broods over the countenance, each tear that dims the eye, each care that weighs upon the heart, are all circumstances, not the result of blind impulse or of chance, but the messages from Him to whom every trifle is great, and whisper to our inmost ear, in solemn and awakening accents,—“Look unto Me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else.”

THE UNCHANGEABLE.

THERE'S naught on earth to rest upon,
 All things are changing here,
 The smiles of joy we gaze upon,
 The friends we count most dear;
 One Friend alone is changeless—
 The one too oft forgot,
 Whose love has stood for ages past—
 Our Jesus changeth not.

The sweetest flower on earth,
 That sheds its fragrance round,
 E'er evening comes has withered,
 And lies upon the ground.
 The dark and dreary desert
 Has only one green spot :
 'Tis found in living pastures—
 With Him who changeth not.

And clouds o'er cast our summer sky,
 So beautiful, so bright !
 And while we still admire it,
 It darkens into night.
 One sky alone is cloudless ;
 There darkness enters not ;
 'Tis found alone with Jesus—
 And Jesus changeth not.

And friendship's smile avails not
 To cheer us here below ;
 For smiles are all deceitful,—
 They quickly ebb and flow.
 One smile alone can gladden,
 Whate'er the pilgrim's lot ;
 It is the smile of Jesus—
 For Jesus changeth not.

And thus our bark moves onward,
 O'er life's tempestuous sea,
 While death's unerring hand
 Is stamped on all we see ;
 But faith has found a living One,
 Where hope deceiveth not,
 For life is hid with Jesus—
 And Jesus changeth not.

There's naught on earth to rest upon,
 All things are changing here ;
 The smiles of joy we gaze upon,
 The friends we count most dear ;
 One friend alone is changeless—
 The one too oft forgot,
 Whose love has stood for ages past—
 Our Jesus changeth not.

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say
 " I am the life, the truth, the way ;"
 He led my footsteps to the well,
 I heard Him there its virtues tell ;
 The healing stream my spirit cheered,
 And to my soul His name endeared.

I heard the voice of Jesus say
 " I am thy God, thy strength, thy stay ;"
 I brought my burden to His feet,
 I found the Saviour's promise sweet :
 The cross was sweet, the yoke was light,
 I stood in Him whose strength is might.

I heard the voice of Jesus say
 " Wait on the Lord and keep his way ;"
 My soul had fainted in the strife,
 But Jesus looked and all was life :
 He shewed his heart—my name was there,
 I felt how sweet His love to share.

I heard the voice of Jesus say
 "I will wipe thy tears away,
 I will hush thy childish fears,
 I will treasure all thy tears ;
 Thy need My fulness shall supply,
 Till thou shalt come to dwell on high."

CONVERSE WITH JESUS.

*Thou God of all love, who dwelleth on high,
 Whose glorious mansions are beyond yon sky ;
 Didst Thou leave that bright throne in mercy to
 shew*

*How great was Thy love to poor sinners below ,
 Couldst Thou leave that bright land and its glory
 pass by,
 For man—rebel man—to bleed, suffer, and die !*

Yea ! I have left that bright land where happiness
 reigns,
 To cleanse with My blood thy soul from its stains ;
 I have bled, I have suffered, I have risen for thee,
 That thou shouldst be perfect and holy in Me ;
 'Twas for this I came down to this sin-stricken
 land,
 'Twas for this I redeemed thee from the enemy's
 hand.

*But, Lord, I am vile—full of nothing but sin,
 Have a heart all-deceitful still dwelling within ;
 This heart has oft caused Thy bitter tears to flow,
 Has scorned and rejected Thy mercy below.
 Can it be the one for which Thou hast died ?
 Can I be the sinner Thou hast ransomed to God ?*

Yes, child, I saw thee, when far from life's way,
Thy heart in self-righteousness loved to wander
away;

I sought thee, poor wanderer, when in sin thou
wast sold,

I found thee, and brought thee safe back to My fold.
My love did it all;— My arm could not fail,
Though Satan had held thee he could not prevail.

*But, Lord, I am weak, and may soon go astray,
May leave thee again to tread the broad way;
Wilt Thou keep me for ever, or if I should leave
The sweet paths of Thy love and Thy Spirit thus
grieve,*

*Wilt Thou seek me again, and bring me once more
To the fold of Thy love, that I grieve Thee no more?*

Fear not, I will keep thee, thou never shalt fall,
For My grace is sufficient, it shall lead thee thro'
all;

The arm of that Saviour on which thou hast lean'd
Is Jehovah, Almighty, thy Redeemer and Friend.
He'll keep thee, and bless thee, and cause thee to
know,

What God hath provided for His people below.

*Lord, I long to be with Thee, to dwell on Thy love,
To swell that sweet anthem to my Jesus above;
This world has no charms, no pleasures for me,
Compared with the beauty which in Jesus I see.
O tarry not, linger not, Lord hasten that day,
When all that now clouds Thee shall vanish away.*

Be patient, my child, the road is not long,
And with Me for thy guide thou canst not go
wrong;

The rough paths of the world thou must tread for
 awhile,
 But love not its pleasures, nor court its vain smile.
 The cross which I bore must be carried by thee ;
 Then bear it with patience, and "follow thou Me."

'Twill lead thee to glory to sing the new song
 With all My redeemed ones, a glorified throng ;
 A crown then I'll give thee, and with me thou shalt
 share [there.
 A bright happy throne,—thou shalt sit with Me
 Then take up thy cross, still tread the rough way,
 Till I come in My glory to call thee away.

How encouraging are the invitations in the Bible to come to Christ and be saved ! We read of some who came, who doubted his *willingness*, but believed in His *power* ; of another who doubted his *power* but reposed in his *willingness*. We read of some who asked *earnestly*, and of others who *never uttered* a word but only *touched* the hem of his garment. We read of the bruised reed ; the smoking flax ; the *little* faith, and the *strong*. Yet *all* had their need supplied—*none* sent away. And what do all these varied and expressive figures teach us ? Just this ;—that it was not *the way* in which they came that was of any moment : it was that *they came*, and came to *Jesus*. Their *believing* was not what it ought to have been ; their *asking* was not what it ought to have been ; their *coming* was not as it ought to have been ; all was faulty ; yet Jesus sent none away.

Yet how often do we hear people say,—“I am afraid I have not *come*, or *believed*, or *asked*, as I *ought*.” This is quite true: all is faulty. But it is not your *coming* rightly, or *believing* rightly, or *asking* rightly that saves you. It is Jesus: Jesus only. You are making a Saviour of *these* instead of *Christ*. The Lord says,—“He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life.” Look not at these, but at Christ, and believe. “Only believe.”

But you say, “I *do* believe, yet I cannot *feel* that all my sins are forgiven, and that I have eternal life?” Now you are making a *Saviour* of your *feelings*. You would *believe* what God says if you could only *feel*. Does not this shew that you do *not* believe? The Lord Jesus does not say, if you *feel* it you have everlasting life, but if you *believe* it. Here is your stumbling-block; you do not *believe* Him. If you would only *believe* first you would *feel* afterwards: this is *God's* way. You want to *feel* first, then you will *believe*: this is *your own* way. You will never have peace till you reverse the order. “Only believe.”

“But I cannot believe that I *have now* eternal life because I *have been* and *I am* such a sinner.” “Christ Jesus came into the world *to save sinners*.” It is just because you *are* a sinner that He died for you. Your sinfulness is your *title* to the Saviour's mercy. You could have no claim whatever to eternal life if you were *not* what you are—a sinner. Perhaps you think within yourself, “Well if

I were only *better* than I am I could believe it." You would *believe* if you were *better*. You would be more pleased with *yourself* if you were *better*. Is not this self-righteousness? God's desire is to make you *displeased* with *yourself*, in order that looking away from yourself to Jesus you may be *pleased only with Him*. "Only believe."

"But my faith, my prayers, my love, my holiness, how cold, how sinful, how dead they are!" You wish they were better, don't you?

Now honestly ask your own heart *why* do you wish this? "Why if they were *better* I should be much more *satisfied* with myself." Oh, what self-righteousness! God's design all through life is to make you more *dissatisfied* with yourself, and more satisfied with Christ and His work *for you*. It is this ever-deepening sense of your own sinfulness that will *alone* drive you out of yourself to look at Jesus. The more sinful you see *yourself* to be, the more precious will *Christ* appear; the less precious *Christ* appears, the more will you become satisfied with *yourself*. Look to Jesus.

Perhaps you say in despair, "what am I to *do*: I have not peace?" *Do* nothing: only believe. Christ has *done* all. He has *done* the work of salvation: and *done* it for *you*. "Only believe." A Father sends a letter full of good news to his child. What will make the child glad and happy? simply *believing* it. God your Father has sent *you* a message. "He that believeth on me *hath everlasting*

life." What will make *you* glad and happy? simply *believing* it. Salvation does not consist in *feeling* certain influences on the soul, but in *believing* the Spirit's testimony of Christ in the Word of God. It is the Spirit of God shewing to the soul the finished work of the Lord Jesus.

But is it not *presumption* for any man to say that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin:" to say in other words that he stands before God free from every charge of sin? A man is not called *presumptuous* because when God tells him the world was drowned by a flood he *believes* it: and yet, if a man *on the same testimony* believes that he has the pardon of his *sins*, and acknowledges it, he is called *presumptuous*? Is not this inconsistent?

In both cases it is simply the testimony of God's Word.—Only believe that testimony, and you *have* eternal life. Remember, however, this is no mere *head* knowledge. Thousands there are all around you who have this *intellectual* belief, and are still *unbelievers*. "The devils believe and tremble," and their *intellectual* belief is no better. It is the work of the Spirit of God: of Him only. He *goes before* the Lord in every case of *real* conversion to God to *prepare* His way. He first makes the heart *dissatisfied* with itself. He creates a desire to *come* to Jesus; to *believe* in Jesus; to *pray* to Him; and to *strive* after holiness. Then He makes that heart *dissatisfied* with its coming; its believing; its

praying and its striving, until it sees no *goodness* in any of these things. Thus does the Spirit of God take from under the soul every prop on which it would lean. Then He presents *Jesus* to it; His finished work *for* it; His righteousness to *cover* it; His love to *preserve* it to the end. And all this without anything in the sinner to merit it. Thus by turning the eye away from *itself* to *Jesus* does He bring peace to the soul. And the *first* word as well as the *last* which the Spirit of God utters to that soul, the echo of which is to ring in its ears *for* ever, is—"Look off from yourself unto *Jesus*—to *Jesus* only." Reader, has He done this for *you*?

IT IS WELL.

It is well when God's voice awakes us
 From the fatal sleep of sin;
 Well, when His Holy Spirit makes us
 Feel nothing but guilt within.

It is well to be washed in the blood
 That once was shed on the tree;
 To know Christ now, my Father and God,
 That He gave his life for me.

It is well to be led by His hand,
 Through the desert's dreary waste;
 And to taste the rich fruits of that land,
 So sweet to the pilgrim's taste.

It is well to pass under the cloud,
 Though gloomy and dark it be;
 To stand where all the chosen ones stood
 That have crossed life's narrow sea.

It is well to lie low at the cross,
 Forgetting the things behind ;
 And esteeming all else but as dross,
 Press on with the prize in mind.

It is well to mount up to the sky,
 When Jesus summons us home ;
 To dwell where love never more can die,
 To know as now I am known.

It is well—it is well to be there !
 Lord, hasten the glorious day,
 When Jesus shall all his glory share,
 All his wondrous love display !

A VOICE FROM GLORY.

“ Whom have I in heaven but Thee ? ”

I know that this is heaven ;
 I know that I am blest ;
 I am free from sin and sorrow ;
 My spirit is at rest :
 But heaven, with all its beauty,
 Would be *no* heaven to me,
 If *He* alone were absent,—
 If Christ I did not see.

I know that this is heaven,
 I breathe its genial air,
 I tread its golden pavement,
 Its songs of triumph share :
 But what its radiant glory,
 Its songs of joy to me,
 If *He* were not the burden,—
 If Christ I did not see ?

I know that this is heaven :—
 I am sitting on the throne,
 I wear a crown of glory,
 I know as I am known.
 But what were all its splendour,
 Its throne or crown, to me,
 If *He* were not amid them,—
 If Christ I did not see ?

I know that this is heaven :—
 I walk beneath its light,
 I stand with all the chosen ones,
 In robes of purest white :
 But *foul* would be their brightness,
 And *dark* that light to me,
 If *He* shone not upon them,—
 If Christ I did not see !

I know that this is heaven :—
 I drink its crystal stream,
 God's own hand is leading me,
 Through pastures fair and green.
 But heaven, with all its fulness,
 A barren waste would be,
 If *He* were not its life,—
 If Christ I did not see !

Yes,—heaven is Christ above,
 And Christ is heaven below ;
 And life is death without Him,
 Though all things else we know.
 Lord, may we *die* to live,
 Then shall we live to Thee ;
 Thus living, and thus dying,
 May this my glory be !

'THE true nature of service to the Lord is frequently misapprehended; and there are many who think that because they are not preaching the Gospel, visiting the sick, or relieving the needy, "they have neither niche in the temple nor place in the vineyard." This is a mistake. From the moment the love of God meets with its grateful response in our hearts, all our work becomes His work; "we are bought with a price," and in the routine of every-day life, in the circumstances of each hour, the Lord's work is presented to us.'

It is thus that every believer is a *Steward*. And let us remember that "it is required of Stewards that they be found *faithful*." The reward will be for having *faithfully* performed that which God has given us to do, and not for having performed *much* of what we have chosen for *ourselves*. And the service that is most lowly and unnoticed is frequently more acceptable to the Lord—more potent in its influence than that which is done before men, inasmuch as the motive that called it forth cannot be questioned. The book lent to an unconverted friend; the persuasive letter to come to Jesus; the tract found in the hedge; the timely word spoken by the way side; the word of warning to the sinner; of counsel to the backsliding, or of sympathy to the sorrowful; the kind look, the loving word, the gracious manner, are all noticed and remembered by Him who has said that even

the cup of cold water offered in his name shall not lose its reward.

And in our service to the Lord, let us ever remember that our influence is exerted more by what we *are* than by what we *do*. If in *secret* we be living to the Lord, we shall surely speak for the Lord *in public*, but not otherwise. If, like David, we have been under the training of God *in the wilderness* in slaying *the lion and the bear*, we shall surely be used by Him *in public* for the mightier conflict with Goliath of Gath.

‘Go then, believer in Jesus, and thus labour for Him. Let the energy you display *for* Christ, be got *from* Christ. Let all your service for Him be the spontaneous outflowing of a heart that has been filled in the Sanctuary. Let the same spirit be in you that was in Him who went forth from Olivet and Kedron to be buffeted by the waves of a stormy world; and let that spirit make you a willing servant in whatever way His will, manifested in the circumstances of each hour, may suggest. And be not weary in well-doing. God looks not on the success of your efforts, but on the persevering spirit, and the patient heart. Even the toiling and rowing in adverse winds, and without any apparent approximation to the land; or the casting of the net into the sea during the long and dreary night without taking anything, is service to Him, and is not forgotten by the Lord you love.’ Thus serve and walk by faith, “always abounding

in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as you know that your labour in the Lord is not in vain."

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

JESUS ! I love Thy precious name,
I love its healing power;
In sickness, sorrow, sin or shame,
It cheers me every hour.

Jesus ! I love Thy bleeding side,
I feel my sin forgiven;
And in that healing crimson tide
I find the dawn of heaven.

Jesus ! I love Thy tender heart,
I lay my sorrow there;
Thy love can bid each cloud depart,
And all my burdens bear.

Jesus ! I love Thy daily cross,
It makes the glory bright;
It makes the world's bright visions dross,
It makes its trials light.

Jesus ! I love that happy land,
My thoughts are daily there,
Where all the holy blood-bought band
Shall soon Thy glory share.

Jesus shall still my glory be,
My soul's sweet resting-place,
Till that glad hour when I shall see
That glory face to face.

O Saviour! rend that sky above,
 Unveil that glory now ;
 O shed abroad Thy light and love,
 That all on earth may know.

THE BLOOD THAT SPEAKETH

The sprinkled blood is speaking
 Before the Father's throne ;
 The Spirit's power is seeking
 To make its virtues known.

The sprinkled blood is telling
 Jehovah's love to man ;
 While heavenly harps are swelling
 Sweet notes to mercy's plan.

The sprinkled blood is speaking
 Forgiveness full and free ;
 Its wondrous power is breaking
 Each bond of guilt for me.

The sprinkled blood's revealing
 A Father's smiling face ;
 While Jesus' love is sealing
 Each monument of grace.

The sprinkled blood is pleading
 Its virtue as my own ;
 And there my soul is reading
 Her title to Thy throne.

The sprinkled blood is owning
 The weak one's feeble plea ;

'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning,
It pleads, O Lord, with Thee.

The sprinkled blood is shedding
Its fragrance all around ;
It gilds the path we're treading,
It makes our joys abound.

The sprinkled blood is forming
Those mansions bright and fair ;
Where saints in heaven's adorning
Shall serve our Jesus there.

O wondrous power that seeketh
From sin to set me free !
Ah, precious blood that speaketh !
Should I not value Thee ?

Yes ! I love Thee, bleeding One !
I love—I love Thy stream ;
Lord, make its healing power known,
Let Christ be all my theme.

THE CONTRAST.

Written near the Lakes of Llanberis, North Wales.

THERE'S beauty on the mountain,
In the valley, on the hill ;
There's beauty in the torrent,
In the gently running rill.
But greater far the beauty
Than all around I see ;
The beauty of my Saviour
Is beautiful to me.

There's gladness in the sunbeam
 As it scatters every cloud,
 That had gathered o'er the landscape
 Like a dark and gloomy shroud :
 But ah ! what gladness here,
 Compared with His can be ?
 The gladness which He giveth
 Is gladness now to me.

There's peace upon the bosom
 Of the softly flowing lake ;
 The world's unceasing murmur
 Its stillness cannot break ;
 But deeper far His peace,
 Who died upon the tree ;
 The peace which Jesus giveth
 Is peace indeed to me.

Each tells its Maker's story,
 In everything around ;
 His light, and life, and glory,
 In everything abound :
 But in nature's vast resources,
 No tale so sweet can be
 As that I read on Calvary,
 Of Jesus' love to me.

Ah ! I need *Thy* tale of love
 To fill my spirit here ;
 I need *Thy* deeper peace,
 My fainting soul to cheer ;
 I need *Thy* gladness,
Thy beauty still to see ;
 Lord, speak the loving word,
 And make them shine on me !

THE HIGH PRIEST.

"We have such an High Priest." Heb. viii. 1.

I HAVE a great High Priest above,
 Beyond the starry sky ;
 A Fountain of eternal love,
 A Saviour ever nigh.

He bears me on His inmost heart,
 Through sunshine, cloud, and sea ;
 And from His love I cannot part,
 Since Jesus died for me.

The golden censer in His hands
 Contains my feeble prayers ;
 And there my Saviour ever stands,
 And all my burden bears.

His precious blood is sprinkled still
 In every path I tread ;
 It marks my way by Zion's hill,
 My dwelling-place with God.

And when my path was hedged about
 With ills, I could not flee—
 Himself has led me in and out,
 Just where I ought to be.

And He has taught me in that cloud
Such lessons of His love,
 It seemed as though the thorny road
 Shone with the light above.

Oh, I would trust Him hour by hour,
 In darkness or in light ;

For He has girt my arm with power,
My weakness with His might.

O, come and lay thy burden there,
Thy sorrow on His heart;
His arm can all that burden bear,
And bid thy fear depart.

His hand shall smooth thy care-worn brow,
And dry thy falling tear;
Shall wake with praise thy harp anew,
Oft hung in sorrow here.

And soon, with all that blood-bought throng,
Around the throne above,
We'll sing in nobler, sweeter song,
Of Jesu's dying love.

READER, let me ask you a solemn question—
Worlds cannot tell—eternity cannot tell,—how
awfully momentous a question it is. You will
soon be lying on the bed of death. The sunken
cheek, the glazed eye, the last convulsive gasp are
close upon you. Just imagine it for a moment, and
with the dark picture before your mind let me ask
how will it be with *you* then? How is it with
you *now*? Have you *felt* yourself to be a poor
lost miserable guilty creature, and have you fled to
Jesus for refuge, as your *only* hope for time and
eternity? If not, what reason have you for be-
lieving that you *will be able* to do so *then*? Delay

hardens the heart, darkens the mind, aggravates your sin, makes heaven farther, hell nearer, warnings powerless, the world stronger, Satan mightier, and condemnation certain!

O reader, heed this warning! God is speaking to you now. He has spoken to you hundreds of times, and you have turned away. He has whispered to your inmost soul that He is willing to receive you just *as you are*, in all your sins, in all your deadness, and darkness, and unbelief, and with all the guilt of a past life pressing you down beneath its heavy load, and still you have turned away! Often and often has He pressed you with sweet encouragement to take His offered hand of welcome—telling you that His grace has met your case, that His blood should cleanse you, His love forgive you, and His fulness supply all your need, and still you have turned away! He has whispered that this world, with all its pleasures and amusements, its mirth, merriment, and revelry, can never make you happy; that apart from Him life is not life, but death; and out of Him all joy is madness: that there is a dreary blank in the midst of all you enjoy; and that the secret undefinable want which you feel, is the want of His friendship; and that nothing else will remove that sense of hollowness within which now casts a shade over your life, and still you have turned away and refused to be blessed!

O, reader, God has had long patience with thee,

and thou wouldst not give heed ! That patience will soon be exhausted and be turned into wrath, and that wrath shall turn all thy hope into despair. In that solemn hour, what will you do ? Will pleasure be pleasure then ? will it not be gall and wormwood ? Will the world's gay glitter bewilder you then ? Where will be the spell of its beauty, the music of its syren song ? Will not its joy be forgotten dreams ? Will not the freshness of youth be faded, the ties of kindred be broken, the gladness of companionship be at an end, and the old familiar voices of earth have died away ? Will not all be covered with a cloud in that day ? Have you then made up your mind to "sleep on and take your rest"—to love darkness now, and to dwell in darkness for ever ; to be a sinner now, and a companion of devils hereafter ? Is heaven a dream, and hell a fable ? Is there nothing terrible in the devouring fire, the everlasting burnings ? Is there nothing bitter in the dregs of the cup of trembling, in which is filled up the wrath of God ? Is there nothing sweet in the light of heaven, or the glory which God hath prepared for them that love Him ? Is there nothing desirable in the joy of the Lord, the peace that passeth all understanding, the rest that remaineth for the people of God ? Is guilt better than pardon ? Is wrath better than love ? Is death better than life ? Is damnation better than eternal blessedness ? Are the burning flames as pleasant as the cool waters of the fountain of life ?

O reader, trifle not with thy Maker! The door of mercy is still open, and again God is pressing thee to enter! Be persuaded! Arise, flee to the refuge! The fountain for sin is open, and Jesus waits to welcome thee! He asks no price, no gift, no preparation! Come just as thou art in all thy sin! No matter how guilty you are, how far you have strayed, or how long you have slighted Him! Only come! "The blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from all sin," says Come! Each sorrow that weighs upon the heart says, Come! Every voice above you and around you says Come!

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price."

"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"All that the Father giveth me, shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

THOU LOVEST NOT ME.

In sin and in sorrow
 Thou hast travelled along,
 Thou hast loved the vain pleasures
 Of the world's giddy throng:

Through sin and through sorrow,
 I have waited for thee,
 I have wept and entreated,
 Yet thou lovest not me.

Thy hopes have been blighted,
 They have withered and died ;
 For all hope without God
 Must have death by its side.
 They were blighted in mercy,
 That to Christ thou shouldst flee,
 And be safe for eternity,
 Yet thou lovest not me.

Thy pathway through life
 Has been marked with much care ;
 And sickness and trials
 Have been sent thee to bear ;
 I sent them as warnings—
 I sent them to thee,
 Yet, sinner, thou knowest,
 Thou lovest not me.

And the friends thou hast loved
 In their beauty and bloom,
 Have been snatched from thy side
 And are laid in the tomb ;
 But the message has passed,
 Unheeded by thee,
 Thou still art unsaved,
 For thou lovest not me.

And the shadows of midnight
 Are skirting the sky ;
 And wrath is impending—
 God's wrath from on high ;

And mercy—free mercy—
 Rejected by thee,
 Is drawing down judgment,
 Yet thou lovest not me.

Say, wanderer, say—
 Shall I leave thee alone?
 Shall I let thee go on
 As the choice is thine own?
 I have warned, I have mourned,
 I have wept over thee;
 I have bled, I have died—
 Yet thou lovest not me.

Ah! come to thy Saviour!
 Come, weary one, come;
 Though thy sin be as crimson,
 Yet for thee there is room;
 O tarry not—linger not—
 I am waiting for thee,
 To save thee, to bless thee—
 Though thou lovest not me.

I ask thee for nothing—
 Come just as thou art;
 Come sinful—come guilty—
 Come give me thine heart;
 The fountain is open,
 It is open to thee,
 Let thy Saviour *not* say—
 Thou lovest not me.

THE CROSS.

I SAW the cross of Jesus
 When burdened with my sin ;
 I sought the cross of Jesus
 To give me peace within ;
 I brought my sin to Jesus,
 He cleansed it in His blood ;
 And in the cross of Jesus
 I found my peace with God.

I love the cross of Jesus,
 It tells me what I am ;
 A vile and guilty creature,
 Saved only through the Lamb ;
 No righteous merit there,
 Nor beauty can I plead,
 Yet in the cross I glory,
 My title there I read.

I clasp the cross of Jesus
 In every trying hour ;
 My sure and certain refuge,
 My never-failing tower :
 In every fear and conflict,
 I more than conqueror am ;
 For life is mine, and death is mine,
 Through Christ the risen Lamb.

Sweet cross of Jesus !
 There let my weary heart
 Still rest in perfect peace,
 Till life itself depart :
 And then in strains of glory
 I'll sing thy wondrous power,
 Where sin can never enter,
 And death is known no more.

LOOK !

“Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of
the earth.”

Look to the dying One—
Whatever thy sin ;
There's plenteous redemption
And mercy in Him.

Look to the dying One—
Whatever thy guilt ;
There's life and salvation
In the blood that was spilt.

Look to the dying One—
And see from His side,
The love of the loving One
Gush forth in that tide.

Look to the dying One—
Whatever thy care ;
There's strength for the needy,
And sympathy there.

Look to the dying One—
Whatever thy fear ;
When thick clouds are gathering
He draweth near.

Look to the dying One—
Whatever thy way ;
And He shall be with thee,
Thy strength and thy stay.

O look to thy Saviour—
Through all things below ;
Soon the love of that Saviour
Thou fully shalt know.

God is frequently sparing in his gifts, because the tendency of the heart is to rejoice in the gift till it *unconsciously* usurps the place of the Giver. Jonah might have been glad of his gourd; that would have been right, because it was God's gift: but he was *exceeding* glad of it: the same night God sent a worm and withered it at the root. God cannot trust his people with many blessings, and often in mercy thwarts a scheme, blights a prospect, embitters a cup, and thus turns aside the blessing. When the famine pressed sore upon Isaac, he set out for Egypt. There he would have revelled in plenty: but God met him half way at Gerar, and told him to stay where he was. Egypt's *plenty* would have estranged Isaac's heart.

And there is as much idolatry among God's people now as there was among Israel of old. It matters nothing whether the idol, be a child, a husband or a wife, a dear friend, worldly circumstances, or anything else: the idolatry is the same. It has *unconsciously* usurped God's place in the affections. The *first* article in God's law to Israel—and *first* because it was *most needed*—is also the first in his law now,—“Thou shalt have none other Gods before me.” Only value God's gift too highly: only set your affections on it, or love it inordinately, and then, let it be what it may, if God loves you He will remove it. God has erected only *one* throne in the heart, and on that throne *two* cannot sit. It

must either be God or the idol: either Christ or the world. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

And if God *has* stepped in, and turned aside your purpose, or thwarted some favourite plan, or removed some dear one that had become too deeply enshrined in your affections, do not murmur or ask "*why* is this?" God *rarely* gives his *reasons* for his actings. He did not to *Isaac*; nor did Isaac *ask* them. An *obedient* child never asks for *reasons*; it *obeys*, and reposes in that love that can never inflict a needless wound, or cause a needless tear. Love is embosomed in every cloud, however dark; and you are never so deeply enshrined in that pavillion as when that cloud is darkest. "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

THE FULNESS OF JESUS.

JESUS! thou name of magic power!
 To all of heavenly birth;
 Jesus! thou never-failing store
 Of richest—sweetest worth.

My freshest, purest, sweetest springs,
 In Jesu's love I find;
 While from that fount the Spirit brings
 Rich treasures to my mind.

Each bitter grief—each anxious care—
 Thy love, thy goodness knows ;
 My wounded spirit only there
 In Jesus finds repose.

My love may meet a kindred heart,
 But not a heart like *Thine* ;
 From Jesu's love I cannot part—
He cannot part with mine.

Thy love alone, thou precious Lord,
 Can cheer my fainting soul ;
 Can speak the welcome gladdening word
 That makes my spirit whole.

With Thee I cannot feel alone,
 I cannot be forgot ;
 Though friends are changing one by one,
 My Jesus changeth not.

My future path I know may be
 A path of anxious care ;
 But love has planned that path for me—
 That love in which I share.

The Shepherd's bosom bears each lamb
 O'er rock, and waste, and wild ;
 The object of that care I am—
 I am the Shepherd's child.

Under the shadow of Thy love,
 Lord, let me ever dwell ;
 Till thou shalt call me hence above,
 Its hidden depths to tell.

IT IS FINISHED !

THE Victim bows His head,
 The Saviour yields His breath;
 And God's own Son has bled,
 And died the traitor's death.
 And nature looks and frowns,
 With vengeance from on high,
 On Him whom God sent down
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

Below, while journeying here,
 He met no smile of love;
 No friend to whisper comfort near,
 No home but God's above:
 Yet Jesus loved to shew
 What God to man could be;
 None else could love us so,
 None else could save but He.

While we gaze upon the cross,
 On which the Saviour died,
 Let us count all but loss
 Save Him the crucified.
 Let us love the Lord that sought us,
 Washed us, cleansed us, in His blood;
 Let us live to Him who bought us,
 Made us sons and heirs of God.

THE NEED OF JESUS.

“Unto you who believe He is precious.” 1 Pet. iii 7.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am full of sin;
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within.
 I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee,—
 The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am very poor;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store.
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 I need a Friend like Thee,
 A Friend to soothe and sympathize,
 A Friend to care for me:
 I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every want,
 And all my sorrow share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am very blind;
 A weak and foolish wanderer
 With a dark and evil mind:

I need the light of Jesus
 To tread the thorny road ;
 To guide me safe to glory,
 Where I shall see my God.

I need Thee, precious Jesus !
 I need Thee day by day,
 To fill me with Thy fulness,
 To lead me on my way :
 I need Thy Holy Spirit
 To teach me what I am,
 To shew me more of Jesus,
 To point me to the Lamb.

I need Thee, precious Jesus !
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy throne ;
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,
 My joy shall ever be,
 To sing Thy praises, Jesus !—
 To gaze, my LORD, on Thee.

X

It is one thing to be *religious*, it is another and quite a different thing to be *converted*. To go to church ; to receive the Sacrament ; to have family prayer ; to read the Bible ; to relieve the needy ; to contribute to charitable or religious institutions ; these are some of the works of religion. But they all lack one indispensable element—they are without *life*. All the while the man is *dead*. His heart is untouched, and he is trusting to *these* for sal-

vation, and not to Christ, even when he *thinks* that *he is not*. Or perhaps he throws Christ into the scale *along with* these, and thus he *hopes* to get to heaven. Thus self-righteousness blinds his eyes, until the Spirit of God awakens him from his delusion, to a sense of his sin and danger, and his need of a Saviour; or until, in spite of warning after warning, and clinging to his delusion, he is awakened by the everlasting burnings and the devouring fire! But to *feel* that we are *dead*; to feel the *need* of a Saviour, and to fly under the conviction of sin, to Jesus, with the cry, "Lord save me or I perish," these are some of the fruits of being *converted* or "born again."

Reader! which of these is *your* case? Is the latter; and have you thus fled to Jesus as your Saviour? Then why are you unhappy? Why those lingering doubts, and fears, and anxieties? Do you know that Christ is now *your substitute* and *representative*;—that God has ceased to look upon *you*, but upon Christ, both *for* and *as* you? Your unhappiness proceeds from not seeing that you are "complete in Him," and from looking at *yourself* in some way or other as *separate* from Him.

Is Christ looked upon by God as without guilt and without sin? So are *you*, for all your sin was "*laid on Him*." Is *He* looked upon as *holy*? So are *you*. Is *He* the object of God's special *love*? So are *you*. In Him *you* died, *you* rose, *you* ascended to heaven, and are now sitting down *with*

Him in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. O, realize this blessed truth, and let it dispel every fear, and make you happy!

But *why* are you unhappy? It was the glimpse of *Christ* that first gave you peace, and now perhaps Satan is turning your eye to something else, so that you have *lost* it, and no wonder! Perhaps you are thinking that *in addition* to Christ's *complete* work for you, there must be something good in *yourself*—some *improvement*—some *feeling*—before you can expect to retain that peace. This is the secret of your unhappiness. It is the sight of the cross *alone* that can give you peace; and it is to the cross alone you must look for a *continuation* of that peace. It is what you see in *Christ*, and not what you see in *yourself*, that will give you peace, and *keep* you in peace. O, remember this! Perhaps you say, "The more I look into my heart, the more miserable I am." Do you wonder at it? Did you ever expect to see something else there than *sin*? It is worse—*worse* than you can conceive! How vain then to look *there* for comfort! Would you look into a *dungeon* for a light? Would you look into *hell* for love or joy, for holiness or righteousness? You are to look into yourself, not for *holiness*, but for *sin*; not for *good*, but for *evil*; not for *life*, but for *death*! Look into *yourself* in order to be more *dissatisfied* with your own heart.

Look at *Christ* in order to become more and more *satisfied* with Him and His work.

You tell some dear earthly friend of your state, go and tell your heavenly Friend of it. Unbosom your soul to *Him*. Tell *Him* every secret feeling in your heart. Tell Him you want peace. Tell Him you want to look to Him *alone* for it. Tell Him all this simply,—believingly,—confidingly, and do not fear the issue.

Press on! hold fast your confidence! it is for a kingdom and a crown—a kingdom that cannot be moved, and a crown which the Lord the Righteous Judge shall soon place upon your brow.

CALVARY.

AH! yon bleeding, dying Victim,
 Bound on Calvary's mournful tree!
 'Tis the Saviour!—God afflicts Him,
 Smites His precious Son for me.
 Mine the sins the Victim bare!
 Mine the guilt that nailed Him there!

See! the thorns His brow are rending!
 See the precious life-blood flow!
 O what love and mercy blending!
 O what grace to stoop so low!
 In that Victim, Lord, I see
 All Thy wondrous love to me.

Hear the sufferer's dying groan !
 See Him bow His bruised head !
 "It is finished !" — all is done ;
 Christ has suffered in thy stead.
 Lord, I see my pardon sealed !
 Lord, I feel my bruises healed !

Ah ! thou precious flowing river,
 How I love thy healing stream !
 From thy love no arm can sever,
 Where Thy cleansing blood is seen.
 Lord, I bring each sorrow there ;
 Thou canst all my burden bear.

When the midnight gloom is near,
 When the ocean billows swell ;
 When I shed the bitter tear,
 Feeling anguish none can tell ;—
 Shew me, Lord, Thy riven side,
 Let me in Thy bosom hide.

O'er the desert, waste and wild,
 Till the night has passed away,
 Heavenly Father, lead Thy child ;
 Be my strength, my staff, my stay.
 Thy love can bear me safely through ;
 'Tis love undying, faithful, true.

Soon where sin and sorrow come not,
 Where no falling tear is seen ;
 JESUS ! there, in strains that end not,
 Thou shalt be my new-born theme.
 There, unclouded, I shall see
 All Thy grace and love to me.

LOVE PASSING KNOWLEDGE.

I LOVED the ways of sin,
 Where death and darkness dwell ;
 I felt no guilt within,
 I loved the road to hell.

A wilful wayward child,
 Love saw me wandering on ;
 O'er desert waste and wild,
 In reckless haste I ran.

My feet had gone astray,
 But love had marked the track—
 It followed all the way,
 And brought the lost one back.

It shewed my carnal mind—
 My guilty heart within ;
 And then I felt so blind,
 I felt so full of sin.

I came just as I was
 To Jesus with my load ;
 And looking to His cross,
 I felt at peace with God.

Love broke the magic spell
 That held my soul a slave ;
 And love delights to tell
 How Jesus came to save.

It gilds the thorny road
 With heavenly radiance now ;
 It calms each swelling flood,
 It bids the billows bow.

It marks the bitter tear
 That dims the pilgrim's eye ;
 It tells me He is near,
 Who hears the mourner's cry.

Love whispers in mine ear
 What words can never tell ;
 Hushes each childish fear,
 And tells me "all is well."

It beams upon my soul
 When all around is drear ;
 It cheers the "little while"
 I wait for Jesus here.

If such the glimpse below,
 What must it be on high ;
 When all its power shall know
 Where love can never die !

THE CHILD'S DIALOGUE.

I HEARD you, dear Mamma,
 Say something just now,
 Of the Lord who is coming
 In brightness below :
 Is it He who you say
 Was once crucified here ?
 Is it He whom you love,
 And you say is so dear ?

My child, it is He,
 The Lord whom we love,
 Who shall soon come in glory,
 And take us above.

His arm is our shield,
 His strength is our stay,
 As we journey on here,
 And look for that day.

Shall we all see Him then,
 Mamma, can you say ?
 Shall we all see the light
 Of that glorious day ?
 And will Jesus who loved us
 So dearly below,
 Still love us in glory
 As when once He was low ?

Yes, yes, dearest child,
 We shall all see Him then ;
 All see the bright light
 That shall shine upon men ;
 And He who once loved us,
 And shed His own blood,
 Shall meet us with raptures
 In the kingdom of God.

But, dear Mamma, will it be happy
 For ever to dwell
 With Jesus in glory so bright
 That tongue cannot tell ?
 Shall we sing the sweet hymns
 We've so often sung here ?
 Shall we worship and love Him
 Without any fear ?

Yes, yes, dearest child,
 All, all who are there
 Are freed from earth's sorrows,
 Are bright, happy and fair :

And the song we shall sing
 In that bright happy home,
 We shall sing to the Lamb
 In the midst of the throne.

Dear Mamma, how I long to be there,
 With you and Papa!
 How I long to be there
 To sing the sweet Hallelujah!
 How long will He be—
 Will He come for us soon?
 Can't we tell Him we're waiting
 To take us all home?

“Lord Jesus, come quickly!” my child,
 Is all we can say—
 Till the morn without clouds
 Ushers in that bright day.
 'Tis ours to be patient,
 And we must not repine,
 For Jesus comes quickly:
 Then let His be the time.

THE COMING DAY.

THERE is a day I long to see,
 I long to hail its dawn;
 For every darkened cloud shall flee
 Before that glorious morn.

That day shall banish every fear,
 And bid my sorrows cease;
 Shall dry each sad and bitter tear,
 And bring eternal peace.

That day shall show my Saviour's name
 Engraved upon my brow ;
 The name of Jesus—precious name !—
 In which I glory now

That day shall show His wondrous love,
 So dimly seen below :
 While earth below, and heaven above,
 Shall all His goodness know.

I'll meet my absent friends again—
 Loved ones gone before ;
 I'll meet them with my Saviour, then,
 On Canaan's happy shore.

The Lord shall bring the promised crown,
 And place it on my brow ;
 Shall seat me with Him on His throne,
 And all His beauty show.

Come, Lord, and burst the captive's chains,
 And set the prisoner free !
 Come, cleanse this earth from all its stains,
 And make it meet for Thee !

O come, and end creation's groans—
 Its sighs, its tears, its blood !
 And make this blighted world again
 The dwelling-place of God !

“WE love Him *because* He first loved us.” The sense of Christ’s love is the mightiest of all constraining motives; it embraces our whole spiritual nature, touches it in all its springs, moves it in all its affections, stirs it in all its energies. Hope will make men strive, and fear will make men tremble, but love alone will waken love. Wheresoever the love of Christ pours itself like a flood of light into the soul, it draws all things after it by its irresistible attraction. It drew Peter, James, and John, from their boats and kindred; Nathanael from his shade and solitude; Matthew from his custom and commerce; Mary Magdalene from her sins; and Saul of Tarsus from his deeds of blood. It recalled Peter from his denials; drew sinners to wash His feet with tears, and the Elders to cast their crowns at His feet. Other motives rise and fall in their power to constrain; they come and go; they are fainter and stronger, as if fitful and capricious: but the love of Christ never faileth.

And what is this love? It is the stooping of the higher to the lower, the Creator to the creature, the parent to the child, the stronger to the weaker, the sinless to the vile—God stooping down to man! When types and shadows, prophets and priests, blessings and promises had done their utmost to reveal the fulness of that love, He came Himself, a child in humility and meekness; a man full of grace, and love, and truth; speaking to us through our sight and touch, our sympathies and affections,

our needs and sorrows, our fears and our sins; all the love of God, and all the lowliness of man, uniting in Him to persuade and win our hearts. On our side was sin and guilt; on His, were agony and love, patient and enduring; undeserved, yet never cooled; slighted, yet never turned away; tender, pitiful, changeless, and eternal! Other ways might have revealed His wisdom, His power, or His goodness; but none would have *so* revealed His love. "O the depth of the riches both of the knowledge and wisdom of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" And this love has encompassed our path all through life, from infancy to childhood, from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. Whether in sunshine or shade; in darkness or gloom; in sorrow or joy; in sickness or health, He is ever near us, and by his love drawing us onward; ever looking upon us, and seeing our intentions before He beholds our failures; knowing our desires before He sees our faults; cheering us to endeavour great things, and yet accepting the least; inviting our poor service, and yet, above all, content with our poorer love. He has bound up our broken hearts, consoled the mourner, upheld the sinking, visited the path of the lonely and the hiding-place of sorrow, the pains of sickness and the pallet of the dying! "O the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of Christ!"

And in the hour of nature's weakness, in the

weariness of solitude, or under the burden of our own isolated hearts, who in such seasons can unravel the strength of this heavenly bond? When memories of home, fond faces, beloved images, rise thick and crowd upon us; when what we have lost seems a paradise, and our present life a desolation; when the human heart for a short passing moment is too strong, and love and sorrow turn towards earth again; when failures, miscalculations, hasty steps, hopeless efforts, unforeseen reverses, beginnings abandoned, and aims missed at the very stroke come upon us, O what could sustain our souls but the love of Jesus!

Believer! has the cloud of sorrow fallen upon thee? Have the hopes of thine heart been dashed upon the threshold, and art thou asking,—“If He loves me so, why is this?” Ah! He loves thee too well to lose thee. He is clearing away all between Himself and thee, that thou mayst be conscious of His personal love to thee, and choose it as thine abiding portion: He has some better thing in store; and though clouds gather thickly round thy path, thou shalt never fall nor be forsaken, never faint nor be weary. Though for a moment flesh and blood may make its pleading heard, yet the consciousness of thy Saviour’s love shall arise again to put all questioning down. It shall bear thee safely to the end, and shall sustain and waft thee safely to the eternal shore.

THE CHANGE.

Ah no! the world is changed to me,
 I cannot live below;
 I cannot find my rest in thee,
 I *must* to Jesus go.

For He hath won my longing heart,
 In it His love hath shined;
 And gladly now with thee I part,
 For there my heaven I find.

He drew me with His cords of love,
 With bands of love divine;
 He told me of His home above—
 He told me it was mine.

Poor world! a worm is at the root
 Of all thy gilded toys!
 And sin the blossom—death the fruit
 Of all thy hopes and joys!

And vain the anguish to conceal
 That lies beneath thy art;
 And vainer still thy power to heal
 A wounded, broken heart.

In thee I would not, could not dwell;
 My fatal dream is o'er!
 To me thy voice hath lost its spell;
 Thy song can charm no more.

I ask no other gift than *Him*,
 And *His undying love*;
 My happiest, holiest, sweetest theme
 In earth and heaven above.

There shall I learn upon Thy throne,
 Where all Thy glories shine,
 The love that cannot here be known,
 The grace that made me Thine.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

It is still the path of sorrow,
 Where Jesus leads His flock ;
 It is still the desert waste,
 Where we drink the smitten Rock.
 But Canaan's goodly hills
 Are rising now in view,
 And we march with quickened footsteps
 To our mansions bright and true.

It is still the rugged steep—
 The narrow way of life ;
 It is still the warrior's armour
 In conflict and in strife.
 But the sound of distant music
 Falls sweetly on our ears,
 And we hasten on to glory,
 Through Baca's vale of tears.

It is still through tribulation
 The conqueror's journey lies ;
 It is still for his redemption
 The weary pilgrim cries.
 But the fiery pillar brightens
 'Mid darkness all around,
 And the prospect of the morrow
 Makes hope and joy abound.

It is still in faith oft failing
 We eat "the Living Bread;"
 Still oft hoping and oft fearing,
 We lean upon our God.
 But we mark the heavenly city,
 Still brightening in our view;
 The city of the Jasper walls,
 The beautiful, the true!

It is still in tears and sorrow
 We lay our fond ones down;
 The loving and the loved ones—
 They've left us and are gone.
 But our spirits mingle with them
 On Canaan's crystal sea;
 Where they're standing now with Jesus,
 From every conflict free.

And soon, in joy and gladness,
 Beside the throne of God,
 Shall stand the mighty host
 Redeemed by Jesu's blood.
 Each golden heart shall vibrate,
 And wake the new-born strain;
 Hallelujah to the Saviour,
 To the Lamb who once was slain!

WHAT a mighty influence this world exerts over us! It is ever interweaving something into the framework of our hourly life; drawing a film between the soul and God, and deadening the keenness and sensibility of our spiritual perceptions. There is no moment when it is not upon us. Like

the law of gravitation, which universally takes effect wheresoever it is not kept out by a special counteraction, so is it in our intercourse with the world. All the day long there is an influence playing upon us which draws our characters to the surface and there fixes them: it rushes upon us with an overwhelming torrent; enters into the soul through our eyes and ears and every inlet of the senses; through our instincts, our wants, and our natural affections; smothering or extinguishing everything that would lead to something higher: each day drawing a fresh hard layer over the heart; each energy laying another touch on the deepening character, and every moment fixing its colours with deeper steadfastness, until we live and act as if it were our only home.

For all this we need a strong counteracting influence. Our life is too outward and visible among the throng of men; we are not enough alone with God; we live in the unreal, and become unreal ourselves. There must be the calmness of intercourse with God. God's presence is full of reality; and His presence must be the antidote to the withering blight and the hourly infection of this world, and must abolish in us all that is not real and eternal. Never do we put off the paint and masquerade of life as when alone with Him: the duplicities of the heart, which the world had interweaved, are held in check, and by habitual communion with God are weakened and overcome.

This is the only counteracting and transforming influence; and think as we will, we may rely upon it that if we are not under it, the world will most surely and deeply conform us to itself.

In our intercourse with it, a thousand tests touch us on every side; and if we would maintain uninterruptedly our communion with God, we must also be watchful. We must watch against sin, against the world, and against self.

We must watch against sin. Nothing so darkens the soul as sin, or produces so deadening an insensibility, and it gains an entrance with inconceivable subtlety. Just as we contract slight peculiarities of manner, tone, and gait, without knowing it, so in like manner does the soul become warped and darkened by sin. It can hide itself from the conscience; it is most concealed at its highest pitch; and when it is at the worst, it is least perceived—it has no sensible pain. Thus our insensibility becomes continuous. We come to live without any true relation to the presence of God; consenting to the darkness of our own hearts; cold and dead in our affections; formal and lifeless in prayer; and the whole moral and spiritual nature estranged from God. Pride and vanity, self-complacency and envy, scornfulness and wrath,—all follow in the train of this spiritual deterioration.

This is the cause of much of the insensibility and deadness of which people so often complain. Sins unconfessed and forgotten lie festering in the dark:

and our whole communion with God, and our spiritual character suffers in all its parts and powers. It is the deadness and insensibility consequent on this, that obstructs the spiritual life, and thrusts itself between the soul and the presence of God.

For all this there is only one remedy—immediate confession. Come and throw yourself into the arms of everlasting love! Open the heart with all its sins and stains to Jesus. His love is the light in which we shall see our sin, and the light in which we shall see it forgiven.

Let nothing harbour or fester in the heart: if sins be allowed to linger, they will only taint and estrange it more: the sins and spiritual decays of to-day will run on into to-morrow, and to-morrow will begin with an inclination to a lower tone. One day heaps its sin upon another, and our spiritual decline gains in speed as it gains in time. In this there is one specially alarming thought—the degrees are so shadowy, and the transitions so imperceptible, that it is like a motion too slow to be measured by the eye, or so intense as to seem like rest. If we are not much in the presence of the Lord, these decays will be always advancing.

The true secret of preserving our spirituality of mind, and maintaining our communion with God, is to bring our sin to Jesus the *moment* it is committed, and while it is fresh on the soul. In the street, in the throng, in the busy routine of every-

day life, let the heart go up to Him in unreserved confession. Let us guard against hesitation,—hesitation brings reasons for delay, and delay opens the door for forgetfulness. One moment's delay brings unknown hinderances. 'The suggestions of God's Spirit are like the flowing of the tide, which, taken at the full, will lift us over every bar;—tarry and lose them, and we are stranded! Let us go *at once* to Jesus with them all. So shall the "blood of sprinkling" be precious to our souls, and we, too, shall "walk with God."

We must watch against the world. On many Christians this world weighs heavily, and lowers them to its own standard. Only the few rise above it. All its efforts are exerted to shut out the stern reality of the cross. Its pleasures and amusements, its mirth and its song, its religion and its worship, find no place there, and cannot go with us into the presence of the Lord. Let us watch against the standard and tone of its society, as well as against the spirit of its social life. To mingle with it in safety to the soul, there needs gifts the very reverse of which make men its favourites—caution, retirement, silence: and its tone and spirit will surely be caught up unless we are in habitual intercourse with God.

We must watch against self. Unless God be the centre of the soul, it will be a centre to itself. Such a spirit is a deliberate contradiction of Him who made Himself of no reputation. Let us watch

against ourselves ; our self-pleasing and self-love ; our tempers and our spirits ; our inclinations and our aims ; our desires and our imaginations ; our thoughts and our words. Let us bring then all into His presence. There we shall see them as they are ; there we shall learn the true character both of them and of ourselves. In the light of His presence there are no illusions. All the colours and shadows, the false and changeful hues, the gloss and the glitter which we put upon ourselves in the light of the world, and even in the light of our own consciences, are there dispelled. Thus shall our souls be filled with His brightness, and we shall "glorify God both in our bodies and in our spirits, which are the Lord's."

THE NEW SONG.

THEY stood around the throne
 'Mid the palaces of light ;
 They took their harps of glory,
 With raptures of delight ;
 And sounds of sweetest melody
 Arose upon the breeze,
 "Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy !"
 To Thee be all the praise !

They stood around the throne,
 In garments white as snow ;
 They drank the crystal fountain
 Whence living waters flow ;
 And they sing the song of Moses,
 Of Moses and the Lamb,—

“Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy!”
Through heaven’s arches ran.

They stood around the throne—
They stood beside their God;
They had passed through tribulation,
Through peril and through blood:
And the song of holy gratitude
Burst forth from countless throngs.—
“Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy!”
To Thee our praise belongs.

They stood around the throne
Where healing streams abide;
They drank deep draughts of gladness
From God’s exhaustless tide;
And the harpers’ notes are swelling
Through heaven, and earth, and sea,—
“Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy!”
All praise be unto Thee!

They stood around the throne,
The crown is on their brow;
They have passed the dreary desert,
They rest with Jesus now:
And the conqueror’s song of triumph
Resounds from shore to shore,—
“Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy!”
We praise Thee evermore!

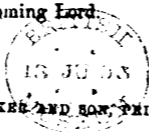
They stood around the throne
’Mid the palaces of light;
They took their harps of glory,
With raptures of delight:
And sounds of sweetest melody
Arose upon the breeze;
“Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy!”
To Thee be all the praise!

"THE sun was shining upon Sodom when Lot entered into Zoar." No cloud dimmed the fair horizon of that terrible morning; no preludes of the coming storm awoke the city from its guilty slumber; all was as it had been—bright, beautiful, and at rest. "Likewise as it was in the days of Lot, even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." The last morning shall dawn as fair as its predecessors. The same preparation will be made for pleasure and for business, eating and drinking, as usual; eager anxiety about buying and selling as usual; planting and building as usual, by men dreaming over the security of their earthly possessions; the domestic scene enlivened as usual, by the same interchange of natural affection; each individual filled as usual with his own little prospects, and magnifying them into wondrous importance; the scholar, the statesman, the soldier, the divine, all busy as usual in their respective walks; the whole world smiling as usual with its activity, its interest, and beauty—everything as it had been, when suddenly the heavens shall be rent asunder, and the Son of Man shall be seen descending! Thus shall this world be overtaken in its career of indifference and sin; "for when *they* shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall in no wise escape."

Believer! be ready. 'The time is short,' 'the Lord is at hand.' Beware of the compromising tone of the christianity of this day! The healthy hue of

former days has left it; it has met the world half way, and on all sides it is seeking to drag you down to its level. Beware of its spirit; beware of indecision,—of that dubious, veering, inconstant temperature between Christ and the world. Be much alone with God, and let His abiding presence cherish in you a clear and deep perception of the hatefulness of sin. Watch against all coldness of affection to Christ; watch against foolish talking, jesting, mirth, levity, and spiritual deadness. All these things grieve the Spirit of God, and hide Jesus from your soul. ‘Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation.’ So shall you love and greatly desire ‘the day of His appearing.’

Unbeliever! be ready. The day of God’s grace and long suffering is well nigh exhausted; the shadows of that terrible morning are gathering thickly over thine horizon, and thou art still unsaved—still an enemy to God! O make haste and be reconciled! Thou art still laden with sin; O come and wash in “the blood that cleanseth from all sin!” Thou art still under the curse; O come to Jesus and inherit a blessing! “Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead; and Christ shall give thee light.” So shalt thou too be ready to meet thy coming Lord.



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