POEMS OF DAWN

"A bending staff I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rudely pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose sudden loss might leave without
A shield against the shafts of doubt."

1915

DEDICATED
to
The Household of Faith

"Brethren, giving all diligence, add to your faith
virtue (steadfastness); and to virtue knowledge;
and to knowledge temperance (self-control);
and to temperance patience; and to
patience godliness; and to godliness
brotherly kindness; and
to brotherly kindness

LOVE:

For if these things
be in you and abound,
they shall make you that you
shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the
knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."—2 Pet. 1:5-8.

POEMS OF DAWN.

GREAT TRUTHS.

GREAT truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are dearly won; not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Sometimes, 'mid conflict, turmoil, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
It brings some buried truth-seeds to the light.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth,
Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

Not in the general clash of human creeds,
Nor in the merchandise 'twixt church and world,
Is truth's fair treasure found, 'mongst tares and weeds;
Nor her fair banner in their midst unfurled.

Truth springs like harvest from the well-ploughed fields,
Rewarding patient toil, and faith, and zeal.
To those thus seeking her, she ever yields
Her richest treasures for their lasting weal.

THE WORD OF TRUTH

THE Word of Truth is like a stained-glass window rare,
We stand outside and gaze, but see no beauty there,
No fair design, naught but confusion we behold;
'Tis only from within the glory will unfold,
And he who would drink in the rapture of the view
Must climb the winding stair, the portal enter through.
The sacred door of Truth's cathedral is most low,
And all who fain would enter there the knee must bow
In deep humility. But once inside, the light
Of day streams through and makes each color heavenly bright,
The Master's great design we see, our hands we raise
In reverent ecstasy of wonder, love and praise!

PRESS ON.

BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

THE WORD OF GOD.

OH, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!
True wisdom its pages unfold;
And though we may read them a thousand times o'er,
They never, no never, grow old!
Each line hath a pleasure, each promise a pearl,
That all if they will may secure;
And we know that when time and the world pass away,
God's Word shall forever endure.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!
The lamp that our Father above
So kindly hath lighted to teach us the way
That leads to the arms of His love!
Its warnings, its counsels, are faithful and just;
Its judgments are perfect and pure;
And we know that when time and the world pass away,
God's Word shall forever endure.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!
Our only salvation is there;
It carries conviction down deep in the heart,
And shows us ourselves as we are.
It tells of a Savior, and points to the cross,
Where pardon we now may secure;
And we know that when time and the world pass away
God's Word shall forever endure.

HOW READEST THOU?

LUKE 10:16.

'TIS one thing now to read the Bible through,
Another thing to read, to learn and do;
'Tis one thing now to read it with delight,
And quite another thing to read it right.

Some read it with design to learn to read,
But to the subject pay but little heed;
Some read it as their duty once a week,
But no instruction from the Bible seek;

Whilst others read it without common care,
With no regard to how they read or where.
Some read it as a history, to know
How the people lived three thousand years ago.

Some read to bring unto themselves repute,
By showing others how they can dispute;
Whilst others read because their neighbors do,
To see how long 'twill take to read it through.

Some read it for the wonders that are there,
How David killed a lion and a bear;
Whilst others read—or rather in it look—
Because, perhaps, they have no other book.

Some read the blessed Book—they don't know why,
It somehow happens in the way to lie;
Whilst others read it with uncommon care,
But all to find some contradictions there.

One reads with father's specs upon his head,
And sees the thing just as his father did;
Another reads through Campbell or through Scott,
And thinks it means exactly what they thought.

Some read to prove a pre-adopted creed,
Thus understand but little what they read;
And every passage in the Book they bend
To make it suit that all-important end.
Some people read, as I have often thought,
To teach the Book, instead of to be taught.

THE OATH-CLAD PROMISE—THE GOSPEL

GEN. 22:16, 18. GAL. 3:8, 16, 29.

FROM the Scriptures of truth this conclusion we draw,
—2 Tim. 3:16; John 17:17.
That the wisdom of men nor the works of the Law
—1 Cor. 1:19; Isa. 5:21; Rom. 3:20.
Have the power to cleanse, nor forgive, nor to save,
—Rom. 10:4; Heb. 7:19.
Nor restore from the curse, nor redeem from the grave.
—Gal. 3:21; Gal. 2:16,21.

Men are saved by their faith in the Crucified One,
—Rom. 10:9; Acts 16:31; Heb. 11:6.
When His love and His goodness to them are made known.
—Rom. 10:13-15; 1 Cor. 1:21; John 3:18; 1 Tim. 2:3-6.
Saving faith comes by hearing the life-giving Word,
—Rom. 10:17; Phil. 2:16.
And the mercy of God through the Savior conferred.
—2 Cor. 5:19; 1 Tim. 2:3-6.

All who will may be saved by obedient faith,
—John 3:18; Rev. 22:14-17.
And may gain life unending through Christ, by His death.
—Mark 10:30.
For the Gospel salvation to all is made free:
—Titus 2:11.
As they heed its instruction their judgment will be.
—Rom. 2:16; John 3:18.

Endless life is for those who the Gospel accept,
—John 3:16; Mark 10:30; Rom. 6:23.
But death is the portion of those who reject.
—Acts 3:23; Heb. 10:26,27; Rom. 6:23.
For there's no other way that's revealed by the Lord
—Acts 4:12; John 14:6.
To redeem fallen man but through Christ and His Word.
—Titus 2:13,14; Gal. 3:13.

"The heavens are the Lord's, but the earth He hath given
—Psa. 115:16; Isa. 45:18.
To the children of men," as their home and their heaven.
—Psa. 37:29; Matt. 6:10.
Wicked rulers and nations thus far have borne sway
—Dan. 2; 2 Tim. 3:13; Isa. 60:2.
And their reign has led down from the gold to the clay.
—Dan. 2:31,44.

But the Age for the world's promised blessing is near,
—Gen. 12:3; Gen. 22:18; Psa. 72:17; Rev. 15:4.
When the true Light that lighteth all men shall appear.
—John 1:4,7,9; John 8:12; Dan. 2:44.
God has been taking out from the world for His name
—Acts 15:14; Rev. 5:9,10.

A faithful, tried people with Jesus to reign.
—2 Tim. 2:12; Rev. 7:14; Mark 10:30.

Those sleeping in Christ from the dead will arise,
—1 Cor. 15:23,52.
And with "those who remain" meet the Lord of the skies,
—1 Thess. 4:16,17; Mark 13:27.
Who will come to the earth with His chosen again,
—Zech. 14:4,5; 1 Thess. 3:13; Jude 14.
And over the nations commence His just reign.
—Matt. 25:31,32; Luke 1:32,33; Isa. 2:3; Isa. 9:6,7.

As a Body perfected the "seed" will then bless
—1 Cor. 12:27; Col. 1:18; Gen. 22:18.
All the peoples of earth with the blessings of peace.
—Gal. 3:8,16,29; Luke 2:10,14.
These elect ones with Christ shall forever abide,
—1 Thess. 4:17.
As His loved and honored and glorified Bride.
—John 3:29; Matt. 25:1; Rom. 7:17,18.

All the powers of earth to an end shall be brought,
—Psa. 10; Rev. 2:26,27; Jer. 25:29,33.
And their rule and authority soon come to naught.
—1 Cor. 15:24; Phi. 2:10.
All their glory and pride like the chaff pass away,
—Dan. 2:35.
And Christ and His chosen in mercy bear sway.
—Dan. 7:27; Psa. 22:27,28; Luke 22:29,30; Luke 19:17.

When He speaks to the earth she uncovers her slain,
—Isa. 26:19,21; Hosea 13:14.
And they all hear His voice and to life rise again.
—John 5:28; 1 Cor. 15:22.
He must reign till all things unto Him are subdued,
—1 Cor. 15:25,28; 2 Cor. 5:19.
And the face of the earth from the curse is renewed.
—Rev. 22:3; Rev. 21:5.

These times of refreshing and blessing are near,
—Acts 3:19,21; Matt. 24:33.
Christ's life-giving power will shortly appear.
—Col. 3:3,4; Mark 10:30; John 11:25; Matt. 28:18.
He will banish the curse and perfection restore,
—Psa. 104:30; Rev. 22:3.
And the earth fill with gladness and beauty once more.
—Isa. 35; Isa. 55:10,13.

Then sorrow and death and corruption will cease,
—Rev. 21:4.
And the world shall be clothed in the garments of peace.
—Zech. 9:10; Isa. 2:4.
When He rules in the earth the glad tidings are heard,
—Psa. 22:28; Isa. 45:23; Acts 15:16,17; 1 Tim. 2:6.
And the world shall remember and turn to the Lord.
—Psa. 22:27.

All nations shall worship the Lord then with fear,
—Psa. 86:9; Rev. 15:4; Psa. 67:4.
And all men join in praise when His words they shall hear.
—Rev. 5:13; Psa. 102:15.
When the Spirit of grace rests on Israel again,
—Rom. 11:26; Jer. 32:40.
And they look upon Him whom in wrath they had slain,
—Zech. 12:10; Acts 2:23,36.

They will bitterly mourn and acknowledge their sin,
—Ezek. 36:31; Ezek. 16:61,63.
And gladly accept Him, their long-looked-for King.
—Isa. 25:9; Matt. 23:39; Luke 3:15.
Then the promised possession the Lord will restore,
—Ezek. 36:24; Ezek. 37:21; Jer. 32:37.
And their numerous sins He'll remember no more.
—Jer. 31:33,34; Ezek. 36:33; Rom. 11:27.

Jerusalem will, with the Lord as its Light,
—Acts 15:15,16; Zech. 6:12,13; Isa. 40:10-20; Isa. 33:20.
Be the glory of earth and its joy and delight.
—Isa. 52:9,10; Isa. 65:18,19; Psa. 48:2.
From this City most glorious life's waters shall flow,
—Zech. 14:8; Joel 3:18; Rev. 22:1.
And the life-giving trees on its borders shall grow.
—Ezek. 47:1,12; Rev. 22:1,2; Rev.2:7.

As the curse is removed this blest City of love
—Rev. 22:3; Rev. 20:9.
Is enlarged and made one with the City above.
—Rev. 21:10; Dan. 2:35,44.
All honor and glory to God shall be given,
—Num. 14:21; Rev. 5:12.
And His will on the earth will be done as in heaven.
—Matt. 6:10.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

I.
ONE Sabbath morn I roamed astray,
And asked a Pilgrim for the way:
"O, tell me, whither shall I search,
That I may find the one true Church?"
He answered, "Search the world around;
The one true Church is never found.
Yon ivy on the abbey wall
Makes fair the falsest Church of all."
But, fearing he had told me wrong,
I cried, "Behold the entering throng!"
He answered, "If a Church be true,
It hath not many, but a few!"
Around a font the people pressed,
And crossed themselves on brow and breast.
"A cross so light to bear," he cried,
"Is not of Christ, the Crucified!

Each forehead, frowning, sheds it off:
Christ's cross abides through scowl and scoff!"
We entered at the open door,
And saw men kneeling on the floor;
Faint candle, by the daylight dimmed,
As if by foolish virgins trimmed;
Fair statues of the saints, as white
As now their robes are, in God's sight;
Stained windows, casting down a beam,
Like Jacob's ladder in the dream.
The Pilgrim gazed from nave to roof,
And, frowning, uttered this reproof:
"Alas! who is it that understands
God's Temple is not made with hands?"

II.

We walked in ferns so wet with dew
They plashed our garments trailing through,
And came upon a church whose dome
Upheld a cross, but not for Rome.
We brushed a cobweb from a pane,
And watched the service in the fane.
"Do prayers," he asked, "the more avail,
If offered at an altar rail?
Does water sprinkled from a bowl,
Wash any sin from any soul?
Do tongues that taste the bread and wine
Speak truer after such a sign?"
Just then, upon a maple spray,
Two orioles perched, and piped a lay,
Until the gold beneath their throats
Shook molten in their mellow notes.
Resounding from the church, a psalm
Rolled, quivering, through the outer calm.

"Both choirs," said I, "are in accord,
For both give praises to the Lord."
"The birds," he answered, "chant a song
Without a note of sin or wrong:
The church's anthem is a strain
Of human guilt and mortal pain."
The orioles and the organ ceased,
And in the pulpit rose the priest.
The Pilgrim whispered in my ear,
"It profits not to tarry here."
"He speaks no error," answered I,
"He teaches that the living die;
The dead arise; and both are true;
Both wholesome doctrines; neither new."
The Pilgrim said, "He strikes a blow
At wrongs that perished long ago;
But covers with a shielding phrase
The living sins of present days."
We turned away among the tombs—
A tangled place of briers and blooms.
I spelled the legends on the stones:
Beneath reposed the martyrs' bones,
The bodies which the rack once brake
In witness for the dear Lord's sake,
The ashes gathered from the pyres
Of saints whose zeal our soul inspires.
The Pilgrim murmured as we passed,
"So gained they all the crown at last.
Men lose it now through looking back,
To find it at the stake, the rack;
The rack and stake are old with grime;
God's touchstone is the living time!"

III.

We passed where poplars, gaunt and tall,
Let twice their length of shadow fall.
Then rose a meeting-house in view,
Of bleached and weather-beaten hue.
Men, plain of garb and pure of heart,
Divided church and world apart.
Nor did they vex the silent air
With any sound of hymn or prayer.
God's finger to their lips they pressed,
Till each man kissed it and was blessed.
I asked, "Is this the true Church, then?"
He answered, "Nay, a sect of men:
And sects that shut their doors in pride
Shut God and half His saints outside.
The gates of Heaven, the Scriptures say,
Stand open wide, by night and day.
So, then, to enter, is there need
To carry key of church or creed?"

IV.

Still following where the highway led,
Till elms made arches overhead,
We saw a spire and weathercock,
And snow-white church upon a rock—
A rock, where centuries before,
Came sea-tossed pilgrims to the shore.
My sandals straightway I unbound,
Because the place was holy ground.
I cried, "One church at last I find,
That fetters not the human mind."
"This church," said he, "is like the rest;
For all are good, but none is best."

V.

Then far from every church we strayed—
Save Nature's pillared aisles of shade.
The squirrels ran to see us pass,
And God's sweet breath was on the grass.
I challenged all the creeds, and sought
What truth, or lie, or both, they taught.
I asked, "Had Augustine a fault?"
The Pilgrim gazed at heaven's high vault,
And answered, "Can a mortal eye
Contain the sphere of all the sky?"
I said, "The circle is too wide."
"God's truth is wider!" he replied.
"Though Augustine was on his knee,
He saw how little he could see;
Though Luther sought with burning heart,
He caught the glory but in part;
Though Calvin opened wide his soul,
He comprehended not the whole.
Not Luther, Calvin, Augustine,
Saw visions such as I have seen."
While yet he spake, a rapture stole
Through all my still inquiring soul.
I looked upon His holy brow,
Entreating, "Tell me, who art THOU?"
But such a splendor filled the place,
I knew it was the Lord's own face!
I was a sinner, and afraid!
I knelt in dust, and thus I prayed:
"O Christ, the Lord! end Thou my search,
And lead me to the one true Church."
He spake as never man may speak—
"The one true Church thou shalt not seek,

Seek thou, forevermore, instead,
To find the one true Christ, its Head!"
The Lord then vanished from my sight,
And left me standing in the light.

THE NOMINAL CHURCH.

THE Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shores of time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," said the merry World,
"And walk with me this way;"
But the good Church hid her snowy hands
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way that leads to death;
To my Lord I must be true."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World, with a kindly air,
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
But mine is broad and plain;
My way is paved with flowers and dews,
And yours with tears and pain;
The sky to me is always blue,
No want, no toil I know;
The sky above you is always dark,
Your lot is a lot of woe;

The way you walk is a narrow way,
But mine is amply wide;
There's room enough for you and me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World
And gave him her hand of snow;
And the old World clasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,
I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The Church looked down at her plain white robes
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure, white garments drifted away,
And the World gave, in their place,
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
Roses and gems and pearls;
While over her forehead her bright hair fell
Crimped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,
"I'll build you one like mine;
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful house,
Most splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,
Gleaming in purple and gold;

Rich fairs and shows in the halls were held,
And the World and his children were there;
Laughter and music and feasting were heard
In the place that was meant for prayer.
There were cushioned pews for the rich and gay,
To sit in their pomp and pride;
While the poor, who were clad in shabby array,
But seldom came inside.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
If they are in need of shelter and food,
Why need it trouble you?
Go, take your money, and buy rich robes,
Buy horses and carriages fine,
Buy pearls and jewels and dainty food,
Buy the rarest and costliest wine;
My children dote on all these things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."

Then the Church held fast the strings of her purse,
And modestly lowered her head,
And simpered, "No doubt you are right, sir;
Henceforth I will do as you've said."
Then the sons of the World and the sons of the Church
Walked closely, hand and heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,
"I am rich and my goods are increased;

I have need of nothing, nor aught to do,
But to laugh, and dance, and feast."
The sly World heard, and he laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said aside,
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
And whispered in sighs her name,
Then the loud anthems of rapture were hushed,
And heads were covered with shame.
And a voice was heard at last by the Church
From Him who sat on the Throne,
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
'I am rich'; and hast not known
That thou art naked, poor and blind,
And wretched before My face;
Therefore, from My presence, I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place."

———————

IT is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be ever so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our treasure must hold;
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
By the love that cannot be told.

TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER.

TELL me about the Master!
I am weary and worn tonight;
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light!
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west.
My poor heart is weary, aweary,
And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the hills He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and blood of His anguish,
Dropped down on Judea's sod.
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the wrongs He freely forgave;
Of His love and tender compassion,
Of His love that is mighty to save;
For my heart is aweary, aweary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow
Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.

So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that is bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

OUR MASTER

NO fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He,
And faith hath still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

O Lord and Savior of us all!
O blessed Christ Divine!
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In various phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—

Not name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with charts of creeds.

CHRIST, ALL IN ALL

IN Christ all fulness dwells: from Him proceeds
All that fall'n man, poor, wretched, guilty, needs.
In Him the contrite, bruised in spirit, find
Whate'er can heal the sorrows of the mind—
Forgiving love, that saves from blank despair,
Rich grace, that banishes each anxious care,
Soft pity, that relieves the bursting sigh,
And truth, revealing joys that never die.
Thrice happy they, who to His word attend,
His favor seek, and on His strength depend.
'Tis theirs to know His heart-consoling voice,
To share His smile, and in His name rejoice.
To them, reclaimed in mercy from the fall
And heav'nward marching, Christ is all in all:
In want, their treasure—in distress, their stay—
In gloom, their day-spring—vigor, in decay—
'Mid foes, their guard—in solitude, their guest—
In storms, their hiding place—in toils, their rest—
In bonds, their freedom—their relief, in pain—
In life, their glory—and in all things, gain.

LET NOT DOUBTS O'ERWHELM.

HOW oft we doubt
And fear we shall be overwhelmed in sin,
Because temptation grows so strong without,
Because our courage is so faint within.

And thus we sigh:
Then can it be that I have known the Lord?
Can I be one with Him that sits on high?
Have I e'er felt the power of His Word?

Is this poor life
Fit prelude for a high eternity?
Alas! have I not yet begun the strife,
Or must I fail before the victory?

O heart of doubt!
When wilt thou, O thou foolish heart, be wise?
Thou lookest everywhere, within, without,
Forgetting only to lift up thine eyes.

No more despair,
There is no help for thee in things below;
Search not within for hope—it is not there,
But unto Christ do thou for comfort go.

Christ is thy Rock;
Doubt not this firm foundation, true and tried;
Fear not the gathering tempest's angry shock;
It harms not those that on this Rock abide.

Christ is thy Friend,
He knows thy weakness, He will give thee strength;
Trust! in His name is victory; He will end
The conflict for thee; thou shalt win at length.

Christ is thy Peace;
From penalty and stain He sets thee free;
And in the white robe of His righteousness,
Before the approving God presenteth thee.

Christ is thine ALL:
Forget thyself, and in Him sweetly rest;
And thou shalt enter, whatsoe'er befall,
The everlasting mansions of the blest.

JESUS ONLY.

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

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

CHRIST WITHIN.

A LIVING Christ, of wondrous birth,
Who trod the dreary paths of earth,
Shedding abroad His holy light
Through the deep gloom of sin's dark night.

A dying Christ, whose precious blood
Seals the poor sinner's peace with God;
And fills the soul with fullest love,
Like to the joy prepared above.

A Christ ascended—all is done,
A world redeemed, a victory won.
With angel hosts, a glorious throng,
We'll sing with joy salvation's song.

A living Christ our spirits need,
A loving Christ our souls to feed;
A dying Christ, our ransom He,
A risen Christ to set us free.

This, too, our need—a Christ within,
A life with God, afar from sin,
A Christ whose love our hearts shall fill,
And quite subdue our wayward will.

———————

O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

CHRIST, OUR TEACHER.

LET Him teach thee, weary soul; (Psa 27:11.)
Let His hands now make thee whole; (Job 5:18.)
Let His peace thy heart control,— (Col. 3:15.)
Let Him teach thee.

Into paths of righteousness (Psa. 23:3.)
Let Him lead and let Him bless; (Psa. 67:7.)
Let Him save thee from distress,— (Psa. 107:13.)
Let Him teach thee.

Let Him guide thee with His eye: (Psa. 32:8.)
Let His hand thy need supply; (Phil. 4:19.)
Let His goodness satisfy,— (Psa. 65:4.)
Let Him teach thee.

Let His good Word sanctify; (Jno. 17:17.)
Let the furnace purify; (1 Peter 1:7.)
Let Him say, "Fear not; 'tis I,"— (Mark 6:50.)
Let Him teach thee.

Let Him probe thy heart within; (Psa. 66:10.)
Let Him search out every sin; (Psa. 139:23.)
Let the glorious light shine in,— (2 Cor. 4:6)
Let Him teach thee.

Let the Shepherd kindly feed; (Isa. 40:11.)
Let Him firmly, truly lead;
(He'll not break the bruised reed,) (Isa. 42:3.)
Let Him teach thee.

Let Him give thee songs at night; (Job 35:10.)
Let Him make the darkness light; (Isa. 42:16.)
Let Him set thy spirit right,— (Psa. 51:10.)
Let Him teach thee.

In the tumult let Him hide, (Psa. 27:5; Psa. 31:20.)
Let Him keep thee at His side; (Ex. 33:21.)
Let His name be glorified,— (Isa. 61:3.)
Let Him teach thee.

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

NOT I, but Christ, be honored, loved, exalted;
Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;
Not I, but Christ, in every look and action,
Not I, but Christ, in every thought and word.

Not I, but Christ, to gently soothe in sorrow;
Not I, but Christ, to wipe the falling tear;
Not I, but Christ, to lift the weary burden;
Not I, but Christ, to hush away all fear.

Not I, but Christ, in lowly, silent labor;
Not I, but Christ, in humble, earnest toil:
Christ, only Christ! no show, no ostentation;
Christ, none but Christ, the gatherer of the spoil.

Christ, only Christ, e'er long will fill my vision;
Glory excelling, soon, full soon, I'll see—
Christ, only Christ, mine every wish fulfilling—
Christ, only Christ, mine All in All to be.

TO JESUS ALWAYS.

I ALWAYS go to Jesus,
When troubled or distressed;
I always find a refuge
When I with Him can rest.
I tell Him all my trials,
I tell Him all my grief;
And while my lips are speaking
He gives my heart relief.

When full of dread forebodings,
And flowing o'er with tears,
He calms alway my sorrows,
And hushes all my fears.
He comprehends my weakness,
The peril I am in,
And He supplies the armor
I need to vanquish sin.

When those are cold and faithless,
Who once were fond and true,
With careless hearts forsaking
The old friends for the new,
I turn to Him whose friendship
Knows neither change nor end:
I always find in Jesus
An ever faithful Friend.

I always go to Jesus;
No matter when or where
I seek His gracious presence,
I'm sure to find Him there.

In times of joy or sorrow,
Whate'er my need may be,
I always go to Jesus,
And Jesus comforts me.

A PRESENT HELP.

THERE is never a day so dreary,
But God can make it bright;
And unto the soul that trusts Him,
He giveth songs in the night.

There is never a path so hidden,
But God will show us the way,
If we seek for the Spirit's guidance,
And patiently wait and pray.

There is never a cross so heavy,
But the loving hands are there,
Outstretched in tender compassion,
The burden to help us bear.

There is never a heart that is broken,
But the loving Christ can heal;
For the heart that was pierced on Calvary,
Doth still for His people feel.

There is never a life so darkened,
So hopeless and so unblest,
But may be filled with the light of God,
And enter His promised rest.

There is never a sin nor a sorrow,
There is never a care nor a loss,
But that we may carry to Jesus,
And leave at the foot of the cross.

What more can we ask than He's promised?
(And we know that His Word cannot fail,)
Our refuge when storms are impending,
Our help when temptations assail.

Our Savior, our Friend and Redeemer,
Our portion on earth and in Heaven;
For He who withheld not His own Son,
Hath with Him all things freely given.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL.

I AM often so weary of sorrow,
So weary of struggling with sin,
So timid concerning the morrow,
So faithless of entering in
To the beautiful rest that remaineth
Secure in the City of God,
Where shall enter no evil that staineth,
Nor ever the spoiler hath trod.

But aye, when the struggle is sorest,
And dark the clouds grow o'er my soul,
Dear Lord, the sweet cup that Thou pourest
Hath blam, and I drink and am whole.

From the quenchless old well of salvation
I quaff the pure waters divine,
And a sense of triumphant elation
Is thrilled through this spirit of mine.

No hand but Thine own, blessed Master,
Could comfort and cheer in the day
When the touch of a sudden disaster
Hath cumbered and tangled the way.
No look but Thine own could illumine
When night gathers black o'er the land,
And strength that is failing and human
Lieth prone on the desolate strand.

But ever Thy help is the nearest
When help from the earth there is none,
And ever the word that is dearest
Is the word of the Crucified Son;
And aye, when the tempest-clouds gather,
I fly for sweet shelter and peace
Through the Son to the heart of the Father,
Then terror and tremor do cease.

He restoreth my soul, and I praise Him
Whose love is my chrism and crown;
He restoreth my soul; let me raise Him
A song that His favor will own;
For often so weary of sorrow,
So weary of fighting with sin,
I look and I long for the morrow
When the ransom'd their freedom shall win.

JESUS.

THE gentle sighing of the wind among the pines,
The joyous singing of the lark at break of day,
The rippling of the water-brooks through cooling shade,
The patter of the softly falling rain at night,
Are sounds less sweet by far than His most precious name.

No art can show a form so gracious and so fair,
No Master's hand hath drawn a smile so wondrous sweet,
Nor could depict the majesty of that pure brow;
No canvas ever glowed with such a holy light
As shines from His most radiant image in my heart.

The dearest earthly friend may fail in time of need,
The sweetest and the loveliest grow cold at heart,
The nearest may not heed the throbbing heart's sad cry,
The gayest throng may hold the loneliest solitude,
But Jesus, Jesus never fails my call to hear.

Oh, may the music of Thy name more clearly fall
Upon my ears attuned to catch that sweetest sound!
Oh, may Thine image in my heart so bright become
That I by gazing may be changed into the same;
Oh, blessed Jesus, let Thy presence ne'er depart,
Oh, come and reign forevermore with my heart!

THERE'S ONLY ONE.

PSALM 73:25.

THERE'S only one upon whose care
We safely lay our thoughts to rest;
There's only one who knows the depth
Of sorrow in each stricken breast.

There's only one whose pity falls
Like dew upon the wounded heart;
There's only one who never leaves,
Though enemy and friend depart.

There's only one, when none are by,
To wipe away the falling tear;
There's only one to heal the wound,
And stay the weak one's timid fear.

There's only one who understands
And enters into all we feel;
There's only one who views each spring
And each perplexing wheel in wheel.

There's only one who can support,
And who sufficient grace can give
To bear up under every grief,
And spotless in this world to live.

O blessed Jesus, Friend of friends!
Above us raise Thy sheltering arm,
And while amid this evil world,
Protect us from its guilt and harm.

I OFFER THEE.

EVERY heart's throb, it is Thine;
Every human tie of mine;
Every joy, and every pain;
Every act of mind, or brain—
My blessed God!
Every hope, and every fear;
Every smile, and every tear;
Every song and every hymn
"Laudamus Te."

Take them all, my blessed Lord,
Bind them with Thy secret cord;
Glorify Thyself in me—
Adored One!
Multiply them by Thy Word,
Strengthen, bless, increase, my Lord,
Perfect me in holy Love,
Thou first, and last!

TRUE BEAUTY.

BEAUTIFUL hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good and true,
Busy for them the long day through;
Beautiful faces—they that wear
The light of a pleasing spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair;
And truly beautiful in God's sight,
Are the precious souls who love the right.

MY SACRIFICE.

LAID on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept this gift to-day, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small;
And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein Thy searching gaze canst see
Struggles of passions, visions of delight,
All that I have, or am, or fain would be—
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none.
Now, from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth—"May Thy will be done!"

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail;
And merge it so in Thine own will that I
May never have a wish to take it back;
When heart and courage fail, to Thee I'd fly.
So change, so purify, so like Thine own
Make Thou my will, so graced with love Divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But recognize my will as one with Thine.

———————

TODAY I seem to understand
That pain and trial, grief and care,
Are chisels in an unseen Hand
That round us into statues fair.

LORD, HERE I BRING MYSELF.

LORD, here I bring myself,
'Tis all I have to give,
My heart's desire is wholly this,
Henceforth for Thee to live;

To own no will but Thine,
To suffer loss or shame,
All things to bear, if only I
May glorify Thy name;

Henceforth mine every power
Each day for Thee to use,
My hands, my feet, my lips, mine all,
As Thou, my Lord, shalt choose.

Dear Lord, my constant prayer
Is for increase of grace,
That I by faith may walk with Thee,
Till I behold Thy face.

WHOM WILL YE SERVE?

JOHN 19:12,13.

CAESAR'S friends? or friends of Jesus?
Solemn question for to-day!
Friends of Caesar! Friends of Jesus!
Take your sides without delay.
If ye pause for man's forbidding,
Caesar's friendship ye secure;
If ye do the Father's bidding,
Scorn, reproach, ye shall endure.

Friends of Caesar! Friends of Jesus!
Stand revealed! your choice declare!
Who in truth two masters pleases?
Who may rival banners bear?
Jesus' friends account Him precious,
Lose for Him all other gain:
Dearer far the smile of Jesus
Than the praise of worldly men.

Free from Caesar, friends of Jesus!
Stand in phalanx! never fear!
Love, severely tried, increases;
Courage yet! the Lord is near!
Onward still, His name confessing,
Weaving crowns to grace His brow;
Lo! His hands are full of blessing,
Lifted for your succor now.

Caesar's friends were we, but Jesus
Owns us for His friends to-day!
What! shall rival friendship please us,
While the Bridegroom is away?
No! through grace would we surrender
Caesar's things to Caesar's care,
Whilst to God, Our God, we render
Filial homage, praise, and prayer.

———

LEAVE no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

THE COST OF DISCIPLESHIP.

LUKE 9:23.

WOULD ye be My disciples? Consider again:
Can ye follow My footsteps through trial and pain?
Can ye throw away pleasure, and glory, and fame,
And live but to honor My cause and My name?

Can ye turn from the glitter of fashion and mirth,
And dwell like a pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Despising earth's riches, and living to bless?
Can you follow the feet of the shelterless?

Can ye ask from your heart the forgiveness of men?
Can ye list to reproaches, nor answer again?
Can ye pray that repentance to life may be theirs
Who've watched for your falling, who've set for you snares?

When ye hear I am come, then can ye arise,
The joy of your heart springing up in your eyes?
Can ye come out to meet Me, whate'er the cost be,
Though ye come on the waves of a storm-crested sea?

When I call, can ye turn and in gladness "come out"
From the home of your childhood, the friends of your heart?
With naught but My promise on which to rely,
Afar from their love—can ye lie down and die?

Yea, we'll take up the cross and in faith follow Thee
And bear Thy reproach, Thy disciples to be.

Blest Saviour, for courage, to Thee we will fly;
Of grace Thou hast promised abundant supply.

THE CALL DIVINE.

TO-DAY, to-morrow, evermore,
Through cheerless nights without a star,
Not asking whither or how far,
Rejoicing though the way be sore,
Take up thy cross
And follow Me.

I cannot promise wealth or ease,
Fame, pleasure, length of days, esteem—
These things are vainer than they seem—
If thou canst turn from all of these,
Take up thy cross
And follow Me!

I promise only perfect peace,
Sweet peace that lives through years of strife;
Eternal love, immortal life,
And rest when all these wanderings cease.
Take up thy cross
And follow Me!

My yoke is easy—put it on;
My burden very light to bear.
Who shareth this, My crown shall share—
The present cross insures the crown.
Take up thy cross
And follow Me!

COURAGE! PRESS ON.

TIRED! well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day:
Courage! arise! go forth upon thy way.

Lonely! and what of that?
Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life within its own:
Work can be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! well, what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go—get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

FULL CONSECRATION.

O SACRED union with the Perfect Mind!
Transcendent bliss, which Thou alone canst give,
How blest are they this Pearl of price who find,
And, dead to earth, have learned in Thee to live!

And thus, while dead to human hopes I lie,
Lost, and forever lost, to all but Thee,
My happy soul, since it has learned to die,
Has found new life in Thine infinity.

With joy we learn this lesson of the cross,
And tread the toilsome way which Jesus trod;
And counting present life and all things loss,
We find in death to self the life of God.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

TO the Potter's house I went down one day,
And watched him while moulding the vessels of clay,
And many a wonderful lesson I drew,
As I noted the process the clay went through.

Trampled and broken, down-trodden and rolled,
To render more plastic and fit for the mould
How like the clay that is human, I thought,
When in Heavenly hands to perfection brought!

For Self must be cast as the dust at His feet,
Before it is ready, for service made meet.
And Pride must be broken, and self-will lost—
All laid on the altar, whatever the cost.

But lo! by and by, a delicate vase
Of wonderful beauty and exquisite grace.
Was it once the vile clay? Ah! yes; yet how strange,
The Potter hath wrought such a marvelous change!

Not a trace of the earth, nor mark of the clay—
The fires of the furnace have burned them away.
Wondrous skill of the Potter!—the praise is his due,
In whose hands to perfection and beauty it grew.

Thus with souls lying still, content in God's hand,
That do not His power of working withstand—
They are moulded and fitted, a treasure to hold,
Vile clay now transformed into purest of gold.

GIDEON'S BAND.

"COUNT me the swords that have come."
"Lord, thousands on thousands are ready."
"Lo! these are too many, and with them are some
Whose hearts and whose hands are not steady.
He whose soul does not burn,
Let him take up his tent and return."

"Count me the swords that remain."
"Lord, hundreds on hundreds are daring."
"These yet are too many for Me to attain
To the victory I am preparing.
Lead them down to the brink
Of the waters of Marah to drink."

"Lord, those who remain are but few,
And the hosts of the foe are appalling,
And what can a handful such as we do?"
"When ye hear from beyond My voice calling,
Sound the trump! Hold the light!
Great Midian will melt in your sight!"

THE REFINING.

MAL. 3:3.

"TIS sweet to feel that He who tries
The silver takes His seat
Beside the fire that purifies,
Lest too intense a heat—
Raised to consume the base alloy—
The precious metals, too, destroy.

'Tis good to think how well He knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal through which it goes;
And that with skill and care
He'll take it from the fire when fit,
With His own hand to polish it.

'Tis blessedness to know that He
The piece He hath begun
Will not forsake till He can see—
To prove the work well done—
His image, by its brightness known,
Reflecting glory like His own.

But ah! how much of earthly mould,
Dark relics of the mine,
Lost from the ore, must He behold—
How long must He refine,
Ere in the silver He can trace
The first faint semblance of His face!

Thou great Refiner! sit Thou by,
Thy promise to fulfil!

Moved by Thy hand, beneath Thine eye,
And melted at Thy will,
O may Thy work forever shine,
Reflecting beauty pure as Thine!

THE NARROW WAY.

MATT. 7:14.

"DEAR Lord, the way seem very dark,
I cannot see."
"Yes, child, I know, but I will be thy Light—
Come, follow Me!"

"Dear Lord, so lonely is this way—
Where are my friends?"
"My child, dost thou forget how far from Me
Their pathway tends?"

"Dear Master, I am growing weak,
I scarce can stand."
"O, foolish child, trust not in thine own strength,
Come, take My hand;

"For I have trod this way before,
So dark to thee.
I know each step, its weariness and pain,
Wilt trust in Me?"

"Yea, Lord, though friendless, lonely, dark,
This way may be,
I will be strong. Beloved Guide, lead on,
I follow Thee!"

THE PILGRIM.

STILL onward through this land of foes
I pass in Pilgrim guise;
I may not stop to seek repose
Where cool the shadow lies;
I may not stoop amid the grass
To pluck earth's fairest flowers,
Nor by her springing fountains pass
The sultry noontide hours.

Yet flowers I wear upon my breast
That no earth-garden knows—
White lilies of immortal peace,
And love's deep-tinted rose;
And there the blue-eyed flowers of faith
And hope's bright buds of gold,
As lone I tread the upward path,
In richest hues unfold.

I keep mine armor ever on,
For foes beset my way;
I watch, lest passing on alone
I fall a helpless prey.
No earthly love have I—I lean
Upon no mortal breast;
But my Beloved, though unseen,
Walks near and gives me rest.

Painful and dark the pathway seems
To distant earthly eyes;
They only see the hedging thorns
On either side that rise;

They cannot know how soft between
The flowers of love are strewn.
The sunny ways, the pastures green,
Where Jesus leads His own;

They cannot see, as darkening clouds
Behind the Pilgrim close,
How far adown the western glade
The golden glory flows;
They cannot hear 'mid earthly din
The song to Pilgrims known,
Still blending with the angels' hymn
Around the wondrous throne.

So I Thy bounteous token-flowers
Still on my bosom wear;
While me the fleeting love-winged hours
To thee still nearer bear;
So from my lips Thy song shall flow,
My sweetest music be;
So on mine eyes the glory grow,
Till all is lost in Thee.

A SOLITARY WAY.

PSA. 107:1-9; PROV. 14:10; 1 COR. 2:11.

THERE is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.

"There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into all I feel;"
Such is the cry of each of us in turn.
We wander in a "solitary way,"
No matter what or where our lot may be,
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life of solitude.

JOB. 7:17; MATT. 10:37.

And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our love.
In every heart He wishes to be first.
He therefore keeps the secret-key Himself,
To open all its chambers, and to bless
With perfect sympathy and holy peace
Each solitary soul which come to Him.
So when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of Jesus saying, "Come to Me;"
And every time we are "not understood,"
It is a call to us to come again;
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have "a solitary way."

ISA. 48:16; PSA. 34:22.

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
And say, "I cannot bear this load alone,"
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief, which "no one understands,"
Conveys a secret message from the King,
Entreating you to come to Him again.
The Man of Sorrows understands it well.

In all points tempted, He can feel with you.
You cannot come too often, or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace;
His presence satisfies the longing soul;
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have "a solitary way."

GOD KNOWS.

GOD knows—not I—the devious way
Wherein my faltering feet must tread,
Before into the light of day
My steps from out this gloom are led.
And since my Lord the path doth see,
What matter if 'tis hid from me?

God knows—not I—how sweet accord
Shall grow at length from out this clash
Of earthly discords which have jarred
On soul and sense; I hear the crash,
Yet feel and know that on His ear
Breaks harmony—full, deep and clear.

God knows—not I—why, when I'd fain
Have walked in pastures green and fair,
The path He pointed me hath lain
Through rocky deserts bleak and bare.
I blindly trust—since 'tis His will—
This way lies safety, that way ill.

His perfect plan I may not grasp,
Yet I can trust Love Infinite,

And with my feeble fingers clasp
The hand which leads me into light.
My soul upon His errand goes—
The end I know not—but God knows.

RIGHT WAS THE PATHWAY.

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

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

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

HE LEADETH ME.

IN pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.
Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with terror and with fright,
Only for this—I know He holds my hand;
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.
But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops, high and fair,
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.
And more than this, where'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.
So, where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know,
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

O WELL-BELOVED Son of God
Be in our midst, we pray;
Our feet are in obedience shod,
To tread the narrow way.

Who giveth, gains; who loseth, finds;
Who dieth, lives to Thee—
Teach us this Law. Incline our minds
To drink Thy cup with Thee.

As drop by drop its bitter draught
Thy sinless lips did lave,
The uttermost of woe was quaffed,
This sin-sick world to save.

Death kissed Thy feet on Jordan's shore,
Thy hands on Calvary,
His Sovereign Thou! Our hearts adore
Thy glorious majesty.

Baptize us, Lord, into Thy death,
And may we chosen be
From out the world, as royal priests,
As sons and heirs to Thee.

———————

WHILE place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none,
But with our God to lead the way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

THE ONE LOAF.

1 COR. 10:17.

THE twilight hour, when all the world doth dream, I stand amid
The ripening grain, that ripples, like the bosom of a lake
Beneath the evening breeze. I pluck, and idly hold within
My hand, one golden ear, the while in swift succession pass
Strange visions of the olden time: I see a threshing-floor,—
The wheat by wooden flail bereft of chaff and shining husk.
The scene is changed: I see a woman grinding at a mill,—
Between the upper and the nether stones the grain is crushed
Until no semblance of its former state remains, but each
Is merged into one common whole,—a coarse and homely meal.
Another picture,—mixed with water and with salt, a loaf,
Or flattened cake, is formed and laid upon the glowing coals.

And as I gaze my thoughts are lifted to a higher plane;
I see "the members of His body," like the golden grain,

Denuded of their glittering robes of earthly pride and fame;
The upper and the nether stones of life's vicissitudes
Are slowly, surely, grinding rich and poor, the high, the low,
Into one common-union,—heart and mind, and zeal and love;
With purifying salt, life-giving water of the Word,
The mass is being drawn and held and moulded in "one loaf."

Ah, then, beloved, when we drink of that memorial cup,
And eat the symbol of His flesh, let us partake with joy,
Nor marvel if we need that strange, transforming power of fire,
Ere we are counted worthy to be like our Lord and Head,
And "broken" that a hungry, fainting, dying world be fed!

"UNTIL HE COME."

"TILL He come!"—Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between,
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,

Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb;
It is only "Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts 'round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb
Only whisper, "Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread.
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials!—till the Lord
Call us 'round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from heaven some,
Severed only—till He come!

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

POOR, trembling sheep! Ah! who outside the fold
Hath bid thee stand, all weary as thou art,
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold
Creeping and growing into thine inmost heart?
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
Thou knowest not what—perchance mayst never know—
Shall find thee, when in darkness thou art kneeling,
And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
Of love and faith; and change to warmth and light
The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night!

For miracles like this who bids thee wait?
Behold, God's precious word to thee is, "Come!"
The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in His love would gently lead thee home.
Why shouldst thou wait? Long centuries ago,
O timid sheep, the Shepherd paid for thee!
Thou art His own. Wouldst thou His beauty know,
Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see?
Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive:
More blest are they who see not, yet believe.

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou say,
"Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead;
I have no faith, and without faith, who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait."
Not so. The Shepherd doth not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him;
And this He meant in saying, "Come to Me."
In light or darkness, seek to do His will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

PSALM 52:8.

O TRUST thyself to Jesus,
When conscious of thy sin—
Of its heavy weight upon thee,
Of its mighty power within.
Then is the hour for pleading
His finished work for thee;
Then is the time for singing,
"His blood was shed for me."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
When faith is dim and weak,
And the very One thou needest
Thou canst not rise to seek.
Then is the hour for seeing
That He hath come to thee;
Then is the time for singing,
"His touch hath healed me."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
When tempted to transgress
By hasty word, or angry look,
Or thought of bitterness.
Then is the hour for claiming
Thy Lord to fight for thee;
Then is the time for singing,
"He doth deliver me."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
When daily cares perplex,
And trifles seem to gain a power
Thine inner soul to vex.
Then is the hour for grasping
His hand who walked the sea;
Then is the time for singing,
"He makes it calm for me."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
When some truth thou canst not see
For the mists of strife and error,
That veil its form from thee.
Then is the hour for looking
To Him to guide thee right;

Then is the time for singing,
"The Lord shall be my light."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
In bright and happy days,
When tasting earthly gladness,
Or winning human praise.
Then is the hour for hiding
In the shadow of His wings;
Then is the time for singing,
"Praise to the King of kings!"

O trust thyself to Jesus,
When thou art wearied sore,
When head or hand refuses
To think or labor more.
Then is the hour for leaning
Upon the Master's breast;
Then is the time for singing,
"My Savior gives me rest."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
When thou art tried with pain;
No power for prayer, the only thought
How to endure the strain.
Then is the hour for resting
In His perfect love for thee;
Then is the time for singing,
"He thinks and cares for me."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
In days of feebleness,
When thou canst only dumbly feel
Thine utter helplessness.

Then is the hour for proving
His mighty power in thee;
Then is the time for singing,
"His grace sufficeth me."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
When thou art full of care
For wanderers whom thou canst not win
Our blessed hope to share.
Then is the hour for trusting
Thy Lord to bring them nigh;
Then is the time for singing,
"He loves them more than I."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
When loved ones pass away,
When very lonely seems thy life,
And very dark thy way.
Then is the hour for yielding
Entirely to His will;
Then is the time for singing,
"I have my Savior still."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
When flesh and heart do fail,
And thou art called to enter
Death's dark, o'ershadowed vale.
Then is the hour for saying,
I will no evil fear;
Then is the time for singing,
"Lord, Thou art with me here."

O trust thyself to Jesus,
As thy spirit takes its flight,

From every earthly shadow,
To the realm of perfect light.
Then is the hour for shouting,
"Christ hath done all for me!"
Then is the time for singing,
"He gives the victory!"

TRUST HIM MORE.

SINCE The Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.
Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wounds thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without measure, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thine inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand,
Child-like, proudly pushing back
The proffered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear;

In His love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own the Savior giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that striveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care.
Ask Him not, then, When? or How?
Only bow!

OUR BOW OF PROMISE.

A RAVELED rainbow overhead
Lets down to earth its varying thread—
Love's blue, joy's gold; and fair between
Hope's shifting light of emerald green.
On either side in deep relief
A crimson pain, a violet grief.
Wouldst thou amid their gleaming hues
Snatch after those, and these refuse?
Believe, could thine anointed eyes
Follow their lines, and sound the skies,

There where the fadeless glories shine
Thine unseen Savior twists the twine!
And be thou sure what tint soe'er
The broken ray beneath may wear,
It needs them all that, fair and white,
His love may weave the perfect light.

FOLLOW THE PATTERN.

LET us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs; they study it with care;
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver;
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.
Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well;

And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving alway, till the mystic web is done—
Weaving blindly, but weaving sure, each for himself his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear;
Only let him look clear into heaven—the perfect pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of the Savior forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, who shall say to him, "Well done!"
Since in copying thus the pattern, he had laid his own will down;
And God for his wages shall give him, not coin, but a glorious crown.

"O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH."

O THOU of little faith, why dost thou fear?
The tempest hath no power when I am near;
Will not the angry waves be still at My command?
Step out, I'll hold thy hand,
Then, wherefore dost thou fear?

O thou of little faith, why dost thou doubt?
Doth not Mine Angel compass thee about?
Are not My Father's promises as sure to thee
As they have proved to Me?
Then, wherefore dost thou doubt?

O thou of little faith, what dost thou dread?
Are not the lilies clothed, the sparrows fed?
Heed not the world, nor marvel that it hateth thee,
For so it hated Me,—
What, therefore, dost thou dread?

O thou of little faith, why dost thou shrink?
Why dost thou tremble at the river's brink?
Oh, hark! Above its tumult sweetly sounds My "Come",
Thou art not far from home!
Then, wherefore wouldst thou shrink?

———————

THE bark is wafted to the strand by breath Divine,
And on the helm there rests another Hand than mine!

A PERFECT TRUST.

O BLESSED peace of a perfect trust,
My loving God, in Thee;
Unwavering faith, that never doubts
Thou choosest best for me.

Best, though my plans be all upset;
Best, though the way be rough;
Best, though mine earthly store be scant;
In Thee I have enough.

Best, though my health and strength be gone,
Though weary days be mine,
Shut out from much that others have;
Not my will, Lord, but Thine!

And e'en though disappointments come,
They, too, are best for me,
To wean me from a calm'ring world,
And lead me nearer Thee.

O blessed peace of a perfect trust
That looks away from all;
That sees Thy hand in everything,
In great events or small;

That hears Thy voice—a Father's voice—
Directing for the best:—
O blessed peace of a perfect trust,
A heart with Thee at rest!

IF I COULD KNOW.

IF I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by my Lord—
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness, the strife,
And all the nameless ills of life—
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if He really shares
In all these little human cares,
This mighty King of kings!—
If He who guides through boundless space
Each radiant planet in its place,
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things.

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The blessed thought of Deity,
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
That Thou dost compass me about
With sympathy Divine.
The Love for me once crucified
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

BRINGING HOME THE FLOCK.

THROUGH pastures fair,
And sea-girt paths all wild with rock and foam,
O'er velvet sward, and desert stern and bare,
The flock comes home.

A weary way,
Now smooth, then rugged with a thousand snares;
Now dim with rain, then sweet with blossoms gay,
And summer airs.

Yet, safe at last,
Within the fold they gather, and are still;
Sheltered from driving shower and stormy blast,
They fear no ill.

Through life's dark ways,
Through flowery paths where evil angels roam,
Through restless nights, and long, heart-wasting days,
Christ's flock comes home.

Safe to the fold,
The blessed fold, where fears are never known,
Love-guarded, fenced about with walls of gold,
He leads His own.

O Shepherd King,
With loving hands, whose lightest touch is blest!
Thine is the Kingdom, Thine the power, to bring
Thy flock to rest!

HOW STRONG AND SWEET MY FATHER'S CARE!

1 PETER 5:7.

HOW strong and sweet my Father's care!
The words, like music in the air,
Come answering to my whispered prayer—
He cares for thee.

The thought great wonder with it brings—
My cares are all such little things;
But to this truth my glad faith clings,
He cares for me.

Yea, keep me ever in Thy love,
Dear Father, watching from above,
And let me still Thy mercy prove,
And care for me.

Cast me not off because of sin,
But make me pure and true within,
And teach me how Thy smile to win,
Who cares for me.

O still, in summer's golden glow,
Or wintry storms of wind and snow,
Love me, my Father: let me know
Thy care for me.

And I will learn to cast the care
Which like a heavy load I bear
Down at Thy feet in lowly prayer,
And trust in Thee.

For naught can hurt me, shade or shine,
Nor evil thing touch me, nor mine,
Since Thou with tenderness Divine
Dost care for me.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

THE Lord my Shepherd feeds me,
And I no want shall know;
He in green pastures leads me,
By streams which gently flow.

He doth, when ill betides me,
Restore me from distress;
For His name's sake He guides me
In paths of righteousness.

His rod and staff shall cheer me,
When passing death's dark vale;
My Lord will still be near me,
And I shall fear no ill.

My food He doth appoint me,
Prepared before my foes;
With oil He doth anoint me;
My cup of bliss o'erflows.

His goodness shall not leave me,
His mercy still shall guide,
Till God's house shall receive me,
Forever to abide.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

WHEN the stormy winds are blowing,
And the angry billows roll,
When the mighty waves of trouble
Surge around thy stricken soul,
Have faith in God,
Who reigns above;
Yea, trust in Him,
For He is love.

When the way is rough and thorny,
Danger all along the path,
When the foe is ever planning
How to crush thee in his wrath,
Have faith in God;
His loving care
Shall keep thee safe
From every snare.

When thine eyes are dim with weeping,
And thy heart is full of woe
For the loved that now are sleeping
In the silent grave so low,
Have faith in God;
The dead shall rise
And meet the Savior
From the skies.

Art thou filled with eager longing
For the night to pass away?
Art thou weary of the watching
For the dawning of the day?

Have faith in God;
He is our stay;
Soon, soon will come
The perfect day.

Art thou hoping, waiting, praying,
For the presence of the Lord?
Art thou waiting for the Kingdom,
And the glorious reward?
Have faith in God;
Our King is here,
And soon His glory
Will appear.

COURAGE! MY SOUL.

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful—
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find in it thine own delight,
His will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all, with care most true.
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest;

Thou knowest that God's will must be
For all His creatures—so for thee—
The best.

EVEN SO, FATHER

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here hath spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed unkind was love most true.

And we shall see that while we weep and sigh
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see;
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometime, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and recoil and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,

Oh! do not blame the loving Father—no,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes with sable pall of death
There also comes a boon His love doth send.
If we could push ajar the gates of Truth,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all apparent strife,
And for life's mysteries could find the key.

If not to-day, be thou content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the chose-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say that God knew best.

OH, WHO SHALL ROLL THE STONE AWAY?

A NAMELESS chill pervaded all the air,
On that gray morn, long centuries ago,
As through the city's narrow streets there crept
Two women on their way to Calvary.
The fragrant odors of sweet spices told
Of their sad errand to the tomb of Him
They loved. And as they neared the garden where
Their blessed Lord was laid, a sudden fear
Took hold upon their eager, loving hearts—

(The sepulchre was hewn from solid rock,
A great stone had been rolled before the door,
And sealed with Pilate's royal signature)—
They felt their weakness, and in anguish cried,
"Oh, who shall roll for us the stone away?"
But faith grew bold, they urged their faltering steps—
When lo! they found an Angel from the Lord
Had rolled away the stone, and sat thereon!

Thus often, when with loving zeal we seek
To serve the Lord, a great fear chills our hearts,
The door of opportunity seems closed,
And in our weakness and distress we cry,
"Oh, who shall roll for us the stone away?"
But when with faith and courage we press on,
We find the Angel of the Lord hath gone
Before, and lo! the stone is rolled away!

TRANSVERSE AND PARALLEL

MY will, dear Lord, from Thine doth run
Too oft a different way;
'Tis hard to say, "Thy will be done,"
In every darkened day!
My heart longs still to do Thy will
And all Thy Word obey.

My will sometimes would gather flowers;
Thine blights them in my hand;
Mine reaches for life's sunny hours;
Thine leads through shadow land;
And many days go on in ways
I cannot understand.

Yet more and more this truth doth shine
From failure and from loss:
The will that runs transverse from Thine
Doth thereby make its cross;
Thine upright will cuts straight and still
Through pride, and dream, and dross.

But if in parallel to Thine
My will doth meekly run,
All things in heaven and earth are mine;
My will is crossed by none;
Thou art in me, and I in Thee:
Thy will and mine are done.

O SOUL OF MINE!

O SOUL of mine, be calm, be still,
Submit thyself to God,
In all thy ways yield to His will,
Nor faint beneath the rod.

O soul of mine, like potter's clay
Within the Master's hand,
O let Him mould thee day by day,
Till faultless thou shalt stand.

O soul of mine, have faith, believe,
Nor count the cost of strife,
Fight on, faint not, thou shalt receive
At last the Crown of Life!

NOT SEEING, YET BELIEVING.

THE clouds hang heavy 'round my way,
I cannot see.
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me;
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His
While all is dim;
To close my weary, aching eyes
And follow Him;
Through many a thorny path He leads
My tired feet.

Through many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet
To know that He is close to me,
My God, my Guide;
He leadeth me, and so I walk
Quite satisfied.
To my blind eyes He may reveal
No light at all;
But while I lean on His strong arm
I cannot fall.

AMEN, AMEN.

I CANNOT say,
Beneath the pressure of life's cares today,
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I would rather walk this rugged way,
If Him it please.

I cannot feel
That all is well when dark'ning clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then I know
God lives and loves; and say, since it is so,
"Thy will be done."

I cannot speak
In happy tones; the tear-drops on my cheek
Show I am sad;
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek,
Until made glad.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When He is love;
But I can see,
Though often dimly, through the mystery,
His hand above.

I may not try
To keep the hot tears back; but hush that sigh,
"It might have been;"
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will
Respond—"AMEN."

———————

E'EN sorrow, touched by heaven, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us world of light
We never saw by day.

LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

LOVE is the filling from one's own
Another's cup.
Love is a daily laying down
And taking up;
A choosing of the stony path
Through each new day
That other feet may tread with ease
A smoother way.
Love is not blind, but looks abroad
Through other eyes;
And asks not "Must I give?" but "May
I sacrifice?"
Love hides its grief, that other hearts
And lips may sing;
And burdened, walks, that other lives
May, buoyant, wing.
Brother, hast thou a love like this
Within thy soul?
'Twill change thy name to saint when thou
Dost reach thy goal.

———————

O LOVE, our refuge in earth's wildest storm!
O Service, life-breath of a heart that's warm!
A dual-unity, of heaven born;
For love is service in its highest form.
Flame-tints that shimmer on the desert air!
Love-lights that make Life's sands a garden fair,
Where joy and pain sing softly to the soul,
That God in man is Love in human care.

LOVING SUBMISSION.

I MAY not understand just why the clouds obscure the sun,
But I can trust Him still, and feebly say, "Thy will be done."
I know not why each door of service He sees fit to close,
But I rejoice to find my will would ne'er His way oppose.
I can but wonder why it seemeth to my Father best,
To loosen from its resting place upon my throbbing breast
The priceless jewel fastened there by His own hand,—but then,
I joy to feel the mother-heart can still respond, Amen!

I do not always clearly see the lesson I should learn,
But hour by hour I'll strive to let the hallowed incense burn.
I know not why the sweet must turn to bitter in the cup,
But still I press it to my lips, and through my tears look up
To Him who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind,"
Assured that, when the cup is drained, a blessing there I'll find.

Press hard, then, Master Workman, and refrain not, if I weep,—
The marble's fairest beauty grows beneath the chiseling deep,—

Yea, Lord, let skies be overcast, as seemeth best to Thee,
Take from my arms the dearest thing Thy love hath given me;
Let sweet or bitter fill my cup, according to Thy will,
I'll closer clasp Thy hand in mine and in the flame hold still.
And thus, although Thou slay me, I will praise Thee night and day,
I'll lay each burden at Thy feet, and bear a song away!

HIS WAY IS BEST.

JUST why I suffer loss
I cannot know;
I only know my Father
Wills it so.
He leads in paths I cannot understand;
But all the way, I know, is wisely planned.

My life is only mine
That I may use
The gifts He lendeth me
As He may choose.
And, if in love some boon He doth recall,
I know that unto Him belongeth all.

I am His child, and I
Can safely trust;
He loves me, and I know
That He is just;
Within His love I can securely rest,
Assured that what He does for me is best.

JUST TO LET THY FATHER DO WHAT HE WILL.

JUST to let Thy Father do what He will;
Just to know that He is true, and be still.
Just to follow, hour by hour, as He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power, as it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all. Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatso'er befall, bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee, through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything, as it rises,
And at once to bring to Him all surprises.
Just to listen, and to stay where you cannot miss His voice,
This is all! and thus today, you, communing, shall rejoice.

Just to trust, and yet to ask guidance still;
Take the training or the task, as He will.
Just to take the loss or gain, as He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain as He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise will not miss the gracious aim;
So today, and all thy days, shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand little things;
All we cannot understand, all that stings.

Just to let Him take the care sorely pressing;
Finding all we let Him bear changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way marked by Him who loves thee best:
Secret of a happy day, secret of His promised rest.

ASSURANCE.

IT may not come to us as we have thought,
The blessed consciousness of sins forgiven;
We may not hear a voice that shall proclaim
Our title clear to the sweet rest of heaven.

We may not see a light upon the path
Above the brightness of the noonday sun,
Whose radiance shall reveal our names enrolled
As ransomed by the Lord's Anointed One.

Not thus may the sweet knowledge come to us,
That all is well with us forevermore;
Not with a flash of glory on the soul
Do all pass into life through Christ the door.

But like the winter merging into spring,
Or gently as the trees put forth their leaves,
May come to us the impulse of that life
Which God bestows on those sin truly grieves.

If we are conscious of a firm resolve
To follow Jesus as our constant guide;
If, in prosperity or in distress,
Our hearts cling closely to the Crucified;

If we are not ashamed to have it known
That in His service is our chief delight;
Though we may never feel the ecstasy
Which those attain who reach the mountain height;

Yet, if the hour of secret prayer be sweet,
When we hold converse with the Friend Divine,
And dear the time when with His "own" we meet,
For us the promise stand, "They shall be Mine."

HIS VEILED ANGELS GUARD THEE.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear
Him, and delivereth them."—Psa. 34:7. "He shall give
His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy
ways."—Psa. 91:11. "Are they not all ministering
spirits sent forth to minister
unto them that shall be heirs of
salvation?"—Heb. 1:14.

OFTEN when thou'rt faint and weary in the struggle and the strife,
And thy heart nigh sinks within thee, 'neath the strain and stress of life:
When thou'rt tempted, tried and fearful, and thou canst not see the way,
And each night looms black with shadows from thy sorrows in the day;
I would ask thee still to trust Him, He who sees all in the light,
For He guards thee by His angels, though they're veiled from thy sight—
Yea, He guards thee by His angels, though they're veiled from thy sight.

Oh, be watchful, oh, be sober, for the Adversary tries,
To allure us to destruction by his subtly fashioned lies.
He would sift us, he would tempt us, he would claim us for his prey,
And his legions ever watch us as we tread the Narrow Way:
But we know of his devices, and we trust Jehovah's might,
For He guards us by His angels, though they're veiled from our sight—
Yea, He guards us by His angels, though they're veiled from our sight.

There is One who knows thy weakness, and thy failings, and thy tears,
Thy burdens and thy sorrows, and thy tremblings and thy fears,
And thy heart-cries always reach Him, and are answered in His way,
Though thou canst not see His workings as they shape thy path each day.
Sad disaster had o'erwhelmed thee, had He not put forth His might,
Through His angels that surround thee, but are veiled from thy sight—
Guardian angels that surround thee, but are veiled from thy sight.

Ah, believe me, when the Day breaks, and we know as we are known,

In the sunlight of the glory that surrounds our Father's Throne,
He will tell us how He led us: we shall see the pathway clear,
The way we trod that led to God through failing, fault and fear.
And we'll see those guardian angels who were veiled from our sight,
We shall understand the workings of the Power put forth in might:
Yea, and with those guardian angels who were veiled from our sight,
We shall see our Savior, and our God, in Heaven's Eternal Light.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

1 PETER 5:7.

WHAT can it mean? Is it aught to Him,
That the nights are long, and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife.
How can He care for my poor life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sorrows be;
When the lights die down on the path I take;
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake;
When love and music, that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness;

And life-song changes to sobbing prayers—
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid;
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through.
And I long for a Savior—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrow that bore me down He bears,
And loves and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again:
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above,
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can that be trouble, which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord doth care.

MY TRUST IN HIM.

I CANNOT always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget He leads me on
With hands of love.
But yet I realize the path must lead me to
Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit, I shall know
And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course
My bark must take;
But looking backward, I behold afar
Its shining wake
Illumined with God's Light of Love; and so
I onward go
In perfect trust that He who holds the helm
The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which
He builds my life;
For oft the sound of hammer, blow on blow,
The noise of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows
And oversees,
And that in all details with His great plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks He gives
In Life's hard school;

But I am learning with His help to solve
Them one by one;
And when I cannot understand, to say,
"Thy will be done."

FILLED WITH CHRIST'S FULNESS.

JESUS, my Lord, Thou art my life,
My rest in labor, strength in strife;
Thy love begets my love of Thee;
Thy fulness that which filleth me.

Long, long I struggled ere I knew
My struggling vain, my life untrue.
I sought by efforts of mine own
What is the gift of Christ alone.

I prayed, and wrestled in my prayer,
I wrought, but self was ever there;
Joy never came, nor rest, nor peace,
Nor faith, nor hope, nor love's increase.

Mine effort vain, my weakness learned,
Weary, from self to Christ I turned,
Content to let His fulness be
An unbought fulness unto me.

Life's heavenly secret was revealed—
In Christ all riches are concealed.
We try and fail; we ask, He gives,
And in His rest our spirit lives.

O peaceful rest! O Life Divine!
Mine efforts cannot make Thee mine.
I yield my sinful heart to Thee,
And in Thy love Thou fillest me.

IS IT FOR ME?

IS it for me, dear Savior,
Thy glory and Thy rest?
For me, so poor and humble,
Oh! shall I thus be blest?

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

Is it for me to listen
To Thy beloved voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice?

A thrill of solemn gladness
Hath hushed my very heart
To think that I may really
Behold Thee as Thou art;

Behold Thee in Thy beauty;
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory
And rest in Thine embrace.

INTO HIS MARVELOUS LIGHT.

OUT of disaster and ruin complete,
Out of the struggle and dreary defeat,
Out of my sorrow, and burden, and shame,
Out of the evils too fearful to name,
Out of my guilt and the criminal's doom,
Out of the dreading, and terror, and gloom;

Into the sense of forgiveness and rest,
Into inheritance with all the blest,
Into a righteous and permanent peace,
Into the grandest and fullest release,
Into the comfort without an alloy,
Into a perfect and permanent joy.

Wonderful love that hath wrought all for me!
Wonderful work that hath thus set me free!
Wonderful ground upon which I have come!
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home!

Out of the terror at standing alone,
Out, and forever, of being my own,
Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
Out of the longings which nothing could fill,
Out of the bitterness, madness and strife,
Out of myself and of all I called life;

Into the light and the glory of God,
Into the holy, made clean by His blood,
Into His arms, the embrace and the kiss,
Into the scene of ineffable bliss,

Into the quiet, the infinite calm,
Into the place of the song and the psalm.

Wonderful holiness, bringing to light!
Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight!
Wonderful wisdom, devising the way!
Wonderful power that nothing can stay!

BELIEVE GOOD THINGS OF GOD.

WHEN in the storm it seems to thee
That He who rules the raging sea
Is sleeping, still, on bended knee,
Believe good things of God.

When thou hast sought in vain to find
The silver thread of love entwined
In life's soft, tangled web, resigned,
Believe good things of God.

And should He smite thee till thy heart
Is crushed beneath the bruising smart,
Still, while the bitter teardrops start,
Believe good things of God.

'Tis true thou mayst not understand
The dealings of thy Father's hand;
But trusting what His love hath planned,
Believe good things of God.

He loves thee; in that love confide;
Unchanging, faithful, true and tried.

And through whatever may betide,
Believe good things of God.

BEARING GOD'S BURDENS.

I LONG had borne a weary load
Along life's rough and thorny road,
And oftentimes had wondered why
My friend walked burdenless, while I
Was forced to carry day by day
The cross which on my shoulders lay.
When, lo, one day the Master laid
Another cross on me! Dismayed
And faint, and trembling and distressed,
I cried, "Oh, I have longed for rest
These many days. I cannot bear
This other heavy load of care.
I pray Thee, Lord, behold this one—
Shall I bear both while he hath none?"
No answer came. The cross was laid
On my poor back, and I was weighed
Down to the earth. And as I went
Toiling along and almost spent,
Again I cried, "Lord, have I been
Untrue to Thee? Is it for sin
That I have done, that I must still
Carry this cross against my will?"
"My child," the Master's voice returned,
"Hast thou not yet the lesson learned?
The burden thou hast borne so long
Hath only made thee grow more strong,
And fitted thee to bear for Me
This other load I lay on thee.

Thy brother is too weak as yet
To have a cross upon him set.
God's burdens rest upon the strong—
They stronger grow who bear them long,
And each new burden is a sign
That greater power to bear is thine."
So now no longer I repine,
Because a heavy cross is mine,
But struggle onward with the prayer,
Make me more worthy, Lord, to bear!

TRUST.

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHO HAVE NOT SEEN AND YET HAVE BELIEVED."

CHILD of Mine, I love thee, listen now to Me,
And make answer truly while I question thee.
For I see that shadows do thy soul oppress,
And thy faith so weakens, that I cannot bless.

Thou hast craved My power and presence in thy soul.
Wilt thou yield thee truly unto My control?
Wilt thou let Me ever with thee have My way,
Yield thyself in all things simply to obey?

Though My presence ofttimes seem to be withdrawn,
Of mine inward workings not a trace be shown,
Wilt thou count Me present notwithstanding all,
Still believe I'm working ever in thy soul?

When I give to others what I thee deny,
Flood them with My sunshine, wholly pass thee by,
Wilt thou still believe in My strong love for thee,
Yield thee to My purpose whatsoe'er it be?

When I to thy pleadings seem no heed to pay,
And thy foes grow bolder, claim thee as their prey,
Though toward thee I'm silent, wilt thou stand the test,
On My Word of promise lay thee down to rest?

If to these My questions thou canst answer "Yes,"
Thou shalt be forever one I love the best.
To the inner circle of My favored few,
Thou shalt be admitted, and My glory view.

MY HYMN.

I CANNOT think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so!

I stretch my hand: it lies so near.
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear!
"Dear Lord," I pray, "oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so!"
He only smiles; He does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far and yet so near.

"Now, Lord, I leave at Thy dear feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long;
I almost fear I have been wrong.

I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet
To take this thing so dear, so sweet!"

THIS IS MY WILL FOR THEE.

JUST to hear my dear Master say,
"This is My will for thee;"
Then to whisper the dark night through,
"This is His will for me."

Just to keep in the narrow way,
Painful how'er it be,
Just to follow Him day by day,—
All shall be well with me.

Just to joyfully bear the pain,
All that He sendeth me,
Just to suffer the scorn and shame,—
Trust where I cannot see.

Just to hear, when the day seems long,
"This is My will for thee;"
Then shall my faith and love grow strong,
Knowing His will for me.

Oh, to hear, when the work is done,
"This is My will for thee,—
Faith and Patience and Love have won,—
Sit in My throne with Me!"

IN MY NAME.

THERE were only two or three of us
Who came to the place of prayer—
Came in the teeth of the driving storm;
But for that we did not care,
Since after our hymns of praise had risen,
And our earnest prayers were said,
The Master Himself was present there,
And He gave us the living bread.

We noted the look in each other's face,
So loving, and glad, and free;
We felt His touch when our heads were bowed,
We heard His "Come to Me!"
Nobody saw Him lift the latch,
And none unbarred the door;
But "Peace" was His token in every heart,
And how could we ask for more?

Each of us felt the relief from sin,
Christ's purchase for one and all;
Each of us dropped his load of care,
And heard the Heavenly call;
And over our spirits a blessed calm
Swept in from the Jasper Sea,
And strength was ours for the toil of life
In the days that were yet to be.

It was only a handful gathered in
To that little place of prayer,
Outside were struggle and strife and sin,
But the Lord Himself was there.

He came to redeem the pledge He gave—
Wherever His loved ones be,
To give His comfort and joy to them,
Though they count but two or three.

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A LITTLE talk with Jesus,—
How it smooths the rugged road!
How it seems to help me onward,
When I faint beneath my load!
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And mine eyes with tears are dim,
There is naught can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest;
But I still will wait His bidding,
For His way is always best.
Then His promise ever cheers me
'Mid all the cares of life:—
"I am come, and soon in glory
Will end thy toil and strife."

Ah, that is what I'm wanting,
His lovely face to see—
And I'm not afraid to say it,
I know He's wanting me.
He gave His life a ransom
To make me all His own,
And He'll ne'er forget His promise
To me, His purchased one.

The way is sometimes weary
To yonder nearing clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Hath helped me many a time.
The more I come to know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It sets me ever longing
To know Him more and more.

THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

IN the secret of His presence
How my soul delights to hide:
Oh, how precious are the lessons
Which I learn at Jesus' side.
Earthly cares can only vex me,
Trials never lay me low,
And when Satan comes to tempt me,
To the secret place I go.

When my would is faint and thirsty,
'Neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter,
And a fresh and crystal spring.
And my Savior rests beside me,
As we hold communion sweet;
If I tried, I could not utter
What He says, when thus we meet.

Only this: I know, I tell Him
All my doubts, and griefs, and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens,
And my drooping heart He cheers.

Do you think He ne'er reproves me?
What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me
Of the faults which He must see.

Do you think that I could love Him
Half so well, or as I ought,
If He did not plainly tell me
Each displeasing word and thought?
No! for He is very faithful,
And that makes me trust Him more,
For I know that He doth love me,
Though sometimes He wounds me sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness
Of this secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow,
This shall then be your reward.
And whene'er you leave the silence
Of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image
Of the Master in your face.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.

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

A bowing, burdened head,
Only too glad to rest,

Unquestioning upon
A loving breast.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past!
I'm willing not to do,
At last, at last!

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part:
To 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.

Weak, weary and uncrowned,
I yet to bear am strong;
Content not e'en to cry,
"How long! How long!"

———————

"THE Lord be with you!" steals the benediction
With solemn splendor like a falling star;
In morns of joy and midnights of affliction,
It breathes its echoed sweetness near and far.

"The Lord be with you!" when the shadows hold you;
And prove His loving power to soothe and bless;
When dangers darken and when fears enfold you,
"The Lord be with you!" in His tenderness.

LORD, GIVE ME THIS!

LUKE 11:13.

O HEAVENLY Father, Thou hast told
Of a gift more precious than pearls and gold;
A gift that is free to every one,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son.
For His sake, give this to me.

O give it to me, for Jesus said
That a father giveth his children bread,
And how much more Thou wilt surely give
The gift by which the dead shall live!
For Christ's sake, give this to me.

I cannot see, and I want the sight;
I am in the dark, and I want the light;
I want to pray, and I don't know how;
O give me Thy Holy Spirit now!
For Christ's sake, give this to me.

Since Thou hast said it, I must believe
It is only "ask" and I shall receive:
Since Thou hast said it, it must be true,
And there's nothing else for me to do!
For Christ's sake, give this to me.

So I come and ask, because my need
Is very great and real indeed.
On the strength of Thy Word I come and say,
Oh, let Thy Word come true today!
For Christ's sake, give this to me!

PRAYER OF THE CONSECRATED.

WE seek, not, Lord, for tongues of flame,
Or healing virtue's mystic aid;
But power Thy Gospel to proclaim—
The balm for wounds that sin hath made.

Breathe on us, Lord; Thy radiance pour
On all the wonders of the page
Where hidden lies the heavenly lore
That blessed our youth and guides our age.

Grant skill each sacred theme to trace,
With loving voice and glowing tongue,
As when upon Thy words of grace
The wondering crowds enraptured hung.

Grant faith, that treads the stormy deep,
If but Thy voice shall bid it come;
And zeal, that climbs the mountain steep,
To seek and bring the wanderer home.

Give strength, blest Savior, in Thy might;
Illuminate our hearts, and we,
Transformed into Thine image bright,
Shall teach, and love, and live, like Thee!

LIVING FOR JESUS.

LIVING for Jesus day by day,
Following just as He leads the way,
Never a choice in great or small,
Doing His will, and that is all.

LORD, LET ME TALK WITH THEE.

LORD, let me talk with Thee of all I do,
All that I care for, all that I wish for, too;
Lord, let me prove Thy sympathy, Thy power,
Thy loving oversight from hour to hour!
When I need counsel, let me ask of Thee:
Whatever my perplexity may be,
It cannot be too trivial to bring
To One who marks the sparrow's drooping wing;
Nor too terrestrial since Thou hast said
The very hairs are numbered on our head.
'Tis through such loop-holes that the foe takes aim,
And sparks, unheeded, burst into a flame.
Do money troubles press? Thou canst resolve
The doubts and dangers such concerns involve.
Are those I love the cause of anxious care?
Thou canst unbind the burdens they may bear.
Before the mysteries of Thy Word or will,
Thy voice can gently bid my heart be still,
Since all that now is hard to understand
Shall be unravelled in yon heavenly land.
Or do I mourn the oft-besetting sin,
The tempter's wiles, that mar the peace within?
Present Thyself, Lord, as the absolving priest,
To whom confessing, I go forth released.
Do weakness, weariness, disease, invade
This earthly house, which Thou Thyself hast made?
Thou only, Lord, canst touch the hidden spring
Of mischief, and attune the jarring string.
Would I be taught what Thou wouldst have me give,
The needs of those less favored to relieve?

Thou canst so guide my hand that I shall be
A liberal, "cheerful give," Lord, like Thee.
Of my life's mission, do I stand in doubt?
Thou knowest and canst clearly point it out.
Whither I go, do Thou Thyself decide,
And choose the friends and servants by my side.
The books I read, I would submit to Thee,
Let them refresh, instruct and solace me.
I would converse with Thee from day to day,
With heart intent on what Thou hast to say;
And through my pilgrim walk, whate'er befall,
Consult with Thee, O Lord, about it all.
Since Thou art willing thus to condescend
To be mine intimate, familiar friend,
Oh, let me to the great occasion rise,
And count Thy friendship life's most glorious prize.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

PSALM 31:15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

"WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,"
Sang a little child one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
All her heart was sad with care;
Sweetly rang out baby's treble,—
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Savior
Who would carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;

But the baby singer bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn, she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
Owning Him as her dear Lord.

Jesus was her only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And He blessed the weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.

O, USE ME, LORD!

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

O, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,

I may stretch out a helping hand
To wrestlers in the troubled sea.

O, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share!

———————

I CANNOT do without Thee;
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;

But Thou, beloved Savior,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

MY PRAYER.

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,
Mine unskilled hand may break;
Thine can make no mistake.

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 poor eyes cannot see
What is so clear to Thee—
Lord, make it clear to me.

———————

I KNOW not the way that's before me,
The joys or the griefs it may bring;
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the wayside may spring.
But there's One who will journey beside me,
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
And this is my solace and comfort,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

THE PILGRIM'S WANTS.

I WANT that adorning divine,
Thou, only, my God, canst bestow;
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,
Which distinguish Thy household below.

I want, oh, I want to attain
Some likeness, my Savior, to Thee:
That longed-for resemblance once more to regain,
Thy comeliness put upon me.

I want to be marked for Thine own;
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that "new name" on the mystic white stone,
Which only Thyself canst declare.

I want so in Thee to abide,
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise;
The branch that Thou prunest, though feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays.

I want Thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things,
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,
Where my heart too tenaciously clings.

I want, by mine aspect serene,
Mine actions and words, to declare
That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,
That my heart and affections are there.

I want, as a traveler, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause on my way,
No forethought or anxious contrivance to waste
On my tent, only pitched for a day.

I want (and this sums up my prayer)
To glorify Thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,
And breathe out in prayer my last sigh.

WATCH AND PRAY.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy gracious Savior say,
"Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers
Mustering their unseen array,
Watch for thine unguarded hours:
"Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambush'd lies the Evil One:
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His words:
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
"Watch and pray."

LEAD ME.

I DO not ask, dear Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poision and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Tho' strength should falter, and tho' heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, dear Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear;
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness, just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but peace Divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! And my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through the weary land,
Keep me from wandering, Father, take my hand.
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Hath pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand.
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear, and danger, compass me about,
And foes oppress me so. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child.

JUST FOR TODAY.

LORD, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me from any stain of sin just for today.
Let me both diligently work and duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed just for today.
Let me be slow to do my will, prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself just for today.
Let me no wrong nor idle word unthinking say;
Set Thou Thy seal upon my lips just for today.
So for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, just for today.

SHOW ME THY FACE.

SHOW me Thy face—one transient gleam
Of loveliness Divine,
And I shall never think or dream
Of other love than Thine;
All other lights will darken quite,
All lower glories wane,
The beautiful of earth will scarce
Seem beautiful again.

Show me Thy face—the heaviest cross
Will then seem light to bear,
There will be gain in every loss,
And peace with every care.
With such light feet the years will fleet,
Life seem as brief as blest,
Till I have laid my burden down,
And entered into rest.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

UNANSWERED yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Doth faith begin to fail, is hope declining,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Tho' when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So anxious was your heart to have it done.
If years have passed since then, do not despair,
For God will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? But you are not unheeded;
The promises of God forever stand;
To Him our days and years alike are equal.
Have faith in God! It is your Lord's command.
Hold on to Jacob's angel, and your prayer
Shall bring a blessing down, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say unanswered;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered;
And God will finish what He hath begun.
Keep incense burning at the shrine of prayer,
And glory shall descend, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock.

Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence hath heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere!"

COMMUNION WITH OUR FATHER.

OFT when alone in prayer I kneel
Before my Father's throne;
I cannot tell Him all I feel,
Nor make my wishes known.

With heart subdued, and head bowed low,
I lean upon His breast,
And while the tears unbidden flow,
My love for Him confess.

I have no boon to ask of Him,
Save that His will be done,
To make me holy, pure within—
An image of His Son.

But as He smiles and draws me near—
His Spirit from above
Floods all my soul with peace so dear,
And fills my heart with love.

Though from my gaze He hides His face,
My soul, from self apart,
Hath found its happy resting place
Close to His loving heart.

EVENING PRAYER.

FATHER, now the day is over,
Weary, worn, myself I bring;
My defenseless head, oh, cover
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Pardon all the day's transgressing,
Cleanse from every stain of sin;
Lord, I come, my need confessing,
Make and keep me pure within.

Wipe away my tears of sorrow,
Take me to Thy loving breast,
Make me stronger for the morrow,
Give me peace and holy rest.

THUS MAY HE BLESS AND KEEP THEE.

NUMBERS 6:24.

THE Lord bless thee!
How shall He bless thee?
With the gladness that knoweth no decay;
With the riches that cannot pass away;
With the sunshine that makes an endless day—
Thus may He bless thee!

And keep thee!
How shall He keep thee?
With the all-covering shadow of His wings;
With the strong love that guards from evil things;
With the sure power that safe to glory brings—
Thus may He keep thee!

THY WILL BE DONE.

MY Lord, Thy will not mine be done:
Whatever path Thy love shall choose for me,
Through desert sands, or if beside the sea,—
Thy will be done!

Oh, may Thy will in me be done:
Should "harvest" labor be for me Thy will,
Or if I may but suffer and be still,—
Thy will be done!

My Father, let Thy will be done:
If sweet the cup Thou pourest for me to drink,
I'll praise Thee, but if bitter, I'll not shrink,—
Thy will be done!

Forever may Thy will be done:
I would not choose, I leave it all with Thee,—
The pilgrimage, if short or long it be,—
Thy will be done!

A PRAYER.

HEAVENLY Father, Holy One!
May Thy will in us be done:
Make our hearts submissive, meek,
Let us ne'er our own way seek.
Loving Savior, we would be
Ever more and more like Thee,
Free from pride and self-desire,
Fervent with a holy fire.

Jesus, Master, we would bear
In Thy sufferings a share;
Help us, Lord, to follow Thee,
Heavy though the cross may be.
Fill us with Divinest love,
With Thy spirit from above,
May we patiently endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure.

Blessed Lord, Thy saints defend,
Watching o'er them to the end;
Day by day their faith increase,
Keep them in Thy perfect peace;
Comfort, strengthen, guide and bless,
Lead them through the wilderness,
And when Thy due time shall come,
Gather all Thy loved ones home.

A PRAYER FOR PERFECT LOVE.

O GOD! this is my plea,
Whate'er the process be,
This love to know
And if, the prize to gain,
Through sorrow, toil and pain
I go, ere self be slain,
Amen! I go.

Rooted and grounded! yes,
For this I plead. O! bless
My waiting soul.
Will not this proud heart melt
Unless the rod be felt?

In mercy be it dealt,
And make me whole.

To Thee I humbly bow
And pray Thou wilt e'en now
The work begin.
'Tis all that I desire
This fulness to acquire;
This one great Purifier,
Dwelling within.

MASTER, SAY ON!

MASTER, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Longing for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine.
Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

Master, speak! I cannot doubt Thee;
Thou wilt through life's pathway lead;
Savior, Shepherd, oh! without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed.
Yet I seek still fuller light,
Deeper love, and clearer sight.

Resting on the "faithful saying,"
Trusting what Thy gospel saith,
On Thy written promise staying
All my hope in life and death;—
Yet I ask for more and more
From Thy love's exhaustless store.

Master, speak! and make me ready,
As Thy voice is daily heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee:
Master, speak, speak on, to me!

HYMN OF THE WALDENSES.

HEAR, Father, hear Thy faint, afflicted flock
Cry to Thee from the desert and the rock,
While those who seek to slay Thy children hold
Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold;
And the broad, goodly lands with pleasant airs
That nurse the grape and wave the grain, are theirs.

Yet better were this mountain wilderness,
And this wild life of danger and distress—
Watchings by night, and perilous flight by day,
And meetings in the depths of earth to pray—
Better, far better than to kneel with them,
And pray the impious rite Thy laws condemn.

Thou, Lord, dost hold the thunder; the firm land
Tosses in billows when it feels Thy hand.
Thou dashest nation against nation, then
Stillest the angry world to peace again.

Oh, touch their stony hearts who hunt Thy sons—
The murderers of our wives and little ones.

Yet, mighty God, yet shall Thy frown look forth
Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth;
Then the foul power of priestly sin and all
Its long-upheld idolatries shall fall.
Thou shalt raise up the trampled and opprest,
And Thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

LORD, when I strive to serve Thee most,
Yet toil in vain;
When I can see but labor lost,
Instead of gain;

When plans fall out another way
From what seems best,
And failure comes though I obey
Thy clear behest;

When hopes whereon I dare to lean
Thou dost deny;
When Thou forbiddest me to glean
The fields near by;

When fairest prospects, opening wide
Before mine eyes,
Thou wallest in on every side,
And mountains rise

That faith seems powerless to remove—
Then, dearest Lord,
Draw near to me, draw near and prove
Thy written Word!

That Thou in all things dost ordain
Thy children's good;
That joy shall be the fruit of pain,
When understood.

I know, and yet—O, slow of heart—
But half believe;
And when I fail, in secret smart,
And fret and grieve,

Fill me with faith's complete content
In Thee, O, Lord,
And make me willing to be spent
Without reward—

Of earthly sort, but heavenly gain—
To seek alone
For other's good, by toil and pain,
Not for mine own.

And when my failures cast me down,
Make me to rest,
In glorious hope of victor's crown,
Forever blest.

I would not look at "things behind"
With wistful eye;
Nor seek in earthly things to find
A comfort nigh.

The weary sea-bird goes to sleep
On tossing waves,
Untroubled by the storm, the deep,
In trust that saves.

It is the hollow of Thy hand
That shapes its nest;
So, though I may not understand,
Make me to rest.

"GOD BLESS YOU!"

I SEEK in prayerful words, dear friend,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know that far or near
My loving thoughts attend you!

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you;
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than "God bless you!"

"God bless you!" so I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses;
For can there any joy at all
Be yours unless God blesses!

"God bless you!" so I breathe a charm,
Lest grief's dark night oppress you,
For how can sorrow bring you harm,
If 'tis God's way to bless you!

THE TRIAL HOUR.

EPHESIANS 6:10-18.

THE "hour of temptation" hath come to the Church,
The time of her testing is here,
And storm clouds of ominous portent roll up,
Betokening the tempest is near.

The carnage grows fiercer 'twixt error and truth,
The hosts of the foe press around,
As the day waxes late, and the shadows grow long,
And their tauntings and boastings abound.

And many who fought in the ranks by our side,
Have been pierced by the enemy's dart;
Their "shield" and their "helmet" lie prone in the dust,
And the "arrow" hath smitten their heart.

Their arm lost its cunning in wielding the "sword,"
Their "breastplate" was loosed from its place,
The "helmet" was lost, and the shafts of the foe
Smote them down, and they sank in disgrace.

O, dear fellow-soldiers! O, brethren in Christ!
Let us gird up our "armor" anew!
Let us heed the sure Word of our Leader and "Head,"
And be loyal and steadfast and true.

The night hastens on—only one hour to fight;
No thought now of wavering or fear;

Our captain calls "Onward!" Then close up the ranks,
For the hour of our victory is near.

Courage, comrades! The banner of truth waves aloft;
No such banner was ever unfurled!
We will follow its lead, e'en thro' carnage and blood,
For by it we shall conquer the world.

Tho' feet may grow weary, and hearts throb with pain,
Let us never give up in the fray;
Our Captain is strong, and can know no defeat,
And will guide to the end of the way.

Soon the fight will be over, the conflict be past,
And the "roll-call" will sound thro' the sky;
Will you answer your name? Shall I answer to mine?
Can we gladly respond: "Here am I?"

O, God of the battle, our Father, to Thee
With strong supplication we cry!
The conflict is deadly, and wily our foe,
Yet we know that deliverance is nigh.

And Thou who hast guided and led all the way,
Wilt guide till the victory is won,
Till the night is all spent and the glad day hath dawned,
And we hear Thy sweet plaudit, "Well done!"

GIDEON'S ARMY IN ANTITYPE.

ARISE! Then, O! Army of Gideon,
Let him that is fearful return;
Jehovah wants only the zealous,
Whose hearts with the love of truth burn.

Ten thousand remain! Still too many;
Once more He their loyalty proves,
To see who most faithfully serves Him,
To see who most fervently loves.

O! ye, who have sworn Him allegiance,
Mark well! He is now testing you,
With the water of truth He will prove you,
To see who is loyal and true.

Look well to your drinking, then, brother,
That you no impurities trace,
Take your lamp, your pitcher and trumpet,
And stand every man in his place!

Your sword is the "Sword of the Spirit,"
Your lamp is the light from His Word,
Your pitcher, this poor earthen vessel,
You break at the voice of your Lord.

Is your lamp burning bright in your pitcher?
Doth your trumpet give forth "certain sound?"
Soon the Sword of the Lord and of Gideon
The enemy's host will confound.

For sure is the victory promised,
And great is the peace He awards—

Then, "stand" in your place, all ye faithful,
The battle's not yours, but the Lord's!

LET US GO FORTH.

HEBREWS 13:13.

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We pass out at the world's wide gate,
Turning our back on all its state;
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We cannot and we would not stay;
We dread the snares that throng the way;
We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

What though with weariness oppressed?
'Tis but a little and we rest.
This throbbing heart and burning brain
Will soon be calm and cool again:
Night is far spent and morn is near—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear.

No idling now, no slothful sleep,
From Christian toil our pow'rs to keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;
No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please.

No sorrow for the loss of fame,
No dread of scandal on our name;
No terror for the world's sharp scorn,
No wish that taunting to return;
No hatred can to hatred move
The soul that's filled with pitying love.

No sigh for laughter left behind,
Or pleasures scattered to the wind;
No looking back on Sodom's plains,
No listening still to Babel's strains;
No tears for Egypt's song and smile,
No thirsting for its flowing Nile.

'Tis but a little and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home!
Another year, or more, or less,
And we have crossed the wilderness;
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won!

We grudge not, then, the toil, the way;
Its ending is the endless day!
We shrink not from these tempests keen,
With little of the calm between;
We welcome each descending sun;
Ere morn our joy may be begun!

———

E'EN through harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude find its way;
Through clouds of doubts and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

KEEP STRIVING.

KEEP striving: The winners are those who have striven
And fought for the prize that no idler hath won;
To the hands of the steadfast alone it is given,
And before it is gained, there is work to be done.

Keep climbing: The earnest and steadfast have scaled
The height where the pathway was rough to the feet;
But the faint-hearted faltered, and faltering, failed,
And sank down by the wayside in helpless defeat.

Keep hoping: The clouds hide the sun for a time,
But sooner or later they scatter and flee,
And the path glows like gold to the toilers who climb
To the heights where men look over landscape and sea.

Keep onward—right on, till the prize is attained;
Front the future with courage, and obstacles fall.
By those, and those only, the victory's gained
Who look not to self, but to God above all.

BE VIGILANT.

UP then, and linger not, thou saint of God,
Fling from thy shoulders each impeding load;
Be brave and wise, shake off earth's soil and sin,
That with the Bridegroom thou mayst enter in.
O watch and pray!

Clear hath the voice been heard, Behold I've come—
That voice that calls thee to thy glorious home,
That bids thee leave these vales and take swift wing,
To meet the hosts of thy descending King;—
And thou mayst rise!

Here's a thick throng of foes, afar and near;
The grave in front, a hating world in rear;
Yet flee thou canst not, victory must be won,
Ere fall the shadows of thy setting sun:—
And thou must fight.

Gird on thine armor; face each weaponed foe;
Deal with the Sword of heaven the deadly blow;
Forward, still forward, till the prize Divine
Rewards thy zeal, and victory is thine;
Win thou the crown.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.

DO not count, when day is o'er,
Daily loss from life's rich store;
But the gains, however small,
Count them daily, one and all:

Every sweet and gracious word,
Every pleasant truth you've heard;
Every tender glance and tone,
Every kindly deed you've known;

Every duty nobly done,
Every rightful victory won—

Treasure all, and count them o'er
As a miser counts his store.

But if bitter word or thought
Have a bitter harvest brought;
If some foeman hath assailed you,
Or the friend most trusted failed you;

If unkindness and untruth
Have to you brought saddest ruth,
Blot the score without delay—
Keep no record of the day.

Keep no record of the care,
Loss and cross we all must bear;
On the page of memory write
Only what is fair and bright.

Let all evil things go by;
Still, with brave endeavor, try
Simple joys to multiply.
Thus you'll learn how large a sum
Will with faithful reckoning come.

Long as after cloud and rain
Blessed sunshine comes again,
Long as after winter's gloom
Summer roses bud and bloom,

Long as we have with us here
One sad heart that we may cheer,
Long as love gilds sorrow's cross,
Life's rich gain o'erpays the loss.

STEADFAST, IMMOVABLE.

TO play through life a perfect part,
Unnoticed and unknown;
To seek no rest in any heart
Save only God's alone;
In little things to own no will,
To have no share in great,
To find the labor ready still,
And for the crown to wait;

Upon the brow to bear no trace
Of more than common care;
To write no secret in the face
For men to read it there;
The daily cross to clasp and bless
With such familiar zeal
As hides from all that not the less
Its daily weight you feel;

In toils that praise will never pay
To see your life go past;
To meet in every coming day
Twin sister of the last;
To hear of high, heroic things,
And yield them reverence due,
But feel life's daily offerings
Are far more fit for you;

To woo no secret, soft disguise,
To which self-love is prone;
Unnoticed by all other eyes,
Unworthy in your own;

To yield with such a happy art
That no one thinks you care,
Yet say to your poor bleeding heart,
How little you can bear;—

Oh! 'tis a pathway rough to choose,
A struggle hard to share,
For human pride would still refuse
The nameless trials there;
But since we know the gate is low
That leads to heavenly bliss,
What higher grace could God bestow
Than such a life as this!

BE STRONG.

BE strong to bear, O heart of mine,
Faint not when sorrows come.
The sum of all these ills of earth
Prepares thee for thy home.
So many burdened ones there are
Close toiling by thy side,
Assist, encourage, comfort them,
Thine own deep anguish hide.
What though thy trials may seem great?
Thy strength is known to God,
And pathways steep and rugged lead
To pastures green and broad.

Be strong to love, O heart of mine,
Live not for self alone;
But find, in blessing other lives,
Completeness for thine own.

Seek every hungry heart to feed,
Each saddened heart to cheer;
And when stern justice stands aloof,
In mercy draw thou near.
True, loving words and helping hands
Have won more souls for Heaven
Than all the mixed and various creeds
By priests and sages given.

For every grief a joy will come,
For every toil a rest;
So hope, so love, so patient bear—
God doeth all things best.
Be strong to hope, O heart of mine,
Look not on life's dark side;
For just beyond these gloomy hours
Rich, radiant days abide.
Let hope, like summer's rainbow bright,
Scatter thy falling tears,
And let God's precious promises
Dispel thine anxious fears.

ENDURANCE.

YET nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blanch not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft so surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell at last
The victory of endurance born.

DISCIPLINE.

THE hammer of Thy discipline, O Lord,
Strikes fast and hard. Life's anvil rings again
To Thy strong strokes. And yet we know 'tis then
That from the heart's hot iron all abroad
The rich glow spreads. Great Fashioner Divine,
Who spareth not, in Thy far-seeing plan,
The blows that shape the character of man,
Or fire that makes him yield to touch of Thine,
Strike on, then, if Thou wilt! For Thou alone
Canst rightly test the temper of our will,
Or tell how these base metals may fulfil
Thy purpose—making all our life Thine own.
Only we do beseech Thee, let the pain
Of fiery ordeals through which we go
Shed all around us such a warmth and glow,
Such cheerful showers of sparks in golden rain,
That hard hearts may be melted, cold hearts fired,
And callous hearts be taught to feel and see
That discipline is more to be desired
Than all the ease that keeps us back from Thee.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

WHEN the morning paints the skies,
And the birds their songs renew,
Let me from my slumbers rise,
Saying, "What would Jesus do?"

When I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,

Let me every moment ask,
"What would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue?
Let me to his subtlest wile
Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

Countless mercies from above
Day by day my pathway strew,
Father, I would prove my love,
Asking, "What would Jesus do?"

Ever let Thy love, O God,
Fill my spirit through and through,
While I tread where He hath trod,
Whispering, "What would Jesus do?"

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

WE should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
On our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should sleep, not for dreams, but for fresher power,
To be and to do.

We should hold our wearied or wayward wills
To the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should hush our murmurs of discontent
At a life's defeat;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a rest complete.

We should waste no moment in weak regret,
If the days were but one,
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work and to pray;
To be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

"INSTANT IN SEASON."

IF while I walk the busy mart,
I find there one whose fainting heart
By some kind, sympathetic word
To new life might be stirred,
Lord, help me say it now!

Or, if upon the thorny road
I meet another 'neath a load
Of sorrow, which my tears might share,
And thus the burden bear,
Lord, help me shed them now!

If any ointment, rare and sweet,
I long to pour upon "His feet,"

To rest and soothe them by the way,
My hand let nothing stay,
Lord, help me bring it now!

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD.

COULD we draw aside the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives—
Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we would;
We would love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we would love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We would judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointments—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good,
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

STUMBLING STONES OR STEPPING STONES?

I HAVE been sorely tried, dear Lord, been sorely tried today,
The sun hath veiled his brightness, and a cloud hangs o'er my way;
Why is my heart so heavy, and the daylight cold and gray?
I've tried to please Thee, I have striven to faithful be and true,
I've sought for heavenly wisdom in the thing that I should do;
Yet I've been "put to grief"; and oh, can I have grieved Thee, too?
A fellow-pilgrim on the road a wound hath given to me,
Its sting and smart I keenly feel—its need I cannot see.
Stumbling stone or stepping stone, O Lord, which shall it be?

A sorrow came to me today—a grief so dense and deep,

The shades of deepest darkness about my heartstrings creep;
The tears have flowed unceasing, till no power is left to weep.
I bow beneath my weight of woe, speechless and stunned; my heart
Sinks down like lead within my breast; its bitter ache and smart
Seem almost more than I can bear. A sharp and cruel dart
Hath pierced me, and I prostrate lie. O Father, speak to me!
Thy hand lies hard upon me: can this trial come from Thee?
Stepping stone or stumbling stone, which shall this sorrow be?
***
A blessing came this day to me, a joy surpassing sweet,
A glad way opens up to me, wherein my willing feet
Turn joyfully; how blest I am within this dear retreat!
My way had dark and lonely been for many a weary year;
My Lord hath brought this gift to me when all was sad and drear;
Now, where my path was bleak, the flowers of love and bliss appear.
And, yet, dear Lord, this blessing which Thy love hath given to me
May fill my heart too fully, and may wean my soul from Thee—

Then, stepping stone or stumbling stone, my God, which shall it be?

Momentous question! on its answer my eternal joy
Hangs trembling; shall I be refined as gold without alloy?
These woes and blessings potent are to save or to destroy.
The time flies on! the "harvest" wanes, the glorious end is near!
O Master, shall I lose e'en now the "prize" I hold so dear?
Shall woes or joys of life have power to dull my listening ear?
Shall I be lured by siren song, while strains of heaven break
On ears attuned? Oh, guide me, Lord, and keep me still awake.
May I rejoice to walk with Thee, and suffer for Thy sake!

But I am weak; O Master, dear, do Thou my spirit thrill,
Grant me Thy grace, and strength impart to do Thy perfect will,
And in affliction or in joy obey and love Thee still.
Almighty Lord, to Thee I fly—no other help I know;
Oh, aid me in my need, I pray, and make my heart to glow
With holy fire, and on me, Lord, Thy precious love bestow.
I hear Thee speak, I will obey, I stretch my hands to Thee,

In every providence of Thine, Thy changeless love I see,
And stepping stones to heavenly heights each pain and joy shall be.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

IF we could always feel each little thing
We do, each hour we spend
Within the presence of the King,
What dignity 'twould lend!

If we could realize our every thought
Is known to Him, our King,
With how great carefulness would it be fraught,
And what a blessing bring!

If, when some sharp word leaves a cruel sting,
Our faith could know and feel
'Twas heard within the presence of the King,
How soon the wound would heal!

Oh, when the song of life seems hard to sing,
And darker grows the way,—
Draw nearer to the presence of the King,
And night shall turn to day!

———————

THERE are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.

TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY.

TAKE time to be holy! Speak oft with the Lord;
Abide in Him always, and feed on His Word;
Make friends of God's children, help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy! The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret with Jesus alone;
By looking to Jesus, like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy! Let Him be thy guide,
And run not before Him, whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow, still follow the Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His Word!

Take time to be holy! Be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive beneath His control;
Thus led by His spirit to fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service above.

JUDGE NOT BY OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

JUDGE not; the workings of the brain
And of the heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eye a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul hath closed in deadly fight
With some internal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee, shuddering, on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise:
May be the angel's slackened hand
Hath suffered it that he may rise
And take a firmer, truer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days.

I'LL DO MY VERY BEST.

I MAY perform no deed of great renown
No glorious acts to millions manifest;
Yet in my little labors up and down,
I'll do my best.

I may not paint a perfect masterpiece,
Nor carve a statue by the world confessed
A miracle of art; yet will not cease
To do my best.

My name is not upon the rolls of fame,
'Tis on the page of common life impressed;
But I'll keep marking, marking just the same,
And do my very best.

Mine may not be the beautiful and grand,
But I must try to be so careful, lest
It fail to be what's put into my hand—
My very best.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

LOVING words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never was one said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow
For the ones who walk beside you,
If you love them, tell them so.
What you count of little value
Hath an almost magic power,
And beneath that cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way

Kindly words, to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As along through life you go,
To the ones who journey with you;
If you love them, tell them so.

ONLY.

ONLY a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said,
Only a word!
Yet the Master heard,
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,
Sorrowful, gentle and deep,
Only a look!
Yet the strong man shook,
And he went alone to weep.

Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done,
"Surely 'twas nought!"
(So the proud world thought),
But yet souls for Christ were won.

"Only"—but Jesus is looking
Constantly, tenderly down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please,
And their love He loves to crown.

THE SERVANT'S PATH IN A DAY OF REJECTION.

SERVANT of Christ, stand fast amid the scorn
Of men who little know or love thy Lord;
Turn not aside from toil: cease not to warn,
Comfort and teach, trust Him for thy reward;
A few more moments' suffering, and then
Cometh sweet rest from all thy heart's deep pain.

For grace pray much, for much thou needest grace.
If men thy work deride—what can they more?
Christ's weary foot thy path on earth doth trace;
If thorns wound thee, they pierced Him before;
Press on, look, tho' clouds may gather round,
Thy place of service He makes hallowed ground.

Have friends forsaken thee, and cast thy name
Out as a worthless thing? Take courage then:
Go tell thy Master, for they did the same
To Him, who once in patience toiled for them;
Yet He was perfect in all service here;
Thou oft hast failed: this maketh Him more dear.

Self-vindication shun; if in the right
What gainest thou by taking from God's hand
Thy cause? If wrong, what dost thou but invite
Satan himself thy friend in need to stand?
Leave all with God; if right, He'll prove thee so;
If not, He'll pardon; therefore to Him go.

Be not men's servant: think what costly price
Was paid that thou might'st His own bondsman be,
Whose service perfect freedom is. Let this
Hold fast thy heart. His claim is great to thee.
None should thy soul enthrall to whom 'tis given
To serve on earth, with liberty of Heaven.

All His are thine to serve: Christ's brethren here
Are needing aid, in them thou servest Him.
The least of all is still His member dear,
The weakest cost His life-blood to redeem.
Yield to no "party" what He rightly claims,
Who on His heart bears all His people's names.

Be wise, be watchful, wily men surround
Thy path. Be careful, for they seek with care
To trip thee up; see that no plea be found
In thee thy Master to reproach. The snare
They set for thee will then themselves enclose
And God His righteous judgment thus disclose.

Cleave to the poor, Christ's image in them is;
Count it great honor if they love thee well;
Nought can repay thee after losing this,
Tho' with the wise and wealthy thou shouldst dwell.
Thy Master oftentimes would pass thy door
To hold communion with His much-loved poor.

The time is short, seek little here below:
Earth's goods would cumber thee and drag thee down.
Let daily food suffice; care not to know
Thought for tomorrow: it may never come.

Thou canst not perish, for Thy Lord is nigh,
And His own care will all thy need supply.

THE WATERED LILIES.

THE Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tend'rest care;

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That the flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty, and frail, and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed no use at all;

But the Master saw, and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled, as He gently whispered,
"This shall do My work today:

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to Me;

It is small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labor had not been vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water His flowers again."

HEROISM.

IT takes great strength to train
To modern service your ancestral brain;
To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
Of dead men's habits, methods and ideas;
To hold that back with one hand, and support
With the other the weak steps of new resolve!
It takes great strength to bring your life up square
With your accepted thought, and hold it there,
Resisting the inertia that drags back
From new attempts to the old habit's track.
It is so easy to drift back—to sink—
So hard to live abreast of what you think!

It takes great strength to live where you belong,
When other people think that you are wrong;
People you love, and who love you, and whose
Approval is a pleasure you would choose.
To bear this pressure, and succeed at length
In living your belief—well, it takes strength—
Courage, too. But what does courage mean
Save strength to help you face a pain foreseen;
Courage to undertake this life-long strain
Of setting yourself against your grandsire's brain:
Dangerous risk of walking alone and free,
Out of the easy paths that used to be;
And the fierce pain of hurting those we love,
When love meets truth, and truth must ride above!

But the best courage man has ever shown,
Is daring to cut loose, and think alone.
Dark are the unlit chambers of clear space,

Where light shines back from no reflecting face.
Our sun's wide glare, our heaven's shining blue,
We owe to fog and dust they fumble through;
And our rich wisdom that we treasure so,
Shines from a thousand things that we don't know.
But to think new—it takes a courage grim
As led Columbus over the world's rim.
To think—it costs some courage—and to go—
Try it—it taxes every power you know.

It takes great love to stir a human heart
To live beyond the others, and apart;
A love that is not shallow, is not small;
Is not for one or two, but for them all.
Love that can wound love for its higher need;
Love that can leave love, though the heart may bleed;
Love that can lose love, family and friend,
Yet steadfastly live, loving to the end.
A love that asks no answer, that can live,
Moved by one burning, deathless force—to give!
Love, strength and courage; courage, strength and love—
The heroes of all time are built thereof.

STRENGTH SUFFICIENT.

OH, ask not thou, "How shall I bear
The burden of tomorrow?"
Sufficient for the day the care,
Its evils and its sorrow,
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

NEARING THE GOAL.

WITH eyes aflame, with panting breath, they come,—
The runners,—every nerve and muscle tense,—
Urged forward by a thousand deafening cries,
On, on, they rush, when one, close to the goal,
For but one moment glances back in pride
To note how far he hath outrun the rest.
Alas! tripped by a pebble on the course,
He stumbles, falls, arises, but too late,—
Another sweeps ahead with blood-flecked lips
And bursting heart! One final, awful strain,
With superhuman effort, grand, supreme,
He leaps into the air,—and falls in death
Across the line,—a victor, but at what
A fearful cost!—he gave his life, his all!

I ponder o'er this tragedy of days
When Greece was mistress of the world, and say,
"Hast not thou also entered on a race,
My soul, in contest for a 'Crown of life,'
A prize thou canst not win except thine all
Thou givest! Then, be wise, and watch and pray,
Turn not thine eyes one instant from 'the mark,'
For fear thou dash thy foot against some small,
Well-rounded truth, which in thy pride thou hast
O'erlooked, and thus thou stumble, fall, and though
Thou shouldst arise, 'twould be too late to win!"

"Ah, then, consider thy 'forerunner,' Christ,
Yea, call to mind the 'cloud of witnesses'
Around,—those noble, faithful ones of old,—

And strip thyself, my soul, of every weight;
Gird up thy loins, make straight paths for thy feet;
Breathe deeply of the Spirit's conquering power,
And run with patient, meek, enduring zeal!
Almost thou hast attained, my soul, my soul!
Shall angels, principalities, or powers,
Or height, or depth, or other creature, draw
Thee from the goal so near? Ah! yes, so near,
The glory-light streams through the parting veil;
Have faith, press on, one effort, grand supreme,—
And thou hast won in death Love's blood-bought crown!"

MY COMPANION.

WITH me there walks a presence
Unseen to mortal view;
Hearing each word I utter:
Looking at all I do.
Watching to see what power
The Truth to my life imparts,
Longing to see His image
Growing within my heart.
Oh! does my conduct please Him?
Can He my words approve?
Or do I daily grieve Him
By woeful lack of love?
How all my heart is yearning
More like my Lord to be;
Oh! Friend, of unseen presence,
Help me to grow like Thee!

Before me goes my Captain;
Close must I follow on.

Even as He proved conqueror,
So must I overcome.
Self rises up against me,
Fierce must the conflict be;
Forces of evil try me,
Satan opposes me.
My Captain commands me, saying,
"Comrade, you must not yield;
Gird on the Heavenly armor;
The Sword of the Spirit wield;
None but the overcomer
Shareth My royal throne!"
Help me, oh, Mighty Captain,
Ever to overcome!

Beside me stands the Master;
Points to the ripening grain,
bids me thrust in the sickle,
Reaping what yet remains.
He will accept no idler,
I must work faithfully;
I must pass on to others
Truth that was given me;
Tell of the Heavenly Kingdom,
The blessings that are for all;
Praising the Heavenly Father,
Sounding the Heavenly call.
As each night comes upon me,
Can I rejoicing say,
"Dear Reaper, I've been faithful
To all I have met today?"

Close by me stands my Helper,
Knowing I must be tried;

Even as gold in a furnace,
I must be purified.
Trials alone bring patience,
Hate must be met by love;
Faith is wrought out in darkness
Reaching to things above.
Ah! could I only trust Him,
His presence and power to aid,
Even 'mid deepest shadows
I would not be afraid.
Though the four winds be loosened,
And tempests around me roared,
I'd welcome the glorious privilege
Of dying with my dear Lord.

I WAS LONGING TO SERVE MY MASTER.

I WAS longing to serve my Master,
But, alas! I was laid aside
From the busy and happy workers,
Who toiled in the field so wide.
They were few, yes, few in number,
And I could not understand
Why I should be kept inactive,—
It was not as I had planned.

I was longing to serve my Master,
I knew that the work was great,
For me it was easy to labor,
But, oh, it was hard to wait;
To lie quite still and be silent,
While the song was borne to mine ear

Of the reapers with whom I had mingled
In the work to my heart so dear.

I was longing to serve my Master,
Oh, this was my one fond thought,
For this I was ever pleading,
When His footstool in prayer I sought;
And the seasons of sweet communion
Were few and far apart,—
Not of Him so much as His service,
Were the thoughts that filled my heart.

I was longing to serve my Master,—
He led to a desert place
And there as we stopped and rested
His eyes looked down in my face,
So full of tender reproaching,
That filled me with sad surprise.
Did He think I had grudged my service
And counted it sacrifice?

"Oh, Master, I long to serve Thee,
The time is so short at best,
Let me go to the field," I pleaded,
"I care not to stay and rest!"
I knelt at His feet, imploring,
I gazed in His face above;
"My child," He said gently, "your service
Is nothing without your love."

I was longing to serve my Master,
I thought that His greatest care
Was to keep all His workers busy
In reaping the sheaves so fair.

But there on the lonely desert,
Afar from the busy scene,
It dawned on me slowly and sadly
Where the great mistake had been:

My mind was so full of service,
I had drifted from Him apart,
And He longed for the old confiding,
The union of heart with heart.
I sought and received forgiveness,
While mine eyes with tears were dim,
And now tho' the work is still precious,
The first place is kept for Him.

NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

"FATHER, I long to spread Thy blessed Truth o'er land and sea!"
I listen, and there comes to me
His answer, tender, loving, mild,
"Not now, My child."

"Father, my heart is sad, I fain would leave this wilderness,
Go forth, earth's groaning ones to bless!"
I hear again His answer mild,
"Not now, My child."

"Father, I yearn to break these fleshly fetters and be free,
As pants the hart, I pant for Thee!"
His voice, how sweet, how tender, mild,
"Not now, My child."

"Father, Thy will be done, I humbly leave it all with Thee,
Thou knowest what is best for me!"
I hear His voice, so low, so mild,
"Come now, My child."

CUMBERED WITH MUCH SERVING.

CHRIST never asks of us such arduous labor
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
This waiting attitude of expectation
He ofttimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear, our rapt attention,
That He some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds fullest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why the Lord has placed us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure.

Well, God loves patience; souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see;
Our Savior cares for cheerful acquiescence
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatso'er He bids thee,
Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still;
'Twill matter little by what path He leads us,
If in it all we sought to do His will.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."

THE Lord of the Harvest walked forth one day,
Where the fields were white with the ripening wheat,
Where those He had sent in the early morn
Were reaping the grain in the noonday heat.
He had chosen a place for every one,
And bidden them work till the day was done.

Apart from the others, with troubled voice,
Spake one who had gathered no golden grain:
"The Master hath given no work to me,
And my coming hither hath been in vain;
The reapers with gladness and song will come,
But no sheaves will be mine in the harvest home."

He heard the complaint, and He called her name:
"Dear child, why standest thou idle here?
Go fill the cup from the hillside stream,
And bring it to those who are toiling near;
I will bless thy labor, and it shall be
Kept in remembrance as done for Me."

'Twas a little service, but grateful hearts
Thanked God for the water so cold and clear;
And some who were fainting with thirst and heat,
Went forth with new strength to the work so dear;
And many a weary soul looked up,
Revived and cheered by the little cup.

WAITING.

"THEY also serve who only stand and wait." Behold me here,
Dear Lord! With eager, watchful eye and quick attentive ear,
I stand, and if a message Thou wouldst send o'er land or sea—
(Today, tomorrow, night or day), Lord, here am I, send me!
But, if in Thine all-wisdom, Thou shouldst choose another one,
My heart in swift submission shall respond, Thy will be done!
Let me learn well the lesson that Thy blessed Word doth teach,
To rest in humble silence, not to murmur, nor to reach
For what appears my service, with an over-confident zeal,
But watch and pray until Thy will for me Thou shalt reveal;
Thus patient, waiting ever, keeping very close to Thee,
Perhaps, dear Lord, some wondrous day Thou wilt have need of me!

HE THAT SCATTERETH INCREASETH.

IS thy cruise of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love Divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amid the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

MY HEART'S DESIRE.

DEAR Master, long I've sought
A grain of "wheat" to find,
My heart's desire has been,
Just one with truth to bind!

Perhaps Thou canst not trust
Thy servant with this work,
Because some earth-born pride
Within my breast doth lurk.

If thou dost find this, Lord,
Oh, send affliction's fire,
Burn out the dross, the gold refine,
And grant my heart's desire!

Perhaps I've sought a path,
Thou hast not marked for me,—
Forgive, I only thought
Some work to do for Thee!

I own no will of mine,
The place I would not choose,
But simply give mine all
To Thee as thou canst use.

My thoughts, my words, my deeds,
Dear Lord, make pure by fire,—
Ah, then, I know that Thou
Canst grant my heart's desire!

A LITTLE LIGHT.

'TWAS but a little light she bore,
While standing at the open door;
A little light, a feeble spark,
And yet it shone out through the dark
With cheerful ray, and gleamed afar
As brightly as the polar star.

A little light, a gentle hint,
That falls upon the page of print,
May clear the vision, and reveal
The precious treasures doubts conceal,
And guide men to an open door,
Where they new regions may explore.

A little light dispels the gloom
That gathers in the shadowed room,
Where want and sickness find their prey,
And night seems longer than the day,
And hearts with many troubles cope
And feebler glows the spark of hope.

Oh, sore the need that some must know
While journeying through this vale of woe!
Dismayed, disheartened, gone astray,
Caught in the thickets by the way,

For lack of just a little light
To guide their wandering steps aright.

It may be little we can do
To help another, it is true;
But better is a little spark
Of kindness, when the way is dark,
Than one should walk in paths forbidden
For lack of light we might have given.

ENTER IN.

FELLOW-CHRISTIAN, enter in—
Into the work that calls for you,
Into the promises grand and true:
Into the joy of faith that waits:
Why stand idly without the gates,
When the fields are ripe?

You sadly say you cannot know
What God has here for you to do,
Or the way wherein your feet should go;
But if you enter in today,
He'll show you, in His own sweet way,
Your privileged place.

And when the sheaves are gathered in,
We may be sure, in that blissful day,
To sowers and reapers Christ will say,—
"You who well toiled and labored and bore,
And zealously sought for more and more
Of God's blessed work,—

"Come in, beloved, come in, come in—
Into the rest prepared for you,
Into the glory now brought to view."
Our heavenly Bridegroom will await
Our triumphant entrance within the gate
Of Immortality.

SERVICE.

OH, my soul is filled with its yearning,
Dear Lord, and my heart is sad,
I long, how I long, to be spreading
The Truth that hath made me glad!

And the fields are white to the Harvest,
The daylight is almost spent,
I see all about me the reapers,
On their holy mission sent;

But mine eager hands Thou hast folded,
In weakness upon my breast;
Thou hast whispered, "I know thy longings,
My will for thee is to rest."

Then alone with Thee in the twilight,
My poor, throbbing heart grows still,—
Since Thou closest my door of service,
I bow to Thy sovereign will.

I know "to obey and to hearken"
Ofttimes proves the greater test,—
At Thy feet would I lie forever,
If thus I might serve Thee best!

MY ONE TALENT.

IN a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies tonight.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame
When I hear my humble name,
And cannot repay His claim!

Some will double what they hold;
Others add to it tenfold,
And pay back in shining gold.

Lord, O teach me what to do!
I would faithful be and true;
Still the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something now to do for Thee;
Thou who hast done all for me!

THE TIME IS SHORT.

UP, up, my soul, the long-spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps, while yet the light is beaming;
The time, the time is short.

Think of the eyes that often weep in sadness,
Seeing not the truth that God to thee hath taught;
O bear to them this light and joy and gladness;
The time, the time is short.

Think of the feet that stray from misdirection,
And into snares of error's doctrine brought:
Bear then to them these tidings of salvation;
The time, the time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught.
How much they need the sympathy of others!
The time, the time is short.

GO, LABOR ON.

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

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

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

Men sit in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope beyond the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights the thickest gloom.

Go, labor on; thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down,
Yet falter not; the prize we seek,
Is near—a Kingdom and a crown!

THE CHANGED CROSS.

IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me—
My trial tests of faith and love to be—
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might,
Who saith we "walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—
One to whom all others bowed the knee—
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow Me," He said, "I am the Way."

Then speaking, thus, He led me far above;
And there beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold—
A little one, with jewels set in gold;
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again,
To see if any here could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast mine eye;

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But, oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair:
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown!"

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in Me—
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, mine earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way—
Listening to hear and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized mine own old cross again!

But, oh! how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah, no! henceforth mine own desire shall be
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

"DISAPPOINTMENT—His appointment,"
Change one letter, then I see
That the thwarting of my purpose
Is God's better choice for me.
His appointment must be blessing,
Tho' it may come in disguise,
For the end from the beginning
Open to His wisdom lies.

"Disappointment—His appointment,"
Whose? The Lord's, who loves me best,

Understands and knows me fully,
Who my faith and love would test;
For, like loving earthly parent,
He rejoices when He knows
That His child accepts, unquestioned,
All that from His wisdom flows.

"Disappointment—His appointment,"
"No good thing will He withhold,"
From denials oft we gather
Treasures of His love untold.
Well He knows each broken purpose
Leads to fuller, deeper trust,
And the end of all His dealings
Proves our God is wise and just.

"Disappointment—His appointment,"
Lord, I take it, then, as such.
Like the clay in hands of potter,
Yielding wholly to Thy touch.
All my life's plan is Thy moulding,
Not one single choice be mine;
Let me answer, unrepining—
Father, "Not my will, but Thine."

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

GOD never would send you the darkness,
If He felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand,
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He hath many an anguish,
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown,
For your poor, tired head to wear;
He knows how few would reach heaven at all,
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of seven-fold heat:
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet—
For 'tis always so easy to wander,
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you,
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so.

MEMORY.

IN the days of mine early learning,
With tears mine eyes were wet:
I tried so hard to remember,
I feared so much to forget.
But now that the sweet and the bitter,
The "tares" and the "wheat" are met,
I cry, "Alas! I remember,
Would God that I might forget!"

SOMETIMES I ALMOST WONDER.

SOMETIMES I almost wonder if my Lord doth really know
About the many little things that wound my poor heart so.
I can but wonder if He knows the anguish of my soul,
When tempests beat upon my head, and surging billows roll;
I wonder if He hears at night my weary, longing sighs,
I wonder if He sees the tears that tremble in mine eyes!
I wonder if my burdens weigh upon His tender heart,
And in my many sorrows, if His great love shares a part!

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Ah! no, I will not wonder, I will silence every fear,
I've read that "in His bottle He doth treasure up each tear,"
I know that He who heeds the smallest sparrow when it falls,
Will surely, surely hearken when His own child feebly calls;
I know that He who stilled the waves on Galilee's dark sea,
Will bid the storms of life, "Be still," that rudely threaten me.
Ah! no, I do not wonder, I am sure my Lord doth know

About the many, many things that wound my poor heart so!

BROKEN PURPOSES.

"My purposes are broken off; even the thoughts of my heart."—JOB 17:11.

MY purposes are broken off,
So be it, blessed Lord;
With wisdom and with wondrous Love
Thy purposes are stored.
The thoughts of my poor heart give place
To Thy great plan for me;
In all Thy ways my soul can trace
Thy mercy rich and free.

My purposes are broken off,
Dear Lord, 'tis better so;
For higher are Thy ways than mine,
Who to the end dost know.
I praise Thee still though broken off
My purposes may be;
For in Thy glory I shall know
Thy will was best for me.

THOU KNOWEST.

MASTER, I am so glad Thou knowest all
Outspoken joys, and sorrow's hidden pain.
I am so glad my path is known to Thee,
And that Thou wilt my wayward steps restrain.
I place my hand in Thine. Oh, hold it fast!
Nor heed my cry whene'er I ask amiss.

Thou knowest what is best, my loving Lord,
From out my heart all wilfulness dismiss!

Lord, when the thorns of earth pierce sharp and deep,
And I instead would choose the scented rose,
Let me recall Thy tender, watchful love,
And that mine inmost need Thy wisdom knows.
Ah, who can tell how far our feet might stray?
We are so prone to wander from Thy side,
If not hedged in by Thine eternal arms,
And made within Thy sheepfold to abide.

I am so glad Thou knowest all, dear Lord!
My life but poorly proves what lips confess,
And well I know none but a Father could
So frail an offering with such mercy bless.
Thou knowest all! This is my cradle, Lord,—
The shadow of Thy wings, 'neath which I sleep.
Not for my goodness, but Thine own great love,
Thou wilt in peace Thy child securely keep.

GOD'S PERFECT PEACE.

LIKE a river glorious is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious in its glad increase.
Perfect; yet it floweth fuller every day;
Perfect; yet it groweth deeper all the way.
Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are truly blest,
Finding, as He promised, perfect peace and rest.

Hidden in the hollow of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry toucheth spirit there.

Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are truly blest,
Finding, as He promised, perfect peace and rest.

Every joy or trial cometh from above,
Traced upon our dial by the Sun of love.
We may trust Him solely, all for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly, find Him wholly true.
Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are truly blest,
Finding, as He promised, perfect peace and rest.

BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

FARTHER on—beyond the shadows
Falling darkly o'er my way,
There is home, and rest and shelter,
Where no storms can e'er dismay.

Though the way be rough and narrow,
And a cross must needs be borne,
Farther on—the night is waning
Soon will dawn the welcome morn.

Meekly to His will submitting,
In His love secure and strong,
Jesus whispers, "Bide the shadows,
It is better farther on."

Farther on—O blest assurance!
How it thrills my raptured heart,
Just to know that I shall see Him
When the shadows all depart.

Let me still be strong and patient,
Trusting where I cannot trace.
Farther on—beyond all darkness
Faith can see God's smiling face.

Only waiting, ever praying,
Let my heart be filled with song.
Sweet the promise Jesus gives me,
"It is better farther on."

TEMPTED AND TRIED.

TEMPTED and tried, oh! the terrible tide
May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wide;
Yet its fury is vain, for the Lord will sustain,
And forever and ever Jehovah shall reign.
Tempted and tried, yet the Lord at thy side
Will guide thee, and keep thee, tho' tempted and tried.
Tempted and tried, there is One at thy side
And never in vain shall God's children confide.
He will save and defend, for He loves to the end,
Adorable Master, and glorious Friend.
Tempted and tried, whatever betide,
In His secret pavilion His children shall hide.
'Neath the shadowing wing of eternity's King,
His children may trust, yea, His children may sing.
Tempted and tried, yet the Lord will abide,
Thy faithful Redeemer, and keeper, and guide,
Thy shield and thy sword, thine exceeding reward;
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord.
Tempted and tried, the Savior who died
Hath called thee to suffer—then reign by His side.

If His cross thou wilt bear, His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still lute the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The Master's touch, the Sculptor's chisel keen.

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

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

GRACE SUFFICIENT.

BEAR the burden of the present,
Let the morrow bear its own;
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the passing night bemoan?

If the darkened heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast faith and hope unshaken
Animate the trusting breast;
Step by step the journey's taken
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He talketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart to Him unknown;
He today and He tomorrow
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Then bear the burden with good cheer,
Take promptly up thy daily cross;
Nor hesitate to shed a tear,
Nor reckon o'er thy present loss.

OUR LIVES ARE WHAT WE MAKE THEM.

OUR lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or metre;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

"YOUR FATHER KNOWETH WHAT THINGS YE HAVE NEED OF."

MATT. 6:8.

OUR Father knows what things we need
Each step along the way,
His eye of love doth never sleep,—
He watches night and day.

He knows sometimes, like ripening grain,
We need the sunshine bright,
Again He sends the peace that comes
With shadows of the night.

Sometimes our pride would fain unfurl
Ambition's flaunting sail,—
Ah! then He knows we need to walk
Humiliation's vale.

Sometimes He takes our eager hands
And folds them on our breast,
He gently lays our work aside,—
He knows we need to rest.

Sometimes we need companionship,
Sometimes, "the wilderness,"—
How sweet to feel He'll know and give
The state that most will bless!

Then let us leave it all with Him,
Assured that, come what may,
Our Father know just what we need,
Upon our pilgrim-way.

HIS WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.

O THOU of little faith! why dost thou fear?
Didst thou forget that Jesus is so near?
And hast thou thought that thou must walk alone?
Behold now at thy side the loved One!

Aye, more than this, thou'rt held within His hand,
And 'twas Himself that hath thy trial planned!
There was a need be seen by Eye Divine,
Although, perchance, not visible to thine.

And, wherefore wouldst thou see? Thou canst not tell
If what thy heart contends for would be well;
Perhaps thy hope's fruition would be vain,
Or prove a life-long discipline of pain!

Hast thou not seen, in retrospective life,
That will of God which caused thee bitterest strife
Hath turned to sweetness—while the thing He gave
To suit thy will grew darker than the grave?

There's rest supreme for souls that choose His will;
A blest security from every ill.
The things God chooses for us never fail!
They have their anchorage within the veil.

———————

LORD JESUS, make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality!
More present to faith's vision keen,
Than any outward object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.

PATIENCE.

THE purple grape must be crushed
To make the sweet, red wine,
And furnace fires must fiercely burn,
The drossy gold to refine;
The wheel must cruelly grind,
Else where the jewel's light?
And the steel submit to the polishing,
Or how would the sword grow bright?

How then, my soul, wilt thou
The Spirit's fruits possess,
Except thou lovingly yield thyself
To the Hand that wounds to bless?
Then patiently let the fire
Consume all earthly dross—
Thou canst not hope to wear the Crown,
If thou refuse the Cross!

I CAN TRUST.

I CANNOT see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me;
I only know He saith, "Child, follow me,"
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times
So straitly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know God could keep wide the door.
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found.
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches still my path—
And I can trust.

"THINK IT NOT STRANGE!"

1 PET. 4:12.

THINK it not strange, beloved,
When fiercely burns the fiery flame!
Think it not strange, but praise His name,
Who counts thee worthy to partake
Of painful sufferings for His sake.
Nor think it strange
When loved ones scornful from thee turn,
Consider Him who thus endured,
And Immortality secured!

Think it not strange, beloved,
If sometimes every door seem closed,
And all thine efforts be opposed,
But calmly wait in patience till
The Master shall reveal His will.
Nor think it strange
When darker grows the "narrow way,"—
Press on, thy Master soon shall say,

"Enough, My child, thou hast well done,
Come, enter in, the Prize is won!"

LIFE'S STORMS ARE PASSING.

THE storm hath broken and the heavy blast
That stifled morn's free breath, and shook its dew,
Is dying into sunshine; and the last
Dull cloud hath vanished from yon arch of blue.

I know it is but for a day; the war
Must soon be waged again 'twixt earth and heaven;
Another tempest will arise to mar
The tranquil beauty of the fragrant even.

And yet I joy as storm on storm awakes;—
Not that I love the uproar or the gloom;
But in each tempest over earth that breaks,
I count one fewer outburst yet to come.

No groan creation heaves is heaved in vain,
Nor e'er shall be repeated; it is done.
Once heaved it never shall be heaved again.
Earth's pangs and throes are lessening one by one.

So falls the stroke of sorrow, and so springs
Strange joy and comfort from the very grief,
Even to the weariest sufferer; so brings
Each heavy burden its own sweet relief.

One cross the less remains for me to bear;
Already borne is that of yesterday;

That of today shall not tomorrow share;
Tomorrow's with itself shall pass away.

That which is added to the troubled past
Is taken from the future, whose sad store
Grows less and less each day, till soon the last
Dull wave of woe shall break upon our shore.

The storm that yesterday ploughed up the sea
Is buried now beneath its level blue;
One storm the fewer now remains for me,
Ere sky and earth are made forever new.

SOME DAY.

SOME day all doubt and mystery
Will be made clear:
The threatening clouds that now we see
Will disappear.

Some day what seems a punishment,
Or loss or pain,
Will prove to be God's blessing, sent
For very gain.

Some day our weary feet will rest
In sweet content;
And we shall know that we were blest
By what was sent.

And, looking back with clearer eyes
O'er life's short span,

We'll see with wondering, glad surprise,
God's perfect plan.

And, knowing that the way we went
Was God's own way,
We'll recognize His wise intent,
Some day, some day.

HE KNOWS.

HE knows the way I take,—
What matter then if dark it be,
Or rough, or hedged about,—
His staff shall comfort me.

And should His love withhold
What seems so near, so dear, so sweet,
I'll humbly take this thing
And lay it at His feet.

How sweet to know He knows,
And cares, and holds me by the hand,—
Will safely guide until
I reach the Heavenly Land!

"BE OF GOOD CHEER!"

MATT. 14:27.

WHEN tempest-tossed on life's wild sea,
And fair skies disappear,
Above the storm He calls to thee,
"'Tis I, be of good cheer!"

Though Satan's darts be fiercely hurled,
Beloved, help is near,
Trust Him who overcame the world,
And be thou of good cheer.

In tribulation's darkest hour,
Yield not to doubt or fear,
But calmly rest in His all-power,
Who saith, "Be of good cheer."

Press on, beloved, in the race,
The goal is very near,
Faint not, thou soon shalt see His face,—
Then, be thou of good cheer!

"COME UNTO ME."

MATT. 11:28,30.

COME to Me, all ye that labor,
Come, and I will give you rest.
Come to Me, ye heavy laden,
Come, and lean upon My breast!

Take Mine easy yoke upon you,
For My burden it is light,
And My heart is meek and lowly,
Ever pleasing in His sight.

Come to Me, ye broken-hearted,
Let Me all your sorrows bear,
Faithful be till life is ended,
Then My glory ye shall share.

O, PRODIGAL, RETURN!

"RETURN, return! thy Father's voice is pleading,
Tho' far astray, I bid thee turn again!
Thy robe is rent, thy tender feet are bleeding,
Thy heart is faint and sick with famine pain:
Return, My child: a welcome here awaits thee:
No longer in the distant country rove;
Resist the cruel tempter that belates thee,
And keeps thee from My dwelling and My love."

Return, return! Thy Father's loving-kindness
Thou long hast scorned, and done His grace despite;
Yet in His touch is healing for thy blindness,
And He can turn thy darkness into light.
Return in all thy rags of sin's defilement;
Return with all thy want and sore distress;
Thy Father's voice bespeaks His reconcilement:
Flee to thy Savior, and thy guilt confess.

Return, return! Thy substance hath been wasted—
Thou hast not aught to bring but thy poor heart;
Yet art thou longing for the bread once tasted.
And for His paths of peace, and faith's good part?
Return, for why shouldst thou delay the pardon
Thy Father's great compassion waits to grant!
Arise and go, before thy doubts shall harden
The homesick yearnings of the penitent.

Return, return! Leave thou the swine and famine
And seek again the plenty of thy home!
Why dost thou toil among the husks of mammon,
When to His rest the Father bids thee come?

Return thou to His arms, His kiss, His blessing,
Accept the robe, the sandals, and the ring,
After thy sinfulness and guilt confessing,
By Jesus found, lost treasure of the King!

Return, return! The angel-hosts bend o'er thee—
They wait to bear the tidings' joyful sound.
They have beheld the Savior dying for thee,
And will rejoice to sing, The lost is found!
Return, for He will heal all thy backsliding—
Will love thee freely, and will thus forgive;
Come, weary soul, rest in His love abiding,
Thou hast been dead—arise today and live!

THE MUSIC OF THE REST.

IN the grand oratorios of life
God writes us unexpected rests!
These break the rush, the strain, the storm, the strife,
And are our surely needful tests!
How these are kept, not reaching for the next,
Nor clinging to the former strain,
In perfect waiting, listening for the text
To make our Master's meaning plain,
Proves or disproves our individual skill.

Some high, some low, some intermediate sing;
Each voice is needful in its part,
Though one, in solo, rise on peerless wing—
Lost in the chorus one! An art
Divinely wise, brings, here and there, a rest,
And he—I'd tell it o'er and o'er—
Sings best, who, losing self, interprets best,

In note, or rests, throughout the score,
The Master's grand, eternal, loving will!

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I WAS sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only gold and the silver,
And the precious stones, should abide.

And remembering mine own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meager success I had won:

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay and stubble,'"
I said; "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;

But I'm sure when He sees such building,
He never will let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
Mine eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded mine eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me.
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh! what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence;
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge
Like the glad, returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how fair it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
"Dear child! She wanted to help me,
And love for Me was the spur.

"And for the true love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as Mine,
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit Divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew, by the thrill of sweetness,
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
That will tenderly guide and hold me
Till all my labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim,

But my heart it strong and restful,
And mine eyes are looking to Him.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

BE still, and murmur not, poor heart,
When God shall lead thee to a "desert place,"
And bid thee dwell apart;
If ravens in the wilderness
Did feed the servant of the Lord, will He
For thee, His child, do less?

Nor fear, sad heart, its loneliness,—
Hath He not said, "I never will forsake
Nor leave thee comfortless?"
Have faith, thy Master may design
To fit thee thus for Kingdom work and bliss,—
And wilt thou then repine?

Be patient, let His will be done;
Be calm, be strong, that He may finish there
The work He hath begun.
"A little while," He soon will come,
And say to thee, "It is enough, my child,
My faithful one, come home!"

SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND.

PERHAPS 'twill be in coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And thus, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heav'n will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah! then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song hath ceased when scarce begun.
An, yes! sometime, we'll understand.

Why what we longed for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall—
Some day, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, beyond, we'll understand.

Then trust in God, thro' all thy days,
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

PEACE, perfect peace! in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace! with sorrows surging 'round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace! 'mid suffering's keenest throes?
The sympathy of Jesus brings repose.

Peace, perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

CONSOLATION.

WHEN thy pathway straitened lies, beloved,
Call one Me;
Ever fix on Me thine eyes, beloved,
Follow Me;
I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,
Lean on Me!

When with trials sore beset, beloved,
Come to Me;
Calvary's hour do not forget, beloved,
Think on Me;
I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,
Trust in Me!

When the dark night darker grows, beloved,
Cry to Me;
When the cold stream colder flows, beloved,
Cling to Me;
I will never leave thee, but will take thee
Home with Me!

"SO AS BY FIRE."

I SOMETIMES feel so passionate a yearning
For spiritual perfection here below,
This vigorous frame with healthful fervor burning,
Seems by determined foe.

So actively it makes a stern resistance,
So cruelly it sometimes wages war
Against the higher spiritual existence,
Which I am striving for.

It interrupts my soul's intense devotions;
Some hope it strangles at its very birth
With a swift rush of violent emotions
Which link me to the earth.

It is as if two mortal foes contended
Within my bosom in a deadly strife;
One for the loftier aims Jesus intended,
One for the "Mammon" life.

And yet I know this very war within me,
Which brings out all my will-power and control;
This very conflict yet through Christ shall win me
The loved and longed-for goal.

And when in the immortal ranks enlisted,
Sometimes I wonder if we shall not find
That not for deeds alone, but also what's resisted,
Our places were assigned.

SWEET DAY OF REST.

I KNOW some day my Lord will come,
And stand within my humble home,—
His glorious presence in the room
Will make it like a rose in bloom.

His voice, like music on mine ear,
Will banish every thought of fear,
He'll fold me closely to His breast
And there in peace I'll sweetly rest.

And, oh, my Lord, on that sweet day
I know the words that Thou wilt say,
"It is enough, my child, come home,
Thy work is done, beloved, come."

Then I'll arise and go with Thee
Across the shining, crystal sea,
Until we reach that blissful shore
Where we shall dwell for evermore.

LEAN HARD.

CHILD of My love, lean hard.
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,
Poised it in Mine own hand, made no proportion

In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine, not hers:
So shall I keep My child within the circling arms
Of Mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on the shoulder, which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough; I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel My child reposing on My breast.
Thou lovest Me? I know it. Doubt not then;
But, loving Me. lean hard.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

ONLY a little while to walk with weary feet,
Only a little while the storms of life to meet,
Only a little while to tread the thorny way,
Only a little while, then comes the perfect day.

Only a little while to spread the truth abroad,
Only a little while to testify for God.
Only a little while, the time is fleeting fast,
Only a little while, earth's sorrows all are past.

Only a little while, then let us do our best,
Only a little while, then comes the promised rest.
Only a little while, oh, what a word is this!
Only a little while, then comes the perfect bliss.

Only a little while, then death shall be withdrawn,
Only a little while, then pain and tears are gone;

Only a little while, then by the Crystal Sea,
Only a little while, then Immortality.

Only a little while, Lord, let Thy Kingdom come!
Only a little while, Thy people sigh for home;
Only a little while, the City bring to sight,
Only a little while, come end earth's dreary night!

WHY SHOULD I FEAR?

WHENE'ER the storms come down on thee,
And days of peace all seem to flee,
This thought thy peace again shall bring,
Why should I fear?—the Lord is King.

E'en when the tempest rages high,
And darkest clouds are drawing nigh,
With hands of faith to this, oh, cling,—
Why should I fear?—the Lord is King.

Amid the stormy waves of life,
Above the tumult and the strife,
The chimes of hope still sweetly ring,—
Be not afraid,—the Lord is King.

Thy ship is toss'd by wind and wave,
But there is One whose power can save;
Across the sea He hastes to bring
Both rest and peace,—the Lord is King.

Yes, Jesus walks upon the sea,
And in the storm He comes to thee;

Then trust in Him, rejoice and sing;
He calms the waves,—the Lord is King.

He stretches out His hand to thee,
And from thy fears He sets thee free;
Beneath the shadow of His wing
He keeps thee safe,—the Lord is King.

OUR BLESSED HOPE.

WHAT though this earthly house of clay
Sink into ruin and decay,
Though health and vigor pass away,
Christ is my life.

What though fond dreams of youth be fled,
The light that shone upon my head
Extinguished and forever dead,
Christ is my light.

What though bright hopes now withered lie,
Like autumn leaves, all sere and dry,
Or meteors vanished from the sky,
Christ is my hope.

What though rude billows round me roll,
His voice the tempest can control;
They ruffle not my tranquil soul,
Christ is my peace.

What though dear friends I once caressed
Within the silent grave now rest,

The valley clods above them pressed,
Christ ever lives.

What though perplexing paths appear,
God's Word, a lamp, makes all things clear;
Onward I pass, nor evil fear,
Christ is my way.

What though the darkness deeper grows,
And foes more active to oppose,
God's truth provides a sweet repose,
Christ shall appear.

OH! TO BE READY.

OH! to be ready when death shall come,
Oh! to be ready to hasten home!
No earthward clinging, no lingering gaze,
No strife at parting, no sore amaze;
No chains to sever that earth hath twined,
No spell to loosen that love would bind.

No flitting shadows to dim the light
Of the angel-pinions winged for flight,
No cloud-like phantoms to fling a gloom
'Twixt heaven's bright portals and earth's dark tomb,
But sweetly, gently, to pass away
From the world's dim twilight into day.

To list the music of angel lyres,
To catch the rapture of seraph fires,
To lean in trust on the risen One,
'Till borne away to a fadeless throne;

Oh! to be ready when death shall come,
Oh! to be ready to hasten home!

SOME GLAD, SWEET DAY.

SOME day, some glad, sweet day
We shall be like our blessed Lord
And see Him as He is.
Soon we shall strain our
Weary eyes no more
To catch, beyond this earthly
House of fettering clay,
A gleam of heavenly glory
From His radiant face.

Some day, some fair, sweet day
His loving hand will wipe
Away our tears. His tender
Voice will thrill our souls
With rapture, when we
Hear Him say, "Well done,
Dear heart, well done,
My joy is thine; for thee
The victor's crown is won.

"Thou hast been faithful,
Thou hast borne the cross,
The thorns have pierced thy feet;
But now the Night is past—
The Day hath come—bright,
Glorious Day of endless joy and love.
The trial time hath proved thee true,

And thou art safe, beloved,
In thy Father's home."

O, glorious Day, for thee we long!
We will be faithful, will the
Burdens bear, sustained by grace Divine.
In meek submission to Thy holy will,
Dear Lord, by faith we clasp Thy hand
As side by side we tread the Narrow Way
And wait—for it will surely come—
Some day, some dear, sweet day,
O, tarry not too long!

WAIT UPON THE LORD.

WHEN clouds hang heavy o'er thy way,
And darker grows the weary day,
And thou, oppressed by anxious care,
Art almost tempted to despair,
Still wait upon the Lord.

When friends betray thy loving trust,
And thou art humbled in the dust,
When dearest joys from thee have fled,
And Hope within thy heart lies dead,
Still wait upon the Lord.

When Death comes knocking at thy door,
And in thy home are sorrows sore,
Though age comes on and eyes grow dim,
Still look to Christ, still trust in Him,
And wait upon the Lord.

Whate'er thy care, believe His Word;
In joy or grief, trust in the Lord.
Good courage He will give to thee,
And strong, indeed, thy heart shall be,
By waiting on the Lord.

ASCEND, BELOVED.

ASCEND, beloved, to His joy;
Thy festal day hath come;
Tonight the Lamb doth feast His own,
Tonight He with His Bride sits down,
Tonight puts on the spousal crown,
In the great upper room.

Ascend, beloved, to thy Love;
This is the day of days;
Tonight the bridal song is sung,
Tonight ten thousand harps are strung,
In sympathy with heart and tongue,
Unto the Lamb's high praise.

The festal lamps are lighting now,
In the great marriage hall;
By angel bands the board is spread,
By angel hands the sacred bread
Is on the golden table laid;
The King His own doth call.

Long, long deferred, now comes at last,
The Lamb's glad wedding day;
The guests are gathering at the feast,

The seats in heavenly order placed,
The royal throne above the rest—
How bright the whole array!

Sorrow and sighing are no more;
the weeping hours are past;
Tonight the waiting will be done,
Tonight the wedding robe is on;
The glory and the joy begun,
The hour hath come at last.

Within the hall is heav'nly light;
Around, above, is love;
We enter to go out no more;
We raise the song unsung before;
We doff the sackcloth that we wore,
For all is joy and love.

Ascend, beloved, share His life;
Our days of death are o'er;
Mortality hath done its worst,
The fetters of the tomb are burst,
The last hath now become the first,
Forever, evermore.

Ascend, beloved, to the feast,
Make haste, the day hath come;
Thrice blest are they the Lamb doth call
To share the heavenly festival
In the new Salem's palace hall,
Our everlasting home.

WAIT, O THOU WEARY ONE, A LITTLE LONGER.

WAIT, O thou weary one, a little longer,
A few more years—it may be only days;
Thy patient waiting makes thee all the stronger;
Eternity will balance all delays.

Wait, O thou suffering one, thy days of sorrow
Bring to thy weary soul its richest gain;
If thou a Christian art, a brighter morrow
Will give thee ten-fold joy for all thy pain.

Wait, O thou anxious one; the cloud that hovers
In gathering gloom above thine aching head
Is sent of God in mercy, and He covers
Thee with His heavenly mantle overspread.

Be patient and submissive; each disaster
Will bring thee nearer to thy loving Lord.
These trials make thee like thy blessed Master,
Who knows them all, and will His grace afford.

Be patient and submissive; strength is given
For every step along the weary way.
And for it all thou'lt render praise to Heaven,
When dreary night gives place to perfect day.

Yes, perfect day, the day of God eternal,
When not a shadow shall flit o'er the scene
In that fair land where all is bright and vernal,
And we will be with Christ, and naught between.

Wait, then, dear heart; control thy sad emotion;
God will subdue each angry wind and wave,
And when the voyage ends across life's ocean,
Within the haven of sweet rest will save.

TAKE HEART.

LET me take heart! the present scene shall soon be o'er;
The clustering clouds shall hide the sun at noon no more.
The tears now dropping from mine eyes shall be forgot;
And joys, undimmed by sin and misery, my lot.

The storm now sweeping through the troubled sky be past;
The longed-for morning without clouds arise at last.
The hindmost shadow soon shall utterly depart;
Then let me watch and wait, and hopefully take heart.

A LITTLE WHILE

A LITTLE while, our warfare shall be over;
A little while, our tears be wiped away;
A little while, the power of Jehovah
Shall turn our darkness into gladsome day.

A little while, the fears that oft surround us
Shall to the memories of the past belong;
A little while, the love that sought and found us
Shall change our weeping into Heaven's glad song.

A little while! 'Tis ever drawing nearer—
The brighter dawning of that glorious day.
Blest Savior, make our spirit's vision clearer,
And guide, O guide us in the shining way!

A little while, O blessed expectation!
For strength to run with patience, Lord, we cry;
Our hearts up-leap in fond anticipation;
Our union with the Bridegroom draweth nigh.

SWEET HARMONY AT LAST.

I SAT alone at the organ,
At the close of a troubled day,
When the sunset's crimson embers
On the western altar lay.
I was weary with vain endeavor,
My heart was ill at ease,
And I sought to soothe my sadness
With the voice of the sweet-toned keys.

My hands were weak and trembling,
My fingers all unskilled,
To render the grand old anthem
With which my soul was filled.
Through the long day's cares and worries,
I had dreamed of that glorious strain,
And I longed to hear the organ
Repeat it to me again.

It fell from mine untaught fingers
Discordant and incomplete,

I knew not how to express it,
Or to make the discord sweet;
So I toiled with patient labor
Till the last bright gleams were gone,
And the evening's purple shadows
Were gathering one by one.

Then a Master stood beside me,
And touched the noisy keys,
And lo! the discord vanished
And melted in perfect peace.
I heard the great organ pealing
My tune that I could not play,
The strains of the glorious anthem
That had filled my soul all day.

Down through the dim cathedral
The tide of music swept,
And through the shadowy arches
The lingering echoes crept;
And I stood in the purple twilight
And heard my tune again—
Not my feeble, untaught rendering,
But the Master's perfect strain.

So I think, perchance, the Master,
At the close of life's weary day,
Will take from our trembling fingers
The tune that we cannot play;
He will hear through the jarring discord
The strain, although half expressed;
He will blend it in perfect music,
And add to it all the rest.

DOUBT HIM NOT.

FIGHTING, waiting, struggling, trusting,
Is He sure to bless?
Prophets, fathers, martyrs, Christians,
Answer, Yes!

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not!

Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken!
Better hath He been for years,
Than thy fears.

"FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY."

"FROM glory unto glory!" Thank God that even here
The starry words are shining out, our heavenly way to cheer!
From "glory that excelleth" all that human heart hath known,
Our "onward, upward," shall begin in the presence of the throne.

"From glory unto glory" of loveliness and light,
Of music and of rapture, of power and of sight;
"From glory unto glory" of knowledge and of love
Shall be the joy of progress awaiting us above.

"From glory unto glory" that ever lies before,
Still wondering, adoring, rejoicing more and more;
Still following where He leadeth, from shining field to field,
Himself the goal of glory, revealer and revealed!

Then let our hearts be surely fixed where truest joys are found,
And let our burning, loving praise yet more and more abound;
And gazing on the "things not seen," eternal in the skies,
"From glory unto glory," O Savior, let us rise!

THE DAY IS AT HAND.

POOR, fainting spirit, still hold on thy way—
The dawn is near!
True, thou art weary; but yon brighter ray
Becomes more clear.
Bear up a little longer; wait for rest;
Yield not to slumber, though with toil oppressed.

The night of life is mournful, but, look on—
The dawn is near!
Soon will earth's shadowy scenes and forms be gone;
Yield not to fear!
The mountain's summit will, ere long, be gained,
And the bright world of joy and peace attained.

"Joyful through hope," thy motto still must be—
The dawn is near!
What glories will that dawn unfold to thee!
Be of good cheer!

Gird up thy loins; bind sandals on thy feet;
The way is dark and long; the end is sweet.

THE HIDDEN CROSS.

THE multitude saw but the cross of olive-wood
The Man of Sorrows bore, nor knew how underneath,
Close-pressed upon His heart, a hidden cross He wore,—
A dark and bleeding weight of sin and human woe,
Made heavier with the sentence of God's broken law,
And crowned with thorns of scornful and malicious hate,—
A cross the world's Redeemer found on Jordan's brink,
Nor laid it down until He came to Calvary.

Ofttimes it seemed He almost craved some human aid,
Some sympathizing heart to share that cruel cross.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hadst thou but known
What time that cross bore heaviest on the yearning heart
Of Him, thy King!—And yet, O, slow of faith and hard
Of heart, "Ye would not,"—and the King passed on His way;
And of the people, there was none with Him, He trod
Alone the winepress of this dark world's shame and woe!

O, chosen three, had ye but watched with Him "one hour,"
That awful night in dark Gethsemane, ye might
Have lightened some the cruel weight of that dread cross,
Have known and shared with Him that agonizing woe,—
Alas! Alas! Your eyes were heavy, and ye slept.
So now, "sleep on and take your rest," ye weary ones,
A holy angel's wing hath eased the hidden cross,—
Your Master, strengthened, waits that other cross to bear!

Which cross bore heavier on the way to Calvary,—
The cross the cruel Roman soldiers laid upon
That blessed One? Ah! no, it was the unseen cross
That crushed Him to the earth, that wrung from those pale lips
The agonizing cry, "My God, My God, oh, why
Hast Thou forsaken Me?" In grief Earth rent her breast,
The sun grew dark. 'Tis finished, and the price is paid,—
The hidden cross had pierced that loving, tender heart!

"Take up thy cross and follow Me," the Master said.
Ah, yes, His faithful Bride must also bear a cross,—
The hidden cross, made not of life's vicissitudes
Alone, its ills and pain, its loss and poverty,—
The outward signs the multitude behold;

Ah! no, we follow in His steps, who went before
Us in the narrow way. We, too, must bear the woe,
Be touched with feeling of the world's infirmity,—
Its weary weight of sin and curse of broken law.
Let us, therefore, go forth to Him, "without the gate,"
Lay down our lives in sacrifice, spend and be spent,
And, while we clasp this cross more closely to our breast,
Press on toward Calvary, for there our Bridegroom waits
To take the cross of woe, and give the Crown of Joy!

ONE HERE, ONE THERE.

OF all we meet in life's great stream,
There's but one here and there
Who treasures most the better things;
Each man to self most tightly clings,
For self he toils, for self he sings,
Except one here, one there.

The world would be a desolate place,
But for one here and there,
Whose heart with self hath not been filled,
Whose love for God hath not been killed,
Whose thankful praise hath not been stilled;
There's one such here and there.

And this hath been the Lord's wise will,
To find one here, one there,
Who counting earthly gain but dross,
Would daily take the Christian's cross,

E'en at the risk of any loss:—
God finds one here and there.

'Tis not the numbers that He seeks,
But just one here, one there;
He seeks not souls, but jewels fair,
For those who will His suff'ring share,
And for His sake reproaches bear;
They're few; one here, one there!

But oh! the grandeur of the work
For this one here and there,
To join in lifting up our race,
To wipe away of sin each trace,
To make of earth a perfect place,
Put glory everywhere!

THE BRIDEGROOM'S DOVE.

CANT. 2:14

"MY Dove!" The bridegroom speaks to whom?
Whom think'st thou, meaneth He?
Say, O my soul! canst thou presume
He thus addresseth thee?
Yes, 'tis the Bridegroom's voice of love,
Calling thee, O my soul! His Dove!

The Dove is gentle, mild and meek:
Deserve I, the, the name?
I look within in vain to seek
Aught which can give a claim:

Yet, made so by redeeming love,
My soul, thou art the Bridegroom's Dove!

Methinks, my soul, that thou mayst see,
In this endearing word,
Reasons why Jesus likens thee
To this defenseless bird;
Reasons which show the Bridegroom's love
To His poor, helpless, timid Dove!

The Dove hath neither claw nor sting,
Nor weapon for the fight;
She owes her safety to her wing,
Her victory to flight.
A shelter hath the Bridegroom's love
Provided for His helpless Dove!

As the poor Dove, before the Hawk,
Quick to her refuge flies,
So need I, in my daily walk,
The wings which faith supplies
To bear me where the Bridegroom's love
Places beyond all harm His Dove!

My soul, of native power bereft,
To Calvary repairs:
Immanuel is the rocky cleft,
The secret of the stairs!
Since placed there by the Bridegroom's love,
What evil can befall His Dove?

My soul, now hid within a rock
(The "Rock of Ages" called),

Amid the universal shock
Is fearless, unappalled.
A cleft therein, prepared by love,
In safety hides the Bridegroom's Dove!

O happy Dove! thus weak, thus safe;
Do I resemble her?
Then to my soul, O Lord! vouchsafe
A dove-like character.
Pure, harmless, gentle, full of love,
Make me in spirit, Lord, a Dove!

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

THE Feast was spread at Simon's house, and as they sat at meat,
A woman came and silent stood within the open door—
Close pressed against her throbbing heart an alabaster box
Of purest spikenard, costly, rare, she held. With modest fear,
She dreaded to attract the curious gaze of those within,
And yet her well-beloved Friend was there, her Master, Lord.
With wondrous intuition she divined that this might be
Her last, her only opportunity to show her love;
She thought of all that He had done for her, the holy hours
She spent enraptured at His feet, unmindful of all else,

If only she might hear those words of Truth, those words of Life.
She thought of that dark hour when Lazarus lay within the tomb
And how He turned her night to day, her weeping into joy.
Her fair face flushed, with deepening gratitude her pure eyes shone;
With swift, light step she crossed the crowded room. She bravely met
Those questioning eyes (for Love will find its way through paths where lions
Fear to tread); with trembling hands she broke the seal and poured
The precious contents of the box upon her Savior's feet,
And all the house was filled with fragrance wonderful and sweet.
She could not speak, her heart's devotion was too deep, her tears
Fell softly, while she took her chiefest ornament, her long
And silken hair and wiped His sacred feet,—when suddenly
A rude voice broke the golden silence with, "What waste! this might
Have sold for much, to feed the poor!" She lower bent her head—
To her it seemed so mean a gift for love so great to make!
Again a voice re-echoed through the room, her blessed Lord's,

(He half arose and gently laid His hand upon her hair)—
And how it thrilled her fainting heart to hear Him sweetly say,
"Rebuke her not, for she hath wrought a good work, what she could;
Aforehand, to anoint Me for my burying, she hath come,
And this her deed of love throughout the ages shall be told!"

How oft since first I read the story of this saint of old,
My own poor heart hath burned with fervent, longing, deep desire,
That I might thus have ministered unto my Lord and King—
"The chiefest of ten thousand, altogether lovely One."
And now, to learn—oh! precious thought, 'tis not too late, I still
May pour Love's priceless ointment on "the members" of His Feet!
Dear Lord, I pray, oh! help me break with sacrificial hand
The seal of Self, and pour the pent-up odors of my heart
Upon Thy "Feet!" Oh! let me spend my days and nights in toil,
That I, perchance, may save from needless wandering, and help
To keep them in the narrow way that leads to light and life.
Oh! let me lay within their trembling hands a rose of love.

A lily's pure and holy inspiration on their breast!
Dear Master, let me kneel with them in dark Gethsemane;
Oh! help me boldly stand and meekly bear the scoffs and jeers
Of cruel, mocking tongues! Oh! may I count no cost, e'en life
Itself, too great to serve, to bless, to comfort Thy dear "Feet,"
And when the last drop of my heart's devotion hath been shed,
Oh, may I hear Thy sweet voice say, "She hath done what she could!"

MY BEAUTIFUL SECRET.

I HAVE learned a beautiful secret,
I know not how nor where—
But I know it is sweet and precious,
And true, and glad, and fair;
And that God in heaven reveals it
To all that have ears to hear.

And I know that ere I learned it,
My way was weary and hard;
And somewhere in life's music
There was always that which jarred—
A hidden and dreary discord,
That all its sweetness marred.

But my harp of life was lifted
By One who knew the range
Of its many strings—for He made it,
And He struck a keynote strange;

And beneath the touch of the Master
I heard the music change.

No longer it failed and faltered;
No longer sobbed and strove;
But it seemed to soar and mingle
With the song of heaven above;
For the pierced hand of the Master
Had struck the keynote—Love.

Thy heart's long-prisoned music
Let the Master's hand set free!
Let Him whisper His beautiful secret
To thee, as He hath to me:
"My Love is the Golden Keynote
Of all My will for thee."

THE ROSE.

WITHIN my hand I gently hold the Garden's Queen, a rose,—
The softly-sighing summer wind about it faintly blows,
And wafts its wondrous fragrance out upon the evening air.
And as I gaze upon the rose, so perfect and so fair,
In memory's halls there wakes, the while, a legend, quaint and old,
How once upon a time, one day, a sage picked up, we're told,
A lump of common clay, so redolent with perfume rare,

He marveled, and the question wondering asked, "Whence dost thou bear
Such fragrance, O, thou lump of clay?" In tones of deep repose
There came the sweet reply, "I have been dwelling with the rose."

The while the legend stirs my soul, within my hand still lie
The petals of the rose, and from my heart of hearts I cry,
"Thou lovely Rose of Sharon, may I ever dwell with Thee,
So closely that the fragrance of Thy love shall cling to me!
Oh, fill me with the spirit of Thy sweet humility,
Then all shall see and know, dear Lord, that I have learned of Thee;
And let mine earthly pilgrimage, until its blessed close,
Each day and hour bear witness, I've been dwelling with the Rose!"

SORROW.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's Messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive Him; rise and bow;
And, ere His shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first His heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before Him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave

Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

IN the minister's morning sermon,
He told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to eternal torture,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never, by faith's unreason,
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart belied.

And after the painful service,
On that pleasant, bright First day,
He walked with his little daughter
Through the apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadow
Sparrow and blackbird sung;

Above him its tinted petals
The blossoming orchard hung.

Around, on the wonderful glory,
The minister looked and smiled:
"How good is the Lord, who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my child.

"Behold in the bloom of apples,
And the violets in the sward,
A hint of the old, lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord."

Then up spake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink,
"O father! these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,
There had never been a fall,
And if never a tree had blossomed
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By His decree man fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"O, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him, too;
But I wish He were kind and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,
As the tremulous lips of pain,
And wide, wet eyes uplifted,
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered
The words of his little one.
Had he erred in his lifelong teachings,
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
Had he lent the Holiest Name?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's Mount of Law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies,
The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
Of old was His presence known,

The dread, ineffable glory
Was Infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the message of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts as flint aforetime
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

GOD IN NATURE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that 'round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move 'round this dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

RESURRECTION.

I MOURNED the summer rose that died;
I said: "It will return no more."
But lo! its beauty glorified
I saw next summer's sun restore.

New-born, it crowned with radiant grace
The stalk where last year's blossom came;
I marked its hues, I knew its face;
'Twas the same rose—yet not the same.

I could not trace amid its bloom,
The atoms of a former flower,
Nor tell what waste from nature's tomb
Had robed it for its perfect hour.

I asked not if its form expressed
The very substance that decayed—
But there, in every trait confessed,
My lovely favorite stood displayed.

And when I knew the parent tree
Had planned the rose ere spring begun

To set its prisoned being free,
I felt the old and new were one.

O! not in watched and labeled dust
Lies beauty's resurrection form;
Live in God's mind her likeness must,
His memory keeps hers ashes warm.

There is no pattern lost; where'er
The perished parcel blends with earth,
The cast no changes can impair,
Nor death deface the seal of birth.

Of every face that fades away,
Somehow, in custody Divine,
The mould that shaped the featured clay
Preserves its image, line for line.

What though this dust, dispersed, complete,
Shall never, grain for grain, be found?
'Tis but the shoes the pilgrim's feet
Put off to walk on holy ground—

Wherever, from the grave estranged,
To life awaked, he only knows
New grace hath clothed his form and changed
The faded to the freshened rose.

———————

BUILD a little fence around Today,
And therein stay;
Look not through the shelt'ring bars
Upon Tomorrow,—
Sufficient for each day, the evil
And the sorrow.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

LAST night I dreamed the Master came to me and gently said,
"Beloved, lay thy cross aside, and come with me awhile,
For I would have thee rest within the garden of the Lord."
And then He took my trembling hand and led me through the gloom
Until we came to where a massive gateway barred our path,—
The gates were closed, but opened at the Master's sweet command.
We entered, and the shadows fled before His radiant smile,—
Oh, vision rapturous, can words be found to tell how fair!
Ten thousand roses beckoned with Love's crimson hue, and round
About our feet the violets nestled in their purple grief;
While velvet pansies, clothed in royalty, together grew
With lovely, clinging, pink and white sweet peas, and close beside,
The lilies of the valley bent in sweet humility,—
And everywhere, the tender grass, a carpet soft and cool.

And often as we passed, the Master's hand with loving touch
Did rest upon some drooping flower, and lo! at once it seemed

Refreshed. At last we came to where a stately lily stood,
Its snowy crown uplifted like a chime of silvery bells,
Whose swaying filled the garden with a fragrance sweet and rare.
We closer drew, and then I saw, alas! how here and there
A petal fair was torn and brown, as though by some rude wind
Or scorching heat. I wondered greatly at the sight, and then turned,
The question on my lips,—when suddenly there rose a storm
So fierce that every flower in the garden bent its head;
And then a shower of flaming arrows, hurled by shadowy forms
Outside the garden's ivy-covered walls, rained down upon
The lilies, while I clung in terror to my Heavenly Guide.
A moment only did the storm prevail, and then I heard
The Master's "Peace, be still!" The tempest ceased, and there was calm,
The wondrous light grew dim, the garden vanished,—and I woke.

The Master had not spoken thus, and yet I seemed to know
The fair dream-garden was a picture of His "little ones,"
(He neither sleeps nor slumbers in His watch-care over these),

And then the thought,—if in this garden I might choose my place,
Would I be like the rose? Ah! no, lest in my passionate zeal
To show by works my heart of love, I should forget the thorns,
Dear Lord, and wound Thy loving hand! Ah! then, perhaps I would
The lily be, and sound Thy blessed Truth o'er land and sea
In clear-toned eloquence. Ah! no, I might not bear the storms
That beat upon the one whose head Thou hast uplifted far
Above his fellows,—and a shining mark for Satan's darts!
And thus I thought on each and all that garden's lovely ones,
Then cried, "My blessed Lord, if I might choose, Oh, let me be
The tender grass, that I may rest and soothe Thy weariness,—
A lowly place, safe-sheltered from the wind and fiery dart,—
What rapture this,—to lay down life itself beneath Thy Feet!"

OUR BURDEN BEARER.

THE little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper,
Who hath never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

"WITHIN THE VEIL."

HOMESICK for Heaven? and longing for its rest?
And does the way seem long that leads thee there?
Lift up thine eyes! The "veil" is growing thin
That separates us from its glories rare.
But yesterday a dear one passed beyond—
"Within the veil"—and entered into rest;
And as she passed we caught a radiant glimpse,
As sunset glory shineth in the West.

Another link is added to the chain
Of precious gold that draws us surely Home,
Another strand is twined with the cord
Of love that holds us so we may not roam.
Yes, one by one His saints are passing o'er,
His loved, from shadows into Heaven's pure light,
Into the joy of His dear presence, where
They feel no more the darkness of earth's night.

But sweeter, grander still, "within the veil"
That grows almost transparent to our gaze,

We see our Master, our beloved Lord,
And lift to Him our rapturous songs of praise.
So near we are, we almost catch the strains
Of heavenly music from celestial choirs.
Can we not bide with patience one more hour?
We've almost reached the goal of our desires!

Then let us not go mourning on our way,
But let our hearts be light, our faces glad,
These pressing burdens we shall soon lay down
Forevermore; why, then, should we be sad?
"A cloud of witnesses" behold our course
With interest intense, and shall we fail?
Our race is almost run;—Lord, nerve our hearts,
And scatter every doubt that doth assail.

So clarify our clouded vision, Lord,
So lift our thoughts and hearts to things above,
That earthly woes shall have no power to vex,
Nor separate us from Thy grace and love.
While still we toss on life's tempestuous sea,
Shield from the rocks our tiny barques so frail,
Stand at the helm and guide us safely till
We, too, are anchored safe "within the veil!"

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

THEY do the least
Who talk the most,
Whose good designs
Are all their boast;
Let words be few.

They do the most
Whose lives possess
The sterling stamp
Of righteousness;
For deeds are true.

THE ANGEL OF GETHSEMANE.

'TWAS midnight, and the Man of Sorrows took His chosen three,
And sought with weary step the shelter of Gethsemane
To pray, His soul exceeding sorrowful, e'en unto death,
And heavy laden with the sin and woe of all the world.
In agony of bloody sweat He fell upon His face,
And cried, with tears, "My God, My Father, if it be Thy will,
Oh, let this cup of shame and numbering with transgressors pass,—
If it be possible! Yet not My will, but Thine be done!"
And then His thoughts turned to the sacrifice,—a fear bore down
With agonizing weight upon His heart, lest to comply
With every jot and tittle of the Law, He might have failed!
He saw the priestly type, He knew eternal death awaited,
Should He seek to pass the second veil unworthily.
Eternal death! Oh, anguish inexpressible, to see

No more His Father's face! He sought His well-beloved three,
Perchance they might refresh His fainting heart with some sure word
Of prophecy. Alas! Their eyes were heavy and they slept.
Three times He sought them, and three times in vain! Yet He was heard
In that He feared. The Father sent a heavenly comforter
To touch with tender, strengthening hand that dear, devoted head,
And whisper, "I, the LORD, in righteousness have called Thee, I
Will hold Thine hand, and keep Thee. Neither shalt Thou ' fail nor be
Discouraged.' Lo, Thou art 'a Priest forever, and a King
Upon Thy throne, like to Melchizedec.' And 'Thou shalt see
The travail of Thy soul, and shalt be satisfied.' "
His heart revived, He knew His Father's faithful Word could never fail;
He knew it would accomplish that whereunto it was sent.
He rose, and from that hour went forth to trial and to death,
In peace,—a calmness born of perfect confidence in God.

How oft, throughout the many-centuried "night" of this dark Age,

The Father's "little ones" have knelt in sad Gethsemane
To pray! E'en now the Garden's shade re-echoes with the cry
Of God's elect, "How long, oh, Lord, how long until we see
The travail of our soul? How long until Thou shalt avenge
Thine own elect, who cry to Thee, with tears, both night and day?"
***
Dear Lord, oh, use me as the Angel in Gethsemane!
Oh, fill me with Thy holy Spirit of Divinest love!
Oh, make me sympathetic, wise, that every anguished heart
May come, nor seek in vain for consolation from Thy Word,
And strengthened, comforted, go forth to prison or to death,
To suffer patiently the cruel mockings of the tongue;
To bear the cross unto the bitter end, then calmly say,
" 'Tis finished," and with faith unwavering pass beneath "the veil!"

COURAGE! MORNING DAWNS.

THOUGH the night be dark and dreary,
Though the way be long and weary,
Morn shall bring thee light and cheer;
Child, look up, the morn is near.

Though thine eyes be sad with weeping,
Through the night thy vigils keeping,

God shall wipe thy tears away,
Turn thy darkness into day.

Though thy spirit faint with fasting
Through the hours so slowly wasting,
Morn shall bring a glorious feast.
Thou shalt sit an honored guest.

THE SWEET-BRIER ROSE.

BESIDE my cottage door it grows,
The loveliest, daintiest flower that blows,
A sweet-brier rose.

At dewy morn or twilight's close,
The rarest perfume from it flows,—
This strange, wild rose.

But when the raindrops on it beat,
Ah, then its odors grow more sweet
About my feet!

Ofttimes with loving tenderness
Its soft green leaves I gently press
In sweet caress,—

A still more wondrous fragrance flows,
The more my fingers firmly close,
And crush the rose!
***
Dear Lord, oh, let my life be so,—
Its perfume when the tempests blow,
The sweeter flow!

And should it be Thy blessed will
With crushing grief my soul to fill,
Press harder still,

And while its dying fragrance flows,
I'll whisper low, "He loves and knows
His crushed brier-rose,"

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

TO grasp the two-edged sword, and forward rush upon the foe,
To hear the Captain's cry, to see the flash of answering eyes,
To feel the throbbing hearts of battling comrades in the ranks,—
That rapturous inspiration know, of warring for the Right,
The holy joy of following Him who points and leads the way!

Ah! yes, 'tis glorious thus to fight the goodly fight, and yet,
Methinks, beyond the firing line, beneath those snowy tents,
A fiercer conflict rages night and day, where trembling hands,
Wan lips and fever-lighted eyes do battle with a host
Of deadly foes,—grim giants, Doubt and Disappointment, fierce
Despair,—before whose fiery darts the bravest well might quail!

They also hear the call, and hoarsely cry, "Lord, here am I!"
They strive to reach their swords, to struggle to their feet, but back
In helpless agony of weakness on their pallets fall,
With brain afire, and reason tottering on its throne, their tears,
Of anguish flow! Sometimes the noise of battle sweeps beyond
The range of those poor, straining ears, and then the spectre Fear
Stalks through the room, and lays an icy hand upon each heart:
The awful thought, Our Captain hath forsaken and forgot,
Our comrades forge ahead, they leave us here alone to die!

But no! the Lord of Battles is most merciful, He sends
A swift-winged messenger: "Yea, though a mother may forget
Her sucking child, yet will I not forget!" Then, like the calm
That cometh after storm, sweet peace and quiet reign within
Those troubled breasts, and so He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ah! then, true-hearted comrades in the forefront of the fight,
Remember that the wounded to God's army still belong,

And send betimes to them a white-winged messenger of cheer.
Oh, give Love's roses now, nor keep them for the coffin's lid,
(A single flower is sweeter far than thousands by and by);
Take time to speak a tender word, to shed a pitying tear,
Or breathe, at least, a prayer throughout the watches of the night,
And thus prove more than conquerors through the power of deathless love!

WOMAN'S MISSION.

THE rights of women—what are they?
The right to labor, love and pray;
The right to weep with those that weep,
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear;
The right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort in despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The right, when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;

The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide,
In simple faith, to Him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise,
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the mind to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys,
And fix the heart on Heavenly joys.

The right to live for Him you love,
The right to die that love to prove;
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights?—then use them well;
The holy influence none can tell;
If these be thine—Why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for!

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve the talents God hath given;
Earth's duties done—thy rest in Heaven!

———————

I COUNT not his the happiest life,
To whom the fates are kind;
Who wins, but wins without the strife
That tests the noble mind.

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

IN the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen to the coming of His feet.

I heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the Temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster aisles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread approaching, with a music far and dim—
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandaled not with sheen of silver, girded not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor light of old—
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O, my spirit, with His everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete,
He is coming, O, my spirit, and His coming brings release,
I listen for the coming of His feet!

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

TO little children "home" is that dear place where Mother is,
Where every wound doth ever find the healing kiss of love,
And little sobbing hearts are soothed to rest upon her breast.
In later years that dear word "home" awakes the precious thought
Of loving wife and happy little ones, and peace and rest,—
A refuge sweet where outside cares and worries cannot come.
And when the sun of life is sinking in the west we dream
Of "home" as that blest gathering place where often through the year
Our children, and their children, come with wealth of grateful love,
That makes our hearts forget the pain and toil of former years.

But to the Christian, though the earthly loves be near and dear,

The thought of "home" belongs to that most heavenly place where God,
And Christ, and all the holy angels are, where sorrow finds
No place, and every longing heart is fully satisfied;
Where we shall love and serve Him perfectly, and meet again,
Nor ever part from fellow-pilgrims on "the narrow way;"
Where we shall sit with Christ upon His throne, and bless with peace
And joy the whole creation, groaning now in pain and tears!

And year by year the golden chain grows longer, that doth draw
Us closer to our heavenly home, as one by one, "the priests"
In silence pass beneath "the veil"—each one an added link.
Ah! then, to gain an entrance to that blest abode shall we
Not count the present things but "loss and dross," and lightly touch
Each object that might hold our heart's affections to this earth,—
For where our treasure is, e'en there our hearts will also be!

———————

THE beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

ALL THINGS NEW.

THERE is something in the sunlight
Which I never saw before;
There's a note within the robin's song
I did not hear of yore;
There's something—ah! I know not what!
But something everywhere
That makes the world this morning seem
Most marvelously fair!

I awakened very early
And I watched the sun arise,
And it seemed to me that heaven
Must be dawning in the skies;
For a glory and a gladness,
Passing words of mine to show,
Flashed from out the eastern portals
On the waking world below.

All the water gleamed with gladness;
Every streamer in the sky
Seemed the arms of little children
Flung in joyousness on high;
All the birds on all the bushes
Joined their melody to pour—
Surely never was a morning
Ushered in like this before!

Is it fact or is it fancy?
Doth the secret in my heart
Unto everything it shines on
Spurious joyousness impart?

Or hath the world grown gladder,
As it seems to me today?
Is it true or is it seeming?
Who shall tell? I cannot say.

Ah! I care not! Doth it matter?
'Tis enough for me to know
That the world to me is gladder
Than it was a year ago.
That on earth and sky and water
Lies a radiance, false or true,
That shall never fade or falter,
Never be less strange or new!

If my heart thus gilds creation
Well it may, for it is glad,
Past the power of shade or shining
Any more to make it sad.
Never yet on earth or heaven,
Never yet on land or sea,
Shone the light of that great gladness
Which my God hath given me.

LIGHT AND TRUTH.

THE light is ever silent;
It sparkles on morn's million gems of dew,
It flings itself into the shower of noon,
It weaves its gold into the cloud of sunset,
Yet not a sound is heard; it dashes full
On yon broad rock, yet not an echo answers;

It lights in myriad drops upon the flower,
Yet not a blossom stirs; it doth not move
The slightest film of floating gossamer,
Which the faint touch of insect's wing would shiver.

The light is ever pure,
No art of man can ever rob it of its beauty,
Nor stain its unpolluted heaven lines.
It is the fairest, purest thing in nature;
Fit type of heavenly truth, which is all pure.

Truth, too, with noiseless grandeur
Upon its heavenly mission goeth forth.
It shines upon a sin-polluted earth
Until its vileness doth so vile appear,
That men despise, then banish it from sight.
It shineth on, till 'neath its rays benign
The buds of heav'nly virtue do appear,
And earth gives promise of a summer time.
And so 'twill ever shine, till fruit and flower
Of virtue, peace and praise bedeck the earth.

Truth, like the light, is pure;
And no device to rob it of its glory,
Or drag it down base purposes to serve,
Can e'er succeed. Ah, no! its heav'nly glory
Shall in due time the universe pervade.

———

O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earthborn care,
Feeling at rest while thou art near.

ETERNITY.

WHAT is Eternity? Can aught
Paint its duration to the thought?
Tell every beam the sun emits,
When in sublimest noon he sits;
Tell every light-winged mote that strays
Within its ample round of rays;
Tell all the leaves and all the buds
That crown the gardens, fields and woods;
Tell all the spires of grass the meads
Produce, when spring propitious leads
The new-born year.

Be this astonishing account
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
Where'er their watery fleeces spread
Through all Time's long-protracted tour.
Tell all the sands the ocean laves;
Tell all the changes of its waves,
Or tell, with more laborious pains,
The drops its mighty mass contains.

Were there a belt that could contain
In its vast orb the earth and main;
With figures were it clustered o'er,
And not one cipher in the score;
And could thy laboring thoughts assign
The total of the extended line;
How vast the amount, the attempt how vain,
To read duration's endless chain;

For when as many years have run,
Eternity is but begun!

Then think of life thou mayst attain,
Through years eternal to remain,
And the love which bought it all for thee
When thou wert doomed no life to see;
And grace which to its boundless store
Adds endless blessings evermore:
And when thy cup of joy runs over,
Let songs of praise rise to the Giver.

A DIRGE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid.
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side, lie withering:
Here the sword and scepter rust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age hath rolled along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that slumber, those that sleep,
The grave shall soon no longer keep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er could break their slumbers more;

Death hath kept his sullen trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a conflict's coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones.
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine;
Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands round His state,
Kings and Priests with crown and plume.
Tremble, then, thou solemn tomb;
Heaven shall open on our sight;
Earth be blest with wondrous light,
Kingdom of the ransomed just!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy Mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem:
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise,
Earth by saintly feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears
Through a thousand glorious years.

Now, in hope of Him, we trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

THE WRATH OF GOD.

THE wrath of God is love's severity
In curing sin—the zeal of righteousness
In overcoming wrong—the remedy
Of justice for the world's redress.

The wrath of God is punishment for sin,
In measure unto all transgression due,
Discriminating well and just between
Presumptuous sins and sins of lighter hue.

The wrath of God inflicts no needless pain,
Merely vindictive, or Himself to please;
But aims the ends of mercy to attain,
Uproot the evil, and the good increase.

The wrath of God is a consuming fire,
That burns while there is evil to destroy
Or good to purify; nor can expire
Till all things are relieved from sin's alloy.

The wrath of God is love's parental rod,
The disobedient to chastise, subdue,
And bend submissive to the will of God,
That love may reign when all things are made new.

The wrath of God shall never strike in vain,
Nor cease to strike till sin shall be no more;

Till God His gracious purpose shall attain,
And earth to righteousness and peace restore.

THE DIVINE WEAVING.

SEE the mystic Weaver sitting
High in Heaven—His loom below;
Up and down the treadles go.
Takes, for web, the world's dark ages,
Takes, for woof, the kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all nations and all stages.
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle,
Armies make them scud and scuttle—
Web into the woof must flow;
Up and down the nations go!
At the Weaver's will they go!

Calmly see the mystic Weaver
Throw His shuttle to and fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the Weaver seems to know
What each motion, and commotion,
What each fusion, and confusion,
In the grand result will show!

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!
To the dull, beyond believing!
Such no fabled ages know,
Only faith can see the Mystery,
How along the aisles of history,
Where the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the fairest eyes,
Grand the mystic tapet lies!

Soft and smooth, and ever-spreading,
As if made for angels' treading—
Tufted circles touching ever:
Every figure has its plaidings,
Brighter forms and softer shadings,
Each illumined—what a riddle—
From a cross that gems the middle.

'Tis a saying—some reject it—
That its light is all reflected;
That the tapet's lines are given
By a Sun that shines in Heaven!
'Tis believed—by all believing—
That great God, Himself, is weaving,
Bringing out the world's dark Mystery,
In the light of faith and history;
And, as web and woof diminish,
Comes the grand and glorious finish,
When begin the Golden Ages,
Long foretold by seers and sages.

"IN DUE TIME."

IN Thy due time, our Heavenly Father, shall be known
Thy gracious plan, which now is hid
Except unto Thy saints alone.
O glorious day, when Thine All-wisdom, justice, power and love,
The whole creation shall approve!

In His due time, O blessed Jesus, Thou shalt see
The travail of Thy soul, and shalt

Be satisfied eternally;
Thine agony on Calvary,—the price that Thou didst give,
Shall cause the dead again to live!

In God's due time, O pilgrim on the "narrow way,"
Thy painful journey ended, darkest
Night shall turn to brightest day;
Thine every trial, then, thine every tear, shall prove a gem
To beautify thy diadem!

In His due time, O weary, groaning, sin-cursed Earth,
The Lord will wipe away thy tears,
And bring the promised "second birth;"
And there shall be no pain, nor any death in that blest day
When sin and sorrow flee away!

In His due time angelic choirs shall sing again
In grander strain that heavenly message,
"Peace on earth, good will toward men!"
And every knee shall bow, and every loving heart confess
The Christ who comes to reign and bless!

AFTERWARD.

GOD'S ways are equal: storm or calm,
Seasons of peril and of rest,
The hurtling dart, the healing balm,
Are all apportioned as is best.

In judgments oft misunderstood,
In ways mysterious and obscure,
He brings from evil lasting good,
And makes the final gladness sure.
While Justice takes its course with strength,
Love bids our faith and hope increase:
He'll give the chastened world at length
His afterward of peace.

When the dread forces of the gale
His sterner purposes perform,
And human skill can naught avail,
Against the fury of the storm,
Let loving hearts trust in Him still,
Through all the dark and devious way;
For who would thwart His blessed will,
Which leads through night to joyous day?
Be still beneath His tender care;
For He will make the tempest cease,
And bring from out the anguish here
An afterward of peace.

Look up, O Earth; no storm can last
Beyond the limits God hath set;
When its appointed work is past,
In joy thou shalt thy grief forget.
Where sorrow's plowshare hath swept through,
Thy fairest flowers of life shall spring,
For God shall grant thee life anew,
And all thy wastes shall laugh and sing.
Hope thou in Him, His plan for thee
Shall end in triumph and release;
Fear not, for thou shalt surely see
His afterward of peace.

GETHSEMANE.

GETHSEMANE! The Garden's lonely shade the world's
Redeemer sought that night. He went alone to pray
For grace and strength to drink the last drop in His Cup.
Great souls crave solitude in sorrow's hour. Not e'en
His well-beloved three might share the sacredness
Of that deep woe,—He bade them tarry, while He went
A little farther on, and fell upon His face.

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Gethsemane! A solitary place, apart,
No mortal feet may press in sympathy that dark,
Encrimsoned earth. No human hand the fevered brow
May cool, no other heart can share its agony,
No voice but God's may break the solemn silence there,—
A place where every soul must drink alone the Cup
The Father's hand hath poured, and given to His child.

Gethsemane! A desert place, alone, apart?
Ah, no! The anguished heart doth never cry in vain
To Him who marks the smallest sparrow when it falls,
For He shall send His Angel with the message, "Fear
Thou not, for I am with thee! I will ne'er forsake,
Nor let thee fail! My right hand shall uphold, My love,
My power shall keep thee, even to the bitter end!"

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS."

WE thank Thee, Lord, for raiment, and we thank Thee for our food,
We thank Thee for our shelter, O, Thou Giver of All Good;
We thank Thee for the day on which our eyes first saw the light,
We give Thee thanks for every sense, for hearing and for sight.

We thank Thee for the sunshine, and we thank Thee for the rain,
We thank Thee for the pleasure and we thank Thee for the pain.
We thank Thee for the friends we've won, and for the friends we've lost,
We thank Thee for the heart-aches which these separations cost.

We thank Thee for the tender love which makes us clearly see
That every severed heart-string hath but drawn us nearer Thee.
We thank Thee for forgiveness when we fail in word or deed,
We praise Thee for sufficient grace in every time of need.

We thank Thee, blessed Father, for the gift of Thy dear Son,
We thank Thee and we praise Thee for the victory He won.

We thank Thee for His righteousness, His robe so pure and white,
We praise Thee that, when clothed in it, we're blameless in Thy sight.

We thank Thee, oh, we praise Thee for Thy good and precious Word,
We bless Thee for the wondrous faith its promises have stirred.
We thank Thee for the glorious Hope of Immortality—
Our hearts are longing, Lord, with Thee to dwell eternally!

We thank Thee for "That Servant," for the love of each dear Saint,
We bless Thee for their fellowship when heart and strength grow faint.
And thus we give Thee thanks, dear Lord, for each and every thing,
And pray that Thou wilt keep us safe beneath Thy sheltering wing!

KEEP SWEET.

SOUL, let nothing make thee fretful,
Nothing bitter or regretful.
Heart, keep sweet, keep sweet!
And all day long
E'en from the moment of thy waking,
Let a song
Keep welling from a heart that's breaking,
Soul, keep sweet, keep sweet!

BEYOND THE VEIL.

THESE stammering lips, that now
So vainly strive to speak Thy praise,
Beyond the veil
Shall make the heaven of heavens resound
Through endless days.

These yearning eyes, that strain
To catch by faith a glimpse of Thee,
Beyond the veil
Shall see Thee as Thou art through all
Eternity.

These trembling hands, these feet,
That seek to serve so earnestly,
Beyond the veil
Shall for Thy Kingdom's glorious work
Empowered be.

And this poor, throbbing heart,
That cannot now unfold its love,
Beyond the veil
Shall bloom and shower its fragrance through
The heaven above.

My soul, that neither seeks,
Nor findeth here its perfect rest,
Beyond the veil
Shall in Thy likeness wake and be
Forever blest!

"ARE YE ABLE?"

ARE ye able to walk in the narrow, strait way,
With no friend by your side, and no arm for your stay?
Can ye bravely go on through the darkening night?
Can ye patiently wait till the Lord sends the Light?

Are ye able to crush your soul's longing for Love,
Will ye seek for no friendship save that from above?
Can ye pass through this world, lone, unnoticed, unknown,
While your faith faintly whispers, "He knoweth His own?"

Where the feet of the Blessed One stood, can ye stand?
Can ye follow His steps to a wilderness land?
Are ye able to cast aside pleasure and fame?
Can ye live but to glorify His precious name?

Can ye smile as His dear voice says tenderly "No,"
When "the field is so white," and your heart yearns to go?
Can ye rest then in silence, contented and still,
Till your Lord, the Chief Reaper, revealeth His will?

Are ye able to lay on the "Altar's pure flame
That most treasured possession, your priceless good name?
Can ye ask of your Father a blessing for those,
Who see naught in your life but to scorn and oppose?

When the conflict twixt Error and Truth fiercer grows,
Can ye wield the strong "Sword" against unnumbered foes?
Can ye lift up the "Standard" e'en higher and higher,
While His praises ye sing in the midst of the fire?

When ye see the Lord's cause going down to defeat,
Will your courage endure in the seven-fold heat?
Will your faith keep you steadfast, though heart and flesh fail,
As the New Creature passes beneath the last "Veil?"

Ah, if thus ye can drink of the Cup He shall pour,
And if never the Banner of Truth ye would lower,
His Beloved ye are, and His crown ye shall wear,
In His Throne ye shall sit, and His Glory shall share!

"ASLEEP IN JESUS."

"ASLEEP in Jesus." Blessed God, Thy love
And mercy, oh, how great! That Thou shouldst hide
My loved one in the grave until Thy wrath
Be overpast!—Ah, yes, dear heart, sleep well,
Sleep well, no dreams disturb thy deep repose.

"Asleep in Jesus." Undisturbed, the while
Earth's breast is rent by "Armageddon's" strife,
And all creation travails in the pangs
That must precede her glorious "second birth."
Sleep well beneath His overshadowing wings.

Sleep well, sleep well, until His Kingdom comes.
"The ransomed of the Lord shall then return,"
And He shall bid thee waken out of sleep.
A Highway shall be there, a Way of Life,
And thou, dear heart, with joy shalt walk thereon,
Up, up, until perfection's goal is won,
Where there shall be no pain, nor any death,
When God's dear hand shall wipe all tears away.
In this blest hope I lay thee down to rest;
Good night, dear heart, 'twill not be long, sleep well!

ALMOST HOME.

MY frail barque rudely tosses on the sea,
In terror, Lord, I feebly cry to Thee,
"Increase my faith, as darker grows the night,
Oh, make me strong in Thee and in Thy might!"
He hears my prayer, He answers, with a smile,
"We're almost home, have faith a little while!"

Nor sun nor moon nor any star is seen,
Not e'en the faintest rift of blue between;
The chilling waters deeper, darker flow,
The storm-clouds lower, the winds more wildly blow—
Yet hark! Above the strife His voice, so mild,
"Be brave, be strong, we're almost home, My child!"
***
Do eager hands lie folded on thy breast,
And hath the Lord of Harvest bid thee rest?
Dost see the happy laborers go by,
Nor canst refrain a tear or longing sigh?
Be calm, poor heart, and sink into His will—
"We're almost home, dear child, lean harder still!"

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

FAITHFUL when with tears thine eyes are dim,
Faithful when Joy's cup o'erflows its brim;
Faithful when God seems to veil His face,
Faithful when He crowns thy work with grace.
Faithful, though thy loved ones turn aside,
Lips that praised thee once, in harshness chide;
Faithful, though success enwreathe thy brow,
Faithful, should the world before thee bow.
Faithful till hath fled life's fleeting breath,
Eager hands lie folded still in death.

"Faithful unto death!" Lord, day by day,
Help me thus to keep the narrow way!
Strengthen me to bear the scorn and shame—
Portion of all those who take Thy name.
"Faithful unto death!" When all is done,
Cross is changed to Crown, the victory won,
Let me hear Thee say, O blessed Lord,
"Child, come enter into thy reward!
Faithful thou hast been, come share with Me
Glory, Honor, Immortality!"

THE TIME, MY SOUL, IS SHORT!

NO time to linger by the way,
No time for ease, no time for play;
No time for earthly loves or joys,
No time for worldly cares or toys,
The time, my soul, is short!

No time to murmur or complain,
No time to heed the heart's dull pain;
No time for tears or mournful song,
No time to ask, How far? How long?—
The time, my soul, is short!

Ah, yes, 'tis short—just time enough
To run thy course, so steep and rough,
Just time to reap "the fields," so white,
Before the coming of "the night,"
Just time, my soul, just time!

Just time to make thy heart more pure,
Just time to make thy "calling" sure,
Just time to enter through "the door,"
To reign with Christ for evermore—
Just time, my soul, just time!

"HOW LONG, OH, LORD, HOW LONG?"

HOW long, oh Lord, how long
Shall weakness serve the strong?
How long shall Might make Right,
And darkness hate the light?

How long, oh Lord, how long,
Till Truth shall crush the wrong,
Till darkness turn to day,
And sorrow flee away?

How long till wars shall cease,
This turmoil end in peace?
How long the sin-cursed Earth
Await her second birth?

How long, Lord, must I feel
The proud oppressor's heel—
I'm weary of the night,
I long for morning light!

I long to see Thy face,
I long for Thine embrace—
How long, Lord, till I come
To my long-promised home?
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Not long, my child, not long,
Be brave, be true, be strong!
The Day-star doth appear,
The Kingdom draweth near!

Look up, my child, look up,
The last drop's in thy Cup!
Trust where thou canst not see—
I soon will call for thee!

"A LITTLE WHILE."

HOW long, O Lord, till I am meet
To hold with Thee communion sweet?
How long until Thine eyes shall see
The Spirit's fruits complete in me?

When shall I come to Thee, my Lord,
As promised in Thy blessed Word?
When shall I see Thee as Thou art,
And satisfy my longing heart?

Ah, then, how mean will seem these toys,
These transitory, earthly joys!
How short appear this dreary way,
When night hath turned to endless day!

Then, peace, my soul, be strong, my heart,
And bravely strive to do thy part,
"A little while," He soon shall come,
And say, "Enough, my child, come home!"

"WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD?"

(Psa. 116:12-14.)

WHAT shall I render, Lord, to Thee,
For all Thy benefits toward me?
For life and every earthly good,
For raiment, shelter, daily food;
For light and truth, for peace and love,
For heavenly wisdom from above?
How great Thy bounties unto me!
What have I that is not from Thee?

For all these benefits toward me,
What shall I render, Lord, to Thee?
The Cup Thy hand of love hath poured,
I'll humbly take, most gracious Lord,
And call upon Thy holy name
To help me Thy great Plan proclaim;
I'll spend my days in ceaseless praise,
And tell abroad Thy wondrous ways!

"Salvation's Cup"—of suffering, too—
Of suffering with God's chosen few,
Dear Lord, I'll drink of this, Thy Cup,
And smiling through my tears, look up—
A mingled Cup of grief and joy,
Of blessedness without alloy,
Of love and fellowship divine,
A foretaste of the Kingdom-wine.

That all, dear Lord, may know and see
Thy countless benefits toward me,
Before Thy congregation, now,
I'll pay my consecration Vow;
And in Thy strength, supplied each day,
I'll strive to walk the narrow way
That leads to rest and God and Thee,
And blissful immortality!

"AND SITTING DOWN, THEY WATCHED HIM THERE."

(Matthew 27:36.)

SITTING down, they watched Him there,
Watched Him, fairest of the fair,
Gazed with cold, unpitying eye,
While the jeering crowd passed by;
For His vesture cast a lot
(Seamless robe, without a spot)—
Watched the "Man of Sorrows" there,
Who the world's great sin must bear,
Watched while darkness veiled the sun,
Watched until He cried, "'Tis done!"

God of Heaven! forbid that I
Thus should gaze with pitiless eye
On a suffering child of Thine,
Watch him while his foes malign,
Watch him while his life-blood flows,
Watch until the dark day's close;
Grant me, Lord, a heart of love,
Make me like a tender dove,
Let me bring him strength and peace,
Until death shall send release!

TO ARMS!

TO arms! To arms! the enemy approaches!
To arms! To arms! Our wily foe is near.
To arms! Not ignorant of his devices,
To arms! To arms! Advance without a fear!

To arms! To arms! But not with carnal weapons!
To arms! Take up the Spirit's Two-edged Sword!
To arms! Put on the Helmet of Salvation,
To arms! To fight for Truth and for the Lord!

To arms! To arms! Take every piece of armor!
To arms! To arms! Lay every weight aside!
To arms! To arms! Our Captain goes before us,
We'll follow Him, whatever may betide!

To arms! To arms! Ten thousand 'round thee falling!
To arms! Have faith in God, and watch and pray!
To arms! To arms! To him that overcometh,
A Crown of Life that fadeth not away!

THE SOLITARY WAY.

ALAS! How few may know the grace it takes
To tread the solitary way! Alone!
Ah, yes, alone! No other human heart
Can understand the nameless sorrows there—
The nights in weeping spent, and yet, when dawns
The day, to greet the world with radiant smile,
And scatter sunshine while you whisper low
To your poor heart, "Canst bear a little more?"

Alone! Poor heart, and dost thou question, Why?
Dost think it strange that thou must walk this way?
Ah, no! Thou dost but follow in His steps
Who went before, and of the people there
Was none with Him! Alone? Yet not alone—
Hath not thy blessed Lord and Master said,
"My presence shall go with thee"? Ah, my soul,
No longer, then, a solitary way!

IF WE COULD BUT KNOW.

WOULD tasks ever seem too hard,
If we knew that tomorrow's sun
Would arise upon hands that were folded at rest
With their life-work forever done?

Dost think we would ever wear
An impatient look on the face,
If we knew that our loved ones ere close of the day
Would lie clasped in death's cold embrace?

Ah me! would we ever fear
Or grow faint in the darkening way,
If we only could know how short that blest while
'Till the night should be turned to day?

Ah then! let our faith be strong!
Hour by hour live as though we knew,
Let us fight the good fight, let us love to the end,
Should our days be many or few!

"YET WILL I REJOICE IN THE LORD."

THOUGH the fig-tree shall not blossom,
Though the olive's labor fail,
Though a murrain, sore and grievous,
Smite the herd on hill and dale—
Yet my soul shall bless and praise Him,
And my faith shall still prevail!

Though the earth be filled with violence,
And the Dove of Peace hath fled,
While the land and sea are groaning
'Neath the burden of their dead—
Yet, amid the awful tumult,
I rejoice and lift my head!

Though the vision seem to tarry,
And the waiting time prolong,
Though my faith be strangely tested
In the conflict fierce and strong,
Yet His grace shall be sufficient,
And the burden of my song!

Though He slay me, I will trust Him,
Though my very heart He break,
For I know with loving wisdom
He hath planned the way I take—
Thus my dying breath shall bless Him,
And I'll praise Him when I wake!

"MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE AND I WILL GIVE THEE REST."

ALMIGHTY God, the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
O Thou, the Source and Center of each sphere,
The Lord of Being, throned afar, Whose hand
Upholds the weight of worlds, yet, wondrous thought!
Nor day nor night too occupied to note
E'en when a sparrow falls to earth, Whose eyes
A watch-care keep o'er every child of Thine;

Whose guardian angels daily shape the course
Of those who love Thee more than life itself;
Whose chastening rod doth guide them in the way
That leads to endless life!—how sweet to feel
Thy presence ever near, to know that Thou
Dost never sleep nor slumber while Thy child
In time of need doth feebly cry to Thee.

O Thou, in Whom no shade of turning lies,
Thou changeless and unvariable One!
Though all unfaithful prove, yea, though the earth
And heavens depart, by faith we clasp Thy hand,
We calmly rest our weary hearts on Thee,
Assured that Thou will ne'er forsake, that we
Shall be forever precious in Thy sight!

RESURRECTION.

DEAR Lord, I pray for courage, strength and love,
For that pure wisdom, promised from above,
That I may faithful be and worthy found
To stand "that day" beside the grass-grown mound
Of my beloved dead, and say, "Arise!
Come forth to light and life, lift up thine eyes!
Awake and burst the prison bands of death!
Stand up, the God of Heaven restores thy breath!
Return unto the land that gave thee birth—
No longer, as of old, a sin-cursed earth—
The desert places blossom as the rose,
With fragrance laden, every breeze that blows!
A Highway thou shalt find, a way of life,
No pride, nor selfishness, no envy, strife,
Shall prosper there; the ransomed of the Lord
Shall walk thereon, obedient to His Word;
No longer shall the 'lion' or 'ravenous beast'
Upon the poor, the weak, the innocent feast;
There God shall wipe all tears from every eye,
No grief shall touch thine heart, not e'en a sigh,
And there shall be no death, nor any pain!
Awake! Rejoice and join the glad refrain—
'Hosanna, peace on earth, good will toward men,
All honor to the Lamb. Amen! Amen!'"

"LIKE AS A FATHER PITIETH."

THE night is so dark, and the way seems so long,
As we sadly and wearily struggle along,
So often we stumble, so frequently fall,
And the fear oft assails, "Shall we fail, after all?"

Poor hearts! we forget that the Master above
Ever watcheth each step in His infinite love,
And like as a father doth pity, the Lord
Ever pities all those who do trust in His Word.

No tear ever falls, when the heart's wound is sore,
But the Lord's tender heart keenly suffered the more;
No cup His hand pours, which He fills to the brim,
But His own loving lips were pressed first to its rim.

No night can be darker than that which He knew,
And no waters be deeper than those He passed through.
Ah! then, when thy cross seems too heavy to bear,
Oh, remember thy Lord doth know, pity and care!

MY PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, the Lord of being, throned afar, the Source
And Center of each sphere, hear Thou in Heaven, Thy dwelling place,
A humble suppliant's prayer! Oh, bless and keep and guard and guide
The "man in linen with the writer's inkhorn by his side";
Oh, hold him closely to Thy heart, beneath Thy sheltering wing,
And set him, Heavenly Father, as a seal upon Thine arm!

Oh, cleanse from secret faults, from sins presumptuous keep back,

And make his heart as pure as that sweet flower of Eastertide.
Oh, keep him meek and lowly, humbly lying at Thy feet,
A broken and emptied vessel, for the Master's use made meet.
Oh, touch his lips with coal of fire from off Thine altar, Lord,
As he shall seek Thy Truth to speak and honor Thy dear name.

O blessed Jesus, stretch in wondrous love Thy pitying hand,
And gently lead the "man that is Thy fellow" in the way
Thine own dear feet have trod. Oh, make him more and more like Thee,
Thou chiefest of ten thousand, altogether lovely One!
Fulfil to him Thy promise, if he suffer, he shall reign,
And when his course is finished, may he hear Thy sweet "Well Done!"

As yearns the mother's heart to shield from every ill her child,
So fain would I, but I am weak, my Father, do Thou keep
His eyes from tears, his feet from falling and his soul from death!
Be Thou to him a Sun and Shield in Satan's darkest hour,
Let angel hosts encamp about his going out and in,
By day, by night, today, tomorrow and forevermore, In Jesus' name. Amen!

COMING BY AND BY.

A BETTER day is coming, a morning promised long,
When truth and right, with holy might, shall overthrow the wrong;
When Christ the Lord will listen to every plaintive sigh,
And stretch His hand o'er sea and land, with justice by and by.

The boast of haughty tyrants no more shall fill the air,
But age and youth shall love the truth and speed it everywhere.
No more from want and sorrow shall come the hopeless cry,
But war shall cease, and perfect peace will flourish by and by.

The tidal wave is coming, the Year of Jubilee;
With shout and song it sweeps along, like billows of the sea,
The jubilee of nations shall ring through earth and sky;
The dawn of grace draws on apace—'tis coming by and by.

O! for that glorious dawning we watch and wait and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light shall drive the gloom away;

And when the heavenly glory shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all His works and praise Him by and by.

"THE WORLD IS OLD WITH CENTURIES."

THE world is old with centuries,
But not for these she bows her head;
Close to her heart the sorrow lies:
She holds so many dead!
Sad discords mingle in her song,
Tears fall upon her with the dew,
The whole creation groans—How long
Ere all shall be made new?

Yet brightly on her smiles the sun,
A bounteous heaven delights to bless;
O! what shall be that fairer one,
Wherein dwells righteousness?
O happy world! O holy time!
When wrong shall die, and strife shall cease,
And all the bells of heaven chime
With melodies of peace.

No place shall be in that new earth
For all that blights this universe;
No evil taint the second birth—
There shall be no more curse.
Ye broken-hearted, cease your moan;
The day of promise dawns for you;

For He who sits upon the throne
Says, "I make all things new."
We mourn the dead, but they shall wake!
The lost, but they shall be restored!
O! well our human hearts might break
Without that sacred word!
Dim eyes, look up! sad hearts, rejoice!
Seeing God's bow of promise through,
At sound of that prophetic voice:
"I will make all things new."

CLEAR THE WAY.

MEN of thought, be up and stirring
Night and day.
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way.
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As you may.
There's a fount about to stream;
There's a light about to beam;
There's a warmth about to glow;
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!
Once the welcome light hath broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
Lo! the right's about to conquer—
Clear the way!
Many a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

THE DAY OF HIS PREPARATION.

LAY down your rails, ye nations, near and far,
Yoke your full trains to steam's triumphal car;
Link town to town, unite in iron bands
The long-estranged and oft-embattled lands.

Peace, mild-eyed seraph; knowledge, light Divine,
Shall send their messengers by every line.
Men joined in amity shall wonder long
That hate had power to lead their fathers wrong;
Or that false glory lured their hearts astray,
And made it virtuous and sublime to slay.
How grandly now these wonders of our day
Make preparation for Christ's royal way,
And with what joyous hope our souls
Do watch the ball of progress as it rolls,
Knowing that all, completed or begun,
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun!

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

"GREAT peace in Europe. Order reigns
From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains!"
So say her kings and priests; so say
The lying prophets of our day.
Go, lay to earth a listening ear;
The tramp of measured marches hear,—
The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
The shotted musket's murderous peal,
The night alarm, the sentry's call,
The quick-eared spy in hut and hall!
From polar sea and tropic fen
The dying groans of exiled men!
The bolted cell, the galley's chains,
The scaffold smoking with its stains!
Order,—the hush of brooding slaves!
Peace,—in the dungeon-vaults and graves!

O Fisher! of the world-wide net,
With meshes in all waters set,
Whose fabled keys to heaven and hell
Bolt hard the patriot's prison cell,
And open wide the banquet hall
Where kings and priests hold carnival!
Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar!
If this be peace, pray what is war?

White angel of the Lord! unmeet
That soil accursed, for thy pure feet.
Never in Slavery's desert flows
The fountain of thy charmed repose;
No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
Of lilies and of olive-leaves;
Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
Thus saith the Eternal Oracle;
Thy home is with the pure and free!

Stern herald of thy better day,
Before thee to prepare thy way,
The Baptist shade of Liberty,
Gray, scarred, and hairy-robed, must press
With bleeding feet the wilderness!
O that its voice might pierce the ear
Of priests and princes while they hear
A cry as of the Hebrew seer:
Repent! God's Kingdom draweth near!

———————

YE curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before Him, and adore.

THE COMING STORM.

O SAD is my heart for the storm that is coming;
Like eagles the scud sweepeth in from the sea;
The gull seeketh shelter, the pine trees are sighing,
And all giveth note of the tempest to be.
A spell hath been whispered from cave and from ocean,
The shepherds are sleeping, the sentinels dumb,
The flocks are all scattered on moorland and mountain,
And no one believes that the Master is come.

He's come, but whom doth He find their watch keeping?
O where—in His presence—is faith the world o'er?
The rich, every sense in soft luxury steeping;
The poor, scarce repelling the wolf from the door.
O man, and O maiden, drop trifling and pleasure,
O! hark, while I tell of the sorrows to be,—
As well might I plead in the path of yon glacier,
Or cry out a warning to wave of the sea!

DELIVERANCE.

STILL o'er Earth's sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise—though first by God chastised—
In glory and in beauty then baptized.

Yea, Earth, thou shalt arise; thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand hath made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway
And burst his bonds, and cast his cords away.

Then on thy soil shall deathless verdure spring;
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;

The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now we see, wide-waving o'er the land,
The mighty angel lifts his golden wand,

Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from His destined reign!

A LIFE WELL SPENT.

SOFTLY, oh, softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee gently with tenderst care;
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee,
Yet have they left thee but beauty to wear;
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,

Under full sail and the harbor in sight;
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;
Past all the currents that urged thee unwilling,
Far from thy course to the home of the blest;
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy and sorrow
When, the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from the young wouldst thou borrow—
Thou dost remember what lieth between;
Growing old willingly,
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet;
Rich in a faith that hath grown with thy years;
Rich in a love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears;
Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind word hath brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
Growing old happily,
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;

Ears that grow dull to the world and its story
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow;
Growing old graciously,
Purer than snow.

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar,
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south winds softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days, in golden haze,
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel,
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked mine erring track;—
That whensoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

And death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,—
The purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of the strife
Now rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

RETROSPECTION.

HE was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path
Carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march
I can lean on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed;
There was not a wound in mine aching heart,
But the balm of His breath hath healed,
Oh, tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom that taught and tried,
Till the soul He sought was trusting in Him
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided my steps where I could not see,
By ways that I had not known,

The crooked was straight and the rough made plain
As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms
And the water-springs by the way;
For the glowing pillars of flame by night
And the sheltering cloud by day.

And if to warfare He calls me forth,
He buckles my armor on,
He greets me with smiles and a word of cheer
For battles His Sword hath won;
He wipes my brow, as I droop and faint,
He blesses my hand to toil;
Faithful is He as He washes my feet
From the trace of each earthly soil.

There is light for me on the trackless wild
As the wonders of old I trace,
When the God of the whole earth went before
To search me a resting place.
Hath He changed for me? Nay, He changeth not;
He will bring me by some new way,
Through fire and flood and each crafty foe
As safely as yesterday.

Never a watch in the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears;
I read from the past that the future shall be
Far better than all my fears,—
Like the golden pot of the wilderness bread,
Laid up with the blossoming rod,
All safe in the ark with the Law of the Lord
In the covenant care of my God.

THESE MANY YEARS.

THESE many years! What lessons they unfold
Of grace and guidance through the wilderness,
From the same God that Israel of old
In the Shekinah glory did possess.
How faithful He, through all my griefs and fears
And constant murmurings, these many years!

God of the Covenant! From first to last,
From when I stood within that sprinkled door,
And o'er my guilt the avenging angel passed,
Thy better angel hath gone on before;
And naught but goodness all the way appears,
Unmerited and free these many years!

Thy presence wrought a pathway through the sea;
Thy presence made the bitter waters sweet;
And daily have Thy hands prepared for me
Sweet, precious morsels—lying at my feet.
'Twas but to stoop and taste the grace that cheers,
And start refreshed, through all these many years!

What time I thirsted and earth's streams were dry,
What time I wandered and my hope was gone,
Thy hand hath brought a pure and full supply,
And, by a loving pressure, lured me on.
How oft that hand hath wiped away my tears
And written "Pardoned!" all these many years!

And what of discipline Thy love ordained
Fell ever gently on this heart of mine;

Around its briers was my spirit trained
To bring forth fruits of righteousness Divine;
Wisdom in every check, and love appears
In every stroke, throughout these many years!

Lord, what I might have been, my spirit knows—
Rebellious, petulant, and prone to stray;
Lord, what I am, in spite of flesh and foes,
I owe to grace that kept me in the way.
Thine be the glory! Merit disappears,
As back I look upon these many years.

Thine be the glory! Thou shalt have the praise
For all Thy dealings, to my latest breath;
A daily "Ebenezer" will I raise,
And sing "Salvation" through the vale of death—
To where the crown, the golden harp appears,
There to rehearse Thy love through endless years!

"THREE GATES OF GOLD."

LET every thought thy lips would utter pass three gates of gold,—
But, if through these it fails to pass, then let it not be told;
And o'er each gate in silver letters written thou wilt find,
Above the first one, "Is it true?" the second, "Is it kind?"
And "Is it necessary?" o'er the third one and the last.
Then guard thy thoughts, let none escape, save those these gates have passed!

IS IT RAINY, LITTLE FLOWER?

IS it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee,
'Twill shine again;
The clouds are very black, 'tis true,
But just behind them shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain;
God watches, and thou shalt have sun,
When clouds their perfect work have done.

THE YEAR BEFORE US.

STANDING at the portal of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us, hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence by our Father's voice,
Tender, strong and faithful, making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not, children of the day;
For His Word shall never, never pass away.

"I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen, be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee with Mine own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen in My sight to stand."
Onward, then, and fear not, children of the day;
For His Word shall never, never pass away.

For the year before us, oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy, living streams shall rise;
For the sad and mournful, shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble, perfect strength be found.
Onward, then, and fear not, children of the day;
For His Word shall never, never pass away.

He will never fail us, He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant He will never break;
Resting on His promise, what have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient for the coming year.
Onward, then, and fear not, children of the day;
For His Word shall never, never pass away.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

WHAT shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the spring-time,
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee
A happy new year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found,
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A happy new year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light,
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear:
These shall ensure thee
A happy new year!

Peace in the Savior,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance
Radiant and sweet;
Joy in His presence!
Christ ever near!
This will ensure thee
A happy new year!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A BRIGHT new year and a sunny track
Along an upward way;
And a song of praise on looking back,
When the year hath passed away;
Amid golden sheaves, nor small, nor few:
This is my new year's wish for you.

———————

MY Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

THE NEW LEAF.

HE came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done—
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf, so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one, all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done—
"Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, My child."

———————

MAY Heaven sustain thee day by day,
And make thy generous heart of love
Rejoice through all the pleasant way
That God directs thy feet to move,
Inclining thee, just, generous, true,
Nobly thy Christian work to do;
Honored and loved and blessed of God,
O! sweet may be the pathway trod;
May heavenly light around thee shine,
Divinely blessing thee and thine!

"AMEN"

SO let it be! The prayer that Christ enjoins
Live ever in our soul and on our tongue!
So let it be! The worship He assigns—
Our great Creator—with thanksgiving song,
From hearths, in temples, yea, the woods among,
Pour forth! So let it be! As drooping vines
Drink the reviving shower, so sink along
Our hearts His precepts! Lo, one word enshrines
Full attestation of our faith! "Amen"
Includes the sum of our assent, and bears
The seal of truth: it is the wing of prayers,
Speeding the voice of millions, not in vain,
To God's high throne, borne on seraphic airs,
To ratify in Heaven our glorious gain!

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NOTE—Not fettered by sectarian boundary lines, we have gathered these Poems from many sources, although the authorship of several is not known. Some verses have been altered somewhat to bring into full harmony with the clearer light of the "harvest" time. (Proverbs 4:18) Those altered are indicated in Index by the mark (*) following.

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