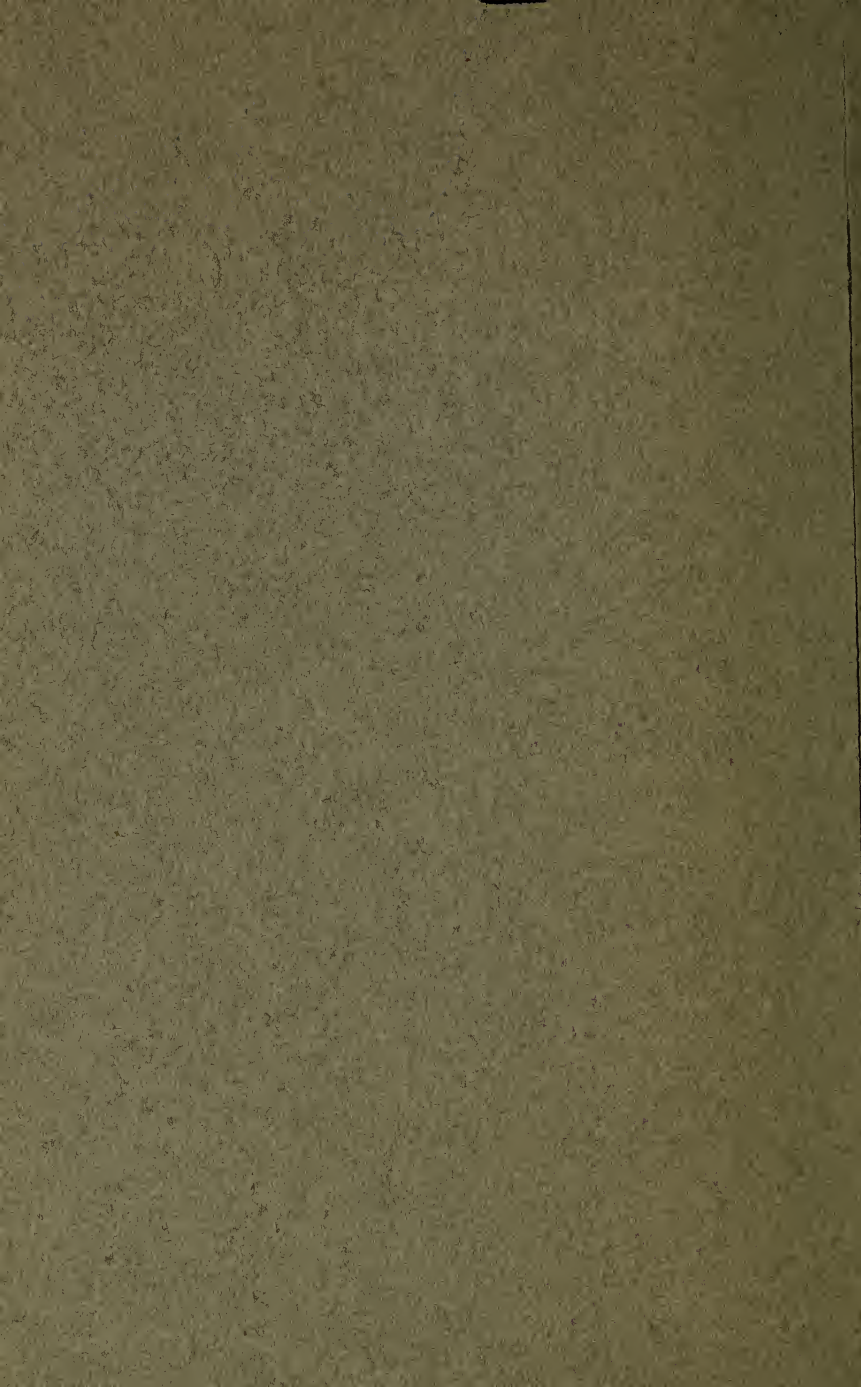


PR 6015
.A15 T4
1910
Copy 1

THINGS CONCERNING HIMSELF



"THINGS CONCERNING HIMSELF"

SACRED SONGS AND
BIBLE STUDIES

By

ADA R. HABERSHON

Author of

*"The Study of the Types," "The Bible in the British
Museum," Etc., Etc., Etc.*

NEW YORK
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
158 FIFTH AVENUE

PR6015

.A15T4

1910

COPYRIGHT 1910

BY

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER

International Copyright Secured

The whole of the poems contained in this volume are printed by permission of CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. They are copyrighted throughout the British Empire and the United States of America. They must not be reprinted without the written permission of the owner.

© Cl.A28016G

AN EASTERN SHEPHERD.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.

Isaiah xl. 2.

An Eastern shepherd led his sheep,
Towards a river's brink,
But when they saw the stream was broad,
Their hearts with fear did shrink;
And though the sheph'rd went across,
In view of all the sheep,
They did not dare to follow him,
And ford the waters deep.

And so he took a little lamb,
Right from its mother's side,
He clasped it in his shelt'ring arm,
And with it crossed the tide.
The mother missing what she loved,
Was eager now to gain
The distant shore, that she might find,
Her precious lamb again.

She quickly made her way across,
And soon the stream she passed,
And other sheep soon followed her,
Till all had crossed at last.
She found the lamb which she had lost,
Within the shepherd's care,
And he had used her little one,
In leading many there.

Oh mother has your little lamb
Been carried on before?
The Shepherd wants to have you too,
Upon the farther shore.
And so He clasped your treasured one,
Unto His shelt'ring breast,
That you might come and seek it there,
And find in Him your rest.

M. C. W. Jan 24 '11.

ARE YOU PRACTISING HIS PRESENCE?

“And there I will meet thee; and I will commune with thee from above the Mercy-seat.”—*Exodus xxv., 22.*

Are you practising the presence of your Saviour and your Lord?

Do you love to hear Him whisper some sweet promise from His Word?

Do you find it very precious oft to come apart awhile?

Do you seek your choicest blessings in a life beneath His smile?

Are your lives so full of hurry, that you scarce have time to spend

E'en a little quiet season with the One who calls you “friend?”

It is good to meet His servants, but to feel the Master near,

Is more blessed than communion with our friends—however dear.

We shall surely greatly wonder when we're called to see His face

That we did so seldom seek Him at the Father's throne of grace,

That we chose the busy camp-life and the thronging tents around

When we might have sought His presence in the place, where God is found.

He has told us we may enter by the new and living way,

That because the blood was offered all our sin is put away;

So we hush the heart in silence as we let the Master speak

And we know that He is granting just the very thing we seek.

THE LAND OF ANSWERED PRAYER.

"I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications."—*Ps. cxvi.*, 1.

We are exiles still from the Home we love,
 In the country bright and fair,
 But are learning lessons of patient trust
 In the land of answered prayer.

There will be no pain, there will be no tears,
 All is sunshine over there,
 But we learn to know what a Friend we have
 In the land of answered prayer.

In the days of trouble and earthly grief
 To our Refuge we repair,
 And we find our Lord is a present help
 In the land of answered prayer.

We shall often think in the days to come
 Of the sorrow and the care,
 And the way in which every need was met
 In the land of answered prayer.

We shall see His face in a little while,
 And His glory we shall share,
 But shall not regret all the lessons learnt
 In the land of answered prayer.

When we leave behind us the rugged road
 As we meet Him in the air,
 We shall see how good was the way He led
 Through the land of answered prayer.

THY WILL BE DONE.

“Thy will be done.”—*Matt. xxvi.*, 42.

These words have been used so much in connection with sorrow and trial that we are inclined to forget that God's will for us is to give us the very best, and to make us happy. We shrink, it may be, from the thought of yielding unquestioningly to His will lest that will should mean something hard to bear, and yet we are told that if we yield He finds our service acceptable, and we find His will acceptable. (Rom. 12: 1, 2.) The words “all things work together for good to them that love God” are almost invariably applied to the things that do not seem good at the time, but they are just as true of the glad surprises, the pleasures, the enjoyments He gives. If we delight to do His will, we shall soon find His will delightful.

Thy love our Father day by day,
Has strewn new joys upon our way,
Thy goodness makes it sweet to say
Thy will be done.

How oft have we misjudged Thy will,
And thought that Thou with grief would'st fill,
It is such rest to trust Thee still,
Thy will be done.

How bright our path with heaven's own light!
It groweth ever still more bright,
The joy Thou sendest must be right,
Thy will be done.

What wondrous gifts Thou dost bestow,
As more of Thee we learn to know,
And evermore it will be so,
Thy will be done.

Upon the cross our Saviour bled,
That joy might ever crown our head,
It was in agony He said
Thy will be done.

He took for us that bitter cup,
No dregs remain—He drank it up,
From blessing's chalice I may sup,
Thy will be done.

THY WILL BE DONE (Continued).

Thou grantest us Thy peace and rest,
 In Thy sweet service we are blest,
 It is Thy will to give Thy best,
 Thy will be done.

Thy will is far beyond our thought,
 And is with perfect blessing fraught,
 The echo of heaven's song we've caught,
 Thy will be done.

A BETHANY SONG.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."
John xi., 5.

Oh favoured home of Bethany,
 To which our Lord repaired,
 Where Martha and her sister lived,
 And for His comfort cared;
 There Martha first received her Lord,
 And Mary learnt to love His Word.

When sorrow entered that fair home,
 It was to Him they turned,
 His heart knew all about their grief,
 And over them He yearned.
 In loving sympathy He wept,
 Then waked their brother as he slept.

In Bethany they made a feast,
 In honour of their Lord,
 And he who had been raised from death,
 Was seated at the board;
 And Martha gladly once more served,
 The One who all their love deserved.

Then Mary poured upon His head,
 Her box of ointments rare,
 And by the perfume that escaped,
 Men knew that He was there,
 The costly spices love did bring,
 Revealed the presence of her King.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

“The glory of the Lord shone round about them.”
 “The sun was darkened.”—*Luke ii.*, 9; *xxiii.*, 45.

In the fields around the city,
 Where the shepherds watched their sheep,
 Lo there flashed a light from heaven,
 In the midnight of earth's sleep.
 Myriad angels trod the ladder,
 Which united earth and heaven,
 And they told a wondrous story,
 “Unto you a Son is given.”

On the hill without the city,
 Crowds surround a cross of shame,
 And the mid-day sun is hidden,
 None can see that suff'ring frame.
 'Twas as though earth's deed of darkness,
 Had eclipsed the sun's bright face,
 Nature owned its great Creator,
 Dying for a fallen race.

At His advent midnight brightness,
 Was the herald of His birth,
 At His dying mid-day darkness,
 Veiled the sunshine from the earth.
 When He comes in all His glory,
 Darkness then will flee away,
 As the sun in splendor rising,
 Floods the waking earth with Day.

Oh, the brightness of that moment,
 When the sorrow all is past,
 And the world, no more in darkness,
 Gladly owns her Lord at last!
 There will be no evening shadows,
 Telling of approaching night,
 For that Day will have no ending,
 Christ our Lord will be the Light.

FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING.

“But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him.”—*Psalm ciii.*, 17.

When we mount the heights of glory,
 What a scene will meet our gaze,
 As we view, spread out before us,
 All the beauty of His ways.
 Like a distant panorama,
 All the wonders will unfold,
 We shall look on far-off vistas,
 Of His purposes of old.

Yonder lofty sun-lit mountain,
 Rising out of endless space,
 Marks where first He chose His people,
 As the objects of His grace;
 Then we see a long dark shadow,
 Like a valley wrapt in night,
 Where the clouds of sin and sorrow,
 Hid the sunshine from earth's sight.

But a nearer peak of glory,
 Soars above the valley's shade,
 Leaving, far below, the sorrow,
 And the darkness sin had made.
 From the distant hill of glory,
 God could look across the gloom,
 He could see the brighter summits,
 Rising up beyond the tomb.

Time is but a streak of shadow,
 Drawn across immensity,
 'Tis a short though gloomy valley,
 Which divides eternity;
 When we view it from His presence,
 See the sin and sorrow past,
 Then the sunshine will seem brighter,
 For the shadows that were cast.

THE LIFE MOST LIKE HIS OWN.

"Know ye not that they which run in the race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain."

I. Cor. ix., 24.

Hast thou found that earth grows dreary?
 Does it seem a lonely place?
 Surely it must ever be so,
 To the winners in the race.
 As with quickly hastening footsteps,
 They outstrip men's slower pace.

When the eagle leaves its eyrie,
 As it soars toward the sun,
 Does it fly with many others?
 Nay—they mount up one by one.
 Wait on Him and He will give thee,
 Strength to mount, to walk, to run.

Many throng the Temple precincts,
 Multitudes may crowd the door;
 Some together pass the threshold—
 And there might be many more;
 But alone, within the Holiest,
 We must enter to adore.

'Tis the place of highest honour,
 For we learn His secrets there,
 And in holy separation,
 In His sufferings may share;
 And though few perchance will join us,
 Nothing can with this compare.

Be not then cast down or saddened,
 If thou dwellest much alone,
 They who walk with God must often
 Other fellowship disown,
 And the life of isolation,
 Is the life most like His own.

THE GLORY SIDE.

'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?'—*Luke xxiv.*, 26.

He stood in Joseph's garden,
 Beside the empty tomb,
 For He had done with dying,
 Had passed through death's dark gloom.
 He stood in living power,
 Had taken back His life,
 Rejoicing in His conquest,
 He viewed the finished strife.

He saw perchance on Calv'ry,
 The cross where He was nailed,
 He saw the shaded garden,
 Where agony assailed.
 He gazed upon the city,
 Which He had so much loved,
 The citizens who slew Him,
 Within the walls still moved.

But on that Easter morning,
 With Mary at His side,
 He knew the work was finished,
 The work for which He died.
 His heart was ne'er so joyous,
 Since first He came to earth,
 As when in resurrection,
 He trod His land of birth.

We too may stand beside Him,
 And know that death is o'er,
 For we with Him were raised,
 And live to die no more!
 To this glad place He brings us,
 We live because He died,
 We see the depths of suffering,
 But from the glory side.

GIVE, BE ALWAYS GIVING.

“Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.”—*Luke vi.*, 38.

Would you receive good measure,
 Pressed down and running o'er?
 Then give, be always giving,
 From out your Father's store,
 And men into your bosom,
 A full return will pour.

For with the self-same measure
 Which you to others mete,
 It will return with increase
 When they the gift repeat;
 Your bread upon the waters,
 Again you'll surely meet.

If we are always giving
 We more and more receive,
 For constant overflowing,
 No empty void doth leave;
 He always gladly gives us
 Far more than we receive.

Would you be like your Master?
 God's wondrous gift is He,
 You have received so freely,
 Your gifts should be as free;
 He gave, He gives, and will give
 To all eternity.

LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY.

“Lord, teach us to pray.”—*Luke xi.*, 1.

This verse is generally quoted “Lord, teach us how to pray.” But we need to learn to pray rather than merely how to pray. We most of us know something about the “how”, but very little about putting it into practice.

Prayer reaches to earth’s utmost bound,
It circles all the world around,
And makes rich blessings to abound.
 Lord, teach us to pray.

Prayer in all the prevailing Name,
Which e’en the feeblest tongue can frame,
An answer from the throne can claim,
 Lord, teach us to pray.

Prayer is the channel God selects,
It sweetly heaven with earth connects,
And brings the answer faith expects!
 Lord, teach us to pray.

Prayer even mountains can remove,
The faithfulness of God will prove,
Omnipotence itself doth move,
 Lord, teach us to pray.

Prayer is a never failing power,
It brings to us the plenteous shower,
And drops of grace for every hour,
 Lord, teach us to pray.

New blessings come when prayer revives,
The answer from our Lord arrives,
And souls are won by prayerful lives,
 Lord, teach us to pray.

ONES AND TWOS.

“Go ye, therefore, into the highways and as many as ye shall find bid to the marriage.”—*Matt. xxii.*, 9.

There are thousands who are living
 In their hunger and their sin,
 Who have not received the message,
 Hasten now to bring them in.
 If you cannot win the thousands,
 You can find the ones and twos,
 You can tell them of the banquet,
 So that none the feast may lose.

If you cannot speak the message
 In the crowded city street,
 You can give the invitation
 To the lonely ones you meet.
 If you cannot do the great things,
 If a voice you cannot be,
 You may always be a finger
 For the wayfarers to see.

One by one they leave the highways,
 And the hall is filling fast;
 See, the guests are all assembling,
 Not a vacant seat at last.
 But when all are safely gathered,
 In the palace of the King
 You will feast midst joy and gladness
 With the guests you helped to bring.

When the multitude is counted,
 When the number has been told,
 We shall find they entered singly,
 And were one by one enrolled.
 One by one men take salvation,
 One by one reject or choose,
 And the myriad host up yonder
 Will be made of ones and twos.

MARY AT HIS FEET.

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word."

Luke x., 39.

"She fell down at His feet."—*John xi., 32.* "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus."—*John xii., 3.*

In these three passages we read of Mary at the feet of the Lord Jesus. On the first occasion He was teaching her as her **Prophet**; on the second He was sympathizing with her as her **Priest**; and on the third she was anointing Him as her **King**.

"Mary sat at Jesus' feet,"
 Close beside her Lord,
 'Twas the place that most she loved,
 Where she heard His word;
 There she gazed upon His face,
 There she learnt His heart,
 And she gave up all besides,
 For this better part.

Mary fell down at His feet,
 In her deep distress,
 She had learnt His power to help,
 Sympathize and bless;
 When the Master came to her,
 All things soon were right,
 Even death before Him fled,
 Vanquished by His might.

Mary stood at His dear feet,
 When a feast they gave,
 Poured her spices on the Lord,
 Nothing would she save—
 Spices for His burial—
 For He soon would lie
 In the grave, but He would rise,
 Never more to die.

"At His feet", most blessed place,
 There my need I bring,
 And I find Him just the same,
 Prophet, Priest and King;
 Here I too would learn His Word,
 Here my burden lose,
 Here my love anoints Him Lord,
 This the part I choose.

SHEW ME MYSELF.

"Now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself."
Job xlii., 5, 6.

"Shew me myself,"

I come within Thy presence with this prayer,
Oh, show me Lord as much as I can bear,
Then let me feel that Thou indeed dost care,
Shew me Thyself.

Shew me myself,
Search me O Lord, and then do Thou reveal,
The sins which self with shame would fain conceal,
Then great Physician come Thou in and heal,
Shew me Thyself.

Shew me myself,
Alone I would not dare to ask the sight,
I could not stand the brightness of Thy light,
Unless I knew Thy blood could make me white,
Shew me Thyself.

Shew me myself,
One look at self! O Lord, do Thou forgive,
And then a life-long look at Thee to give,
A steadfast gaze at Thee in whom I live,
Shew me Thyself.

Shew me myself,
Too long I dare not inward turn my gaze,
To Thy dear Face my weeping eyes I raise,
Thus shall my broken heart be filled with praise,
Shew me Thyself.

Shew me myself,
I do not fear to ask it at Thy feet,
The bitter shall be followed by the sweet,
And evermore I will this prayer repeat,
"Shew me Thyself."

BEST OF ALL.

“Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”—*Titus ii.*, 13.

We think of to-morrow with all its cares,
Of trials that may befall;
We pray that our Father will help us through,
And we for deliverance call,
Supposing the Lord were to come to-day,—
Ah! that would be best of all!

We think of to-morrow with busy work,
Of duties on every side,
We try to discover the step to take,
We ask Him to be our Guide—
Supposing the Master returned to-day,—
The work would be laid aside.

We think of the foes we may have to meet,
Of battles that we must fight;
We tremble to view all the gathering clouds,
Which threaten to dim the light,
Supposing the Lord were to come to-day,—
Why that would set all things right!

We think of the evils throughout the world,
The sorrows of earth are great;
We long to do something to soothe distress,
To make all these ills abate;
Supposing our Lord were to come to-day,—
The crooked would soon be straight!

We think of the farewells that must be said,
We shrink from to-morrow's pain,
For how can we travel this earth alone,
As loved ones the Homeland gain;
Supposing the Lord were to come to-day,—
How soon we should meet again!

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

“Bless the Lord! O my soul.”—*Psalm ciii.*, 1.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and His mercies recall,
It were vain to attempt to make mention of all,
For their sum is too great, but we need not forget
To give thanks for a few—He is blessing us yet!

As we go through the list with this boon we begin,
That the Lord in His grace doth forgive us our sin,
From the burden of guilt by His death He doth ease
In the midst of our sickness He healeth disease.

From eternal destruction our soul He redeems
And our night has been banished for aye by His beams,
With His tenderest mercy He lovingly crowns,
And He gives only smiles when we merit His frowns.

With the dainties of heaven He filleth our mouth,
Like the strength of an eagle renewing our youth,
As a father the child, he doth tenderly love,
So the Lord pities us when He looks from above.

As the height of the heav'n from the earth far below
The expanse of His mercy no measure can know,
And as far as the east from the west is removed,
So all boundless the pardon His people have proved.

For He knoweth our frame, He remembers we're dust,
But His goodness is great toward the people who trust,
For the mercy of God lasts from age unto age,
And His praises for ever our hearts shall engage.

GETHSEMANE.

“With lanterns and torches and weapons.”—*John xviii.*, 3.

“A great multitude with swords and staves.”

Matt. xxvi., 47.

It was George Herbert who wrote:—“How with their lanterns do they seek the Sun!” It is remarkable that this fact is only mentioned in John’s Gospel, and it is he who tells us so much about the Light of the World. In each verse of this hymn there is a similar contrast between the captors and the Captive.

They came to the garden with swords and with staves,
 To seize on the Prince of Peace;
 They made Him a prisoner although He had come
 To give captive souls release.

They came with their lanterns and torches ablaze,
 They groped in the darkest night;
 They searched for the Sun with their glimmering lamps
 And saw not His shining Light.

He gave Himself up, and they led Him away
 To stand in the Judgment Hall;
 They knew not that He who by men was condemned,
 Would one day be Judge of all.

They offered their shekels to one of the twelve,
 Who thus did his Lord betray;
 But He who was priceless had come to the earth
 To give Himself all away.

They stretched forth their hands and laid hold on
 their King,
 His hands were stretched forth in vain;
 They put Him to death—the great Author of life,
 His dying our life did gain.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

"I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."—*I Peter ii.*, 11.

"Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow and a stile to go over it, and that meadow is called By-path meadow."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

I must not wait to gather
 The flow'rets bright and gay,
 Which grow in By-path meadow,
 And tempt me from the way.

I dare not heed the voices
 That call on every side,
 And bid me leave the pathway,
 Once trodden by my Guide.

There may be hidden dangers,
 Which He alone can see,
 And all these bright allurements
 Would only hinder me.

The honey of earth's pleasures,
 Beset by countless stings,
 Is nothing to the sweetness,
 Which comes from heavenly things.

I have not time to linger,
 For I must hasten on,
 Each mile-stone on the journey
 Proclaims it nearly done.

The pathway oft is rugged,
 But always fenced with love,
 How short will seem the distance,
 Amidst the joys above!

A stranger and a pilgrim,
 The roadside is not home,
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 My joys are still to come.

THEY LOOKED UNTO HIM.

There is a little reprint in many of our Bibles in the marginal reading of Psalm xxxiv., 5. "They looked unto Him and were lightened." The alternative reading "flowed" belongs to the words "were lightened," not to the word "looked" as given in some Bibles. The verse might read, "They looked unto Him and flowed." The look made them flow towards Him. The Hebrew word may mean either lightened or flowed.

"They looked unto Him and were lightened." (or flowed) -
Ps. xxxiv., 5.

They looked unto Him and their hearts grew light,
 As His loving smile they caught;
 It rivetted them and dispelled their night,
 As He read their every thought.

They looked unto Him and how glad they were
 That they ever turned their gaze;
 One glance from Himself did their longing stir,
 And it set their hearts ablaze.

They looked unto Him, His attractive power,
 Like a magnet drew them on:
 They came as they were in that self-same hour,
 For their rebel hearts were won.

They looked unto Him, and the ice and snow;
 In His beams began to melt;
 And they like a river toward Him did flow,
 As His love and grace they felt.

They looked unto Him with an unveiled face,
 And it made them like their Lord;
 They into His image were changed by grace,
 As they saw Him through His Word.

They looked unto Him and were lightened,
 They looked—and so may we;
 They looked and their way was brightened,
 Oh Lord, we look to Thee.

DAYS OF HEAVEN.

"As the days of heaven upon the earth."—*Deut. xi.*, 21.

A wonderful promise was given to the children of Israel, that if they fulfilled certain conditions, their days should be "as the days of heaven upon the earth."—*Deut. xi.*, 18-21.

Probably to them it was a promise of long life in the land, but to us it has a much more glorious meaning. The conditions however, all clustering around the treatment of God's Word, are the same for them and for us. It was to be kept *in four places*. In the heart and soul, in the hand, and on the forehead. No mention is made of it beginning in the head. As Christopher Ness quaintly put it (A.D. 1678), "The Word must sink as well as swim. 'Tis not enough that it swim in the head, it must also sink down in the heart."

It is to be used *for three purposes*. It is to be taught, spoken, and written—and this at *four different times*, or in *four attitudes* which cover the whole of life—sitting, walking, lying down, and rising up. If these rules are carried out we shall have the days of heaven begun below.

The days of heaven on the earth below,
E'en here by grace He would have us know,
And taste the glory He can bestow,
Ere the days of heaven in heaven shall dawn.

There'll be no night in that land of day;
E'en now the darkness has fled away,
We see the light of the Sun's first ray,
Ere the days of heaven in heaven shall dawn.

His servants serve Him and see His face;
We serve Him now and His smile we trace;
Before we reach that most blessed place
Where the days of heaven in heaven shall dawn.

The endless pleasures at God's right hand
Will all be ours in that heavenly land,
We may by faith in His presence stand
Ere the days of heaven in heaven shall dawn.

We'll never hunger or thirst again,
When we the home of our God attain,
Heart satisfaction we here may gain,
Ere the days of heaven in heaven shall dawn.

THE CROWN SHALL BE HIS.

"Behold the King's son shall reign, as the Lord hath said."
2 Chron., xxiii., 3.

One of the most beautiful prophetic pictures in the Bible is the story of King Joash. (Compare the two accounts in 2 Kings xi., and 2 Chron. xxiii.) Athaliah, the daughter of Jezebel, tries to slay all the seed royal—one "from among the slain" is taken and "hid" in the house of the Lord—the usurper reigns—the high priest summons the priests and Levites and says, "The king's son shall reign"—"He showed them the king's son." This is a picture of the present time. They are summoned to take their place by the king's side before the "crowning day." And this is what we are waiting for. "Be ye with the King when He cometh in, and when He goeth out," reminding us of 1 Thess iv., "So shall we ever be with the Lord." Then we read, "They brought out the king's son and put upon him the crown," "They set the king on the throne of the kingdom, and all the people of the land rejoiced: and the city was quiet" after the usurper had been overcome.

The promise to David was certain and sure,
 That promise must still be fulfilled,
 His kingdom for ever shall firmly endure,
 The Throne by his Son must be filled.

To crowds in the city He still is unknown,
 They choose the usurper's proud sway,
 The secret is shown to His servants alone,
 They know He is living to-day.

And though for a time out of sight He remain,
 The enemy cannot succeed,
 The Son of the King shall assuredly reign,
 For thus hath Jehovah decreed.

All ye who have been to the house of the Lord,
 To whom the King's Son hath been shown,
 Be ready, be ready to hear the glad word,
 For soon will the trumpet be blown.

The summons to enter His presence will sound,
 Ye soon shall be called to His side,
 And gathered around when the King's Son is
 crowned,
 For ever with Him shall abide.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

“Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”—*Luke xii.*, 27.

Consider the lilies which grow in the field,
 And note how each one is arrayed,
 They toil not, they spin not, for God clothes them
 all,
 Though quickly each blossom must fade.
 E'en Solomon never had robes such as these,
 For beauty, for texture, for hue,
 If God can give raiment to flowers and grass,
 He surely will much more clothe you.

Then why are you fearful,
 Oh, child of the Lord?
 The lilies should teach you,
 To rest in His Word.

Consider the ravens, the fowls of the air,
 Are ye not much better than they?
 Their needs by His goodness are always supplied,
 He gives them their food day by day.
 They sow not, they reap not, nor gather in barns,
 They have neither garner nor store,
 Your Father in Heaven who cares for the birds,
 Will care for His children much more.

Consider the sparrows, remembered by Him,
 Though worthless and helpless and small,
 He never forgets them; without His consent,
 Not one is permitted to fall.
 And you are worth more than a number of them,
 He counts e'en the hairs of your head,
 Then be not so anxious, He knoweth your need,
 By Him you will surely be fed.

THE SON OF GOD IS COME.

"We know that the Son of God is come."—*I. John v., 20.*

"The Son of God is come."

Oh wondrous mystery!

To this sad earth,

By Virgin birth,

"The Son of God is come."

"The Son of God is come,"

The One who made the worlds;

Oh, matchless grace!

To take our place

"The Son of God is come."

"The Son of God is come,"

The Father sent His Son;

His heart's delight,

And heaven's own light—

"The Son of God is come."

"The Son of God is come,"

He trod the steep descent;

From heaven on high,

He stooped to die,

"The Son of God is come."

"The Son of God is come,"

The Father to reveal;

Such love unknown,

By Him was shown,

"The Son of God is come."

"The Son of God is come,"

And soon will come again

To claim His own,

And take the throne,

"The Son of God is come."

BEFORE THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD, OR ETERNAL LOVE.

"Thou lovest Me before the foundation of the world."

John xvii., 24.

"Therefore doth My Father love Me because I lay down my life."—*John x., 17.*

"According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world."—*Eph. i., 4.*

"The precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot! who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world."—*I. Peter i., 19-20.*

Before the world's foundation,
Or suns received their light,
The Father's first-begotten,
Was all His heart's delight.
He loved Him, oh so dearly,
As He the glory shared,
But saw the time was coming
When He must not be spared.

Before the world's foundation,
That love intenser grew,
When Christ the Son had offered,
The Father's will to do.
The shadow of the sufferings,
Was seen by them before;
Because He gave His life blood,
God loved Him all the more.

Before the earth was founded,
Or stars were strewn in space,
The church, His heart's dear object,
Was chosen by His grace.
He spanned time's fleeting moments,
And saw the Eternal Day,
When He should have His chosen,
In all their bright array.

Before the world's foundation,
 Or man God's image bore,
 He looked all down the ages,
 And saw the need was sore.
 And long before sin entered
 He made the glorious plan,
 By which the Lamb so spotless,
 Should die for sinful man.

LOOK NOT AT SELF.

"Looking unto Jesus."—*Hebrews xii.*, 2.

Look up, oh look up, do not look within,
 A look at yourself never cleansed from sin,
 A look at your heart will but make you sad,
 A look at the Lord will soon make you glad.

If hope be bright, or hope be dim,
 Look not at self, but look at Him.

For one glance at self, often gaze above,
 For this is the way to increase your love;
 To measure yourself will not make you grow,
 The roots will not spread if you dig below.

A look at the evil which lurks within,
 Will never give power to conquer sin;
 A look at the risen One on the Throne,
 Will give you the vict'ry, and this alone.

A look at the midnight ne'er brought the dawn,
 The sun as it rises must herald the morn;
 A look at the dark never made it light,
 A look at the heart never set it right.

The cable remaining within the hold,
 Can never the vessel through storms uphold,
 The anchor that's lying upon the deck,
 With "breakers ahead," will not save from wreck.

LOVEST THOU ME?

“Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?”

John xxi., 15, 16, 17.

The scene in the Judgment Hall may be very strikingly compared with the scene on the lake-side. There was a fire of coals in each, and as Peter warmed himself by the fire which His Lord had lighted, he must have remembered that other fire. Then we may compare the three-fold denial and the three-fold confession. The two words used for love have often been pointed out, the one stronger than the other. It was as though He had said, “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me dearly?” and Peter, afraid to confess too great an affection after his denial had answered, “Yea, Lord Thou knowest that I care for Thee.” Again the Lord used the same word, “Lovest thou Me dearly?” Again Peter made the same answer, “Thou knowest that I care for Thee.” Then the third time the Lord said, “Simon, carest thou for Me?” and Peter was grieved because He said unto him the third time, “Carest thou for Me?” It is beautiful to notice that in his Epistle he uses the Lord’s own word. He has no doubt about it. “Whom not having seen ye dearly love.”

The morning had come and upon the shore
They gazed on the One who would die no more;
All night they had toiled, but without reward,
Until they were met by the risen Lord.

The Master Himself did the feast prepare,
And warm was the fire which He kindled there,
And he who denials did thrice repeat,
With eagerness hasted to His dear feet.

Three times he before had his Lord denied,
Three times to His question he now replied,
To him who had thus been restored, forgiven,
A wondrous new trust by his Lord was given.

The heart-broken tears which he once did weep,
Had made him more fitted to feed the sheep,
Had taught him his weakness, and still much
more,
The love which did constant through all endure.

The question comes home to our hearts to-day,
 Lord help us each one through our tears to say,
 "I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee now,
 My heart's true devotion I would avow."

THE EXILE'S SONG.

"This is not your rest."—*Micah ii.*, 10.

They who fight their country's battles,
 Through a long and hard campaign,
 Far away from all their loved ones,
 Long to see their home again;
 And to exiles who are dwelling
 On a distant foreign shore,
 As they think of home and kindred,
 Dream of meeting them once more.

We are weary, often weary,
 And the time seems very long,
 For the Lord Himself is absent,
 And without Him all is wrong;
 For the house without the Master
 Never can become our home,
 And the servants who are faithful,
 Wait and watch for Him to come.

Through a foreign land we journey,
 Only for a little while,
 But the thought of coming glory,
 Cheers us through each dreary mile;
 And the signs of His appearing
 Gleam at times through earthborn haze,
 But the mists will soon be scattered,
 As upon our Lord we gaze.

BETWEEN MY LORD AND ME.

“Called unto the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.”—*I. Cor. i., 8.*

Since I have need of Him,
 And He has need of me,
 There is a very special link
 Between my Lord and me;
 I need His ever boundless store,
 And He on me His love doth pour.

If I make use of Him,
 And He makes use of me,
 A blessed partnership exists
 Between my Lord and me.
 His wealth on me He doth bestow,
 Through me He longs His grace to show.

If I can speak with Him,
 And He can speak with me,
 What wondrous intercourse takes place
 Between my Lord and me!
 His voice within the Word I hear,
 And to my prayer He bends His ear.

If I remember Him,
 And He remembers me,
 What thoughts of love are interchanged
 Between my Lord and me!
 I love because He loved me first,
 He loves to satisfy love's thirst.

When I abide in Him,
 And He abides in me,
 Sweet fellowship can be enjoyed
 Between my Lord and me.
 Apart from Him no fruit I bear,
 He makes my branch His special care.

If I am close to Him,
 And He is close to me,
 No clouds can ever separate
 Between my Lord and me.
 His joy in me is thus fulfilled,
 And all my heart's desires are stilled.

A SONG OF REAPING.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—*Psalm xcvi.*, 11.

God's light has been sown for the righteous,
 And joy for the upright heart,
 Then patiently wait for the harvest,
 Though sometimes the tears may start.

The light must be sown in the darkness,
 And hidden from sight away,
 The Harvest—a rich weight of glory,
 Awaits us at break of day.

The gladness is buried in sorrow,
 But surely will spring again,
 More lovely the flowers, and more plenteous
 The sheaves we at last shall gain.

The seed-time may seem to be "grievous,"
 And dark are the wintry days,
 But "peaceable fruits" are now ripening,
 And harvests of joy and praise.

The light and the joy may be buried,
 And left in the dark to die,
 We'll reap from the soil of our sorrow,
 A hundredfold by and by.

UPWARD AND HEAVENWARD.

“And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.”—*Luke xxiv.*, 50-51.

He led them forth, that chosen band,
 To Olivet once more,
 They trod the oft-frequented road,
 His work on earth was o'er;
 The cross, the grave, were empty now,
 And glory lay before.

Upward and heavenward,
 Right to the throne,
 Upward and heavenward,
 Blessing His own.

He lifted up His piercéd hands,
 And blessed them as He went,
 With joy and wonder they beheld,
 That marvellous ascent;
 And on their Lord's receding form,
 Their raptured gaze was bent.

A cloud received Him from their sight,
 That cloud with glory lined,
 They saw Him carried up to Heaven,
 And they were left behind;
 But all His precious parting words,
 With joy they called to mind.

And still His hands are raised to bless,
 Though He remains unseen;
 The cloud that hid Him long ago
 A while may intervene;
 But soon we'll see Him once again,
 And nought will come between.

Downward and earthward,
 Right from the Throne,
 Downward and earthward,
 Blessing His own.

To Olivet He'll come again,
 His foot will surely stand
 Upon that sacred hill once more,
 Within Emmanuel's land;
 And Israel's sons will then receive,
 Rich blessings from His hand.

A HUMBLE AND CONTRITE SPIRIT.

"A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."
Ps. li., 17.

"For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose Name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."—*Is. lvii., 15.*

When Mercy's Messenger made His way,
 Through a land of want and pain,
 He looked around for a place of rest,
 But He often sought in vain.

No room He found in the lordly house,
 Nor the crowded wayside inn,
 He came at last to a humble home
 Where they gladly asked Him in.

The busy world with its toil and pride,
 Never welcomes such a guest,
 The lowly, trembling and broken heart,
 Is the home He loves the best.

He stands without, will you let Him in?
 Will you open wide your heart?
 If once you give Him a welcome there,
 He will nevermore depart.

UNTIL NOW.

“The earnest expectation of the creature. we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.”—*Rom. viii.*, 19-22.

Men were filled with expectation
 When the Saviour came to earth,
 Restless with anticipation
 At the moment of His birth;
 In the darkness they were groping,
 Longing for the coming light,
 And unconsciously were hoping,
 For the ending of the night.

So to-day the earth is groaning,
 Panting for her liberty,
 None but Christ can still the moaning
 Of the long captivity.
 All is waiting His appearing,
 Though men know not what they need,
 And the morning must be nearing,
 For the night is dark indeed.

Earth is growing strangely weary
 Of her efforts to improve,
 And the prospect would be dreary
 Looked we not for God to move;
 Restlessness fills every nation,
 Wondering what will happen next,
 Sons of men and all creation,
 In their ignorance perplexed.

And the love of some grows colder,
 As their vision seems less clear;
 But the foe is waxing bolder
 For he knows the time is near.
 Seas of trouble, waves of error,
 Beat upon the Church's bark,
 Christ will come across the water,
 Then no more it will be dark.

We shall find Him close beside us,
 Thus shall end our night of pain,
 Never more shall ill betide us
 When we see our Lord again;
 For His coming—long expected—
 Will remove sin's curse and blight,
 And the One whom men rejected
 Will at last set all things right.

PATIENCE.

“Let patience have her perfect work.”—*James i., 4.*

Patience is the daily learning
 Of the lessons taught by grace;
 Patience is the earnest yearning
 For the sight of His dear Face.

Patience is the gentle straining,
 Of the sinews of our hope;
 'Tis the athlete's constant training;
 'Tis the proving of the rope.

Patience is the fruit of testing
 'Tis the art of lying still;
 And the happy peaceful resting
 In the goodness of His will.

Patience is the calm endurance
 That doth never weary grow;
 For it has the blest assurance
 What He promised must be so.

Patience is the precious outcome
 Of our faith and hope and love;
 As we wait to hear the welcome
 When we join our Lord above.

Be ye patient, therefore, brethren,
 For the coming of the Lord;
 Be ye patient; and His coming
 All your patience will reward.

PASS FROM THE SERVANTS AND COME TO HIS FEET.

“It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth.”—*Song of Solomon iii.*, 4.

The experience of the bride in the Song of Solomon is very suggestive of our experience when our hearts grow cold towards the Lord. She had got out of touch with Him whom her soul loved—and she could not find Him, but at last she met with those who could direct her. “I sought Him but I found Him not. The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, ‘Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?’ It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him.” That was what she wanted, nothing less would do. The watchmen could not satisfy her. How gladly we pass on from those who help us, to Him—as Mr. Spurgeon has said, “Far, far beyond the servants pass to the Master.”

Are we like watchmen in the city trying to direct wanderers? We do not want to gather them to ourselves but are glad when they pass from us and find Him. The same lesson is taught in the little parable in Deut. xxii., 1, 2—“Thou shalt not see thy brother’s ox or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt in any case bring them again unto thy brother it shall be with thee until thy brother seek after it.”

The One whom I loved was absent,
His face He had ceased to show,
The watchmen who knew Him found me,
I asked them the way to go.
I passed but a little from them,
Scarce waiting for their reply,
I came to the One I sought for,
He only could satisfy.

Oh pass from the servants,
And come to His feet,
No presence so helpful,
No presence so sweet.

I love to be with His people,
 When speaking about my Lord,
 But long to go on still farther
 And hear from Himself a word;
 Their company may be precious,
 It is not enough for me,
 I pass but a little from them,
 A glimpse of His face I see.

No matter how dear the friendship.
 The converse is not complete,
 Until as we reach His presence,
 A smile from Himself we meet.
 To talk of His beauty thrills us,
 'Tis sweet of His love to tell,
 But better to pass the servants,
 And speak with the Lord as well.

YESTERDAY.

“Give us this day our daily bread.”—*Matt. vi.*, 11.

Yesterday's grace will not do for to-day
 Yesterday's light will not brighten our way,
 Yesterday's sunshine by nightfall had gone,
 But with the morning new radiancy shone.

Yesterday's manna has melted away,
 Give us a portion Lord, just for to-day.
 What we have proved of Thy love has been sweet,
 So in our need Lord, we come to Thy feet.

Oft we have fed on the manna before,
 Feed us again, we are hungry for more,
 Thou in the past hast been wondrously good,
 Freshly each day Thou must give us our food.

Many the answers to prayer Thou hast sent,
 But what Thou gavest has long since been spent,
 If Thy blest Spirit did yesterday fill,
 We for new fulness must look to Thee still.

HEAR THOU IN HEAVEN.

“Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place, and forgive and do.”—*I. Kings viii.*, 33-41.

The refrain of Solomon’s wonderful prayer was “Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place and when Thou hearest forgive.” Again and again it is repeated in some form or other, but each petition is punctuated with “Hear Thou in heaven” and the second petition follows “forgive.” The answer looked for was “as the matter shall require,”—*I. Kings viii.*, 59; but forgiveness was always required.

Mr. Spurgeon has said, “In our highest joys we have still to say ‘forgive.’ Our hearts are out of order when that word does not rise to our lips.”

We see a beautiful illustration of one part of Solomon’s prayer in the history of the Queen of Sheba. He prayed “concerning a stranger that is not of Thy people Israel, but cometh out of a far country for Thy Name’s sake.” (For they shall hear of Thy great Name.) This was just what she did, and having prayed that God Himself would receive such an one, Solomon himself as God’s representative received her and bestowed on her the kingly bounty that he had asked God to bestow.

If enemies fall on the host of the Lord,
Because they have sinned and have turned from
His Word,
If humbly they pray and confess Thy great Name,
Forsaking their sin with true sorrow and shame:
Then hear Thou in heaven, give vict’ry complete,
And lead them in triumph the foe to defeat.

When heaven is shut up and the rain is withheld,
Because we have sinned and our hearts have re-
belled,
If humbly we pray and we plead in Thy Name.
Forsaking our sin with true sorrow and shame,
Then hear Thou in heaven and send us the rain,
Forgive us our sin and revive us again.

If bread becomes scarce which was plenteous before,
If harvests have failed and the famine is sore,
A famine of hearing the Word which we loved,
Because we have sinned and unfaithful have proved,
Then hear Thou in heaven as hungry we cry,
Forgive us our sin and our longings supply.

When those who are strangers to Thee and Thy
 Name,
 Have heard from afar of Thy wonderful fame,
 And come unto Thee with a penitent prayer,
 And unto Thy footstool believing repair.
 Then hear Thou in heaven, do just what they need,
 Revealing that Thou art a Saviour indeed.

THEY WORSHIPED HIM.

“Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have
 seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.”
Matt. ii., 2.

The wise men from the east did bring,
 Their offerings to the infant King,
 They worshipped Him;
 They laid their treasures at His feet,
 Their golden gifts and spices sweet,
 And worshipped Him.

They gazed upon the little Child
 So holy, spotless, undefiled,
 And worshipped Him.
 And now that He is on the Throne
 His Majesty and grace we own,
 And worship Him.

With incense from a grateful heart,
 By love constrained, we take our part,
 And worship Him;
 With awe and reverential fear
 To His blest presence we draw near
 To worship Him.

And when upon His face we gaze,
 With sinless homage, perfect praise,
 We'll worship Him;
 And not with poor unworthy thought,
 We then shall love Him as we ought,
 And worship Him.

SEALED.

“The king sealed it with his own signet. that the purpose might not be changed.”—*Daniel vi.*, 17.

“For the writing which is written in the king’s name, and sealed with the king’s ring, may no man reverse.”

Esther viii., 8.

“The Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.”—*Eph. iv.*, 30.

We are told in *Eph. iv.*, 30, that we are sealed by the Holy Spirit of God “unto the day of redemption,” and we find good illustrations of the meaning of this simile from Daniel and Esther. If the seal of an earthly king meant so much what must the seal of God Himself imply? “The purpose might not be changed.”—*Dan. vi.*, 17. “That which is sealed with the king’s ring may no man reverse.”—*Esther viii.*, 8. The Holy Spirit given upon believing is God’s seal of appropriation securing till the day of redemption. It cannot be changed, it cannot be reversed.

Besides this seal carries with it the impress of what is engraved and this thought is also conveyed in the simile. He seals us in order to place His superscription upon us.

It ought not to be necessary to ask concerning those whom God seals “Whose is this image and superscription?”

It was sealed with the king’s own signet,
That the purpose might not be changed,
It was signed with the king’s inscription,
It rehearsed what the king arranged.
Bearing His name,
Sealed with His ring,
None can reverse
What is sealed by the King.

It was stamped with the king’s own image,
And encircled with his great name,
So the coin, whether gold or silver,
Could his own kingly might proclaim.
Bearing His Name,
Who dare deface,
Coin of the realm,
Which is stamped with His face?

We are sealed with the King's own signet,
 As a sign we belong to Him,
 And no other can claim possession,
 Of the one that is sealed by Him.
 Sealed by Himself,
 Claimed for His own,
 Safe till the day,
 When the glory is shown.

We are sealed for the time soon coming,
 When redemption will be revealed,
 And the Spirit which He has given,
 Is the earnest with which we're sealed.
 Sealed by Himself,
 Claimed for His own,
 Safe till the day,
 When the glory is shown.

THE GRACE YOU NEED TO-MORROW.

"As thy days so shall thy strength be."—*Deut. xxxiii.*, 25.

Fear not the coming sorrow
 That may o'ercloud thy way,
 The grace you need to-morrow
 Will not be yours to-day.

The cloud seems quickly nearing,
 You dare not lift your eyes,
 Why should you thus be fearing,
 A blessing in disguise?

On shelter you may reckon,
 If storms should overtake,
 But clouds which seem to threaten
 May pass and never break.

Do anxious cares assail you,
 And rob you of your sleep?
 His goodness will not fail you,
 Through sorrow He can keep.

REJOICE WITH ME.

“Rejoice with me.”—*Luke xv.*, 6, 9. “Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.”—*Luke xv.*, 7, 10.

The Lord said in His parable in *Luke xv.* (for it is one parable in three parts), “Likewise I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” Verses 7, 10. Joy in their presence, but God Himself rejoices more than the angels, just as the shepherd rejoices more than his neighbors or the sheep, and the father more than the prodigal or his servants. In Jude’s Epistle we read of something better still—not merely joy over the faulty wanderer, but exceeding joy before the presence of His glory when His saints are presented faultless before Him. So dwelling only on “Glory for *me*” is but thinking of self after all—“Glory for *Him*” is what should fill our hearts with joy and worship. This shines out all through the fifteenth of *Luke*. He is the One who rejoices most and the more we are in fellowship with Him the more shall we rejoice in His joy which is expressed in Scripture under so many figures.

“The Shepherd’s joy over the sheep.”—*Luke xv.*, 5, 7.

“The seeker’s over the piece of silver.”—*Luke xv.*, 9, 10.

“The Father’s over the prodigal.”—*Luke xv.*, 22-24, 32;
(*Prov. x.*, 1; See also *xxvii.*, 11, *xvii.*, 21).

“The Purchaser’s over the treasure.”—*Matt. xiii.*, 44.

“The Healer’s over the cleansed ones.”—*Jer. xxxiii.*, 9.

“The Creator’s over His Works.”—*Ps. civ.*, 31.

“The Sower’s over His sheaves.”—*Ps. cxxvi.*, 6.

“The King’s over His willing people.”—*I. Chron. xxix.*, 9, 17.

“The Master over His disciples.”—*John xv.*, 11.

“The Bridegroom’s over His bride.”—*Is. lxii.*, 5; *Song of Sol. iii.*, 11.

“The Lord’s over Zion.”—*Zeph. iii.*, 17; *Is. lxxv.*, 19.

“The joy of the Lord is your strength.”—*Nehemiah viii.*, 10.

“Enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord.”—*Matt. xxv.*, 21.

REJOICE WITH ME (Continued)

Rejoice with Me is the shepherd's cry,
 I have found my sheep at last,
 The painful toil and the weary search,
 And the sorrow all are past.
 His friends and neighbors are filled with joy,
 As they hear the Shepherd's call,
 But He who sought for the wand'ring sheep,
 Is the gladdest of them all.

Rejoice with me is the woman's cry,
 For my silver is found once more,
 The nine without it were incomplete,
 And its loss had grieved me sore:
 Her friends were glad when she told the news,
 For they knew the search was long,
 But she who found that most precious coin,
 Was the gladdest of the throng.

Rejoice with me is the father's cry,
 For my son is home again,
 The weary watching for him is o'er,
 And the sorrow, sin and pain.
 His friends and household rejoice with him,
 At the feast which he has made,
 The father's heart is the gladdest there,
 Over him who once had strayed.

All heaven must hear of the gladsome news,
 That the lost one has been found,
 Like waves of joy on the golden shore,
 Let it reach the utmost bound.
 But He who suffered the lost to win,
 Is the One who sounds the call,
 The gladdest heart in the mighty throng,
 Is the King and Lord of all!

TILL THE DAY BREAK.

“Until the day break and the shadows flee away.”

Song of Sol., ii., 17, iv., 6.

Till the day break and the shadows flee away,
 Waiting for the shining of the Sun's first ray,
 Looking for the brightness that proclaims Him near,
 Longing for the presence which has grown so dear.

Through the hours of darkness, waiting for the light,
 For the cloudless Sunrise that will end the night,
 Watching for the morning when our Lord will come,
 And His voice will call us to the Heavenly Home.

Many of His waiting ones in Him now sleep,
 Till the night be over earth their dust will keep,
 But at daybreak they from out their graves will rise,
 And with all His people meet Him in the skies.

He is waiting patiently for that bright Day,
 When the earth-born shadows will have fled away,
 When He will receive us to Himself at last,
 No more separation, sin and sorrow past.

Till the day break and the shadows flee away,
 Till the day break when He comes for me,
 Till the day break and the shadows flee,
 Longing for the moment when His face I see.

HE CALLED THEM AND THEY CAME.

"He calleth unto Him whom He would and they came unto Him, and He ordained twelve that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth."

Mark iii., 13, 14.

He called them and they came,
 He drew them to His side,
 That they apart with Him might be
 And with Himself abide.

They first must be with Him,
 And in His presence dwell,
 For they must find out what He is
 Before of Him they tell.

He called them and they came,
 How could they stay away?
 He took them up the mountain side,
 They ne'er forgot that day.

He chose them as He would,
 And had a work for each,
 But they must learn to know Him first
 Ere they could go and teach.

And then He sent them forth,
 But left them not alone,
 He gave them of His mighty power,
 And He their work did own.

THE WEIGHT OF GLORY.

"For our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."
2. Cor. iv., 17.

The children in God's school need to learn their "weights and measures." and the Christian needs to have good scales. "A just weight and balance are the Lord's; all the weights of the bag are His work" (Prov. xvi., 11); and if we do not obtain our weights and measures from God Himself we are very likely to weigh things wrongly.

In the scales of earth, worldly pleasures and riches, and earthly joys seem to be more weighty than the things of eternity, but if we put them into the balances of the sanctuary we find they are altogether lighter than vanity. And so with the trials of earth, how heavy they seem; but if we weigh them as Paul did we shall see that "the light affliction" is scarcely worth putting into the scales with the "eternal weight of glory." See also Rom. viii., 18.

Though you pass through sore affliction,
 And endure a constant fight,
 It is only for a moment,
 And the trial is but light.
 You must put the weight of glory,
 In the balances as well,
 It is far, far more abundant,
 And exceeds what tongue can tell.

When you weight the heavy trial,
 Put the glory in the scale,
 Weigh the future with the present,
 And the glory will prevail.

When the darkness o'er you gathers,
 And the light begins to fail,
 When you think the cloud is heavy,
 Put the sunshine in the scale.
 Even now the sun is shining,
 Though the mist the darkness dims,
 Faith will help you to discover,
 That the clouds have silver rims.

Drops of grief from clouds of sorrow,
 Thus it is the showers fall,
 Floods of sunshine on the morrow,
 Glory-beams outweighing all;
 Fleeting clouds which quickly gather,
 And as quickly pass away,
 An eternity of sunshine,
 In a cloudless, endless Day.

Are your burdens hard to carry?
 You have something else to weigh
 For with benefits He loads us,
 Many blessings day by day.
 Weigh the glory, not the sorrow,
 Count the mercies, not the grief,
 Note the sunshine, not the darkness,
 This will surely give relief.

Think of all the weight He carried,
 All He bore upon the tree,
 Was not that a heavy burden,
 Which He took for you and me?
 Weigh His past and weigh your future,
 Then your present will seem light,
 It will fail to move the balance,
 If you learn to weigh it right.

NOT A STRANGER.

Job's experience was that his friends were "verily estranged," "they count me a stranger."—chap xix., 13, 15. But he looked forward to the time when he would meet in resurrection with One who was "not a stranger." Verse 27. (Marg.)

The two disciples on the way to Emmaus did not recognize the One who had joined them in their walk and they asked, "Art Thou only a stranger?"—Luke xxiv., 18; but there is another question in Jeremiah which we too may ask—

"O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a way-faring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?" Jer. xiv., 8.

NOT A STRANGER (Continued)

If we can say, "the stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller,"—Job xxxi., 32, we shall very soon be able to say with Job that He is "not a stranger."

When we invite Him to be our guest He always becomes our host, as He did when the two disciples constrained Him saying, "Abide with us. . . . And He went in to tarry with them." He at once took his rightful place; and we always prove it to be so.

Oh, come not as a stranger,
 To sojourn for a while,
 But let me know Thy presence,
 And feel Thy constant smile.
 Oh, dwell within my dwelling,
 And make my home Thine own,
 For since Thou once hast entered,
 I cannot be alone.

Then come not as a stranger,
 To tarry for a night,
 I need Thee in the darkness,
 But also in the light.
 Come in and be the Master,
 And take complete control,
 I give Thee full possession,
 I yield to Thee the whole.

And when I leave this dwelling
 To go with Thee to Thine,
 Thou wilt not be a stranger,
 Thy Home will then be mine.
 I shall have learnt to know Thee,
 Since Thou hast dwelt with me,
 I shall not be a stranger,
 When I shall dwell with Thee.

TWO PLACES AT ONCE.

“The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.”—*John i.*, 18.

To live in two places at once
 Is the privilege we may know,
 To worship God in the courts above,
 And yet serve on the earth below.

To enter the Holiest place
 And remain 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
 And yet perform in the camp outside,
 All the duties each day doth bring.

Our Lord whilst He lived upon earth
 In the Father's own bosom dwelt,
 And this the secret of all His power,
 Which the sinners around Him felt.

The birds of the air had their nests,
 He had nowhere to lay His head,
 And yet He leaned on His Father's breast
 While His feet on this earth did tread.

The heart of my God for my centre
 Here, here let my Home be found,
 Thus into His purpose I enter,
 Then work in the circle round.

HE GAVE THANKS.

“He gave thanks. And when they had sung a hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives—*Matt. xxvi.*, 27, 30.

It is not difficult to sing when we are happy. The Apostle James says, “Is any merry? let him sing psalms.” But when we are passing through a crushing sorrow who would expect to hear us singing? At such times we do not find it easy to lift our voices.

And yet we read that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed—just before He went out to that scene of agony in the Garden of Gethsemane—“gave thanks,” and started a hymn. We have the record of some of His words, in that matchless prayer and song of praise in John xvii., and probably the words of the Psalm are to be found in the Book of Psalms. The “Hallel” which was sung at the Passover service consisted of Psalms cxiii. to cxviii.

Amidst the circle of His own,
The night He was betrayed,
The Man of Sorrows offered thanks,
By death still undismayed.

He looked beyond the shameful cross,
The wormwood and the gall,
He saw the opened road to God,
That well repaid for all.

He viewed the new and living way,
By which His followers went,
He counted not the agony,
By which the vail was rent.

His eye was fixed upon the joy,
That lay beyond the gloom,
And so He raised the voice of praise,
Within that upper room.

He thought of all the loving hearts,
Who till He came again,
Would oft in glad obedience keep,
The feast He did ordain.

And so the shadow of the cross,
 Could not exclude the praise,
 And midst the sorrows of that night,
 His voice the song did raise.

And now the anguish all is o'er,
 The precious blood is shed,
 With gratitude faith looks behind,
 And hope with joy ahead.

But as Thou standest in our midst,
 When gathered in Thy Name,
 Memorials of Thy death to share,
 We need Thee just the same.

Oh lead our praises, blessed Lord,
 Give thanks Thyself once more,
 Present the incense at the Throne,
 Whilst we Thy love adore.

FAITH AND WORKS.

“Faith without works is dead.”—*James ii.*, 26.

Faith without works is only vain,
 Works without faith no praise will gain,
 Faith is revealed by loving need,
 Works without faith are dead indeed.

Faith is the living growing root,
 Works are the ever rip'ning fruit,
 Faith may be hidden out of sight,
 Works will expand towards the light.

Faith is the fountain far below,
 Works are the streams which overflow,
 Faith like the furnace underground,
 Works like the heat which must abound.

Faith on the firm foundation lies,
 Works make the solid building rise,
 Faith must come first—we look and live,
 Then use the strength that He will give.

STILL IN REMEMBRANCE.

“Remember Mine affliction and My misery, the worm-wood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance.”

Lam. iii., 19-20.

The third chapter of the Lamentations is very wonderful when we hear in it the lament of the greatest Sufferer this world has ever known. We have heard His voice in those familiar words in the first chapter, “Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow;” and we cannot fail to associate Chapter iii., 19, with Him also as He says, “Remembering Mine affliction and My misery, the wormwood and the gall.”

In the next verse He adds, “My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is bowed in Me.” He has been in the glory for nearly two thousand years, but still the sorrows of Calvary are unforgotten.

Amidst the joy and gladness,
 Each pang Thou dost recall,
 Remembering the sorrow
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Gethsemane and Calv’ry,
 The garden and the tree,
 The palace and the city,
 Are not forgot by Thee.

The kiss and shameful spitting,
 The thorns and bloody sweat,
 The scourge and cruel mockings,
 Thou dost remember yet.
 By God and man forsaken,
 Midst crowds and yet alone,
 Without one eye to pity,
 ’Tis thought of on the Throne.

And shall not we remember,
 What Thou for us didst bear,
 And view with silent wonder,
 Thine awful suff’rings there?
 Oh stir our recollections,
 And let us see that sight,
 And ne’er forget the darkness,
 That brought us into light.

Six hours of patient dying,
 Upon the cross of shame,
 Eternity of glory,
 And everlasting fame.
 Three hours of solemn darkness,
 Three days within the grave,
 Then light and resurrection,
 With all Thou cam'st to save.

And was the price too costly,
 Which Thou for us didst pay?
 No! Thou dost not regret it,
 For glory will repay.
 Thou dost not think with sorrow,
 On all the anguish borne,
 That night, though still remembered,
 Was herald of the Morn.

THE PRINCE IN DISGUISE.

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich yet for your sakes He became poor; that ye through His poverty might be rich."—2. *Cor. viii.*, 9.

A long time ago 'neath the bright Eastern skies,
 There lived on this earth a great Prince in disguise,
 Who though He was rich, had such wonderful grace,
 He made Himself poor, to give sinners His place.

In the palace He left He was worshipped by all,
 And myriads of angels would come at His call,
 He stepped from His throne, and His robes laid aside
 Came down to this earth where He suffered and died.

He came to His own, but they welcomed Him not,
 And earth ever since has been stained by the blot;
 They took Him, and nailed Him to Calvary's tree,
 He let them do this, for He loved you and me.

Although this took place such a long time ago,
 The Prince is still living in heaven we know:
 He soon will return to this earth once again,
 No longer disguised, He will come back to reign.

Yes, Jesus our Saviour whose story we sing,
 Disguised as a poor man was really a King,
 A Prince and a Saviour, our pardon He won—
 Have you ever thanked Him for all He has done?

THE PASSOVER.

“When I see the blood I will pass over you.”

Exodus xii., 13.

What did this really mean? We have most of us been taught to believe that God promised, when He was passing through the land of Egypt, at the destruction of the first-born, that when He came to a house which was sprinkled with the blood of the lamb, He would pass by that house and go on to the next. Sir Robert Anderson has, however, shown that the word translated “pass over” means just the opposite. The Hebrew of the Bible is practically a dead language, and the only way to discover the real meaning of a Hebrew word is to find out how it is used in other parts of Scripture.

This word is found seven times: three times in Exodus xii., verses 13, 23, 27; in 2. Samuel iv., 4, where it is said that Mephiboseth was “lame”; in 1. Kings xviii., 21, where Elijah asks, “How long halt ye between two opinions?” and in ver. 26 of the same chapter where the priests of Baal “leaped up and down at the altar.”

All these three clearly denote a motion from side to side or up and down. The last of the seven passages is in Isaiah xxi., 5, “As birds flying, so will the Lord of hosts defend Jerusalem; defending also He will deliver it, and passing over He will preserve it.” “As birds flying”—and a bird does not protect its nest by flying to the next tree. So we see that the meaning of the words, “I will pass over you” are much more beautiful than we have supposed. The Lord Himself became their Saviour. He mounted guard over every blood-sprinkled house, and did “not suffer the destroyer to come in.”

In the fields of Goshen, they seek with care
 For a lamb that has no spot,
 And they lead it home to be offered there,
 'Tis their best—they spare it not;
 And the precious blood in the bowl they pour,
 That blood they must sprinkle outside the door.

Then upon the side-posts and o'er the porch,
 The deep crimson stains are seen,
 The destroying angel may not approach,
 For the blood has come between;
 For Jehovah said, When the blood I view,
 Lo I, even I, will pass over you.

And within those dwellings with blood-stained door
 On the roasted lamb they feed,
 For the One who told of deliverance sure,
 Also knew their every need:
 So that as they feast they obtain new strength,
 They're ready to start for the land at length.

It was long ago that the Lamb was slain,
 And His blood He did outpour,
 But we know He never need die again,
 As we sprinkle thus our door;
 And Jehovah said, When His blood I view,
 Lo I, even I, will pass over you.

Not a fear have we of the gleaming sword,
 For we're sheltered by the blood,
 We may rest in peace on His precious Word,
 Which has ever faithful stood;
 And in perfect calm on the Lamb we feed,
 For He who has died meets our every need.

A SUNSET NEARER.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."
Rom. xiii., 11.

We're just a sunset nearer,
 Each time the daylight fades,
 The glory that excelleth
 Will know no evening shades.
 A sunset nearer every night,
 A sunset nearer glory bright.

It may be we shall see Him
 Ere sinks the sun to-day,
 And hear the welcome summons
 "Arise and come away."
 A sunset nearer every night,
 A sunset nearer glory bright.

If Christ should come to-morrow,
 This night would be our last,
 Then farewell pain and sorrow,
 The darkness will be past.
 A sunset nearer every night,
 A sunset nearer glory bright,

A sunset nearer daybreak,
 When suns will set no more,
 This evening we are nearer
 Than we have been before.
 A sunset nearer every night.
 A sunset nearer glory bright.

THE GLORY OF THAT LIGHT.

"I could not see for the glory of that light."—*Acts xxii.*, 11.

In one of the galleries of the British Museum we see in "the Elgin marbles" some of the beautiful sculptures that adorned the Acropolis of Athens in the time of the Apostle Paul. As he stood on Mars Hill he could see the Parthenon from which they were taken and he must have pointed to them and to the other temples around, as he cried, "God that made the world, and all things therein dwelleth not in temples made with hands. We ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." Even in their ruin these fragments are very beautiful.

Some years ago I was standing in the great hall at Eastnor Castle which is surrounded with all sorts of works of art and interesting objects, when Dr. Flavel Cook turned to me and said, "How was it that Paul cared so little for all the glories of Athens?" I said "Why was it?" He replied by quoting *Acts xxii.*, 11. "I could not see for the glory of that light." The dazzling brightness which Paul saw on the road to Damascus blinded his eyes for ever to the brightness of earthly things.

'Twas not the scene of sorrow,
That moved mine eyes to tears,
It was the voice from heaven,
That fell upon mine ears.
It told me He was risen,
Who on the cross had died,
That He was in the glory,
Whom we had crucified.

One beam of heavenly radiance,
One word from glory came,
And He whom once I hated,
Addressed me by my name.
Such love was in those accents,
That when I heard His voice,
My heart at once surrendered,
And quickly made its choice.

"The gospel of the glory,"*
Was like a flash revealed,
The meaning of the suffering,
No longer was concealed.
My dazzled eyes were blinded,
The glory of that light,
Which shone upon my pathway,
Had robbed me of my sight.

*2 Cor. iv., 4 (R. V.)

The radiance of the glory,
 Still fills mine opened eyes,
 It took away the brilliance,
 From things I used to prize.
 Since that eventful journey,
 When glory filled my soul,
 The hope of coming glory,
 Has been my constant goal.

HEART'S-EASE IN THE VALLEY.

“Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well.”
Ps. lxxxiv., 6.

There is heart's-ease in the valley,
 Where my Saviour's feet have trod;
 There are many precious blossoms
 All along the toilsome road.

There is heart's-ease in the valley,
 By the path it springs;
 There is heart's-ease in the valley,
 Oh what peace it brings!

Long before I trod the valley
 He had gone that way before,
 And He only leads me onward
 Where my Master went of yore.

He went forth to meet the tempter
 In the wilderness alone;
 If we follow in His footsteps,
 He will never leave His own.

Often 'tis an uphill journey,
 For the road to heaven is steep,
 But our footsteps shall not falter,
 When beside our Guide we keep.

And He knows our feet grow weary,
 As we climb from day to day,
 So He gives, in tender mercy,
 Resting places on the way.

PETER AND HIS LORD.

"And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus."—*Matt. xiv.*, 29.

We hear a good deal of Peter's want of faith when he looked at the waves and began to sink, yet we cannot but admire the faith that made him walk on the water. It must have needed real faith to lower himself over the vessel's side and walk even a few steps. Mr. Spurgeon in a beautiful sermon entitled "The History of Little Faith," says, "I think I have seen a picture of Peter sinking and Christ stooping to save him; but I wish that some eminent artist would paint the two walking together in peace, Peter and his Lord. We have aforesaid seen the Son of God walking in the fire with the three holy youths, and now we see the obverse of the medal—a saint walking on the water with the Son of Man."

Francis Quarles, in "Divine Fancies," has some quaint lines on this scene.

"When walking Peter was about to sink
 Into the sea. In what a case d'ye thinke
 H'ad bin; if he had trusted his complaint
 To the intercession of some helpfull saint;
 Believe it; if *Rome's* doctrine had bin sound
 And soundly follow'd, Peter had bin drowned."

He walked upon the water,
 He hushed the waves to rest,
 He trod upon the turmoil,
 The sea its Lord confessed;
 Mine eyes beheld His coming,
 I begged to cross the sea,
 I could not bear the distance,
 Between my Lord and me.

His voice came o'er the waters,
 I heard His answer "Come,"
 And from the ship descended,
 Regardless of the foam:
 Mine eyes were on the Master,
 The waves I could not see,
 I walked upon the waters,
 Between my Lord and me.

But when the winds were boist'rous,
 My heart began to fear,
 I looked upon the billows,
 Forgetting He was near.
 He stretched His hand and caught me,
 And raised me from the sea,
 And thus there was no distance,
 Between my Lord and me.

I might have walked undaunted,
 But did not pause to think,
 That while He was beside me,
 He could not let me sink.
 I learnt the only power,
 Of walking on the sea,
 Is just a gaze unbroken,
 Between my Lord and me.

SONGS IN THE VALLEY.

"Who teacheth like Him?"—*Job xxxvi.*, 22.

There are songs to be learnt in the valley,
 Which could not be learnt on the hill;
 As we pass through the valley of shadow
 His presence with gladness doth fill.

There are lessons to learn on earth's journey
 Which could not in heaven be gained,
 We must learn them this side of glory,
 Where all will be clearly explained.

There are lessons we learn in the tempest
 Which could not be learnt in a calm,
 For we prove mid the waves and the billows
 The strength of His sheltering arm.

There are lessons we learn in our sorrow,
 Which could not in gladness be taught;
 Oh how wondrous the tints of the rainbow
 Which we through our tear-drops have caught!

There are songs to be learnt in the darkness
 Which could not be learnt in the light,
 We shall sing the sweet notes He has taught us,
 When we in heaven's praises unite.

IT PLEASED THE LORD TO BRUISE HIM.

"Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him."—*Is. liii.*, 10.

Upon the hill of Calvary
 Outside the city gates,
 A marvellous event took place,
 From which all blessing dates.
 The central fact of history,
 The pivot of all time,
 The greatest deed of highest love,
 The blackest human crime.

The priests who throng the temple court,
 Who at the altar wait
 To slay the evening lamb, despise
 The cross outside the gate:
 They little dream that every lamb
 Which on that altar died,
 Is but a shadow of the One
 Who there is crucified.

Each hill and road, each field and wall,
 Was thronged with those who gazed
 Upon the One who suffered there,
 And heaven looked on amazed.
 But none save God could comprehend
 The work that then was wrought,
 The mighty issues there at stake,
 Surpassed all human thought.

What meant that scene to God himself,
 As He beheld that sight?
 Pain must have filled His heart divine,
 Grief mingled with delight;
 He saw His plans all carried out,
 His purposes fulfilled,
 His holy law was satisfied,
 The claims of justice stilled.

The Man of Sorrows hanging there,
 Was His beloved Son,
 And ever had been dear to Him,
 Ere time had been begun;
 He loved Him then, He loved Him now,
 With even greater love,
 Because He yielded up His life,
 To win His treasure trove.

REVISED PRAYERS.

“Seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”
Hebrews vii., 25.

Take Thou Thyself the burden of my cares,
 And by Thine intercession sift my prayers,
 Let all petitions passing through Thy hands,
 Be changed by Thee to what Thy love has planned.

I know not what to ask for as I ought,
 Do thou translate my poor unspoken thought,
 That passing through the channel of Thy will,
 My prayer may ever Thy desire fulfill.

Do Thou remodel every blind request,
 Correct where I have asked what is not best,
 Let every sentence be by Thee revised,
 Thus shall I be most blessedly surprised.

Add to the prayer when I might ask for more,
 Instead of drops do Thou the floods outpour,
 Thy asking will surpass my utmost thought,
 Till I scarce recognize the answer brought.

WHEN WILL HE COME?

"Surely I come quickly; even so come, Lord Jesus."—
Rev. xxii, 20.

Will He come as some Christmas season,
Reminds of His lowly birth,
When the heavenly choir of angels,
Proclaimed how He came to earth?
As we talk of the angel's message,
And sweetly the carols ring,
Shall we see Him in all His beauty,
Who came as the infant King?

Will He come as some New Year's evening,
The hands of the clock reveal,
That the Old Year is passed for ever,
While bells have begun to peal?
Will the midnight of watching for Him,
Be turned to a morning bright,
As the years are for us completed,
And lost in eternal light?

Will He come on some Easter morning,
Which speaks of the empty tomb,
As we tell how the Lord has risen—
As first in that upper room?
Shall we find ourselves in His presence,
As saints from their graves arise,
And together with those still living,
Behold Him with joyful eyes?

Will He come on some Lord's Day morning,
When gathered around His board,
His disciples shew forth His dying,
And speak of their absent Lord?
It is only until He cometh,
We feast on these mem'ries sweet,
But what joy if we leave the Table,
Our Master Himself to greet!

Will He come on some busy week-day,
 When we at His bidding toil,
 And we plow, or we sow, or gather,
 The grain from the fruitful soil?
 Shall we pass from the earthly service,
 To that which is much more blest,
 When the weariness all is over,
 And we in His presence rest?

A RAINBOW SONG.

“And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud.”—*Gen. ix.*, 14.

A rainbow is made of the tears of earth,
 Lit up by the smiles of heaven;
 Whenever God sends us a heavy cloud,
 The covenant bow is given.

He promised whene'er He should bring a cloud,
 To stretch out the radiant bow,
 A token that He would recall His Word,
 And floods should not overflow.

The promise of God is as sure to-day
 As when it was spoken first;
 The sun is still shining behind the cloud,
 And soon on our sight will burst.

We never should see the bright rainbow tints,
 Without the dark background there;
 We never should test the sweet promises
 If skies remained always fair.

If we can look upward and praise the Lord
 The sun will stream through the rift,
 The rainbow will shine with its varied hues,
 And soon the dark cloud will lift.

I WILL LOVE THEE, O LORD, MY STRENGTH

"I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength."

"The Lord is my rock and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength in whom I will trust; my buckler and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower. . . . He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters."

Ps. xviii., 1, 2, 16.

There is wonderful progress in the opening words of Psalm xviii, "The Lord is my rock"—but we need something more than a rock to shelter us. There is a building on the rock, a fortress; and in the fortress a deliverer, and a God, who provides us with armour for the fight, and lastly there is a high tower from which we get a view of distant glory. Some have thought that this verse is the summary of the contents of the Psalm itself. The last verse is taken from the verse which describes the Psalmist's experience as he is delivered from the sea and placed upon the Rock.

Amid the raging of the sea,
A refuge is my Lord to me,
And to this mighty ROCK I flee,
I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.

From dang'rous foes and stormy wind,
A shelter on the rock I find,
A FORTRESS and a home combined,
I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.

When to this hiding place I flee,
My Lord reveals Himself to me,
A strong DELIVERER is He,
I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.

The fortress is a temple now,
Before my GOD with praise I bow,
His loving-kindness I avow,
I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.

He is my BUCKLER and my shield,
He teaches me the sword to wield,
And arms me for the battle field,
I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.

And from my TOWER up reared on high,
 A wondrous distance I discry,
 A land where foes can ne'er come nigh,
 I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.

He caught me with His mighty arm,
 He raised me out of reach of harm,
 I will praise Him now with joyful psalm,
 I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

Psalm xcvi., 1.

A little globe—a tiny point in space,
 And yet it was a greatly honoured place,
 The home first chosen for the human race,
 This little world.

A tiny planet moving round the sun,
 Compared with others such a little one,
 Yet here God's great redemptive work was done,
 This favoured world.

So small and yet upon the world there lay,
 An awful load which did so heavy weigh,
 The load of guilt which none could roll away,
 This guilty world.

The great Creator of the universe,
 Saw how His once fair earth grew worse and worse,
 So He Himself came down to bear the curse,
 This fallen world.

More guilty now His blood has left a stain,
 Which still upon this earth doth dark remain,
 And ever will till He comes back to reign.
 This blood-stained world.

Oh wondrous thought that He should love it still.
 His throne will stand where men their Lord did kill,
 The knowledge of the Lord this world shall fill,
 This happy world!

THE GOD OF THE PAST—THE GOD OF TO-DAY.

“This God is our God for ever and ever.”—*Psalm xlvi.*, 14.

The God of the past is the God of to-day,
His love is the same it ne'er passes away,
He gives us the Bible to show what He is,
To teach what unfailing compassion is His.

Oh study the Word if your God you would know.
And then in your need to His mercy-seat go,
The hearts of poor sinners are ever the same,
And just as unchanged is the power of His name.

The One who was seen in the land of Judaea,
Is now in our midst—in His love He draws near.
He healed men of old when they came with their
pain.

And what He did once He can do yet again.

He never refused those who came to Him there,
And still He doth hear every suppliant's prayer.
The very same Lord only veiled from our sight,
Is waiting to help and to bless us to-night.

MORE AND MORE.

“I will yet praise Thee more and more.”—*Psalm lxxi.*, 14.

They who see much of God would fain see more,
They who know most of Christ will most adore,
They who are much forgiven will love Him much,
They who live nearest Him will feel His touch.

They who have seen their sin feel deepest need,
They who have tasted once will often feed,
They who have quenched their thirst will prize the
streams,
They who have seen the Sun will love His beams.

They who behold His face, His face reflect,
 They who have much received will much expect,
 They who God's Word believe, its truth will test.
 They who are often heard will pray the best.

BENEATH HIS SHADOW HIDING.

"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me." "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste."

Song of Sol. i.,6, ii.,3.

The Sun looked down upon me,
 My blackness was revealed;
 I crept beneath His shadow,
 He is both Sun and Shield.

I need not fear the brightness,
 My shelter is complete,
 His sunshine and His shadow
 Have made this refuge sweet.

I sit beneath His shadow,
 And find it very blest,
 Such beautiful protection!
 Such calm and quiet rest!

I feast beneath His shadow,
 His fruit I here can eat,
 His love and joy I'm tasting,
 His peace is always sweet.

TAKE CARE OF THE STEPS.

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow in His steps."
I. Peter ii., 21.

Take care of the steps and the walk will be right,
 Take care of the channels, the light will be bright,
 Take care of the moments, take care of the days,
 The years will then pass in a service of praise.

Take care of your thoughts as you journey along,
 With heart full of Christ you can never go wrong;
 Take care of the seed which you sow in the field,
 And thus a good harvest your corner will yield.

Take care of your words and your speech will be sound,
 Take care of the notes and sweet chords will resound;
 Take care of each stitch as the fabric doth grow,
 Completed at last the full pattern will show.

Take care of the witness you give in the home,
 If you in the world would a blessing become;
 Take care by His grace for each life after all
 Is made up of things which alone seem but small.

HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM.

"His servants shall serve Him and they shall see His face."
Rev. xx., 3, 4.

"His servants shall serve Him"—and this is heaven,
 His service is their delight,
 And all through the day they are serving Him,
 All day—and there is no night.

"His servants shall serve Him"—they served before,
 Now nothing their work can spoil,
 The service of heaven the happy rest
 Which comes after earthly toil.

"His servants shall serve Him"—the best reward
 Which He can in love bestow:
 And perfectly now they can please their Lord,
 Though often they failed below.

“His servants shall serve Him” without mistakes
 His will they can comprehend,
 They run on His errands with willing feet,
 Where'er He may choose to send.

“His servants shall serve Him,” they see His face,
 He's near to them all the while,
 No wonder the work seems so sweet to them
 Lit up by the Master's smile.

NEVER.

“I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”—*Heb. xiii.*, 5.

He never sent a sorrow unless He saw it good,
 He never gave a burden but He beside us stood,
 He never makes us carry a single care alone,
 He never bids us journey, unless the path be shown.

There's never a temptation from which there's no
 escape,

And ne'er a cross He gives us, but what His hand doth
 shape,

There never was a danger that He had not foreseen,
 And never foe attacks us but He can come between.

He never sets us lessons too difficult to learn,
 We never pass through darkness but light we may
 discern

He never gives commandments that we cannot obey,
 He never sends on errands unless He leads the way.

There ne'er was draught so bitter but He could make
 it sweet,

There never was a question too hard for Him to meet,
 There never was a sinner who proved for Him too bad,
 There never was a mourner whom He could not make
 glad.

He never sought a treasure unless He meant to keep,
 He'll never leave to perish a single blood-bought sheep.
 They ne'er are disappointed who on Jehovah wait,
 There never was a moment when He appeared too late.

IN HIS PRESENCE.

"It was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I."—*Ps. lxxiii.*, 16, 17.

Face thy problems from His presence,
Do not try alone to meet
All the sore perplexing questions,
Bring them to the mercy-seat.

Face thy sorrows in His presence,
There the troubles disappear,
All the bitterness will vanish,
And the love will be made clear.

Take the pattern from His presence,
He will give thee His design,
Let Him plan and shape thy service,
Let no part of it be thine.

Use the balance in His presence,
For no other weights are just,
Weigh thy profits and thy losses,
There thy every thought adjust.

Learn thy lessons in His presence,
With thy Master at thy side;
He will teach the hidden meaning,
And His secrets there confide.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF OUR PRAYERS?

"Pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—*Matt. vi.*, 6.

Oh what has become of our prayers,
The prayers all unanswered as yet?
We surely shall see them again some day,
For God surely cannot forget.

Like drops that are drawn from the sea,
As clouds they did upward arise,
We wait for the showers of blessing now,
To pour from the opening skies.

Our prayers are recorded by God,
 Not one can be ever ignored;
 The time for the answer may not be yet,
 The blessing in heaven is stored.

And when all our life is made plain,
 Perchance we shall each be surprised,
 To find that the sorrows we had to bear,
 Were answers to prayer—but disguised.

We asked to be made like our Lord,
 His love and His will to discern,
 And so in His school we had lessons set,
 Which have not been easy to learn.

THE BITTER IS SWEET.

“That I may know Him.”—*Phil. iii.*, 10.

It is good to be weary for so we seek rest,
 And we find it at last as we lean on His breast,
 It is well to be lonely for thus we may prove,
 That the Saviour can fill every void with His love.

It is good to be weak so that thus we may turn,
 To the Strong One for help, and His mightiness learn;
 It is well if we find that the desert is drear,
 It is thus we are taught that our home is not here.

It is good when our burdens are heavy to bear,
 If they send us to Him and they drive us to prayer;
 Every need is a boon, every sorrow is blest,
 When it leads us to put His great love to the test.

It is good when the clouds shade our pathway below,
 Or we never should see the bright tints of the bow;
 It is well when our way He in wisdom doth hide,
 Or we never should find out our need of a Guide.

It is good to be empty, for thus He can fill;
 And the tempests but cause Him to bid them “Be still”
 'Tis because of our wounds that we value His balm,
 It is after rough storms that we joy in His calm.

HOW DOTH HE TEACH?

"I am the Lord, the God which teacheth thee to profit."
Isa. xlvi. 17.

How doth He teach?
 Little by little and line by line,
 Lessons are learnt in the life divine,
 Just as the children must all be taught,
 Slowly we gather our Teacher's thought.

How doth He teach?
 Through all events on the homeward way,
 Gently and tenderly day by day,
 Wonderful pains He doth take with each,
 Till we have learnt what our Lord would teach.

How doth He teach?
 Out of the pages of His own word;
 Many fresh lessons it doth afford,
 This is the text-book in Christ's own school
 Here are the precepts our lives to rule.

How doth He teach?
 Through His own Spirit He doth instruct,
 By the right way He will safe conduct,
 Teaching to profit by all He sends,
 Till in subjection our will He bends.

HE TOOK ME BY THE HAND.

"That He might bring us to God."—*I. Peter iii., 18.*

He took me by my trembling hand
 And led me to the throne;
 I trod with Him the palace courts,
 The beggar with the Son,
 It was no merit of my own
 The welcome there produced,
 It was by wondrous love alone
 That I was introduced.

That He might bring me to the court
 He first must step outside,
 He found me in my poverty
 And His own robe supplied.
 I entered with the Prince Himself,
 And none could bar His way,
 No suppliant escorted thus
 Was ever turned away.

He gives me access with Himself,
 No challenge need I dread,
 My right and title to be there
 The precious blood He shed.
 Oh who would think that such as I
 An audience would gain,
 And in the presence of the King
 Be bidden to remain!

THREE CROSSES.

“They crucified Him, and two other with Him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.”—*John xix.*, 18.

Three crosses stand upon a hill,
 Three forms are hanging there,
 My Lord the central place doth fill,
 That He my guilt may bear.

No sin within the Lamb of God,
 But guilt is on Him laid,
 The sinless One must bear the load,
 He is my Saviour made.

He in the midst—oh wondrous place,
 Between two thieves He dies;
 The one beholds the Saviour's grace,
 The other mocks, defies.

They both are sinners, and within
 Their hearts are just the same;
 But one has lost his load of sin,
 One bears his guilt and shame.

THREE CROSSES (Continued).

One looks beyond the cross and meets
 The King in Paradise;
 The other with reviling treats
 The One whom men despise.

Three crosses standing side by side,
 Of broken law the sign,
 Where two for their transgressions died,
 And One because of mine.

AS IT WERE A NEW SONG.

"They sang as it were a new song before the throne."

Rev. xiv., 3.

"They sang as it were a new song,"
 But the words were just the same,
 'Twas the song they had sung in olden days,
 When they learnt to love His Name.

"They sang as it were a new song,"
 But it was not really new,
 It had often been spoilt with discord once,
 Now each note rang clear and true.

"They sang as it were a new song,"
 And each voice was fully trained,
 They could sing it in unison at last,
 Only harmony now reigned.

"They sang as it were a new song,"
 And the choir was all complete,
 For not one ransomed voice was missing there,
 And the song was wondrous sweet.

"They sang as it were a new song,"
 'Twas the place that had been changed,
 Mid the shadows of earth they sang it first,
 But now round the throne are ranged.

“They sang as it were a new song,”
 We must learn to sing it here,
 Though we sing it on earth in minor key,
 Yet the Lord Himself will hear.

THE LORD LOOKED UPON PETER.

“And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter.”
Luke xxii., 61.

“And the Lord looked upon Peter,”
 And Peter looked at his Lord,
 And their eyes met in a moment
 As Peter thought of His Word;
 And into the night with shame he crept,
 And bitter the tears that Peter wept.

“And the Lord looked upon Peter,”
 And Peter’s heart was laid bare,
 And he saw how he had fallen—
 That look convicted him there.
 The Lord he had thrice denied with shame,
 Now turned on him eyes like fiery flame.

“And the Lord looked upon Peter,”
 And as He looked He forgave,
 There was love, tender, reproachful,
 Within the look He gave.
 That love was too much—it broke his heart,
 And Peter went out to weep apart.

“And the Lord looked upon Peter,”
 And called him back to His side,
 For he met when He had risen,
 The Lord whom he had denied.
 With faltering lip he did adore,
 And loved as he ne’er had loved before.

MUCH WITH THEIR LORD.

“And they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.”—*Acts iv.*, 13.

Two humble disciples of Jesus their Lord,
 Before the great council did stand,
 They fearlessly witnessed for Him whom they loved,
 Now raised to the Father's right hand;
 Their judges astonished, with fullest accord,
 Took knowledge that they had been much with
 their Lord.

Unlearned and ignorant though they might be,
 The power of God was their strength,
 And he who had once been ashamed to confess,
 Was filled with true courage at length;
 E'en foes who beheld as they published the Word,
 Took knowledge that they had been much with
 their Lord.

The Name of the Master alone was their theme,
 Salvation in no other Name,
 Christ Jesus of Nazareth—Name so despised,
 Gave strength to the weak and the lame.
 The council who saw the man healed at their word,
 Took knowledge that they had been much with
 their Lord.

Do those who are watching our life and our walk,
 Take knowledge from day unto day,
 That we who profess to be saved by His grace,
 Are walking with Him by the way?
 Do they, by the witness that our lives afford,
 Take knowledge that we have been much with our
 Lord?

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Psalm xxii and Psalm xxiii.

The contrast between these two Psalms is very great, and can only be understood in the light of the New Testament. We could never have made the beautiful words of the 23rd Psalm our own, unless the Lord Jesus had made the language of the 22nd Psalm *His* own. It is the Cross of yesterday that has made possible the green pastures of to-day. Almost every experience in the 23rd has its contrast in the 22nd.

With the 24th Psalm, which carries our thoughts on to the coming glory, we have a wonderful threefold cord which cannot be broken.

<p style="text-align: center;">PSALM xxii. Yesterday, The Cross.</p> <p>"A worm and no man." The good Shepherd that died.—John x., 11.</p> <p>The object of faith.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">PSALM xxiii. To-day, The Green Pastures.</p> <p>My Shepherd. The great Shepherd that rose.—Heb. xiii., 20.</p> <p>The object of love.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">PSALM xxiv. For Ever, The Crown.</p> <p>The King of glory. The chief shepherd that will appear.—I. Pet. v., 4.</p> <p>The object of hope.</p>
--	--	--

Heaven must be emptied that earth might be filled,
Songs must be hushed that earth's sobs might be
stilled.

Christ must be outcast ere we enter heaven,
He was forsaken, and we are forgiven.

He is our Shepherd and we shall not want,
Weary and hungry, with thirst He did pant,
He from the cup of God's wrath did not shrink,
Full is the cup of rich blessing WE drink.

HE trod the desert, the Shepherd must die,
In the green pastures His sheep safely lie;
Stormy the billows the Shepherd must breast,
By the still waters He maketh US rest.

HE felt the darkness and tasted of death,
Only its shadow can fall on OUR path;
HE midst His enemies suffered and died,
WE midst our foes have a table supplied.

He became poor, so that we might have wealth,
He must be bruised so that we should have health,
He wore the thorns to give us a bright crown,
He bore the cross—we shall soon share His throne.

IT IS MORNING, ALMOST MORNING.

“My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.”—*Psalm cxxx.*, 6.

In the streets of London there are very few hours out of the twenty-four when quiet reigns. The roar of the traffic ceases late and begins again very early in the morning. To those who are accustomed to the incessant noise it seems strange to listen to the perfect stillness; but even this is broken before the morning traffic commences by the twitter of the city sparrows. What a noise they make as they chirp and chirp again to each other! One June morning when lying awake after long sleeplessness it seemed to me that their twittering fell into rhythm and this was the message that was chirped forth from the tiny throats—“It is Morning, almost Morning” and thus they lifted the thoughts to that blessed time when the Day shall break and the shadows flee away, and were unconscious heralds of the coming of the Lord.

When the night is almost over,
 'Ere the morning light doth break,
 There's a hush of quiet stillness,
 'Ere the song-birds are awake.
 But as soon as day is dawning,
 And before we see the sun,
 We can hear the voices round us,
 And they tell us night is done.

It is Morning, almost Morning,
 Is the song we seem to hear,
 It is Morning, almost Morning,
 And the Sun will soon appear.

There's a hush upon my spirit,
 Though night's shades are all around,
 I am list'ning for the Morning
 I would catch the faintest sound:
 And the song-birds in my bosom,
 Have begun their joyous song,
 For they know that Day is coming,
 We shall see the Sun ere long.

But we cannot hear the chirping
 Of a single morning bird,
 If we lie all wrapt in slumber,
 Not a song will then be heard.
 It is only when we're watching,
 That the day-break is so sweet,
 May our hearts be kept from sleeping,
 That the Sunrise we may greet.

FULNESS OF JOY.

"Thou wilt show Me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."
Ps. xvi., 11.

From the quotations in the New Testament we can see that the 16th Psalm gives us the very thoughts of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. It is a Messianic Psalm, and must have been one of those which the Lord expounded to the disciples on that first Lord's Day when He opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures, especially "the things concerning Himself" in the Law, the prophets and "in the Psalms." In the light of that Bible Reading the Apostle Peter preached on the Day of Pentecost from this and another psalm. He quoted the four closing verses as the language of the Lord and showed that David "being a prophet" spake "concerning Him."

Perhaps we have been too much in the habit of only taking them as precious promises for ourselves. They are full of added meaning when we see their application to the Lord Himself, and exultingly remember that their fulfilment for Him has already begun.

"The Man of Sorrows is He no more
But Lord of Gladness for evermore."

He has entered the fulness of joy at last,
And the fulness of sorrow is overpast,
Nevermore the dark waters of death to tread,
The bright pathway of life is before Him spread.

As He views all the pain from the glory side,
He rejoices that once on the earth He died,
For the pleasures eternal, for Him begun,
Can be shared by the souls which by death He won.

He had banished Himself from His God's right hand,
When as Sinbearer He in our place did stand,
Now He sits in that presence upon the throne,
And He waits to receive to Himself His own.

Where the thorns had been pressed on that holy
brow
The anointing of gladness is shining now,
He has entered the fulness of joy at last,
For the fulness of sorrow is overpast.

CALM AND STILL AND GLAD AND QUIET.

"He maketh the storm a *calm*, so that the waves thereof are *still*. Then are they *glad* because they be *quiet*; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven." *Ps. cvii.*, 29, 30.

CALM and still and glad and quiet,
 For He makes the storm a calm
 As we sail towards the haven
 Where no tempest can alarm.

Calm and still and glad and quiet,
 He the tossing waves can still,
 He can bear us o'er the billows,
 And with praise our hearts can fill.

Calm and still and glad and quiet,
 He has made us very glad,
 When we have His presence with us
 Nought has power to make us sad.

Calm and still and glad and quiet,
 Thus He saves us from distress,
 For the winds and waves obey Him
 When He gives us quietness.

Calm and still and glad and quiet,
 He can keep in perfect peace,
 Till we reach the heavenly haven
 Where the storms for ever cease.

Calm and still and glad and quiet,
 Till the voyage is o'er,
 Calm and still and glad and quiet
 Evermore.

INDEX

	Page		Page
An Eastern Shepherd	3	Look not at self	27
Are you practising His Presence?	4	Lord (The) looked upon Peter	75
As it were a new song	74	Lord, teach us to pray.....	13
Before the foundation, etc...	26	Lovest Thou me?	28
Beneath His shadow hiding..	67	Mary at His feet	15
Best of all	17	More and more	66
Bethany (A) Song	7	Much with their Lord	76
Between my Lord and me..	30	Never	69
Bitter (The) is sweet	71	Not a stranger	47-48
Bless the Lord, O my soul... 18		Ones and twos	14
Calm and still and glad and quiet	30	Pass from the servants	36
Consider the lilies	24	Passover (The)	54
Crown (The) shall be His	23	Patience	35
Darkness and Light	8	Peter and his Lord	58
Days of Heaven	22	Pilgrim's (The) song	20
Exile's (The) song	29	Prince (The) in disguise	53
Faith and Works	51	Rainbow (A) song	63
From everlasting to everlasting	9	Rejoice with me	42
Fullness of Joy	79	Revised prayers	61
Gethsemane	19	Sealed	40
Give, be always giving	12	Show me myself	16
Glory (The) side	11	Son (The) of God is come..	25
Glory (The) of that Light..	56	Song (A) of reaping	31
God of the past, God of today	66	Songs in the Valley	59
Grace (The) you need tomorrow	41	Still in remembrance	52
Hear Thou in heaven	38	Sunset (A) nearer	55
Heart's-ease in the valley...	57	Take care of the steps	68
He called them	45	Till the day breaks	44
He gave thanks	50	They looked unto Him	21
He took me by the hand....	72	They worshipped Him	39
His servants shall serve Him	68	Three crosses	73
How doth He teach	72	Thy will be done	6
Humble and contrite spirit..	33	Two places at once	49
His presence	70	Upward and Heavenward	32
		Until Now	34
		Weight (The) of glory	46
		What has become of our prayer	70
		Will He come?.....	62
		(The) history	65
		Why	37
		Why and today	77

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

10 10 10

JAN 13 1911

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 005 858 273 6