



POEMS
BY
MARIANNE
FARNINGHAM





1967
aufgas

P O E M S.

BY

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life."

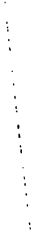
Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

LONGFELLOW.

LONDON:

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 31, FLEET STREET.


MDCCLXVI.



Preface.

“OF making many books there is no end.” What a wise man was Solomon! Could he really have foreseen, in those far-off times, the heaps upon heaps of books which would be showered upon the public in the nineteenth century; when the duty was taken off paper, and printing and book-binding had been brought well-nigh to perfection? What would he have said now, when we all try to be seen in print, when not only the “wise men” among us, but many who have few pretensions to wisdom, try, and not always unsuccessfully, to put our thoughts into words, and help to swell the number of books.

This little volume would, perhaps, not have seen the light, but that the great kindness with which its predecessors have been received, has induced the writer to hope for this also a welcome in some of the happy homes of dear old England, especially at Christmas time. She does not pretend to consider the lyrics herein contained as anything beyond surface thoughts. They have been suggested by every-day experiences and occurrences, and are therefore unlikely to contain



any very deep things ; but they have been written, from time to time, in the hope that others reading them, and finding that there were answering thoughts in their own spirits, might be encouraged to go forward in the homeward path, joining with glad voices in the pilgrim's hymn.

We are all so much alike, the resemblance may not always appear, but it is there. There are minor differences, but the family likeness is strong. We have our faces set in one direction, our hearts are longing for the same good. We have all the same thirst after knowledge, the desire to penetrate the mysteries within and around us ; the fears and misgivings, the dim uncertainties that encircle our lives, the mists that gather about us, when we would fain see the way clear and bright, before the confidence that would say, "My Lord and my God;" and the reticence, which, in self-mistrust and timidity, dares only to catch hold of the hem of his garment, and hide away in the crowd : we have all these things in common, however we may appear outwardly to differ.

It is this conviction, which induces the author to send out into the world another collection of songs. She has strained after nothing great or profound, but has written of the things which all have felt and

known for themselves, and therefore hopes for their sympathy.

If it were not out of place here, she would be glad to thank those friends who have addressed to her such good words of kindness and encouragement in letters. It has not been possible to reply to them, from pressure of engagements and want of time ; but they have all been gratefully received and read with pleasure and satisfaction. Such words of kindness have fallen like morning dew or gleams of sunshine ; not one but has been appreciated and read, sometimes with tearful eyes, always with a spirit of deep thankfulness.

May some words of the present volume cheer some solitary sufferer, or help to brighten the path for some weary wanderer ! And God bless you, dear readers, and give to us a happy meeting in our Father's house !

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

December, 1865.



CONTENTS.

POEMS.

	Page
Gilbert. A tale of the times	1
Might have been	8
A passage in a noble life	12
The Strong	15
These also	16
Waiting and watching for me	17
The New Year	19
He giveth His beloved Sleep	20
Not lost	21
Her end was peace	22
Thou visitest the Earth	23
A harvest song	25
Be merciful unto me, O God!	26
Be strong and of a good courage	27
God be merciful unto us and bless us	28
Be not silent to me	29
Let not the useful die	31
Spring flowers	32
The Angels' Song	33
"Of whom the world is not worthy"	34
Acquainted with grief	35
Our eyes are upon Thee	36
The Lord is thy keeper	37
"I know that my Redeemer liveth"	38
Eventide	39
"That which is not bread"	41
Day by day	42
Must it always be?	43
The rejected Invitation	44
Light at Eventide	45
Falling Leaves	46
Our one Friend	48
Lo, I am with you always	49

	Page
Speak good of His name	50
Zionwards	51
Summer	52
"Me ye have not always"	53
Ye know not what ye ask	54
Arise!	55
At all times	56
There shall be no more Sea	57
I am the Lord that healeth thee	58
Thy Kingdom come	59
The painless Land	60
Return unto thy rest, O my soul	61
In the night	62
In the morning	63
The star-lighted way	64
"Call me"	65
An evening hymn	66
Under the leaves	67
Sunny hours	68
A hidden path	69
At night	70
The secret place	72
Be Thou my refuge	73
Sundays at home	74
Given back	75
Let there be light	76
The burning bush	77
"Learn of Me"	78
"O give thanks unto the Lord"	79
Hope thou in God	81
Summer is coming	82
Thou, Lord, makest me dwell in safety	83
"Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick"	84
The Sea	85
The Days	86
Thy loving-kindness is better than Life	87
"Lord, that I may receive my sight"	88
Deeply lamented	88
Thou wilt show me the path of Life	90
Peace be to thee!	91
That fadeth not away	92
Winter evening	93
Be Thou my strong habitation	94
"It is good for us to be here"	96
"If it be possible"	97
The plaint of the world-weary	98
Becalmed	99

CONTENTS.

ix

	Page
Evening	100
The cool of the day	101
Benisons	102
The waiting multitude	103
The precious Friend	104
The unnumbered multitude	105
One less on earth—one more in heaven	107
“ Give peace in our time, O Lord ! ”	108
“ My times are in thy hands ”	109
Dying	110
The old and new years	111
Wandering thoughts	112
Weeping may endure for a night	113
I will go with thee	114
My Shepherd	115
The pleasant way	116
Our confidence	117
The Lord is risen	118
Thou God seest me	119
The well in the wilderness	120
The sleepers	121
Elnathans	122
We all do fade as a leaf	123
Through God we shall do valiantly	125
Our Friend	126
They knew not that I healed them	127
Wait upon God	129
All in all	131
He fainteth not, neither is weary	132
The more blessed	133
Our Light	134
In Thee do I put my trust	135
The blessed	136
Homeward	137
“ Thou art near, O Lord ”	138
Guide me by Thy counsel	138
So wearied	139
The remembered	140
know my sheep ”	141
The Lord is risen	142
A garland for May	143
Universal praise	144
Home-sick	145
They praise Him day and night	146
Jehovah-Shalom	146
Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it	148
Behold, Thou art there	149

	Page
Evening meditation	150
Give ear to my prayer, O God	151
Surely the people is grass	152
"It is I—be not afraid"	153
Seeking a better country	154
Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee	155
The land of light	156
Upward and homeward	157
Be not silent to me	158
Not for ever	159
I will fear no evil	161
May meetings	162
Rejoice evermore	163
The summer-time	164
At home	165
The wise men's inquiry	166
Be patient ever	167
He will not fail thee	169
After the storm	170
Anniversaries	170
Be not afraid	172
So panteth my soul after Thee, O God!	173
Beloved, now are we the sons of God	174
Sorrow and sighing shall flee away	175
The Hiding-place	176
"It is I"	178
I will never leave thee nor forsake thee	179
Till the day declineth	180
Morning and evening	181
Come nearer to us, Saviour!	182
"They shall be mine"	183
Easter	184
Up and away	185
The Saviour's representatives	186
Sunday evening	187
It is well	188
Good will to men	189
Pictures in the fire	190
A harvest song	192
I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me	193
Under the trees	194
A song of trust	195
Falling leaves	196
More grace	197
The white stone	198
Pray for one another	200
The storm of wind	201

CONTENTS.

xi

	Page
Look up	202
"He shall save His people"	204
Trust in God	203
No abiding	206
God is our refuge and strength	207
Journeying	208
"This man receiveth sinners"	209
How much can I do for Jesus?	210
Christmas Day	212
Good Friday	213
Summer Woods	215
Hope thou in God	216
An invitation	217
At home	219
With Thee for ever	220
Whom He loved	221
He openeth also their ear to discipline	222
A new heart	224
Time is short	225

HOME AND SCHOOL LYRICS.

Little children gather	227
Home-coming	228
The open door	229
Our May	231
Love the children	232
Who cares for me?	233
Dying	234
Live in the sunshine	235
Bring the children early	236
Pray, little children, pray	237
"I see a light; I'm almost home"	238
Cheerily	239
Let the children love thee	240
Every Day	242
The children's holiday	243
Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing	244
What can I do?	245
It is well	246
"Suffer the children to come unto me"	247
Whom do you love?	248
For Jesus	249

	Page
Fading Leaves	250
Who loves you?	251
Little Singers	252
At night	253
Little Hands	254
Work for the new year	255
He is strong	256
Little sleepers	257
The morning of life	258
Little pilgrims	260
Saved	261
Healed	262
First Sunday in Spring	263
There shall be no more pain	265
Good Friday	266
Christ shall lead us	267
Bringing his sheaves with him	268
Nellie	269
The promise of the Spring	270
The homeward path	271
The land of peace	272
In the morning	273
Brought to Jesus	274
Trust and go forward :	275

P O E M S.

Gilbert.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

The times are times of progress. Yet the march
Is sometimes backward to the half-dead years
Lying in graves behind.

Amid the din

Of the metropolis there lived a man,
Young, strong, and handsome, bearing in his mien
The polish of refinement. Day by day
He met his fellows on the busy mart,
Courteous of mien, but shrewd and well-informed,
And just in all his dealings. Everywhere
Men met him with an open hand and eyes
That smiled a welcome. Not alone had he
A noble moral nature; he had bathed
In life's clear fountain; and the voice of God
Had spoken in his spirit. Still, I ween,
He was not perfect—he was but a man.
Perchance his ears gave credence all too soon

To words from other lips. Perchance his eyes
 Would look too frequently within himself—
 Too little toward his God. But for these faults
 Came punishment enough.

With buoyant feet,
 At peace with all mankind, and drinking in
 The beauty of an autumn sunset,—once
 He passed where sounds of music were upborne
 Upon the fragrant breeze ; and listening,
 An impulse urged him in. With curious glance
 He looked around the place. Wax tapers burned,
 And incense filled the room, where rarest flowers
 Smiled in their beauty round the marble forms
 Of Mary, and the saints, and statuettes
 Of Christ, the babe of Judah. One arose
 And spoke in tones of fiery eloquence, "This day
 Salvation is come near. Ye cannot sin
 In ignorance now. I warn ye, men of wealth ;
 Ye fling your gold into the treasury
 And pass away—yourselves ye do not give—
 The world is eating you. The things of earth
 Go well and pleasantly. Woe to yourselves !
 God will accept ye not in that great day ;
 It will avail ye not that ye have lived
 Kindly and courteously—that widows' tears
 Have dried at your approach, and orphan's hands
 Have clung around ye lovingly. Ye live,
 Making one grand mistake. Ye live
 For earth, and not for heaven. I charge ye men,
 Come from among the world and live to God ;
 Give not a paltry tenth, but all you have,

Your gold, your dross, yourselves. This, only this,
 Will God accept. Oh, be not you with those
 Who stay amid the turmoil of the world;
 Who struggle through a feverish night of life,
 And know not rest until they sleep in death.
 Come where the robe of peace shall hide your hearts,
 Where prayers and penance rise before the Lord
 As smoke of precious incense."

Gilbert passed
 Out of the blaze of light to the dark street—
 Darkness within, without.

Is it not strange,
 How sometimes in our lives we are all weak,
 And ready to be tossed on every wave? This tirade stern
 Had dropped into his heart like molten lead,
 And burnt its way through wisdom, love, and trust,
 Taking possession there.

He walked abroad
 With dim misgivings in his heart that night,
 With ever deepening terror surging up,
 And the re-echo of the preacher's words
 Filling his soul with dread. And as he walked,
 He murmured mournfully the sad refrain,
 "God will accept ye not in that great day,"
 Until his brain half reeled with the great weight
 Of terror.

Far into the stormy night
 One watched and waited for him, thinking oft,
 "That is his step, Ah, he is coming now,"
 Shrouding her face behind her hand, as still
 Came naught but disappointment.

Presently,

He stood beneath her window moodily,
 Questioning with himself, "Does God require
 That I should give her up? Is it indeed
 A sin to take what seems to come from God?
 Must heaven be bought by sacrifice of earth?"
 And a strange voice whispered from out the night,
 "Man of the world, it must." He startled, saw
 With sandalled feet and shaven crown, the man
 Whose words had moved him. Restlessly he turned,
 And would have passed away, but that the monk,
 Linking his arm with his, said, "Brother, stay,
 I bear a message from the King for thee.
 Thou art dissatisfied with earth, come thou
 And join our brotherhood, mourn for thy sins,
 God will accept thy penance—but repent,
 And serve him with thy life."

Much more he said,

Speaking in mellow and persuasive tones,
 Until—the spell upon him—Gilbert lost
 His strength of mind, and made himself a slave.
 "I am not weary of the world as thou,
 It erst has been a bright and pleasant place,
 Replete with joy to me. It is the thought
 Of the great afterward that throws a shade
 Upon my spirit. If, indeed, it be,
 That immolation of myself will bring
 Peace in the day of wrath, I am content
 And glad beyond all gladness."

When again

The glory rested on the western hills,

He sought his love to bid a sad farewell
 To that which was his life. "Oh! darling, mine,
 I scarce can give thee up, but God has called,
 And I have heard a voice amid the din
 Of populous city and of silent waste,
 'The Lord hath need of thee.' I go to be
 Naught but what he approves. I leave behind
 The world and its allurements. I have turned
 Heavenward to-day—let no one call me back."
 Then spake the maiden with a burning cheek,
 "I would not call thee back. God's messages
 May not be disregarded; but, be sure
 That they are his, not man's. Be also sure
 That this which thou hast chosen *is* the road,
 The highway into heaven. To me it seems
 There is a better way—a way of peace,
 Where flowers of love are blooming, and the breeze
 Of human sympathy has fanned the brows
 O'er-heated by the world. Along this path
 There grow the flowers of gladness, and the fruit
 Of sweet affection. Little children come
 And sing their songs to the glad marching time
 Of many happy years; and brilliant eyes
 Beam love and gratitude; and kindly thoughts,
 Fall sweetly on the way.

And in this path
 The labourers in the vineyard take the work
 That lies the nearest to them. Sighing not
 For labours unattainable, they do
 What God has given them well. That he accepts
 Their work is seen by the calm peace that steals

Into their spirits : not the subtle calm
Of selfish indolence, but deeper peace,
The peace that passeth knowledge."

Gilbert paused,

But would not be convinced. Before the sun
Wakened the world to life, and the next day,
Gilbert supposed that he had left the world,
And had passed near to heaven. Now a round
Monotonous and weary, was his task,
Of prayers by night and fastings every day,
And aimless work that wrought not any good
To any soul of man. But most of all,
It galled his pride that he should have to bow,
In reverence so profound, before the man
They called "Superior." Gilbert saw his faults,
And measured all his littleness, and felt
The many sins of those who called themselves
The "Temple of the Lord."

Ere many weeks,

His nights were spent in sorrow and regret ;
He yearned for his lost love, and for the world
In which he might do good, in which his heart
Should hunger not as now for bread of love,
And thirst for human kindness.

Day by day,

A maiden prayed and waited. Day by day,
Hearing no tidings, and yet loving much,
She asked for light for Gilbert.

Very soon

The glamour fell from off his eyes, but then
The "Father," with his eloquent words and stern,

Would bring him back and weave again
 The silken meshes round him. Still a power
 Held him in thrall, and still the might of love
 Wooed him with tender accents.

But there came
 A certain day when he must take the name
 Of the selected order, and decide
 His course for life. It was not yet too late;
 But he had heard some threatening words that day
 Of excommunication, and he feared
 To be with those who turn them from the way
 That leadeth to the kingdom.

So, at night,
 He lay upon his hard unrestful couch,
 Torn with conflicting feelings: full of fears,
 Yet daring now and then to hope for love,
 • And struggling with his doubts until they grew
 More undefined and dim. And presently
 He spoke aloud, "Give me some token, Lord,
 Of what thou willest for me."

Suddenly,
 A voice came through the darkness, soft and low,
 "*I pray not thou shouldst take them from the world,
 But keep them from the evil.*" Starting up,
 He looked around him, "Well I know the words,
 They are the Master's, but the voice was hers;
 Where art thou, my beloved?" But no one
 Answer to him made. Was it then a dream?
 Or had she spoken there beneath the walls
 The message of her Saviour?

Earnestly

Thanked he his God that 'twas not yet too late
 To break the shackles from him. Forth he went
 A better, wiser man, conquered by love,
 And glad to follow feet he loved, to heaven,
 With quick and eager footsteps.

Gilbert lives

And labours for his fellows. He has found
 The better way of usefulness and peace.
 The little children love him, and the poor
 Pray for him nightly in their happier homes,
 And the old men are thankful that he lives.
 He does not now spend days of fasting, nights
 Of aimless prayer ; but with meek earnestness
 He lives, as did his Master, doing good.

 Might have been.

The winter's snow lay on the fields, the trees were gaunt and bare,

An aged woman mused alone in a quaint old rocking chair,
 The embers of a dying fire lay scattered in the grate,
 And the pale lips of the withered one kept muttering, "*Too late.*"

"I was but ten years old that day, a winter's day like this,
 And I took, as if it were my due, my father's birthday kiss,
 I pouted ere the day was gone that my present was not grand,
 And I threw a gloom upon our home, and our little playful
 band.

“My mother shed some tears that night when we had finished
play,

Oh, foolish that I did not climb to kiss them all away!
I wondered and felt sorrowful, but forgot it in my dreams.
Was it sixty years ago to-day? But yesterday it seems.

“She died a few weeks after that. I was not there to see,
But they said she left some loving words and gentle looks for
me;

Oh, mother, will there come a day when I shall cease to yearn
That for one little hour at least thy spirit might return?

“I might have soothed her aching brow, I might have saved
her feet

Some weary steps about the house, some journeys through the
street,

I never need have given her pain, nor dimmed her dear dark
eyes—

Oh, that she would forgive me though she spoke it from the
skies.

“And Harry went away to sea, I might have kept him here,
We quarrelled and I saw him go and never shed a tear;
But how my heart has ached since then for a brother's look and
tone!

How dreary is a wintry night while sitting here alone!

“I might have hushed the stinging word and stayed the an-
gry breath;

I think he hated me that day, and he has met his death,
And never sent a little word of love to cheer my heart,
But then, my brother, it was I who caused thee to depart.

"Then Charlie came. How good he was, how beautiful and brave!

I think of all he said to me beside the sad sea wave,
I had some holy thoughts that day; they ebbed as did the tide—
I should have lived a better life with Charlie at my side.

"A stranger came across my path, a stranger grim and cold,
But he told me I was beautiful and he bought me with his gold,
I never loved the stern dark man, though I gave to him my hand,

And frowned till Charlie went away to a far and foreign land.

"Ah! Charlie! Charlie! He had grief, but I have had the most,
The memories of that olden time throng round me like a host;
What weary days, what dreary nights came in those after years!
But I could not wash the wrong away with all my bitter tears.

"And yet my husband loved me, and I might have blessed his life,

But I made it dark with vexing care, and over-full of strife,
I wronged him with the others, and I sorrow for him yet,
Tis sad to be so weary, and unable to forget.

"No little children kissed my face, or stroked my changing hair,

I think I should have sinned the less through listening to thy prayer;

That joy was not for such as I—I might have trained them
I've been complaining all my life, and now I should be still!

"But what a wasted life it is! Though I might have a grand

With love and kindness and worth, with tender heart and

With sacrifice of self and pride, and lowliness of heart,
I might have lived a better life and done a better part.

“Too late, too late! I am very old and nigh to death to-day,
I cannot plant a single flower in all my dreary way,
And not a single sunbeam falls upon the darkened scene,
My heart is sad and sorrowful for what I might have been.”

The winter's snow lay on the fields, the trees were gaunt and
bare,
As the aged woman mused alone in that old rocking chair,
But she looked toward the open door with fear and with sur-
prise,
As an old man came toward her with the summer in his eyes.

“What! not forgotten, Charlie, though the snows of many
years
Have fallen on our bowing heads, and filled our eyes with
tears!
But waste not now the moments few that lie the grave between,
In murmurings and repinings over what might once have been.

“There is a love so deep, so true, and so unlike to ours,
It washes all our sins away, it falls in cleansing showers;
It is a love that can forgive, a guiding, strengthening love,
That lifts us from our wasted lives to a perfect life above.”

The winter's snow lay on the fields, the trees were gaunt and
bare,
But the aged woman no more mused in that old rocking chair,
Her hand was in another hand as wrinkled as her own,
And a light was in her dying eyes, and a joy was in her tone.

“It was the sweetest lesson I have learned amid my strife,
 The love that Jesus can forgive even a wasted life ;
 I would that all who weep as I over what might have been,
 Could know what I have known to-day and see what I have
 seen.”

The winter's snow lay on the fields, the trees were gaunt and
 bare,
 But the aged, sinning, suffering one no longer sorrowed there ;
 Only a grave old man went forth to linger for a day
 Until the angels also came to carry him away.

A Passage in a Noble Life.

There are footsteps in the city, weary feet that, pacing slow,
 Are echoing back the dismal heat of hearts surcharged with woe,
 No joy is in the marcher's soul, no smile is on his lip ;
 Alas, for France ! alas, for all in grief's sad fellowship !

Toll, toll the bells with measured peal ! darken the windows
 now,

Grim care has left his fingermarks on eye, and hand, and brow ;
 Gaunt hunger stalks about the streets and enters many a home,
 And babes, and men, and women cry, “ Will the Deliverer
 come ? ”

With restless, sparkling, piercing eyes, bent forward eagerly,
 A maiden spurs her charger's side, and gallops fearlessly :
 She scans the country restlessly, as one who searcheth there
 For friend or foe, or some great work to do, perchance to bear.

There are stern, strong men about her, men who sneer and only deem

That the maiden is upheld by the fancy of a dream ;
Men scornfully ambitious, men who will that only they
Shall be crowned as hero-gods in this brilliant testing day.

Three days, three weary dreary days, they lead her wrongfully ;
Three nights, three damp and darksome nights, she rested song-
fully ;

But the deceivers are deceived who hope to quell the brave,
And Joan, undaunted, hastened on, strong in her will to save.

From castle tower, from hut, from hall, peals out a joyous cry,
“The maid is come, the maid is come, oh Joan, the maid, is
nigh ;”

And little children clap their hands in wild and turbulent glee,
The famished city, wildly glad, sobs in its ecstasy.

Chime out the bells,—O ringers ring, for this great throb of bliss,
Ye need invent some fitting speech for rapture such as this ;
And gather on, O thankful crowds, to the cathedral's light,
And chant the grand *Te Deum* on this memorable night.

But hark ! there thrills another cry—the sick, the wounded
come,

And wonderingly enquire the cause of the electric hum ;
“The maid is come, the maid is come,” O Father, merciful,
And tears are in her bright brown eyes,—the bravely beautiful.

Weep on, weep on, O strange brave girl, though yet thou canst
not see

The crown within thy slender hand, thy dear King on his knee ;

The cannon's roar, the battle's smoke not yet has dimmed thine eyes,

Thou art God-sent, O maiden, with a mission from the skies.

They crowd around her gladly, that wan and famished band,
She gives to them the bread of life with kind unsparing hand ;
With eyes, and lips, and thankful hearts, they bless her earnestly,—

That noble girl who dared so much to make them glad and free.

Two hundred sturdy men at arms, she bringeth in her train,
And the Loire is dotted o'er with creaking boats of grain ;
Let cynics in their haughtiness say of her what they may,
It surely is a woman's work that she has wrought to-day.

A woman's work of healing love, that bringeth back again
The smile to faces sad with woe, and health instead of pain,
That feeds the hungry with her hand, and wipes the children's tears,

And makes the aged softly glad in their decaying years.

She sees not yet her martyr-robe, her chariot of fire ;
She knoweth not what lies beyond her climax of desire ;
But she is glad as only those may know, who in a need
Can meet despair's demands, and prove themselves man's friends indeed.

We know that ignorance gave to her the martyr's fiery crown ;
But we will give her songs of praise and love's complete renown ;
And we will teach our little ones to honour well the name,
That bought with tears of blood and death the patriot's noble fame.

The Strong.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—ISAIAH XXX.

Not in the pride that ever self-referring,
 Measures its goodness, scans its breadth and length;
 Not in the scorn that frowns upon the erring,
 Spring the deep fountains of the Christian's strength.

Not in impatience querulously crying,
 "Why dost thou tarry? Wherefore hide thy face?
 How long shall nations deep in sin be sighing?
 When shall the heathen waken to thy grace?"

But in the trust that fixed upon the Saviour,
 Learns at his feet a noble self-control,
 Patiently quiet, by a calm behaviour,
 Flashing the light that glimmers in the soul.

Sweet is the life thus breathed away in gladness,
 Peacefully still as summer's silvery sea,
 Flecks of calm pleasure gild the cloud of sadness,
 And the saved spirit rises strong and free.

No torturing doubt turns morning into midnight,
 Faith ever whispers, "Christ the Lord is near;"
 Glad in the sunshine of his love's bright daylight,
 The vistas of the world are calm and clear.

Near, near to him though evening shadows lengthen,
 They catch his response while singing their sweet song;
 Hushed their complainings—love and gladness strengthen
 The hearts that weary not though he tarry long.

So grow they strong in quietness reposing,
 Serene and unmoved by all the scenes of strife ;
 So may *we* rest until, our tired eyes closing,
 We waken with the strong to perfect life.

These also.

“Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me may be with me
 where I am.”

I am pressing on to the slippery shore
 With my sore and weary feet,
 But a little while and I hope to stand
 At the edge of the golden street.
 But I pray this prayer from amid the deep—
 O Saviour of sinners, bring
 Those whom I love to abide with me
 In the presence of the King.

There are warm young hearts in the household band ;
 There are brightly beaming eyes ;
 There are voices sweet that I fain would hear
 'Mid the anthems of the skies :
 Thou knowest, O Jesus, how closely here
 The bonds of love entwine ;
 I count them o'er in the gloaming hour,
 And remember these words of thine.

There are trembling fingers and silvery hairs,
 And eyes that are growing dim,
 And voices less strong than in days of yore,
 Swelling the evening hymn.

I would not miss them at home in heaven ;
 O Jesus, who gave them me,
 May I have them again in the land of peace,
 In the home by the glassy sea ?

When the golden crowns at thy feet are cast,
 May they be among the band ;
 When the hymn is swelling o'er heavenly hills,
 Let them with the harpers stand.
 It cannot be that the dearest ones
 Shall depart in the day of strife ;
 It cannot be that the loves of earth,
 Shall die in the day of life.

I would that my dear ones might all be brought
 To the feet of the Crucified ;
 Might be carried to him when borne away
 By the coldly rolling tide.
 But man is weak, although love be strong,
 And I can but look to thee,
 And pray as thou prayedst in thine agony,
 Oh, give them again to me !

Waiting and Watching for me.

[An old tradition says that those whom we have served on earth shall be the first to welcome us to heaven.]

When mysterious whispers are floating about,
 And voices that will not be still
 Shall summon me hence from the slippery shore
 To the waves that are silent and chill ;

When I look with changed eyes at the house of the blest,
 Far out of the reach of the sea,—
 Will any one stand at the Beautiful Gate
 Waiting and watching for me ?

There are little ones glancing about on my path
 In need of a friend and a guide ;
 There are dim little eyes looking up into mine
 Whose tears could be easily dried.
 But Jesus may beckon the children away
 In the midst of their grief or their glee ;
 Will any of these at the Beautiful Gate
 Be waiting and watching for me ?

There are old and forsaken, who linger awhile
 In the homes which their dearest have left,
 And an action of love or a few gentle words
 Might cheer the sad spirit bereft.
 But the reaper is near to the long-standing corn,
 The weary shall soon be set free :
 Will any of these at the Beautiful Gate
 Be waiting and watching for me ?

There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love ;
 There are wretched ones pacing the street ;
 There are friendless and suffering strangers around ;
 There are tempted and poor I must meet ;
 There are many unthought of, whom happy and blest
 In the land of the good I shall see.
 Will any of them at the Beautiful Gate
 Be waiting and watching for me ?

I *may* be brought there by the unbounded grace
 Of the Saviour who loves to forgive.
 Though I bless not the hungry ones near to my side,
 And but pray for myself while I live ;
 But I think I should mourn o'er my selfish neglect,
 If sorrow in heaven *can* be,
 If no one should stand at the Beautiful Gate,
 Waiting and watching for me.

The New Year.

Welcome the year with song ! Let the glad peal
 Ring through the roof-tree of each happy home,
 While the prophetic song-words shall reveal
 Glimpses of bright and joyous days to come ;
 Let the hymn rise, and no discordant note
 Break on the harmonies that smoothly float.

Welcome the year with praise ! The past has brought
 The Father's love-gifts to his children's hands ;
 The good old year was with rich blessings fraught—
 Blessings that garlanded our household bands—
 And it befits us, on these gladsome days,
 To sound aloud our Father's highest praise.

Usher it in with prayer ! In lowliness
 Call on thy God, and kneel before his feet ;
 Ask first of his great love, the blessedness
 Of living close before his mercy-seat.
 And then the wants that hunger in thy heart
 For the new year unto thy friend impart.

Welcome the year with trust! Go gladly on,
 Fearless of evils thou mayest never see ;
 Have confidence in God—the year now gone
 Has proved how tenderly he cares for thee,
 And the bright future beareth on its breast
 Calm days of happiness, and peace, and rest.

Usher it in with love ! The love that asks
 What great things it can do for its best Friend,
 That takes with cheerful thanks the proffered tasks,
 And singingly performs them to the end !
 Welcome the glad young year, and may it be,
 Laden with joyous love-gifts unto thee.

He giveth His Beloved sleep.

He wraps the weary in his arms, he folds them to his breast,
 Kisses the aching eyes to sleep, soothes the tired head to rest,
 Gives to the sad ones happy hours, and floods with cheerful
 light
 The quiet and the deep repose of the refreshing night.

He lifts the care from off their hands, he stays their rising
 fears,
 He cheers the faint and sinking heart, he dries the burning
 tears ;
 He rescues them from all the woe which made the long day
 sad,
 And in his watchful tenderness he makes the night-time glad.

He pities, cares for, tends them when no other friends are by,
 He draws the curtain of his love around them where they lie,
 He hushes all the rude alarms the outer world has known,
 He wards the strife and danger off, they come not near his
 own.

The storm may roar, the waves may toss, but they will rest
 secure ;
 No more of fear or loneliness their weary hearts endure ;
 They knew in whom they had believed, and to his keeping
 gave
 The precious, the immortal soul, that he from death might
 save.

O blessed, holy, sleeping ones ! 'twere well to be with ye ;
 The daily toil, the nightly dread, the pain and sin have we :
 But soon the angel-forms will come and soothe us when we
 weep,
 And the Father in his tenderness will give his loved ones sleep.

Not Lost.

Death makes sad havoc here ! So stealthily
 He comes amongst us with his greedy hands
 Riffing our treasure-casket, stealing thence
 The dearest and the best ! We would have watched
 And hidden them away ; but he is strong,
 And takes us unawares. Our hearts are poor,
 Losing so many riches, and our homes

Are still and sorrowful, that erst were gay
And musical with song.

There are some names
We cannot utter for the choking tears,—
Some spots so full of painful memories
We scarce can bear to see them. In our hearts
Are pictures of the missed ones, painted there
By the deep touch of anguish. We can see
The eyes that looked their yearning love, the lips
That parted oft to bless us : but the mist
Is o'er our eyes : they are but pictures still.
And such is earth !

But ah ! there is a home—
A land of no more death, whose sapphire halls
Have never echoed back the cry of pain
Wrung from white lips at parting. There the sighs
Are turned to song, the tears to sparkling gems,
The prayers to praiseful anthems.

There, ere long,
We shall regain our treasures. They are safe,
For God has kept them for us. Very soon
He will enrich us with them—there at home.

Her End was Peace.

Short words and few, but volumes in each word !
We whisper them with hot tears in our eyes,
And, weeping, bring our praise before the Lord,
And offer morn and noon sad sacrifice ;

Sad, and yet joyful ; we have lost a friend,
But she has gained the bliss that has no end.

Peaceful as night the ebbings of life's sea,
Calm and unruffled 'neath the setting sun,
So passed she to the mansions of the free,
Where the new life immortal is begun ;
No toil, no struggle—scarce a closing sigh—
The Saviour took her home so peacefully.

The world is empty, heaven is full for us ;
Her end was peace—our aching hearts are glad
That she has gained the endless pleasure thus,
That she shall never more be sick or sad.
Peace, and the storms of life are o'er, and prayer
Can ask for nothing now more bright and fair.
Her end was peace. Our end is drawing near!
Christ breathe thy benediction o'er us too.
Let not that day be one of pain and fear,
But open heaven's dear beauty to our view.
Our hearts are tired and doubting, soothe us, Lord,
In our wild restlessness, with thy good word.

Thou visitest the Earth.

We cannot see thee as of old,
And hear thy wondrous words unfold ;
Our pleasant way we cannot take
Beside the Galilean Lake ;
We cannot stand as Adam stood
And talked with thee before the flood.

But every morn, O God! we trace
 Thy footsteps near our dwelling-place.
 Thy hand has poured the fruitful shower,
 Thy finger touched the opening flower,
 And every fresh awakening scene
 Is bright with joy where thou hast been.

Thy step is in the shady wood;
 We stand with awe where thou hast stood;
 Thy voice is heard amongst the trees;
 Thy fragrance fills the passing breeze;
 The glancing sunbeams flash and play,
 For thou hast sent them on their way.

“Thou visitest the earth.” Man’s lot
 Is by thee, Father, unforgot.
 Thou droppest many a cheering word,
 Until he cries, “It is the Lord.”
 Thy peace is spread upon the strife
 Which gathers round our daily life.

We cannot see thee; but how near
 The wonders of thy works appear!
 When thou dost come, we are not sad—
 Thy presence makes our spirits glad—
 Thy visits turn our nights to days;
 Oh, come, and stay with us always!

A Harvest Song.

The corn waves on a thousand hills,
 Reflected in the sparkling rills ;
 The earth has had its meed of rain,
 The sun has spread its warmth again.
 Put in the sickle, reap the corn ;
 It is the pleasant harvest morn.

Sing out a song of trust and love,
 Sing praises to the God above,—
 A new glad song of gratitude ;
 His work is ever kind and good.
 Put in the sickle, reap the corn ;
 It is the pleasant harvest morn.

But other corn is ripening still
 Than that which waves on breezy hill ;
 Another sun shines on to-day,
 And soon the husbandman will say,
 Put in the sickle, reap the corn ;
 'Tis the eternal harvest morn.

And Death shall be the reaper then,
 Among the standing fields of men,
 And many a one with glad surprise
 Be gathered to the smiling skies.
 Put in the sickle, reap the corn ;
 For soon 'twill be the harvest morn.

Oh, to be ready for that day,
 With its magnificent array!
 Oh, to be fully ripe, that we
 Among the garnered grains may be!
 Put in the sickle, reap the corn;
 It is the solemn harvest morn.

Be merciful unto me, O God!

God of mercy, be thou near
 While I tread the desert drear;
 Weary feet, and aching head;
 Hungry for life's feeding bread:
 Sighing for a glimpse of thee—
 God be merciful to me!

When the path is smooth and plain,
 And my heart is free from pain;
 When, with gladsome, buoyant feet,
 On I travel, brisk and fleet;
 Lest I wander thoughtlessly,
 God be merciful to me!

When my prospect seemeth drear;
 When my heart is faint with fear:
 When the black storm draweth nigh,
 Ere the terror passeth by;
 While the cloud looms threateningly,
 God be merciful to me!

When, amid a precious throng,
 Joyously I swell the song ;
 Tender hands the burden move ;
 Loving arms a safe-guard prove :
 Lest my heart should stray from thee,
 God be merciful to me !

When from my weak hands have flown
 All I fondly called my own ;
 Fading—dying—never more
 Blessing me as heretofore ;
 O, in that great agony,
 God be merciful to me !

When, with fleeting, failing breath,
 I am brought to look on death ;
 Lonely, weak, and sinful, stand
 On the borders of that land
 Where is vast eternity ;
 God be merciful to me !

Be Strong and of a Good Courage.

Be strong and have courage ! The way is clear,
 And thou passest along through the fair new year
 With the promise of God in thy clasping hands,
 With the Highest's love and his wise commands ;
 Be strong to obey him through darkest night,
 Be strong to go forth to the path of light.

Be strong and have courage! The gathering foes
 Shall vex thy heart when it seeks repose ;
 But listen thou for the Captain's shout ;
 He will put thy numerous foes to rout ;
 He will gather thee safely 'neath smiling skies,
 To the place where the victor's songs arise.

Be strong and have courage! The day is long,
 And sin and danger around it throng ;
 Go bravely forth with the shield and sword,
 To fight in the battle-field of the Lord ;
 To do his work till the shadows lie
 On the sward which the conqueror passeth by.

Be strong and have courage to pray and praise ;
 Alike in the darkest and brightest days
 Trust God, and the new year's day shall bring
 A peaceful joy on each shining wing,
 Till thou standest where God in his beauty dwells,
 And the glorious anthem for ever swells.

God be Merciful unto Us and Bless Us.

God be merciful and bless us
 When the cares of life oppress us ;
 Let us not in wild dismay
 Cast our trust in thee away ;
 Be thou near us in our grief—
 Give thy waiting ones relief.

God be merciful and bless us
 When the sins of life distress us :
 Let us in thy bosom hide ;
 Turn to Jesus crucified ;
 Bring to him our sins and woes—
 Find the Christian heart's repose.

God be merciful and bless us
 When the joys of life caress us ;
 Let us not forget thy love,
 Nor our fairer home above.
 Help us, that the feeble heart
 Loses not its better part.

God be merciful and bless us ;
 In thy heart of love possess us ;
 May thy presence make our day.
 Wilt thou bring us on our way ?
 Father merciful, be near
 Till we at thy throne appear.

Be not silent to me.

When my heart, o'erfraught with care,
 Pours itself in anguished prayer ;
 Brings its every grief and smart,
 Yearning toward thy Father-heart,
 God of David, pityingly,
 Be not silent unto me.

When my weak uncertain feet
 Halt where varied pathways meet,

Knowing not the narrow way,
Seeing not the eternal day,
Lest I be by sin beguiled,
Be not silent to thy child!

When the gale of woe has rushed,
Voices I have loved are hushed,
Lips are cold that heretofore
Kissed away the grief I bore,
Weepingly I turn to thee—
Be not silent unto me.

When the battle-heat is strong,
Right can scarcely conquer wrong,
And the coward heart within
Well-nigh would succumb to sin,
Holiest, give me sympathy,
Be not silent unto me.

When the last dread hour draws nigh,
Father, wilt thou then be nigh?
And above the storm's loud roar,
Beating louder than before,
I will cry for help to thee,
Be not silent unto me.

Be not silent, God of might;
Speak to me amid the night,
Speak amid the burning day,
Speak wherever lies the way;
O, till I am safe with thee,
Be not silent unto me!

Let not the Useful die.

Let not the useful die, O Lord! The reaper's scythe is here,
The ripe corn falls before its stroke, the old leaves brown and
sere

Droop where he stands beneath the tree, and the young flowers
fall and die ;

Hold thou the hand that wields the scythe, choose where the
dead shall lie.

Let not the useful die, O Lord! The cumberers fill the ground,
The good, the pleasant, useful ones, alas! too few are found ;
Take not the healers from the world, where sicknesses and
strife

Steal joy from hearts all over-borne by the many ills of life.

Let not the useful die, O Lord! Thou numberest the grey
hairs

That gather on the furrowed brows ploughed deep by others'
cares ;

So tenderly thou lovest them, and thou canst stop decay,
And make the old grow young again, who linger on thy way.

Let not the useful die, O Lord! What were this world of
thine,

With none to live the life of faith, or in thy light to shine ?

Let witnesses of Jesus live, that other feet may come,
And march with them the upward hill that leadeth to thy home.

Let not the useful die, O Lord! let not the useful die,
Spare those who bring their lives' best wealth thy sacred altar
nigh ;

Spare them to stay, in thy great name, the flowing stream of
 strife,
 Spare them through long and happy years to represent thy
 life.

Spring Flowers.

Bloom again, bloom again, beautiful flowers,
 We are weary of waiting through winter's long hours ;
 Come with the sunshine to gladden the earth,
 Come with the early birds' singing and mirth.

Smile again, smile again, beautiful flowers,
 Smile in our valleys and smile in our bowers ;
 Smile in the cottage, the palace, the hall,
 Breathe out your scent where the little ones call.

Look again, look again, beautiful flowers,
 Look with your sunny eyes up into ours ;
 Look toward heaven for the sun and the rain,
 Which the hand of the Master shall scatter again.

Speak again, speak again, beautiful flowers,
 Speak to our hearts in the spring's fragrant bowers ;
 Speak of the Father's love, speak of his might,
 Who is filling the newly-clad earth with delight.

Bloom again, bloom again, beautiful flowers,
 We are weary of waiting through winter's dark hours :
 Smile on the hearts that are burdened with care,
 Waken our songs of thanksgiving and prayer.

The Angels' Song.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

O! while the merry bells peal forth, let the glad angels' song
 Be sung by grateful human lips that have been silent long,
 Be wafted through the frosty air this blessed Christmas morn;
 Until of its clear gladsome notes a holy joy is born.

"Glory to God!" Let *hearts* bow down before the Eternal
 King,
 And children's ringing voices join the anthem sweet to sing,
 Let seraphs catch the echoing notes, and bring them to the
 throne,
 For he, the Jesus Christ, the Lord, our feeble song shall own.

"Peace on the earth." Where now the strife is raging wild
 and high,
 May angry spirits hear once more that song fall from the sky,
 May the frown pass from the clouded brow, and the smile again
 be seen,
 And the brother's hand clasp brother's where the blood-shed
 long has been.

O blessed, holy Jesus, look on us this sacred day,
 Take from our weary, troubled souls what grieves thine eye,
 away;
 And speak to us in thy great love that our joyous hearts may
 be
 A temple for thy presence here—a dwelling meet for thee.

“Of Whom the World is not Worthy.”

They are an earnest little band, unknown to human fame,
But they have bound about their hearts the Saviour's precious
name ;

And feet, and hands, and lips, and lives, they dedicate to him,—
The shade of earth lies on their hearts—*that love is never dim!*

They walk not now with fearless step up to the martyr's stake,
Yet sorrow, suffering, pain, and strife they bear for Jesus' sake,
The sharp reproach, the satire keen, the cold or curious stare ;
And the only refuge from them all is the sacred hour of prayer.

Men say they do no mighty deeds. . . Ah! none have ever seen
The anguish of the wrestling soul, where deadly sin has been—
The battle strong, where right and wrong have fiercely fought
for sway ;

The anguish sharp, the battle fierce, and the *victory* have they.

They cannot make this world their home ; they wear the
pilgrim's dress,

And a restlessness is in their hearts as the upward hill they
press.

They are panting for the promised land spread peacefully before,
Their language is the breath of prayer till the journeying be
o'er.

They are men of wondrous power and might, but they conquer
silently ;

They gain the triumph o'er themselves, they live on earnestly.
They are a Royal Family, and the children of the King
Shall stand ere long before his face, and the palm of victory
bring.

Acquainted with Grief.

The Saviour's heart wells o'er with sympathy,
 The falling tear can touch that fount of love,
 His ear ne'er fails to catch the sufferer's sigh,
 His helping hands send healing from above.

For he has suffered, he has tasted woe,
 Not one of all our griefs is to him strange,
 Therefore he watches every step we go,
 Therefore his tenderness can know no change.

In the dark troublous days of this our life,
 In the fierce hours of utter wretchedness—
 We know how long he wrestled with the strife
 Of the fell tempter in the wilderness.

And he has hungered for our common bread,
 He has grown thirsty by the wayside well,
 Life's hot and dusty miles he had to tread,
 And he has listened to hope's dying knell.

He has experienced all our loneliness ;
 He has been wounded by beloved hands ;
 He was forsaken, poor, companionless—
 A stranger in the midst of household bands.

From those kind eyes have fallen bitter tears,
 For Death spared not his friends, which spares not ours ;
 He walked, enwrapped in shadow, through the years ;
 He lived in sorrow through the silent hours.

We cannot know the agony he knew
 When drops of sweat fell from his sinless brow ;
 His were the many sorrows, ours the few ;
 We have his pity and his succour now.

Therefore, whene'er the grief is sharp or long,
 O let us nestle near that loving heart ;
 Not needlessly will he the woe prolong,
 For his blest voice will bid the grief depart.

Our Eyes are upon Thee.

Not of ourselves, O Lord, we meet the strife
 Of the unequal battle of the world ;
 We look to thee amid the waves of life,
 When the storm-power has its sails unfurled :
 In every trouble, Lord, we lift our eyes
 Up to thy hills, whence hope and help arise.

They are dim eyes, O God, that cannot see
 Which is the way that thou would'st have us go,
 But light and darkness ever dwell with thee—
 O, flash the radiance of thy smile below,
 And fleck the narrow way with spots of light,
 That we may tread it even in the night.

And they are weeping eyes. Hot, blinding tears
 Have often gathered in them day by day ;
 Sorrow has spread its pall above our years,
 And laid its thorns upon the chequered way ;
 Yet through our tears they struggle after thee—
 O God, reveal thyself, and set us free !

For pleading eyes are they, that would bespeak
 Thy loving pity and thy helping hand ;
 We are oppressed and doubtful, sinful, weak,
 And greatly need thee in the dubious land ;
 Wilt thou not be our Father and our Guide ?
 Wilt thou, in mercy, for our wants provide ?

Lord, they are *trustful* eyes that turn to thee ;
 We know we have thy promise, and are sure
 That thou our great Reward wilt ever be,
 And that thy mercies shall for aye endure.
 Lord, let us see thee with our longing eyes,
 That turn so yearningly toward thy skies.

The Lord is Thy Keeper.

Thou'rt like a child, with loving arms
 Ever enfolding thee—
 A parent's never-slumbering care,
 A love unbounded, free—
 Compassion, tenderness, and power,
 Which never weary be.

And thou may'st walk about at noon,
 Though arrows fly around ;
 May'st slumber fearlessly and safe
 Amid night's gloom profound ;
 May'st stand erect, unflinchingly,
 Where pain and death abound.

The serpent's trail is on the path,
 The pitfall yawneeth there,
 The noisome pestilence may float
 Upon the poisoned air ;
 But thou art safe—thy keeper, God,
 Is with thee everywhere.

Nor moon shall ever smite thee here,
 Nor heat of noon-day sun ;
 A shade is ever round thy head,
 And heaven is begun :
 So passing sweet it is to be
 The Father's cared-for one.

O cherished, kept, beloved, and watched,
 Trust thou that loving hand,
 And listen for that mighty voice ;
 Obey the kind command,
 And, clinging closely to his arm,
 Pass through the stranger's land.

" I Know that my Redeemer Liveth."

Strong words oft breathed by dying lips, dear words that pierce
 the skies,
 And touch the heart of Love divine, and bring God's kind re-
 plies ;
 Faith's words that come unflinchingly from hearts that cannot
 fear,
 While the Healer, in his tenderness, is standing very near.

"I know that my Redeemer lives," life's lights are growing dim,
 But in the darkness of the night there's always light with him;
 And the waters are not terrible, when on the other side
 We know he waits and watches, while they bear us on their tide.

"I know that my Redeemer lives," mine, mine for evermore,
 Whom I shall love and understand when these dark fogs are
 o'er;
 When the mists that lie so thick around shall all be cleared
 away,
 And the Morning Star shall usher in the long, undying day.

"I know that my Redeemer lives," then Death shall have no
 power,
 For its night shall all be smiled away, e'en in the last dark
 hour;
 He shall redeem my soul from death, and bring the newly-born
 To bask in the refulgent beams of the eternal morn.

"I know that my Redeemer lives," O fear and doubt remove,
 And never cloud my soul again that glories in its love;
 For yet a very little while, and we shall stand and sing
 The song of triumph over death, in the presence of the King.

Eventide.

Calm is the eventide! Slowly and still
 The shadows creep over the valley and hill;
 All nature arrayed in its night-robe of peace,
 Bids the day's labour all tranquilly cease.

Sweet is the eventide, softly to rest
 Soothes it the weary ones safe on its breast—
 Kisses the tears of the wretched away,
 Brings a soft blessing-word after the day.

Think in the eventide, gather the flowers
 Which thy memory planted in day's busy hours ;
 Think of the loved ones whose eyes have grown dim—
 Think of the voices that sang the night hymn.
 Think in the eventide, think of thy God,
 When the night-dew refreshingly falls on the sod,
 For so shall his presence, as dew on thy soul,
 Make the weary and wounded one restfully whole.

Sing in the eventide, softly and low
 Let the heart's music-stream gratefully flow ;
 Sing, looking back on the blessings of light—
 Sing, looking on to the silence of night ;
 Sing in the even thy sweetest of songs,
 Sing out the love that to heaven belongs—
 Sweetly and tenderly up to the skies
 Let the glad vespers at twilight arise.

Pray in the eventide! Weary of sin,
 Weary of conflict around and within,
 Pour out the spirit's deep needs in thy prayer,
 Roll at the Saviour's feet all of thy care.
 Pray in the eventide! Softly shall come
 Thoughts of the better land, thoughts of thy home;
 Pray, and thy heart shall turn fondly above,
 Filled and refreshed by the Infinite's love.

“That which is not Bread.”

“Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?”

Weary workers in life's hot day,
Wherefore fling ye your strength away?
Wherefore toil ye from morn's first blush
E'en to the midnight's solemn hush?
What have ye garnered for all your pain
For the young life's strength which comes not again?

Have ye won for the over-wearied brow
The crown of fame?—is it thorn-set now?
In your gathered wealth do ye put your trust?
Have ye yet learnt aught of the moth and rust?
Do ye barter for pleasure your life's best hours?
Are ye looking ever for fairy flowers?

Ye spend your money in vain, in vain:
Ye give what ye cannot receive again;
They are broken cisterns ye fondly hold—
For Sodom's apples ye give your gold;
And your hungry hearts have the same wild cry—
“Bread and healing for those who die.”

Weary workers in life's hot day,
Wherefore fling ye your strength away?
Come to the cross in your deepest need—
Come where the Saviour's loved ones feed;
Come in your thirst to the Crucified,
And your spirit's wants shall be satisfied!

Linger not on the barren moor,
 Weary, heart-sick, wounded, sore;
 Come where the healing waters spring;
 Come and rest 'neath the fostering wing;
 Come in your need of life and love
 To the open arms of the Friend above.

Day by Day.

“ Give us day by day our daily bread.”

Thus did the Saviour teach us. Thus would we
 Frame our petition to the generous King—
 Look to him every morning trustingly,
 And shrink not every eve our need to bring,
 Asking enough but for one passing day,
 That as the new wants come we still may pray.

Thus faith would keep its ever-kindled eye
 On the great Author of each blessing here;
 Thus fear should mingle not with her low cry,
 And cold distrust ne'er wound the Friend most dear,
 But living, loving, looking to its God,
 Build Bethels where before was thirsty sod.

“ Give to us day by day our daily bread.”

The Saviour knew the Father and his love—
 Knew how he would his children should be fed,
 Receiving daily manna from above;
 In love's dependence seeking still his face,
 That he might satisfy us with his grace.

And we do trust thee, Lord! For day by day
 Come ever fresher blessings from thy hand;
 Thou changedst to a pleasant sunny way
 What else were but a dry and desert land.
 Help us to love thee with more confidence,
 That thou mayst bless us with thy recompense.

Must it Always Be ?

Must it always be that the flowers will fade,
 And summer leaves in the dust be laid ?
 That clouds must gather o'er azure skies ?
 O'er the fairest scenes must storms arise ?
 Must it always be that the hours of earth
 Are dimmed in their moments of highest mirth ?

Must it always be that the heart shall mourn
 Over its loves that will ne'er return ?
 Must graves be dug in the wilderness
 Every step that the pilgrims press ?
 Must we always walk in the mist of tears ?
 Ne'er struggle through to the happier years ?

Must it always be that our hearts shall faint
 O'er griefs that can find no word of plaint ?
 That the nameless yearnings shall ne'er be stilled ?
 And the spirit's cravings be never filled ?
 Shall we always be helpless and poor and weak,
 Ne'er finding the good for which we seek ?

Must it always be that the hand of sin
 Shall darken the heart in its needs within ?
 Shall we always grope in the shadowy road,
 Sighing ever for light and God ?
 Shall we always weep, so very far
 From the Friend who is our Morning Star ?

Nay, nay! The morning shall chase the night,
 The weary spirit shall bask in light,
 The ransomed heart shall sin no more.
 When tears and storms and death are o'er,
 Not long shall we mourn in our hours of pain,
 Soon will the Healer come again.

Soon in the city built by God,
 In the golden streets by myriads trod,
 Light shall break o'er the mystery,
 And the struggling spirit at last be free ;
It will always be in the home above,
 That tears are dried by the hand of love.

The Rejected Invitation.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

They do not hear thee, Saviour ; earthly notes dwell on their ears ;

They do not listen for the voice which turns to smiles the tears,
 They will not seek thy holy face, they will not cast their care
 Before the Burden-bearer in the restful hour of prayer.

They know thee not, O Saviour, though thou dwellest by their
side,

And speakest in thy still small voice kind words at eventide ;
Thou art a stranger unto them ; with cold, unloving thought
They pass thee by as if thy mighty tenderness were nought.

They do not see thee, Saviour, for the glitter of the world
Has dazzled their weak vision—has its banners bright unfurled ;
O Jesus, they have followed that, while the banner of thy cross
Neglected hangs—O pity them ! they know not gold from dross.

They do not love thee, Saviour—thee, who lovest them so much !
Yet have they hearts that can be thrilled with love's imperfect
touch ;

In the o'erburdening sorrow, Lord, they turn away from thee,
Yet lift their dim, appealing eyes for *human* sympathy.

O patient Saviour ! pity those who will not hear thee speak,
Forsake not the ungrateful ones until thy face they seek ;
Bring them, O bring them near to thee ! O *make* them find thy
rest,

And be with those who hear thy voice, those whom thy peace
has blest.

Light at Eventide.

“The day has been o'ershadowed. From the rising of its dawn,
Until the hours have spent themselves, the day has been forlorn,
The clouds have hung athwart the sky, and the relentless rain
Has fallen to the sodden earth, as constant throbs of pain.”
Yet ere the day has faded quite, a change shall make it blest :
The calm light comes at eventide, the clouds have left the west.

" My life has been o'ershadowed. Pain has waited on each day,
And sorrow, fear, and care have thrown their pall above the way,
And the dark night looms before me." Nay, the star of light
was near,

And a strong voice bade him dry his tears, and cast away his
fear;

For that the ills which stood before should melt away like snow,
And the light his day-time never saw, his eventide should know.

" Heaven and my Lord are so far off—far as the distant sky—
My life has all been dark as night, and now I fear to die ;
For if the clouds about my life have ever been so dense,
What will the narrow passage be, when I am summoned hence?"
'Twas glorious light at eventide, no fear, no doubt, no care,
The night was changed to glad mid-day by the Saviour standing
there.

O Saviour, it is ever so : the night can never come,
Where thy bright presence sheds its light upon the earthly
home.

We will not fear the dull dark night, for thou wilt hear our cry,
Thou Light of all the darkened world will in our woe be nigh ;
And we will falter not, whate'er our spirits shall betide,
For thou canst flash a sudden ray of light at eventide.

Falling Leaves.

" And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth
forth his fruit in his season : his leaf also shall not wither."

They fall upon the sodden earth, the fading, dying leaves,
Death comes to them, the beautiful, in the autumnal breeze ;
Their little summer day is past, and yellow, dry, and sere,
They droop before the lightest touch of winter's finger drear.

Old trees, ye will be desolate, and naked, and forlorn,
 Lifting your bare arms upward 'mid the frosty winter's morn!
 Old trees, your bright green, dancing leaves, where sunbeams
 loved to play,
 The angry storm relentlessly will sweep them all away.

And we have had our falling leaves—the autumn winds have
 come
 And rudely swept across our hearts, and robbed our pleasant
 home.
 The friends we loved, the joys we clasped, the hopes that made
 us glad,
 Are drooping one by one away, and leave us poor and sad.

But he whom God has planted where the eternal rivers glide,
 Has God's own promise that his leaves shall fair and green
 abide;
 That though "the fig-tree wither" and "the olive branches
 fail,"
 The tree that he has planted still shall flourish young and hale.

For every hope that fadeth he shall give a fadeless joy;
 For every drooping pleasure, perfect gifts without alloy;
 For every passing loved one, purer love to bud and bloom
 In the land where death shall come not—in the home without a
 tomb.

Then let us meet the autumn with a strong and perfect trust,
 And fear not that the stormy wind shall lay us in the dust;
 For a mighty hand is o'er us, and a Father's perfect love
 Shall guard till he transplants us in the garden fair above.

Our One Friend.

He heals the smitten one,
 Pouring his love into the aching smart ;
 Bidding the sickness of the soul be gone :
 He heals the broken heart.

He takes the throbbing head,
 And soothes it gently on his loving breast,
 Bringing sweet comfort where the weary tread,
 Breathing his peaceful rest.

He takes the burning hand,
 And guides the aching feet the desert through ;
 He throws his smile upon the stranger's land,
 He brings the home in view.

He never will forsake ;
 His love is changeless, constant, perfect, free ;
 Howe'er our long and darken'd way we take,
 He by our side will be.

We have no other friend,
 For "Jesus only" through whole lives will love ;
 His tenderness alone will never end—
 'Twill last at home, above.

Alone, forsaken, sad,
 He pitieth our weakness. He will bring
 Our yearning spirits to the ever glad,
 In the eternal spring.

O Saviour! whom we love,
 Thou art the ever-blessed! Seraphs' song
 Shall not be more sincerely sung above
 Than ours, who loved thee long.

Lo, I am with you always.

Ye never can be desolate who are the Lord's beloved,
 Who have his mercy ever in the darkest season proved;
 Ye know within your sinking hearts that evermore he stands,
 With loving pity in his eyes and healing in his hands.

Although the way be full of care, the winter dim and drear,
 Ye cannot be alone—unloved—with the Eternal near,
 Ye cannot sit ye down and die with the weight of earth's distress,
 Ye cannot pass the darkest day without his tenderness.

He walketh on the waters when the storm is high and strong,
 He turns the shrieks of terror to the mariner's sweet song,
 He gives the toiling ones success, and, on the happy shore,
 He feedeth with his own right hand, and they never hunger more.

He cometh in the morning, bringing strength for every day,
 He cometh swift to aid and bless when busy noon has sway,
 He cometh in the eventide, with whispers of his love,
 He cometh in the stilly night, from the land of peace above.

Ye need not fear, then, Christians, that ye e'er shall be forgot,
 Since the Master will be with you, and his friendship changes
 not;

But gladly go the appointed way—it cannot well be dim,
 For, rough or smooth, or long or short, ye take the steps with
 him.

Speak Good of His Name.

Speak good of his name, he has loved ye long ;
 Extol his mercies in jubilant song ;
 Raise toward heaven high notes of praise ;
 Fill with music the happy days.
 Has he not blessed you ? Then spread his fame ;
 Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

Thou, on whose brow are the marks of years,
 Has he not healed thee, and dried thy tears ?
 Did he not soothe thee in each distress ?
 Did he not grant thee much happiness ?
 Speak good of his name, where'er thou shalt be,
 Who has been so abundantly good to thee.

Thou, who hast knelt in thine agony
 Wrestling, when none but he was nigh,
 Pouring thy soul out in bitter groans,
 Has he not stilled thy wildest moans ?
 Did not his voice hush the storm of woe ?
 Speak good of his name, that all may know.

Thou, who wert lonely, and weak, and sad,
 He loved thee, and blessed thee, and made thee glad ;
 He brought thee out in a pleasant place ;
 He has encompassed thee with grace ;
 Speak good of his name to each listening ear,
 That others may hold thy Friend most dear.

Speak good of his name ! O bear not thou
 The coward lip, the timid brow ;

Be bold to speak of him everywhere ;
 He cares for thee, he hears thy prayer ;
 He is thy God, extol his love
 Till thou praisest him in the realms above.

Zionwards.

They have struggled away from the city of tears,
 They have broken the bands that had bound them too long,
 They have shaken off fetters that held them for years,
 They are learning the notes of the heavenly song.

With firm step and rapid they march up the hill,
 And keen eyes that look for the city of light,
 Only halting awhile by the bright sparkling rill,
 And dreaming of ladders to heaven by night.

They wake with the pilgrim's strong staff in their hands,
 And gird on their armour, and cheerfully go
 Where eternal suns shine on the holier lands,
 And the weary ones rest them, forgetting their woe.

Faint echoes have come from the far golden shore,
 Foreshadowing pictures have gladdened their eyes,
 And, glad for the fatherland lying before,
 They reckon not if gloom clothe the winter's cold skies.

With the seal of the kingdom engraved on each brow,
 And with hearts that are restless till resting at home,
 They are pilgrims and strangers all sorrowful now ;
 They shall reign with the King when to Zion they come.

Summer.

The earth awakes with starts of joy ;
A thousand happy voices
Float echoing through the sunlit vales,
While every heart rejoices.
A song floats o'er the landscape fair,
Fills with music the soft air,—
Fathers, children, old and young,
Join the grateful, gladsome song,
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

The sunlight gilds the rugged cliff,
And lights the hoary mountains ;
Crowns ocean's ever-restless brows,
And sparkles in the fountains,
Lifts the heart of man above
In a gush of grateful love ;
And again the song is heard,
By the pleasant zephyrs stirred,
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

The perfumed breezes gently float
Above the graceful willows ;
They move among the waving corn,
And stir the silv'ry billows :
And whisper ever in their play
Through the long sweet sunny day.
Aged man and gladsome child,
Passionate heart, and spirit mild,
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

The earth is full of joy to-day,
 And nature, mutely raising
 Its mirthful hymns of deep content,
 Has filled the world with praising.
 And shall not we—God's favourites—
 Bring to him our little mites?
 Brothers, sisters, old and young,
 Join the grateful, gladsome song,
 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

“*He ye have not always.*”

Friends of the Saviour, ye have met at the table of your King,
 And a humbler spirit, tenderer heart, to “the life that is” ye
 bring;
 For ye have sat at his dear feet, and drank so much of love,
 That ye would be evermore at rest with that holiest Friend
 above.

Ye would be evermore with him—but, ah! not yet, not yet
 Is the day of glory come to you; but your hearts may not forget
 The farewell words he left behind, and, till he calls ye home,
 Bear tenderly his messages where'er your feet may roam.

He left to the beloved John the Mother of his heart,
 To cherish and to comfort; and to ye a nobler part,
 To love, for your deep love of him, the needy, the distressed—
 To let the loveless and the lone be with your succour blest.

“The poor are always with you,” but the Lord has passed above;
 O, for his sake be pitiful to all who need your love:
 Be bountiful as he would be—as ye to him would be
 Did he walk the earth a stranger now, in boundless love for ye.

Ye fain would bring your gold and myrrh, would bathe his feet
 with tears,
 But ye may win his smile of love, through all the passing years,
If ye dry your sisters' weeping eyes, if ye cheer the mourning
 heart,
 And raise the song of grateful praise where sighs of woe had
 part.

Ye know not what ye ask.

Daily there surges upward to the throne
 The burning wave of passionate appeal;
 Ye bring your bleeding hearts, your brains that reel,
 And gasp your prayers in eager feverish tone;
 The kind Controller looks with pitying eyes
 On the wild upturned faces—and denies!

A thread of gold hangs midway in the air,
 "O, let me grasp the thread," ye cry aloud;
 It holds a burning sword beyond the cloud,
 Ye see not that, ye pour impassioned prayer
 And struggle for it with your eager hands—
 Shall God, the all-wise, answer your demands?

Footsore and weary, ye espy a nest,
 Tranquil and shady, beautiful with flowers;
 There would ye dream away delicious hours—
 "O Father, give to me that pleasant rest!"
 Stay! stay! the deadly upas tree is there,
 Shall he who loves you hearken to your prayer?

A shadowy form allures your pleading eyes,
 "O let me clasp that hand, and bring it near;
 Unto that heart alone I would be dear;
 That love, those sheltering arms are all I need."
 Blind! blind! those feet are on the downward track,
 Christ cares for you—shall he not hold you back?

Life's cup, with sorrow's bitter leaves made strong,
 Is held to your hot lips by holy hands;
 Ye push it from you, making wild demands—
 "O take it back, my God, it must be wrong,
 I cannot drink it, I would rather die"—
 Shall the Physician listen to that cry?

Ye doubt your Father, weep, and will not rest
 When he denies the gilded joys ye crave—
 O children! will ye ne'er be strong and brave,
 And trustful of his love who knoweth best?
 Yet, when the night of sad distrust is spent,
 Will ye not mourn o'er all this discontent?

Arise!

Arise, arise, from thy sluggish sleep,
 Shake off the spell of the slumbers deep,
 Open the eyes thou art fain to close
 In the stealing sweetness of soft repose;
 Stretch the limbs that would lie at ease,
 And arouse thy dormant energies.

Arise, arise, for the night is spent,
 And behold another day is lent—

A day to accomplish some earnest deed,
 A day to satisfy some great need,
 A day in which kindly words may be
 Spoken to sorrowing hearts by thee.

Arise, arise, and with gladness go
 To the homes of vice and the hearts of woe,
 And seek to bring to the Saviour's feet,
 That they may the Friend of sinners meet,
 All that are wounded and full of grief—
 All that sigh for a great relief.

Arise, arise, for the Master's sake,
 And thy earnest life-work humbly take;
 Work, for the Lord is watching thee;
 Work, for the even soon will be,
 A blessed hour of reward and rest,
 Happy and safe on the Saviour's breast.

At all Times.

“A friend loveth at all times.”

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?”

Thou'rt not like human friends, O Christ! and yet the hearts
 that twine

Around us in thy lower world are *pictures faint* of thine;
 For we know, if proud hearts ever turn toward us tenderly,
 They have a spark to gladden us from thine infinity.

O Jesus! thou dost make us rich in all thy wealth of love,
 Which comes in showers of blessing from thy Father-heart above;
 For thy love is all unmeasured, and we only faintly guess
 What is the love of Jesus, what his loved one's blessedness.

Thou lovest us in times of woe, though all besides are cold;
 Thou carest for the youngest one, thou cherishest the old;
 And even when our hearts are filled by other friends than thee,
 Thou watchest o'er our chequered path, and lead'st us tenderly.

We thank thee for this stronghold 'mid the storms and wrecks
 of life,

That nothing e'er can part us—not the day of longest strife;
 That 'mid the frowns of friends below our hearts may calmly
 rest

Upon thy deep and changeless love, upon our Saviour's breast.

There shall be no more Sea.

All day sigh on the shore the surging billows
 That steal with greedy lips our joys away;
 All night roll on the ever-shifting pillows
 On which the weary breathe their lives away.

Awhile the waves are bright with flashing sunlight,
 There are dark silent graves far, far below;
 And while they darkly toss, 'mid gloom of midnight,
 Our treasures heavily beneath them go.

We are not safe! The foe too near us glideth,
 Serenely, silently, insidiously;
 And all the safeguards passionate love provideth
 It sweeps from clinging grasps relentlessly.

All round the island of our lives it surges,
 Enwraps us closely—there is no escape;
 And while the syren's voice our ruin urges,
 The restless billows far beneath us gape.

Thus rolls the sea of care and sorrow ever
Above our very hearts, close to our homes ;
We deprecate its rule with vain endeavour,
The heavy roaring wave still nearer comes.

"There shall be no more sea." O, golden city,
The loved, the longed for, the eternal blest ;
The waves shall touch not those who have God's pity,
In thy fair homes of perfect peace and rest.

"There shall be no more sea." O God, our Father,
When sorrow's waters beat us ceaselessly,
Help us to bear the grief till thou shalt gather
Thy loved, thy cared for, where is no more sea.

I am the Lord that Healeth Thee.

We come to thee, kind Healer, bringing all our sicknesses,
We lift our weary eyes to thee in all our miseries,
We lie beside thy feet and sigh—O, touch us with thy hand,
For sin and sorrow, pain and woe, will flee at thy command.

Our hearts are weary of the weight we carry to the grave,
We creep along the path of life—O! make us strong and
brave ;

The toil and turmoil of the world have stolen all our rest ;
O! Healer of our sicknesses, make thou the weary blest.

We bring our wounded ones to thee ; O! in thy better love
Teach them how sweet it is to have so strong a Friend above ;
Stay thou the agony, the fear, dry thou the weeping eyes,
And make them happy evermore by thy kind sympathies.

“I am the Lord that healeth thee.” We know thee, O our
 Friend ;
 Stay with us in thy mighty power till every grief shall end.
 We thank thee for the wounds thou send'st, for 'tis so sweet to
 be
 The weary, weeping, wounded ones, so sweetly healed by thee.

Thy Kingdom Come.

Thy kingdom come, O God,
 All day, all night thy children cry aloud,
 For sin and sorrow-stricken is the crowd
 That waits upon thy nod.

We groan amid our chains,
 O for the voice to speak and set us free,
 And clothe us with the sinless majesty
 That for thy sons remains.

Thy kingdom come! O now
 From many lips arises the deep cry,
 From many burdened countries far and nigh
 Thy supplicators bow.

O, send the time of peace,
 For which our weary eyes have waited long ;
 O, teach the world to join the praiseful song,
 And let all sorrow cease.

Why does it tarry yet ?
 The watchers have grown old and passed away ;
 The night is dreary, when shall come the day ?
 Sure, thou wilt not forget!

Help us, O God, to wait,
 And, waiting, still to pray till it do come,
 And thou shalt light with smiles our saddened hours,
 Before the time grow late.

And from all climes shall throng
 The ransomed, who have found the King's dear grace,
 The eager, who shall gaze upon his face,
 And join the unending song.

The Painless Land.

"Neither shall there be any more pain."

How sweetly rest at home those who have acted
 In life's e'er painful drama darkling parts;
 There nevermore are aching brows contracted,
 There nevermore bleed bruised and broken hearts.

Not there, as here, sad eyes are watching, weeping,
 Beloved ones toss through nights of wearying pain;
 Not then, as now, is death its cold hands steeping
 Deep in the blood and tears of all the slain.

There the sharp cut of harsh neglect ne'er bringeth
 Tears to the eyes, whence tears are wiped away;
 There hate or anger ne'er its wild dart flingeth
 Upon the unshielded: there is peace alway.

In heaven is perfect health—no pain, no weakness,
 No brooding sorrow, no oppressive fears;
 The pure, the blest, made perfect in their meekness,
 Pass tranquilly adown the eternal years.

O restful home for us the broken-hearted,
 We turn our eyes to thee, amid our pain ;
 When shall life's pressing sorrows have departed,
 And we have reached the shadowless again ?

Return unto thy Rest, O my Soul.

With weary feet and drooping wing upon thy burdened breast,
 O dove that wandereth from the ark, return unto thy rest ;
 Thou canst not scale the water's deep in the blackness of the
 night,

Fly black, fly back, world-wearied one, to the God who giveth
 light.

No rest, no rest, where now thou strivest to find a resting-
 place,

No smile, no love, where now thou seek'st a calm and tender
 face ;

No safety where thou fain would stay until the storm is o'er ;
 Return, return unto thy rest, and never leave it more.

The nest is stirred, the wind is high, the lightning flasheth
 now,

The night is on thy laden heart, the sadness on thy brow ;
 O linger not to find a rest where the beauty fades away,
 Return unto the Father's arms, return while yet ye may.

Rest is beneath his shadow—rest, which nothing here shall
 break,

A calm repose that he will give for the Redeemer's sake,
 A rest in his unchanging love, in his wisdom past thy thought,
 A rest with bliss beyond thy words with perfect pleasure
 fraught.

Return, return unto thy rest: why wilt thou longer roam?
 O, hasten ere the eventide within thy beauteous home;
 Now, quicken the slow feet and go the Father's love to learn:
 Return unto thy rest, my soul, O earnestly return!

In the Night.

Solemnly, silently
 Falling asleep,
 Rest they all placidly
 Those who must weep,
 Gather all wearily
 Each to his nest,
 Folding the aching limbs
 Sweetly to rest.

Solemnly, silently
 Angel forms come,
 Hang o'er the Christian man,
 Guarding his home;
 Bidding the weary eyes
 Peacefully close,
 Sealing the trembling ones
 Safe in repose.

Solemnly, silently
 Sweet dreams are given,
 Dreams of the fatherland,
 Sweet dreams of heaven;
 Smiles wreath the rested face,
 Music notes come
 Soothingly, thrillingly,
 From the far home.

Solemnly, silently
 Thus will it be,
 When the voice calleth us—
 “Come and be free;”
 Sweet peace shall fall upon
 Eyes that did weep,
 And with the happy dreams
 Tired ones shall sleep.

Solemnly, silently
 Lift we our prayer—
 God, who has guarded us
 Aye with thy care,
 Be with our spirits then,
 Fold us to sleep
 With thy beloved ones,
 No more to weep.

In the Morning.

When the solemn trumpet soundeth o'er the couch of all the
 world,
 And the curtains thick of darkness shall for ever far be hurled,
 What a morning then shall break o'er the opening eyes of earth,
 What a rush of mighty terror then shall hush the sounds of
 mirth!

When the solemn angel crieth, saying, Time shall be no more,
 And the Judge of all the nations throweth wide the open door,
 And the solemn silence falleth on the trembling spirits there,
 And no sound is breathed among them—not a sound of earth-
 like prayer,

And the angels gather 'mid them—what a morning that will be
 For the myriads bound in fetters, for the myriads glad and
 free,
 For the friends who love the Saviour, for the foes who curse his
 name,
 What a morning that will be for the Judge's awful fame!
 When shall break that solemn morning o'er the nations wrapped
 in sleep,
 O that we may not be with them who will tremble then and
 weep!
 May we hear the Master calling to the realms of cloudless
 light—
 "Come up hither, rested sleepers, come, for here is no more
 night."

The Star-Lighted Way.

It is not always light where we are treading,
 The shades lie thick upon the hidden way :
 Night hangs about the thicket we are threading,
 And the tired heart sighs for the gladsome day.

It is not always dark where we must linger,
 The sun shines out upon the pleasant land ;
 And we can gaze upon the Guide's kind finger,
 And walk among the flowers a happy band.

It is not always dark or light, there breaketh
 The Morning Star upon the dim, deep grey ;
 And life itself the sober night tinge taketh,
 And joy or woe's extreme has passed away.

It is a safe and happy time, the spirit
 Upsoareth not, nor droopeth in the vale,
 But museth on the life it must inherit,
 And is made wise by many a secret tale.

The Father cometh nearer, and his token
 Is the calm peace that steals o'er troubled lives ;
 The spell that bound to earth is well-nigh broken,
 The world grows dim but hope of heaven revives.

Therefore mourn not the time of constant sameness,
 The quiet, or the dulness of thy day ;
 For God can bear thee happy, safe, and blameless,
 Along the half-hidden, the star-lighted way.

“ Call Me.”

Call me, dear Saviour! I will wait and listen
 For the dear voice which I have loved so long—
 Will wait with eager heart and eyes that glisten,
 Where memories of thy goodness round me throng.

Call me, dear Father! for the night is closing
 Over the mountain path which I must tread ;
 My soul will hear thee, and, in peace reposing,
 Forget its sorrow, smile away its dread.

Call me, dear Saviour, nearer, ever nearer,
 Unto the sheltering fold of thy dear love ;
 That as the days glide on, still brighter, dearer,
 May grow the prospect of the life above.

Call me, dear Father! many others hear thee,
 And I am thirsting for thy presence, too;
 I also sigh for thee, and love and fear thee;
 I would rejoice as thy own children do.

Call me and I will answer. Gladly singing,
 As runs the child to see his father's face,
 So will I run to thee, my whole heart bringing;
 And finding by thy side my restful place.

An Evening Hymn.

Thou Guardian of the silent night,
 Around whose throne is constant light,
 We sing our even song to thee,
 And pray in love's humility.

All day the dangers near us hung,
 All day thine arm was round us flung;
 Our wants have risen through the hours,
 Thy blessings came like summer showers.

We thank thee, Father, and we pray
 That Jesus' love may wash away
 The fears, the freshly-gathered sin,
 That through this day have crept within.

O breathe thy peace on weary brow,
 Give us a glimpse of heaven now,
 That we may love that land of light,
 That blessed home of "no more night."

The darkness spreads its brooding wing,
 But to thy sheltering side we cling,
 O ! wipe the tears from eyes that weep,
 And give to thy beloved sleep.

And when the night of death is nigh,
 Help us as peacefully to die ;
 Close thou our eyes as tenderly,
 And let us sleep and wake with thee.

Under the Leaves.

Gladly the Summer's long day shall pass,
 Throwing its shadows o'er growing grass,
 Lighting with beauty the sheeny sea,
 Bringing bird-music, all sweet and free,
 Warming to life the crown it weaves
 Of glory and brightness—under the leaves.

Gladly shall rise the Christian's song,
 The glades, and the hills, and the vales among ;
 Gladly shall words of peace be read
 Where the weary feet shall in summer tread ;
 And prayer shall rise while the heart believes
 In the Father's goodness—under the leaves.

Gladly shall Hope grow strong again
 After a season of grief and pain ;
 Love shall be quickened in each glad hour,
 And Faith have more than its usual power.
 Sweet are the lessons which Summer leaves
 On the hearts that love it—under the leaves.

Gladly the Summer-time shall bring
 Thoughts of the land of eternal spring—
 Thoughts of the home where our loved ones be,
 The strong, the holy, the saved, the free—
 Thoughts of our own remaining rest
 In the home of love, where they all are blest.

Gladly and gratefully come we now
 To a restful shelter for heart and brow ;
 Gladly and gratefully hours shall pass
 'Mong the fragrant flowers and the beautiful grass ;
 While many a pleasant picture weaves
 A brighter sojourn among the leaves.

Sunny Hours.

On the earth long barren
 Fell refreshing rain ;
 Then the nurturing sunbeams
 Warmed the sod again ;
 And amid the hedgerows
 Broke the budding flowers,
 While the songsters carolled
 In the sunny hours.

Softly on our spirits
 Many raindrops laid ;
 Cheerily the glad songs
 Pleasant music made,

And the soft-toned patter
 Of the pleasant showers
 Woke the grander anthems
 Of the sunny hours.

Sweetly in the forests
 Fell the slanting sun,
 Softly fell the shadows
 When the day was done.
 Many a pleasant lesson,
 From the skies and flowers,
 Learn we in the spring-time,
 And the pleasant hours.

Let our songs rise higher,
 In the merry time
 Of the spring's bright verdure,
 Or the summer's prime.
 Let us praise our Father,
 Bringing fragrant flowers
 Lowly to his footstool
 In the sunny hours.

A Hidden Path.

There were no sunbeams on the long way sparkling ;
 We slowly walked,
 And looked above us at the dense clouds darkling,
 And sadly talked.
 There were the mutterings of friend to friend,
 " Oh, would that we could only see the end ! "

We parted the thick boughs that hung beside us,
 With many a fear,
 Lest every step some danger should betide us,
 Threateningly near.
 We stood in silent awe and hushed our breath,
 And thought, "Perchance this leadeth us to death."
 We met sometimes some faintly glimmering token
 Of stronger life;
 But on we crept, our terror all unbroken,
 Fearing new strife;
 And at each pleasant spot we cried, "Beware!
 Some deadly foe, some danger, lurketh there."
 Fear held us in its grasp, grim, stern, and tightening;
 We were afraid
 That God's bright sunbeams were but tempest lightning,
 And sore dismayed,
 We thought the midnight deepening—when the day
 Flashed glorious light upon the hidden way.
 But lo! the Leader's voice, in tones commanding,
 Bids us to look:
 The hidden way lies where our feet are standing—
 An open book.
 Flowers bloom and fountains gush where we have been:
 It was a *pleasant path*, could we have seen.

At Night.

Hushed are sounds of human mirth,
 Silence falls upon the earth,
 Peace has spread its soothing wing
 Softly over everything,

Care is silenced for awhile,
 And the stars look down and smile,
 As we bend the lowly knee,
 Father of the light! to thee.
 Speak, and bid the weary eyes
 No more weep;
 Hear us in thy far-off skies;
 Give us sleep.

Little ones, with faces fair,
 Rest upon their clustering hair,
 Eyes of youth and beauty close
 Dreamingly for soft repose;
 Genius, with its aching brow,
 Only woosth slumber now;
 Sorrow turneth eyes to thee,
 Prince of Peace, beseechingly.
 Thou who dost not weary grow,
 Near us keep:
 Thou who dost our weakness know
 Give us sleep.

In the absence of the light,
 In the silence of the night,
 In the hour of loneliness,
 Father dear, thy children bless,
 Give us greater strength alway
 For the yet unopened day;
 Give us dreams of home above,
 Make us happy in thy love.

Weariness and slumber's power
 O'er us creep:
 Father, in this holy hour,
 Give us sleep!

The Secret Place.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

God taketh us away
 Far from the heat and turmoil of the world,
 Hideth us in his shadow, where alway
 His glory is unfurled.

Oh! holy, secret place!
 What revelations of a love Divine,
 What blessed glances of our Father's face,
 What perfect joys are thine!

Earth's din and strivings cease,
 And heavenly symphonies float thrillingly
 In that blessed atmosphere of perfect peace
 Where God's beloved ones be.

Sweet lessons are we taught
 'Mid the deep quiet of this secret place;
 And here, with scarce a veil, our hearts are brought
 To gaze upon his face.

Nor harm shall ever come,
 Of dangers, storm-cloud, or of lurking foe,
 Within the precinct of our Father's home,
 Whose happiness we know.

Nor burning summer heat,
 Nor blast of autumn, nor the winter's cold,
 Shall ever reach us at the Master's feet,
 Whom his dear arms enfold.

Oh be it evermore
 Our hiding-place, our happy, sheltered home,
 Until the voyage of our life is o'er
 And we shall no more roam!

Be Thou my Refuge.

When the burden heavy lieth,
 And I faint,
 Hear my plaint,
 When my spirit crieth.

When the storm is wildest beating,
 Gather me
 Unto thee ;
 Bid the clouds be fleeting.

When the danger is the longest,
 Father dear,
 Be thou near ;
 Be thy love then strongest.

When the foe is all about me,
 Father, speak ;
 I am weak ;
 Do not let me doubt thee.

Then, when thou my feet art bringing
 To the gloom
 Of the tomb,
 I will still be singing.

Sundays at Home.

Four Sundays since. We read the grand old psalm,
 "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place." He spake
 In faith's strong words of the eternal calm
 Of those who in the Lord's glad beauty wake.

We sang, "Nearer to Thee," and unseen hands
 Knitted our hearts to God's great heart of love;
 We bent our knees in prayer, and angel bands
 Brought us the echoes of the choir above.

Two Sundays since. The hands were growing cold
 That clung to mine beside the parting wave:
 The spirit looking his eyes grew bold,
 His strength had failed him, faith had made him brave.

"I know in whom I have believed." Heaven's light
 Became too strong for his poor mortal eyes:
 I closed them; and there came to me the night,
 To him, the morning in the upper skies.

Only two Sundays since. The weeks seem years.
 I read the grand old psalm alone to-day;
 I bathe the holy words in human tears,
 Since he who read with me has passed away.

How far away, and yet how very near !
 The door that hangs between is only air ;
 I put my hand within the Father's here,
 He dwells in his immediate presence there.

I weep, and he rejoices. But a word
 Spoken in softest tones shall reach me soon,
 And I shall be as he is, with the Lord—
 Mine the bright morning, his the blissful noon.

Given Back.

“ And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And Jesus delivered him to his mother.”—LUKE vii. 15.

Fast fell the widow's burning tears amid the weeping band—
 Tears for the bright young life gone out from the o'er-darkened
 land.

Slowly and sadly passed they on, the silent, mournful train ;
 And the mother's heart was bleeding tears of deep and quench-
 less pain,—

Tears for the flower cut down too soon, for the morning overcast ;
 Tears that the flashing light of love so soon had burned its last.

But Jesus had compassion for the lonely weeping one,
 Whose empty arms and aching heart yearned for her absent son.
 He bade her dry her falling tears, and even weep no more,
 For the hour of silence and of death should trouble her no more.
 And the kind hands (ever blessing-filled) removed the mother's
 pain,
 And gave her, young and beautiful, her only son again.

O, mother's heart so wildly glad, thy joy is not alone ;
 We too have known that thrilling hour,—we have had back our
 own.

As kind to us as to thyself, Jesus, the Life, has been,—
 As tenderly compassionate in each distressing scene ;
 We too have wildly watched and wept in timid love's alarms ;
 We have received our treasures back with eager, thankful arms.

Not always when we asked of him ; but, then, his time is best :
 Sometimes we have been wearied sore before he gave us rest ;
 And he has kept a few away, to have the more to give
 In the home of perfect love and rest when we begin to live :
 But oftener still he giveth us our well-beloved again,
 And maketh us as wildly glad as the widowed one of Nain.

And so, when fever heats the brow and dries the lips we love,
 We turn our tearful eyes away and watch for Christ above ;
 We hush our sighs of fear and grief to hear what he will say,
 And know his love is still as strong as on that joyful day ;
 We place our sick and dying ones where he will pass along,
 And he will say "Weep not," and turn our sorrow into song.

Let there be Light.

Now, as in thy voice of thunder
 Thou didst cleave the chaos asunder,
 Yet once more perform the wonder—
 Mightiest, give us light.

Now as comforts are declining,
 In the darkness we are pining
 For the radiance of thy shining—
 Father, give us light.

We our weary way are pressing
 Over hills and steepes distressing ;
 Pray we for one precious blessing—
 Master, give us light.

We are thy displeasure winning,
 We are ignorant and sinning,
 For a better life's beginning—
 Holiest, give us light.

Grasping in the darkness, yearning
 For a high and quick discerning
 Of the truths we should be learning—
 Spirit, give us light.

In our thirst and hunger, needing
 Pastures where thy lambs are feeding,
 Listen to our earnest pleading—
 Jesus, give us light.

Near to thee we would be hiding,
 In the night of love's providing,
 To thy cross our worn feet guiding—
 Saviour, give us light.

The Burning Bush.

“ And the angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses in a flame of fire out of the midst of a burning bush.”

We stand beside the burning bush
 Full often in our quiet lives ;
 There comes to us the solemn hush,
 And awe with love and courage strives ;
 We turn aside where gleams the light,
 And tremble at the marvellous sight.

It happens when, with wandering eye,
 For daily task we tend our sheep,
 Or tread the desert wanderingly,
 Or linger some given charge to keep,
 All unprepared for voice or sound
 To tell us it is holy ground.

God sends some startling providence,
 Flashes his fire across our way ;
 He forces us to hurry hence,
 And kneel with covered face to pray ;
 And when we watch with trembling hush,
 Speaks from amidst the burning bush.

We are not Moses. Ours is not
 A leader's task—a hero's might ;
 We have a humbler, easier lot—
 To crush the wrong and raise the right ;
 A lowlier work is ours to take
 For God and for our people's sake.

But God's command to us is strong,
 As if on Horeb it were given,
 And to our little strength is long
 And difficult. But help from heaven
 Shall make us also wise and bold
 Jehovah's high designs t' unfold.

“ Learn of Me.”

We would be children, Saviour, ever sitting at thy feet,
 And learning of thy gracious lips the lessons that are meet,

And we would hush our trivial words, to hear what thou wilt
say,

For, oh, we need thy holy love to help us every day.

Thou wert the ever patient one. We frown and fume and fret,
Beneath the ire and scorn of men we're ne'er contented yet.
We know not how to trust and wait, dear Saviour teach us
how,

Breathe on us patience for our life, as near to thee we bow.

Thou wert the never-sinning one. We sin in word and
thought,

Our every act is tainted, every deed with darkness fraught ;
O Jesus, teach us how to live, that in the midst of sin
We yet may grow akin to thee, thy smile of love may win.

Thou wert the ever loving one. We only love in part,
For anger and impatience dwell in our divided heart ;
And we are full of thoughts for self. A Saviour wilt thou be
And Teacher till we shall have gained resemblance unto thee.

“ Learn of me.” So we would, O Christ, but weak and tired
we grow ;

O teach us day by day to live within this world of woe ;
And bring us in thine own good time to the better school above,
That we may sing the glad new song of all thy patient love.

“ O Give Thanks unto the Lord.”

“ For He is good ! ” shall the glad theme be
As we sound it joyously o'er the sea.

Earth and water are eloquent
 With the words of love which the Lord has sent :
 Budding flow'ret and fruitful tree
 Whisper, "How good the Lord must be!"

Give thanks to God in the early day,
 And when the noontide hath pleasant sway ;
 Give thanks to God in the soft twilight,
 And in the peacefully silent night ;
 Give thanks, give thanks—let heart and tongue
 Fill the world with the pleasant song.

Give thanks for the beauty of earth and sky ;
 Give thanks for the woods' sweet minstrelsy ;
 Give thanks for the summer's joyous beam ;
 Give thanks for the sparkling, silvery stream ;
 Give thanks for the healthy springing corn ;
 Give thanks for the scent of the fragrant morn.

Give thanks for the health in the tingling vein ;
 Give thanks for the hour of tears and pain ;
 Give thanks for the joy athwart thy way ;
 Give thanks for the saddened and shady day ;
 Give thanks for the ease and the comforts given ;
 Give thanks when these ties of earth are riven.

Give thanks for the love that is ever near,
 In the brightest smile or the saddest tear ;
 O, sing to the Lord, both old and young,
 Swell the triumph of eager song.
 He giveth us life, and friends, and food ;
 Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good.

Hope Thou in God.

Hope thou in God. Look on to the skies
 When the surging troubles around thee rise.
 Though the waves are dashing above thy head,
 And thy heart is faint with foreboding dread,
 Hope thou in God ; thou shalt praise him yet,
 And the depths of thy sorrow in joy forget.

Hope thou in God. Though the night be long,
 The morning breaketh in jets of song.
 The heart that fainteth shall live again,
 The grief shall fade and the joy remain ;
 And life shall woo thee in richest dress
 Of trust, and gladness, and loveliness.

Hope thou in God. Give up the gold,
 Or joy, or beauty ; but ne'er withhold
 From thy heart its meed of hopeful love
 That clingeth strong to the Friend above.
 If it must be, loose all fragile ties ;
 But fix on God thy trustful eyes.

Hope thou in God. In the darkest night
 This hope shall be a brilliant light ;
 In the hour of thy passionate, deep despair,
 This hope shall teach thee unfaltering prayer ;
 In the hour when the unseen world draws near,
 This hope shall render it near and clear.

Summer is Coming.

Summer is coming! the bright, the fair,
 Scattering beauty everywhere,
 Filling the world with the joy of youth,
 Telling us aye of the God of truth,
 Making us all in its beauty kneel
 To speak the thanks which our spirits feel.

Summer is coming! the gay and glad,
 Cheering the sick, and wan, and sad,
 Bidding the eyes that are dark with tears
 Look up to the mansions where Christ appears,
 Seeing with faith's awakened view
 The happy land of the "Ever new."

Summer is coming! the sunny hours
 Shall march before us with bright-hued flowers;
 The world shall awake to sounds of mirth,
 New robes of beauty adorn the earth,
 The woods re-echo with birds' glad song;
 Summer is coming! 'twill not be long.

Summer is coming! Be glad! rejoice!
 Lift to Heaven a grateful voice,
 Summer and winter do not fail,
 And thus the undying words prevail.
 Let us kneel on the fragrant sod,
 And love, and trust, and praise our God.

Thou, Lord, makest me dwell in safety.

The storm beats rough and high around, the danger presses
near,

And yet thy family, O Lord, have little cause for fear.
The tempest's crash is overhead, but thou art strong above,
And thy beloved evermore are safe within thy love.

Thy children lay them down to sleep, all weary of the day ;
Thine ear is opened unto them when trustingly they pray.
They close their eyes in sweet repose when darkness spreads its
pall,
Nor need they breathe a sigh of care, for thou art over all.

Thou spreadest out thine arms, O Lord, a shelter and a shield,
And to thy kind protection we our weary spirits yield.
Thou givest thy beloved sleep ; no danger can betide
Those who are safely hid away by thy protecting side.

Yet tremblingly we turn our eyes to a deeper sleep than this,
And shudder on the threshold of a strange eternal bliss ;
But thou wilt make us safely dwell, though death itself be
nigh ;
And thou wilt give us calm repose in thy blest home on high.

God pity us and help us now, that faith be not so dim,
That our spirits turn more trustingly in sight of death to him.
So shall we close our eyes at last, as tranquilly as night ;
So shall we ope them in the world of happiness and light.

“ Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is Sick.”

We send our message to thee, Lord, as the grieving sisters sent,
And we the weary waiting hours are spending as they spent.
We look for the Physician's touch, we listen for his feet ;
But, alas ! all other sounds than that are murmuring in the
street.

Those whom thou lov'st are sick, O Lord ! From many a
darkened home

The pleading prayer for healing and the wail of sorrow come ;
And hearts are hushed in deepest woe, and tears bedew the eyes
That lift to thee their helplessness, and pierce the o'er-hanging
skies.

Those whom thou lov'st are sick, O Lord ! They did thy work
below ;

The feet are still that visited the troubled haunts of woe ;
The hands are nerveless that have loved the hungry ones to feed ;
The voice is faint and faltering now that cheered us in our need.

Those whom thou lov'st are sick, O Lord ! Let not the useful
die.

O spare them to enrich thy world with love and sympathy !
O strengthen thou the feeble ones who yearn to speak thy
name,

And teach the earth to sing the song of “ Worthy is the Lamb !”

Those whom thou lov'st are sick, O Lord ! O come to them
and say,

“ This sickness is not unto death !” Take all the pain away.
Our faith is weak, but thou art strong to hear the faintest cry ;
Speak thou one word of healing, Lord ; let not thy loved ones
die !

The Sea.

The billows rise and fall—
 Songs for the living, dirges for the dead :
 They toss their spray upon some fair young head,
 Or spread a watery pall.

The wide, unrestful sea !
 Mourns it for ever in that sad, sad tone ?
 Sigheth it ever with its weary moan ?
 Lacketh it sympathy ?

Mourn on, O ocean deep !
 Mourn for the noble ones in thy dark graves,
 Mourn for the well-beloved beneath thy waves :
 Mourn on, O sea, and weep.

But still repent thy deeds :
 Bring healthy hues into the faded cheek ;
 Bring on thy heaving waves strength for the weak ;
 Be gentle to their needs.

The dead are past recall ;
 The living stand upon thy shores all day,
 And watch with swimming eyes thy varied play :
 Do thou some good to all.

Sparkle on, glistening waves,
 Rearing your heads where man's foot hath not trod,
 And shout with all your might, Glory to God !
 From deeps to echoing caves.

Roll on, O frothy sea !
 Scatter thy spray upon the shelving shore ;
 Thou in the last great day shalt " be no more ;"
 Roll on till then, vast sea !

The Days.

Morning melteth into evening,
 Evening fadeth into night,
 And the solemn midnight passeth
 To the morning's pleasant light.
 Pass the hours on rapid pinions,
 Silently away, away ;
 And we say, with careless utterance,
 There has passed another day.

Day of wrestlings with the anguish
 Of a more than mortal strife ;
 Day of trembling hovering over
 The worn, slippery edge of life ;
 Day of cries to God the Father
 That his kingdom might have come ;
 Day of tears, despair, and groanings ;—
 Such has been the day to some.

There will come a little season
 When the last of earth is near ;
 Not another day is granted :
 In that crisis who shall fear ?
 Those who trifle, idly wasting
 Precious hours of fleeting day ;
 Those who let them slip unheeded,
 Slip unwept, unmourned away.

Some one act of rendered kindness,
 Some few spoken words of love,
 Some temptation mourned and conquered,
 Some high thoughts of home above,—

These should gild each day that passeth,
 These should sanctify each hour ;
 And the days that pass unheeded
 Would be crowned with holy power.

Thy Loving-kindness is better than Life.

Better than life! E'en when the pulse is springing,
 With the full joy-tide of its healthful glee ;
 And the glad spirit in its mirth is singing ;
 And the life-flood flows peacefully and free !

Better than life! For shadows dim life's brightness,
 And its most precious things will glide away ;
 The sun of day will lose its warmth and lightness—
 Thy loving-kindness 'mid it all will stay.

Better than life! Thy loving-kindness, Father,
 Cheers every step along the hardened sod—
 Remains with us when 'mid the gloom we gather—
 Star of our darkened journey—love of God !

Better than life! More worthy of our keeping ;
 The spirit's anchor in the tempest's might ;
 Wiping the tears which aching hearts are weeping ;
 Bringing the dawn of pleasure to our night.

Better than life! O God, whate'er thou takest
 In mercy still bereave us not of this !
 Thou, in thy loving-kindness, Father, makest
 This life a foretaste of the eternal bliss.

“ Lord, that I may Receive my Sight.”

Open our eyes, O Saviour! with that healing touch of thine.
The darkness thickens round our path; we long to see thee
shine.

Our eyes are sealed; we cannot find the smile upon thy face.
Oh, make the blind to see thee, Lord! and glad shall be this
place.

Open our eyes, O Saviour! In the strange sad scenes of life,
Amid the spell-bound, wintry waste, amid the storms of strife,
We know thou may'st be near us, but we cannot see thee near.
Oh, heal us of our blindness, Lord! the gloomy darkness clear.

Give thou us sight to understand how close thy hand may be,
When we are trembling fearfully, and only wish to see
How strong the love is in thy heart, when we can only feel
The dismal danger all around, and almost dread to kneel.

Open our eyes, dear Saviour! that we know the path of right;
To think of thee and of our kind, oh! give thy children light.
Scatter the darkness of the night, and bid thy sun to shine,
That we may see thy love for us, and read that we are thine.

Deeply Lamented.

We watched her fade away from earth.
E'en as the spring flowers came,
The Father called his child away—
We answer to his claim,—
He gave and he hath taken her,
And blessed be his name.

But oh! we miss her everywhere;
 The house is dark and still;
 Her smile no more lights up the days,
 Her voice no more shall thrill.
 The home that late was gay and glad
 Is desolate and chill.

We miss her. She was young and bright,
 And winsome, too, and fair;
 And yet her hands were strong to lift
 The burden of our care;
 And many a heart that she had cheered
 Joined in our passionate prayer.

She was not self-enwrapped. Her robes
 Were love and kindness;
 Her lips were used to gentle words;
 Her hands were used to bless;
 Her feet were used the ways of peace
 With buoyancy to press.

We can but miss her. She has earned
 The meed of many tears,
 And loving, grateful thoughts of her
 Go with us through the years;
 And we shall look for her again
 As each the portal nears.

We bless her midst our tears! God grant
 We all may meet again
 Within that fairer home above
 Where shall be no more pain!
 And let us thank him fervently
 If our loss be her gain.

Thou wilt Show me the Path of Life.

When my wearied eyes are closing,
And the night
Dims my sight
Ere the last reposing,—

I will cry to thee, my Father.
In that hour
Show thy power,
And my spirit gather.

When the darkness closes round me,
And below
Lurks the foe,
Let them not confound me.

I shall search amid my blindness
For the road ;
Father God,
Help me in thy kindness.

Show me where thy children linger ;
Bring my feet
To thy seat ;
Guide me with thy finger.

Bring me to the restful haven
Of thy love—
Home above—
Where thy peace is given.

There I'll tell the wondrous story
 Of thy grace—
 See thy face
 Evermore in glory.

Peace be to Thee!

Say "Peace to thee!" once more, O God our Father,
 Our weary hearts are sighing for that word ;
 With smitten hearts around thy throne we gather,
 And, eager, wait to cry, "It is the Lord."

The world is full of strife, and sin, and riot,
 And hate of man toward his fellow-man.
 Lo! dire confusion reigns. O give us quiet,
 And make the stoutest heart uphold thy plan.

O God! the nations are immersed in sadness ;
 The joyous note is hushed along the shore,
 And rapid sighs have followed shouts of gladness,
 For that the wise, the good, are now no more.

Yet, stay. Thou hold'st the helm, O Great Eternal,
 The hearts of all are in thy wise control,
 And thou canst make them like the spring-time vernal—
 Calm, loving, and forgiving, healed and whole.

Then speak thy peaceful words above the riot ;
 Let the storm die, the flashing lightning cease ;
 And bring thy children to the home of quiet,
 Close by thy side ; for there is always peace.

That fadeth not away.

The shadows slowly lengthen
 Along our way to life,
 And softly in the distance
 Die off the sounds of strife;
 The mower moweth daily
 Along the whitening way;
 The flowers of youth are fading;
 His scythe will not delay.

 He toucheth with his finger
 The beautiful and young;
 The bright eyes close in darkness,
 The glad some song is sung,
 The pleasant tale is ended,
 The morn is lost in night—
 The fair free life has faded
 Before the early blight.

 O for a life immortal!
 O for a longer day—
 A life without corruption,
 That fadeth not away!
 O for a home where lingers
 The sanctity of home,
 Where death, nor loss, nor sorrow,
 Nor wild despair shall come.

 O Fatherland beyond us,
 We turn our eyes to thee;
 Thy blissful portals open,
 And soon we shall be free.

Jerusalem, we love thee :
 God guide our wandering feet
 Up to thy hills of glory,
 And down thy golden street.

Winter Evening.

How blows the wind without! Its mournful tunes
 Are whistled at our windows. Fast the snow
 Falls on the whitened pavement, and the sky
 Hangs out its leaden curtains. Rapid steps
 Pass homeward through the storm, for home to-night
 Has many great attractions. Yet a few
 Linger outside its portals. Some to spend
 The hours in sin and riot; some to tread
 The lighted halls of science, garnering gems
 To gild their after lives; and some, alas!
 Roam through the biting blast, and find no rest
 For their o'erwearied feet. God pity them,
 And give *us* grateful hearts!

How sweetly sleep

The little ones this evening! Many a kiss
 Has fallen on chubby lip, and dimpled hand,
 And calm clear brow; and many a tear has sprung
 Into the mother's eyes, who knelt and prayed
 Beside her treasures.

Round the blazing fire

What happy faces gather. How the jest
 Passes from lip to lip, and wreathes in smiles
 The saddest one among them! Songs are sung,
 And music-strains pour forth; and yet, methinks,

The purest harmony is that which wells
Up from the mirthful spirits of the young
And spends itself in laughter.

In his chair

Reclines the aged man. How his dim eyes
Peer into the red fire! What sees he there?
Dim shadows of the mocking past, perchance,
When he was young and happy. Yet his heart
Warms in the common joy; and, as he draws
Into the snuggest corner, does he think
Of that bright land where there is no more cold
Or suffering?

Hark! from how many homes.

Rises the evening sacrifice! The glow
Of ruddy firelight falls on folded hands
And reverently closed lids. Happy the home
Where God is worshipped! *There* old Winter's stay
Seemeth not long or tedious—they have light
That ne'er will turn to darkness.

Grant to us,
God of the seasons, that our hearts may be,
Amid stern winter's cold, thus warmed by thee.

Be Thou my strong Habitation.

Not as a transient seat—
Solemn and still retreat—
But for a while,

Basking in holy peace,
 And, till the noontide cease,
 Time to beguile.

But to live *over there*,
 Breathing the holy air,
 Kind arms around;
 Circled where'er I be,
 Listening eagerly
 Love's thrilling sound.

Not when the tempests blow,
 Tremblingly lying low,
 Quaking with fear;
 But, when the dangers throng,
 Ever secure and strong,
 Friend ever near.

Home, 'mid the storm's wild power;
 Home, in the darkest hour,
 Never to roam:
 Home in the bright daylight;
 Home in the shades of night—
 Beautiful home!

Father, in mercy be
 Thus as a home to me
 In thy great love;
 Circling me still around
 Till with thy saints I'm found
 Singing above.

“It is good for us to be here.”

Good to be here! All freshly falls the blessing
Beside our feet;

And the disciples joyously are pressing
The flow’rets sweet

That grow upon the mountain where they pray ;
And Christ is with them through the happy day.

Good to be here! Although weak eyes are peering
Through shadows dim,

Soon will his glory’s powerful beams be clearing
The mists from him;

And as we gather closer to his side
The cloud of brightness shall not us divide.

Good to be here! Although some fears oppress us,
Yet all is well;

And if our Saviour stay with us and bless us
We here would dwell;

And, kneeling ever on the mountain sod,
Fill our hush’d spirits with the peace of God.

Good to be, Master, wheresoe’er thou takest
The willing heart;

And in thy glorious loving-kindness breakest
The bonds that part

Our yearning spirits far too oft from thee:
Oh, Jesus, may we ever nearer be !

“If it be Possible.”

“If it be possible!” The prayer was wrung
 By mightiest anguish in Gethsemane!
 When the world's weight of sins' atonement hung
 Upon the Saviour! But it might not be!
 The deepest dregs within that bitter cup,
 He in his love, un murmuring, drank up!

“If it be possible!” The prayer is ours
 Who faint beneath our *little* load of care;
 Who shrink from sorrows of the darker hours,
 And yearn for paths more lightsome, smooth, and fair:
 Who, looking onward 'mid the mists that fall,
 In weakness for a lighter burden call!

“It is *not* possible!” An earthly rest
 Is not the better portion for the soul!
 The discipline severe of life is best;
 The sorrow-storm that we may not control:
 From the sharp trial will the blessing spring;
 The hands, unloosed from earth, will heavenward cling.

“If it be possible!” Dear Lord, may we
 Take with unquestioning love whate'er is sent!
 The fiercest agony *for good* will be—
 Oh, make our fretful spirits still content!
 Help *us* to say—Oh, God's beloved Son!—
 “If *thou* be willing—but “*Thy will be done.*”

The Plaint of the World-Weary.

We are so far from thee,
 Spirit of life, and love, and holiness !
 And yet we need thee, as unrestingly
 Up the steep hill we press.

The wild wind blows around ;
 The storm-cloud curtains the o'erhanging sky ;
 And like a knell the distant thunders sound :
 Oh, for a shelter nigh !

Amid the darkness dense
 Our weak eyes strain to catch a glimpse of light,
 A single ray to cheer our passage thence ;
 But all is blackest night !

Our arms stretch yearningly ;
 But clasp the pricking thorn—the broken reed—
 Oh, Father, where art *thou*, the Strong, the Free,
 The Helper in our need ?

We gathered pearl and gem,
 If they the tedious journey might beguile—
 The weight we bear is but increased by them,
 And the heart starves meanwhile.

Oh, for a feast of love !
 A draught of water from Life's swelling tide !
 Oh, for the blessed Peace-star from above
 To shine our path beside !

Oh, thou All-merciful !
 Enfold us, 'mid the gloom, on thy kind breast ;
 Soothe the alarmed, pity the sorrowful ;
 Give the world-weary rest.

Becalmed.

Hushed the deep breath of sighing gale,
 No gentle breezes kiss the sail ;
 Scarce ripples stir the placid deep ;
 The freshening zephyrs are asleep—
Becalmed !

No change to break the lagging day ;
 No shade to check the scorching ray ;
 No cloud to float athwart the sky
 And veil the brazen sun on high—
Becalmed !

The deep heaves not a single sob,
 Nor beats its mighty heart a throb ;
 Its bosom feels no quivering thrill—
 A thing of life so deathly still—
Becalmed !

Beyond—a bright, a love-washed strand—
 Blest mansions in our fatherland—
 Our loved ones happy, saved, and free,
 Singing their sweetest songs—and *we*
Becalmed !

Oh, waft us to them, heavenly gales ;
 Move the still billows, fill the sails ;
 Bear us toward the golden shore,
 Sweet breezes, that we be no more
Becalmed !

Evening.

When the shadows softly fall,
When the angel-voices call,
When the lonely aged weep,
When the happy children sleep,

When the flowers' sweet eyelids close,
When the sighing west wind blows,
When the red hues bathe the sky,
When the light dies silently,

When the spirit spreads its wings,
When wild thought a halo flings,
When earth-wishes pass away,
When the heart is forced to pray,

When we long to reach the throne,
Commune with the Holy One,
Dwell amid the depths of love,
That surround him there above—

Oh, when day has glided by,
And the night comes o'er the sky,
And we love alone to creep,
Where no eyes may see us weep—

Be thou with us, Father-Friend,
That with thee we may ascend,
That our hearts, at eventide
May with thee, our God, abide.

The Cool of the Day.

"And they heard the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day."—*GEN. iii. 8.*

When the spirit is the nearest
 To the Lord,
 Then his Word
 Comes to us the clearest.

When the day has ceased its dinning,
 And the heart
 Mourns its part
 In this world of sinning—

When the limbs are growing weary ;
 And we long
 For a song
 'Mid the desert dreary—

When the night-dews round us glisten ;
 And we bend
 Toward our Friend
 Eagerly to listen—

Then our Father, with us walking—
 Very near—
 In our ear
 Drops his gentle talking.

Sweet to be his counsels learning ;
 May he come
 To our home—
 Stay our spirit's yearning.

Benisons.

When Agur-like, thou breath'st a prayer
 For all a Father's loving care,
 God bless thy basket and thy store,
 And richest blessings for thee pour.

When, David-like, thou walk'st beside
 Life's rivers pure, which sparkling glide,
 Be thine this song—"God leadeth me,
 And he my Shepherd still shall be."

When, like the wise man, thou shalt turn
 From where earth's glittering lamplets burn,
 God stay, with holier hopes, the sigh
 That all the world is vanity.

When, Hagar-like, thy heart is rent—
 Thy loved ones parched—the water spent,
 God make the healing fount to gush,
 And with his love thy mournings hush.

When, like Elisha, there shalt come
 To thee the Father's summons home,
 Be there the chariot in the air—
 The Saviour's smile, the angel's care.

And then, like John, O be it thine
 To dwell where jasper cities shine ;
 Where, happiest of the happy throng,
 The golden harps shall aid thy song.

The Waiting Multitude.

“These wait all upon thee: that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good.”

Upon the hills and in the valleys deep,
 In the thick forests and the mighty sea,
 The eager multitudes their long watch keep,
 For that all-open hand so kind, so free;
 The hand that never wearies, never stays,
 The hand that—how few ever stop to praise!

The universal cry goes up. God hears
 The softest whisper, 'mid the general cry;
 He showers his largess, drying the hot tears,
 And turning to a song of praise the sigh.
 He heals the wounded, stills the throb of pain,
 None ever seek his tenderness in vain.

“And they are filled with *good*.” How weak are we,
 Who when the blessing comes, half doubt its good;
 And take it from our Father tremblingly—

Fearing the gift, that must be wholesome food.
 Alas! for us, if only sweets were given!
 We cannot live on earth as those in heaven!

O Father bountiful! We bless thy hand,
 Which satisfies thy creatures here below;
 And fills with plenty this our favour'd land,
 And makes us more of thy vast love to know.
 Give to us grateful hearts, that we may praise
 Thee who hast been the guardian of our days.

The precious Friend.

“Unto you who believe he is precious.”

Precious amid the vanities of earth,
 When the heart yearns for something better far
 Than the harsh sounds of laughter and of mirth,
 And needs for this dark life a guiding star :
 Then *thou* art precious, Jesus, and we come,
 Leaving all else, to find in thee our home.

Precious, though many loving ones are nigh,
 And fond affection binds us with its chain,
 And look meets look in eloquent reply,
 And the weak heart would almost here remain :
 Then *thou* art precious, Jesus, for thy love
 Is mighty—boundless—as the heaven above.

Precious! O how much more when life is dim,
 And clouds have gathered in the darkening sky ;
 When mournfully we chant our dirge-like hymn,
 And thou alone, our Comforter, art nigh :
 Then *thou* art precious, Jesus, and thy peace
 Hushes the storm, and bids its terrors cease.

Precious when friends have gone, and joys have fled,
 And ties that bind us here are frail and weak ;
 When life's bright flowers are strewn beside us dead,
 And, turning from them all, thy face we seek :
 Then *thou* art precious, Jesus, and thy voice
 E'en 'mid such wreck of joys makes us rejoice.

Precious when death, in its deep gloom, draws near,
 And the cold waters surge toward our feet,
 And earth and all its pictures disappear,
 And the shorn soul goes forth its God to meet :
 Then, precious Saviour, ransomed by thy blood,
 May we have everlasting peace with God.

The Unnumbered Multitude.

“ These are they which came out of great tribulation.”

The hosts no man can number wave their palms before the
 throne,
 They shout their songs of triumph, with no languor in the
 tone;
 Their blood-washed robes are free from taint, happy and pure
 they stand ;
 No hunger-pang, no burning thirst, no sorrow in that land :
 The tears are wiped from every eye, and Life's free gushing
 fount
 Springs ready for the eager lip upon the Sacred Mount !

Whence came the multitude ? Ah ! they have marched through
 paths of flame,
 Where martyr-fires have silenced tongues that called on Jesus'
 name—
 From the thickest of the battle, from the conflict sore and
 long,
 Where the trembling heart grew feeble, where the foes were
 fierce and strong :

From the scorching sands of desert-lands ; from the ever-frozen
isles—

Yes, they have come from tears and sighs, to the brighter land
of smiles.

Whence came the multitude ? They came from homes that
Death had riven ;

From dreary, vacant, joyless hearths, from which all light was
driven ;

They are mothers, whose fond gentle hearts were bitterly
bereaved ;

They are fathers, husbands, left alone, with spirits sorely
grieved :

They are crushed, forsaken, mourning ones—but now, in perfect
peace,

They sing the song of the Redeemed, where woe for aye shall
cease.

Whence came the radiant multitude, amid the bliss above ?

They came from dim and shaded lives of unrequited love ;

From yearnings long unsatisfied, unanswered questionings ;

From brooding o'er th' uncertainty of all their precious things :

From sorrow, sickness, death itself, the spirits freed have come

To bask them in the love and light of that eternal home.

And we, along the well-worn track, our long, dark journey
take,

Longing, with aching hearts, to rest in heaven for Jesus' sake ;

Yet, let us shrink not from the way so many trod before,

If we may join that multitude, when all our toils are o'er ;

But welcome tribulation, if, at last, our feet it bring

Safe o'er the threshold of that home—to the presence of the
King.

One less on Earth—one more in Heaven.

One less on earth to suffer 'mid the passionate unrest,
 That mantles on the gloomy brow, that stirs the weary breast ;
 One less wild hands to wring with pain, to moan in anguished
 prayer ;
 One less to swell the unending shriek of torturing despair.

One more in heaven to sweetly rest after the toilsome day,
 To lie and bask in perfect peace where holiness hath sway ;
 One more to join the happy choirs in their eternal song,
 And raise the thrilling burst of praise, those sapphire halls
 among.

One less on earth in grief's black stream the shrinking brow to
 lave,
 To moisten with the mourner's tears the deep and open grave ;
 To weep o'er hearths made desolate, o'er seats all empty left ;
 One less to walk the "vale of tears," o'er-burdened and bereft.

One more to stand all-brightly glad before the "great white
 throne"—
 One of a smiling, happy band, where partings are not known ;
 One more *at home*, to leave no more the Father's loving side,
 Amid the unbroken family for ever to abide.

One less to toss, through sleepless nights, upon the bed of pain,
 Sighing for blessed ease and rest that may not come again ;
 One less to start, with timid soul, at the approach of death ;
 One less to breathe the life away in one last feeble breath.

One more to rise, in health and youth, where *death* may come
 no more,
 To dwell all fearlessly for aye, upon the tearless shore,
 Where death, and sin, and sorrow, have for ever flown away ;
 One more safe landed 'mid the joy of that long, cloudless day.

“ Give Peace in our Time, O Lord ! ”

Peace in our time, O Lord ! Hush thou the strife
 Of the world's angry spirits ; hear the cry
 Uprising to thee from the hum of life,
 Wrung from thy children's hearts of agony ;
 Stay thou the fierce revenge, and let us live
 As Jesus taught—all willing to forgive.

Give peace to us, O Lord ! Thrice-blessed peace,
 Let its soft influence gently o'er us fall ;
 Make thou the dreadful din of war to cease ;
 Lift thou the overhanging fearful pall :
 Let brothers love, and every hatred end ;
 Let us remember the peace-making Friend.

Peace in our time, O Saviour ! Let thy voice
 Calm the wild rage of passion's foaming sea ;
 Speak thou amid the storm, and we'll rejoice,
 And learn to live in perfect unity ;
 Let discord, selfishness, and pride all cease ;
 And in our time, O Father, send us peace.

“My Times are in Thy Hands.”

Like a tired, wandering child
 Who presses to his father's sheltering side,
 So would I pass along the desert wild,
 And close to *thee* abide.

Father, who lovest me,
 Thou makest joy-founts spring where'er I stand;
 And from my heart I whisper gratefully,
 “My times are in thy hand.”

My times of joy or grief;
 Times of bright day, times of dark sorrow's night
 Of racking pain, and long-delayed relief,
 Thou send'st, and they are right.

Yes, all is well, my God,
 And cheerfully I press the upward way
 For thou hast blessed the path already trod;
 Hast cheered me night and day.

Whate'er of joy or woe
 The future bring to me from thy wise will,
 It shall be what is best for me, I know,
 And I will trust thee still.

“My times are in thy hand.”
 I am content, O God, to leave them there;
 Only guide thou my way until I stand
 Where praise succeeds to prayer.

Dying.

The *leaves* are dying! Dropping to their grave,
 While the wild winds their mournful requiem sigh;
 The naked branches o'er them sadly wave;
 The piercing storm will sweep in terror by!
 The leaves' bright life is past—the snow will fall,
 And cover them as with a funeral pall.

The *year* is dying! Old and feeble grown,
 Its last sad days are passing silently;
 Soon shall we listen to the parting moan;
 Soon will it bear its record book on high.
 The bright, fresh life that cheered us with its stay,
 Is passing, like all earth-loaned things, away.

Our *friends* are dying! Beautiful, and dear,
 Yet are the seeds of death within them sown;
 The heart grows weak, the dreaded change draws near,
 And weariness will mar the music-tone;
 Yes, those who fling love's radiance o'er our hours
 Are fading from our presence, like the flowers.

And *we* are dying! Through our quick frames creep
 The sting of pain and tedious sicknesses;
 And, looking sadly back, our spirits weep
 As rapidly toward the goal we press—
 Where all of eager, restless life shall cease,
 And we have rest, amid the grave's deep peace.

Oh, thou, the Undying One! We look to thee,
 That when our lives are ended we may come
 And dwell amid the holy purity
 Of thine all-happy, all-eternal home :
 Oh, when we die, give us that holy life—
 Happy with thee, where there is no more strife.

The Old and New Years.

Farewell to the good old year !
 It is passing so silently, mournfully by,
 We recked not its flight, till its even was nigh ;
 And its moments are numbered—yet stay, ere it goes
 Let's breathe a fond wish for the old year's repose.

Farewell to the good old year !
 Its joys and its sorrows have glided away,
 And only its memories longer can stay ;
 The deep shade of death resteth dark on its brow,
 And we look toward the morning of brighter hope now.

Welcome the glad new year !
 God's blessing upon it ; and, oh, may it bring
 Healing and light from the Holiest's wing—
 Peace from on high to the hearts that are sad ;
 Grateful devotion to hearts that are glad.

Welcome the glad new year !
 And we hopefully press through the untrodden way,
 And look to our God for his blessing each day :
 Glad of his light through the wilderness drear ;
 Thankful for mercies which crown every year.

Wandering Thoughts.

Swift of flight—on airy pinions,
 Roaming over land and sea—
 Idly floating on the zephyr,
 Gliding onward carelessly ;
 Carelessly—while things eternal
 Flash before us constantly !

Resting on each mere acquaintance—
 Busied with the week's new cares—
 Passing pleasures, vaguest dreamland,
 All to wandering thoughts are snares ;
 Bringing discord to our praises—
 Mingling even with our prayers !

Wandering thoughts—to trifles giving
 Time, and energy, and love ;
 Stealing powers the right of heaven,
 Casting clouds our hearts above :
 Wandering thoughts, so still and subtle,
 Bitter foes ye often prove !

Father of all good ! O help us
 When our hearts to thee would speak ;
 Stay the storm of thoughts within us—
 Deathless strength ! O help the weak ;
 Give us constant thoughts, and holy,
 When we bow thy face to seek.

Weeping may endure for a Night.

Through all the dreary night, when stars are hid,
 And the wild winds wail mournfully and low ;
 When the deep silence creeps upon the soul,
 And the long hours drag wearily and slow :
 Then, in the lonely watches, tears may be
 The sole companions God shall send to thee.

For weeping—though it be of anguish born—
 Is one of God's great blessings ! Holy things,
 In gentle lessons, sorrow teaches oft,
 And a calm after-peace to sufferers brings ;
 And the "shorn lamb" bows gratefully at last—
 When the long night of agony is past.

For morn shall break—a joyous, gladsome morn ;
 And the free spirit, after its sad rest,
 Shall soar, with thrilling song, to heaven's high gate,
 And bless the Master-Friend who knoweth best ;
 And the warm walk along the path of light
 Shall be more pleasant for the hours of night.

Therefore, amid thy weeping, learn to trust
 The love that guides a gentle Father's hand—
 And, 'mid the darkness, lean thou on his arm—
 For he shall guide thee to a better land
 Where there is no more weeping—for his love
 Shall wipe all tears away at home above.

I will go with Thee.

There is no loneliness
 For those who have the Highest for their Friend ;
 Whatever path their trusting feet may press,
 He guides them to the end.

Amid the pleasant morn,
 When plenteous dew-drops sparkle in the way,
 And all things smile upon the opening dawn,
 He turneth not away.

And in the noon-tide heat,
 When the world's din breaks loud upon the ear,
 'Mid pressing throngs upon the crowded street,
 Still is the Father near.

So in the peaceful eve,
 When shadows gather, and the day grows dim,
 Our weary hearts the cares of earth may leave,
 And lean for love on him.

Nor in the solemn night
 Need we have fear, if he be standing by ;
 His love can make the deepest darkness light,
 His voice bring ecstasy.

So clasping fast his hand,
 Cheerly along the desert path we go,
 On to the bright celestial Promised Land,
 Where there is no more woe.

My Shepherd.

Guide thou me evermore
 All the green pastures o'er,
 Day after day ;
 Lead thou me tenderly
 Where the sun pleasantly
 Shines on the way.

Where the deep waters flow
 Through the still vales below,
 Sheltered and calm,
 Shepherd, thou ledest me
 While I am joyously
 Singing my psalm.

Danger and distance come
 Darkly before my home—
 Yet wilt thou guide
 Till, where the mansions be,
 I shall my Father see—
 Rest by his side.

Long is the way, and rough,
 Yet have I joy enough—
 Thou art my Friend ;
 Shepherd, I cling to thee ;
 Shepherd, abide with me
 Still to the end !

The Pleasant Way.

"The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places."

"In *pleasant* places?" There have been dark nights
 And stormy passages along the way ;
 Perpetual fadings of earth's dear delights ;
 And dense clouds shrouding the approach of day !

"In *pleasant* places?" Yet there oft have been
 The thorny desert—the bare wilderness ;
 Rank weeds, in place of flowers, upon the scene ;
 And, ringing in the air, cries of distress.

Ay, yes! "in *pleasant* places!" For the storm
 Has only made the after-sunshine sweet ;
 Has only driven me to the shelter warm—
 The nook of safety at the Saviour's feet.

In very "*pleasant* places!" *God* has led,
 And I have followed where he left the light ;
 The way is full of blessing when I tread
 Close after him, and keep him in my sight.

"In *pleasant* places!" He has caused to flow
 Rivers of love beside the path I take ;
 Has brought me from the darkened way below,
 Up to the sunny side, for his love's sake.

And my full heart, now stifling all its pain,
 Sends up a thankful thought to that best Friend ;
 And breathes one prayer—that he will yet remain
 My Guide, my Guardian, even to the end.

Our Confidence.

"Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh. For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken."—PROVERBS iii. 25, 26.

"The Lord shall be thy confidence" when fall
The terror and the darkness of the night ;
When dark clouds spread as a funereal pall,
And hide from thy rough path the rays of light.

"The Lord shall be thy confidence" whene'er
There gathers round thine aching, shrinking head
The o'erhanging storm of weakness and of fear,
And thou art stumbling 'neath the weight of dread.

"The Lord shall be thy confidence" when, lone,
Thou passest on the dim unlighted way—
When those who blessed thee with their love are gone,
And joy is taken from the weary day.

"The Lord shall be thy confidence" in life,
Whene'er thou falterest in the trying scene,
Whene'er thou shrinkest from the battle's strife,
His angel passeth thee and woe between.

"The Lord shall be thy confidence" in death,
When the dark waters rise above thy brow ;
When shorter grows the last departing breath ;
And will support thee, even then, as now.

Fear not, fear not, O Christian ! Joyfully
Pass on thy journey—gladly hasten thence
And sing, with heart and lip, most gratefully,
The Lord thy joy—the Lord our confidence.

The Lord is Risen.

Rejoice, the Lord is risen! No darkened tomb
 Holds the Redeemer from our eager eyes;
 A light from heaven has beamed upon the gloom;
 The cloud has fallen from the smiling skies!
 Redeeming love lights up the pleasant way;
 A burst of song should rend the air to-day!

The Lord is risen. And, for our darksome night,
 There is the angel sitting at the cave;
 There is the cheering voice, the shining light,
 When we, too, make our sojourn in the grave.
 Oh! glorious thought! Death's paleness on the brow
 Need bring our hearts no fearful terror now!

Rejoice, the Lord is risen! Our Saviour reigns—
 High in the court of heaven he lives—our King—
 And we who love him may forget our pains,
 While, with a joyful song, his praise we sing.
 Soon, at his feet, may we in homage bow
 And worship him—not sinfully, as now!

The Lord is risen. O, gladly may we press
 Along the path that to his presence leads,
 For there are flowers amid our wilderness—
 Soft-gushing founts, and dewy, fragrant meads.
 On, brothers, on—for we shall shortly rise,
 And dwell with Jesus, there beyond the skies.

Thou God seest Me.

Thou seest me, O God,
 In the parched day, amid the wilderness,
 When, tired with burning steps already trod,
 I closer to thee press.

And when my treasures die—
 Fall from my side, and languish withering—
 O God, thou hear'st my heart's despairing cry ;
 Thou mak'st the fount to spring.

Dim grow the gentle eyes
 That, in past years, so loved to look on me ;
 But, far beyond the lofty azure skies,
 Father, my heart seeks thee.

And, as I look around,
 My faith grows stronger, for I feel thee near ;
 And, listening, I catch the joyful sound
 That tells me I am dear.

Dear unto thee, my God !
 So dear, thou keep'st me ever in thy sight ;
 And a glad song arises from the sod—
 Glad e'en in darkest night.

A song of thy great love,
 O thou, who cheer'st the lonely wilderness ;
 And, Father, guide me to thy throne above,
 Close to thy side to press !

The Well in the Wilderness.

I sat me down and wept, for I had marched
 A long and weary way amid the wilds ;
 Joy's water spent, my lips grew hot and parched
 As the lone Hagar's and her dying child's.

One only treasure clasped I to my breast ;
 But, as the sere leaves droop in autumn-tide,
 So faded that, and, in my grief's unrest,
 Despair awoke, and mocked me as I sighed.

No longer could I hope's bright blossom keep,
 My quivering heart was with sharp sorrow riven ;
 And from my troubled spirit's stormy deep
 There surged a wild and wistful cry to heaven.

Then holy fingers cooled my aching eyes ;
 And to my ears there floated melody
 Of gushing waters, and I strove to rise
 And see what angel-hands had brought to me.

And lo ! a well amid the wilderness !
 And, as I drank, new life leapt through my frame
 And joy came back in all its blessedness ;
 So was I strengthened, calling on God's name.

Now cheerily I tread the trackless way—
 For, though the desert-sands be hot and drear,
 No trials now my strong heart shall dismay :
I know God's fount of love is springing near !

The Sleepers.

(Written in the Northampton Cemetery.)

How sweetly, tranquilly they rest, the sleeping, dreamless dead !
The verdant turf and perfumed flowers above the silent head,
The leaves drop quietly around the hushed and darkened home,
And far above them peacefully is stretched heaven's azure
dome.

The ears close sealed to human sounds hear not the merry noise
Of voices from the busy town, now shouting of their joys ;
Light feet trip near their resting-place, and happy hearts are
near,

But stirless are the slumberers within the graveland drear.

The fragrant scent of countless flowers has filled the spring-
tide air,

And youth and beauty love to walk 'mid scenes so calm and
fair ;

But even here amid the graves light hearts are passing by,
And who can fully realize how soon *we* too may die ?

But ah ! death stays not to inquire if any wish to go,
Ere he his fatal javelin with certain aim doth throw ;
And some, perchance, who silently repose beneath our feet
Were hurried from the beauteous earth while yet they were
unmeet.

Here lie some sin-encrusted brows ; oh, did they bend to lave
Their temples in the fountain which from sin can cleanse and
save ?

And here are aged, frosted heads, amid their garnered lore—
Had the sweet story of the cross been read and pondered o'er ?

Here is the fair white brow, fond lips were used so oft to kiss ;
 Oh, had the swelling heart e'er throbb'd beneath a holier bliss ?
 Here lies the strong and manly breast ; oh, had it ever proved
 How worthy was the Saviour-Friend to be adored and loved ?

Some *died in Jesus*, and they know a calm, unbroken rest,
 Amid the glories of their home, upon his loving breast ;
 And sweet and low the call to them to leave earth's dark abode,
 And mount on angel-pinions to the mansion of their God.

How must the call have startled some amid the twilight dim,
 Who had not loved the Holiest, who had no Friend in him !
 But careless of the agony that would have bid him stay,
 From strongest and most loving arms, Death bore his guests
 away !

Oh, when for *us* this summons comes, and we as low must lie,
 God help us that we be not then all unprepared to die ;
 But ransomed by a Saviour's blood, saved by his precious *grace*,
 In yonder cloudless home of love, oh, may we find a place !

Enthans.

(" Given of God.")

God's love-gifts fall in showers
 Where'er on this vast earth his children be,
 As plentiful as summer's wild-wood flowers,
 As beautiful and free.

Bright with the morning's sun ;
 Arrayed with gladness in the cloudless noon ;
 Tinged with joy's gloaming when the day is done ;
 And peaceful 'neath the moon.

God's hand is never slow ;
 He wreathes our dwellings with his smiles of love ;
 And the Elnathans, wheresoe'er we go,
 Are given us from above.

Such are the hearts that cling
 In faithful fondness ever unto ours ;
 The eloquent eye, the kindly hands that fling
 Love's sunbeams o'er the hours.

The present gemm'd with joy ;
 The happy, buoyant heart that knows no thrall ;
 A future's prospect, having no alloy ;
 These are Elnathans all.

Nor less God's sacred gift—
 The dread on-looking for the coming ill ;
 The tearful heart, by some great sorrow rift,
 That knows not to be still.

Good gifts they are always ;
 May we feel satisfied, whate'er they be,
 And take them ever with a burst of praise,
 Giver of good, to thee !

We all do fade as a Leaf.

Even the fair-haired child—the bright and happy dancing boy,
 Living, enwalled by strength of love, his life of cloudless joy ;
 Gay as the morning sunbeam—bright as dew upon the glade—
 Yet the icy breath of autumn comes, and *he* is seen to fade :

All careless of the mourning ones who spend their sobs of
grief—

Hearing the calling voice of God—he droopeth with the leaf.

And she, the beautiful, whom arms of deathless love enfold,
Whose words and smiles more precious are than countless
stores of gold,

The life that blessed others—shall it not be spared to bless ?
Will not God hear the wild, wild cries which at his footstool
press ?

He knoweth best—the fading time must slowly, surely come ;
The loved, the beautiful, the good, he gathers to his home.

And he, the strong and manly one, of lofty mien and form,
Who, in past years, has breasted many a chilling winter's
storm,

When the breath of God has blown above, silent and helpless
lies ;

Death stills the throbbing generous heart—death seals the
brilliant eyes :

And he is borne, as autumn leaves, to the cold and silent earth,
Deep sleeping till, in God's good time, there comes a nobler
birth.

Thus fade we all—as fade the flowers—the beautiful, the
young,

Soon as the feeble, who long years in sight of death have hung !
Forth goes the fiat and we droop, as droop the sodden leaves,
When autumn wind its piercing sigh amid the darkness heaves.
Oh, may we all, prepared to go, his mighty summons wait,
Whose voice shall call the sleepers to the heavenly golden gate !

Through God we shall do Valiantly.

Christians, in God be strong,
 And fearlessly go forth to join the fight;
 The day of conflict will not linger long,
 Fast cometh on the night.

Therefore lose not the time,
 Waste not an hour in fears or questionings,
 Soldiers for God—ye have a call sublime;
 Press on to greater things.

Faint not along the way:
 Drink of God's founts that by the wayside gush;
 And strength shall nerve ye for the fiercest day,
 When the wild war-notes rush.

Hosts have encamped about,
 But ye are armed by weapons mightiest;
 Be not dismayed by the foe's boasting shout,
 For ye by God are blest.

Fight on in God's great name!
 Ye shall not be the vanquished. Ye shall come
 Enwreathed with crowns of an immortal fame
 Into the King's fair home.

Fight ye his foes, and hurl
 His enemies into the silent dust;
 The shining banner of the cross unfurl,
 Ye, who your Sovereign trust.

Ye cannot fail—go on,
 For God shall make you brave, and strong, and wise,
 Ye, when the fight is o'er, the victory won,
 Shall rest above the skies.

Our Friend.

“Henceforth I call you not servants, . . . but *I have called you friends.*”

His friends—who rules the universe,

Who fills the angels' song ;

Before whose feet in lowliness

Earth's best and mightiest throng ?

His friends—whom stormy sea obeyed,

Who woke the unconscious dead,

And shook the affrighted universe,

As bowed his royal head ?

Friends—to be pitied, loved, forgiven

In all our weaknesses ?

Friends—to be tended, soothed, and healed

In all our sicknesses ?

To have our hot tears kissed away—

Our storms of sorrow hushed ?

Friends—to be ever near to him

From whom such love-words gushed ?

Friends—to be smiled upon, though frowns

Are on each face beside ?

Friends—to be gently chidden, when

From the straight way we glide ?

Friends—to be watched in danger's night,
 And cheered in sorrow's day?
 Protected, guided, helped, and fed
 Along the heavenward way?

Friends—to have access to his love
 In every hour of woe—
 To hide within his heart the wants
 Which none but he may know?
 To tell him everything that wounds—
 Nor e'er in time of need
 Be sent unsatisfied away?
 Ah! "this is love indeed!"

O Jesus! didst thou mean all this?
 Yea, Saviour-Friend, we prove,
 E'en in this life so incomplete,
 How thou thy friends dost love.
 O! help us, that we love thee more,
 Nor grieve thee by our sin,
 Till thou shalt call us nearer still
 The golden gates within.

They knew not that I Healed Them.

Hesek. xi. 3.

The way is strewn with faint and sick,
 They lie along the rough road-side,
 The evening shadows gather thick,
 And where shall all these wounded hide?
 A voice replied in the still air,
 "Betake yourselves to solemn prayer."

So knelt we, where the mists and damp
 Fell coldly on each low-bowed head,
 And ceasing from the weary tramp,
 Sought we a placid rest instead.
 Prayer is repose ; and, tranquil, thus
 We saw what God could do for us.

One who was bowed with dire strong pain,
 Slept sweetly through the silent night,
 Grew rested, strong, and brave again,
 Ere dawned the morning's silvery light ;
 His brow was cleared, his bright eyes shone,
 And once more gladness filled his tone.

One whose dim eyes wept burning tears
 O'er withered loves, and blighted hopes,
 Had happy dreams of by-gone years,
 Of sunny bowers, and flowery slopes—
 An hour of sweet refreshing threw
 Upon his life a fairer hue.

Another, groping 'mid the night
 After the Saviour's loving hand,
 Was startled with a flood of light
 And saw Christ close beside him stand—
 Drank in fresh life, and, more than this,
 Saw all his woe melt into bliss.

So, one by one, we all were healed
 Of whatsoe'er disease we had ;
 The fountains of our grief were sealed,
 The sorrowful were all made glad—
 So passed the night, and with the morn
 New hopes, new smiles, new joys were born.

We march along the sunnier way,
 Alas! alas! what thoughts have we
 For him who staid and still will stay
 Beside us in our misery?
 We take with smiles the happier lot—
 The Healer is too soon forgot!

Wait Upon God.

“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.”

O wait upon the Lord,
 There are sharp briars on the steep hillside,
 And many a jagged stone thy strength has tried;
 Thy feet grow weary, and thy spirits fail;
 But fervent prayer has power that must prevail,
 And O, when Christians many dangers meet,
 They find a shelter at the mercy-seat.

O wait upon the Lord.
 Thy strength is perfect weakness. Thou hast been
 Where it has failed thee in each trying scene;
 And now trust not thyself, but lowly fall,
 And on the Mighty in thy weakness call:
 For they that wait on God renew their strength
 And gain the goal for which they strive at length

O wait upon the Lord,
 The everlasting Father fainteth not,
 And those who seek his face are unforget:

Lean upon him, thou weary, fainting one,
 He will support thee when all else is gone ;
 Sweet are his words of love, and thou shalt see
 How tenderly the Father cares for thee.

O wait upon the Lord,
 Lest in thy folly thou shouldst turn from him,
 Or let the prospect of thy home grow dim ;
 Lest in the wilderness thou seek thy rest,
 And care not for the Father's sheltering breast.
 The tempter's eyes are on thee. Turn away,
 And pressing near thy God, O Christian, pray.

O wait upon the Lord,
 Glad shall the day be, radiant with his love,
 And sweet the pictures of the joy above ;
 And he will fill thy soul with holy things,
 Will give thee even here an angel's wings
 To mount, borne on by faith, to see the land
 Where with the ransomed thou shalt one day stand.

O wait upon the Lord,
 And thou shalt run with joy the Christian race,
 Shalt haste to see the Saviour's smiling face ;
 Shalt walk the onward way, nor weary grow,
 And more and more Divine compassion know ;
 Shalt sing the pilgrim's glad exulting song,
 And march with light and eager steps along.

All in all.

Friend of the friendless! Hear us sigh to thee,
 Thou ever near!

Who in dark wilds grope faint and wearily,
 To thee are dear;

Answer with loving words the feeble moan
 Of those who cling unto *thy* love alone.

Strength of the strengthless! By the rough roadside
 Footsore we lie;

The strong and buoyant o'er the pathway glide—
We droop and die;

Thy strength, Almighty, to thy weak ones lend,
 So that the mountain-steeps we may ascend.

Hope of the hopeless! When earth's flickering lights
 Are early set,

Be thou with us amid the stormy nights:
 Leave us not yet:

Be thou our changeless hope, and light us on
 Till doubt, and fear, and darkness shall be gone.

Rest of the restless! Wheresoe'er we turn
 Our joy is rent;

Our fainting spirits for a rest-place yearn,
 By sorrow spent:

Oh, on thy loving bosom shelter those
 Whose low-breathed prayer is ever for repose.

Home of the homeless! As we wander here,
 No shelter nigh,

Dust-stained and foot-sore in the desert drear,
 To thee we cry :
 Enclose us in thine arms, while yet we roam ;
 Be thou our habitation—thou our home.

Be fainteth not, neither is weary.

Our hearts on him have leaned
 Up the wild steeps of rugged wilderness,
 And, drinking in his tender words, have gleaned
 Comfort for all distress.

We, weary, fall asleep ;
 He fills his resting ones with holy dreams :
 While his unwearied eyes their kind watch keep,
 Heaven comes to us in gleams.

How many, many years
 Our burdens have been laid on him, and yet
 His strong arm faileth not, and 'mid our fears
 He never will forget !

Oh, how unlike to us ;
 We are so strengthless—he so passing strong,
 Who, in his boundless care, hath loved us thus
 So tenderly and long !

Oh, let us never bear
 Alone our crushing weight of misery,
 But cast it on him, in the hour of prayer,
 Whose love will make us free.

The More Blessed.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Yes, 'tis a holy thing to *give*! To bring
 The flash of joy into a languid eye,
 And watch the flush of grateful pleasure spring
 To the pale cheek for eloquent reply;
 'Tis creature-like to take—but to bestow
 Is loftiest joy that human hearts may know.

Blessed to *give* from the heart's hoard of wealth
 The golden coins of love and tenderness—
 To see another's spirit bound to health,
 And fling away its garment of distress—
 Blessed to call to life contentment's smile—
 Ay, though the heart within thirsts on meanwhile.

Thrice bless'd to walk the earth as Jesus did,
 And be the sorrow-stricken's comforter—
 To soothe the pain that from the world lies hid,
 And stay the griefs that 'neath the tempest stir:
 Thus seeking, not our own, but others' good,
 Live for the welfare of the brotherhood.

Oh! were we not so often self-enwrapped,
 Life were a brighter and a happier time;
 The "sunbeams of pure joy would be entrapped,"
 And we should be more Christ-like and sublime.
 Lord Jesus! teach us all this blessedness,
 As feebly in thy footsteps we would press.

Our Light.

"The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light."—ISAIAH lx. 19.

Be *our* light, O Lord !
 Clinging to thy Word,
 Forth we go to paths untrodden,
 Mountains parched, or valleys sodden :
 Nor our steps delay ;
 Trusting thee alway.

Shine amid the night
 Of our sorrow's night ;
 Thou canst make our spirits fearless,
 Though the onward track be cheerless :
 Joy our hearts shall fill,
 If thou bless us still.

Knowing not the right—
 Give us, Lord, thy light
 When the ways are hid before us !
 Let the fiery cloud shine o'er us,
 So we may not stray
 In the world's bye-way.

Oh ! where'er we roam,
 Light our passage home !
 Mists of sin around us gather,
 Oh, disperse them, heavenly Father :
 Be thou still our Light
 Till there's no more night.

In Thee do I put My Trust.

Amid the mists that loom
 Up from the mountain of my shaded life,
 I lift to thee this song from out the gloom—
 Oh! thou who stay'st the strife!

Dangers have thronged around,
 And the frail heart has throbb'd its piteous cry;
 But at thy feet has sweetest rest been found,
 Father—for ever high!

And now the intricate way
 Lies all concealed from my o'er-eager eyes;
 But, Holiest! my heart would on thee stay,
 Whatever may arise.

Thy loving hand has been
 My shelter in the darksome wilderness;
 My shield amid life's battle-hour—my screen
 In every new distress.

And now I trust in thee—
 Thou, thou my feet the onward path shalt lead;
 Be thou, O God, a present Friend to me
 In every urgent need.

Lo, cheerily I press
 Along the lighted path beneath thy smile,
 Until I reach thy home of blessedness
 After "a little while."

The Blessed.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

We have not seen thee, Lord! Amid the night
 We grope for thee, with eager, outstretched hands;
 But thou art hidden from our mortal sight—
 Which is too weak to scan the shining bands:
 We see thee not, our Saviour, though 'twould be
 Such bliss to linger face to face with thee.

And yet we have believed. Our faith's weak grasp
 Has clung to thee, and will not let thee go;
 Closer and firmer grows the loving clasp
 Of hands and hearts that something of thee know:
 We feel thou art our Saviour-Friend, and fling
 Our all beneath the shelter of thy wing.

And *we are* blessed, Lord! Thy words are true—
 Flashes of sunshine dance along our way;
 And, though the mists of earth hide thee from view,
 Our yearning hearts can turn aside and pray:
 And the o'ershadowing of joy from thee
 Is a foretaste of what our heaven shall be.

O bless us more and more! Breathe yet again
 This benediction in thy mighty love,
 So that, while yet we far from thee remain,
 Our eager gaze may turn to thee above:
 Thus bless us till we see thee, where can come
 Shadow nor distance—glad with thee *at home*.

Homeward.

There's a sound of feet in the desert track—
Eager feet that would not turn back ;
That firmly press on, where the thorns are found ;
Buoyant feet that are homeward-bound.

There's a sound of song in the twilight dim,
A thrilling sound of a sacred hymn ;
And the pilgrims' marching feet keep time
To the measure of that melodious chime !

Alike in the densest shades of night,
And the hottest glare of the noontide light,
On they press up the rough hillside ;
On, still on, through the valleys wide.

And they scarcely stay where the waters gush ;
Scarcely rest in the night's deep hush ;
Scarcely gather the flowers around ;
Steadily on move the "homeward-bound."

For their Father's house in the distance lies,
And thither turn the aspiring eyes ;
The thought of greetings and welcome there,
Wooes them on to its turrets fair.

So cheerily pass the homeward-bound
Through the stranger's land, where griefs abound,
For a little while, and the pilgrim feet
Will rest where the ransomed and holy meet.

“Thou art near, O Lord.”

Yes, thou art ever near!
 O great Invisible! O God of love!
 Though all beside should leave us lonely here,
 Yet thou wilt not remove.

Amid the thickest night,
 As in the sunshine of the brilliant day,
 Nothing can hide us from thy piercing sight,
 Or turn thine eyes away.

Thy mighty hand will clear
 The mists and shadows from the path we tread;
 Thy sheltering wing in danger's hour be near
 Our hearts to overspread.

Amid the sudden rush
 Of the dark waves of sorrow we will stay,
 And call upon thy name, whose voice can hush,
 Whose hand can still their sway.

Thou, Lord, art ever near!
 This is our comfort, this our ceaseless song;
 Speak to us, Lord, and gladly, without fear,
 We pass dark ways along.

Guide Me by Thy Counsel.

Guide thou my wandering feet,
 Father of love divine and holiness;
 Direct my steps where heavenly pathways meet,
 That the right way I press.

Father, my eyes are dim ;
 But thine can pierce amid the darkest night ;
 Hear thou my feebly-uttered plaintive hymn ;
 Guide thou my feet aright.

Let me not go astray ;
 In weakness, Lord, I linger as I go ;
 But keep me ever in the narrow way,
 And shelter me from woe.

Give me a word of *thine*
 Whene'er the uncertain path shall chill my heart ;
 I am thy child—be thou, dear Father, mine,
 Though all beside depart.

“ So Wearied.”

“ So wearied.” And he closed his eyes and sweetly sank to rest ;
 Safe folded in the shelter of the Saviour's loving breast ;
 He fell asleep in Jesus' arms, forgetting all the strife
 Which had foamed and roared around him in his busy day of
 life.

So weary of the hollow sounds of empty, heartless mirth ;
 So weary of the vexing cares of this all-troubled earth ;
 So weary of his sin and woe, so weary of his night ;
 So weary of the long dark hours without a ray of light.

So weary, and he resteth now upon the golden shore,
 Where sin and sorrow enter not, where death is known no more ;
 Where the ransomed ones reposing lie in love's eternal arms—
 Where the poor tried heart shall start no more at grief's all-wild
 alarms.

The Remembered.

"I do earnestly remember him still."—Jas. xxxi. 20.

"*Forgotten—all forgotten!*" His hairs were thin and white;
The hand of age had touched his eyes, and dimmed their fading
sight;

His hearth was cold and loveless; his friends would no more
come

And sing the mirthful songs of youth, within his desolate home.

"Forgotten—all forgotten!" so sighed the weary soul;

But a kind hand stilled the bleeding heart—the sufferer was
made whole:

The Heavenly King remembered him, and, with strong cords of
love,

He set the solitary man in his family above.

"*There's not a heart to care for me.*" He had run the ways of sin,
Had sown the wind, and now he reaped the whirlwind dire
within.

But Ephraim's God had followed him, and could not give him up,
E'en though he staid to drain the dregs of sin's inviting cup—

"*I surely will have mercy.*" Light shone round the mercy-seat—
The prodigal returned, and lay beside his Father's feet.

Pardoned, caressed, and strengthened, sings he now a glad new
song,

Whom love has wooed to happiness, and saved from grief and
wrong.

Forgotten? nay, repining one, *the Lord* will not forget,

Thou'rt safe within the pitying heart that never failed thee yet;

Thou hast forgotten him—perchance thou fear'st to see him now,
With the desolation at thy heart, the sin-stains on thy brow;

But he remembers thee in love, his kind eyes follow thee,
 He will unbind thy heavy chains, and make thee glad and free;
 Fear not thy friend, but cast thyself upon the Father's love,
 His arms shall guide thee tenderly to the sinless realm above.

“ I Know My Sheep.”

Yes, we are known to thee,
 O Shepherd of our souls, thou Saviour kind;
 Dark, sin-stained, and polluted though we be,
 Thou bear'st us in thy mind.

Where'er our footsteps stray,
 Thou keep'st thine eye of love upon us still,
 Whether we wander through the pleasant way
 Or up the steep, bleak hill.

Thou knowest, in thy love,
 All, all that comes to us while here below—
 All that is written of our lives above—
 Which we may never know.

O Guardian of thy fold!
 When strangers' eyes pass o'er us vacantly,
 And e'en the eyes of love grow dim and cold,
 'Tis sweet to turn to thee;—
 And feel thou know'st it all,
 And sendest it, because it is the best;
 Then listen for thy voice, which soon shall call
 To thee, and home, and rest.

The Lord is Risen.

Sing aloud in joyful strain,
 Christian hearts—forget your pain :
 Borne upon a car of light
 To the dazzling heavenly height ;
 Christ has risen from his throne ;
 Smiles he sweetly on his own.

There is now no lonesome cave,
 There is now no darksome grave ;
 Christ has shed a flood of light
 On death's silent, dreary night ;
 He has turned the night to day,
 He has plucked the sting away.

Christ is risen, Hope is born,
 Gladly sing, O hearts forlorn !
 Ye shall kneel, and lose your grief,
 He is strong to send relief ;
 Worship with the countless throng,
 Join the seraphs' happy song.

Christ is risen ! shout the strain
 To the angels back again !
 Send it all around the earth,
 Waken songs of holy mirth :
 Christ is risen from the grave,
 Christ is risen, strong to save.

A Garland for May.

Weave a bright garland, a garland for May,
 Gather the flowers that are fragrant and gay ;
 Twine them, those beautiful pictures of spring,
 Hung round our earth by the hands of the King ;
 Yea, twine them about every desolate brow,
 And make the land echo with laughter-sounds now.

Weave a bright garland, a garland for May ;
 Pluck from the garden's most gorgeous array,
 Gather from hedgerow, and gather from field,
 And let the old forests their gayest gifts yield :
 Bring the sweet flowers, and make the earth ring
 With praise to our Father who giveth the spring.

Weave a bright garland, a garland for May,
 But not all of flowers that must wither away ;
 Bring the flower of Content, bring the blossom of Love,
 Be the fragrance of Gratitude wafted above :
 Let the plant of Humility send forth its flowers,
 And the tree of Benevolence crown the bright hours.

Weave a bright garland, a garland for May,
 And the young birds shall sing and the insects shall play ;
 The clear sparkling river shall laugh in its glee,
 And the sunbeams shall dance on the silvery sea ;
 And we with glad spirits will thankfully pray
 To our Father in Heaven who maketh the May.

Universal Praise.

"Let the heavens and earth praise him . . . both young men and maidens,
old men and children : let them praise the name of the Lord."

Spring's soft healthful dropping showers,
All the thousand perfumed flowers,
Bursting buds on waving trees,
Young leaves bowing to the breeze,
Green grass springing from the sod—
Are they not all praising God ?

Evening drooping its soft lid,
Gurgling streams in shadow hid,
Ocean-waves with mighty roar,
Zephyrs sighing on the shore,
Warbling birds on eager wings—
Praise they not the King of kings ?

Clouds, by stormy monarchs driven,
All the wondrous lights of heaven,
Sun and moon, and planets bright,
Morn and even, day and night,
Praise him—if with silent voice—
Who has made the worlds rejoice.

Ye who love him then arise ;
Let your praises pierce the skies ;
Take not with a thankless hand
Gifts which come at his command :
Bring to him your grateful lays,
Be your lives one song of praise.

Young men with the joy of youth,
 Maidens with the light of truth,
 Old men with your trembling tongues,
 Children with your merry songs,
 Bring the spirit's gratitude ;
 " Praise the Lord, for he is good."

Home-Sick.

I am longing for a sight of the old familiar place,
 Longing for a gaze at the dear familiar face,
 Longing for the grasp of an ever-hearty hand,
 Longing for the welcome of the little household band :
 Longing for a ramble in the green old woods again—
 For a quiet stroll at even in the shady winding lane—
 For a seat beneath the whispering leaves, among the perfumed
 flowers,
 Where the nightingale trills forth its song, and the music falls
 in showers :

Longing even more for the Fatherland above,
 Where the unquiet yearning heart shall have *enough* of love ;
 Longing for the evergreens on the everlasting hills—
 Longing for the happy land where there are no more chills :

Longing for the safety of the blessed home in heaven,
 Longing for the rest to the weary pilgrim given,
 Longing for the Saviour's voice to welcome me above,
 Longing for the Father's smile of kind forgiving love.

They Praise Him Day and Night.

They are perfectly blest—the redeemed and the free—
 Who are resting in joy by the smooth glassy sea;
 They breathed here on earth all their sorrowful sighs,
 And Jesus has kissed all the tears from their eyes.

They are happy at home! They have learnt the new song,
 And warble it sweetly amid the glad throng;
 No faltering voices, no discords are there—
 The melodious praises swell high through the air.

There falls not on them the deep silence of night,
 They never grow weary—ne'er fadeth the light;
 Throughout the long day new hosannahs they raise,
 And express their glad thoughts in exuberant praise.

E'en thus would we praise thee, dear Saviour divine—
 We too would be with thee—loved children of thine;
 O teach us, that we may sing perfectly there
 When we too are called to that city so fair.

Jehovah-Shalom.

Judges vi. 24.

“*The Lord send peace*” to those whose trembling hands
 Rear altars where the Master's face was seen,
 Who meet him even in these sin-stained lands,
 And talk with him, with scarce a veil between,
 And when joy's fountain-waters overflow,
 God give them of his holy calm to know.

“*The Lord send peace*” to mighty men and strong,
 Who, Gideon-like, go forth to dare the fight,
 Who wrest earth’s treasured kingdoms from the wrong,
 And place the conqueror’s crown upon the right.
 They are but men, and when *their* strength shall fail,
 “The Lord send peace,” and let *his* strength prevail.

“*The Lord send peace*” to all the faint and weak,
 Who, maimed and wounded, lie along the way ;
 They, too, the Master’s glory fondly seek,
 Although they, dying, fall before the fray :
 God pity them in their deep wretchedness,
 And give his smile, though he withhold success !

“*The Lord send peace*” to those who bear the storm—
 The whirlwind of the world about their bark !
 God bring them safely to the shelter warm—
 The calm and holy refuge of his ark :
 God breathe his blessing, melting all their care,
 And wrapping the tired hearts in restful prayer.

“*The Lord send peace*” to those whose shrinking feet
 Stand where the Jordan-waves dash on the shore ;
 May they be borne on wings of angels fleet
 Unhurt, unruffled, to the shining door,
 Scarce conscious of the thickening gloom of night
 Ere their glad eyes behold the eternal light.

“Jehovah-Shalom !” We are tossed and torn
 By terror, by despair, by storms of woe :
 Life’s battle-fields are rough ; and we are worn,

And desolate, and fainting here below :
 Yet, Lord, we trust thee—thou wilt bid all cease,
 And hush our spirits with sweet words of peace.

Thou Visitest the Earth, and Waterest it.

Thou hear'st thy people cry, O Father loving !
 Thou seest the eyes that look before and weep ;
 Thou sendest healthful drops, to all hearts proving
 Thou wilt thy children ever safely keep.

Thou waterest the earth with gentle showers ;
 They fall upon the dry and dusty sod,
 And gratefully the little laughing flowers
 Look up in their sweet mirth toward our God.

Not angrily but kindly thou dost treat us,
 Who often murmur, and who trust thee not ;
 Fresh every morning do thy love-gifts meet us,
 We, the ungrateful, are the unforgot.

Yet would we thank thee for the showers of gladness,
 Which make the corn to spring before our eyes—
 The corn which soon shall chase away our sadness,
 And bear our blessing to the azure skies.

Thou satisfiest all our need. Thou bringest
 Hope to our dwellings—joy to every breast.
 Father, we thank thee that thou ever flingest
 The need we long for; may we love thee best !

Behold, Thou art there.

Where the night is darkest ;
 Where the shadows fall ;
 Where the deeps of sorrow
 To each other call ;
 Where the storm rings loudest
 In the startled air ;
 Where the arrow fieth—
 Thou, O Lord, art there !

Where the rock is sharpest
 O'er the foaming deep ;
 Where the path is narrow,
 And the hillside steep ;
 Where the light discloses
 Danger everywhere
 To the weak and fearful—
 Thou, O Lord, art there !

Where the flesh is weakest,
 And the spirit faint ;
 Where the heart forsaken
 Breathes its moaning plaint ;
 Where the grief is longest,
 And the comfort bare—
 Pitying and healing,
 Thou, O Lord, art there !

Where the sighs are deepest ;
 Where the hot tears lie ;
 There the sad and lonely
 For thy presence cry ;

Where amid the silence
 Breaks a whispered prayer ;
Where thy children need thee,
Father, thou art there.

Evening Meditation.

Go forth to the fields with thy burden of thought,
 When the evening's cool shadows lie thick on the earth,
 And the calm peaceful season of rest shall be fraught
 With a pleasure unknown in the circles of mirth.

Go forth to the fields when the daylight is dim,
 And the breeze of the summer shall fan the tired brow ;
 The heart shall grow light, and the sweet evening hymn
 Shall burst from the lips that close mournfully now.

Go forth to the fields with the dew on their sod,
 And let thy thoughts soar to the heaven above ;
 Rise, rise from the earth and commune with thy God,
 And rest in the calm of his shadowless love.

Thou shalt see him beyond the fast-deepening skies,
 Thou shalt hear his still voice in the whispering trees ;
 Thou mayst send up thy prayers, and receive his replies,
 Thou mayst feel he is near in the soft-swelling breeze.

Go forth to the fields far away from the strife,
 And hear what the Father shall say unto thee ;
 And take to thy heart all his lessons of life,
 Which shall make thee more humble, more happy, more free.

Give ear to my prayer, O God.

When the shades of night
 Flee before the light—
 In the gladness and the dawning
 Of the brilliant birth of morning—
 When I kneel and pray
 Turn not thou away!

'Mid the woe and din,
 'Mid the strife and sin,
 Of the day through noontide wearing;
 When my heavy burden bearing,
 Weary, worn, and faint—
 Hear, O God, my plaint!

When the peaceful eve
 Doth its shadows weave;
 And my heart is sin-encrusted,
 Evil bright, and good all rusted;
 Saviour, be thou nigh,
 Hear my sin-sick cry!

'Mid the silence deep
 Of a world asleep;
 When my spirit yearns to meet thee,
 And amid the darkness greet thee;
 Through the startled air,
 Highest, hear my prayer!

For a holier strife ;
 For a better life ;
 For the peace of sin forgiven ;
 For a happy hope of heaven ;
 For thy presence near,
 Father, lend thine ear !

Surely the People is Grass.

The green grass has smiled through the beautiful spring ;
 It has sheltered the birds that were tired on the wing ;
 It has drunk the health-drops from the bountiful sky,
 Has been moved by the breath of the wind's mournful sigh.

But the mower's keen scythe flashes bright in the air,
 And cuts down with each stroke what was lovely and fair ;
 The bright grass falls mournfully low on the ground,
 Lying withered and scorched where its beauty was found.

And surely the people is grass. For the breath
 Fleeth far at the touch of the cold hand of death ;
 The mower is mowing ; his scythe, as it swings,
 Lays low as the grass all our beautiful things.

The mower is mowing, and yet as *we* fall
 The voices of angels melodiously call ;
 And when we are cut from the valley of strife,
 We shall bloom in the garden of glorious life :

Where the ring of the scythe shall be heard nevermore,
 Where death and its long reign of terror are o'er ;
 Where the days are all splendidly bright as they pass,
 And the prophet ne'er sighs that the people is grass.

“ It is I—be not afraid.”

In the midst of the swelling and boisterous sea,
 Spending the long dark night are we ;
 Watching the faint star's fitful ray ;
 Sighing aloud for delaying day :
 And our bark is tossed by the treacherous wave,
 With none to pity, and none to save.

We have toiled all night against wind and rain—
 When will the bright day break again ?
 But looking out on the water's waste,
 We descry a figure toward us haste ;
 And a sickening dread has our spirits thrilled,
 And the nameless terror our pulse has stilled.

But listen ! Beloved, we know *that* voice—
 It has made our sorrowful hearts rejoice ;
 It bids us cast off the yoke of fear,
 And welcome our Friend and Redeemer here :
 Joy for the voyagers ! Christ has come ;
 And the storm is hushed—we are nearing home !

We are nearing home, and Christ is here !
 Saviour, we knew thee not in our fear ;
 But come thou with us—for our way shall be
 Placid, and holy, and bright with thee ;
 Speak to our spirits and fear will cease ;
 Speak, and our hearts shall be filled with peace.

Seeking a Better Country.

On, in the morn's first pleasant smile ;
 On, in the heat of the blazing noon ;
 On, when the twilight's shades beguile ;
 On, 'neath the light of the midnight moon.
 Sing they the pilgrims' marching song,
 That little band with their banners high,
 As with steady feet they press along
 To the King's fair palace beyond the sky.
 They have left the graves of their loves behind,
 Their fairest treasures are buried deep ;
 Their hopes are scattered by storm and wind,
 And tearful watchers their vigils keep :
 They have no home 'mid the pastures fair,
 No resting place when the dew-drops fall ;
 But they hasten home, for their rest is there,
 And they follow the Master's clarion call.
 They go to the bright long-promised land :
 Shall this tear-dimmed world steal their hearts away ?
 They will join the holy angelic band :
 Shall the sinful, the faithless, win their stay ?
 They will dwell amid beautiful fadeless flowers :
 Shall the weeds of the desert please their eyes ?
 They go where love lights the deathless hours :
 Should they ever halt 'mid these vanities ?
 Nay, nay ; they peer through the shadows dim,
 And see the towers of the Father's home ;
 They listen, and catch the distant hymn
 Which bids them to endless glory come.

On, in the morn's first pleasant smile ;
 On, in the heat of the blazing noon ;
 On, when the twilight dews beguile,
 Home they press—they will reach it soon.

Out of the Depths have I cried unto Thee.

Out of the dark, wild depths—the depths that roll
 In swelling torrents o'er my shrinking soul—
 Up, through the roaring billows' wild unrest,
 Father, my weary head has sought thy breast.

Out of the ever-raging deeps of grief,
 The bitter sorrows, knowing no relief,
 The deadly terror of a fixed despair,
 Father, I send to thee my clamorous prayer!

Out of the sorrow, only known to thee—
 The grief, denied sweet human sympathy,
 Bearing alone the sufferer's weary part,
 Father, I bring to thee my laden heart.

Out of the depths to thee, Lord, have I cried,
 And thou hast ne'er my urgent suit denied ;
 Thy loving pity e'er has ready been ;
 Thy voice has ever cheered the darkest scene.

Out of the depths, Lord, will I cry to thee—
 Will see thee in each sad emergency ;
 Be thou my stay, amid this world of tears,
 Till the night fade away and day appears.

The Land of Light.

Away to the land of light ;
 Its gates are shining with radiant beams,
 And the path in the morning sunlight gleams—
 Away to the land of light.

There liveth the Holy One ;
 And we as we journey 'mid guilt and sin,
 See the fair land, but enter not in
 Till the stain from our brow be gone.

There are the friends we loved ;
 And the yearning heart is unsatisfied,
 While the cold dark wavelets our hearts divide ;
 There are the friends we loved.

There is the sacred rest
 For which the tired spirits sigh in vain ;
 There is no cry which is wrung by pain ;
 There are the ransomed blest.

There, there is perfect bliss :
 Away from the land of the curse and woe,
 Away from the depths of sin we will go,
 To the home where the Saviour is.

Away to the land of light ;
 Lift the tired feet and press on once more,
 Soon will the journey of pain be o'er ;
 Away to the land of light.

Upward and Homeward.

Far from the discord loud,
 Far from the striving crowd,
 Far from the din,
 Far from the burning tears,
 Far from the crushing fears,
 Far from the sin.

Up beyond toil and care,
 Far from the tainted air,
 Far from all pain,
 Out of the reach of crime,
 Far from this changing clime,
 We shall remain.

Where the redeemed and blest
 Ever shall sweetly rest,
 No more to roam ;
 Where the curse dwelleth not,
 Sorrow is all forgot—
 There is our home.

Where the joy-founts are stirred,
 Where the harp note is heard,
 Where the palms wave,
 Where the white-robed shall glide,
 Where the death dews are dried,
 Where is no grave.

There is our glorious home :
 Why do we longer roam
 Far from its peace ?

Soon may the hill be gained,
 Soon be the rest obtained,
 Soon the toil cease.

Brother, press onward then ;
 Why should we linger when
 Home is in sight ?
 On while the day is here,
 On while the way is clear,
 On ere the night !

Be not silent to me.

When my heart, o'erfraught with care,
 Pours itself in anguished prayer ;
 Brings its every grief and smart,
 Yearning toward thy Father-heart,
 God of David, pityingly,
 Be not silent unto me.

When my weak uncertain feet
 Halt where varied pathways meet,
 Knowing not the narrow way,
 Seeing not the eternal day,
 Lest I be by sin beguiled,
 Be not silent to thy child !

When the gale of woe has rushed,
 Voices I have loved are hushed,
 Lips are cold that heretofore
 Kissed away the grief I bore,
 Weepingly I turn to thee—
 Be not silent unto me.

When the battle-heat is strong,
 Right can scarcely conquer wrong,
 And the coward heart within
 Well-nigh would succumb to sin,
 Holiest, give me sympathy,
 Be not silent unto me.

When the last dread hour draws nigh,
 Father, wilt thou then be nigh?
 And above the storm's loud roar,
 Beating louder than before,
 I will cry for help to thee,
 Be not silent unto me.

Be not silent, God of might;
 Speak to me amid the night,
 Speak amid the burning day,
 Speak wherever lies the way;
 O, till I am safe with thee,
 Be not silent unto me!

Not for Ever.

Not for ever are we chastened
 By the might of sorrow's hand,
 Not for ever pass we sighing
 Through the stranger's weeping land.
 There shall come a time of gladness,
 When the heart may e'en forget,
 In the melody of pleasure,
 All the ills that grieve it yet.

Not for ever in the valley
 With the yawning gulf below,
 Not for ever 'mid the briers,
 Zion's pilgrim bands shall go :
 They shall tread with cheerful footsteps
 On the pleasant sunny hills,
 They shall march with mirth and music,
 While their songs the sweet air fills.

Not for ever shall the darkness
 Of the midnight's lonely hour
 Overwhelm the timid spirit
 With the terrors of its power.
 There shall come the light of morning
 To the weary, waiting heart,
 And, amid the joy of daybreak,
 Tears and sorrows shall depart.

Not for ever have they left us,
 Those for whom we shed our tears—
 Not for ever shall our mourning
 Darken long and dreary years.
 There shall be a joyous meeting
 When the reign of death is o'er—
 In the home where all are happy,
 In the land of evermore.

And *for ever* shall the tear-drops
 Vanish from each face away ;
 And *for ever* is the darkness
 Banished where 'tis endless day ;

And *for ever* death and sickness,
 Sorrow, sighing, pain, and woe,
 Shall be known no more nor looked for
 In the house to which we go.

I Will Fear no Evil.

The mists hang round the future, Lord, and our eyes are grow-
 ing dim,

Our voices fail and falter as we sing the strangers' hymn ;
 The dangers throng around our way, but *thou art with us still*,
 So our heart beats trustingly again, and we will fear no ill.

We have entered on the upward way, but enemies are round—
 Will they steal our fainting hearts away and lure us from the
 ground ?

Nay, nay, we tread on holy ground—the Mightiest passeth by ;
 We shall not miss the path he treads—it leads to liberty.

The air is thick with omens—shall we stretch our eager arms,
 And wrap our loving ones away from all the wild alarms ?
 We need not—thou art with them—thou wilt never more
 remove ;

Are we not safe, O Father-Friend ! in thine unbounded love ?

The shadows lengthen, see the darkened valley lies before—
 O what dread ills await us ere we reach the shining shore !
 We have enough, faith's hand is strong—fear cannot tempt us
 thus,

For we will fear no evil while the Father is with us.

May Meetings.

High and low, the poor, the wealthy,
 Old men with the silvered brow,
 Hundreds with strong youth upon them,
 Mingle happy praises now.

Where the clouds are thickly gathered,
 Where the hearty song is sung,
 Where the eager words are uttered
 By the quick and ready tongue—

There the men of God are clustered,
 Working in the holy name ;
 There the banners are uplifted
 That shall help to spread his fame !

There the sacred vows are spoken
 Which shall bind the lives of all
 To a warfare with the mighty,
 Till the foes of peace shall fall.

There the wrongs are now redressing,
 There the chains are rent in twain ;
 There the right is aye uplifted,
 And the saddened smile again.

May God bless them—loving, earnest—
 Be his smile their rich reward ;
 May he ever be amongst them,
 Cheering with his kind regard.

And for each deliberation—
 May the fruit a hundred-fold
 Spring around their work to bless them
 In the land whose streets are gold.

Rejoice Evermore.

Rejoice in the morning when, glad in its brightness,
 The earth is aroused by the kiss of the sun ;
 Be thou like the morning—in mirth and in brightness
 The course of thy labours triumphantly run.

Rejoice in the noontide's full growth of its beauty,
 When the world's radiant grandeur has reached its fair
 height;

Rejoice that thou too hast a blessing of duty,
 That thou mayest spread a far holier light.

Rejoice in the twilight's calm season of musing,
 Refresh thy tired spirit with breathings of prayer ;
 And gladly the words of thy Father perusing,
 O thank him for making thy dwelling so fair.

Rejoice when thy Father, the world's turmoil hushing,
 Is giving to all his beloved ones sleep ;
 And be thy first tribute a grateful outgushing
 Of love for his love, vast, unsounded, and deep.

Rejoice if with thee it be evening or morning,
 Thy life shall be calm as the bright summer day ;
 For thy God has a blessing for fading and dawning,
 A smile for whatever shall spring round thy way.

Rejoice evermore, then, press on cheerly singing
 Of love and of mercy, and soon thou shalt come
 Where the unfading flowers are in Paradise springing,
 And nothing is sorrowful—hasten thee home.

The Summer-Time.

Sweet is the summer-time.

The air is perfumed with a blended scent,
The earth is musical with merriment,
The world is clad in robes of thousand dyes,
And throws its smiles back to the smiling skies.

Bright is the summer-time.

The sun has laughed away the frowning cloud,
The small wood-choristers are singing loud,
The children dance along the shaded lane,
The good old earth is in its prime again.

Rich is the summer-time.

Our God once more the horn of plenty fills,
The corn has ripened on the sunny hills,
And the slow heart of man, ungrateful long,
Will thankfully repeat the harvest song.

Sad is the summer-time.

Sad, for its beauties will too soon decay ;
Sad, for the radiant hours will pass away ;
Sad, for not many more will greet our eyes,
Which turn half-tearfully toward fairer skies.

For *there* the summer-time

Shall know no fading, is not dimmed by tears,
Is ne'er o'ershadowed by the storm of fears ;
No winter steals upon that sunny clime :
God bring us safely to that summer-time !

At Home.

Brothers and sisters there rapidly gather,
 Filling the mansions prepared for them long,
 Pressing to hear the kind words of the Father,
 Raising the notes of the jubilant song.

Here they were strangers, and, silently weeping,
 Passed they the hill-side of sorrow and care ;
 Oft through the dark night their lonely watch keeping—
 Telling their wants in the low breath of prayer.

There they are satisfied : evermore blessing
 Him who has brought them where sorrow is o'er,
 Out of the reach of the danger distressing,
 Safe in the mansion-home, strangers no more.

O! shall we weep when our Father's hands sever
 Bonds that had bound them to earth and its love,
 Since they will dwell in his presence for ever,
 Happy at home in the bright land above.

We too are journeying nearer and nearer ;
 Soon shall our eyes the glad city behold.
 Are not the golden gates now growing clearer ?
 Soon shall we witness its glories untold.

Courage and onward, then ; soon will be ended
 Sighing and sorrow, repining and smart ;
 Soon will our voices be joyfully blended
 There with our dearest ones—never to part.

•

The Wise Men's Inquiry.

"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."

"Where is he? We have seen his star, and come to worship him,

This wondrous babe of Bethlehem, foretold by seraphim;"

So spake the eastern wise men, as they journeyed to the side
Of the Royal Infant King, who should be the Crucified;
So passed they on with weary feet, but bright expectant eyes,
Till they knelt with frankincense and myrrh, by the stranger
from the skies.

"Where is he? We would worship him." From islands of
the sea,

Where the scent of fragrant spices fills the soft air pleasantly,—
From mountains' frozen summits, and from sheltered flowery
dells,

From deserts hot and waterless, from sparkling fountain-wells,
From wheresoe'er the outstretched earth is washed by silvery
tide,

There come the wise men's eager words, re-echoing far and
wide.

"Where is he? We would worship him." The weary workers
come,

From many a sickening scene of dread, from many a darkening
home,

And gather where the bread of life is broken, while they pray
Beneath the consecrating dome upon the resting day;

From lips life's fever-fires have parched, from hearts that cry in
pain,

Wells up the wise men's questions to the listeners, yet again.

And "We are come to worship him" is the burden of the song
Of the watchers at the golden gate, that glad expectant throng;
With snowy robes, and waving palms, and crowns of dazzling
light,

They come as victors from the field, as conquerors from the
fight;

One name alone is on their lips, one Friend is dear to them—
The Saviour whom the wise men sought, the babe of Bethlehem.

"Where is he? We would worship him." So sigh we ever-
more,

Until the weary work is done, until the race be o'er:

Then shall we see him as he is, then shall the burning tears
Give place to smiles of earnest joy that fade not with the years;
Then shall the eyes that gaze on him be never weak or dim,
But perfect pleasure rest with those who come to worship him.

Be Patient Ever.

Be patient ever! Even in thy prayer
Trust and be calm,

And ne'er forget amid thy anxious care
The holy psalm

Of perfect confidence in that dear love
That smiles upon us from thy home above.

Be patient ever! Stay the throbbing heart,
In its wild quest,

With cooling thoughts of a far nobler part
 Of peace and rest,
 The part of those who wholly trust, nor fear
 E'en when the danger-cloud is looming near.

 Be patient ever! Lives all blessing-crowned
 Pass cheerily,
 And he who loves thee never yet has frowned,
 But smiles for thee
 Come bright and sunny as the summer's day,
 To melt the cold and silence of thy way.

 Be patient ever! But be also strong
 And persevere
 In all endeavours to repress the wrong
 Thou seest here,
 Be brave to battle for the right, the true,
 And evermore the clear straight path pursue.

 Be patient ever, bending *one by one*
 Life's hindrances,
 Until thou lookest on thy work well done
 With ecstacies
 Of grateful humble joy, unmixed with pain—
 Joy that thou hast not lived thy life in vain.

 Be patient ever! Swiftly wanes the night,
 And morn is near,
 When all the sin and care that dim thy sight
 Shall disappear,
 And thou shalt see how well, how tenderly
 God blesses those who waited patiently!

. He will not fail Thee.

He will not fail thee, he will not forsake !

The Holy and the Mighty changes not ;
He is a true Friend who thy hands will take,
And lead thee gently through a pleasant lot.

He will not fail thee in thy day of need,
In thy distress thou ne'er shalt call in vain ;
The hungry spirit his kind hands shall feed,
And soothe the throbbing heart, the burning pain.

He will not fail thee : yea, though all beside
Should leave thee in thy grief and loneliness,
The Friend who loveth always will abide
Near thee in sorrow, healing and to bless.

He will not fail thee when the day is dim,
And flowers have faded, and the love-light fled ;
Light and salvation ever come with him,
It is a pleasant path when he has led.

He will not fail thee in thy deepest strife,
He will be with thee where thou stay'st to weep,
His voice shall cheer thee e'en when fades thy life,
His presence soothe thee for the last long sleep.

O young heart buoyant in the morning's prime,
O aged tottering onward to the end,
O strong heart fettered by the things of time—
Will ye not seek and worship such a Friend ?

After the Storm. .

After the storm shall come quiet and light;
Trust while it rages in fury and might,
Pray in the midst of its terrible roar,
Soon will the wild storm be tranquilly o'er.

After the storm shall come sunshine and rest;
Press 'mid its stay to the Holiest's breast,
Nestle ye close 'neath his sheltering wing;
While the wave beateth high, to the solid Rock cling.

After the storm shall the melody rise,
Praiseful and sweet, to the far azure skies;
Now while it lasts let the dark clouded air,
Be filled with the voice of the penitent's prayer.

After the storm ye shall mount where no more
Your spirits shall sink at its threatening roar;
After the storm ye shall bask in his peace,
Who bids the hoarse voice of the tempest to cease.

Anniversaries.

There are marked days in all our lives! The years
Steal slowly on and bring them one by one.
Dark days we always usher in with tears,
And weep until the saddened hours are gone.
Bright days that swim in memory's glad light,
And make the hours all radiant till the night.

The ink is faded, and the record dim,

Life's daily ebb and flow has washed it oft,

By Babylon's waters many a plaintive hymn

From pallid, captive lips has soared aloft ;

But as Jerusalem to Judah's son,

Dear to our hearts are happy days bygone.

And dear the sad ones! We may not forget

The pang which tore our bleeding hearts in twain,

The hand which crushed our beauteous frost-work, yet

We know how lovingly it healed the pain,

And poured into our wounds love's cheering wine,

And gave our hearts a Friend round whom to entwine.

Old days! whatever tale ye bring us now

Of special joy or love still unforget,

Ye wear a wreath of mercies on your brow—

A wreath of evergreen that fadeth not.

Ye bid us think how, in our day of need,

The Father proved himself our Friend indeed.

And every time we read your written lore,

We read a page of blessings and of love—

How Jordan's waves were dried as we passed o'er,

How manna fell from God's own hand above ;

And all your incidents remembering

Even we strangers cannot choose but sing.

Therefore we love ye, days of smiles and tears,

Therefore we hold ye in our memories

As sacred love-gifts coming with the years

To make us strong, to move our sympathies,

And ye shall take new thoughts of trustful love

Home to our Father's blissful seat above.

Be not afraid.

Be not afraid when the storm is nigh,
 And the might of the tempest beateth high,
 And the waves are tossing above thy head,
 And thine earthly helpers all are fled,
 For a stronger Friend will a shelter be,—
 A refuge, a stronghold unto thee.

Be not afraid when thy hopes give way,
 And darkness settles upon the day,
 When through the cloud and the misty air,
 Rises ever thy startled prayer,
 For he who is mighty still will be
 A kindly hiding-place to thee.

Be not afraid when thy feet shall stand
 On the slippery shore of the dying land,
 And the waters are spreading broad and deep,
 And thy soul starts back afraid to leap,
 For he who has passed through the waves before
 Will hasten towards thee and bear thee o'er.

Be not afraid, for this toil and strife
 Are bearing thee ever on to life,
 Are bringing the happy morning near,
 When thine eyes shall darken with no'er a tear—
 When thy spirit shall hasten, glad and free,
 To the home which Christ has prepared for thee.

So panteth my Soul after Thee, O God!

As thirsty hart after the waters clear,
 As little children for the mother dear,
 As prisoners for the light of liberty,
 So, so my soul, in its intensity,
 Panteth for Thee, O God!

I cry, "Where art Thou?" in the deeps of night,
 And the grey dawn of the returning light;
 In the parched noontide of the burning day,
 My spirit, in its strong and passionate sway,
 Panteth for thee, O God!

As weary traveller for the hour of rest,
 The friendless for a peaceful, homelike nest,
 The hunted ones for safety and repose,
 So, so my heart, until its troubles close,
 Panteth for thee, O God!

The restlessness that will not be controlled
 Yearneth thy face, O Father! to behold;
 My soul, upleaping in the silent dark,
 Searcheth for thee, yea, as its only ark—
 Panteth for thee, O God!

Oh, come to me, and speak one word of peace!
 Oh, let me see thee, and all doubt shall cease!
 As for the spot where cooling waters roll
 Panteth the hart, so my o'erwearied soul
 Panteth for thee, O God!

Beloved, now are we the Sons of God.

Now, in this world of grief and care,
 Where the life has ever its meed of care,
 Where the spirit is ever unsatisfied,
 And we toil along up the steep hill-side.
 Weary and far from our fatherland,
Are we sons of God, while a stranger band ?

Sons of the Mighty and the High ?
 Sons of the Ruler of the sky ?
 Sons of the Maker of our race,
 Who has in heaven his dwelling-place ?
 We weeping here in the desert go ;—
 Are we his sons with all our woe ?

Even now, though our hearts are faint,
 And our very song has a sigh and plaint,
 Even now, though the way is drear,
 And the home we love not brightly near,
 Yet the Father loves us—his children band—
 And will bring us home to the promised land.

Now are we sons ; but then—O joy!—
 In our Father's house there is no alloy ;
 We cannot fathom the mystery
 Of the dreamless bliss of the saved and free ;
 But, made *like him*, our hearts shall know
 What they could not guess in the gloom below.

Now are we sons—O who would care
 Though his journey had of grief a share,
 When every step that his tired feet prest
 Brought him nearer his Father's breast?
 So will we joyfully venture on,
 For the golden gates will ope anon.

Sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

No shadows gather
 Where undimm'd eyes gaze on the Father:
 There the thick veil of sin is rent,
 And the dark night of woe is spent;
 There, souls 'mid clouds of darkness are not groping,
 And vainly hoping!

There is no yearning,
 No deep unrest, no spirit burning,
 No arms outstretched, to clasp the air;
 No breaking hearts; no wild, wild prayer;
 No grim despair to blight the mind with madness;
 No sin, no sadness!

There is no sorrow,
 No storm-winds wail of ill to-morrow;
 But clear, smooth waters' flow,
 And music soft and low;

And peace-words from God's fount of love are gushing,
All sorrow hushing!

There is no sighing
O'er the unloving or the dying :
There eloquent smiles the fond lips wreath;
There hearts of deathless friendship breathe;
There, where love tokens evermore are thronging,
Is no more longing!

Home of the weary,
Of all the tempest-wrecked and dreary ;
God, guide us to thy brilliant shore,
Where—wild waves swelling high no more—
Sorrow and sighing shade the spirit never—
Flown, flown for ever!

The Hiding-Place.

Thou art our hiding-place! The storm is high,
And in the air
The threatening murmurs tell us it is nigh ;
We breathe our prayer,
And the thick cloud enfolds us from its might,
Till thou hast made us glad in thy dear light.

Thou art our hiding-place! O God of love,
 We come to thee ;
 We stretch our eager, powerless arms above,
 And thou dost see ;
 And in the Rock of Ages we repose,
 And find a perfect joy, and leave our woes.

Thou art our hiding-place! The foe is near,
 But thou art strong ;
 We cannot conquer him, but, Father dear,
 Thou art our song ;
 Thou wrapp'st us in the everlasting arms,
 And we are safe from all the foe's alarms.

Thou art our hiding-place! Thy children come
 As babes that cry,
 In the strange place, that they be taken home ;
 We know thee nigh,
 And cling to thee amid the tempest's rage,
 For thou wilt be with us in every age.

Thou art our hiding-place! O God, thy power
 Will make us brave ;
 We will not fear the blackest, sharpest hour,
 For thou wilt save ;
 And take us from the dangerous world, to be
 Happy and safe, O Father-Friend, with thee.

“ It is I.”

When the storm-cloud is near,
 And the face pales with fear,
 Jesus is nigh ;
 Sweetly above the roar
 Steals his voice o'er and o'er,
 “ Child, it is I.”

Kindly the unseen hand
 Waves toward the promised land,
 Beckons us home ;
 Dim are our weeping eyes,
 Even the azure skies
 Seem wrapped in gloom.

But when the soul dismayed,
 Beaten, distressed, afraid,
 Sighs after light,
 Then does the still small voice
 Make the sad heart rejoice,
 Smiles away night.

Standing, with halting feet,
 Where the rough cross-roads meet,
 Sweet 'tis to hear
 Jesus, in accents kind,
 Comfort the fearful mind—
 “ Be of good cheer.”

Children all weak are we :
 Saviour all strong is he ;
 So 'tis enough,

If he will with us go
 Through the long path below,
 Barren and rough.

Speak to us, Saviour-Friend,
 And, till the way shall end,
 Looking to thee,
 Onward, with cheerful feet,
 Up toward the shining seat,
 Singing, go we.

I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.

In the sweet sunshine of the busy day,
 'Mid pleasure's gleams,
 When through soft valleys lies the easy way,
 And gladness beams,
 Then, when perchance we need him most, this Friend,
 Loving, protecting still, our steps will tend.
 Up the steep mountain-sides, 'mid shades of night,
 In dangers deep,
 In weary waitings for the dawn of light,
 With those who weep,
 Still are we unforsaken of our God,
 Sustained and guarded by his staff and rod.
 And he will never leave us! Friends may die,
 And leave us here;
 The voice Divine may summon us on high—
 We will not fear,
 If ever, as the darkened vale we tread,
 He will be with us still who erst has led.

Till the day Declineth.

Till the day declineth,
 Scatter words of love ;
 Speak in accents tender
 Of thy Friend above.
 Be a glad peace-maker,
 Telling evermore
 Of the life of goodness
 Christ has lived before.

Till the day declineth,
 Bring the little child
 To the loving Saviour,
 Who was undefiled.
 Gather for his kingdom
 Hearts undimmed by woe,
 That the little spirits
 May his blessings know.

Till the day declineth,
 Labour for the Lord ;
 Bringing song and worship,
 Bringing deed and word.
 Still be up and doing,
 Ever what is best,
 Hoping, praying, working,
 Till he bids thee rest.

Till the day declineth,
 Bear thou all his will ;
 When in love he chasteneth,
 Suffer and be still.

All shall bring thee profit,
 Grief as well as joy,
 Till thou resteth ever
 Where is no alloy.

Now the day declineth,
 Soon shall come the night ;
 Sweet repose and safety
 In the Master's sight.
 Fear not, but go forward ;
 Thou shalt see him shine,
 Face to face for ever,
 When these days decline.

Morning and Evening.

“Thou makest the morning and the evening to rejoice.”

The morn is full of promise. One by one
 The buds of hope burst into full-blown bliss,
 The dazzling crown of joy may yet be won,
 And life's deep gladness wakened by a kiss ;
 The morn is full of promise, and the flowers
 Drop balm and fragrance as slow glide the hours.

The eve is sad with musing. One by one
 Life's flowers have faded, dropping from the stem,
 The gladdening sunbeams from the path have gone,
 And hope and love and joy have passed with them ;
 The eve is sad with musing, and the life
 Grows dark with shadowings of midnight strife.

The morn is bright and musical as spring,
 The evening dim with terror undefined ;
 Morn's hands are full with many a beauteous thing,
 While evening's empty hands stretch far behind ;
 Morn looks with eagerness on joys before,
 Eve sighs for blessings that come nevermore.

But morn and eve are both alike to thee,
 O Father, thou dost make them each rejoice,
 The morning with its gladness wild and free,
 The eve with silent listening for thy voice ;
 Thou touchest us with thy dear hand, and lo !
 The eventide is with joy-light aglow.

So when the morning of our life is past,
 And silent sorrow wrappeth us around,
 So thou wilt smile upon us till the last,
 We shall rejoice where deepest shades abound ;
 Then though the joys of happy youth should cease,
 The eventide of life shall bring thy peace.

Come Nearer to Us, Saviour !

“ And besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment.”

Come nearer to us, Saviour. We are pressing to thy side,
 But the crowds are round about thee, O wherefore dost thou
 hide ?
 If we might but press beside thee—might but touch thee and be
 healed,
 All thy goodness were unfolded, all thy mightiness revealed.

Come nearer to us, Saviour, we beseech thee on our knees,
 We cannot come before thee with our manifold disease ;
 But only speak the healing word, and leaping at thy voice,
 Our lives shall praise thee evermore, shall evermore rejoice.

O come toward us, Saviour, in thy love compassionate,
 The long day weareth slowly, and the eventide is late ;
 But with the soft, refreshing dew, descend yet once again,
 And touch us with thy healing hand, and soothe away the pain.

Come nearer to us, Saviour, we lift our voice aloud,
 O beckon us to come to thee, disperse the hindering crowd :
 We cry to thee, O Healer, in the agony of life,
 Thou soon wilt heal the weary one—wilt end the constant strife.

O come toward us, Saviour, come to us as of yore,
 Thou art not farther from us now thine earthly life is o'er.
 We sigh for thee amid the drought, O bid us nearer come,
 Stretch forth thy hands toward us, and call thy children home.

“ They shall be mine.”

Thine we would ever be, Almighty Father ;
 We ask no higher joy than to be thine :
 Thine, close to thee in weakness still to gather ;
 Thine, raised and perfected by love Divine !

Thine, to be sheltered when storm-clouds are lowering,
 And booming thunders tremble in the air ;
 In thy kind arms, when grief's big drops are showering ;
 No fear can come, no tempest reach us there !

Thine, to be loved and pitied in our sadness,
 Soothed with soft whispers 'mid our heart's unrest;
 For sorrow's shadows turn to radiant gladness,
 And we are safe and happy on thy breast.

Thine, to be cared for 'mid the glare of pleasure,
 When silken nets are woven round our feet,
 Lest we should fall, and lose the *heavenly* treasure,
 Charmed to forgetfulness by music sweet.

Thine, amid all our sins, to be forgiven,
 And in the Saviour's robe to be made pure;
 Thine, to be polished as a gem for heaven,
 And trained to dwell where holy things endure.

Thine, when the sands of life away are shifting,
 And death's cold waves are rising rough and high;
 Oh! own us, then, that so we may be drifting
 On to the shining shore beyond the sky.

Thine, thine! Oh, Holiest, make us thine for ever;
 Thine own loved children, Father, let us be,
 Bound by strong cords that shall be sundered never;
 Thine now in time—thine in eternity.

Easter.

Oh celebrate the glorious day with sweetest notes of song,
 And mingle music with the hymn of heaven's triumphant throng.
 Oh sing the praises of the Lord, who in his life's sad close,
 Bought for thy soul peace, pardon, joy, and undisturbed repose.

h celebrate the glorious day by many a kindly word,—
 eak gently to the weeping ones in memory of the Lord ;
 ift thou the weight of crushing care from some poor feeble brow,
 nd, for thy brother and thyself, in earnest worship bow.

h celebrate the glorious day by some good, generous deed,
 orget thyself and look around where Jesus' flock has need ;
 ake thou the cooling cup, the bread, and in thy Master's name
 ive to the hungry food and drink, and so thy joy proclaim.

h celebrate the glorious day by meek and humble prayer,
 nd see thyself as in his sight ; and take the crushing care,
 nd cast before the Master's feet,—he gave his life for thee,
 nd shall he not with tender hands from sorrow set thee free ?

h celebrate the glorious day in memory of the King !
 he richest songs, the deepest love, thy humblest worship bring.
 e has renewed thy life by death,—oh spend thy life for him ;
 hou hast a little drop to bring, his kindness touched the brim.

Up and Away.

Up and away ! Shall the world in its beauty,
 Music of sea, or of mountain, or air,
 Call off thy thoughts from the life and its duty,
 Make thee forget the sweet moments of prayer ?

Up and away ! See the morning is breaking,
 Lo ! in the east is the footstep of day ;
 Voices are calling that slumber forsaking,
 Thou shouldst arise and be up and away.

Up and away! Though the world should be clinging
 Heavily round thee, above and beneath;
 Rise, and these trammels afar from thee flinging,
 Spring o'er the greensward, the sand, and the heath.

Up and away! Swift as light of the morning,
 Onward o'er mountain, and valley, and plain;
 Glad be thy footstep, the weary way scorning,
 Hearts full of triumph, forgetful of pain.

Up and away, with the skylark's swift lightness,
 On, for thy home gleameth pleasant and fair,
 Wooing thee still with its joy and its brightness,
 Up and away, and thou soon shalt be there.

Up and away! Thou art not far from heaven,
 E'er be thy journey triumphant and fleet;
 Once it is over, to thee shall be given
 Bliss for thy spirit and rest for thy feet.

Up and away where the loved ones are waiting,
 Up and away where the Saviour is seen,
 Pilgrim of Zion, arise, and be hating
 Earth and the glamour where he has not been.

The Saviour's Representatives.

"As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

He laid his hands in blessing on childhood's sunny head,
 He gave the tear of sympathy with those who mourned the dead;
 He fed the hungry thousands, lest they fainted by the way;
 Unto the mountain's breezy slope he turned aside to pray.

He lived a lofty, spotless life, nor taint of sin could dim
 The purity of holiness which so encircled him ;
 No tempter's power, no jeering throng that sacred heart could
 move,
 The perfect one, the holiest was the Saviour in his love.

His followers pace, with earnest feet, the dusty paths of life,
 They dwell amid the changing scenes of weariness and strife ;
 Do they take, as did the Master once, the blessing everywhere ?
 Are they skilled to turn life's dismal scenes to pictures bright
 and fair ?

His followers dwell in many lands, but the tempter stands beside ;
 Do they bear the fiery furnace, and uninjured through it glide ?
 "I find no fault in him ;" O, when could these reluctant
 words
 Come from the enemies around, of those who are the Lord's ?

"O send them, as thou sentest me," O Saviour we are weak,
 And cannot serve thee as we would, nor please thee as we seek ;
 But make us grow more like to thee, that ever we may be,
 A light, a blessing to the world that owes so much to thee.

Sunday Evening.

The skies became a deeper blue, as evening wore away,
 And on the green and breeze-fanned trees the shades of twilight
 lay ;
 As softly through the crowded halls the preacher's voice was
 heard,
 Dropping, as dew from heaven above, the sanctifying word.

The suffering, the world-weary ones, drank of life's gushing
fount,

The lowly, 'mid the sons of earth, stood on the sacred mount ;
The yearning hearts that ached before, turned to the Lord of
light,

The benison of peace was breathed o'er many on that night.

But ah ! outside the hallowed walls the ever-restless crowd
Swayed to and fro in wretchedness, and breathed their wailings
loud ;

No peace, no blessed Sabbath rest, no hope of heayen had they ;
They passed, in new device of sin, the twilight hour away.

Only thin walls to separate, and yet how wide apart
The earnest ones whom Jesus loves, and those of unchanged
heart ;

The children of the Father-Friend, and those who slight his love,
Those who are only earth-bound, those who have a home above.

O God, whose Sabbaths are so sweet, those lost and loved ones
bring

Into the fold which thou hast blest beneath thy fostering wing,
That all may love and understand the Sabbath of thy rest,
And love to lean in all their woe upon the Father's breast.

It is Well.

Faith wipes the tears from eyes that have been weeping
O'er faded joys and new upspringing woes ;
For, Father, we are safe within thy keeping,
And " It is well " shall yield our hearts' repose.

It is, it shall be well. Thou hast divided
 Our sorrows from our joys by special days,
 And for our morn and eventide provided
 A murmur of content, a song of praise.
 Forward we go wherever thou hast bidden,
 The fount of life cool gurgling at our feet,
 And, though the road before in mists is hidden,
 The breezes blow, the perfume rises sweet.
 Dark clouds soar overhead, and threatening showers
 Fall drop by drop upon the shrinking frame ;
 But God shall hide us safe within his bowers
 Until in perfect trust we bless his name.
 Yea, all is well ! O God ! we cease our weeping,
 We lose our burdens in this hour of prayer ;
 Take thou our precious things within thy keeping—
 What need have we to weep, since thou wilt care ?

Good Will to Men.

Good will to men ! Let us catch the strain
 Of the angels' anthem once again :
 Let the Holly wreath, with its berries bright,
 Weave the message glad in its words of light ;
 And the old earth sing in its happy glee,
 For the Saviour's blessing shall make it free.
 Good will to men ! Oh, a smile of love,
 Resteth ever on us, from a God above—
 And the way to heaven is with hope made bright,
 And the traveller sees it, the long dark night ;

Good will, good will, from our Friend in heaven ;
 When shall *ill will* from the earth be riven ?

Good will to men ! But the bitter strife,
 And malice, and envy, cling to life ;
 When, when shall the world's wide numbers be,
 Brothers in good will and unity ?
 Hasten the time, which is tarrying still,
 When our hearts shall hold nothing but free good will.

Pictures in the Fire.

There are pictures in the firelight ;
 And ever as I gaze,
 The sombre present, silently,
 Melts in its yellow blaze.

And gorgeously bright scenes appear
 Uprising to my view ;
 Pictures, whose beauty thrills my heart,
 Of varied size and hue.

The past ! There hangeth over it
 A frame of gladsome light ;
 But the teardrop dims my peering eyes—
 The past seems sweet to-night.

Loved faces glance into mine own ;
 There is the golden hair
 That bowed with mine so reverently
 In the still hour of prayer.

And there are other laughing eyes
 And red lips tremulous :
 And an older, calmer, thoughtful brow
 Wreathed with its love for us.
 And a dear, familiar, home-like nest,
 And tiny ones at play—
 Only a picture! for it fades
 Into thin air away !
 And now I know how in the grave
 Some of the dear ones lie,
 And others, with new hopes and homes,
 Are passing to the sky.
 Another picture! Ah! the past
 Is not so bright as this :
The future has a richer glow—
 A holier, purer bliss,
 Perchance—perchance? Ah no, ah no!
 The Artist of my life
 Will paint it as it pleaseth him
 In peaceful joy or strife.
Only a picture! Well, I feel
 The stern reality—
 Although it be not picturesque—
 Will be the best for me.
 Into thy hands alone, O God!
 These pictures I would give;
 Waken my mind from pleasant dreams,
 And teach me how to live.

A Harvest Song.

O God, we give thee praise !
 How beautiful the corn upon the hills !
 How musical the softly flowing rills !
 How bright the summer days !

We have gone toiling on
 Since last the harvest smiled before our eyes,
 But thou hast cared for us, and from the skies
 The sun and showers have gone.

We can but pray to thee,
 We need, and thou providest : day by day
 Thou scatterest blessings on our flower-clad way ;
 No strength, no might have we.

Ah ! it is better so ;
 'Tis sweet to be so helpless ! Thy child-band
 Is led and fed by a most loving hand
 Through paths we may not know.

We sing our song to thee :
 We trust, and thou protectest, King of kings ;
 We give thee praise for thy glad healing wings,
 We would thy glory see.

Thou smil'st away our fears ;
 Send on the winter, with its frost and cold,
 Thy loving-kindness makes thy children bold ;
 We do not dread the years.

Only with rain and sun
 Nourish our spirits as thou hast the grain,
 Till we, like ripened shocks of corn remain,
 When this our life is done.

**I can do all Things through Christ who
 Strengtheneth me.**

All things! The duties gather still where'er my footsteps
 stray,
 And difficult and rough are some that press around each day ;
 Work, needing strength, and skill, and light, falls often to my
 lot—
 How shall I e'er accomplish all, and fail or falter not ?

All things! But there are sorrows that it needs much strength
 to bear,
 And sufferings for the heart and head perchance may be my
 share ; .
 The hopes that lighted once my path, may be extinguished now,
 And, 'neath the heavy strokes of care, the shrinking spirit bow.

All things! But for the work of life my hands are all un-
 skilled,
 And with the weakness of the faint my heart is often filled ;
 And fearfully my aching eyes will turn from future pain,
 And long to live the easy past yet over once again !

“ All things through Christ ! ” Ah, strength and vigour ever
wait us there !

The needed blessing comes at once, borne on the wing of
prayer ;

In him the strengthless still may trust, and never be dismayed,
And the eager spirit journey on, nor doubt or be afraid.

“ All things through Christ, which strengtheneth me, ” O Sa-
viour may I know

More of thy great and mighty power, while lingering below !

And prosecute my daily work, whatever it may be,

Looking, amid the arduous toil, up steadfastly to thee !

Under the Trees.

Not a cloud passes over the deep azure sky,
Not a care has the skylark which singeth on high ;
All tranquilly waveth the corn on the hills,
And laughingly rippleth the clear sparkling rills !
Life's happiest moments, all golden are these,
Which glide on so pleasantly under the trees.

How the dreams come, the happy, the beautiful dreams,
Of the past in its gladness, the future's gay gleams ;
Of the dear ones of old, with their sweet looks of love,
The gems of life's morning now sparkling above !
What ravishing music is borne on the breeze,
Enrapturing the spirit while under the trees.

But there come from the town and its houses below,
The half-muffled sounds of affliction and woe ;

And we know by that token of sorrow and pain,
 We must take up life's burdens again and again ;
 Not long last these moments of pleasure and ease,
 A sterner voice calls us from under the trees.

Ere we go let us sing to the Father above,
 The world is so beautiful, lighted with love ;
 Let us pray that our hearts may be patient and true,
 And trustful on him who will bring us all through ;
 And gather new strength from all hours such as these,
 Which we pass in mute ecstasy under the trees.

A Song of Trust.

Thou hast a Father's heart, O God! Thy children cry to thee,
 Thou hearest them, and hastenest from grief to set them free ;
 Thou hast a Father's hand, O God! and on each aching head
 It lies in tenderest blessing in their hours of deepest dread.

We lift our tearful eyes to thee when the tempest roareth loud,
 We lift them when our lonely hearts are frightened in the crowd ;
 We have no other Friend, O God! and we place our hands in
 thine,
 And feast upon thy plenteous grace, and drink thy love's rich
 wine.

We cannot understand thy ways, but we know thou doest right,
 We walk along our darkened way still looking for thy light—
 Still sighing for the better time when our opened eyes shall see
 How wise, how good, how kind thou art, and yield our praise
 to thee.

We sing the pilgrim's song, and march along the upward way,
 The night is very long and dark, but there draweth on the day;
 And we know, O Father, thou wilt help and bless us as we go,
 And we come that in thy school our hearts thy holy will may
 know.

O Friend! who lovest us, be near as thou hast ever been,
 And help us in each dangerous hour, and light each darksome
 scene,
 Till we reach the land of perfect joy, the home of perfect rest,
 Forgetting all our sorrows on thy precious sheltering breast.

Falling Leaves.

Autumn passeth, mellow autumn, with its fruits of many hues,
 With its sadly-sighing winds, with its damp and chilly dews;
 Autumn passeth, mellow autumn, softly sad and coldly grey,
 At the Master's gentle bidding, marcheth slowly on its way.

Autumn passeth, and it maketh many a grave by many a home,
 Bringeth many a storm black-crested o'er the ocean's seething
 foam;
 Chilleth many a feeble floweret, killeth many a beauteous thing,
 That mistakes its warmer hours for the nurturing smile of
 Spring.

Autumn passeth, and the wild winds through the shivering
 forests sweep,
 Strip the branches of their browning leaves and make them
 wail and weep,

opping tears upon the lowly graves, where sere and dead
they lie,
iving lessons from the autumn's book for every passer-by.

tumn passeth, and we love it; we have watered it with tears,
ery visit it has paid us through the valley of the years;
d our grief has made it sacred, and our joy has sprung anew,
we found amid its changes the dear Father ever true.

tumn passeth, sober autumn, and the winter draweth near;
are ready for its snow-drifts, for its long nights dark and
drear;
the Guardian of the seasons rung the summer's passing
knell,
ngs the autumn and the winter, and he doeth all things well.

More Grace.

More grace, more grace! The daily ills of life
Press on the weakened spirit heavily;
The heart is burdened with the constant strife,
And the courageous thought droops wearily;
The weak foot falters in its toilsome race;
Oh, for the chequered path, more grace, more grace!

More grace, more grace! The fever-thirst is strong;
And the deep yearnings of the heart are wild;
And the crushed wishes, as they toil along,
Look for a shrine all pure and undefiled;
More grace to bear the famine that is given;
More grace to love so deeply naught but heaven!

More grace, more grace ! The thickening mists of sin
 Darken the secret chambers of the soul ;
 There is impurity without, within—

The guilt-tide rushes on, and none control :
 More grace to quell the tempter's awful power,
 More grace to strengthen in the dangerous hour !

More grace, more grace ! Oh; Holiest, we pray
 For what thou'rt ever ready to bestow ;
 Give us *thy* grace, to aid our devious way,
 And nerve us for the warfare here below :
 Oh till, the shadow gone, we see thy face,
 Give us, dear Saviour, still more grace, more grace !

The White Stone.

That white, that secret stone, of hidden name,
 Is given into our keeping, even here ;
 It brings a message wrought in words of flame,
 That flash their meaning brilliant, bold, and clear.

No stranger's eyes may read it. They can see
 Naught but dark hieroglyphics. He who gave
 Is our Interpreter, and, reading, he
 Will make our spirits wise, and strong, and brave.

Whence otherwise the unspoken peace which steals
 Into the mourner's heart, by sorrow riven ?
 Darkness is o'er him ; but the Name that heals
 By holy hands has to his heart been given.

The sufferer breathing out his languished life,
 No joy of buoyant steps and ringing mirth,
 Has peace that passeth knowledge midst the strife,
 Has hidden bliss almost too deep for earth.

And he who satisfies another's need,
 Who silently has stemmed another's woe ;
 His brow is radiant with a joy indeed,
 A secret joy which none beside may know.

• He who has sacrificed himself, for love
 Of something noble, something pure and true,
 Had not the struggle witnesses above ?
 And has not he God's token ever new ?

So he who for the sorrowing world's best weal
 Toils, and with few rewards, by night and day,
 Clasps to his brother's heart the sacred seal
 Of God's approval shining on his way—

He who has conquered o'er a deadly sin,
 And set his heel upon the tempter felled,
 The smile is on his lips, deep peace within—
 That secret, precious stone is not withheld.

Thus " he that overcometh " well may learn
 The first faint notes of the glad conqueror's hymn,
 Since even here his spirit can discern
 The white and secret stone which none may dim.

Pray for one another.

Pray ye for one another. In the sanctuary of home,
With stealthy step and chilling touch life's sorrows onward
come ;

Ye lift your arms to ward them off ; a mightier One than ye
Alone has power to shield the heart and leave the spirits free ;
O! ere the seats are vacant, ere the best beloved have flown,
Commend them to the Father's care in love's beseeching tone.

Yea, pray for those around the home, that so the words ye speak
Shall be as healing words of love upon the young and meek,
Shall be as wise and weighty words to the erring or the wrong—
Words that shall bring them happier thoughts, and make their
spirits strong.

Pray that no harsh neglect shall fling the cloud o'er one fair
brow ;

Pray that God's richest boons be sent to those who with ye bow.

The winter of the heart creeps on, the love is growing cold,
For other scenes are winning them, and other arms enfold ;
Their hearts have mines of wealth for ye, and would ye win
them back

By earnest, constant, loving prayer? Send blessings on their
track :

Be bold before the mercy-seat, lift faith's expectant eye,
That prayer shall bind their hearts to yours through all eternity.

Pray ever for the absent ones ; their hearts are sadden'd sore,
That the happy, hopeful, childhood's days, the days of home,
are o'er ;

They wander where no evening hymn may bring their spirits
rest,
Where mother's love, nor sister's care, nor father's words have
blest ;
The stranger's eye looks coldly on, the tempter whispereth
there,
O let the absent loved ones be encircled aye with prayer.

Pray ye for one another—for the changes of the years
May cloud the memory with grief, may dim the eyes with tears ;
But the Father of our families will bless us midst our dread,
And light with smiles of changeless love the path his pilgrims
tread.

Ye may not shield our well-beloved, with all your eager care,
But he will bless them evermore in answer to your prayer.

The Storm of Wind.

“ He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind.”

How it roareth, how it rusheth, where the soddened dead leaves
lie,

How it walleth out its warning to the careless passer-by,
How it sweepeth all before it as it flies along the vale,
How it bendeth haughty heads !—for a strong thing is the gale.

Strong and mighty is the wind-storm, but it faileth in its might
When the Master's hand has reined it, and he ever doeth right ;
Storm and sunshine, blight and flowers, all obey his sovereign
will,

And the tempest *lieth* quiet when he bids it, “ Peace ! be still.”

Therefore ye whose strength is failing in the many storms of life,
 Fear not, in his great compassion he will stay the wildest strife;
 He will bid the rough wind hide when the east wind bloweth
 strong,
 And the Christian in the wind-storm singeth many a happy
 song.

He is loving who is mighty, cling to him amid the storm,
 Neath his wings' protecting shadow, ye shall find a shelter
 warm,
 And the many winds that blow, and the many griefs that come,
 Only drive your spirits nearer to the eternal rest of home.

Look up.

Look up, sad child of earth!
 Up from the sods so dark, and cold, and low!
 Sojourner here, thou art of heavenly birth—
 Heaven's aspirations know.

Look from the serpent's trail,
 From the rough pathway ever sin-bedewed;
 The tear-founts gushing in the gloom-palled vale—
 Up from these grief-scenes rude—

On to the azured heights,
 Stretching so peacefully above thy brow;
 Shining upon thee with their brilliant lights;—
 Pilgrim, look upward now.

Rise, and in God's strength burst
 The manacles which sin has woven strong,
 Enchaining thee unto the earth accurst
 So ruthlessly and long.

Thine is a heritage
 Of priceless value, beautiful, and fair ;
 Oh, through the burdens of thy pilgrimage,
 Look up, thy home is there !

Look up, and earth will seem
 Less bright in pleasure, and less dark in pain ;
 A vapoury cloudlet, or a restless dream
 That cannot long remain.

Look up, and heaven will be
 An ever-brightening joy-gift to be given ;
 A bliss, all shadowless, awaiting thee—
 Look ever up to heaven !

“ He shall save His people.”

Save *us*, dear Saviour ! Let *us* be thine own,
 We—the defiled—
 Look up to thee, all-weary and alone
 Amid the wild !
 Fast fall the evening mists—O Saviour, save,
 Lest in the stranger-land we find a grave !

Save us, dear Saviour! Sins are gathering
 Upon the soul;
 Our yearning arms outstretch round thee to cling:
 Oh, make us whole!
 Impure, polluted—who can help but thee?
 Oh, Jesu! loving Friend! *our* Saviour be!

Save us, dear Saviour! Thou hast suffered here
 'Mid pain and death;
 Thou didst grow weary in the desert drear;
 Thy holy breath
 Passed in the close of thy great agony,
 When, to save such as us, thou, Lord, didst die.

Save us, dear Saviour! Let us see thy face,
 And learn thy love!
 We would adore thee for thy boundless grace,
 And dwell above,
 Praising thee ever through eternity:
 Oh, Saviour, save the hearts that look to thee.

Trust in God.

There's a song all nature singeth, singeth ever sweet and clear,
 To the faint heart weak and fearful, which with sorrow boweth
 here;
 Hark! it springeth with the water-fount, and from the fruitful
 sod;
 From the skies of deepest azure—listen, listen—" *Trust in God!* "

The wild wood in the forest, stretching empty arms and bare,
Swayed by angry winter winds, through the stinging, frosty
air—

If we ask, "Who knows the sweet, green leaves will cover them
'gain?"

The answering song of "*Trust in God*," comes weeping o'er the
plain.

See the snow-pall on the sleeping earth! Ah! the encoffined
flowers

That gemmed the painted landscape in the merry summer
hours!

How can they rise again? Could they whisper from their
grave,

It would still be, "*Trust in God*," whose streams of love their
rootlets lave.

The moving mass of busy life uprising from their sleep;
The insects in the keen, fresh air, or 'neath the earth-mound
deep—

Who feedeth them from day to day? Ah! see their little store
Tells the golden lesson, "*Trust in God!*" O! con the earnest
lore.

Come, "ye of little faith," and watch the swallows 'neath the
eaves;

Look at the stricken tree whose boughs will burst to bright
green leaves—

The multitude of waiting things depending on his nod!
And "shall not ye, much more than they," learn well to *trust*
in God?

Ay, trust him! Has he *ever failed* through all the devious
way?

His hand has fed, his sun has warmed, his smile has blessed
each day:

A life of peace below, and then a brighter home in heaven!

Oh, *trust in God*, who has so much to cheer the journey given!

No Abiding.

Naught is abiding here!

The earth is shrouded in a changeful pall;

The fading mantle of this lower sphere

Droops over all.

Change marks the very skies,

Floats o'er the grassy mound, the budding trees;

And those who looked on each with clear blue eyes—

Ah! where are these?

Passed from this sin-trailed shore;

“Passed, as the early cloud, the morning dew,”

To gladden with their smiling lips no more

Our darkened view.

Naught is abiding! Love,

That thrills us with such passionate delight,

Glides from our keeping to its home above;

Leaves us in night.

What is there for our hearts,
 These yearning, clinging, hungering hearts of ours,
 Since every joy we gather thus departs—
 Dies as the flowers ?

There's naught abiding here ;
 But *yonder*—where the changeless lives—there shines
 A home, a treasure, which is ever clear,
 And ne'er declines.

Oh, Father, lead us there !
 Wean our weak hearts from fading things of time ;
 And bring us, in thy boundless mercy, where
 All is sublime.

God is our Refuge and Strength.

When the darkness hangeth o'er us,
 And the night
 Hides the light,
 God will go before us.

When the danger near us presseth,
 Hope has failed,
 Fear prevailed,
 God the weak heart blesseth.

When the trouble is the strongest,
 And the nearest
 To our dearest,
 God's great love is longest.

When the eyes grow tired with weeping,
 Nor relief
 Cures our grief,
 God our joy is keeping.

Always, always where we linger,
 God is there,
 Hears our prayer,
 Guides us with his finger.

Let us evermore be praising,
 To the end,
 God our Friend,
 Ebenezers raising.

For his goodness 'mid our blindness,
 Let us praise,
 All our days,
 God's great loving-kindness.

Journeying.

I join the pilgrim band
 That marches to the eternal city. Here
 I find a difficult and darkened land,
 But home is growing near.

Amid the wilderness
 My hidden way all tremblingly I take,
 But God, my shepherd, will the desert bless
 For his own mercy's sake.

And with his trusty crook
 My wandering feet in pleasant paths will guide
 Far from the scorching sun, to the cool brook,
 Where crystal waters glide.

I cannot go astray,
 For he shall lead me where the paths are best ;
 And my sweet resting-place upon the way
 Is the Beloved's breast.

No hunger and no thirst
 Know those who trustingly walk on with him,
 For manna falls, and gushing fountains burst,
 And light grows never dim.

O Shepherd full of love !
 O tenderness beyond a human thought !
 When wilt thou gather to thy fold above
 Thy lambs with weakness fraught ?

Yet, yet a little while
 Guide thou me on amid the intricate way
 Until, where darkness never hides thy smile,
 I see eternal day.

“ This Man receiveth Sinners. ”

Where the crowd is thickest in the dirty street,
 Where the wan and hungry with their brother meet,
 Where the cries of hundreds rend the misty air—
 Weeping tears of pity, Jesus, thou art there.

Where the soul is blackened by the stains of sin,
 Where without is sorrow, blank despair within,
 Where decay has settled over lives once fair—
 Yearning o'er the sufferer, Jesus, thou art there.

Where the cry of anguish from the heart is wrung,
 Where the soul is writhing, by the serpent stung,
 Where the spirit startled breathes a passionate prayer—
 In thy might, yet tender, Jesus, thou art there.

Where the contrite pleader, looking o'er the years,
 Sees the sin around them, bathes thy feet with tears;
 Fearing to behold thee—begging thee to spare—
 With thy words of pardon, Jesus, thou art there.

To the faint cry listening, healing all the pain,
 Bitter tear-drops drying, washing out the stain;
 Where the world is burdened with its sin and care—
 Pitying, loving, saving, Jesus, thou art there.

How much can I do for Jesus?

How much can I do for Jesus through the gaily opening year?
 The dark scenes of the olden past fade off and disappear,
 And the smiling future draweth nigh. As I take its willing
 hand,
 O, how much good may I sow broadcast o'er the ready waiting
 land!

How much can I do for Jesus—not how much for myself—this
 year,
 Nor even how much for the friends I love, though they all may
 be passing dear ?
 For myself, and my own repose or good, I have thought and
 worked too long,
 And have brought to the infinite, loving Christ but little beside
 a song.

I well may weep for the years gone by—the thoughtless, selfish
 years—
 But I cannot bring one day again for all the bitterest tears :
 I may take the future to the Cross before it grows too late,
 That love and trust in Jesus' blood may the New Year conse-
 crate.

I may not do much with all my care, but I surely may bless a
 few ;
 The loving Jesus will give to me some work of love to do ;
 I may wipe the tears from some weeping eyes, I may bring the
 smile again
 To a face that is weary and worn with care, to a heart that is
 full of pain.

I may speak his Name to the sorrowful as I journey by their
 side,
 To the sinful and despairing ones I may preach of the Crucified ;
 I may drop some little gentle word in the midst of some scene
 of strife—
 I may comfort the sick and the dying with a thought of eter-
 nal life.

Or if I am feeble to speak of him, can I quietly bear life's pain?
 Can I listen to angry, taunting words and answer not again?
 For the other world comes the nearest when the joys of this
 decrease,
 And those who suffer for Jesus know most of his perfect peace.

How much can I do for Jesus? But little after all;
 But O, may he make me ready when it pleases him to call;
 I shall serve him better in heaven than I ever can serve him
 here,
 So I'll watch for the Master's coming each day of the glad New
 Year.

Christmas Day.

Let the bells ring from the steeple and tower,
 Sing the sweet welcomes from cottage and bower;
 Hang up the holly and mistletoe boughs;
 Let the glad home-light illumine the brows:
 Sing of that wonderful Bethlehem birth
 Which has spread its glad influence wide o'er the earth.

Let the bells chime, and the glad songs be sung,
 And the garland of praise on the altar be hung:
 But, brother, forget not the softly-breathed prayer,
 Let it rise to thy God on the clear, frosty air,
 That the Saviour—no longer a babe, but a King—
 May again visit earth, and his peaceful gifts bring.

Peace and good will! Let the cold hearts be stirred,
 And the silent lips utter home's musical word,

And the eager hand offer some bountiful deed,
 The aching heart bind, and the hungry one feed.
 For the prayer of the weary and sorrowful still,
 Who sigh on the earth, is for peace and goodwill.

So let the bells chime, though the year groweth old,
 And though snow-flakes are falling, for hearts are not cold ;
 And the riches of love shall encircle our homes,
 And the songs of the happy fill loftiest domes,
 And the smile of the Saviour bring joy to the earth
 That is singing to-day of his wonderful birth.

Sing, sing, for his beauty shall gladden our eyes,
 As the Sabbath of rest dawneth bright in the skies.
 Sing, sing, for redemption is nigh, and the land
 Shall awake from its slumbers, and worshipping stand.
 Sing, sing, for salvation is ours, and we come
 With triumphing feet towards the heavenly home.

Good Friday.

“ How Jesus must have loved us,” said the little blue-eyed child,
 As the mother’s lips were speaking of the only Undeiled ;
 “ I should like to give him something ; would he take my sweet
 spring flowers ?

Or shall I sing and pray to him through all these pleasant hours ?
 But stay, there is another thing I think will please him more :
 I’ll go and see the poor sick child that weeps beside our door ;
 Will talk, and sing, and read to her, and make her smile again ;
 I know the Saviour will be pleased if I can soothe her pain.”

“What shall I render? Pearls and gold, or richer meed of song?”

Asked one in manhood's eager strength who paced life's path along.

“But the gold and silver all are his, and the angels' songs are sweet,

My highest notes are only meet to be whispered at his feet—

I will take some little suffering child, and bless him at his play,

Will love, and care, and pray for him, *for Jesus' sake*, to-day;

I will fold his tiny hands in mine, and teach him some low prayer—

And this shalt be my gift of love: will the Saviour deem it fair?”

Good Friday was it to the child; and gladsome, too, and good
To the heart and brow of him who rose in strong and hale
manhood;

And good to all who do some deed of kindness and love,
For the precious sake of him who died that we might soar
above.

No costly gems, no high-flown words, O grateful Christian,
bring,

But heal some aching heart to-day, some gleam of sunshine
fling

Upon a path all thorn-bestrewn, and, ere the evening dim,
The Saviour will accept the deed as rendered unto him.

Summer Woods.

Summer woods, summer woods, ye are beautiful now,
 With the circle of light on your hoary brow ;
 I love to live in the air ye breathe,
 And be crowned with the garlands ye may wreathe,
 Ye are greeting me now as my steps I wend—
 For ye stretch out your arms like some dear old friend.

Beautiful woods with your robe of green,
 With your dark turf spotted with silver sheen,
 With your grand old oaks, and your infant trees,
 Taking so blandly the kiss of the breeze,
 Touching us all so caressingly—
 Old woods, ye are very dear to me!

Musical trees, ye are full of song,
 Your grand old chorus peals along ;
 The birds in your branches sweet anthems raise,
 The day is eager with gushing praise,
 And steadily floats scent-mingled air,
 Upward as incense full of prayer.

Beautiful trees of the summer-time,
 Ye have often taught me your lore sublime ;
 I have sat 'neath your shade in the days of yore,
 With your green-clad branches spreading o'er,
 Till my spirit has filled with a grateful love
 For ye, and the mighty Friend above.

Summer woods, summer woods, when the weary rest
 Their aching heads on your fragrant breast,

Soothe their spirits and kiss away
 The heat and dust of the toilsome day ;
 Whisper to them as ye have to me,
 Of the love of the Infinite, broad and free.

Grand old woods, ye will live and grow
 When we have finished our tale of woe ;
 Ye will speak on in your eloquence,
 When death has silenced our feeble sense ;
 May the voice of God be heard in the breeze,
 That sweeps through your branches, beautiful trees !

Hope thou in God.

“ Hope thou in God ! ” Hope on
 When the sky darkens o'er thy cloudless brow ;
 When from thy gloomy path the light is gone,
 Hope then in God, as now.

“ Hope thou in God,” whene'er
 The forms that sheltered thee are stricken low,
 And thou, alone amidst the desert drear,
 Canst see not where to go.

For still along thy way
 Blessings have blossomed as the spring-time flowers ;
 And on each newly-born, expectant day,
 Mercies have come in showers.

“ Hope thou in God,” for he
 Has quelled, with his strong hand, thy rising fears ;
 Has wreathed a coronet of joy for thee
 Amid the passing years.

Therefore, hope on, e'en now ;
 Though dark scenes spread before thy faltering feet,
 Hope thou in God, and reverently bow,
 Till thou in heaven shalt meet.

An Invitation.

Hasten to us, Spring-time !
 Come on shining wing,
 With thy sunny brightness
 Gilding everything.
 Come with voice of songsters
 On the hawthorn sweet ;
 Bid the fragrant greensward
 Spring about thy feet.

Hasten to us, Spring-time !
 With thy wealth of flowers ;
 Wreathe a perfumed chaplet
 For the pleasant hours.
 Bring us heaps of daisies,
 Scattered o'er the green,
 Primroses and violets
 Peeping up between.

Hasten to us, Spring-time!
 With a healthful breeze;
 Burst the buds that linger
 On the swaying trees.
 Clothe the hedge with beauty,
 Fill the lanes with song.
 Hasten to us, Spring-time!
 We have waited long.

Come and banish winter
 From our barren shore;
 Bid the sunbeams sparkle
 On the sea once more;
 Take our smiles of welcome,
 Light and gladness bring;
 For our hearts grow weary,
 Waiting for the Spring.

Hasten to us, Spring-time!
 Bring us health for pain;
 Bring us joy for sorrow;
 Bid us live again.
 Yet in vain we call thee:
 God directs thy wing;
 Thou art but a servant;
 God will send thee, Spring!

At Home.

I can hear the sound of the Sabbath bells,
 Inviting the crowds to come
 And receive the message of Jesus' love
 'Neath the awe-inspiring dome ;
 I can hear hushed voices conversing low,
 And the patter of hastening feet
 Passing on to the house of prayer
 Down the wide resounding street.

But not for me are the Sabbath bells,
 And not for me is the song
 Of holy praise to the King's great name
 Sung by the happy throng.
 For me, for me are the weary frame
 And the aching brow and limb ;
 I may not kneel with the praying band,
 Nor join in the holy hymn.

I think, as the twilight deepens round,
 Of the heads that are bowing there,
 Of the dear ones met in the house I love,
 And of one voice raised in prayer.
 I can picture them all with their eager eyes,
 And their faces still and meek :
 They are away, and I am here ;
 But I seek the God they seek.

And I think of One who will surely come
 As I am alone to-night ;
 Who will speak to me in the silent hour,
 And make my chamber bright ;
 Who will whisper to me of his changeless love,
 And will speak of the after-rest ;
 Comforting me with his tenderness
 Until I am truly blest.

So I will not mourn, though I cannot bow
 With the friends whom I needs must love,
 Since a dearer, truer will come to me
 From his mansion-house above ;
 And I shall be safe in the sanctuary
 If he will beside me come ;
 And my Sabbath shall be a blissful time,
 Though I may not leave my home.

With Thee for ever.

With thee for ever—where the day
 Knows naught of gloom of night ;
 Where, in eternal summer's ray,
 The ransomed dwell in light :
 With thee—O ecstasy divine,
 Father, may I in heaven be thine !
 With thee for ever where the song
 Will never silent be ;
 Where the entranced and holy throng
 Gaze ceaselessly on thee :

O Father, in thy boundless love,
 May I thus dwell with thee above !

With thee for ever—where the pain
 Of earth is known no more ;
 Where the redeemed in peace remain ;
 Where death and woe are o'er :
 Oh, Father, in thy loving grace,
 May I there find a vacant place !

With thee for ever—where the wave
 Ne'er surges in the night
 Of the wild tossings o'er the grave
 Of many a dear delight :
 O Father, look and pity me ;
 Let me for ever live with thee !

Whom he Loved.

“ When Jesus, therefore, saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son ! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother ! and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own house.”

It was so like the Saviour. When the pain
 Of that most fearful hour struck to his heart,
 Not of himself he thought ; but yet again
 Spoke that he might to sorrow joy impart.

He did not say to that weak, weeping form,
 Bent with a mother's deepest agony,
 “ Weep not,” but rather, 'mid the rushing storm,
 “ Woman, behold thy son ” in sympathy.

And unto him—the blest beyond all men,
 Who leaned upon his bosom—joy shall come ;
 “ Behold thy mother ! ” yet more tears, and then
 He took her, weeping, to his darkened home.

A son, a mother, joined in one great grief,
 How could they talk of him amid their tears !
 Lighting each other's sorrows till relief
 Stole to their healing hearts in after years.

And thus to those whom Jesus loves, to-day
 There is the same blest legacy, to rise
 And press along their grave-lined, darkened way,
 Eager to wipe the tears from others' eyes,—

To linger not in grief's luxuriousness,
 While blank despair hangs o'er a brother's heart,
 But to go forth to pity and to bless,
 And do in life the healing angel's part.

Therefore, O ye whom Jesus loves, look up,
 Remember him, and cheer some darkened home ;
 Take to some dying one the healing cup,
 And follow Christ, until his kingdom come.

He openeth also their ear to discipline.

When, in weary watchings
 For the light of day,
 Filled with cries of anguish,
 Drags the night away ;

When, in painful tossings
 Of the aching head,
 Sickness and distraction
 Gather round the bed ;
 Then the ear is open
 To the voice of God,
 And the spirit boweth
 Meekly to his rod.

When the flowers have faded—
 Faded from our way ;
 When the hopes are shattered
 Which were once our stay ;
 When the heart within us
 Throbs a dreary knell
 Of the joys departed—
 Whither, none may tell ;
 Then the ear is open
 To the voice of God ;
 Then the spirit boweth
 Meekly to his rod.

When our loved are gathered
 To the deep, deep grave
 'Neath the naked branches,
 Sighing as they wave ;
 When our lives are blighted,
 Desolate, and lone,
 Gloom about our presence,
 Sadness in our tone ;

Then the ear is open
 To the voice of God ;
 Then the spirit boweth
 Meekly to his rod.

Speak, O Voice most holy,
 To the silenced heart !
 Speak, and sacred lessons
 To the soul impart ;
 For the lore is blessed
 Taught in sorrow's hour,
 And the grief-wrung wisdom
 Loses not its power.
 When the ear is open
 To the voice of God,
 Then the spirit boweth
 Meekly to his rod.

A New Heart.

"For God maketh my heart soft."

O Father, God! how hard our hearts become !
 How, 'mid the busy noise and din of life,
 Far from the happy influence of home,
 And very near the tumult and the strife—
 How grows the crust upon them every day,
 Until they scarce are soft enough to pray !

The dull routine of sharp and anxious cares ;
 The ceaseless toil for bread that perishes ;
 This close engagement with the world's affairs,
 That little of the "good life" cherishes :
 How are our earth-bound spirits held in thrall !
 How hard our hearts have grown amid it all !

O Father, pardon us—and most that we
 Can mourn so little over this our sin—
 That, scarcely struggling to be good and free,
 We are so dull without, so hard within :
 Oh, melt these hearts of ours, and make them feel,
 Although it be to cry for thee to heal !

Give us new hearts, O God—new hearts, and clean—
 That, quick to feel, may learn to bless thy name ;
 Hearts to be touched by every sacred scene ;
 Hearts that would fain thy mercy e'er proclaim.
 Give us soft hearts, O God, that we may be,
 Loving and true, devoted unto thee !

Time is Short.

Swiftly as the thought
 Of the busy brain
 Passes from our eager hands,
 Ne'er to come again,
 Time, which, only lent to us,
 May not long remain.

Here, and then 'tis gone,
Never to return,
Though the heart should loudly call,
Though the spirit yearn ;
Never more shall the past come back,
Though the heart should burn.

Let us strive to live
In the present day ;
Never let our precious time
Idly pass away ;
Let us rise to diligence—
Labour while we pray.

So shall fleeting time,
Laden heavily
With the blessings from above,
Falling bounteously :
Hold our hearts in happiness
Unrestrained and free.

HOME AND SCHOOL LYRICS.

Little Children Gather.

Little children gather in the homes of men,
Making mirthful music, stealing sighs of pain,
Making sad hearts happy, silent halls ring out
With the merry laughter, with the children's shout.

Little children gather where the teacher's word
Speaks of heavenly treasure, speaks of Christ the Lord;
Takes the little seekers to the heavenly gate,
Teaches them to worship, teaches them to wait.

Little children gather in the noisy street,
Where life's sternest lessons youthful learners meet;
Where the sin is greatest and the danger near—
O that one would stop them from their sad career!

Little children gather in the heavenly home,
From the world of sorrow one by one they come—
One by one triumphant through the Saviour's love,
Far enough from trouble, glad, secure above..

O, that in the New Year many more may be
 Gathered from the scenes of sin to the pure and free,
 Gathered from the haunts of woe to the homes of peace,
 Where the songs are sweetest, where the sighings cease.

Home-Coming.

I can hear their merry voices as they hurry down the street,
 I can hear the rapid patter of their eager little feet,
 Running, whistling, singing, laughing, on they come with
 beaming eyes,
 All the merry little spirits making home a paradise.

They will scamper up the steps when they see me at the door;
 They will climb into my arms as they often have before;
 They will choke me with caressings in their rough and childish
 glee;—
 Till I cry, “O boys, be quiet!—who would like to change with
 me?”

They will hasten, then, to tell me all about the afternoon,
 Who was good and who was naughty, who came late and who
 came soon,—
 Something that the teacher told them—they will recollect the
 tale—
 And repeat it after tea-time with a zest that will not fail.

I shall try to point a moral—“Mr. Goodman told us that
 Charlie wouldn't let us listen: he was tossing up his hat.”

“Boys, I cannot make you serious ; but I pray from morn to
 night
 That the Saviour will receive you in your youthtide glad and
 bright.”

They will turn to me flushed faces ; I shall look into their eyes,
 Seeing thought beneath the laughter, knowing they will soon be
 wise ;
 I shall hear their evening prayer whispered o'er with bated
 breath ;
 Oh, my boys, how much I love you ! and will love you unto
 death.

The Open Door.

The school was over, the day was done,
 And the pattering little feet
 Had passed to their homes in the autumn light,
 Away from the sloppy street ;
 The teachers rested, the children laughed,
 And forgot in their joyous play
 The eager words they had listened to,
 And that this was the Sabbath-day.

Solemn and still in the gathering shades
 Of the deepening twilight gloom,
 To one as he stood on the threshold wide,
 Was the now deserted room ;

Yet as he stood and peered and peered
 In the darkness falling there,
 A tear arose to the strange man's eyes,
 And he said a little prayer.

A little prayer of a little child,
 As he folds his hands to rest ;
 But the dark man trembled to speak the words,
 And within the door he pressed.
 He sat him down on the lowest form,—
 There was no one there to see,—
 And he cried in tones of the deepest woe,
 "O, Lord, remember me."

Full many a year had rolled away
 Since he stood within that door,
 A teacher's hand on his curly head,
 As he conned his lesson o'er.
 A weary wanderer now he came,
 A stranger to the place ;
 Grey hairs upon his aching head,
 And wrinkles in his face.

But he found an unseen Friend that night
 In the dim and silent room,
 For Jesus came and spoke to him
 In the slowly deepening gloom ;
 And he came, as in his childhood days,
 And knelt upon the floor,
 And he stayed ere he wandered away again,
 To bless God for that open door.

Our May.

She came with the flowers of the sweet, sweet spring.
 And she brought a brightness to everything.
 There's a tender sound in her feeble cries,
 And a deep, deep blue in her shining eyes.
 Our May! our May! In a solemn tone,
 We bless our God for the beautiful one.

We watch her grow as the flowerets do,
 Not one of them has a fairer hue;
 Her smiles are sweet as the morning light,
 Her musical laugh can chase our night.
 She glanceth about in the day's broad gleam,
 And we call her ever our life's sunbeam.

God bless our May with his tenderest love,
 And watch her still from his throne above;
 God scatter his blessings her path along,
 And make her life as a joyous song;
 God shelter her ever from forms of ill,
 And with his riches her spirit fill.

But oh! may our sweet May-floweret grow
 Pure and spotless while here below.
 Far removed from the taint of wrong,
 Safe and happy though dangers throng,
 Through the scenes of each passing day,
 Father, Saviour, bless our May.

Love the Children.

Do not scorn the children
And their little ways ;
They shall throw a brightness
O'er the darkest days ;
Do not damp their pleasure,
Do not check their mirth ;
Children are the sunbeams
In the homes of earth.

Do not slight the children,
Little though they be ;
They will bring a gladness
Ever unto thee.
Give them love's attention ;
Give them words of cheer ;
Do not slight the children :
They shall hold thee dear.

Ever love the children ;
Be the truest friend
Life shall ever bring them,
Even till its end ;
And within the mansions
Of the Golden Land,
Glad shall be the greeting
Of the children's band.

Who Cares for Me ?

Who cares for thee, O little one,
 Who danceth in thy glee ?
 Around thee stand on every hand
 Loved ones who care for thee.

Thy mother, with the gentle brow,
 And mildly beaming eyes,
 Has made thee rich in her deep love
 And tender sympathies.

Thy father, asking every night,
 In solemn words of prayer,
 A blessing for his little one,—
 He shields thee with his care.

And all the merry boys and girls
 That form thy household band,—
 They care for thee, and down the years
 Will bless thy heart and hand.

The teachers bending earnestly
 To hear thy whispered prayer,—
 Oh ! little one, thou may'st not know
 How much thy teachers care.

But Jesus cares the most of all,
 O, child of sunny brow ;
 And *he*, what other changes come,
 Will always care as now.

Dying.

The one was in a noble square,
And he laid his curly head
Upon the snowy pillow
In the comfortable bed.

Two doctors and a nurse were there,
And weeping friends stood nigh,
And pressed around in agony
To see their darling die.

The other in a cellar lay,
And not a friend was there
To soothe his fevered, aching brow,
Or breathe an earnest prayer.

Only his mother now and then
Came to him silently,
And crept away to work again,
Afraid to see him die.

But both the boys, the rich and poor,
Were taken home that day ;
An angel came to fetch them each
And carry them away.

The little snowy cot was bare,
And the little heap of straw :
Two mothers wept alike that day
For the grief their spirits saw.

But the boys are friends in heaven, now,
 Though far divided here ;
 They have learnt the same triumphal song,
 And hold the same Lord dear.

They walk the same wide golden streets ;
 But the happier one, I ween,
 Is the one who came from the heap of straw
 Which his dying bed had been.

All sorrow here, all pleasure there,
 And healing for all pain,
 A crown of life for the aching brow,
 And he'll never weep again.

Oh, home of love, that makes amends
 For all life's woe and gloom !
 We are glad to know as we walk the earth
 That the children shall have room.

Live in the Sunshine.

Live in the sunshine, and scatter around
 On all who are near ye the beams that abound ;
 Give to the children the gladness of light,
 Chase from their spirits the darkness of night.

Live in the sunshine, and spend happy days,
 Carolling sweetly the Bountiful's praise ;
 Dropping some gladness wherever ye go,
 That those in the shadow your sunshine shall know.

Live in the sunshine, grope not in the shade
 That sorrow, and suffering, and silence have made ;
 Go forth to the light, where the flowers live in glee,
 Where the sunbeams are sparkling o'er river and sea.

Live in the sunshine of words that are kind,
 Of smiles that are pleasant, and leave far behind
 The anger and scorn that are curtains to hide
 The blessings and goodness that God shall provide.

Live in the sunshine, and never depart
 From the joy of the gladness that springs in the heart.
 Ye shall be blessings wherever ye live,
 If sunshine for shadow your presence shall give.

Bring the Children Early.

Bring the children early,
 Little ones and young,
 Where the Gospel soundeth,
 Where the praise is sung.
 Do not talk of trouble,—
 They shall bring thee joy,
 They shall fill with beauty
 Thy sublime employ.

Bring the children early
 To the house of God ;
 Let them tread the precincts
 Sacred feet have trod ;

Where the angels gather
 In their minist'ring,
 Let the children cluster,
 Let the children sing.

Bring the children early
 To the Saviour's feet,
 Where his name is sounded
 Let the children meet :
 Bid them bend before him
 In the hours of prayer ;
 Bid them plead thus early
 For the Shepherd's care.

It is not too early
 For them to depart ;
 Even now (too early)
 Sin hath touched their heart.
 Bring them to the fountain
 In the arms of love ;
 Gather little children
 For the Friend above.

Pray, Little Children, Pray.

Pray, little children, pray.
 The dew of morning lieth on your life ;
 It is not yet the broad day-time of strife :
 Pass on the pleasant way.

Pray, for the day of grief
 Cometh toward you on its stealthy wing ;
 Pray, for the prayer a swift relief shall bring,
 Prayer for the day of grief.

Pray in the morning prime,
 For day hath many dangers. Gather now
 Strength for the limbs and heart, and lip and brow,
 Pray for the darkened time.

Pray, God shall make ye strong,
 And lead ye through the mazes of the world
 To where the shining banners are unfurled
 Amid the sacred song.

Pray, little children, pray ;
 For God shall gather up your prayers, and be
 A loving Father through eternity :
 Pray, little children, pray.

“ I see a Light ; I’m almost Home.”

Dim eyes that waited for the light had the little dying child,
 A timid, feeble traveller through the lonesome night and wild.
 With weary, aching little feet she paced the silent way,
 And prayed and sighed till angels opened wide the gates of day.

“ I see a light ; O mother, I’m almost home,” she said,
 And the weeping ones around her pressed the nearer to her bed ;
 A grey hue stole across her face ; her eyes toward “ the light ”
 Turned wistfully and gladly, growing yet more deeply bright.

The toilsome march was over, and the little weary feet
 Stood restfully upon the stones in the golden heavenly street,
 And the little eyes that ached looked up in gladness to the King,
 And the voice that faltered often sang the song the angels sing.

“ I see a light ; I’m almost home,” shall the weary Christian
 cheer

Whose eyes are dim with weeping, and whose heart is fainting
 here.

Dark night may close around him now, but in that last sad hour
 The thickest clouds shall melt away, the morning shall have
 power.

So let us press along the path, and fear not for the end ;
 There shall not come a time when we are hidden from our
 Friend ;

And, though the way is rough and long, and deep and dark the
 night,

We too shall cry, “ I’m almost home ; I see the heavenly light.”

Cheerily.

Cheerily welcome the children ; let no gathering frown
 Frighten the mirth from among you, keeping their spirits down.
 Is not their laughter music ? is not their glancing smile
 Sweet to the heart of a teacher, pleasant and free from guile ?

Cheerily welcome the children every returning day ;
 Let not their spirits sadden while you are about their way ;
 Tell them a pleasant story of great and noble men,
 Sweeten for them the sermon with anecdote now and then.

Cheerily welcome the children : is it a gloomy place
Where ye tell the love of the Saviour, where ye have beheld
his face ?

Surely a little brightness lingers about the scene :
Make ye the children happy in the place where his feet have
been.

Cheerily welcome the children ; happy, and bright, and fair
Are the children, young and little, circling the seat of prayer,
With the Saviour's blessing upon them. Give them thy blessing
too :

Send them forth from among you with joy of a nobler hue.

Cheerily welcome the children, so when the Master calls
They shall be waiting to greet you in the golden heavenly halls.
They shall with joy surround you, making the world above
Happy and yet more joyful because of the children's love.

Let the Children Love Thee.

Let the children love thee ;
Make their morning bright
With thy words of kindness,
With thy loving might.
Take unto thy bosom,
In thine inmost heart,
These the little children
Who shall joy impart.

Let the children love thee ;
Do not check their joy :
Life has many sorrows,
Life has much alloy.
In their spring-tide gladness,
In their mirth of song,
Aid them with thy smiling,
'Twill not last for long.

Let the children love thee ;
Scatter words of love :
Pleasant words are sunbeams
Little hearts to move.
Give them smiles in plenty ;
Let thy frowns be few ;
Merry words and loving,
Ever fresh and new.

Let the children love thee ;
They will bring a light
To thy darkest moment,
To the longest night.
Tiny arms and clinging,
Circling thee away ;
These shall bring a gladness
To the roughest day.

Let the children love thee ;
They shall scatter flowers,
Beautiful and fragrant,
In the coming hours.

Woo them by thy kindness
 To the pleasant road,
 Filled with many footsteps,
 Leading up to God.

Let the children love thee ;
 Bear them in thy love
 Till thy God thou meetest
 In the home above.
 Little ones will welcome
 Thy arrival there,
 If thou now wilt lead them
 By thy love and prayer.

Every Day.

Every day are dropping
 Blessings fresh from heaven ;
 Every day good favours
 To our hands are given.
 Every day *our* kindness
 Findeth room and need
 To uphold the feeble,
 And the hungry feed.

Every day are falling
 Tender words of love,
 Softly o'er our spirits
 From the Friend above.

Every day are needed
 Loving words of ours
 For the little children,
 Plentiful as flowers.

Every day, forgiving
 Many deeds of wrong,
 God thy life-day maketh
 Full of joyous song.

Every day forgiving
 Others' injuries,
 We may make them happy
 By our sympathies.

Every day yet nearer
 To the heavenly home,
 Angel hands are leading,
 Till God's people come.
 Every day hands eager,
 Lips beseeching, bring
 Bands of little children
 Nearer to the King.

The Children's Holiday.

Away, away to the breezy hills,
 Where the joy of life the spirit fills;
 Where the zephyrs play in the dancing trees,
 And the air is full of harmonies.
 Away, away from the smoky street,
 To the shady spot where the waters meet.

Away, away, with a merry shout,
 To where the fragrant May is out ;
 Where the cooling shadows softly play,
 And the sun is smiling for holiday.
 Away, away, with the light of morn,
 To the pleasant hay and the waving corn.

Away, away to the bounding sea,
 Where the silvery waves toss glitteringly ;
 Where the sand is full of wondrous things,
 And the sea-gull rests with its shining wings.
 Away, away, where the waters play,
 Making an endless holiday.

Away, away, with the dancing eyes
 And the rosy lips, with their bright replies.
 Away, away, let the little feet
 Scamper over a turfy street ;
 Let the little voices sing their song
 In the leafy halls which the sweet birds throng.

Shall doubtless come again with Rejoicing.

Go forth, O weepers, bearing precious seed
 In soil well watered by your dropping tears ;
 But, oh, despair not—God hath seen your need :
 His sun shall bless you through the shining years,
 And harvests, as they come with mirth and song,
 Shall bring the joy for which ye waited long.

;

Go forth to sow good seed by night and day,
 In the broad acres of this changing life;
 But as ye scatter turn aside and pray
 That it may not be choked by sin or strife—
 That God may nourish it with sun and shower.
 Sow on; but trust him: ye have little power.

And when the harvest smiles around your heart,
 O, take the sheaves and offer them to him.
 If ye do well and trustingly your part,
 His love will send a joy no change shall dim.
 Sow on—despair not; he your work will bless,
 And ye shall reap of that best joy—success.

Glad your rejoicing; ye with buoyant feet
 Shall tread exultingly the upward way—
 Shall lay your sheaves where good and great men meet,
 And the kind Master loveth you always.
 Go forth, O reapers, bearing precious seed,
 For God is near you in your hours of need.

What can I do?

What can I do for the Master? I am but weak and young,
 But I have knelt at his feet and lived, and I the song have
 sung;
 And I fain would bring before him some lowly work of mine,
 But I am weak to serve him—this friend of Life Divine.

What can *I* do for the Master? I will take a little child,
 And weary not till I bring him safe to the Undeified.
 I will tell him of Jesus' love, till I see in his brightening eyes
 That he longs for the home in heaven beyond the sunny skies.

What can I do for the Master? If I guide some little feet
 To the banks of the River of Life, where the saved and the happy
 meet—

If I point some little one to the Morning Star above,
 I shall not have lived in vain, and he will accept my love.

What can I do for the Master? I can speak of him day by
 day

To those who know Him not who are scattered about my way :
 I can bring him songs in the valley, and songs on the steep
 hill-side,

And I'll try to bring him the children, that they may with him
 abide.

I cannot do much for the Master; I will bring him what I
 may;

I will try to live to his glory, and this is the safest way—
 To be busily working for him, and thinking of all his love,
 Till he send his angels for me, and I dwell in his home above.

It is Well.

It is well, though the sky should be overcast,
 And the joy of thy life be for ever past.
 Though sorrow should darken the path below,
 It is well, it is well, as thou soon shalt know.

It is well to labour, and well to wait ;
 It is well to knock at the golden gate ;
 To pray in the morn and the dewy eve ;
 To ask though we may not yet receive.

It is well that faith, with its strong bright eyes,
 Should look up, still up, to the sunny skies,
 It is well to trust in the Father's love
 When sorrow and trial our courage prove.

It is well when sorrow has spread its pall,
 Darkly and thickly, over all—
 When the spoken word, and the prayer of pain,
 And the earnest pleading are all in vain.

It is well, all well, that our Father sends ;
 For his loving-kindness never ends.
 It is well, all well, while we linger here ;
 And well, all well, when death is near.

‘ Suffer the Children to come unto Me.’

He smiled as he stretched out his arms in glad welcome,
 While little ones hastened to press round his knee,
 While he laid his kind hand on each little fair forehead,
 Saying, “ Suffer the children to come unto me.”

He loved them e'en then, though his heart had much sadness ;
 He loveth them still in their jubilant glee,
 And still does he utter those words of sweet welcome,
 Oh, “ Suffer the children to come unto me.”

Send not from my presence the children ; I love them ;
 And they shall be merry, and joyous, and free ;
 But bring them where blessings from heaven are dropping ;
 Oh, "Suffer the children to come unto me."

We bring them, dear Saviour, by words and by prayers ;
 Oh, thine, thine alone may our little ones be,
 Still stretch out thy kind arms, still give them a welcome,
 Say, "Suffer the children to come unto me."

And when their young feet touch the waters of Jordan,
 Oh, then, may the children be dear unto thee.
 Take their hands, lift them up to the palaces golden ;
 Say, "Suffer the children to come unto me."

Whom do you Love ?

Are there any little children
 Who have cost you many a care,
 Who have forced with tiny fingers
 To the hallowed seat of prayer ;
 Who have many claims upon you
 Which have power your heart to move ?
 Are there any little children
 Whom you love ?

Are there any poor and needy
 Costing you a constant tear ?
 Are there any weak and lonely
 Whom your kindly words must cheer ?

Are there any who grow happy
 When beside their hearth you move?
 Are there any you are blessing
 Whom you love?

Or, from morning until midnight,
 Do you only think of one
 For whom good gifts are needed,
 For whom good deeds are done,
 The only one who liveth
 Who your heart can fairly prove—
 Is it self alone, self wholly,
 Whom you love?

Oh, this life's of little value
 If it make us not a friend
 Whom we love, and who will love us
 Fondly, truly, to the end;
 If no strong and pure affections
 Ne'er our deepest spirits move;
 If there are not some around us
 Whom we love.

For Jesus.

This the Christian's motto, blazoned on his shield;
 This the Christian's war-song when he will not yield;
 This the Christian's vespers, borne on evening air,
 And "for Jesus' sake," he craves answers to his prayer.

Many another voice within calls him from the claim
 Ever strongest in his heart, of that holy name ;
 Many an eager hand is stretched drawing him aside,
 But his inmost heart is bound to the Crucified.

'Tis "for Jesus" that he calls little ones around ;
 'Tis "for Jesus" that he treads on the holy ground ;
 'Tis "for Jesus" he has worked, and his latest breath
 Breathes that well-beloved name in the hour of death.

Jesus is the First and Last. From his wondrous life
 Learns the Christian how to live in the scenes of strife ;
 How to suffer cheerfully, looking to the end,
 Looking for eternal life ever with his Friend.

Help us, precious Saviour ! still to love and live for thee ;
 From the clogs of self and sin, set our spirits free ;
 Bring us to the home of love, when 'our work is o'er,
 Where the happy grieve them not ; leave them nevermore.

Fading Leaves.

Softly, slowly, silently, fading leaves are falling,
 Falling on the little graves all about our home ;
 Solemn, earnest voices tenderly are calling
 Nearer to the promised land where the storms ne'er come.

Softly, slowly, silently, all the leaves are fading,
 All the flowers of summer-time die before the blast ;
 Solemnly and silently many a soul is wading
 Through the river cold and chill, grasping land at last.

Autumn creepeth mournfully, full of sighs and wailing,
 Bearing arrows on its wings, poison in its breath,
 Showing, where its footmarks lie, sin's accursed trailing,
 Hurrying, 'mid shrieks of fear, many swift to death.

It shall reach our little ones, in our arms enfolden ;
 It shall take them far away to the fatherland,
 Where the Father's smiling face, gratefully beholden,
 Shines upon the conqueror, palm-branch in his hand.

Softly, slowly, silently, fading leaves are falling ;
 Falling on the little graves all about our home ;
 Solemn, earnest voices tenderly are calling,
 Hearing them, we rise and say, " We will also come."

Who Love you ?

In the grey and sober morning,
 In the light and blaze of noon,
 In the swiftly-fading twilight,
 And beneath the silent moon,
 Are there any spirits beating
 With a fervent thought and true,
 Saying smilingly, " God bless him !"
 Who love you ?

Are there any little children
 Dancing out with rapid feet
 At the glad sound of your coming,
 Bounding forth your smile to greet

With their words of fond affection,
 Ever merry, ever new ?
 Are there any little children
 Who love you ?

In the darkness of your sorrow,
 In the blaze of your success,
 Are there héarts, sincere and trusty,
 Who will sympathize and bless ?
 Are there any ever ready
 With a grateful thought in view,
 With an open hand and eager,
 Who love you ?

Never mind a little trouble,
 Never mind a little care,
 If you've earnest friends about you,
 Who remember you in prayer—
 You are rich as wealth can make you,
 Though their number be but few—
 Saying smilingly, " God bless him ! "—
 Who love you.

Little Singers.

Humming merry little songs all the livelong day,
 Singing o'er their daily tasks, singing at their play,
 Cheering hours of wintry gloom with their tripping song,
 Thus our little singers live all the glad day long.

Lisping, prattling, strangest words sing they with their might,
 Tunes which they themselves compose greet us day and night,
 Changing, as their faces do, oft from gay to grave,
 Singing of their household pets, or their prowess brave.

Singing songs we always love, dear old songs of yore,
 Bringing tears into our eyes, for the "Nevermore"
 Of our long departed days, causing us to kneel
 Oft before the Mighty One who alone can heal.

Bless ye, little singers. Sing with all your might.
 Sing and make us glad and true by your words of light;
 Sing until our hearts grow warm even in their pain,
 Blessed little singers, near us still remain.

And when voices here grow weak, and for ever cease,
 May ye sing your sweetest songs in the land of peace;
 Sing sweet songs of Jesus' love all eternity,
 Singing to the golden harps with the saved, the free.

At Night.

Home from Sunday-school, and home
 From the children's meeting,
 From the teacher's kind Good-bye
 To the mother's greeting.
 Home from Sunday-school, before
 Stars are brightly glistening,
 To the father's pleasant words
 Ever gladly listening.

Home!—where evening hymns are said,
 And the text repeated,
 Mother's lips upon the face
 Over-tired and heated ;
 Half asleep, the little girl
 Mother is undressing—
 Scarcely feels the Good-night kiss,
 Scarcely hears the blessing.

Far away the teacher kneels,
 With the Saviour wrestling ;
 Here, an earnest mother prays
 For the little nestling ;
 Angel hands from every harm
 Are the treasure keeping ;
 Loving eyes are bending o'er
 When the child is sleeping.

Little Hands.

Busy little fingers, stealing everywhere,
 O'er our weary faces, and among our hair,
 Smoothing many a furrow, soothing many a pain,
 Wandering o'er our ready lips to be kissed again.

Busy, eager little hands, clutching everything
 That may come across the path of your wandering,
 Claiming all our valuables, for your hours of play,
 To be loved, then broken up, and then cast away.

Busy, naughty little hands, rapidly ye move
 In the work of mischief ye so dearly love—
 Will ye be as ready when life's sterner task
 Powers of eye and heart and mind shall in earnest ask ?

Busy, loving little hands, God's blessing on ye all ;
 God keep ye as the years pass on in easy, pleasant thrall—
 Unstained by work of evil, ever ready for the good
 Of the weak, and of the needy, and of all the brotherhood.

Grow ye skilful, little hands, ye have work to do ;
 Earth, with its oppressed and wronged, will have need of you ;
 Ye must rear the standard of the true and right,
 Grow ye strong, then, little hands, God will bless your might.

May ye oft be folded reverently in prayer—
 May ye never once be wrung in the heart's despair—
 May ye do the Saviour's work as it shall be given—
 May ye strike the golden lyre to his praise in heaven.

Work for the New Year.

Love the little children through the glad New Year ;
 Utter gentle, kindly words, little hearts to cheer ;
 Give them pleasant, sunny smiles, lighting up the way,
 Make their lives a pleasant song through the passing day.

Teach the little children through the glad New Year ;
 Knowledge hath a magic power darksome skies to clear ;
 Train them for the future life of the stalwart man,
 Teach them to work earnestly through life's little span.

Lead the little children to the Saviour's feet,
 Ere life's winter cometh with its frost and sleet ;
 Gather them with earnest words to the road to heaven,
 Where to little unworn brows crowns of life are given.

Pray for little children, needing all the love
 Of the heavenly Father—of the Friend above !
 Take them with the arms of prayer, where the blessings fall,
 Where the Saviour looks and loves, where the angels call.

Work for little children through the New Year's days,
 Breathe some earnest word of prayer, sing some song of praise ;
 God above shall prosper thee, make thee happy here,
 Take thee to a better home, to the world's new year.

He is strong.

“My work is finished early ; it is not yet the noon ;
 No strength, no voice, no power have I—oh, is it not too
 soon ?

The world has yet so much to do, and I have willing hands !
 Why is my portion laid amongst the silent, suffering bands ?”

Her seat was vacant in the school, her class was scattered
 there ;

They heard her not amid the song, they met her not in prayer ;
 They missed her counsel day by day, and loved her even
 more

Than when she met them constantly before the open door.

They came and stood around the couch on which she suffering
 lay,
 And bent beside her lovingly to hear what she would say.
 Her words were very few and weak, but the Master made them
 strong,
 And gave her plenteous blessings for the words of many a
 song.

Her weakness and her febleness brought more than strength
 had done,
 To kneel before the mercy-seat, to bless the Holy One ;
 And many who had scorned her voice when health had flushed
 her face,
 Now knelt with tearful eyes to hear her messages of grace.

And now she saw why sickness came, and why the smiter's
 hand
 Had gathered her to be among the weak and suffering band ;
 And day by day, and night by night, she sang a grateful
 song—
 "Father, I thank thee; I am weak, while thou art good and
 strong."

Little Sleepers.

Softly, little sleepers, pass your hours away,
 Slumbering ever peacefully while we weep and pray ;
 With your red lips parted, and your curly hair
 Clustering on your foreheads, ye are very fair.

Sweetly, little sleepers, slumber ye at night,
 Dreaming happy dreams, that may be true when breaks the
 light,
 Only of some childish joy ;—in your after-years,
 Dreams will fals'er grow, and wakings oft be dimmed by tears.

Little sleepers sleeping often when 'tis wrong,
 Sleeping during Sabbath-school, during sermon long ;
 Ne'er afraid to yawn and nod, as your elders be,
 Though, perchance, they grow as worn and as tired as ye.

Think you, little sleepers, how so many eyes,
 Closed in deeper slumber lie where hillocks rise ?
 Do you know how very near ye have often been
 To the other brighter world—to the grave between ?

Blessed little sleepers, ere like them ye sleep,
 May the Father spare you long happy hours to keep,
 Folded in our arms of love, while we breathe a prayer,
 That the God will make you good, who has made you fair.

The Morning of Life.

Children, with your merry eyes,
 Deeply blue as summer skies,
 Glancing in the early sun,—
 Ye your way have just begun.
 All things have a pleasant hue ;
 It is dewy morn with you.

Not for ye begins too soon
Labour in the burning noon ;
It is not for ye to press
Heated hills with weariness.
Little, tripping, glancing feet,
Ye have only morning sweet.

Yet remember in your play
Morning ever brings the day.
Ye may make it brightly glad,
Ye may make it darkly sad.
As the morn is day shall be ;
Ye may choose it in your glee.

Therefore, dancers through the land,
Clasp a wiser, stronger hand ;
Seek a mighty Friend and true
Who shall be a guide to you ;
Choose ye for the summer's day
One who knoweth well the way.

Morning may not always last—
Night will come when day is past ;
Gather wealth in life's glad hour,
Hope, and trust, and love's sweet power—
These the opening way will bless,
Make it rich with happiness.

Little Pilgrims.

Little pilgrims, treading swiftly
 All life's chequered hills and vales,
 Skipping through the pleasant meadow,
 Where the greatest joy prevails,—
 Know ye aught of coming danger
 Which awaits ye on the way ?
 Ere another step ye venture,
 Little pilgrims, stop and pray.

Little pilgrims, singing sweetly
 Many a pleasant, simple hymn,
 Gladly hasten to the Saviour
 Ere your day of life grow dim.
 May he speed you on your journey
 With his smiles and words of love !
 May he cheer your languid spirits
 Till he calls ye home above !

Little pilgrims, talking gladly
 Of the brilliant evermore,
 As ye pass your older brothers,
 Drop some word upon the shore,
 That the sea of life may gather ;
 Flinging where the weary stand
 Some consoling thought of pleasure
 From the distant fatherland.

Little pilgrims, skipping gaily,
 May you never lose your way
 Till ye rest for ever safely
 In the long eternal day ;
 Till ye bend before the Father
 Eager lip and loving brow ;
 Till ye serve him—how much better
 Than ye e'er can do it now !

Saved.

Saved! He is saved! He has knelt with me at the blessed
 Saviour's feet,
 He has wept hot tears for his many sins, he has breathed his
 praises sweet ;
 He has bowed and laid his bright young life on the altar of
 God's love,
 He is passing on with the ransomed ones to their glorious home
 above.

Saved! saved! He will not be doomed when his earthly life is
 o'er ;
 The angels will wait as his eager soul neareth the shining
 shore.
 He has a home in the holy land ; and, with buoyant restive
 feet,
 He shall spring upon the pleasant hills, and walk the golden
 street.

Saved! saved! O, not for him are the unavailing tears
Of those who have laboured for naught or wrong through the
past forgotten years.

Saved! saved! and not too late for some good and noble
deeds—

To heal the aching and broken heart, and to answer a brother's
needs.

Saved! saved! He is snatched from the path of sin, where many
have fallen low ;

He is plucked from the top of the precipice—he is saved from
the haunt of woe ;

The loving Saviour has gathered him to a new and happy
life,

Ere his heart was stained with the deepest sin, and worn with
constant strife.

Saved! saved! O praise to the God who has rescued him so
soon ;

Who has brought him to the Almighty arms, before he reached
his noon ;

May he live a life of holy love, a life of joyful song—

Till he rests in the peaceful home of bliss, with the ever happy
throng.

Healed.

“Nigh unto death!” But a passionate prayer
Rose through the sultry summer air,
Reaching the heart of the Healer, then
Brought back the flush of life again.

“ Nigh unto death ! ” but the dear, dear life,
 Did not succumb to the final strife.
 His heart was touched by the healing hand,
 He sang again in the pleasant land.

Our boy, our boy, wilt thou not praise
 The love that has lengthened thus thy days ?
 And resolve that thy fair young life shall be
 Spent in His service gratefully ?

Healed, healed when nigh to the gates of death,
 Sent back to life with the healthful breath.
 What shall we do with thee, boy of ours,
 Playing now 'mid the summer flowers ?

We take thee, dear, to the Saviour's feet,
 His hand shall receive thee, our treasure sweet,
 His love shall bless thee through years of joy,
 To him we leave thee, our happy boy.

First Sunday in Spring.

The skies are deeper blue, the fields
 Have newest robes of green ;
 The buds are bursting on the trees,
 The sea has silver sheen ;
 The young spring flowers are peeping forth
 From beds of sheltering leaves ;
 The sunlight gilds the noble hall
 And humble cottage eaves.

And sweeter sound the Sabbath bells,
And sweet the children's song ;
And brighter smiles are in the class,
And happier faces throng ;
And vain are many little hearts
Of some new spring-like dress ;
And proudly rise the little feet
The sacred floor to press.

And I, this first spring Sabbath morn,
Some grateful lay will bring
To Him whose love is ever new,
Who giveth us the spring.
And I will pray an earnest prayer
That in this joyous hour
I may a pleasing offering bring,
A human sweet spring flower.

That e'en to day some little child
Before the cross may kneel,
That I have brought by prayer and word
The love of Christ to feel ;
That lips that I have taught may learn
The glad new song to sing.
Oh, happier then than all beside,
This first sweet day of spring.

There shall be no more pain.

No tossing of the burning head
 After the long day's closing ;
 No weary night-long watches where
 The spirit is reposing.
 Hot little hands shall no more stretch
 Imploringly before us ;
 We shall not weep in hopelessness
 When God's own house is o'er us.

No crying of the little ones,
 Waking our feeble pity ;
 No groans arise at eventide
 Within the golden city ;
 For God's own hand has wiped the tears
 From all that band of weepers,
 And only music soft and low
 Awakes the peaceful sleepers.

No aching limbs lie helplessly,
 Waiting the Saviour's healing ;
 For all are whole in that blest home,
 And perfect every feeling.
 No sighs, and sobs, and wild distress,
 No dread of storm or riot ;
 But perfect health, unbroken peace,
 Amid the sacred quiet.

There shall be no more pain! O home
 So far from danger dreary!
 O, holy, happy resting-place
 For all the worn and weary!
 God guide our feeble halting feet
 Safe to the blissful haven!
 God give us all his healing touch,
 And bring us home to heaven!

Good Friday.

“ Did Jesus think of children, teacher, when he had to die?
 Would he have blessed us, then, if we had waited trembling by?
 Oh, how he must have loved us, teacher, even to the end!
 But I am such a little child—oh, will he be my friend?”

We told her how by prayer of faith, her little hands might bring
 A message full of love to all from the presence of the King;
 We told her he had died for her, that from his bounteous hand
 Came sun and shower, and day and night, and spring flowers
 o'er the land.

“ Will Jesus fetch the children, teacher, when we have to die?
 Will he stretch his hand to lift us when the hour of death is
 nigh?
 Oh, I should like to live with him in the home of all the blest?
 For none are ever sick in heaven, but all the weary rest.”

We told her how the little ones have found a home in heaven,
Where whitest robes, and golden harps, and crowns of life are
given.

We told her Jesus Christ would come and welcome her some
day;

But knew not then how very soon our flower would fade away.

But when Good Friday morning came she vanished from our
sight;

The darkness only dwelt with us. She cried, "Oh, here is light,
And Jesus comes to fetch me;" then, as melt the stars away,
Our darling gently entered into pure and gladsome day.

Christ shall lead us.

Christ shall lead us ever safely through the maze below,
Where his love makes verdant pastures, where the waters flow,
Where the sky is bright with blessing, gemmed with many a
star,

Where his voice is heard the clearest, where his loved ones are.

Christ shall lead us ever safely where the dangers lie;
He will ward the evil from us, and his watchful eye
Shall behold the looming blackness, and his hand provide
Shelters in the stormy journey where our souls may hide.

Christ shall lead us ever safely where our lips may speak
Loving, eager, earnest words to the young and weak,
Where the little children gather, hearing words of truth,
That shall guide the little ones, that shall bless their youth.

Christ shall lead us ever safely through the heavenward way,
 He shall listen to our praises, help us when we pray ;
 Nothing evil can befall us when he standeth near,
 He will lead us safely heavenward, though the way be drear.

Therefore let us never falter, ever onward go,
 Till we cast our crowns before him, and his glory know,
 Till all safe from woe and sorrow we shall enter in,
 With the undefiled in mansions where is no more sin.

Bringing his Sheaves with him.

He has died, say they of earth,
 In the harvest-time,
 Gathered to his fathers' graves
 In his manly prime.
 He is missed as none can tell
 In the Sunday-school,
 Where for more than twenty years
 He has held kind rule.

He has marched with footsteps sure
 To the heavenly gate ;
 None dare bar the way to him,
 None dare bid him wait.
 On his brow the magic Name
 Shineth fair and bright ;
 Angels let the traveller in
 'Mid a blaze of light.

And the ransomed man of God
 Cometh not alone :
 There are bands of little ones
 Standing by the throne—
 Little ones whom he has led
 To the Saviour's feet—
 Little ones who take his hand
 Down the golden street.

Sweet the pleasant rest is now
 After toilsome years—
 Sweet the perfect joy of heaven,
 Usubdued by tears—
 Sweeter still the King's "Well done!"
 And the loving gaze
 Of the band of children there,
 Singing Jesus' praise.

Nellie.

A merry, playful child she is, with sunlight on her face,
 With buoyancy in every step, in every action grace,
 And gladness in her bright blue eyes, and round her mouth a
 smile ;
 Oh! Nellie is a radiant thing, the sad hours to beguile.
 And yet a thoughtful child she is, and things beyond our ken
 Are passing through her eager mind, in gushes now and then ;
 A strange sweet smile is in her eyes, and with a serious air
 Our Nellie clasps her little hands and prays her little prayer.

We love her when her merry laugh rings out in its sweet
power,
We love her when her ringing words are dropping in a shower ;
We love her when she sings her hymn, so soft, at eventide ;
We love our Nellie every hour she lingers at our side.

We talk to her—and now and then the child will fall asleep :
Amid our earnest, solemn words weariness will creep ;
But still we drop the goodly seed, and let it bide its time ;
We know our Nellie shall be God's in his great harvest-time.

The Promise of the Spring.

Already on the awaking earth
Are little early flowers,
Whose sweet uprisings gladden us
'Mid April's frequent showers ;
For when the bounteous hands of God
The little treasures fling,
Our hearts, so long time wintered, greet
The promise of the spring.

The promise of the azure skies—
The soft and fragrant breeze ;
The promise of the wealth of leaves
To enrobe the graceful trees ;
Of all things fair and beautiful,
Which the golden time may bring,
Oh ! we give a burst of welcome to
The promise of the spring.

And ye, whose weary hearts have ached
 Through a winter drear and long ;
 When a dearth of love, like the cold, cold snow,
 Has frozen the spirit's song ;
 Now take, with a thankful, eager hand,
 Each pleasant and sunny thing ;
 And greet with a heart of hope once more
 The promise of the spring.

The Homeward Path.

Little feet are passing
 Through the homeward way,
 With their merry singing
 And their happy play.
 Though as little pilgrims
 They must longer roam,
 Still with eager footsteps
 Do they hasten home.

Home from every sorrow,
 Home from every care ;
 Home where praise and rapture
 Are exchanged for prayer ;
 Home where never gather
 Storms of wintry night ;
 Home where all are happy,
 Home where all is bright.

Thus the little children
 Pass along their way,
 From this night of sorrow
 To that cloudless day :
 And the loving Saviour
 Heads the little band,
 And will bring them safely
 To the better land.

Oh, 'tis worth our trouble,
 If we bring them near
 To that home of glory,
 And the Saviour dear.
 Be our hearts in earnest,
 And our lips be skilled,
 Till some golden mansions
 Are with children filled.

The Land of Peace.

There breathes no sigh from those calm hearts in that abode of
 peace,
 The home of all the happy, where the sorrow all shall cease ;
 No harsh heart-breaking words are heard, for the lips are love-
 tinged there,
 In the land of all the beautiful, the perfect, and the fair.

There falls no pain upon the heart, where sickness cannot come,
 No shrieks of agony are wrung within that blissful home ;

Cool on the fevered spirit falls the soothing music-tone,
 And the brow has no more sign of pain, in that blessed world
 unknown.

No rough winds blow across the waves of that bright glassy
 sea ;
 There the timid ones are safe at home, in the dwelling of the
 free ;
 Life's fearful journey over, they are resting now, at last,
 And the spirits sing a grateful song that the troublous times are
 past.

Oh, Father, pity us, who weep along the wayside drear,
 And bring us also to that land, with the holy and the dear ;
 Guide thou us to the home of love, to the blessed land of peace,
 Where our tears for ever wiped away—our fears and bondage
 cease. .

In the Morning.

Freshly blows the air in the morning sweet,
 Merrily the footsteps pace the waking street ;
 Crowds of little children open their bright eyes,
 While the sun in splendour lights the eastern skies.

Beautiful is morning ! Make it bright with love,
 Ye who in the homes of our pleasures move ;
 Make it fair as sunshine with your noble deeds,
 Pitiful and helpful to a brother's needs.

Speak to little children in the morning prime,
 Lead them to the Saviour, tell them truths sublime ;
 Scatter holy words in the listening heart,
 That the young and lovely learn the better part.

Take the early hours, that their strength may be
 Given unto noble things while the soul is free ;
 That the night be peaceful, and the hours of rest
 Glad with thoughts of kindness rendered the distressed.

Brought to Jesus.

He was still a bright-eyed boy, with a wealth of flaxen hair,
 Gleaming bright amid the sun, curling on his forehead fair ;
 And his little skipping feet were as merry as the day,
 And his laughter trilled as sweetly in his careless boyish play.

But we brought him to the Saviour, as the mothers did of yore,
 And he prayed to Christ the Lord, as many boys had done
 before.

And the sacrifice he offered, in the morning of his day,
 Was his young life fresh and strong, was the vigour of his way.

He was still a bright-eyed boy, but his teacher was the Lord,
 And many an earnest lesson in his eager mind was stored ;
 For he sat at Jesus' feet, ere his eye or heart grew dim,
 For counsel or for love, looking evermore to him.

And he lived amid his boyhood, having thoughts of earnest
 things,
 And the peace and joy of heart which the love of Jesus brings,

And he spoke some earnest words to the children at their play,
And they met beneath the forest trees to listen and to pray.

We have not lost our boy, nor his bright and careless glee,
Though we took him to the Saviour, and he loves him earnestly.
He is still a bright-eyed boy, but is glad that such a Friend
As the Saviour will receive him, and will love him to the end.

Trust and go Forward.

Trust and go on, and linger not
By the wayside, cold and drear,
Though earth be full of constant strife,
And heaven is not too near.
The way is long, but the path is sure,
And a home beyond the skies
Waiteth for thee in a better land,
When the Master saith, Arise!

Trust and go on, though the night is dark,
And the rain drops heavily,
Though thou art far from the shelter warm
Where the angels wait for thee.
Go on, for the storm-cloud shall not burst,
And the light of day shall bring
Peace and joy for the weary ones
After the suffering.

Trust and go on in thy work of love,
Labour for God and good ;
Bind the little ones close to thee
In the bonds of brotherhood.

Gather them nearer the holy cross
To the seat of love and rest,
Till they, with thee, shall be numbered safe
With the happy and the blest.

Trust, for the Father faltereth not,
And his words of love to thee
Are strong and faithful as God can make,
And full of sympathy.
Go on, for the work may not stand still,
Until all is finished well,
And thou and thy dear ones are round the throne,
And the heavenly chorus swell.





Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 004 455 163

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

1967
1990
1999
MAR 31
MWR

FEB 10 1999 — M

FEB 10

