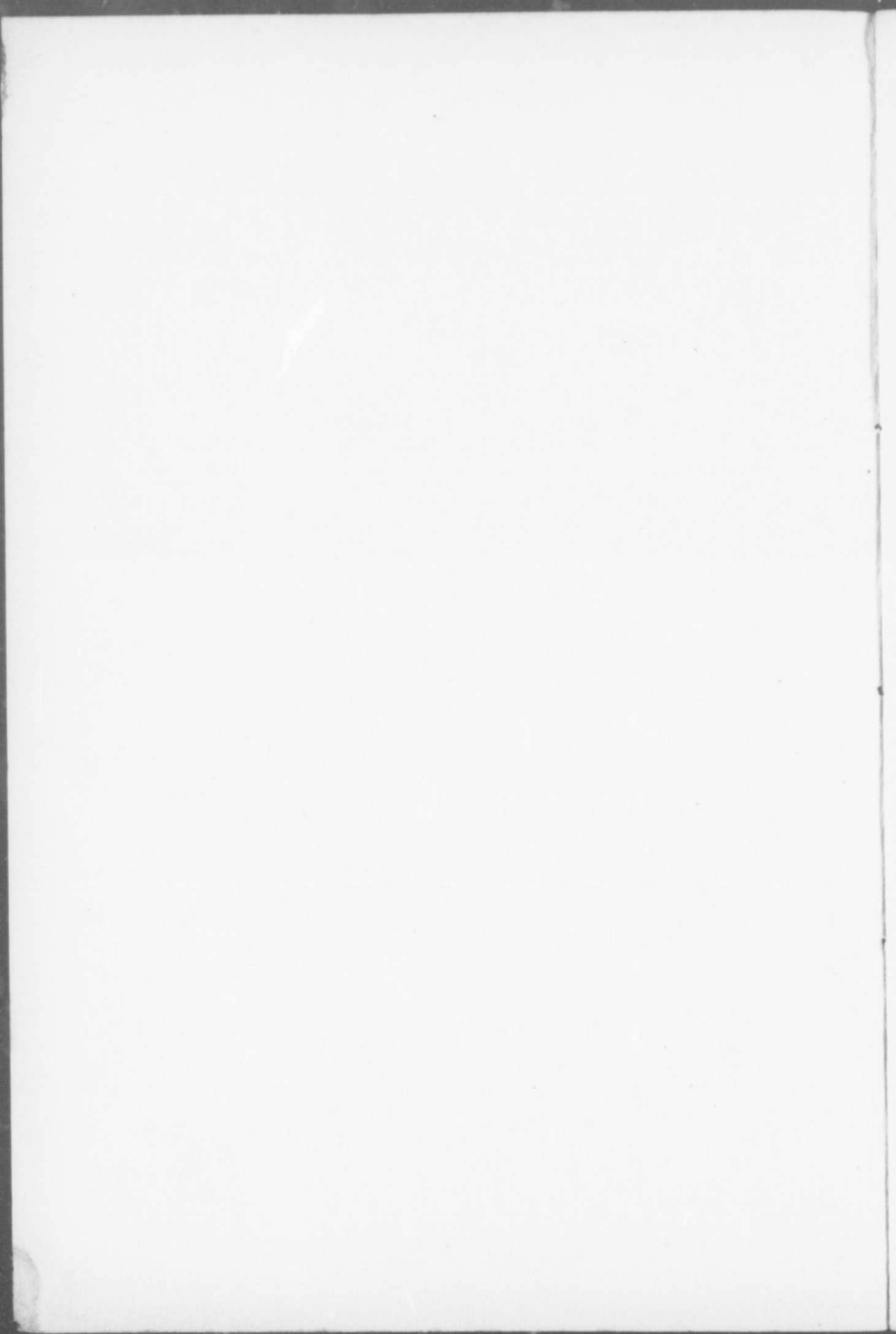


"His Hidden Name"

By H. J. O.

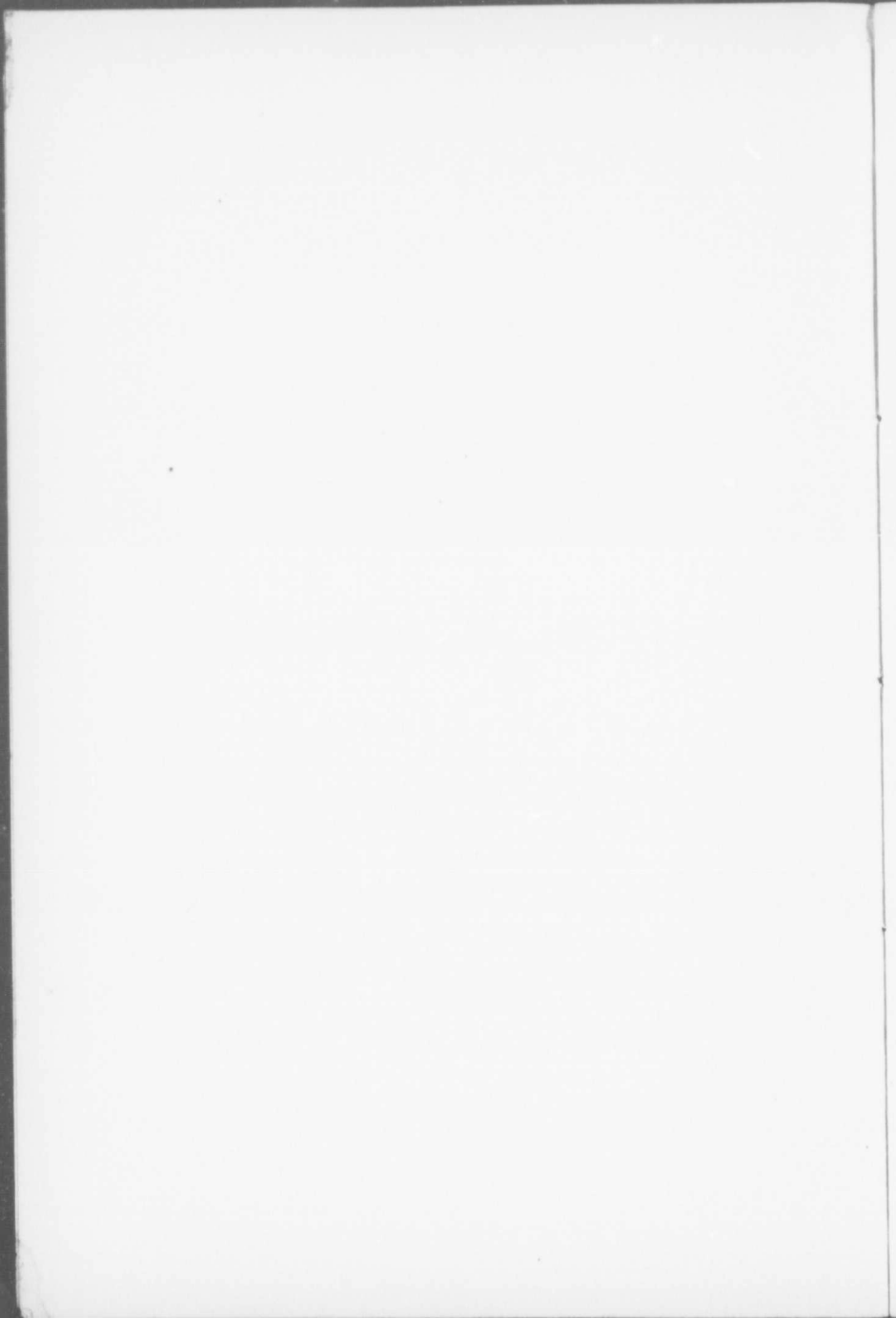


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18-126

“His Hidden Name.”



" HIS HIDDEN NAME "

The Omnipotent, Eternal God,
No human eye can see,
Behind a cloud He hides His face,
Alike from you and me ;
Nor dare we, if we would, uplift
That veil of mystery!

Yet do I thirst for Thee, my God!
I long to know Thy name ;
Not as the great Unknowable,
Eternally the same,
That seems so very far from me;—
Tell me Thy Hidden Name!

What is it, great Jehovah?
Known to Thy chosen few,
Those who have walked with Thee on earth,
Thy secret name they knew;—

*One spake as no man ever spake,
His every word was true.*

*One alone in all the ages,
Was He man, or is He God ?
Holding keys of Death and Hades,
Through the bloody winepress trod;—
Nurtured by a maiden mother,
Dying,—dead—beneath the sod,
Though He claimed to be immortal;
Was He man, or is He God ?*

*See Him raised to highest heaven,
" Robed in vesture dipped in blood ! "*
*On His heart a name is written,
And it is " The Word of God ! "*
*Eyes of fire to scan the nations,
In His hand a flaming sword !*

*Eyes the same that melted Peter,
Heart from which the life blood flowed,
Hands that blessed the little children;
Was He man, or is He God?*

I've found the name Immanuel!
God with us, evermore;
I cannot see or understand,
But I can still adore!

King of my soul, take all my heart,
My senses, and my brain,
My understanding and my life,
And on me, in me reign;
Misdoubt of Thee has found defeat,
I lay it lowly at Thy feet!

Thy hidden name? Dear Lord, it hides
In every Christian breast,
Within our very selves our God
Hath taken up His rest;
And loudest human heartbeats swell
At that dear name, Immanuel!

HIS NAME

“WONDERFUL.”

Wise men of old, and scions new
Have felt and sometimes seen
One mighty Masterhand in all
That is, or age hath been;
Tiny or great, each life is of the Life Divine,
Gendered by the Omnipotent, and neither mine nor thine.
Jesus of Nazareth, the same as I am that I am,
Oh, Wonderful, most Wonderful,
We gaze and bend the knee;
Hail! Holy Babe of Bethlehem,
We see our God in Thee!

“COUNSELLOR!”

By Thee, O Word Divine, the foundations of this earth
were made,
Of the great deep the fountains by Thee alone were laid!
In ancient times Thy counsels great were Faithfulness and
Truth;
Thou Wisdom wert ere Time began, yet everlasting Youth.
As Child Thou wert submissive to Thy mother and to age,
Astounding with Thy questionings the wisdom of the sage.
Oh, Wonderful, most Wonderful! we gaze and bend the knee,
O gentle Boy of Nazareth, we see our God in Thee!

“THE MIGHTY GOD.”

He who the stormy winds and waves that mount to
heaven made,
The same who “shut the sea with doors,” and bade “proud
waves be staid,”
Stands on a little boat and bids the angry sea “be still.”
The ages past, the ages still to come, obey His will.
In the beginning “morning stars together sang for joy,”
To glorify that Word of Truth who raised the widow's boy.
Aye, Wonderful, most Wonderful! we gaze and bend the knee.
In this Young Man of Galilee, our Mighty God we see!

"THE EVERLASTING FATHER."

One with the Father, one with man, around, without,
within,

Thou compassest our path, and knowest every secret sin.
If we ascend to heaven above, or find ourselves in hell,
We cannot be where Thou art not and with Thee all
is well.

When weary, Jesus, Thou didst ask a woman, Thee to give
A drink of water! Saviour, see our sin, yet bid us live;
Oh, Wonderful, most Wonderful, no thought is hid from
Thee,

Great Father of our spirits, we see our God in Thee!

"THE PRINCE OF PEACE."

Great King of battles! Thou didst ride on chariot of fire;
Men trembled at the roaring thunder of Jehovah's ire;
These but forerunners were of Thine own still, small Voice
of Love

To check man's headlong, downward plunge and make him
look above;

For peace on earth, good will to man and every war to
cease,

The kingdom of our Christ shall come through conflict into
peace.

Oh, Wonderful, most Wonderful! we gaze and bend the knee,
The King of Glory, Prince of Peace, God—all in all—shall
be!

On Viewing Milan Cathedral When it was Empty, and on
Visiting St. Peter's in Rome During a Service.

The Heaven of Heavens cannot Him contain;
The round world is His footstool—and the stars
He holdeth in His hand! He fills the universe,
And do we dare build Him an House?—and yet

This House! Ah, me! So glorious, sublime,
To see it is to worship, and to soar
Far out of self to Throne of Most High God
In adoration and in self-abasement!
Ah! Could one see four thousand tired souls,
The weary, heavy-laden whom He loved,
Here lay their burdens down at Jesus' feet,
Then go their way—rejoicing!

Could we but hear four thousand voices raise
Their glorious hallelujahs in that dome
Till arch-ed aisle and sculptur'd column,
Echo and re-echo to His praise who filleth all in all;
And hearts are stirred and inmost souls are moved
With something more than music!

* * * * *

But here is emptiness and fitful silence—
Not that deep silence that enwraps a soul
When God speaks to it, and, all hushed, it waits,
But dark, dank stillness of a stagnant pool
When stifling life is dying, yet resents
The semblance of a ripple on its sleep!

Oh, for the rushing wind of God's own breath
To flood this place with living waters, clear
As crystal, from the Mount of God; until
The glory of His presence fill the House
And thousand thousand hearts brim o'er
From out His fullness, and o'erflow
Into the thirsting, empty lives outside!

Such is my dream, but greater ones than I
Have dreamed such dreams ere now, and yet have failed
To see His Kingdom!—Still we hear that cry
“Ye Fools and Blind! How long discern ye not
Between your gift and that which sanctifieth it?”

And yet ye say, “Perchance, all do feel after God;”
Perchance!—“Great God, forgive and cure our littlenesses,
Accept our puny gifts upon the sacrificial altar of Thy Love
And make our hearts Thy dwelling place!”

"By Their Fruits I Judge Them."—John Chinaman

How is it, Lord, that aeons after aeons pass,
And still the Christian world is far apart from Thee,
That pagans jeer, and Jew and Gentile mock,
Because we are not what we do profess to be?
How is it, Lord?

What means it that of us the heathen nations say,
"We walk their streets and view their cities fair,
We count their churches, and we mark their sins,
And fail to find the fruits of Love and Justice there!"
What means it, Lord?

Why is it, Lord, the manliest, strongest, goodliest of our
men
Are rarely seen within Thy house of prayer?
Each holy day the music of the old bells peal again,
And little children, gentle women, not strong men are
there.
Why is it, Lord?

And oh, what means it when of us the heathen say,
"A Christian nation like their Christ should be
Holy and pure and self-forgetting, true,
Doing to others as they would that they to them would
do."
What means it, Lord?

Ah, threefold woe upon us if it can only mean
We say and do not, like the Pharisees of old;
The Christ we preach to others we in ourselves have slain,
And to our sloth and greed our heritage have sold!

"The germs of the Divine are planted in each soul,"
Thus prophet voices hush our souls to sleep;
"The great Evolver will complete the whole;"
What need to watch and pray, to suffer, fight or weep?

Ah, never was there greater need to watch and pray,
That we may hold the old, yet gladly grasp the new;
The Christ of God is still our one true light to-day,
And phantom lights, world over, are watching what we
do.

Let England hold close by Him, so can His spirit's fire,
Brood His all-gendering life o'er waters still and dead,
Until in every soul the life of God aspire,
And deadening toils of sloth and lust, and money love
are dead.

Strong Son of Man, Source of the highest human might,
Surely our highest manhood does worship at Thy feet!
Perchance some spirit's longings can best attain their
height,
When seeking in the solitudes to find Thy seat!

Ah, God's dear little children! so few and weak and sad,
So gloomy in foreboding, so hopeless in your pain,
Look in, and on, and upward, your God can make you
glad;
Just hearken to the Master's sweet refrain.

"Are there no souls of Mine now agonizing
To show to others how My cross to bear?
Are there no self-forgetting meek ones dying,
Perchance to save a brother from despair?
Is there no whisper of My spirit's guiding,
Where self is all forgot and only love is there?"

"Have faith in God, and in your fellow man have faith,
For many thousand knees have never knelt to Baal;
My kingdom in men's hearts is still alive indeed,
The kernel bursts the husk when it grows stale.

"Within the church are giant souls who see above, beyond,
Within it, too, are pigmies, confined to sight and sound;
Without the church are saints of God who can't conform
to rule,
Without it too, the silly soul, whom God denotes a fool;
Thyself, a little mystery 'mid the mysteries of the night,
A shadow 'mong the shadows, following the Light."

IN MEMORIAM

E. M. W.

We cannot see why trials come,
Why eyes grow dim with silent tears,
Why aged pilgrims linger long
And youths are cut off in their years.
But we believe that from above
Our lives are planned in tenderest love!

We cannot see why strong ones die—
Our leaders whom we ill can spare,
On whose sound judgment we rely,
Who help us in our work and prayer.
But we believe our God is wise
And shares our sorrows in the skies!

We cannot bear disease and pain
To mar the features that are dear,
And earth to claim for earth again
The form we love and cling to, here.
But we believe she'll rise again,
Christ is her Life, and Christ doth reign!

We feel she is not far away
But only hidden from our sight,
Nearer than we to Perfect Day
And walking in a higher Light,
For we can say, as Jesus said,
Those that believe are never dead!

This life is but a shifting scene,
And death is but an open door,
And souls are mounting up and on
And Life is Life for evermore!
For we believe our Sister gone
Where she can know as she is known!

GOD SAVE THE KING

Great God of Kings and Empires,
Oh, hear an Empire's prayer!
And take our uncrowned King
Into Thy gracious care!
Father! oh, grant him strength
To bear and conquer pain!
Our Sovereign Lord: King Edward,
Oh, let him live and reign!

With us he thanked Thee, Father,
For bidding wars to cease.
We deemed Thy judgments o'er
On Thy sweet word of peace!
Oh, stay Thy Hand, Great God!
Let it not fall again;
Oh, spare our Sovereign Lord
And let him live and reign!

As moments creep to hours
All through this livelong night,
Oh, whisper to brave, Royal hearts:
"Let there be light,"
Till morning dawns and myriad throats
Take up the glad refrain:
"God save our Lord King Edward,
For he will live and reign!"

June 25th, 1902.

GROWTH

Human progress, human purpose,
Human energy and will,
Human mind surmounting matter
Pressing onward, never still.

The mighty ships that span the ocean,
Conquering the unconquered sea,
Are to man's lightest touch as facile
As a little child could be!

Earth and air and fire and water
All are ready to his hand!
He treads, he holds, controls or scatters
Elements at his command!

Great God, Thy human child is growing,
Throwing swaddling clothes away,
He walks alone, is independent,
Thinks he cannot fall or stray!

Strong he is, and free, and joyous,
Soon the wings will sprouting be,
Is it God awake within him
Mastering the earth and sea?

The strength within is surely Thine,
Force, power, knowledge, all of Thee;
Great God, forbid that gifts divine
Should ever part Thy child and Thee!

SAFETY

Nothing can truly harm me, if alone
 In the Father's arms I lie;
No angel standing by the sapphire throne
 Is nearer Him than I!

On His great Heart, so human, yet Divine,
 Weary, I rest,
My future joys and griefs are His, not mine,
 His will is best.

On such a resting place I calmly give
 My cares away,
Gloomy forebodings vanish, and I live
 Just for to-day.

Day's fiercest storm, night's mistiest, darkest gloom,
 Distress no more,
My Pilot leads me safely, surely home
 From shore to shore.

Through all Life's battle, Lord, for Christ's dear sake
 Hold me in Thine embrace,
Until the morning dawn and I awake
 To see Thy Face!

EARLY COMMUNION

The stillness in the morning air
Wafts one's soul on wings of prayer
 Upward to God!
Purity and Beauty meet
Adoring quietly His feet
 Resting earthward!

On the hills of Time and Space,
Reflections, Father, of Thy Face
 At dawn of Day!
We seem to catch a glimpse of Thee,
Trails of Thy hinder parts we see
 Going Thy way!

Touching here and there, blind eyes
With the glorious surprise
 Of glad, new Light!
Whispering Thy Hidden Name
To souls new-awakened by the same
 First Daylight!

The perfect silence lifts me higher
The sweet Communion brings me nigher
 Thy Life Divine!
Yet wilt Thou draw to Thine embrace
Thy family of the human race
 For all are Thine!

One day in glad accord shall meet
All Lives, All Loves, in Thee complete,
 In Thee at One!
Silence shall burst to song, the skies
Rift rosy red to see Thee rise
 Our Eternal Sun!

CONSUMMATION

The Holy Writ of Old, hath said
That in the latter Day
Young men and maids shall visions see,
And ancient men—Oh, they
Shall dream such dreams of glorious Light
Poured down in wondrous shower
On hearts new opened to receive
And souls endued with power
Of living, pulsing, wondrous Life
Awakened from within,
Where God takes up His dwelling place
And scatters every SIN:

No dream—but foresight of the Day
When God shall rise and shine
And His Messiah rule shall take
O'er every land and clime!
Those who upheld Him to the death
Through blood, and strife, and fire!
Those who in loneliness have pined
For Him, their hearts' Desire!
Shall one day feel Him permeate
Their being to the core!
And hear Him hailed as Lord and King
On every sea and shore!

Through the vast Universe the note
From star to star, shall ring!
One God! One Life! One Being!
One Universal King!
The Head of all our human race
Our God in Flesh, hath shown,
That in His weakest brother
The Man in God be known!
Oh! wondrous Incarnation
The aeons to come shall see,
When man shall shed the brute
And rise on eagle's wings to Thee!

For ages yet, our foolish race
Will plod its tedious road,
With bleeding feet and aching heart,
Thinking to hide from God!—
But every tear, each sorrow, yea
And e'en each low-born deed
Will yet rebound to pureness,
To glory;—and the need
Of thirsty souls be satisfied
And hungry ones be fed,
When The All Love hath triumphed,
And Hate and Lust are dead!
