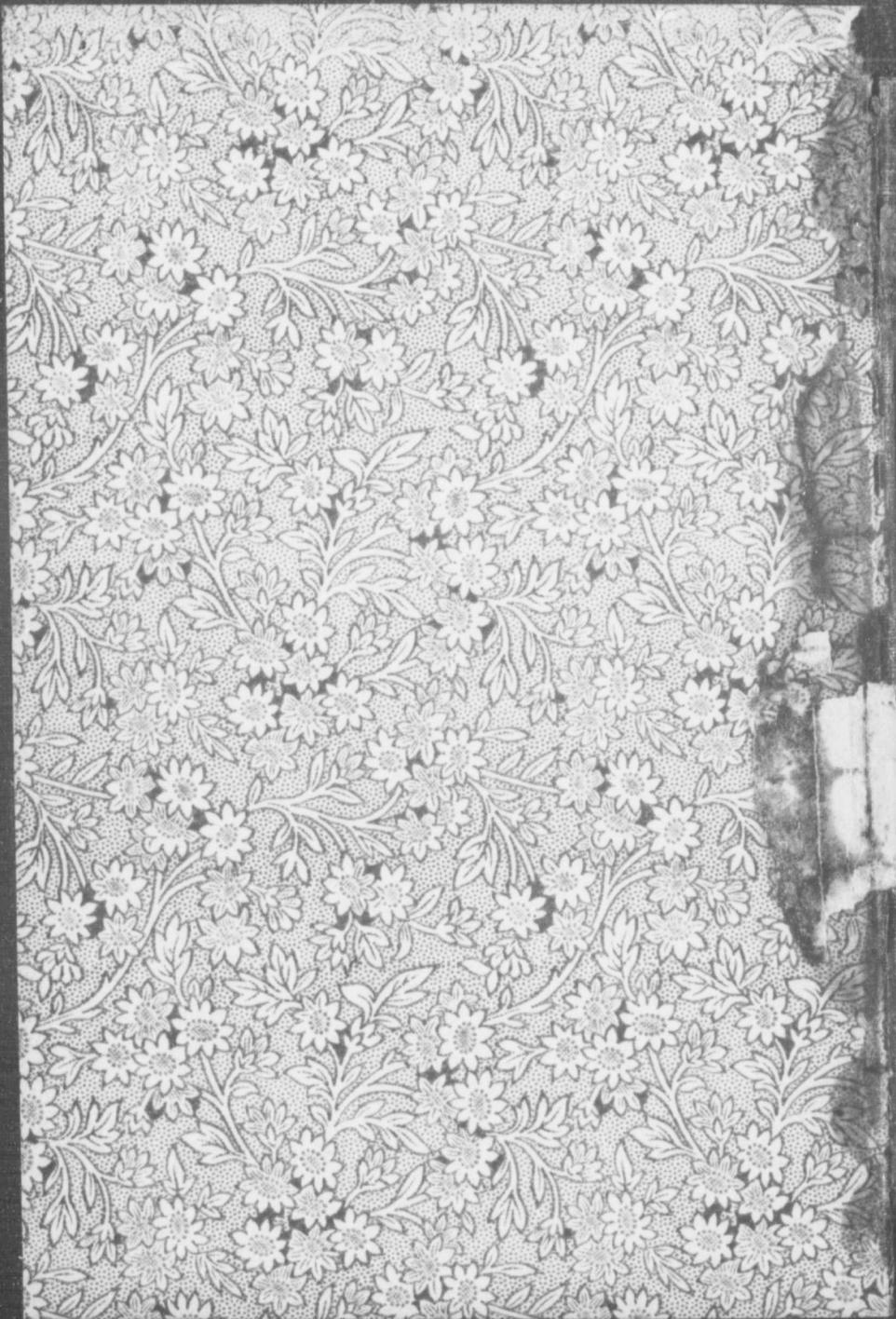


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AND OTHER POEMS.

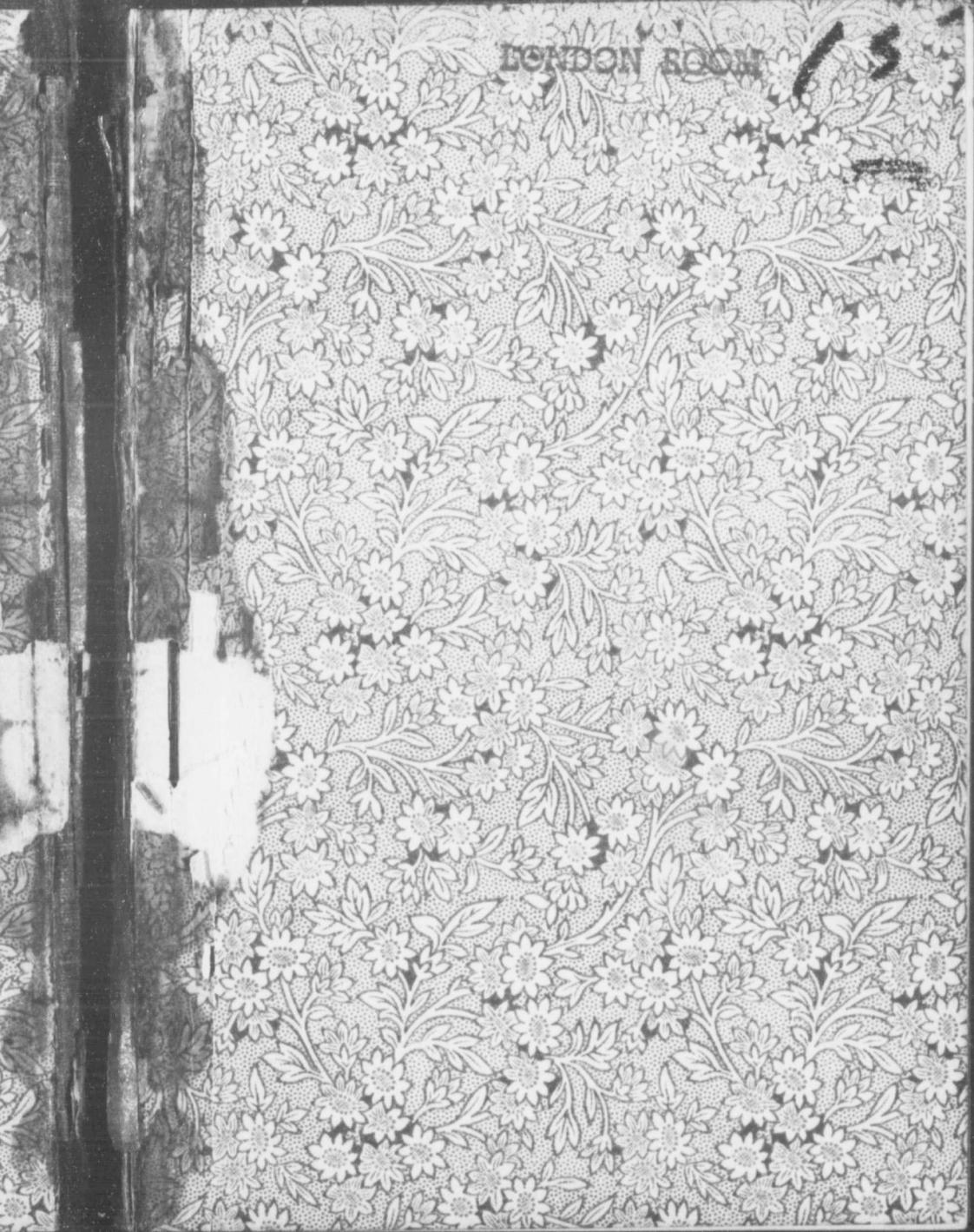
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Mary Llewellyn Claypole.



LONDON ROOM

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RESURRECTION

— BEAUTY —

AND OTHER POEMS.

MARY CLAYPOLE.

PREFACE.

That He ^{who} can use the weakest human endeavor, which is put forth in His strength, to His glory, may allow this little volume to be the means of either winning some soul to the Savior, or of speaking a word in season to Him who is weary, is the sincere prayer and wish of

M. C.

London, Ont.

To dear Nellie
With love
From Mary L.C.

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THE WORD OF THE LORD ENDURETH FOREVER

(1 Pet. i. 25.)

There is a void in every soul
That nothing in this world can fill ;
Though loaded with earth's richest joys,
Yet is it yearning, longing still.

I get me books of deep device,
Penned by earth's sages, learned and wise,
Perchance they have the secret found,
So darkly hidden from my eyes.

I con the pages o'er and o'er,
But find that, though with thoughts profound
They problems proved and mysteries solved,
Yet they this secret never found.

For under all I can discern
The same deep yearnings of the soul,
Which show that this same want is felt
In every breast by high and low.

Then turn I to the word of God,
For all earth's cisterns me have failed ;
And if relief this can't afford,
Ah ! Whither can I flee for aid ?

But there inscribed with sacred pen
Are writ words that can never die ;
How Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Can fully meet and satisfy

The longing soul. For this He died
But rose again, and lives above.
I'll rest me on this truth divine
Though skies shall rend and earth remove

Yea, Lord, when time shall be no more,
Thy sacred Word shall still endure ;
Believing that, I'll rest my soul
On this foundation, firm and sure.

RESURRECTION BEAUTY.

Joyously thy life is opening,
Little bud of promise bright ;
May thy petals soft unfolding,
Drink in all the rays of light.

May no canker deeply hidden,
Mar thy loveliness and grace ;
But may each day at its closing
Some new mark of beauty trace.

'Neath the sunlight's soft caresses,
And the morn's breath warm and sweet,
Grow unto a full perfection,
Laden with a perfume sweet.

When the biting frost and snow,
Wrap the earth in slumber deep ;
Buried 'neath thy cold, white shroud,
Little flowret sweetly sleep.

For, though Winter's mantle cold
O'er thy form be rudely cast,
And thy grave be chill and drear
With the tempest's biting blast,

Yet this chilling garb of death
Will give place to Spring's sweet dawn,
And thy form be brighter clothed.
On thy Resurrection Morn.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Stay by me, my Savior, when dangers surround
me,
When terrors of darkness my soul have dis-
mayed ;
Secure in Thy presence, Thy loving arms round
me,
Though dangers may threaten, I'll ne'er be
afraid.

Stay by me, my Savior, in hours of gladness,
When sunshine alone in my sky can I see
And save me from trying to seek my enjoyment
In pleasures that cannot be sanctioned by
Thee.

Stay by me, my Savior, in sorrow's dread hour,
When hopes I have cherished have vanished
and flown ;
And strengthen my heart with the word of Thy
power,
And leave me, oh never, to sorrow alone.

My Jesus, whatever may be my life's portion,
In danger, in joy or in sorrow to be,
Oh, stay very near me and be my protector,
For nothing can harm me when trusting in
Thee.

A PRAYER.

Enthroned within my heart, O Lord,
May Thy blest image be,
And make each power of heart and mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

For who is worthy of my love
If not my Savior dear,
Who died to cover all my sins,
And all my griefs did bear ?

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If in my heart I cherish aught
Which Thou can'st not approve,
O Lord, I pray at any cost,
Thou wilt the sin remove.

May all my heart's most secret thoughts
Pure and unsullied be
And make my heart, cleansed with thy blood,
A dwelling-place for Thee.

Possessing Thee I need not fear,
Be all the world my foe ;
For out Thy treasure-house of grace
Thou can'st all gifts bestow.

If the whole earth were offered me
With all its treasured hoard,
I'd gladly leave them all for Thee,
My Savior and my Lord.

For well I know this world's best gifts
Will wither and decay ;
But, having thee, I life possess,
Which cannot fade away.

REUNION.

Out in the darkness
My thoughts roam to-night ;
To the grave of my loved one,
Enshrouded in white.

Cold is the mantle
Of pure drifted snow,
Thrown o'er the grave lightly,
Where slumbers below

My heart's treasured idol,
On whom I outpoured
All my hearts best affection ;
For her I adored.

What have I to live for ?
I cry in my grief,
Surely nothing on earth now
Can give me relief.

Then quick to my heart
Comes this God-given thought ;
What hast thou to live for,
When thou hast been bought

With the blood of the Savior ?
Let this be thy aim :
To live to the glory
Of Him who was slain.

Though thou thinkest sadly
Thy hopes have all fled,
With the dear cherished idol
Now laid with the dead.

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Yet this sweet promise remains
Of thrice blessed worth ;
That when thou hast done
With these things of earth,

The arms of Eternity
To thee shall restore,
Thine heart's treasured loved one,
To leave thee no more.

**ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME IN HEAVEN
AND ON EARTH.**

(Matt. xxviii. 18.)

Seated now in glory radiant,
With the hosts of angels nigh ;
Ready to perform His bidding,
On swift wings of love to fly,

Reigns our now exalted Jesus,
Once the homeless Nazarene ;
Wandering, friendless and rejected,
Then at length by sinners slain.

All dominion now is given
Unto Him to rule supreme,
Both the angel hosts of heaven
And the lower tribes of men.

But in that bright world of splendor,
In that land of love and light,
And surrounded by the glory
Which is His eternal right,

Can we think that for a moment
He forgets the cross and shame,
Which he bore in awful anguish
For the souls for whom He came?

No, His heart is ever with us
And His love is centred here,
With His Church, His flock so tender,
Strong to guard from every fear.

Can we think the weak and erring
Have no part in his great love,
That he coldly looks upon them
From His throne in bliss above?

No, the weakest and most erring
Are His special, tender care,
And he will protect and guide them,
Till at length they meet Him there.

Yes, He knows our human weakness,
For He wore our mortal form ;
And as He was sorely tempted,
He is strong to save from harm.

CHRIST'S COMING.

Words of bright, prophetic meaning,
Wafted on the winds afar,
Pointing down the coming ages
To the bright and morning star.

Hope of Isreal's darkest hour,
When oppressed with fear and pain,
For they looked with joy and gladness
To Messiah's coming reign.

When their souls had well-nigh fainted
For the coming of their Lord,
Then He came their hearts rejoicing,
To fulfil His promised word.

So, now Christian hearts are waiting
For their loved and absent King,
When He will redeem His promise,
All His loved ones home to bring.

So the Church of Christ is waiting,
Robed in pure and stainless dress ;
Sparkling in its dazzling whiteness,
Robe of Christ's own Righteousness.

When the night of gloom and sorrow
O'er the Church has cast its veil,
And the anxious hearts of christains
Seem with care and fear to fail,

Then will come our looked-for Jesus,
Then will dawn the glorious Day,
And the night of sin and darkness
From this earth shall pass away.

SPEAK LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.

Yes, the day is wearing onwards,
And the night is nigh at hand,
Even now I catch, though faintly,
Glimpses of the Better Land.

When the shades of evening gather,
Blotting out the parting day,
Then it is we feel the presence
Of the dear Land far away.

Yes, as in the days of Eden,
Ere dark sin had entered there,
Blighting all the glad creation,
Soiling all the pure and fair :

When the sun had set in splendor
In a sky of radiant hue,
And a dazzling field of golden
Took the place of azure blue.

Then it was the ear of Adam
Heard the voice of God above,
Calling to him through the garden,
Speaking words of tender love.

And the God, the great Creator,
Talked with Adam as a friend ;
What the theme, is hidden from us,
Though we fain would comprehend.

ARETH.

So we would when evening gathers,
And the shades of night are nigh,
Hear the voice of Jesus calling,
Calling to us from on high.

And we would with gladness hearken
As he gently to us speaks,
For the soul that listens gladly
Never vainly Jesus seeks.

FOUNTAIN OF WATERS.

Oh, hushed be my heart, for the Savior is
speaking,
His voice o'er all others in love would I hear,
But elements fierce such a tumult are keeping,
That the tones I love most will be vanquished
I fear.

Oh, Savior, I pray Thee, come nearer yet nearer,
And whisper Thy message of truth to my
heart,
And make me discern all Thy sweet charms yet
clearer,
That from Thee I never may wish to depart.

For my soul is athirst for the Fountain of Waters,
Those bright living streams so abundantly free,
That quench the deep thirst of our earth's sons
and daughters,
Who bring their sad need and their soul-thirst
to Thee.

CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

(*Cant. iv.*)

The Church for ages long has stood
Amid the shafts of Satan hurled ;
Unscathed through all the angry scorn
And hatred of a bitter world.

With hearts of envy and of hate,
With bitterness and lofty pride,
To turn Her from the narrow way,
The world has all devices tried.

The frailties of the tender flock
They love to hold aloft to view ;
That flock that tries to follow Christ,
Yet often faints and fails, 'tis true.

But how says Christ, the Crucified,
Who died to purchase with His blood
A Church composed of sinners saved
And separated to their God ?

Waters,
ntly free,
h's sons

oul-thirst

Does He who sees the secret sins
Withdraw in wrath and cold disdain?
For surely sin among his flock,
Must deeply grieve and give Him pain.

But, looking down with eyes of love
He sees the Church as she will be,
When ransomed nevermore to sin,
Her Lord above enthroned she'll see.

Yes, as He looks with searching eyes,
Those eyes of pity and of love,
In accents mild these words He says :
"Behold, Thou art all fair, my Dove."

Thine eyes of pure and tender light
Are fitly set within thy locks,
Thy teeth of pearly dazzling white,
Are like unto Engedi's flocks.

Thou art an orchard rich and rare,
With luscious fruits on every tree ;
Thou art all fair, oh very fair,
My Love, there is no spot in Thee.

A well of waters free and clear,
That slake the thirst of weary men ;
A fountain set in gardens fair,
And winding streams from Lebanon.

Awake in might, Oh strong North Wind,
And come with gentle breath, thou South ;
Blow softly o'er my Garden fair,
And stir the fragrant spice thereof.

The Church, her heart with love aflame,
Looks upward to her Savior dear ;
And with affection quick responds,
With love that knows no thought of fear.

Let my Beloved quickly come
And walk amid His garden fair ;
Tend the ripe grapes with loving hand,
And eat the pleasant clusters rare.

MIZPAH.

(*Gen. xxxi. 48.*)

M - ay He Who guides the starry host
In heaven's ether dome,
I - n paths of safety guide thy feet
To thy bright heavenly home.
Z - ealous to do thy Lord's command,
Nor stay to question why,
P - rompt to attend to duty's voice
Which calls to do or die.
A - nd when our tasks on earth are o'er,
May we in gladness meet,
H - earts cleansed and pure in Jesus' blood,
At our Redeemer's Feet.

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GOD IS CALLING.

If God calls in loving accents
Bidding thee to come to Him,
Leave thy ways of doubt and error,
Ways of darkness, death and sin ;
For 'tis Christ alone can give
Strength to die and grace to live.—*Is. lv. 7.*

Linger not to question idly,
And to doubt give thou no heed,
For the time is quickly passing,
And the moments faster speed ;
Bring thy doubts and anxious fears,
Christ alone can dry thy tears.—*Rev. xxii. 17.*

Do you think that Christ would bid you
Come to Him for joy and rest,
If He did not love thee truly,
Seek to comfort and to bless ?
Venture then to trust the Lord,
Trust His faithful written word.—*Matt. xi. 28.*

For the word of God endureth,
When all else doth fade away,
When thy heart's best hopes have perished
This will be thy shield and stay ;
Blessed word of Jesus' love,
Sealed with His own precious blood.
—1 Pet. i. 28.

IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

(John vi. 20.)

Out upon the deep blue waters
Of the Sea of Galilee,
All alone without the Savior,
The Disciples there we see.

Suddenly when in mid-waters,
Not a glimpse of land in sight,
Bursts a scene upon their vision
Filling them with wild affright.

Out upon the glassy waters,
In the moonbeam's silv'ry light,
Comes a figure calmly walking,
A majestic, wondrous sight.

Chilling fear each soul possesses,
And each heart is sore dismayed ;
When these words come wafted to them,
"It is I, be not afraid."

d
Ah! they knew that voice of sweetness,
And the fear that had opprest,
'Neath the Savior's loving presence,
Changed to calm and perfect rest.

t. i. 28.
Jesus, when on Life's rough waters,
'Neath Sin's dark and gloomy shade,
May we hear Thy sweet tones saying,
"It is I, be not afraid."

Then, Lord Jesus, we Thy children
Cannot, will not be dismayed,
Though Sin's powers all around us,
Seek to make us sore afraid.

For Thy word that out of chaos,
Words in beauty rare arrayed,
Speaks to us in loving accents:
"I am near, be not afraid."

WOODLAND WHISPERS.

Have you ever on the morning
Of some bright and gladsome day,
Heard the warm and gentle zephyrs
Calling to you far away?

Laden with the rarest perfume,
Moistened with the pearly dew,
Wafted on the breath of morning,
Now they bring sweet things to you.

Silent be and strive to listen
As they secrets to you tell ;
Secrets which are hidden from us,
But which they all know full well.

Sweet voiced fairies from the woodlands,
Will you deign with us to stay ?
But they smiling, coyly answer
Nay, for we must be away.

For we all have duties given,
That we must perform with care ;
Through the warm and sunny hours,
Of this morning, fresh and fair.

I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU.

(John xiv. 2.)

Wonderful the words of promise
Written in the Book of Life,
Coming to the hearts of Christians,
When perplexed with sin and strife.

Promised peace and promised blessing,
Gifts from the eternal God ;
Brought to us through pain and suff'ring
Of our dead but risen Lord.

Not confined to this life only,
Are the blessings from above,
But in that bright world of splendor,
In our Father's home of love.

Jesus Christ is now preparing
For His own, a chosen place,
Where they shall be ever near Him,
Gaze with rapture on His face.

Just what Christ is making ready
For His bride so pure and fair,,
Must not now be known or told her,
Till with joy she greet Him there.

But we know the love that brought Him
Down from glory to our earth,
Will provide the choicest treasures,
Gifts of rare and matchless worth.

But, methinks the soul's true gladness
Will not lie in glory rare,
Nor with gazing, though in rapture,
On those mansions wondrous fair

But the presence of the Savior,
Of the Lord, the Crucified ;
This will be the true attraction
Of the soul for whom He died.

REST.

(Matt. xi. 28.)

For rest, my burdened spirit cries,
If only this I find,
This earth with all its glittering charms
I'd gladly leave behind.

I try the pleasures of this world.
Can they afford me rest?
But vanity of vanities
I find them at their best.

For fair and pleasing to the eye
They at a distance look
But proved delusive to the soul
Who of them e'er partook.

But, turning to the word of God
I find those words so blest:
"Come unto Me, thou burdened soul,
And I will give thee rest."

Then, Jesus, I will trust Thy word
And cease these searches vain;
For none who ever trusted Thee
Regretted that they came.

And here in perfect Love's embrace,
And leaning on Thy breast,
I realize the full extent
Of deep, sweet, perfect rest.

**THE MASTER IS COME AND HE CALLETH
FOR THEE.**

John ii. 28.

Dark the night of grief had fallen
O'er that home so free from care,
For the hand of Death had taken
One beloved, the brave and fair—

One in whom their fond hopes centred,
The joyous light of that humble home,
And sitting in sorrow and anguish of spirit,
Sat Mary of Bethany weeping alone.

In vain did she try to pierce through the dark-
ness,
Some ray of light in her sorrow to see,
When softly there came to her heart this sweet
message,
"The Master is come and He calleth for
thee."

Oh, what joy must have come to that sorrowing
bosom,
As quickly arising, to Jesus she sped,
For that Voice that could quiet the terrors of
darkness,
Had power unlimited to quicken the dead—

Oh, soul sunk in sorrow and darkness of spirit,
And longing the face of the Savior to see;
To thee we would whisper that message so loving,
"The Master is come and He calleth for thee."

LLETH
Arise and go forward with gladness to meet Him,
And seek the dear Saviour while yet in the
way,
For night is advancing, the shadows are lengthen-
ing,
And death is the portion of those that delay.

Ah, long He has waited in meekness and
patience,
Till filled are His locks with the drops of the
night,
And yet He is knocking to gain an admittance
To bring to thy heart the true blessings of
light.

He calls thee to go forth to work in His vine-
yard,
And gather the grain that is ripening fast—
Oh, pause not to doubt the sweet call of the
Savior,
For whilst thou art waiting the moment will
pass.

Oh, Lord we would pray for the aid of Thy
Spirit
To help us to rise and to come unto Thee,
For the voice of that message hath reached our
hearts' centre,
The voice of the Savior now calling for thee—

And Jesus, we pray thee, when Death's clammy
fingers
Are wrapping us round with its mantle so
drear,
Be Thou our protector to guide and sustain us,
To strengthen our souls and to banish our
fear.

And Jesus, we would, when Thy messenger
cometh
To call us to heaven our Savior to see,
Respond to that message with gladness of spirit,
"The Master is come and He calleth for thee."

TWILIGHT.

Now softly the shadows are creeping
O'er meadow and valley and hill ;
And gently the twilight is deepening,
And Nature is restful and still.

The brook that throughout all the morning
Sang softly in cadences sweet,
Now hushes its voice to a murmur
Of contentment, both quiet and deep.

The breezes now wearied with playing,
Have quietly yielded to rest ;
And the songsters, like wearied with warbling,
Have each sought their own downy nest—

Yes, this is the hour for thinking
Of these regions of endless delight,
Where never the brightness of daylight
Is replaced by the shadows of night.

I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.

Jesus, I would hear Thee speaking
Sweetly, gently to my soul,
Words of love so true and tender,
"Go, thy faith hath made thee whole."

As of old, when filled with sorrow,
To Thy side the sinners came,
Knowing well that Thou would'st heal them,
And would speak no word of blame :

So we would with hearts o'erflowing,
Filled with grief for daily sin,
Come to Thee for help and blessing,
Strength to fight the foes within ;

And we know that Thou dost harken
To the faintest human cry,
Which though weak, if faith-inspired,
Reaches to Thy throne on high—

For though seraphs bow around Thee,
And await Thy least command,
And a legion of bright angels
Round Thy throne doth ever stand—

Yet, whene'er a cry for pardon
From a weary, laden breast,
Rises to Thy throne eternal,
Pleading both for peace and rest,—

Thou dost listen, filled with pity,
And doth grant rich pardon free ;
For a soul that asks, believing,
Never yet was spurned by Thee.

**AN ANCHOR FOR THE SOUL, BOTH SURE
AND STEADFAST.**

Heb. vi. 19.

Anchored in Christ, what human heart could
wish

A place more firm or more secure than this ?
Though waves their angry crests in fury rear,
We stand unmoved without one thought of fear

No matter what the tumults that surround,
For we an anchor for our souls have found ;
From strife of tongues that would our spirits burn,
And worse, mayhap, our footsteps backward
turn

And cause our feet to stumble, and perchance
Ne'er reach that goal, toward which our long-
ing glance

Is cast ; but anchored safe and fast,
Our souls can safely stand the tempest's blast :

Firm on that Rock that ever shall endure,
Our feet shall stand both steadfast and secure ;
Our Christ has ever proved a sure retreat
From angry storms or noontide's scorching
heat.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN.

Luke ii. 8-11.

On Judea's peaceful hilltops,
Through the long and sunny day,
There the shepherds, kind, attentive,
Watched their gentle flocks at play ;

In these simple, humble duties
Passed the hours quick away,
Tending o'er their flocks with patience,
Seeking those that went astray ;

Naught they dreamed of throne or sceptre,
Dazzling crowns of jewels rare ;
Crowns, alas, which but too often
Shade a brow of anxious care.

But one night as they were watching
O'er their flocks with tender care,
Strains of sweet and heavenly music
Broke upon the stilly air.

Looking upwards filled with wonder,
There they saw with awed surprise,
Radiant light of dazzling brilliance
Flooding all the eastern skies:—

Then a voice of winning sweetness
Fell upon their listening ears,
'Fear not', was the blest assurance,
Banishing their anxious fears—

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Then ~~were~~ told those wondrous tidings
 Of good-will and peace to men,
 How that night in Bethlehem's manger,
 Christ had come to rescue men.

Favored Shepherds ; how we wonder
 What thy raptured feelings were,
 As thy eyes beheld that Stranger
 Lying there so pure and fair.

Ah, methinks the tedious hours
 Never afterwards seemed long,
 As thou wert again in fancy,
 Listening to the angels' song,—

And at night when safely folded,
 Were the flocks they loved so well ;
 Then again that wondrous story
 To each other they would tell.

Yes, amid the trials and sorrows,
 Petty cares or anxious strife,
 Daily worries, oft perplexing,
 Which attend the simplest life—

Surely 'midst it all there lingered
 Memories of that evening fair,
 When those strains of heavenly music
 Broke upon the midnight air !

To the simple and the lowly
Does the Lord most often speak :
For untrammled with earth's riches
They their Lord can wholly seek.

SERVICE.

Yes, Jesus, our Saviour,
With constant endeavor
We'll serve thee forever,
Our Lord.

We'll look for direction,
And rest for protection
In sweet meditation
On Thee.

We'll look not to others
For praise or for favors,
But trust ourselves wholly
To Thee.

**THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN
A WEARY LAND**

O'er the hot sands of the desert
Comes a traveller spent and worn ;
All day long has he been walking
Since the early hours of morn.

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On his head with startling fierceness
Has the sun his rays outpoured ;
Not the slightest sign of shelter
Can the heated plain afford !

“ Oh ! for some calm, cooling shelter,
From the strong and burning heat ! ”
Thus he cries in pain and anguish,
Sinking down in woe complete.

What is this that o'er his pathway
Throws a dark and welcome shade ;
Can it be but to delude him ?
Is his heated brain misled ?

No ; this shade is no delusion,
For its substance is at hand ;
And it is naught but the shadow
Of a rock in weary land.

Sinking down beneath its shadow,
Safe in this calm, cool retreat,
All his woes are now forgotten,
And his rest and joy complete.

MY PEACE I LEAVE WITH THEE.

John xiv. 27.

Down in the heart of ocean
Where storms can never reach,
There is a spot deep buried
Of calm and perfect peace ;

Howe'er the storms are raging,
And billows toss and foam,
This spot remains untroubled,
Where storms can never come ;

No ; calm, serene and quiet,
Beneath the angry roar
Of billows in their fury,
It stands forever more.

So in the hearts of Christians,
Deep buried, out of sight,
There is a calm, untroubled spot
Which tempests in their might

Can neither stir nor trouble—
But calm it lieth there
Deep down beneath the surface,
Untouched by doubt or fear.

What is this calm, we ask thee,
Which thus remains unmoved,
Though tempests rage and threaten,
Wild, boisterous, unsubdued ?

We answer with assurance,
It is the peace of Christ,
The legacy of Jesus
Who once was crucified ;

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He left it with His chosen
To help them on their way ;
A peace which this world cannot give,
And cannot take away.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN, ETC.

Matt. xix. 14.

Jesus loves the little children ;
Though they grieve him oft with sin,
Yet he fain would in his mercy
Have them all to dwell with him.

Though He loves the older people,
And His love to them has told ;
Still with tender love He gathers
Little lambs within His fold.

When on earth He toiled and suffered,
Little children lisped his name ;
Sang His praise with joy and gladness,
And His followers became.

E'er dark sin can have dominion
O'er thy life with wily art,
Yield unto the gentle Savior,
Who would reign within thy heart.

Give to Him that heart's devotion,
Seek to have him dwell within,
To subdue each darksome passion,
Conqueror over death and sin.

PEACE ; BE STILL.

Mark iv. 39.

The curtain of night has fallen
On the bosom of the deep,
And the Master worn and wearied
Has yielded unto sleep.

The Disciples, whom the calm seas
No cause for fear afford,
Forget in time of safety
The presence of their Lord ;

But when in the midnight hours,
While far from human aid,
The tempest breaks upon them,
They, frightened and dismayed,

Bethink them of their Master
Asleep amid the storm,
And rush to Him for safety,
In fear and dread alarm.

So we on Life's deep waters,
When all around is bright,
Forget our Lord and Master,
Present, though out of sight.

But when our barks are tossing
'Mid wild waves beating high,
We turn with faith's true instinct,
To our Savior ever nigh—

Who on the stormy billows
In ages long gone by,
Rebuked the winds and waters,
And made the storm king fly ;

Arises now in power ;
Bids doubt and terror cease,
Dispels the clouds and darkness,
And introduces peace.

GLAD TIDINGS.

Again it comes with joyous cheer,
The happiest time of all the year ;
We welcome thee, glad Christmas Morn,
The day on which our Prince was born,

Though not to us the joy was given,
To see that radiant host from heaven,
Who heralded his wondrous birth,
And sang Goodwill and Peace to earth—

Yet we believe that on that morn,
The Christ, th' Anointed One was born ;
Fulfilling thus the promise old,
That God in Eden had foretold.

Fullness of time had now drawn near,
The time the Messiah should appear,
And Heaven with praises loudly rang,
While angels the glad tidings sang.

DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP AT THE NOISE
OF THY WATERSPOUTS.

Psa. xlii. 7.

Dark the night had settled down;
O'er the sky an angry frown
Had gathered. The twinkling stars
One peep had taken at its dark
Visage ; then afraid to stay,
Scarce knowing why, they fled away.

A sullen darkness reigned supreme
Unbroke, save by an angry gleam
Of blue-tongued flame, A waiting calm
Presided over all. Suddenly a roar
Of bold defiance echoed o'er the shore.

The clouds, which long had waited pent
Now o'er the earth a torrent sent,
A seething column. The lightning
Gleamed along the black horizon
Lighting up with sparkling gleam,
All the grand outline of that wondrous scene.

The foaming sea with white-capped crest on high
Called to the angry billows in the sky,
Deep answering deep. A mystic conversation
Which no human ear could e'er discern,
Did then ensue. Unknown to all
Save Him who guides the lightning's track,
And marks the sparrow's fall.

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LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Jesus, though we cannot trace
All the dealings of Thy grace,
Yet we would in simple faith
Trust to what our Savior saith.

Thou hast promised to befriend
All Thy chosen to the end ;
All along the weary way
Thou wilt be their strength and stay ;

Then at length when life is done,
Labors past and set their sun ;
When the billows o'er them roll,
Thou wilt guide their sinking soul

To those realms of endless day,
And their tears thou'lt wipe away ;
Then in that most glorious place,
They shall see Thee face to face.

OH, GRAVE WHERE IS THY VICTORY ?

Will the sun shine just as brightly
In an azure-tinted sky—
Will the air breathe just as sweetly
When we lay us down to die ?

Will each daily round of duty
Be performed with eager zest,
By those friends who loved us dearly,
When our bodies are at rest ?

Oh, 'tis hard to think of dying,
And worse still, to die alone,
Launching out without a pilot
In the vast and dread unknown.

Missed? Well, yes, perhaps we may be
By the few who held us dear;
But Time's hand will heal their sorrow,
Give them hopes of other cheer.

Out beneath a grassy hillock,
Or a flower-covered mound;
In the lone and silent churchyard,
Buried in the chilly ground—

There we'll lie, maybe forgotten,
In the gay world's eager strife,
E'en by those with whom we mingled
In our happy hours of life.

But, though Death's cold, clammy fingers
Hold our bodies in its grasp,
Claiming us it's helpless victims,
Held in iron fetters fast,

Yet the spirit rising upwards,
Uncontrolled, untrammelled, free,
Bids defiance to the monster,
Now its won its liberty.

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MY WORD SHALL NOT PASS AWAY.

God's Word is very sure,
And ever shall endure—
Immovable and pure—
His word shall stand.

When mountains flee away
In the great Judgment Day,
In bold and grand array
His word shall stand.

The heavens He shall roll
Together as a scroll;
Supreme in His control
The living God.

The sea in fear and dread
Shall deliver up its dead,
So God Himself hath said
In his word.

His promise shall stand fast
When ages long have past,
Eternity so vast
His word alone can prove.

GOD LOOKED DOWN FROM HEAVEN TO SEE
IF THERE WERE ANY THAT DID SEEK
AFTER HIM.

Psalm liii. 2.

God Eternal looketh downward
On the hearts of sinful men,
Searching 'mid earth's teeming millions
Some who seeketh after Him—

Here He sees a spirit hastening
After pleasure's phantom sheen,
But to find from weary searching
It has vanished like a dream—

Others bent on gaining riches
As their heart's desired goal ;
Heeding not the higher interests
Of their never-dying soul ;

And His heart is filled with sadness,
"Can I not some faithful find,
Some who seek their God and Savior
With a true and humble mind?"

No, there's none who seeketh daily,
With a true and deep desire,
Burning with a quenchless vigour,
Like an all-consuming fire—

**SEE
K**

Whether pleasure, care or business
Is the soul's absorbing thought,
And the things of life eternal
Are considered but as naught,

Is displeasing to our Maker,
Who would have our first and best,
And would have our heart's affections,
That we might be truly blest.

Souls engaged in daily toiling
For the trifling things of earth,
Leave thy constant, sordid striving,
Seek those things of higher worth.

Things of true, eternal value,
Which ne'er wither nor decay,
But shall stand when skies have vanished,
And the mountains flee away.

**MY SPIRIT SHALL NOT ALWAYS STRIVE
WITH MEN.**

Gen. vi. 3.

Oh ! the dark, mysterious horror
Seizing on a dying soul,
With no Christ to guide it safely
To the spirit's unknown goal ;
Human knowledge now has vanished
With the fast receding earth,
Human friendship, once so valued,
Is just now of little worth.

Now the spirit wildly peering
Out, to find some hope to cheer,
Nothing sees but gloom and darkness,
Filling him with deadening fear ;
Surely Christ, Who, full of mercy
Came to seek and save the lost,
Cannot let a soul He died for
Sink to hell, at any cost---

Surely Love divine, forgiving,
Will reach out a helping hand,
Bid the friends of sin and darkness
Backward shrink at His command—
No ; though God's love is abundant
To a soul this side the grave,
Yet this love despised, rejected,
Will not then attempt to save.

In this world the choice was given
To embrace the Savior's love,
Then when Life's brief day was ended,
Christ would welcome him above ;
But when once this life is over—
Think of this and weigh it well—
Not one promise is extended
To the soul that sinks to hell.

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HIS NAME SMALL BE CALLED JESUS.

Matt. i. 21.

Oh. the joy of knowing Jesus
As our true and living friend ;
Sympathizer with our sorrows,
One on whom we can depend—
Yes, He deigns to dwell within us
By His spirit's light divine,
Piercing through the dark recesses,
Bidding beams of light to shine.

Not alone as the Creator
Would our thoughts to Him ascend ;
We might praise Him as our maker,
But not love Him as our friend--
For the majesty and power
In His mighty works displayed,
Though they call for admiration,
Yet might make us sore dismayed.

But the thought of Jesus leaving
That most bright and heav'nly sphere,
Coming down the heights of Heaven
Just to live and suffer here,
Calls forth love and adoration
From each weary laden breast,
For in trusting in His merits
All the weary findeth rest.

Yes, the planets in the heavens
Guided daily by His Eye,
Render praise to the Creator
And His name they magnify ;
And the seraphs circling ever
Round His throne in blissful day,
Praise Him as their mighty Maker,
Veiled in awful mystery.

But to us most favored mortals
Is vouchsafed the wondrous grace,
That of knowing the creator
As our Friend, our Guide, our Peace,
And the wondrous name of Jesus
Is our own exclusive right,
For the angel that proclaimed it
On that calm and starry night

Said the name that should be given
To Him at His wondrous birth,
Meant that He should be the Savior
Of the sinners of the earth :
And that Name shall be our password
To those realms of fadeless light,
Where the presence of the Savior
Banishes the shades of night.

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WE WILL JOY IN THY SALVATION.

Ps. xx. 5, 6, 7 & 9.

We will joy in Thy Salvation,
And in Thy most holy name,
Which, since morning's glad creation
Ever wert and art the same.

In that name of strength and power
We will high our banner's raise,
And our voices every hour
Shall resound Thy name to praise.

Our petitions rising upwards
Gain an audience quick with Thee ;
From Thy high and holy heaven
Thou our every want doth see.

Some their trust repose in chariots,
Others in the flying steed ;
But we rest with calm assurance
On our God who knows our need.

Save us Lord for knowledge faileth
And we would rely on Thee ;
For Thy might alone availeth,
And canst make the shadows flee.

NONE BUT JESUS.

What name is that of peerless worth
That name most dear of all on earth,
That name proclaimed before His birth?
'Tis Jesus.

What name is that when wand'ring wild,
A guilty and a wayward child,
To God my spirit reconciled?
'Tis Jesus.

What name is that the angels sing,
While all their golden harps do ring,
And wondrous joy to them doth bring?
'Tis Jesus.

What name is that the dying soul,
Who feels the billows o'er him roll,
Can sweetly trust in its control?
'Tis Jesus.

That name shall be our highest joy,
And all our greatest powers employ,
When we can sing without alloy?
The name of Jesus.

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**I HAVE LOVED THEE WITH AN EVERLASTING
LOVE.**

Yes, He loves, that is the secret
Of the wondrous Gospel theme :
Loves us with a deep affection
Far beyond our highest dream.

Loved us ere the earth's foundations
Or the ocean beams were laid,
Yes, as true as when t'was finished
Our redemption price was paid.

When t'was first announced in heaven
God's design this world to make—
Fill it with the choicest treasures
For the beings He would create—

Christ the Son of the Most Blessed,
(So records th' inspired pen)
Said that His delight and pleasure
Centred in the sons of men.

Then when Sin, the horrid monster,
Reared its head in Eden's Bower ;
And man sealed his condemnation,
In that sad and luckless hour.

Then the Christ the well Beloved,
Christ the Father's only Son,
Looking downward filled with pity,
Gently said, behold I come.

Come to save the lost and sinful
From the terror of the grave,
And from sin's sad, dark dominion,
I will freely, gladly save.

Though by man the price of sinning
May be never understood ;
Yet we know the law required
Nothing less than Jesus' blood.

And perhaps the things now hidden,
Which we cannot understand,
May be shown to us more clearly,
When we reach that better land.

MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE.

Yes, our Jesus Thou canst see
How we try to follow Thee ;
Though the path be often dark,
And we cannot see the mark—

Where Thy blessed feet have trod,
Leading upwards to our God ;
But we pray Thy voice divine
Bid the beams of light to shine—

Just where thou wouldst have us tread ;
For we know that thou hast said
That Thy word a lamp shall be
To Thine own who follow Thee.

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Oh, we do not wish to go
On our journey here below,
Lest Thy presence blest attend,
Guide, protect us to the end.

And we know Thy word so pure,
Has this promise sweet and sure,
That Thy children all shall be
Guided safely on by Thee.

MEMORIES.

Across my roving fancy
Come thoughts of other years ;
The hopes that buoyed me onwards,
The sorrows, joys and fears.

When in my happy childhood,
Which all too quickly passed ;
For Eden's sunny hours,
Cannot forever last.

When morning's dewy freshness
Was still upon my brow ;
Before dark sinful doubting
Came to torment as now :

When earth seemed pure and lovely—
Devoid of sin's dark pall ;
When love, the white-winged angel,
Presided over all.

When trust in all creation,
Was firm within my breast—
Unmindful of deception,
In bliss unconscious—blest.

And when on looking upwards—
To starry heights above—
I thought of the Creator—
And thought of Him as love.

But then on growing older,
Grave thoughts my mind unstilled ;
Dark doubts of heaven's kindness,
My anxious bosom filled.

Yes, then on looking upwards
To skies which once seemed near,
Back, back they seemed to vanish,
And leave me lone and drear.

For as we taste more freely
Of that forbidden tree—
Knowledge of good and evil—
All human guilt we see.

Come, trust of early childhood
Back to my yearning heart ;
Come white-winged bird of promise,
O come and ne'er depart.

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Oh, draw again that curtain,
And hide from out my view,
Knowledge of all things sinful,
Show naught but pure and true.

For trust in human kindness,
And deeming man our friend,
Brings sweeter thoughts of heaven,
The home that knows no end.

Black shadows steeped in darkness,
Back to thy haunted shore ;
Come white-winged bird of brightness,
And leave me nevermore.

DIVINE COMFORT.

Come not with rude and vulgar hand
To touch the heart that's broken ;
Come not with trite and empty words,
Let none such e'er be spoken.

When life's fair roses all have flown
And thorns alone remaining,
What cares the heart for sympathy
That friends mayhap are feigning.

'There is but one sweet balm and sure,
To heal the heart when grieving,
A balm that earth can n'er afford,
It must be found in heaven.

Yes, heaven's balm of soothing calm
Breathes softly o'er the pillow,
And gently soothes the stricken heart
Tossed on the stormy billow.

Yes, that same voice that calmed the waves,
And soothed those hearts when fearing,
Now gently calms the wounded heart
With words of love endearing.

MEDITATION.

Sitting here amid the shadows
Of the firelight's fitful glow ;
Back my restless fancies wander
To the days of long ago.

There upon the Mount of Olives,
In my fancy's eye I see,
Jesus lovingly conversing
With the faithful, chosen three.

Then again I seem to see Him
On the waves of Galilee,
Speaking words of blest assurance,
Quieting the angry sea.

Then another scene uprising,
Claims my gaze of wond'ring love ;
There I see the Savior dying,
His eternal love to prove.

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Yes, He died in awful anguish,
On the cross of guilt and shame,
Crucified 'mid scoffs and jeering,
E'en by those for whom he came.

But the grave though sealed and guarded,
Could not hold the mighty Lord,
For the third day saw Him rising
To fulfil His promised word.

Back again to Olive's summit,
There I see with awed surprise,
Jesus, who is now preparing
To ascend to yonder skies.

But this promise full of sweetness,
Has He left to cheer us on ;
That as He in glory vanished,
In like manner shall return.

FOR JESUS SAKE.

To the follower of Jesus
Comes this oft perplexing thought,
"How can I amid life's worries,
Love and serve Christ as I ought ?"

Little things scarce worth the telling,
Serve to worry and annoy,
And hasty words or hasty actions
All my inward peace destroy.

Then we look perchance with envy,
On another's brighter lot,
Thinking that in that calm current,
Are no battle's to be fought.

But this truth must be remembered,
That God knows just what is best ;
And the lot wherein life finds us,
Is so placed by His behest.

Not one life lived to the Master,
Low and humble though it be,
Is such in the sight of Jesus,
For he sees not as we see.

Not the deed so much is valued
As the motive that impels ;
And the least thing done for Jesus,
From a heart with love that swells

Is acknowledged by the Savior,
And His glad approval wins,
For He knows the battle's fierceness
And the strength of deadly sins.

CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL.

The heart of our Savior is wondrously kind,
For Justice and Mercy and Truth all com-
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Are centred in him.

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With joy we draw near to the fountain of grace
And knowing full well, that there now is a
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Prepared for His own near the Savior's face,
In that land of delight.

We gaze with deep love and with rapturous
delight
On the face of our Savior transcendently
bright
With beauty and light.

And Jesus responding looks downward in love,
And whispers the words of that message
of love,
Brought down from His throne in the glory
above—
From the Father of Light.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

(Luke xxiii. 44. 45.)

What means this strange and awful hush
That o'er the earth its spell has cast?
Expectant nature stands entranced,
With horror and with awe aghast.

The mid-day sun that bright had shone
In all its grand unsullied light,
Is clouded o'er with gloom profound,
And veiled with darkness black as night.

The air that softly fanned the brow
With warm and gentle zephyrs stirred,
Is hushed, and not the slightest sound
In nature's wide domain is heard.

The mighty rocks that long had borne
The storm and tempest's awful might,
Now rend with one loud, dreadful crash,
'As if in fear and wild affright.

Oh, never since Creation's morn,
When earth all pure and stainless stood ;
When God, His handiwork surveyed,
And with loud voice pronounced it good.

Oh, never had such sights and sounds
Been heard since man the earth first trod,
The meaning this : 'tis nature's grief
In sympathizing with her God.

For though man failed to recognize
In human form God's holy Son,
Yet nature's instinct spoke assent,
And looked with awe on what was done.

Yes, when men crucified our Lord,
The earth in horror shrank amazed,
And holy angels veiled their eyes.
Afraid on such a scene to gaze.

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Yet grace profound : the holy God
Loved man through all his murderous thought,
And by this means of pain and death,
Redemption's wondrous pardon wrought

GOD'S BOUNDLESS LOVE.

What right has one soul for a moment to say
To another whose spirit is laden with sin,
That the gates of that city of endless day
Will n~~e~~r admit of his entering in.

Did not the Lord Jesus die for us all,
Though guilty and sunken in sin we may be ;
Did He not say in that gracious call,
Whosoever will may come unto me

And drink of that river so clear and pure,
The water of life so rich and free,
Which slakes the thirst of the weary soul,
And gives him peace through eternity ?

Though we may limit the grace of God
By our own low standard and sinful thought,
Yet we know that the love of our gracious Lord
For the sinful and weary forever sought.

And perhaps we may find at the Judgment Day,
That the soul we n'er thought would have a
place
In the ranks of the blood-bought and ransomed
throng,
May at last sit nearest the Savior's face.

BEREAVEMENT.

In the lone and quiet churchyard,
In the city of the dead,
Lies the body of my loved one,
For I know her soul has fled.

There I love to wander idly,
There I love to sit and weep,
Near the grave beneath whose pillow
Lies my own loved one asleep.

Yes, I love to roam in fancy
Over all our childhood's days,
When our thoughts were all in common ;
One in all our childish plays.

And I cannot keep from wondering
If she sees my lonely grief—
Knows that this world's choicest pleasures
Can afford me no relief.

Does she see the tears I'm shedding
As I kneel in sorrow here ;
How the world so gay to others,
Seems to me but cold and drear ?

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Ah ! but no ; true love's unselfish,
And I would not have her know
How my heart's best hopes have perished,
For I know t'would grieve her so.

THE FEAR OF MAN BRINGETH A SNARE.

Help me reach that plane, Lord Jesus,
Which is open to us all,
Where the fears that drag us downwards
Cannot fetter nor enthrall.

For this place, my spirit tells me,
Does exist, I know not where ;
Where the soul in boundless freedom
Rests without a thought of care.

Where the fear of man's opinions—
That mean fear that brings a snare,
Which we list to but too often—
Cannot reach us hiding there.

Ah ! my heart in secret whispers
It is near Thy wounded side,
Where the soul can rest in sweetness,
Though friends scorn and foes deride.

Ah ! too long I've looked on others,
Heeding more their fitful frame ;
If I'd looked to Thee for guidance,
Thou who ever art the same,

Well I know that Thou had hearkened
To my fainting spirit's cry,
For the soul that seeks Thee wholly,
Ever feels Thee very nigh.

HEAVEN.

Angels, bend a little nearer
From your dwelling in the skies;
Help us to discern yet clearer
Those things hidden from our eyes.
For our spirits thirst and faint
As we watch and as we wait,
To behold that pearly gate.

Tell us in that Golden City,
Dear abode of peace and rest,
Do your eyes behold with pity
Souls on earth with sin oppressed?
Do your voices pause in singing,
Do your golden harps cease ringing,
At the knowledge of man's sinning?

Let us know the joys of dwelling
In that blest and happy land;
Where the notes of praise are swelling
By the glad, triumphant band—
Tell us of our Jesus there,
Precious Rose of Sharon fair,
He with whom none can compare,

Author of
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Author of all bliss eternal,
Christ that city's dazzling light :
Centre of all joys supernal,
Glad dispeller of the night—
Jesus, Thou art Heaven's joy,
Thy name the angels' sweet employ,
Thy praise they sing without alloy !

I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Mal. iv. 2.

As yonder orb of radiant light
Sheds brilliance o'er the sky,
And bids the shadows of the night
At his approach to fly :
So in our hearts where passions dark
Have ever yielded sway,
O, Come, thou Sun of Righteousness,
And turn our night to day.

Rev. xxii. 16.

As yonder twinkling beams of light
Across the inky dome,
Shed brightness o'er the darkest night
And light the wanderer home :
So, Jesus, light of dazzling ray,
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Across our spirits' blackest night,
Shed Thy bright beams afar.

John vi. 35.

When hungry souls are faint and worn
And cry in vain for bread,
When faith and hope, those angels bright,
Have left our souls and fled :
O, come, Thou gracious Bread of Life,
And give from out Thy store ;
For that blest soul that tastes of Thee
Doth hunger never more.

2 Pet. i. 19.

When dark our spirits are and torn
With tempests, doubts and fears,
When through the black and sullen night,
No ray of light appears ;
O, Christ, we pray Thee then arise
In Thy great power divine,
And o'er our spirits' blackest night,
Bid beams of light to shine.

Is. xii. 2.

What joy to sinners lost and lone,
Doth that sweet message bring,
That our salvation is assured,
And death hath lost its sting ;
We need not fear his dreaded form,
Nor shrink from his dark power,
For He who died to purchase us
Will guard us in that hour.

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To glory

John xi. 25.

No more the grave, though dark and drear,
Our raptured souls affright,
And make our spirits faint and quail,
Appalled at its grim night :
For Christ, our resurrected Lord,
Has opened wide the door,
And death is but the portal dark,
To glory evermore.

